**Jenny 2000**

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Jenny Nightingale Care Giver by WriterTA

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**McJenny**

by ?

It was as it had always been as from her youth, that embarrassing first step forward into a room of people that she didn't know....you would have thought that as she had grown older that the feelings of insecurity and fright would have diminished and that she would have been able to take it all in her stride.

Orientation Day is what they had called it, a day in which one was to familiarize themselves with the area they would be working in and get to meet the new intakes as well as the established team. Right now she would have been happier if the ground would split open and she was swallowed whole, not a trace of her remaining. But, alas, this was not to be and with a big intake of breath she opened the door and stepped into the room.

Putting on her biggest smile (and hoping people were not thinking of her as some demented grinning idiot) she looked around and searched for an unoccupied seat to sink into....a relative sanctuary from all the staring eyes that were focused on her right then.

"Good Morning" said the young man in the suit and tie to the assembled group. It seemed so strange to be facing someone so young who was obviously in authority, making her feel older than she really was. What was she doing here? And why did she ever think that she would be able to cope, working with all these youngsters!

"This is an introduction to the workings and ethics of McDonald's as an international company.." she felt a groan creep up from deep inside her as she had tried so desperately to forget who she had signed up to work for...but now it was the "day" and there was no escaping from it.

Three quarters of an hour later, and a laborious time in trying to remain awake, they were herded into the stock room to be kitted out in their uniforms. When it came to her turn she squirmed inside, she knew for certain that she was going to be awkward and that nothing they might provide was going to fit. The morning was going from bad to worse and she could not escape from it.

"So what will it be?" asked the stockroom lady, and it seemed that every person was waiting with baited breath for her to divulge her vital statistics.

"uh, err...well, I would like....mmmmmm....." she stammered, not being able to bring herself to disclose such personal details in public.

Knowingly, and enjoying the obvious discomfort the young lady before her was going through, the stock lady decided to relent..

"Here dear, just write them down and I can then get on with my job".

Such relief coursed through her, and although she did not have to be publicly humiliated, her blushing did not subside.

"Here you go, changing room is just next door" she was told as she was handed the putrid coloured uniform that they would have to wear, the feel of it was enough to set her teeth on edge, not at all what she was used to wear.

As she began to undress and place her garments into the locker provided, she stood in her lacy white

underwear trying to get enough courage to try the thing on. She slipped the tunic onto her shoulders and cringed and as she pulled the front of it around. She knew immediately that this was going to be a tight fit! How on earth was she going to place her ample bosom into such a tight fit. It was like trying to fit an elephant into a small mini car, there was just no way she was going to manage it. But how could she possibly go back out there in front of all those strangers and ask for it to be changed?

She decided that the best course of action was to try and start buttoning it from the bottom and hope to push her breasts upwards and inwards enough that it would stay done up. Holding her breath (and praying for a miracle) she managed to do the last button, and letting her breath gently go past her lips, she felt her chest expand and the cloth strain under the pressure. It was like waiting for Mount Vesuvius to explode! She just had to be very careful of how she moved and everything would be fine (just as long as she kept telling herself that!).

She slowly bent down to pick her trousers up, noticing that as she did so that not only the restrains she placed her breasts in were even more at a danger level, but that the tunic rode up and became even shorter. First one leg and then the other followed, slowly pulling the trousers up and finding that, although she could button and zip them, there was a definite hip hugging feel about them, a feeling almost akin to jelly on a plate as her buttocks jiggled under the tightly stretched material. Trying to walk in them she found that she was almost tottering just trying to keep the top half in. And the trousers weren't really giving her much chance to move.

"Time to start working guys!!" shouted an enthusiastic voice from outside the changing room.

Panicked and wild eyed, she tried to think of an excuse to remain in the changing room, and as she turned to hide herself in a cubicle, the stock lady came in and started to usher her out...shooing and saying

"Come along dear! They are all waiting for you".

With a quick shove and a slam of the door she was out in the corridor where all her fellow neweys were waiting and, as always, eyes bulged and lips were licked as they inspected her, as if she was a trussed up chicken.

"Right! Here are your name badges and, as you will see, there is plenty of room there for you to start earning those "stars"..." said the young Floor Manager and as he stopped in front of her and peered down at her lovely cleavage...."here....let me help you".

He reached forward and, before she could utter anything to stop it, was fumbling with her tunic, trying to pull it towards him to stick the pin in and fasten it....the fabric straining but still holding, his hands remaining a little longer that was actually necessary.

She looked down at the badge not believing what she was actually seeing......

" My name is Jenny....May I help you?" it said.

"Oh my god!!" she thought.

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**Jenny's Mirror**

by Indian Outlaw

Jenny’s dressing mirror stood like a monolith in the corner the master bedroom. It held its own little space aside the dresser. In front and off to the side was a small bench. The off white trim and ornate detailing of the bench matched exactly that of the mirror. Jenny loved her mirror. A present from her husband last Christmas. Oval shaped, at least 4 feet of mirror, combined with the trim it was as tall as she was. Perfect for modeling her favorite outfits. Not to mention its handiness for examining clothing for possible tears and stitching weaknesses. She entered her bedroom.

Putting her purse on the bed she ran her fingers through her long silky blond hair. It floated gently around her shoulders as gravity carefully allowed it to fall about her shoulders. She stood, legs slightly spread in front of the mirror. Smiling the winning smile, she admired her suit. It had survived the day intact. She was more than pleased. The cream colored double breasted coat and matching skirt. The skirt stopped just above her knees in an almost Alley McBeal way. Her white blouse barely showed as the buttons of the coat were done up. Fitting tightly around her incredible shape, the coat accented her thin waist, and round ample bosom. It fit tightly, very tight she was afraid of the stitching giving way. But never the less, it did not.

Smoothing out the sides of her jacket, feeling how soft the material was, her hands slid down to her skirt. She was posing. Enjoying her own reflection. From her soft jacket, to her very tight, skirt, down her hose covered legs to her open towed high heels. Jenny liked looking at herself, even though she would never admit it. With her own soft hands, Jenny unbuttoned each of the two buttons to the jacket. It popped open, allowing her to breath a little easier. She slid the coat off each shoulder, then gently folded it up and placed it on the dresser neatly. Jacket now off her blouse showed the missing button. I guess she hadn’t escaped the day entirely without incident. Smiling at herself, the missing button allowed the blouse to gape a little but enough to expose the front clip of her bra and a hint of the D cups.

Turning slightly, Jenny admired how skirt held up. Jackie had talked her into buying the tight, okay extremely tight skirt. Standing with her back to the mirror now she bent over slightly looking at the seams on the back and testing the zipper on the side. It was holding beautifully. She took a moment to lift her leg and straighten a seam on the back of her stocking. Turning forward, Jenny quickly unbuttoned and slowly unzipped the skirt. She let out another small sigh as she was freed from the material. Now bending over, it required a little force to tug the skirt down, as she pulled it slid tightly over her shapely and firm hips. Jenny paused as she felt her panties getting pulled down with them. Taking a moment, she reached inside the skirt and pulled them back up under her shirt. Shifting her knees, but keeping her feet planted, she shimmed the skirt to the floor. Tails from her blouse covering her to just below her most private areas.

Folding the skirt neatly and placing it on the jacket, Jenny cautiously unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. Now the second. The third was missing from before. Her bra top was not totally exposed. Before she could reach the fourth button, it gave way. The strain was too much as it shot off her shirt and bounced off the mirror. Her whole white lace bra was exposed. Jenny shyly noticed her large dark nipples under the lace. She finished the last two buttons and stood there looking at herself. Blouse open, white lace bra completely exposed and white lace thong panties and matching garter belt. Her garters held up the silk hose clinging to her long subtle legs. Rolling the silk blouse, she revealed her milky soft shoulders. The shirt was folded and gently laid on the other garments.

Jenny now stood in front of the mirror, wearing only her lace bra, matching lace garter, lace thong panties, silk hose and high heels. Posing profile, her toned arms, legs and firm butt treated her eyes reflecting in the mirror. She stood facing forward, running her fingers through her hair, tilting her head back slightly, causing those incredible breasts to strain the bras cups. With each breath it expanded to restrain her incredible boobs. Her nipples now appeared to desire freedom. But not yet.

Sliding the bench directly before the mirror, Jenny sat, legs together. Crossing her right leg over the left she slipped the heel off and placed it gently on the floor. As she uncrossed the right leg, the left leg in perfect sync moved until it crossed over the other one. She removed the other heel and smiled as she saw her reflection in the mirror. No Sharon Stone here. Jenny now scooted forward on the bench, until her butt was perched on the edge of the padded bench. Crossing one leg under the bench and gently extending the other she reached down and touched the toes of the extended leg. Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Looking in her mirror, it was apparent she was now doing a Sharon Stone. Blushing she dropped her leg. The stocking was laid extended on the bench beside her.

Changing position on her legs, placing the now naked one under the bench, the other one forward. Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Blushing, she did another Sharon Stone. She placed the second stocking on the first, making sure not to wrinkle or snag either.

Jenny stood, reaching back and unhooking the back of the garter. She had it removed as she was not at her feet. Bra and panties only, she smiled, even blushed a little, even her own private nakedness exposed her shy side. Now she took both sides of the bra clip and undid it. Pulling slightly, all the while looking in the mirror, Jenny freed her breasts to the open air. Her nipples reacted by puffing up slightly. Again she blushed. The bra came off one arm, then the next. She laid it beside the pile on the dresser and stood before her reflection once again.

Jenny liked her body. After all she worked hard for it. Plenty of rest, exercising at the gym, swimming in the pool, eating only the right foods. She ran her hand across her sides, knowing she would find little fat, and only firmness. Her large natural 38 D breasts seemed to defy gravity exhibiting no sag whatsoever. She looked at herself still. Her firm belly, firm to the touch as her hands slid gently over it. Her smooth sides, long strong legs and even her painted toe nails all looked perfect. Jenny even turned to admire her thong “covered” ass. She slid her hands to her hips and placed her fingers inside the sides of her small panties, puling them down, the sides passed her hips, with the center remaining between her legs until her very trimmed pussy came into view. Not able to resist she looked up and smiled. The thong now arrived at her hips as she bent slightly.

Jenny stopped and looked up. She saw her reflection in the mirror. Standing with her panties still at her knees, she developed a perplexed look in her eye. There was something about the mirror, but what was it? She looked at it from her position, not moving her feet. It was a simple white stand alone mirror. She could see nothing behind it, but still. Yes, she now realized. The mirror! She did not get a mirror last Christmas from her husband. Last Christmas they went to Jamaica. Why did she believe the mirror was a gift, and where did it come from. Looking around, suddenly the room didn’t look right. The window was open and light was coming in but all she could see was white. Then she heard it, she paused to listen closer. “5”? Did she hear a 5? Listening again, “3” was that a 3? “ONE!” She heard that followed by a loud clap.

The room unfocused. Her eyes were now met by a series of bright lights, sounds now filled all around her. Squinting she looked about her. Before her now stood a gentleman wearing a Tuxedo? He was smiling, she now turned to the directions of the sounds, much louder now.

“Oh my god!” it was an audience. She now remembered. She and Jackie were attending a magic show. She was volunteered to be hypnotized!

Jenny felt her hands down, could it have been a dream? No, sadly for her it wasn’t. Her hands explored her shoulders, sides, hips, now breasts, and finally her pussy. She was indeed naked, on stage for all to see. NAKED! Jenny screamed! And frantically turned to run off stage. As her legs shot forward her panties were still in place around them.

She fell forward, onto the floor. She stood, only to fall again as the panties now were around her ankles. The audience erupted in laughter. Jenny crawled off stage heading for any cover she could find. Her hands trying desperately to cover her most private parts.

Jackie stood with the rest of the audience as they started to clap, she continued to laugh, far louder than the rest.

“Now that was $100 well spent.” She thought to herself.

As the applause died, she continued to giggle. The Hypnotist refrained from his bows, stopped and looked directly at her.

“Excuse me miss, did you enjoy that?” He said looking directly at her.

“Yes, why yes I most definitely did.” She giggled.

But oddly she stood and kicked off her flats leaving her barefoot.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this unfortunate woman paid me $100 dollars to embarrass her friend, but as most of you know I need no such encouragement to strip a beautiful woman.”

He smiled at her confused look.

“Since you are such a good friend, I decided to plant a little something into your subconscious. Every time you complete a sentence you will be compelled to strip, from the bottom up.” He smirked, “At least until I snap my fingers that is.”

“What the Hell?”

She now unbuttoned her pants, unzipped the zipper and pulled them down, Her short shirt did not cover her dark green panties. The now baby spot light on her gave the audience a full view of them two. She kicked off her pants.

“Oh my God!”

She now reached down, hooking both thumbs in, pulling down her green panties. They fell easily to the floor. Her hips shined easily in the light and her not so neatly trimmed bush glimmered in the bath of the lights.

“Please!”

Jackie crossed her arms and pulled her shirt over her head, she was not wearing a bra. Her 34 C breasts came into view of the audience as they bounced. She was now completely naked, embarrassed beyond belief. She now covered her boobs with one arm and placed the over her pussy, bending over slightly. The gentleman sitting next to her enjoyed the eye level view of her round ass. She ran up the aisle toward the exit. Just as she was about to leave the theater, the hypnotist placed his hand against the microphone and ….

”SNAP! Good night everyone, have a good night.”

He exited the stage.

On the street, two young boys sat on the stoop across from the theater. Eager waiting their reward. Out of the alley way darted a large breasted completely naked Jenny, trying in vein to cover herself. She ran down the street toward the parking lot and hopefully the safety of her car. Now out the front door a brunette burst the theater doors open. She too naked, but not as well endowed. Doing her best to cover herself with only her hands she headed in the same direction as Jenny did.

“Man, that was worth it!” The one boy slapped the others hand. “Thanks man!”

“You ain’t seen the best part yet.”

Now all the theater doors opened as the audience emerged. Talking, laughing, reminiscing about the nights event. The one boys jaw dropped. For not a one of them, not a single one of them was wearing anything below their waists. Naked men from 18 to 70 minus their pants and underpants. Flapping, or flopping if you will with each step. All the women were naked from the waist down too. No skirts, no panties, no hose, no garters, nothing. The unfortunate ones were the ladies who sadly only wore dresses, for that group was left wearing only bras, except for two who did not feel the need to wear a bra with their dress. They were completely naked.

The second boy stood up, raised his arm and…”SNAP!”

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**Advertising Jenny**

by Artfan1

Jenny was excited about her new job at Fuller, Sheiss Advertising and she was determined that the clothing accidents that had plagued her in the past not happen again and compromise her new position. Therefore, to insure that her underwear wouldn’t let her down, she went out and bought all new sets of bras and nylon bikini panties. Today she put on the yellow nylon set to wear under her yellow cotton blouse and black pleated skirt. The blouse fit snugly over her 38D breasts and the skirt came down two inches below her knees. It was an important day for Fuller, Sheiss as they were pitching ideas to Acme Insurance and success could mean a seven figure account. The meeting was set for 10:00 AM and Jenny was in charge of setting up the conference room.

As Jenny began her duties, she was increasingly distracted by her underwear. The tag on her new panties was made out of a stiff paper like material and it kept rubbing against her hip causing her skin to itch. The table and chairs were all set with the water glasses and pitchers when Jenny decided she couldn’t take the itching any more. She informed Tim Burr, her boss, that she needed to visit the ladies room and would be back shortly to finish up.

It was only 9:30, but as she sat in the stall in the ladies room with her skirt up and her panties down, trying to rip out the offending tag, the paging system called for her to return to the conference room as the client had shown up early. Tim was giving the client a tour of the office to stall for time. Jenny succeeded in removing the itchy tag, but as she hurried back to the conference room she felt her yellow nylon panties sliding down over her hips: apparently she had torn the waist elastic in her haste to remove the tag and get back to work.

Back in the conference room she warmed up the Proxima projector but needed to balance it on a couple of books to project the proper image on the screen. One of the outlets on the power strip wasn’t working so she crawled under the table to re-plug in Tim’s laptop. As she tried one outlet and then another, she could feel her panties sliding down her hips, but she decided she could deal with them later, after things were set up. Just then, Tim entered the conference room with Jack Daws, the Acme vice president, since they had completed their tour of Fuller Sheiss.

“Jenny, I’d like you to meet,” Tim began.

As Jenny stood up she bumped the table with the Proxima machine and the books began to slide. In her desperation not to let the $6,000 machine fall to the floor, Jenny grabbed the closest part and touched the hot metal, severely burning her left hand as she pulled the machine back into place. Because of her left hand being hurt, Jenny had been trying to hold up her panties with her right hand but as she shook hands with the client, her yellow nylon panties fluttered to her ankles. Apologizing profusely, Jenny struggled out of her errant underwear and Mr. Daws took his seat.

“I think we’re ready”, said Tim.

“Jenny, could you get the lights, and I think Jack needs a refill of coffee?”

Jenny grabbed the coffee pot and was approaching Mr. Daws to fill his cup, when he turned to face her. She had been about to pour the steaming brown liquid when his sudden movement caused her to pull the pot back and the coffee sloshed onto her blouse. Jenny quickly set the pot down on the table and pulled at her blouse to separate the hot soaked cloth from her breasts. In her desperation she succeeded in ripping open her blouse and the coffee had already made her yellow bra transparent.

As she backed away from the men in an effort to cover herself, she tripped over one of the power cords and managed to fall in a heap. Tim was quickly at her side to help her up, but unfortunately he was standing on her skirt as he pulled her to her feet and Jenny was now standing in front of the client with her 38D breasts and her blonde bush exposed.

Tim and Jenny were at a loss for words, when Jack Daws jumped up and said, “Tim, that’s the best presentation I’ve ever seen. What better way to sell homeowner’s insurance than to show how accidents happen. If you can be as creative in coming up with TV ads, I know ‘Calamity Jenny” will be the perfect spokeswoman for us.”

**Jenny's Big Night**

by Biker

It's not everyday you get an invitation to attend a charity Banquet and get to rub shoulders with celebrities from Film and Theatre. With trembling hands Jenny re-read the letter once more and saw that she and one guest could attend the dinner and dance for free. How she'd been selected for this chance in a lifetime she didn't know for sure but she suspected her husband might have something to do with it.

She was wrong though, as it was a series of photographs in the colour supplement from the NY Post of herself and Jackie during their brief modelling career for Nuclear Cosmetics that got Jenny noticed and invited to attend the dinner along with a lot of other "Beautiful people." in showbiz.

Ashley was incensed when Jenny told her of her good fortune and things went from bad to worse when Jenny said she'd be taking her husband to the party. Ashley had hoped she'd ask her. Couldn't she see that Ashley desperately wanted to attend something like that and get herself noticed by all the gossip magazines and maybe kick-start a more glamorous lifestyle she always felt she was destined for. But oh no 'air head' Jenny picked her husband to waste the ticket on.

Ashley cursed her luck. After their recent holiday in Hawaii cameras had taken dozens of pictures of Jenny as well as Ashley on Hanuama beach and on the Cruise ship yet those never got to the attention of the editors of the NY Post instead they got posted onto the Internet instead at various disgusting websites visited by perverts. YUCK!! From that moment Ashley vowed she'd be at that party if it was the last thing she'd do.

Weeks passed and the day of the Ball arrived. Jenny's choice of gown was finally decided after some intensive shopping. She'd cast aside all the new ones she'd bought in favour of a dress she had already and which she knew she looked great in.

A tight fitting shiny red gown, it brought back some bad memories though, because the last time she'd worn it was on the TV show "Peoples Court" when Ashley had tried to sue her for unpaid debts. She remembered the article in the papers reporting the chaos afterwards. They'd described the dress as something worn by Jessica Rabbit from the Who framed Roger Rabbit film. Jenny hoped the jinx on it would be broken. Jenny poured herself into the custom made gown. It had been made to fit her like a glove, Ok a tight glove. But it had been almost a year since she'd worn it last and it must have shrunk a little, Jenny rationalised. Sucking in her breath she pulled up the zip at the back and tottered towards the full length mirror with expectation at what she’d see. “Gosh this dress is very tight” she thought as she tottered along. As much as she liked the other dresses she'd bought, this one was totally unique and accented her figure perfectly and she knew no one would have anything like it at the Ball.

She so wanted to make a big impression in front of the celebrities and the press she knew would be there. She wasn't a vain person by any means but she felt she had a certain right to try and outshine some of those celebrities with some natural beauty instead of the surgically enhanced synthetic look favoured by some. She’d closed her eyes just as she stood before the mirror, she opened them for the full surprise effect, and gasped! Oh no! It had shrunk more than she thought. Visible panties lines were showing at her hips and turning around saw they were over her bottom too. Lumps and bumps everywhere. These panties were no good under this dress.

The thong panties that had gone with the outfit had never been found after the fracas at the TV studio so she couldn't wear them, and she didn't own another thong, besides the way the dress hugged her hips she doubted she'd get away with it. She paced back and forth as best she could in the restrictive dress wondering what to do.

The solution finally came..... her panties would have to go, if she really wanted that smooth line.

She attempted to lift the billowing full skirt up but even that served very little for the rest of the skirt was so tight over her thighs and knees that it was impossible to lift the tightened material. She pinged her finger in her lap and heard the pop on the drum tight fabric.

Wriggling about she finally got the zip undone behind her and a shuffle or two later the dress was off and heaped on the floor. it felt good to move her legs again, grasping her panties she slid them down and off stepping out of them she scooped the dress up again and slipped it on feeling her legs getting clamped within the skirt once more. A few experimental steps showed her to be effectively locked from the knees up although there was a little movement if she shimmied her thighs back and forth she did this and was amazed at the effect it had on her without her panties the sensations she felt now were completely different. The material slid over her buttocks as she minced around the room, her thighs forced together created a rubbing sensation her between her legs in a way she’d never felt before, she felt herself becoming stimulated sexually, her pulse rate increased and her clitoris began to swell and be rubbed by the movement of her legs, in no time she was quite wet.

With something of a shock she found herself in the spare room along the landing. She’d walked quite some way unnoticed except for the tingling thrill she felt as she walked. With a smile of anticipation she turned on her heel and walked with shaking knees back to the mirror in the main bedroom, by the time she got there she was almost dripping.

She checked herself in the reflection of the mirror. A perfect hour glass figure was reflected back to her approving eyes. Only the natural curves of a healthy woman showed over her hips, and a quick inspection behind showed nothing but curvaceous bottom under tight satin. It leaves nothing to the

imagination she thought somewhat shyly

An odd thought came into her mind just then; "Kopema would love to see me in this. Now what in the world could that mean?” she wondered.

Slipping on the red shoes that went with the gown she walked a few paces back and forth to test how it felt to be in them too, if the effect without her panties had been good this was even better!! having her bottom tipped outwards focused the rubbing on her throbbing hot, damp crotch., She was soon walking about the room just to feel the rubbing sensation more and more and relishing the feeling of it.

The front door opening made her stop her pacing about and sit down as her husband bounded up the stairs.

"Dressed already! ah well I suppose you're excited about tonight."

Excited yes! thought Jenny mischievously.

At 8pm on the dot the stretched limo arrived to carry them to the Banquet and ball. Jenny looked stunning in her red shiny gown. The matching arm length gloves set the whole outfit off perfectly

The chauffeur was treated to a clear view down her dress as she stooped to get into the car, her milky white breasts threatening to spill out of the low cut bodice. John, Jenny's husband got in next and winked at the chauffeur knowing what he'd just seen. John had spent most of the evening gazing at his blonde beautiful wife walking about the house nervously smoothing her dress down all the time, her hands fluttered over the hips and lap, he was sure the flushed look she had was simply nerves about tonight. Yet each time he'd spoken to Jenny she'd turn as if she'd been caught with her hand in the cookie jar, her huge blue eyes looking very guilty. Just what WAS she up to he wondered?

Dressed in a black tuxedo he escorted Jenny out to the waiting car feeling very proud of his wife and pleased at the effect she had on the driver as his eyes drank in every inch of her.

The drive to the banquet hall was uneventful except for the bumping as they drove along and the way Jenny's tits bounced around John was amazed they stayed tucked in her bodice so well. The chauffeur gave up driving over potholes after a few miles because trying to dislodge those big tits was threatening to break his cars suspension.

Search lights waving about in the night sky ahead showed Jenny their destination. The car inched along after getting into line with all the other limos dropping of the snotty film stars boosting their already inflated egos as they waved to the cheering crowds.

Jenny resisted the temptation to press her face to the darkened glass to see out. Their car pulled along side the red carpet and a uniformed doorman opened the door on her husbands side and he exited first. Jenny shuffled over and took his hand as he assisted her from the car getting her position the dress being so tight was very restrictive for this type of movement, but with a gentle tug John pulled her gracefully from the car, her full breasts filled the bodice to over flowing straining the red satin. The amount of flashguns bursting off from the press photographers as they went into a feeding frenzy trying to get an exclusive shot of this womans breasts as they fell out in front of them all was evidence enough it was a hoped for sight, but alas they were to be disappointed, somehow they stayed in place, most wondered how.

Though the cameras still flashed at Jenny blinding her for moment or two, the crowd was puzzled by all the excitement at this woman and they supposed she was a film star though they'd never seen her before.

John loved ever minute of the walk into the huge hall but he was sure no one had even looked at him, they were too busy being dazzled by Jenny's beauty, or maybe it was her cleavage, or even her rolling bottom under that tight tight dress.

They were shown to their table in the huge ballroom and Jenny sat down and began making small talk with the other guests seated with them sipping from the champagne glass which was constantly topped up as if by magic whenever she looked away. The orchestra started playing a few tunes and Jenny was dragged to her feet by John for a dance but he soon had the tap on his shoulder as men queued for the chance to dance with the blonde in the red dress.

Jenny had to plea aching feet so she excuse herself and could sit down because she knew if she danced anymore she’d cum right there on the dance floor from the constant rubbing between her legs. She’d been close in the arms of her husband and she had rubbed those firm breasts up against him for the extra stimulation and even felt the familiar hard on between them and she ground her hips into his shamelessly on the dance floor John was most surprised at that!! But as soon as he’d been replaced all she felt was the hands of a stranger running over her hips as if in search of a pantyline, a search she knew would be in vain.

The evening progressed and dinner was served along with champagne, dessert followed along with champagne, then coffee and more champagne. Several glasses later Jenny felt wonderful she was enjoying herself sooo much! everyone was chatting away with her and all the men were vying for her attention. John sat watching more and more of Jenny's right nipple slowly show itself as she chatted to the film director, he seemed to be doing the same as John, when it did finally pop into full view it was a further 5 minutes before Jenny noticed it, by then though the crowd around her had swelled considerably. Finally with a squeak of shock Jenny noticed and tucked herself away again hoping no one had seen.

From across the room a fading actress in a strapless gown stood up suddenly and both her silicon filled breasts sprung out like over inflated balloons. She feigned surprise and covered up rather ineffectively and sat down again, but it had the desired effect the crowd left Jenny and went and sat by the smug actress with the rock hard tits as she surveyed her new retinue.

Jenny sipped some more champagne then placed the glass on the table, or so she thought. Suddenly the glass fell to the floor. Seconds after it hit the floor and smashed a dark haired waitress in a very short cocktail dress and black tights was there with dustpan and brush ready to sweep up the mess.

"Oh I'm so terribly sorry. How clumsy of me " Jenny said as she reached down to pick up the broken pieces.

The waitress tried to get there first trying to shooo Jenny away, it was at that moment that the waitress and Jenny locked eyes and Jenny saw an old friend.

"Ashley!!" she exclaimed "Whatever are you doing here?"

Ashley tried to quiet her down as she picked up broken glass

"I can't talk now Jenny shush! let me get to work!" Ashley hissed.

"Noshense, I mean Nonsense" Jenny slurred and tried to pick up the shattered fragments slapping Ashley’s hands away.

Jenny in this position on the floor attracted the attention of several party goers due to the amount of cleavage showing any second now and those creamy breasts were going to escape.

Ashley reached for the final piece of glass as Jenny did the same, Jenny won but only by batting away Ashley's over reaching hand, surprise followed by anger welled up in Ashley so she tried to shove Jenny over and maybe wreak a little revenge by having her spill out of her dress, but Ashley misjudged and instead fell forward onto her hands and knees in front of Jenny, with a growl Ashley spun over into a sitting position her legs parted and her dress up around her hips. A slightly sozzled Jenny looked down and pointed.

"Why Ashley you seem to have misplaced your panties."

Ashley tried to pull the tiny hemline lower to cover herself

"I'm amazed you'd wear such a short dress without them." Jenny continued "Look John you can see everything. golly is that a piercing ooooh I bet that hurt. John look she's had her ......."

"Shut up!!" Ashley cried frantically looking abut herself at the attention Jenny was focusing on her.

"B But you have you... oh wait a minute, nope it's bit if tinfoil caught in the nylon." Jenny went on "But I can see where you trim yourself for that bikini thong thingy you wear. Gosh those tights don't cover much do they? I can see everything ........."

"Enough!" shouted Ashley glowing red as more eyes turned in her direction.

"Oh sorry." Jenny said "here, let me help you up."

Jenny reached down to Ashley and grabbed her hands and with a tug dragged her to her feet.

The ripping sound that accompanied this act was very loud over the hubbub of conversation around them.

Locking eyes with Ashley a couple of inches from her face, Jenny felt suddenly very sober, that was a sound she'd heard many times before and knew exactly what it meant. The over tight dress had burst either her ass was out or her boobs, not taking her eyes from Ashley's Jenny gingerly felt around herself searching for the huge rip or worse.

A smile crept across Ashley’s face as she stood watching panic dance over Jenny's face. Slowly panic was replaced by puzzlement. her breasts were still tucked away her bum still encased in the tight dress and no rips or tears. Jenny couldn't find a thing wrong. Still looking into Jenny's face Ashley moved her own hands nervously over herself dreading what she'd discovered. Yep her hands met with bare skin instead. Looking down she saw her entire cocktail dress lying on the floor trapped under Jenny's foot.

"The dopey cow stood on my dress as she pulled me up!!" Ashley thought she now stood in the middle of the ballroom wearing only a black pair of tights and high heels. Nothing else

"You stupid cow!" she shrieked, as her hands flew over herself trying to cover up.

Silicon tits lost her semi drunk male company as they flocked towards the shrieking Ashley.

"Oh Ashley I'm sooo sorry."

Jenny spun around and grabbed a convenient table cloth and pulled it free to cover her friend, the tables occupants didn't think too highly of this as filled decanters toppled over and fell into their laps soaking them.

"Here let me cover you." Jenny called as Ashley's shrieking became supersonic.

Ashley saw a vast expanse of white sheeting approaching her and just bolted, rushing through the gathering crowd, and meeting the males who recently vacated silicon tits on the way.

Thinking it was part of the entertainment they took full advantage of the naked brunette in their midst. Ashley couldn't get through the wall of suits suddenly surrounding her, then gasped as a hand slipped between her legs touching her. She turned to slap the owners hand but was distracted by the hands touching her tits rubbing her nipples and fondling her. Too stunned by this she stood mute as hands rubbed and fondled her.

Far too many for her to bat away! Hands were all over her, between her legs, running over her nylon sheathed legs and bottom, cupping her breasts! this was too much, but she stood frozen still, too shocked for rational thought. She was spurred into action as she felt the tights sliding down over her hips, and a hand sliding between her buttocks, this was joined by another hand planning on meeting it halfway from the front it ruffled through Ashley’s dark curly pubic hair on the way down. The ear-splitting scream that finally came from Ashley soon had those hands out and away.

Jenny ran around searching for the panic filled Ashley, running into guests and tables alike bowling them over and tipping tables and drinks and food into the collective laps of the rich and famous. One luckless starlet who will remain anonymous thought it eye catching to the press to wear a daring off the shoulder dress that was nothing more than a wrap around one piece dress, it tied at the back in a loose knot.

This was snatched up by a passing Jenny unaware she’d done so, so intently was she trying to locate shrieking Ashley amongst the crowd. With a hiss and a flutter it was off the Starlet and she was left wearing nothing but the tiniest G string which made dental floss look like hemp rope. Inevitably she began screaming many men rushed to her assistance.

Jenny began to get confused there was screaming coming from behind her and in front of her, whatever was happening? she lowered the table cloth expecting to find Ashley but she was nowhere to be seen and turning around she saw the devastation of the upturned tables, dripping guests covered in red wine some women holding ripped and tattered dresses tables turned over and cantered at odd angles.

“Gosh whatever happened here to cause all of this?” Jenny asked herself, she became uncomfortably aware of the angry looks she was receiving from the gathering crowd.

A tap on her shoulder startled her and she turned and saw standing before her a tall woman and as imposing as ever.

“Miss Sour-tits! er I mean Miss Socrates” Jenny blurted out shocked to see her old school headmistress here at such a high profile function.

“What are you doing here?”

“Well, young lady, my daughter happened to be invited to this party and asked me along as her chaperone. That’s her over there.”

She pointed towards the milling guests picking up tables and assorted wreckage. One person in particular stood holding the bodice of her dress up and snarling at Jenny. Both the spaghetti straps of her dress had broken and her reddened cheeks were evidence enough she wasn’t happy about what had popped out for all to see.

Turning to her old teacher Jenny asked, “What happened?”

“You happened, that’s what.” came the curt reply as the tall woman snatched Jenny's wrist and led her off into the middle of the dance floor.

By now the chaos had everyone in the vast halls attention, and all eyes watched as a tall woman wearing a white flowing ball gown with red wine splashes down the front scoop up a vacant chair and lead a shorter blonde haired woman wearing a red dress onto the dance floor. The Blonde was seemed to be talking to that back of the stern looking woman as they walked.

“Shouldn’t I be helping them clear up all that mess Miss Sour..... Socrates?”

“I think you’ve done more than enough already Jenny.” the Teacher said “I think it’s about time you learnt a lesson in the error of your ways......”

Jenny felt a coldness in her chest she hadn’t felt in years, those dreaded words were the last words any pupil heard before receiving punishment from the head mistress. In her office Jenny had heard those words only once from her when Ashley had gotten her into trouble because she’d stolen an item from Jenny's locker after swimming class while Jenny had still been in the pool.

Jenny watched dumbfounded as Miss Socrates placed the chair down and sat on it patting her lap and looking expectantly at Jenny. Jenny couldn’t believe it was happening not here, not this!!!

A raised eyebrow and a stern look, moved Jenny's feet closer.

“Over my lap NOW!!” she barked and before she could even think about it Jenny was laying over this womans lap her bottom up in the air, legs sprawled out behind her, her shoes scratching for purchase on the shiny floor.

“Jenny this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you, I do hope you understand that.”

Jenny never understood the logic of that as Miss Socrates hand smacked her bottom with whip like speed!

“YOW!”

Then another and another followed. The stinging smacks were harder than Jenny remembered. They stopped at last and Jenny tried to rise.

“Oh no young lady, you stay right there I’m not finished.” Miss Socrates hissed down to her, Jenny felt hands fumbling at the small of her back.

Zzzzzzzzzzzztttt!

OH God NO! Not her zip!! Jenny felt the tension over her bottom released as the zip lowered down further. With the release of the zip the bodice became slack and Jenny felt movement as it began to fall away from her breasts.

Her hand flew to catch to dress and retain a little bit of modesty. There was nothing she could do about her bottom not from this position anyway.

“Hello what’s this? Why Jenny you seem to be lacking your panties. As I recall I had to spank you for this very same reason while you were at school.”

The zip crept lower and the dress fell open revealing Jenny's soft creamy white buttocks to all and sundry, Jenny realised then the position she was in she was showing far more than just her bottom as cool air blew over her heated, and very wet pussy. She tipped her head to look behind herself hoping not too many people were behind her seeing her like this and she was mortified to see a gathering crowd among them many photographers hastily fixing longer lenses on their cameras.

She also noticed a group of women being herded into an orderly line by a dark haired woman wearing only a pair of black tights she was calling out something like “Come on get in line, you’ll all get a turn at spanking her, hey! no shoving at the back there!”

Anything else was forgotten as a stinging smack landed on her exposed bottom then another and another. With out the protection of the dress the slaps seemed even harder and in a matter of seconds Jenny's sweet cheeks were glowing red. Her arm let go of the front of her dress then and as it fell down her humiliation was completed as she was finally seen to tumble out of her dress, her dark nipples stiff and crinkled from her earlier excitement.

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**Jenny at the Car Lot**

by OOgler

The girl from TempServ called Jenny the night before to give her the assignment of office girl at the big car dealership in town, so she was deciding what to wear in front of the closet. She wanted to make sure she didn't expose herself, because some of her past assignments had resulted in some very embarrassing experiences. She looked back over her shoulder to the mirror behind her and stared at her beautifully sculpted, bare behind, wondering to herself why that pesky next-door neighbor, Mr. Lemon, kept squirting her bottom with his hose every chance he had!

"My gosh, it's just a bottom!" thought Jenny.

So she turned back to her closet and remembered she was going out with her husband tonight for their anniversary. She'd better pack that sexy lingerie he bought for her to wear tonight, so that she could change later at work before their big night out.

"Hey! I could wear the underwear!" she thought, and by wearing the panties she would solve her first problem of the day, that she had failed to do the wash and all her underwear was sitting in the bathroom clothes hamper!

"Maybe I could even get away with this bra?" she mused as she turned it in her hands.

True, it was strapless, but had to be for the spaghetti-strapped evening dress she was wearing to their dinner tonight. It still was well made, and fitted her 38CC breasts perfectly, her husband having put in a special effort to convince her to wear such a revealing outfit, had made sure it fit perfectly and would feel good, and supportive to meet Jenny 's approval and get by her nervousness about wearing it. even if it was a little lacy to match the garter belt and panties.

She put it on and thought it looked a little suggestive, and she blushed... but rationalized that no one would see it anyway and it would keep her bouncy bosom a little under control.

"Honestly!" she thought, "why did her husband love to see her dressed up like this? showing so much of herself? Oh well, it's only once a year!"

And with that thought she slipped on the white lace panties. They were a kind of crinkly lace material and very frilly in the front panel, sloped up high on the side to a frilly lace string that ran around the back. And then she looked over her shoulder and was shocked! Oh my god! They were string panties!

The shelf-like top half of her bottom (one of the reasons it jutted out so) had a cute little, lacy bow sitting on it right where her butt crease started, and another frilly string disappeared between her cheeks about halfway down!

"Oh my!" she gasped.

"Well...it'll have to do." she said, the alternative would have been to put on dirty underwear and that was unthinkable. She would have to forgo pantyhose today, as well, as her pairs that didn't have runs had been used too many times, and needed a rinsing.

Besides, Jenny wasn't so thick she didn't realize her legs were in great shape. Because she tanned regularly and had flawless, firm skin on those curvy legs, Jenny knew she could get away without hose. She turned back to the closet and pulled down coat and dress she had chosen to wear on this assignment.

Since the weatherman had said it was going to be a little warm today she had chosen a very lightweight, white sundress, with cute straps that came up and tied behind her neck, but not too low-cut, with a zip on the side. But with her figure, she found it still revealed a good amount of cleavage, so she pulled it up as hard as she could in the front and retied the straps behind her neck. It fit nice and snug along her slim torso, and then flared out at the hips into a flippy, little skirt that came down to just a couple inches above the knee and had a wavy edge all around the hem. She zipped up the side-zipper and stepped into her white, 4-inch heels. She also chose a white, linen, businesslike jacket she had bought long ago and, though a bit short it also had a flared and wavy edge to it's hem which matched the skirt hem nicely.

The only problem was buttoning the buttons up the front. After she had the bottom one fastened at the waist, just above where the jacket began its flared hem, she ran into trouble. She strained and pulled and was able to get one other button fastened, but that was it! She thought the way it pushed up her breasts looked ridiculous, so she unbuttoned that button and just left the one cinching at her waist, she would just have to leave the last three open or risk tearing the jacket. The effect was that the lapels conformed along her bosom snugly on the outsides of both breasts but remained about a half an inch from both nipples.

Jenny pulled at the edges to try to get it to cover them, but in frustration just gave up and thought,

"It'll just have to do!" and she picked up her purse and the bag with the rest of her "anniversary" lingerie. She then pulled out the strapless cocktail dress wrapped in cellophane from the dry-cleaners,and trotted to the door.

She opened the door and peeked out, looking towards her neighbor's yard, as she wanted to make sure that the crazy old man wasn't standing out there with his hose. But she couldn't see him so she walked over to her car's passenger-side door and opened it up to hook the hanger with her evening dress on the hook on that side in the back. Mr. Lemon came through his side gate from his backyard, puffing a little from carrying the weight of the strapped-on leaf blower, holding the nozzle with both hands and sincerely intending to clear his yard and curb of leaves (yeah...sure).

When he looked right, and saw Jenny! God, he loved that girl!She was bent at the waist and stretching into the back seat, trying to hook the dress hanger on the little hook, one beautiful leg idly kicked up in back with her effort and the hem of her dress rising a bit.

But what really got his attention was her behind, it was so round and inviting, and was raised at such a pretty angle...he just couldn't resist. So he walked quietly over to their communal hedge and leaned over it far enough to set the nozzle of the blower pointing down at the driveway a few feet behind Jenny's heels. Do I need to say more?

He started up that blower and her skirt flew up with a whoosh! If she hadn't had her jacket on it would probably had taken the dress right off!

"Yikes!" cried Jenny as she backed out of the car so fast she bumped her head on the top door sill.

"Stop it!... Don't!..No!..Please!!!" Jenny screamed, as she pulled the front of her skirt down with both hands and stood knock-kneed in embarrassment, looking over her shoulder at Mr. Lemon, who grinned back staring wide-eyed at her bottom. He couldn't believe his luck, she was so close to being bare ass in that lacy, little, string thingy she was wearing he almost had a coronary.

And the way those plump cheeks jiggled and shook from that quickstep she was doing in place, stepping on and off each foot in those sexy heels...my GOD! he thought...I've gone to heaven!

He raised the nozzle and pointed the air stream on to her back to hold that skirt just where he wanted it!

Jenny slammed the car door and wiggled away as fast as she could around to the driver's side , where her skirt finally came back down. She jumped in her car and got it started, backed up, and down her street, in record time, all the while keeping one fist jammed between her legs, as if her dress was still in danger of rising, and her cheeks flaming red in embarrassment.

PART TWO MISSING

The car dealership was doing a booming business with their promotional sale. Customers were driving out of the lot with their barbecue equipment and cooking aprons, kids hanging out the windows shooting their squirt guns and laughing.

"This was a success!" thought Ted Crawford as his face beamed, and he waved at everyone like a politician -a phony grin plastered on as he continually fidgeted with his tie. And it sure didn't hurt to put the blonde at the balloons, he thought, so near the street intersection and under a bunch of fluttering flags. Getting them in the lot was the trick, then his salesman (he liked to think of them as his sharks) would swim in for the kill. But there were so many customers he was running short of staff.

"If I get that ravishing beauty over there to walk a few people around I could do all the paperwork myself" thought Ted, and he glad-handed his way out to where Jenny was giving balloons away to the children.

Jenny had been standing by the helium tank, untying strings and clamping the little grabbers on their ends to the kid's sleeves, all day long, making sure they grasped their little hands around the strings tight before they walked away. She was a little mindful of how much cleavage she was showing. Mr. Crawford had been nice enough to retie the straps of her dress, but hadn't done such a good job. The straps came out from her top of her dress at about the middle of each breast in front and tied in a bow behind her neck. But he had not tied them in a bow, he had tied them in a tight couple of knots, making them hard to untie and fix, and making the straps much too loose, allowing the neckline to drop lower with the weight of her breasts and all the movement she had done.

By now the straight neckline actually sat only an inch above the edge of her lacy, strapless bra. And although the bra fit well and felt secure, it was, after all, just a pair of boned cups and lace that held her boobs up from the bottom, and only covered them up to about a half inch above the nipple. It was only meant to be worn with a thin strapped evening dress like the one she had brought with her in the car for tonight's anniversary dinner with her husband. A deep valley was visible at the neckline of her dress, and the soft, white tops of each breast rose up in arches and shone in the sunlight.

More than a few driver's honked when they saw her, or slowed to whistle out their window at the pretty, stacked blonde with the great legs. As she was bent over to give a kid a balloon, that cute rump raised her skirt up in back to the passing motorists, and she was giving the children's fathers an eyeful of her 38CC breasts as she leaned forward. A couple of their wives had to remind them, with jabs, that they were here to look at the whole car, not just the headlights. But Jenny, blushing when she noticed a wide-eyed stare down her dress top, usually noticed little of the attention she was getting, and she tried her best to smile and make everyone feel welcome.

As Ted Crawford walked up to Jenny he noticed she was blushing and hopping from foot to foot rather vigorously, causing those big, round boobs of hers to dance inside that dress, swaying and bouncing at the same time. Then he saw the kid in front of her squirting her feet with the squirt gun, and he heard Jenny making squeaking sounds as she tried to keep her feet dry and dodge the streams of water, clicking her heels on the pavement. A man and woman stood near enough to be identifiable as the culprit's parents, but they both acted uninterested in stopping him. The woman stood idly gazing around at the cars and the man kept his hands in his pockets looking up at the balloons, with quick, furtive glances down at the struggling blonde with the bouncing bosom.

"Welcome folks! It's great to see you here today!' Crawford boomed, pushing the boy towards his parents.

He grinned at them, looked at the kid condescendingly, and said "What a cute little boy you have there! I just know we have a car for you, and your little tyke can keep the toy whether you buy it today or not!"

He grabbed Jenny's hand and pulled her nearer to him while addressing the customers

"Let me just have a word with my associate here, and we'll be right with ya'!" Ted gushed, and the kid started squirting the wheels of a nearby car.

"You have to help me out here, miss,' Ted whispered to Jenny out of the couples earshot, 'I'm really running short of salespeople! I'll do all the paperwork for the sale if you'll just show them a few cars, you don't have to try and sell the cars, they pretty much sell themselves. Just be nice to them and answer their questions by reading to them from the information sheet on the window of each car. Refer any questions you can't answer to me, just say- "Mr. Crawford can clear that up for you when we go inside to complete the transaction." -okay?"

"I guess so.." whispered Jenny hesitantly.

"If they make an offer lower than the sticker price...the first offer, mind you, bring them in to me and I'll finish the sale. You'll do just great, and really be helping me out of a jam." he pleaded, "Lets get back before they lose interest" he whispered quickly and led Jenny back to the family.

"This fine salesgirl here will help you look around folks, just take you time and find the car that fits your needs, and I'll see you all later to finalize the paperwork." Ted said to the couple, and walked over to another prospective buyer he saw lacking the accompanying shark.

The man was smiling and staring at Jenny, trying to keep his eyes from locking on her breasts, so his wife wouldn't notice.

The women looked at Jenny a little skeptically and stated, "We're looking for a sedan that gets good gas mileage, and is safe."

The little boy, around five years old, screamed, "I didn't get a balloon yet!"

So, Jenny loosened a balloon from the bunch and handed it to the little boy, and as she was latching the clip to his sleeve he shot her knees with a stream of water and made her jump back.

"Stop that, Timmy!" barked his mother, as Jenny blushed and rubbed the excess water off her legs. His father was more interested in Jenny's cleavage from the bend she had made and was still gazing at her chest even after she had straightened up.

Little Timmy was now hiding from his mother behind Jenny and had managed to clip his balloon to the back hem of her skirt and let go of it, watching it rise.

"Come here this instant, Timothy!" his mother's voice brought Timmy shuffling back to her side, where she grabbed his free hand, somehow not noticing his lack of balloon.

She started dragging him in the direction of a car she was interested in and Jenny clicked along behind them in her heels, wringing her hands nervously, unaware that the balloon had lifted the back of her skirt enough that the bottom half of her bare buns were visible. The man followed Jenny, along with the sway of Jenny's rear end, and he watched the delicious roll of those cheeks, never saying a word.

"Now this car we saw earlier looked sturdy." the wife said, standing alongside a blue sedan "Do you mind if we sit inside?"

"No, not at all!" said Jenny, opening the driver's side door for the woman.

The wife let go of little Timmy and and scooted herself into the seat, closing the door and clamping both hands on the steering wheel as if she were driving.

"What's the gas mileage?" she said.

So little Timmy ran around the car shooting imaginary bad guys until he made a full circle and stopped, noticing Jenny's bottom pointing at him at eye level as she bent to read the gas mileage data off the information page taped to the window.

The combination of the balloon and the bend she made had put more of her round, sweet bottom on view and the husband was wetting his lips with his tongue. Jenny had just found the information about mileage and read it off to the woman when he fired. Timmy had aimed rather carefully at Jenny's posterior and scored a bulls eye, squirting cold water in a jet right between the globes of Jenny's saucy bottom!

"Eeeek!" she lurched forward and up, whirling around quickly and blushing furiously, as dear old dad chuckled, and whispered - "Good shot!"- emphatically out the side of his mouth. The wife kept pretending to drive, muttering details to herself as her husband was enjoying Jenny's embarrassment.

Jenny tried to put a stern look on her face as she unclipped the balloon and let it sail away. She leaned down to tell the little boy that she thought that was naughty of him, both hands behind her as if he might try again by shooting around corners. She never got it out, however, as he took the opportunity to empty his squirt gun, firing in rapid bursts, at the pretty blonde lady's titties! What fun!

Jenny's dress front was soaked by the time she realized what he had done, and stood up in a daze, looking down in shock at her wet breasts.

"Look, daddy, softballs!" the kid chimed, pointing at Jenny's breasts as the the thin cotton material went from white to a darker transparency and clung to Jenny's chest. Her breasts were so visible through her wet dress you could see the lace detail on the bra beneath, and her nipples, enlarged and rigid from the cold water, poked out, even through the bra.

"You can say that again!" whispered dad.

Jenny came to her senses and brought her hands to her chest, splaying her fingers to try and hide as much of her boobs as possible, and began whispering, "Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod!"

"Take a look under the hood, Lou, and see if it looks all right to you." the unaware wife chirped from the front seat a she tooled along the highway in her dreams.

"Sure thing, dear ' he responded, 'could you show us the engine, miss?" he grinned taking in Jenny's charms, as she squirmed and stammered a "y..y..yes", clutching her wet breasts in the sopping, transparent material.

"Do you mind if I start it up?" the woman asked as she noticed an envelope on the dash with the words "key #451" stamped on it.

"N...n...no, that's f..f...fine." said Jenny as she meekly followed the man to the front of the car and stood shaking and blushing.

The wife was distracted trying to get the key in the ignition with little luck, as the man pointed to the hood and said, "I'll let you show me how to open it up." Smiling like a cat.

The wife completely missed the cute, near topless-looking blonde wiggle over to the front of the car, look sheepishly around, and bending over to find where the hood latch was. When Jenny thought she had spotted it she took another embarrassed look around, and quickly let go of her boobs, trying to release the latch in a panic, so she could cover herself up again, her fingers fumbling with the metal to no avail.

“Here, let me help you." said the husband and came up close beside Jenny, mixing his fingers under the hood with hers, trying to go "by feel" since he really didn't want to actually look, having better uses for his gaze, as his eyes kept growing wider and wider, looking down and taking in every detail of those fantastic wet breasts showing through Jenny's dress front.

Jenny was frantic at this point and was jamming her hands under the hood, accidentally hooking a thumb in her dress material and taking it under the hood with her. When the husband felt Jenny's dress material under the hood by his fingers, he grabbed the hem edge and rubbed it on the underside of the hood until he felt it hook on some protruding metal piece, then he told Jenny he thought he'd found it! And he unlatched the mechanism deftly and flung the hood straight up, as the hood springs helped it reach it's maximum height.

The skirt of Jenny's sundress went with it, stretched taunt and high enough to clear the entire extent of her ass, and so high in front you could make out an inch of lacy, bra-enclosed bosom beneath. It also pulled her body up and forward against the front of the car, her arms flapping wildly at her sides, her chest thrust forward and her back arched, causing her to push out her rear end and spread her legs a little for balance.

She cried out a "Nnnoooooo!" and started jerking her bosom violently from side to side in a futile attempt to loosen the front of her dress from the raised car hood, while gripping the back hem of her dress in both hands and pulling down as hard as she could to cover some of her exposed bottom. But the material wouldn't even come down so far as to cover the lacy bow on the back string of her panties, right above the round, pink globes of her beautiful bottom, which, at the moment, had a very cute jiggle.

Timmy couldn't resist the sight of that little, white bow, and while his dad halfheartedly tried to extract Jenny's raised dress from the hood, while also staring down intently at the triangular, white lace panel at the front of her panties, the little boy grabbed the bow and started leaning and stepping back, like he was cocking back a slingshot. Jenny felt this and stopped jerking suddenly, her head snapping around, she managed to get out "WHA..?" before the boy let go of the bow.

"Snap!" the string came back to Jenny's bottom with a sting!

"OUCH!" she cried as she went on toe in her heels, a knee bent reflexively, bringing her leg and a sexy white pump into the air behind her, splaying the fingers of her hands as her arms reached back and to the sides. The shocked look on her face transformed slowly back to devastating embarrassment as she tried to look over her shoulder at the state of her undress.

The husband was holding the car hood up intentionally at this point, he sure didn't want his wife to see this, as he looked down and saw the tufts of blonde pubic hair coming out of the top of Jenny's panties. The panty snap had left them sitting lower in front, and the back-string and bow lay languidly across the halfway point of Jenny's quivering bottom. Jenny was blushing beet-red and yanking on her dress with both hands, shifting back and forth on her feet nervously. She heard an appreciative whistle from another nearby car buyer, and renewed her struggles when Timmy grabbed the bow again and pulled hard!

She squealed and jumped again when she felt the sting, as the bow snapped back lower on her bottom, where the tender round cheeks were full and sloping in, meeting her thighs with a thin crease. The panty string had come to rest along that crease, and the bow sat at the direct base of her rump, right at the juncture of her naked cheeks and soft thighs. It stretched around her to the front, where the elastic waistband of the panties hung below her pubic mound, and the lacy front panel drooped below.

Jenny started yanking harder, blushing all over, once she realized she was about to lose her panties, lifting each leg higher as she tried to cover her sex with alternating knees, her bottom cheeks doing a furious, bouncing dance.

Timmy's dad was having difficulty keeping the car hood up, as Jenny kept trying to pull it back down by yanking on her dress, and he was preoccupied as well, taking in as much of the near-naked Jenny as he could, while little Timmy began innocently, but enthusiastically, playing pattycake on Jenny's cute bottom- clapping his hands together, and then slapping alternating cheeks between claps- reciting the rhyme out loud.

When Timmy's mom finally brought the engine to life with a roar, Jenny could feel the air from the fan in front, blowing on her exposed sex mound and soft belly skin, staring down in shock. Timmy's dad noticed a few people were gathering around nearby, stretching their necks to get a view of the cute blonde's bare behind, and felt it was probably best if he lowered the hood and ended this fun before his wife got wise. He brought it down but didn't slam it shut, deftly removing the hem where

PARTS 4-5 MISSING

Ted Crawford couldn't find anything else that the naked girl in the parts department could put on, but he found her purse by the display table and took her keys out. He then asked the parts man about where to stock the car circuitry boards and asked around if any of the salesmen knew which car the blonde had arrived in. When he found one eager volunteer he requested that he go see if she had anything in her car that she could use for clothing. He whispered the explanation for his request to the grinning man, who returned with a plastic bag he found on the front seat.

He neglected to tell his boss about the dress he had seen hung up on the hook in the back seat...if there WAS a naked blonde in the parts department he wanted To make sure he got a look at her before she covered herself up with anything! If the boss could get her to put on the garter belt and hosiery he found in the bag she would look all the more sexy! He trotted off to the service bays in back to tell the mechanics. Those guys wouldn't want to miss this!

Ted continued hustling the crowd and had a fish on the line when the guy he sent out for food returned. He hustled the customer into his office and begged a minute's wait from him to do a quick errand. He then went back to Jenny and knocked on the door. When he told her who it was she opened it a crack and he passed a bag of take-out and the plastic bag in and said, "One of my guys found this stuff in your car, I hope it helps out and I'll keep looking around, but I'm kind of busy right now so I'll get back to you in just a little while'.

' Oh yeah, and our parts foreman said the computer circuitry goes on the top shelf on the right side of the center aisle, the shelf is labeled red and says circuitry, and he said to be careful not to drop them..now lock this door behind you, honey."

Jenny heard him hustling off and closed up behind him. She went over to the desk and set down the bag of fast food and looked in the plastic bag with her lingerie.

"How is this going to help cover me? she thought, and another set of goose bumps popped up across the top of her bosom. "Well, at least the stockings will help me keep a little warmer."

So Jenny sat at the desk and slipped out of her pumps, and getting the hosiery from the bag she smoothed it up each of her long, beautiful legs. Then she stood up and slipped each nylon-clad foot into the white heels. Her stockings began drooping immediately at the top so she thought she'd better hook them up to the belt if she didn't want to be pulling them up all day. She then got the lacy white garter belt out and put in on, wiggling around to get the four fasteners attached to her stocking tops.

She briefly thought that it was strange that they had bothered to go out and look in her car for clothes and failed to see the dress sitting in the back seat.

"Oh well" she said.

She held her breasts and bent forward to look down at herself. She felt ridiculous to be dressed like this. She was dressed like a lingerie model from the waist down and this coat was too small ...cinching it at the waist with the buttons was hurting and making it hard to breathe, so she pried the top button loose to give her squashed breasts some room to stick out, and bounce. Her current clothing seemed designed to expose her in all the right places. While her business style jacket covered most of her, with the exception of her breasts, it tucked in at the waist and then flared out all around, coming way short of covering anything, and made her look like she was missing a part of a costume.

It was sexy lingerie from there on out. The thin lace panties and garter belt did very little, almost nothing in the back ..to hide her private parts below or her garters and hose. She felt a hot blush coming on thinking about anyone seeing her in such suggestive clothing. That would be sooo humiliating!

She decided not to dwell on it... after all, no one was here and as soon as her dress and brassiere dried she could make her self decent again. So she picked up a wide, thin box of computer circuitry, which didn't seem too heavy, and held it in front of her under her breasts. She added another box to it and felt it was about as much as she could carry safely.

She wiggled over to the wide center aisle in the warehouse-like room, her breasts exposed and poking out of the jacket front. She had no way to hide them because of having to carry the boxes with both hands. She blushed when she glanced down and saw how her bare breasts were bouncing as she walked, even if no one was looking at her she felt a hot flash of embarrassment.

She tried to control herself so she wouldn't drop the parts boxes and looked around for a red sticker on the right side shelving, up high. Jenny found the sticker at the end of the row on the top shelf. She could even read the word circuitry on it. But how was she supposed to get to the top shelf with these heavy boxes?

Jenny looked around the wide center aisle of the parts warehouse and discovered a rolling platform over against some shelves. It was a metal framed ladder with a platform on top and it was on wheels so that you could move it around and reach all the higher shelves throughout the warehouse. Jenny went over to it and set the parts boxes down on the second tread. It looked safe enough, so she went around the back of it and pushed, finding it rolled quite easily over to where she intended.

Jenny pushed it tight up against the shelving racks and took a step up to the first step on the platform. The ladder had a base platform and treads going up eight steps to a little platform at top, and all the stepping surfaces were all rubberized so she stood easily on them in her heels.

"This won't be too hard" Jenny said to herself, and proceeded to pick up the boxes and jiggle all her exposed parts at the same time.

No one was there to see her beautiful bottom sway and roll as she went up those steps but it was beautiful, all the same. When she reached the top she rested the boxes on the railing that prevented you from walking forward and falling off. Unbeknownst to Jenny, as she leaned against the metal rail she had accidentally hooked the elastic at the top of her panties to a sharp screw head that was sticking out. As she stepped back a little she felt the front of her panties were caught and were pilling, but holding the boxes she had no hands free to work it loose and she tried wiggling this way and that, hoping to free herself.

A loud ratcheting noise caught Jenny's attention from the near wall at the end of the aisle and the room began to brighten.

"What was going on? thought Jenny, and then she saw the light streaming under the wall!

But it wasn't a wall at all, it was a large receiving door that reached to the ceiling so that truck trailers could back up and deliver to the parts warehouse. And it was being raised at an alarming speed. It was almost to the height an adult could walk under and she could hear men's voices outside! She began to panic and renewed her efforts to free her panties from the screw, wrapping more of the lace and elastic on the sharp threads.

"Yeah, right Jim, a naked blonde in parts..you are so full of...!" the conversation came to an end as the mechanics and the salesman stood at the receiving door looking up at the nearly nude blonde on the ladder.

Someone whistled and they all began laughing and patting Jim on the back. A couple of them had reached the ladder and grabbed the rails around the base, looking up at the struggling blonde, whose large naked breasts were sticking out of the front of her jacket and were bouncing around with her movements.

She seemed to be stuck on the safety rail at the top and was pitched out over it a little, with her arms held out in front of her about shoulder height, holding some boxes. Below the boxes her breasts hung down directly over their heads, the nipples seemed to point at them. From behind Jenny was ravishingly sexy. The forward pitch of her body over the rail, like the carved bow head of some ship, left her bottom upturned and thrust out to balance her.

Below the little flared "skirt" of her white jacket jiggled that smooth, round, bare behind, the top of her crease covered only by a white lace and elastic band, and she was jerking her hips back and forth as she stood there.

Maybe she was trying to get loose or something, but nobody really cared, it just looked great! She was holding her legs tightly together at the knees and then splayed out below the knees to a pigeon-toed stance in tall white high heels. They were long and curvy and encased in sheer nylons attached to a lacy little garter belt halfway up her thighs.

"Ohmygosh,ohmygosh,ohmygosh.." Jenny chanted in her panic.

Those men below could see her in her sexy lingerie and were grinning and staring at her exposed breasts! She had to get loose, but what should she do with these boxes of equipment she was told to be careful with?

"Maybe I'll put them on this shelf and..'Jenny stopped her thought abruptly as she heard a man below say, "I don't like the light in here, lets go back outside" and she felt a jerk as the ladder began to move.

"Wait! No! Stop!! Jenny blurted as the men rolled the ladder platform out of the warehouse and into the service area, where cars were parked in service bays and up on lifts being repaired.

Loud catcalls and hooting accompanied her humiliating ride on the ladder, and whistling and cheers erupted every time the ladder's wheels rolled over something and her breasts and bottom bounced around from the resulting bump. Some of the mechanics were holding compressed air hoses, and as Jenny was wheeled around the service bays, they shot cold jets of air up at her strategically, to goose her on the behind or nipples.

"Oooooh!' and 'EeeeeK!" she'd squeal in reaction, jumping in her heels, as her breasts bobbed emphatically and her bottom jiggled from the hop.

She was trying so hard not to drop the parts boxes but was trapped in this humiliating position by her hooked panties!

"Please! Don't do that! No! Please!.."Oooooo!" she jumped as she felt a strong air jet blast up at her blushing bottom!

There wasn't a square inch of Jenny not blushing at this point.

The men of the service department were really enjoying themselves. They had never seen such a sexy looking women in such a funny and compromising position before and they were going to have some fun before they let her down. They were wheeling her around all the cars being serviced, and were doing their best to jerk the platform ladder up and down whenever they could to see the stacked blonde bounce around. One particular spot on the floor made the ladder pitch forward and down, and then jerk back up every time they passed it. This made the blonde lunge forward and backward and had those huge, bouncy breasts wobbling and dancing, bringing forth even louder hoots and cheers. And when she was jerked back and away from where her panties were hooked on the rail, it pulled them very taunt and she felt the lace string in her ass crease press tightly and dig into her between the cheeks and she gave out a high pitched,"Eeeeeee!" which they cheered and clapped for as well.

They had to stop the ladder when they came around one car raised on a lift because the door was open and there wasn't room to get by. Jenny seized the opportunity and found her balance, twisting around to face the open door of the car and place the boxes of circuitry on the front seat.

That was all the elastic on her panties could take, however. With a popping sound the lacy bow over the crack of her bottom cheeks flew across the service area, as her panties broke at the juncture of her waistband and the back thong string.

"Yikes!" She screamed as they twanged against the rail, shooting off her body. Both her hands zoomed to her crotch to cover her soft blonde pubic hair. This got a particularly loud cheer from the crowd of men below and the whistling was ear splitting.

Her hands were frozen over her mound, trying to her sex, and the shock of having no panties in a huge crowd of men was numbing. Jenny was panicky and in shock, along with being extremely embarrassed, and had a frantic look on her face. She was looking around madly for a way to escape and in her confusion settled on leaping into the car on the lift beside her! Jumping and grabbing for the farthest seat, she didn't quite make it. She did manage to grab the boxes she had placed on the seat, and was pulling them out and falling out of the car! She reached out with her arms frantically to grab a hold of something, grabbing the seat back at the last minute. She pushed the boxes to the floorboards and pulled her upper body into the car.

The mechanics all crowded around to watch the bare-assed blonde struggle into the car. She had only gotten halfway in and her behind was sticking out. Her legs in the sheer hosiery were kicking furiously, each sexy high heel flipping up over her bottom as she alternated her kicks. Her bottom cheeks bounced in unison. It was a tableau of sex appeal. They moved the ladder away and were all around the blonde's legs, looking up.

Jenny, innocently enough, was holding on for dear life to those seat cushions and had given little thought to how much she was exposing as she kicked her legs about, bent over and lying on the driver's seat, with most of her lower body dangling out over the eager eyes below. Some men were very lucky that day. But with those perfect legs in the hose and garters, kicking her sexy heels and wiggling around, even if you didn't see everything, you saw plenty, and I'm sure they all counted themselves lucky in that sense.

The mechanic with the controls to the lift was playing with it a little bit, making it jump up a quick foot or down, with no rhythm. This had Jenny bouncing on the seat and holding on tight, all the better to keep her hands from being able to cover herself. She was never in danger of falling of course, as there was a eager multitude of hands that would have caught her. And so, after a few whispered conversations between the guys around the lift controls, Jenny felt the car going down!

She knew that she would have less chance of falling if the lift was lowered, but a spreading blush washed over her face as she thought of the part of her, that panty less part, which was now being ceremoniously lowered. Jenny had quit kicking now and had her legs locked firmly together, even her toes pointed as her body quivered in embarrassment.

"I'm just going to die of shame! she thought, as she felt the hot blush spread back to the cheeks of her bottom, still quivering.

Then the lift jerked to a stop and her breasts bounced up and down on the car seat. She reached out her pointy toe of her pumps but couldn't feel floor!

"Gee, miss,..our lift seems to be stuck, but your only three feet off the ground, we'll..help you the rest of the way", a young voice said from below her, followed by a murmur of snickering.

Jenny felt two hands on her right leg, one at the top of the thigh in front, where her stocking top gave way to bare flesh, and the other right on her calf below the knee. Another set of hands grabbed her left leg in the same places.

"Now if you just let go slowly, miss, and bend your knees a little you'll slide out nice and safe." she heard from behind her.

Jenny was pink from embarrassment and kept thinking about all the men behind her, she just KNEW they were all staring at her behind!

"OH GOD! This is SO humiliating! she thought and tried not to wiggle her bottom so much as she tentatively released her grip and slid a few inches out.

The leg men were assisting by cupping their hands under her knees, helping them bend, but that just seemed to make her bottom stick out further and was hysterically whispering, "ohno!ohno!ohno!oohNOOO!" as she felt herself sliding faster.

Jim, the salesman who had earlier alerted his pals to the blonde's plight, stepped forward quickly and arrested her fall with both hands. He had them spread wide so that he could get as much cheek in each palm as was humanly possible.

"My god this ass is so firm and soft!" he thought as he gave it a little squeeze.

"Oh MY! " squeaked Jenny as she felt the warm hands squeezing her bottom.

And as the rest of her came out of the car she felt strong hands firmly hold her arms at the elbows on both sides, making sure she didn't slip to the side. She was sitting now, like in a chair with arms. Two men on either side supporting her arms and two ahead of her with their hands supporting the back of her nyloned thighs, just behind the knee. And, of course, another pair formed a perfect cup for each cheek of her bottom. She squirmed a little in those hands, which sent a wave of pleasure over Jim's body and he responded with a squeeze.

"Oooo!" Jenny cooed from the squeeze, and that got a chuckle from the men, as she looked nervously around with wide eyes and shocking blush.

"I..uh..think I'm all right now, you can..Ooo! set me down n..n..now."

Jenny stammered, interrupted mid-sentence by another squeeze, which elicited laughter from her audience. The men were enjoying her embarrassment, and were definitely aroused by her ample body, but her cute innocence an meek attitude had really won them over and none of them really intended to harm her. So they gently let her feet find the floor and she teetered upright on those sexy heels. Jim's lingering right hand reassuringly patted her soft cheek and withdrew as well.

Both Jenny's hands covered her blonde pubic hair and her arms squeezed her breasts together, making a deep cleavage. Her knock-kneed, pigeon-toed stance was real cute in it's embarrassed modesty, but panic was starting to set in. She began jerking her head around from face to grinning face and looked desperately for an exit. She ran to towards the street exit from the service bays but heard the men shouting behind her to stop, "Hey lady you don't wannna go out there! they shouted, "Wrong way, lady!"

The words sunk in as Jenny reached the beginning of the parking lot and she skidded to a halt and whirled around a couple of times. Her mind was a jumble of thoughts and she just didn't know which way to go! She settled on running back in the service area, but had to slow to a walk, and then a creep, as she tried to wiggle and squeeze by the men crowding around her. She felt so embarrassed rubbing her body against the men, and instinctively raised a hand to her mouth. They were whistling and hooting and staring at every square inch of her lovely body. As she was about to exit the large group, one of them reached down and pinched her.

"EeeeK!" Jenny jumped up and her breasts heaved up and down, then settled with a wobble. The men cheered and whistled as she clenched a hand to the pinched site on her bottom. She turned her back to them quickly and started backing up.

"Ouch!" she jumped again as she inadvertently poked her behind backing into a protruding handle on a diagnostic analysis unit. Another cheer arose from her admirers and Jenny turned pink. She tried running again, but only got to the end of a row of cars receiving only one quick slap to her fanny for the effort.

The only mechanic not watching or following Jenny stood at a workbench near where she came skidding to a halt. He was a very old man, with a large hearing aid showing from his ear, and was busily drilling a hole into a piece of metal on a vise. Jenny turned around to keep her bottom protected from the mechanics and accidentally put her elbow in his back.

He turned around in response and the running drill he was holding caught the flared hem of her linen jacket. He jerked in spasms as he tried to keep hold of the drill, while it kept gathering more of her jacket to it and was was quickly peeling it off Jenny's shoulders. He instinctively stepped back and it pulled Jenny's arms to her sides, and then behind her, as the old man sat down on the floor wrestling the drill that was bunching the jacket into a spiraling knot around the it.

When he finally got the damned thing turned off he looked up at the ravishing blonde, in only a garter and hose, wearing a pair of high heel shoes.

"Customers are sure dressing casually these days..." he thought and attempted to lift himself off the ground as the blonde ran away. "Why that's the prettiest behind I've seen in a long while," he mused.

Although her pretty bottom was getting most of the physical attention, Jenny had no hands left to cover it. She splayed the fingers on one hand trying to cover her bosom, hoping that she could get her extended fingers to cover both nipples. The other hand was clutched at her crotch and wouldn't budge. Her heels clicked loudly as she trot around the service area seeking escape, her ponytail and huge bosom both bouncing excitedly. The mechanics were having a grand time watching the blonde jiggle around, and had taken to giving her sweet bottom a little pat or a pinch as it wiggled by, or a low blast of air from the hose, aimed at her ass cheeks. They loved her comic reaction to these effronteries. She would shriek and lurch forward and everything she had would go into motion.

One of the mechanics crouched down behind a car as he saw her coming around it, and was waiting to jump up and startle her for a laugh, when Jenny tripped on an air hose and came sprawling at him, her arms wheeling wildly around.

She came to rest over his shoulder and he grabbed the back of her thighs and stood up, bringing her off the ground, legs kicking. He became acutely aware of the large breasts smashed into his back and the soft round bottom inches from his face. He couldn't resist... so he cupped the furthest cheek with his hand and gently kissed the near cheek.

The rest of the mechanics went wild. The catcalls and hooting were loud enough to hear out on the car lot.

"What's going on here?" Ted Crawford shouted from the open receiving door of the parts warehouse.

He heard the blonde's panicked voice crying out, "Oh! No! ..Let me down! ..Stop! " and saw her bent over his mechanic's shoulder, kicking her high heels frantically.

All the men stopped and looked at their boss and the man carrying Jenny sheepishly put his hand back on her nylon-clad thigh and strode over to him.

"Hey boss, look what we found!" he said smartly.

"Yeah, well put her down and get back to work' Ted growled, '..all of you, back to work and cut this shit out!"

So the man grabbed both of Jenny's cheeks in his hands and slid her off his shoulder.

"Sorry boss, and no harm intended miss.." he remarked to Jenny, and he went back over to the others.

Jenny stood clutching all the usual parts of her she does when naked and turned red with embarrassment. She felt like digging a hole in the ground and crawling in.

"My god, you sure get yourself into trouble easily!" Ted Crawford grinned at her, appreciating her nakedness.

"I'm so sorry Mr. Crawford...if I could just explain," she gushed.

"Don't bother,' he interrupted, ' I've just been putting out the fire you almost caused in my warehouse, I guess you put your clothes too close to the heater and, fortunately, they were all that burned,' he looked grimly at her, ' but I found one apron left at the bottom of the box and at least you can wear that.." he offered, handing her the apron and her purse.

"Oh my GOD!" Jenny cried.

"Yeah, well, I'm sorry too miss, but things just haven't worked out too well for you today, have they? I'm sure you'll do better at your next job. For now, I really think it would be best if you took off early go home and relax, ...as much as I'll miss you." he added with a big smile, staring down at the best set of hooters he'd ever seen.

Jenny meekly put her purse down and pulled the apron to her chest, fumbling with the strings to tie it behind her neck and then gathering the strings to tie it around behind her.

"Here, let me help you." Crawford said, and walked around behind her and tied the apron in the back into a big floppy bow.

He looked down at her ass and just shook his head in amazement, he was convinced that she had the sexiest body of any women he had ever known. What a babe!

Jenny turned around and thanked him for putting up with her and bent to pick up her purse. The entire service area grew quiet as every eye watched the mooning, and more than a few men licked their lips at the sight.

Jenny straightened up and looked down at her new clothes.

"My god, this is embarrassing,' she thought,' I look ridiculous!"

The apron was a soft pink color and had pink frills all around the short apron skirt in front and along the top across her cleavage and up each strap going behind her neck. It was so short it barely covered her pubis, and left the garters holding up her hose and a good deal of thigh exposed. It was tight around the waist where Mr. Crawford had tied it and came up her breasts tightly too. Her protruding nipples poked seductively out the material in front. It was wide open on the sides and the size of her breasts made it tent out in front so that most of her breasts could be seen from either side.

She shouldered her purse and held the skirt front down as best she could, using her free hand to hold the apron front against her breasts so they wouldn't pop out the sides. Oblivious to the lack of material behind her, she wiggled through the service area, her heels clicking on the pavement and her ponytail swaying. She mesmerized everyone within view with that walk. Her bottom seemed to have a life of it's own. Each step she took set it in motion, each round cheek rising and falling, with a sway and a wiggle. As the bright sunlight hit her behind when she reached the parking lot, they all could see the faint imprint of a hand on her bottom, left over from some grease-stained hand that had had the pleasure of patting that sweet, round fanny.

"Oh great, I had to park way over on the other side of the lot!"

Jenny griped, and clattered off through the crowded lot towards her car.

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**Jenny At The Construction Site**

by OOgler

Fresh Beginnings

Jenny sat fidgeting in front of the mirror, she knew that a good impression was expected of her on the first day at a new site. The dispatcher at the the TempServ had sent her to two jobs previously, in which she had just sat at desks, answered phones, took messages. They had not really required any skill. But then, nice Mr. Jennings who had hired her had told her, after a long, studied look...that he was sure that most employers would be glad to have her as a front office receptionist, being the first thing their clients would see upon entering their businesses. Jenny didn't stop to think that his grin, and wandering eyes were taking in all her bountiful charms, and his actual thoughts pictured this big-busted blonde at the Kirby Construction site, with all those horny construction workers enjoying themselves at her expense!

Jenny decided that she wouldn't suffer with the heat like she had at her last assignment, dressed in a formal business suit, and the dispatcher had said that this assignment was an outdoor construction site... where was that paper? oh,yes..."Kirby Construction on Lakeshore Road, building a high-rise office building, need a temp receptionist and gofer" ..."well, I don't know what the gofer part means but I know that Lakeshore Road is pretty far out in the country, I didn't even know there was any building out that way!", said Jenny to her reflection. It's bound to be hot out there, she thought, so I'd better wear something I'll be able to keep cool in. She already had on her thinnest white lace bra.

She thought to herself, "I'm just going to have to do that laundry when I get home tonight, I can't keep wearing these flimsy little bras just because the sturdier ones are in the wash!" She arched her back and bent at the waist to reach down to her feet to pick up her nylon panties. Jenny bent down to pick things up this way since she was a little girl, never really refining the more sophisticated bend that most women adopt to prevent any accidental views of their body's more private areas. She likewise, seemed to miss the effect it had on any men behind her, so she continued to pick things up in this manner, which now afforded a magnificent view of her two fleshy bottom cheeks, jiggling seductively in the air, and a small fold of pink lip hanging between her legs, just peeking out below her soft globes.

Jenny reached in her closet and pulled out a white summer dress that buttoned up the front, coming in tighter on her waist, and flaring out to a full skirt at about knee length. The top part of the dress was held on by two straps, which had seen better days, and had a nasty habit of falling off her shoulders when she sagged her shoulders in the least little bit, so she knew she would be tugging them back up quite a bit today. What really had her perplexed was how the top few buttons had gotten so much harder to button since she had last worn this dress. She finally had to concede that topmost button, as it would not come together with it's buttonhole without squishing her enormous breasts into grotesque lumps of flesh, poking out from the top and arm holes of the dress.

She wasn't even really pleased with how the second button had tightened her dress at the top and gave her a pronounced cleavage, as the tops of her big soft boobs came together to make a deep cleft, and the protruding mass seemed to pull the dress out in front enough so that a view could be had of her soft tummy skin between that first fastened button and her separating bosom.

"Oh well! It'll just have to do, I have to leave quickly if I'm to get there on time" thought Jenny, and she stepped into her white 4-inch high heels, grabbed her keys and white, strapped purse and bounced out the door to her car, some parts of her body bouncing at different intervals, to the great delight of her neighbor, Mr. Lemon, who proceeded to water his foot as he gazed distractedly at his attractive neighbor.

When Jenny pulled into the dusty yard at the construction site, she was surprised to see that she was the first one there. She hadn't counted on the traffic being so light on the way here and had arrived about fifteen minutes before the time she had written down as her starting time of 7:30.

"Maybe I should see if I can get in that trailer with the office sign on it? thought the ponytailed blonde, ...I assume that must be where I'll be working."

But Jenny couldn't get the door open and stood at the doorway and waited for a few minutes until she heard a meowing sound coming from the other side of the door. She cautiously stepped to the side of the door and peered in a small window. She could see that a gray little kitten sat on a desk on the inside, a little below the window sill, and that it had somehow gotten tangled up in a loose typewriter ribbon. It sat, crying at it's predicament, looking up at Jenny with forlorn, teary eyes and she knew she had to do something to help.

"I'll bet I can reach it if this window will open" thought Jenny, and she felt really pleased when, upon trying it, it slid open easily and she could see the kitten clearly on the desk below.

"Gosh, that sure is a small window though, I hope I can reach it!" Jenny said as she set down her purse on the porch in front of the door. Jenny brushed a lock of hair from her face that had been blown forward from a slight breeze, and reached up to the window sill, pulling her head and shoulders through the window. Jenny's 38CC breasts still prevented her from getting the top half of her body far enough through the window to reach the kitten, so she pulled back out and tried a different approach. By sliding her arms through first and squeezing her head and upper torso through she had almost been able to reach Kitty, but it had, of course, scooted a little further away from her. So Jenny pushed a little further and felt her breasts being condensed into a tight package, edged firmly into the frame of the small trailer window.

With one last push, achieved by kicking off from the ground outside, Jenny's upper body burst into the darkened office space. But as this was the only window that had it's shade up, and Jenny had effectively blocked out any remaining sunlight from the interior, she found herself plunged into darkness.

"Oh no! This won't do! I can't see a thing" said our hapless blonde.

Jenny slowly became aware of her surroundings in the gloom of the trailer. The kitten seemed to have been frightened enough by her sudden entrance to scamper off the table, extracting itself from it's typewriter-ribbon harness and was even now staring up at the blonde beauty, her eyes wide open with a surprised look on her face, arms outstretched on the office desk. Jenny's dress straps had fallen down on either side and that tight second button on the top of her dress had popped off and lay on the desktop.

Her breasts hung down and out of her dress considerably, and the pink aerioles around her nipples were just visible on the edge of her straining bra, and they seemed to have gotten hard from their rubbing past the window sill, and fetchingly poked out the last little bit of dress that managed to cover her impressive boobs. She tried backing out by pushing on the desk in front of her, as her feet had left the ground on the other side of the window, and now the tips of her white high heels just barely touched the ground outside. Not nearly enough to relieve the pressure she felt on her waist, balancing her body weight on the window sill. All this pushing just seemed to push her breasts against that straining bra, which inched down lower, so that both hard, pink nipples sprung loose over the front of the bra, and another button from the top of her dress flew across the room as more of Jenny's ample bosom jiggled free.

She, of course, couldn't see any of these events take place due to the dim lighting within the trailer, and being very distracted by the hard window sill digging into her waist, she strained to balance herself by stepping on one toe and then the next on the ground outside, which sent her beautiful behind on a rolling ride, back and forth, as each ass cheek rose and fell in an erotic sort of dance.

She did feel a slight breeze against the back of her thighs and thought, "Oh my gosh! I hope the wind doesn't lift my skirt in the back before I can get out of here! I would be so embarrassing for anyone to see me like this!"

A deep blush spread over her cheeks (both sets!) at the thought, and she struggled further to free herself from her window enclosure.

She then heard the sound of a motor from outside. A heavy, grumbling sound like that of a truck pulling into the dirt yard outside. She heard it's brakes squeal as it came to a stop. Other loud motor sounds followed, as if more trucks were arriving as well, and she looked down at the florescent dial on her watch and saw that it was 7:30 exactly! Everyone must be arriving for work! She renewed her hip wiggling dance and frantically tried to squeeze those large, firm breasts back out that small window, not noticing that her struggles had now released them completely from her flimsy bra, which now hung below both bouncing boobs, serving to hold them up and out in a more pronounced display than even her own magnificent body was capable. Jenny stopped struggling for a moment when she heard a loud wolf whistle pierce the air outside her window, and the sound of footsteps on the gravel behind her.

"Oh my god! There's someone there! I must look such a fool to them, but at least now I might get some help getting out of here! By this time the pressure on Jenny's waist was becoming very uncomfortable and she called out to anyone who could hear, "Excuse me? Is anyone there? Could you give me a hand, I seem to have gotten stuck! Please? Anyone?"

Jenny tried her wiggling dance again, lightly stepping from toe to toe, as she tried to ease herself back out and down to the ground.

Most of the men stood around the vision with grins on their faces, some actually stood with mouths agape, all of them wide eyed and suddenly very awake on this sunny morning. The breeze had picked up a little and all eyes were glued to the hem of Jenny's skirt as it fluttered enticingly around, lifting slightly here and there, offering occasional views of the smooth, tanned thighs at the top of the most sexy, curvy legs most had ever seen.

The flesh on the back of her thighs jiggled slightly as the girl stepped on and off the ground in her dainty white high-heels. Her feet were arched in this position and gave her legs a gorgeous curve, as she minced back and forth, causing her pouty rear end to flex and roll uncontrollably, which caused one workman to drop his thermos and grab himself someplace else. They could not believe their luck when the wind gust up considerably, lifting Jenny's dress up in a full ballooned-out manner, exposing the most sumptuous ass imaginable.

Wiggling so sexily, her bottom cheeks were barely contained in the thin, nylon panties. Although they were white, after repeated washings they had become very transparent, especially in the bright sunlight, and a slight pink blush of embarrassment almost seemed to glow on each cheek beneath the material.

Jenny felt the coolness of the breeze against her skin but had no idea how exposed she was at that moment. She would have blushed down to her toes if she had known how many pairs of eyes were watching her ass jiggle in her semi-transparent panties. The back of her dress had come to rest up around her waist now and there was not a soft penis among the workmen standing around watching the view. A few of the men's deepest fantasies were beginning to surface as Jenny's bottom continued it's erotic bouncing, as her legs moved in that mincing step, and as she called out frantically for some to please lend her a hand!

The workmen glanced around at each other, grinning with glee. Jenny had asked them for exactly what they themselves had planned on giving her. A "hand" was just what they had in mind for her lovely body, maybe even more than one!

"What seems to be the problem here, miss?" one of the men asked

Jenny in feigned innocence. Jenny's head popped up at the words, someone was there! Now maybe she could extract herself from this uncomfortable and extremely embarrassing position. She knew, however, that if someone was there that they were able to see only the bottom half of her luscious body, with her big, round ass sticking prominently up in the air and the back of her tanned, bare legs below her dress hem.

" Oh, I hope that dress hasn't ridden too far up in the back!" she thought as a blush spread across her face.

"Well I seem to have gotten stuck here! I was just reaching in to help this little kitty I saw... and now I can't seem to get back out!" Jenny's voice quavered with nervousness.

"Well.., said a voice, we could try and give you a little pull miss, if you like," and Jenny felt two rough hands grip the side of her hips on either side.

Gosh, it felt like they were gripping her bare skin! where was the dress? She couldn't feel it between her hips and the man's fingers, and at the same time she felt rough jean material pushed against her soft bottom. A particularly protruding area in the jeans was pressing hard into the crack of her ass down low. What is happening here? she thought.

"We'll just try yanking a bit first, miss" the voice shouted to her. Chuckling from outside could just barely be heard as Jenny felt her her bottom pulled hard against the jean material.

"Oooooh!" she exclaimed as that protruding bit seemed to goose her between her bouncing bottom!

Her legs kicked free of the ground and lifted in alternate kicks, spreading a bit due to the man's legs being inserted between them. His pulling seemed to pick up a rhythm, and Jenny felt her behind being repeatedly mashed against the man outside. A little "oh" escaped her lips every time she felt that uncomfortable jab between her butt cheeks. Her legs kicked up with each push that came from the jabbing thing, which seemed to be pushing at the same time as her hips were pulled backward! She knew her ass was probably bouncing all over the place out there, and she was very embarrassed, but she couldn't really refuse the help, could she?

The men outside were all holding themselves as they watched the burly foreman dry hump the girl's jiggling bottom. The foreman was in a kind of trance himself, pulling those round buns against his crotch, watching them quiver and bounce with each thrust. He stopped before he came in his jeans and thought of a better plan still.

As he pulled his hands away from her hips he grabbed the flimsy sides of her nylon panties and gave a tug hard enough to rip both sides free. They fell to a puddle at her feet as a collective sigh could be heard from all the men, whose eyes remained glued to those big, round cheeks that seemed to have a life of their own. Jenny heard that ripping sound and felt the brush of her panties sliding down her legs. She definitely felt the cool breeze on the cheeks of her bare ass now, and a crimson blush infused them with a glow of embarrassment.

"ohmygod!, ohmygod!, ohmygod!" she chattered within the confines of the darkened trailer.

Another workman stepped forward and said "Maybe we should try to push you through rather than pull you out, lady."

As Jenny heard the helpful voice, it slowly dawned on her what they would have to push to achieve this result and she uttered a desperate "Oh no!" a second before she felt large hands cup and squeeze each of her butt cheeks. They kneaded and pushed the soft flesh of her bottom repeatedly! Then they stopped and it felt like someone else was trying.

How many people were out there viewing her naked lower body? This was soooo embarrassing! The workmen were shoving each other aside roughly to get handfuls of that quivering ass. And Jenny's bottom was getting pink and warm from all the fondling, as it wiggled and flexed under the prodding fingers and occasional slaps.

She "eeeeeked" as fingers pinched her bottom, and "ouched!" when she felt the spanks that sent her forward slightly and undoubtedly sent those globes a'jiggling behind!

"Oh, please stop! I really don't think that's helping at all!" she cried out in a frantic voice, blushing furiously.

Only being in an exposed public place kept these men from "helping" Jenny in the way that they all knew they wanted. But one man, the foreman, couldn't resist seeing all of this woman before the boss arrived, so he used his trailer key on the door and stepped inside to see what the rest of her looked like. When he switched on the light he blinked his eyes and lowered his jaw audibly. Jenny's gaze followed his down to realize her bare breasts were exposed to this complete stranger!

She started sputtering and mewling, and her twitching shoulders causing her already blushing bosom to wobble up and down slightly. Jenny looked up at the man in tears and noticed his head, and gaze seemed to be moving slightly up and down in matching movement to the sway of her breasts. She looked down again in shock and pulled one hand up from the desktop in an attempt to drape it across her protruding nipples at least. She could do nothing else about the rest of her exposed breasts as she needed her other arm to steady herself.

"Please help me! Jenny looked up with teary innocent eyes, her lower lip trembling slightly, "Ouch!" she squealed as someone outside gave her bottom a quick slap!

The foreman looked down with a grin and nodded to that sweet face hovering above the most perfect set of boobs of that size that he had ever seen. They seemed perfect, and he desperately wanted to get his hands on them as quickly as possible before the boss arrived and all this nonsense came to a stop.

"Why miss, I think I see what may be holding you back from sliding right back out the way you came, If you'll just hold your arms straight over my shoulders..." his voice was so calm.

Jenny fought back her tears. He knelt down in front of the desk so that they were eye level and she slowly lifted her arm up from the desk, balancing her weight on the window sill, and then, slower still, unfolded her arm from around her breasts and stretched it out over the man's shoulder.

"That's good sweetie.. Hey Charlie! and Lou! grab on to an ankle and give a good tug when I say!" he shouted out the open door of the trailer.

Jenny felt hands clasped around her ankles and her legs lifted to a horizontal position. They separated each leg about a foot and a half, and a number of men crowded in the gap to stare in amazement at the fuzzy blonde bush and pink lips.

"Oooooooh!" Jenny gushed as she felt the cool morning breeze blow across her moist mound.

At that moment, the foreman wrapped his hands around Jenny's fantastic breasts. He held them firmly and lifted up, so that Jenny appeared to have tits coming out of her neck, they were squished together mercilessly. He felt the hard nipples in the palms of his hands, and had he been looking at Jenny's face instead of down at what he couldn't believe he was holding, he would have seen her face turn a bright scarlet as this man she didn't know was warming her boobs up with his insistent fondling!

"OHMYGOSH!!!" Jenny screamed, and that got the foreman stuttering"..no,no,no..ya..ya see, w..w..we just hafta get these big t..t..tits up h...h...high enufto.." he faded off as his hands begin to involuntarily squeeze Jenny's breasts with a clenching, rhythmic motion.

The men outside were in no hurry to change their perspective as well, as jerky shudders pulsed through Jenny, which jiggled everything from her pink bottom cheeks to the tips of her toes.

"Are you ready yet!?!?" Jenny's shaky voice rushed out in a burst.

"Wha?..oh, yeah, y..y..yer right" came the muffled voice of the foreman as beads of sweat dripped from his forehead.

"G..g..go ahead Charlie!" he shouted, and he found himself being pulled out the window holding on to those fantastic boobs until he had to let go as his shoulders caught on the sill.

Jenny's momentum sent her flailing backwards, rump first into a crowd of men, half of whom she knocked down in the process. A couple of quick thinking opportunists in the back had knelt down where they thought she might fall, however and held their hands down on the ground, palms up!

So that rather than get that pretty little bare bum dirty, as she surely would have, Jenny found herself sitting on two cupped hands! And their fingers seemed to dig in immediately and squeeze her bottom cheeks! "Oh dear!" Jenny cooed as she shifted and flexed her bottom from one cheek to the next, trying in vain to cover her breasts with her spread fingers, causing them to wiggle in her grasp! She was dying of embarrassment!!

Two hands grabbed her elbows from either side in an attempt to help her get to her feet, which pulled both arms away from her heaving bosom, as another two kneaded and pushed up her bare rump cheeks until she stood and the men slowly pulled their hands out from under the back hem of her dress. The quick upward movement had her 38CC boobs bouncing up and down, which settled into a slow, undulating sway as all the men stepped forward to help the flustered blonde pull her bra up over those huge, soft mounds with those pert, pink nipples sticking straight out in the cool morning breeze.

She fumbled awkwardly with the bra and the dress straps, trying to cover as much as she could, as she blushed furiously and whispered frantically "ohmygosh, this is terrible! I'm so sorry! I can't believe what's happened! I've never been so humiliated! Oh dear!" and of course at least eight pairs of hands helped Jenny straighten up her disarranged bra and dress.

When she was at least as presentable as she was ever going to be holding the top half of her dress together over her pushed up bosom, a large sedan pulled into the dusty lot and every man standing around was suddenly off to do something important, leaving Jenny to stand in the middle of the lot, knock-kneed as she held her legs together, feeling the embarrassment of not wearing panties just as strongly as if she were naked at the moment.

Mr. Kirby got out of his car and saw the pretty blonde, looking kind of embarrassed and standing funny, clutching the top of her dress, which he could see she was filling out quite nicely.

"Oh, you must be the girl from TempServ, I'm Fred Kirby, glad your here" Mr. Kirby called out, "come on in the trailer and we'll get started" he motioned to the door.

Jenny cautiously stepped up to the door, using one hand to keep her breasts in her dress and the other to hold down her dress between her legs in front. As Mr. Kirby climbed in right behind her he found himself looking as the smooth, tanned skin on the back of this girl's thighs when the wind gently lifted the back of her sundress up, and before it fell he was treated to the cutest pair of bare bottom cheeks, shifting from side to side as the blonde found her footing on the steps in.

"Did I really see that?" thought Fred as he followed that perky ponytail and bouncing bottom inside.

Mr. Kirby more than once glanced over at the large, soft bosom erupting from the top of Jenny's dress. It kept him distracted most of the morning as she seemed to shift uncomfortably back and forth in her seat. She had safety pinned the top in two places below what looked like the topmost button of that dress, but he actually thought he saw the metal pins bending under the pressure, and a bead of sweat formed on his upper lip.

"My gosh, I have to get to the architect's office!" he exclaimed suddenly, as he looked at his watch quickly. I've got to get out of here, he thought to himself, before I help those boobs out of that dress! And that would not be good for my relationship with Pamela, he further mused, imagine how furious that jealous woman would be if she knew our new temp looked like this! He stood up quickly and stepped toward the door.

"Just step outside and find Marv, the foreman, and tell him he's in charge until I get back, would ya sweetie?" Mr. Kirby smiled as he stepped out the door and strolled off to his car.

"Oh, okay." said Jenny to the departing businessman.

She sure didn't want to go out and have to face the men who had seen her this morning, even though they had tried to help her out, she blushed when she thought about what they had seen, and what they had touched! Even though most of the pushing and prodding of this morning she could rationalize was innocent, she blushed down to her ample cleavage remembering some of the squeezing and pinching and goosing! My Goodness! She could feel her cheeks warming up in a blush when she remembered being spanked and patted, squeezed and fondled. And even though she was immobilized by her position in the window, she remembered how she had squirmed and jiggled with her poor round rump jutting out. OhmyyyyyyyygoD!

Jenny grabbed both sides of her full skirted sundress, bunching big handfuls of material in either hand, bringing the cloth of the dress tightly across her bottom and the back of her legs. As she wiggled to the door her lovely round bottom rotated hypnotically beneath the thin cotton material.

She was determined not to let the wind blow her dress up again and she used one hand to hold a thick knot of dress together at her thighs in front. She used the other one, the one holding the piece of paper with the foreman's name written on it, to balance herself by waving it in the air, as her short jerky steps from the tight skirt she had made herself caused her restricted chest to heave against the stressed-out safety pin holding the top of the dress together.

She jiggled down the steps from the trailer, across the parking yard outside and to the actual construction site, eliciting quite a few catcalls and whistles, as most eyes turned immediately to that light dress, and what they knew was missing underneath! Jenny's underwear had made it to the top of the building-in-production this morning, where they flew off a nail like a white lace flag. But she doesn't have a clue, or she would be so ashamed at how she could have lost track of those panties! She doesn't really remember even when she had lost them, the events of the morning seemed like such a blur.

As a few loud jack hammers pounded nearby Jenny had to lean very close to the first man she found near the site and shout the name of the foreman in his ear. The man pretended he couldn't hear the first few times just so he could stare down the front of Jenny's dress and watch the top of her mounds heave in and out with her labored breath, having had to jiggle across the yard. She finally gave up yelling in this man's ear and wiggled over to the next workman standing around staring at her. As she passed the first man he goosed with his thumb, right between those sweet buns down low. It amazed him at how deep he could bury it before it reached the base of her tender asshole.

Jenny lurched forward and up at the intrusion and squeaked loudly, to the cheers and laughter of the surrounding workmen. She had bumped her jiggling breasts against the man she was walking towards and stepped back and looked down at what had been done. Sure enough, it never fails that she loses part of her clothing in encounters with other people, for there was one of her safety pins on the ground between her feet and the last one was the only remaining attachment for her dress front.

Blushing and swiveling her head around to see all the men who had watched her goosing, she eased a hand slowly behind her to smooth down her skirt and put a protective hand back there in case anyone else got the urge to embarrass her!

The men chuckled and made mumbled comments she could hear about what she had under that skirt. She turned to the man she intended to ask about the foreman to, but he had knelt down to tie his shoes and stare at Jenny's legs. So she bent over at the waist, as she was born to do, and shouted the foreman's name in his ear a number of times as he, too, pretended not to hear.

Men strained forward and whistled softly as they gazed down at the impressive breasts this sexy blonde was hanging out to see, they strained against the fabric stretched tight, but low, across her creamy breasts. And plenty was left over to spill over the top and out the sides, as her dress straps both slid down either arm. And the view from the back was just as pretty as she bent over with her feet together and her pouty rear end stuck up.

Because she was holding her dress together tight in the front to prevent the wind from lifting her skirt, the material on the back of the skirt was straining to hold that wondrous bottom in, an a loud rrrrriiip! announced a seam had ripped from the base of her bum up to where her ass naturally juts out at the top.

Jenny hadn't noticed any of this, of course, as she kept yelling the foreman's name in the ear of this, apparently very deaf, man! He finally yelled back to Jenny "I don't know, but Pete, who's runnin' that jackhammer over there oughta know".

So Jenny straightened up and re-tightened her skirt in a bunch at the front. She looked down quickly to see that her last safety pin was holding her dress top together and, confident that it was, wiggled over to the man with the vibrating hammer.

The loitering workmen stared in awe at the way her hips swayed, and each perfectly round bottom cheek rolled and rotated as she walked away, especially since her bare behind was in bright sun light and sticking out the back of her dress. Framed by the white dress, it caused a few men to fall to the ground and groan loudly. Even better still was the sight when she came to a stop near the workman with the jackhammer!

The vibration from the pounding hammer made all the meaty parts of Jenny vibrate up and down. As quite a few had gathered behind the cute blond to watch her creamy bare ass wiggle with the vibration of the hammer, a number of workman had staked out those immense boobs, and stood wide-eyed, and mystified, at how those huge breasts, jiggling at a rapid pace, could possibly stay inside that dress.

No, Jenny's dress didn't burst open at this point, but her thin, white lace bra slipped off her boobs and had bunched up under them, so that her suddenly erect nipples made a distinct impression through the front of the dress. As Jenny shouted in the ear of the man with the jack hammer he leaned towards her and rested his upward thrust elbow right below her breasts.

All were watching the much more pronounced jerking of the actual hammer bounce his elbow up and down, sending her heavy breasts into the air and down again, up and down with the same exaggerated wobble Jenny got whenever she tried to run bra-less.

"Yikes!" Jenny exclaimed as she saw her chest wildly bouncing up and down, I must be standing too close to that guy!

And as she stepped back and her breasts settled to a less frantic, but still noticeable jiggle, the crowd around her burst into applause. Jenny held her free hand to her chest, trying to hold them still for a minute, as her blushing cheeks broadcast her embarrassment!

"Oh, he's up on the second floor honey, cutting some ceiling joists I think!" shouted the workman on the hammer.

He gave Jenny a wink and she pouted at him and swished around to walk back to the building. The path leading to it had been lined on both sides by workmen, shoulder to shoulder, and as Jenny walked down this tunnel they seemed to close in tighter on either side and were grinning at her in a leering

Jenny had no idea why the men were lined up this way, but she knew she would have to walk back to the building to get up on the second floor where the foreman was. So she walked as quickly as she could through the rows of workmen, considering she had to make small, jerky steps because of her dress being gathered tightly at her knees. She thought how embarrassing it would be if the wind lifted it and this crowd of men could see her panty-less rear and light blonde pubic hair. She was glad she was holding it so tightly closed, and tried her best to steady the jiggle of her boobs with her other hand.

Although it was only about 25 feet it seemed like a mile to Jenny as she heard a bit of laughter beginning behind her and a few piercing whistles as she wiggled by the grinning men. The men tried to stifle their laughter and comments as much as they could so Jenny would reach the building without realizing that her bare bottom stuck out the back of her dress. It wiggled down that path with a life of it's own, and every male eye on that construction sight watched those creamy white globes wobble back and forth, bouncing along in the large hole left from the ripped seam along the back of the busty blonde's sundress. And just as Jenny reached the building, the last man in the row cocked his arm back and gave that fanny a hard, quick slap! Which left the faint, pink impression of his hand on the white smoothness of her bottom cheek.

Jenny shrieked at the pain and shock and was practically lifted off the ground by the sudden spank. Her hands reached back quickly to her smarting buttocks and as she felt the bare skin of her bum, she lurched around in a swirl to hide her bottom from view, still clutching it with both hands. The workmen greeted this display of modesty and embarrassment with a loud cheer and enthusiastic laughter. Jenny's blush couldn't have been deeper, as she realized how she had walked by all those men without noticing that they were staring at her beautiful naked behind! And having been slapped on the ass in front of them all! How humiliating!

She now had to hold her skirt together in the back, which took two hands and had the effect of thrusting her breasts out in front of her, and with what little support her pinned up dress gave her she trotted up some stairs with her bouncing bosom waving before her. The few men left coming down the stairs stopped in their tracks at the sight of those huge tits chugging up and down in front of the squirming beauty coming up.

When Jenny reached the top she noticed there was no real floor on this level, just the odd piece of plywood stretched across some large, metal I-beams. Leading away from the stairs she came up was a 6 inch board stretching across some I-beams to a plywood sheet set on the beams in the center of the floor near what appeared to be a freight elevator. The foreman she had met earlier in the morning was talking to a few workmen when he saw the cute blonde bounce up the stairs and he called to her.

"Hey miss! Could you bring us that tool belt sitting by your feet?"

Jenny had to let go of the back of her dress but the ripped seam had come together and hung undetected in the folds at the back of her dress. But she would have to let go of the front of her dress and hope that last safety pin would hold. She bent down and picked up the heavy belt, which she could just barely lift to her waist level, looking anxiously at the men on the platform, her chest heaving with the exertion.

"It would balance you better miss, if you put in on" said the foreman from across the walkway.

And Jenny looked down at the heavy belt and saw a metal clasp on either tail of the heavy leather belt. Fortunately it didn't have any long-handled things like hammers or drills in any of the pockets, but it did have other heavy items in some of the other pockets, like a tape measure and some electrical testing units. She wrestled the belt around her waist and attached the clasp in front. The foreman motioned to her and she looked his way.

He shouted, "Would you mind bringing me that laptop on the ground there?"

She looked down at the briefcase-like computer with a handle and picked it up and shifted her arms to carry it with both arms underneath. She didn't want to drop it so she was holding it out in front of her like a tray. She started across the ridiculously thin walkway, stepping one sexy, little high heel in front of another until she had reached about halfway. And then a swirling wind caught her dress from below and it ballooned out as far a it could go, being held down some on the sides from the sagging tool belt. But the very front and back of the belt had no hardware attachments and at those spots Jenny's dress shot up to her waist!

She found herself trembling and teetering on the skinny board looking beseechingly to the workman on the platform as one whistled in appreciation of that tender blonde mound she had just flashed him. Not wanting to let go of the computer, Jenny slid one hand to the handle and let it drop to her waist, trapping her dress above it, but at least she was covering up her sex from view by the black laptop. She was very unbalanced at this point, however, and had to stretch out her other arm in an effort to get some stability, so she just couldn't do anything about the back of her dress.

Making little waiving motions with her outstretched hand to steady herself, Jenny looked down at the pointed toes of her pumps and slowly edged them forward in a sliding motion along the board. Four large utility lights flashed on below her, aimed at the most delicious rear end imaginable and a roaring cheer came from the first floor, where Jenny could now see a large group of workmen!

They were all staring up at Jenny's cute little feet in those sexy heels, teetering on the wobbling board, and those curvy, tanned legs of soft, unblemished skin, quivering in her thighs as she tried to balance, and most of all, at the two glowing mounds of her bottom, perfectly round and bouncy. Because she had worn a full-pantied bathing suit the last time she had tanned, her cheeks were a little whiter than her legs below and drew every eye to them in the bright lights cast up at them. They jiggled seductively in her attempt to regain her balance. For a moment it appeared she really was going to lose her balance and fall, but she saved her balance by kicking a leg out to the side and front of her, arching in a big circle as she brought it back to the board, her arm waving wildly!

The forced spreading of the blonde receptionist's legs, while necessary to keep her on the board, gave the majority of the cheering workmen below a great view of Jenny's pussy, and she knew it! So by the time her foot got back to that board, she blushed furiously, and that pale bottom of hers had become infused with pink in her embarrassment!

The cheers and hoots from the men below, and the look on their faces as they greedily gazed up at her nakedness humiliated Jenny, but as she tried to regain composure and make her way across the little walkway that last safety pin had reached it's limit and sprung away from her tightly encased bosom and clattered to the floor below. No longer held back as Jenny's dress straps hung down to her elbows, her voluminous breasts pop out of the front of her dress, the brassiere being bunched below her boobs, the mass of round, bouncing tit flesh and the pink erect nipples brought another cheer and more whistling from down below.

Jenny felt so humiliated as she minced forward the remaining distance to the central platform, her enormous breasts jiggling up and down, completely exposed, as her dress hung limply down below them. She was using her other arm to try and bat down the back of her dress, but it just kept blowing up again, exposing her bare bottom to the stares (and hoots) of a very horny bunch of construction workers.

The men on the platform rushed forward to help Jenny off the last couple of feet of walkway. The man on Jenny's right supported her arm at the elbow with both his hands, but lifted it uncomfortably high, which made it useless in covering any part of her, while the man on her left clamped his left hand solidly on her left breast, as if it was a handle to hold on to, and cupped her left bottom cheek in his right hand, squeezing and lifting it! The men below erupted in shouts of approval! Everyone wishing their hands were holding that blonde's charms in just that way.

Jenny seemed to be lifted almost off the ground by that hand on her bottom, and he let go briefly and then slapped it back on, which was like a spank and a grab, and she felt his hand clutching rhythmically on the her bare cheek, which was a heart-stopping view from down below.

When Jenny was finally on the plywood platform, the men generously let go of her appendages and she set down the laptop computer, busily batting down the skirt of her sundress while hitching up her dress straps. She then attempted to hold together the front of her dress across her jutting breasts. You could see far more boob than dress, however, and the men looked longingly down at the blonde's heaving cleavage as it swelled up and down with each labored breath. She was quite red in the face after the spectacle she had just made, and stammered out the message

"Marv, the foreman was in charge until Mr. Kirby returned."

"That's fine honey, your message is delivered, so why don't you scoot your tits back down to the trailer so we can get some work done around here... you can go back down in the freight elevator over there", he said, gesturing to the metal-caged structure in the center of the floor.

She blushed when he said "tits" as she was not used to men talking to her so directly, and she felt like she was at fault here for making such a nuisance of herself, so she quickly turned to go. The man who had lifted her off the walkway by clutching her bare ass cheek rushed over in front of her to the elevator door grating and slid it to the side so that she could step in.

She noticed that the floor of the elevator was actually about a foot and a half below the level of the platform, so she tried to hold her breasts in her dress with one hand and bend over to hold on to the platform edge as she hopped down to the elevator below. The little hop, of course, was enough for her 38CC breasts to pop out once more, exposing her nipples to the men standing above on the platform looking down. They both noticed that the trailing hem at the back of her sundress was still a little draped along the edge of the platform and, smiling at each other, they both planted a firm boot on it as one man pushed the down button of the elevator. Jenny didn't notice immediately what was going on but as the elevator began to descend she looked down and saw what appeared to be her hem rising! It was also becoming taunt in front where the buttons were. And definitely was rising!

The top of the dress was disappearing down and out the back of the tool belt, and Jenny cupped both hands on the front of each breast, distractedly remembering she had forgotten to give Marv his tool belt, and then shook her head and "eeeeked" as she saw her bosom hanging naked in front of her with only her hands to cover it. As her hem rose to miniskirt level the buttons began popping off and the dress just seemed to whoosh up and behind her, and looking down she saw her blonde bush peeking out the front under the tool belt. She rushed a hand there as she looked up to see her dress hanging high above her. And then the elevator came to a jerky stop at the ground level.

As the elevator was really no more than a mesh iron cage, Jenny could see the men crowded around the entire edge of it, staring in at the naked blonde in white high heels,the remains of a bra, and a tool belt.

She began chanting, "ohmygod!ohmygod!ohmygod! as the doors slid open and she saw that they had made a tight path for her through the crowd. She only hesitated as long as it took for a hand to reach through the grate behind her and pinch her bottom sending her squealing forward, while trying to cover her sex and bouncing bosom at the same time.

The path the workmen made for Jenny was extremely tight and didn't really seem to have an end, and even though she wiggled as fast as she could by them, she was really only going in a big circle around the elevator. Someone plopped a hardhat on Jenny's head and she looked like a workmen's dream partner. All boobs and butt in a pair of high heels, a leather tool belt framing her fluffy blonde pubes and her wiggling rear end.

Jenny protested embarrassedly "please, stop that!" "ouch!" "nooo, don't do that!" "eeeeek!" "yikes!' "OOOOOOHmygod!" "ouch!" as arms reached up to bring her arm down from her breasts, fingers reaching out and tweaking her erect nipples, while other roaming hands slid along her smooth legs, snatching her bra off, trying vainly to reach her pubic mound, which she guarded with a death-grip using her other hand.

The men were really enjoying themselves and laughed and hooted as they reached out and grabbed her ass. Each man in turn seemed to get a handful of ass cheek and most kneaded and squeezed the soft, firm skin in their hands, while Jenny wiggled and squirmed by them, shrieking occasionally from a quick slap to her buns. The spanking slaps stung her tender bottom and Jenny invariably jumped when whacked, so that her breasts jumped uncontrollably up and out, away from her protecting hand. But when a few men pinched her rosy bottom is when she put on the best show, a high-pitched squeal would escape her pouty mouth which formed into an oval shape, and her eyes would seem to bug out in an expression of complete surprise as her ponytail would bob.

She would jump up once to the pointy tips of her high heels, arching her feet as her round bottom and bouncing bosom wiggled around continuously, her hands stretching back instinctively to her buns, exposing her big chest and blonde pubes as she whirled around to face whoever had pinched her. Jerking her head around from face to grinning face with a wide-eyed expression of surprise, holding both bottom cheeks in her palmed hands with her knees knocked together in an effort to hide her sex, the men let out a roar of approval at the sight every time it happened.

Her expression of innocence and embarrassment, along with her awkward movements to protect herself was so exciting to the workmen that more than a few decided to pinch that big bottom and watch the show. Just as Jenny thought she would never get out and away from those grasping hands, a loud female voice rang out behind the workmen.

"What the hell is going on here?!!" And the men parted away from the nearly naked blonde.

And if Jenny could have seen, which she couldn't as the hardhat had tipped forward over her eyes, she would have seen a beautiful, and very angry, redheaded woman in a tight blue business suit with her legs spread to the sides as far as her tight skirt would let them and her hands on her hips.

Pamela Kirby could not believe what she was seeing. Not only was no one working but they all seemed to be gathered around some blonde girl in a hard hat and tool belt, shifting from foot to foot in sexy white high heels...and nothing else! My god! this girl seemed to have enormous boobs which the spread fingers of one hand tried to cover, while the other hand was behind her rubbing her bottom, exposing the tufted blonde mound above her pink vagina in the gap at the front of her tool belt!

She felt her temperature rising as she thought of her Fred hiring this buxom blonde bimbo for any reason! Well she won't be here for long, thought Pamela, as she stepped up quickly to the quivering girl.

"So is this the latest construction yard fashion? or are you just too hot to keep your clothes on, miss?"

Pamela spat out with barely controlled fury. Jenny lifted her chin up to peek out from under the hardhat and said, "Oh gosh, no, you see I was..."

But that's as far as she got with her explanation as the furious woman grabbed the front of her tool belt and started walking at a fast pace towards the parking yard. Jenny was pulled along at this pace while trying to hold on to all her jiggling parts, tripping and stumbling along in her heels, with a large contingent of workmen trailing along behind her, enjoying the view.

When they reached Jenny's car the woman let go of her and said, "The hardhat and the belt stay sweetcheeks, but you're leaving now! So get those melons in that car and get out! "

She emphasized this last part by pointing towards the road out of the yard. Jenny had been attempting to use the hardhat to cover her breasts with but was very intimidated by the woman's anger and dropped it immediately to start fumbling with the clasp of the tool belt. When she had released it and bent down to place it on the ground, she quickly tried to cover her nakedness with all she had left... her hands.

"I'll need the keys to my car! They're in the trailer!", and she gasped at the pure hatred in the redhead's eyes.

"I'll get the keys, YOU get in the car!" she screamed, and Jenny quickly whipped around and struggled to open the car door, which was locked, so in her desperate panic

Jenny just stuck her head through the open window on the drivers side and grabbed the car window sill, pulling those bouncing breasts and the upper half of her body into the car, where her momentum stopped. She came to rest with her bent waist balancing her body weight on the sill, her elbows and breasts resting on the front seat and her bottom sticking up and out of the car, as her legs scissor-kicked in their attempt to get her toes to reach the ground.

The workmen stared in awe at the wildly kicking legs of the girl, as one, then another high heel seemed to whoosh up and down, and those cheeks flexed back and forth in the bright sunlight. Pamela had seen enough, however, and stepped to the side of the car and stared down at Jenny's wiggling rear end.

She reached in and grabbed the bimbo's pony tail with one had and used the other to slap the girl's behind. Jenny's legs kept kicking as the hand spanked her bottom! Smack! Slap! Smack! She would squeak out an "ouch!" every time she felt the hand spank her! She could hear the men laughing and hooting as they watched her poor, pink behind get very publicly spanked. She thought she had never experienced such humiliation before in her life! This was soooo embarrassing!

Pamela spanked the girl's round bottom a dozen times before she stopped. She looked down at Jenny's red behind and gave her one last, hard slap as she said, "...and don't come back!" whirling off to the trailer to get the bimbo's purse.

Jenny felt the humiliating spanking stop and pulled frantically to bring the rest of her body inside the car, which she managed to do after flashing her blonde beaver to all the workmen that had crowded around to watch the girl's struggles.

Jenny finally righted herself in the car and sat on the cold car seat. Her bare buns smarted from her spanking and she jumped a little and then settled her bottom slowly down of the seat. Holding herself in as many strategic places as she could to hide from the leering eyes of the men who had crowded around her car to peek in, but as Jenny squirmed in her seat her body seemed to jiggle in the exact way they were all getting used to it doing.

Pamela Kirby came storming out of the trailer and threw Jenny's white purse through the open window of her car where it came to rest on the floorboard of the passenger side. The men crowded around the windows to see Jenny reach over the gearshift and bend down to get the purse, delightfully exposing that rosy, pink bottom of hers to the men before grabbing her keys and shoving them in with a turn. The car screamed to life and Jenny flew out of that parking lot in a dust cloud.

When Jenny got home she jumped out of her car before she thought about her lack of clothes! But after an "eeek!" from the blonde and her hands flashing over her nude body, trying to cover an impossible amount of flesh, she ran to the front door and found it was locked, of course! and she had left the keys in the, oh, no! the locked car!

Jenny ran around the car in the driveway to hide from any traffic that might drive by and was crouching with her infamous fanny sticking out when Mr. Lemon stood up from behind a hedge with his hose in his hands. He took one look at that cute, pink bottom and squeezed the nozzle as hard as he felt. The sudden jet of cold water hit Jenny right between the globes of her exposed rear end, which sent her up into the air, her legs clamping together and her arms spread wide she shrieked at the shock of it and came down running. Mr. Lemon jumped the hedge and was relentlessly squirting her big round bottom with the hose! chasing after her as she jiggled across the lawn in her high heels, holding her boobs and crying out,

"Nooooo! Please stop! Eeeeeeek! No, don't! Aaaaaiiiee! "Yikes!"

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**Jenny Is Blackmailed**

by Mustang Diamond

You knew it had to happen. With all of Jenny’s recent indecent exposures, someone somewhere must have snapped a picture at an inopportune time.

Jenny fidgeted nervously as she awaited the next call from someone claiming to have such a photo. The mysterious voice had threatened to post it on the Internet and email all of Jenny’s friends, if the demands were not met. Jenny had tried to explain that she wasn’t rich and that she couldn’t afford to pay a ransom for a picture.

But the voice had said, “Oh, don’t worry… it won’t be that kind of blackmail. I’ll be in touch.” It said and hung up.

Now she tried to remember if any such demands had been made. But to her best recollection, she couldn’t remember any from the phone call. All of her nightmares about being naked in public were racing through her mind as she tried to remember if anyone had taken any pictures of her, but all she could remember was the embarrassment, her fear of being seen, or the worrying she had done trying to figure a way our of each predicament.

After several days of excruciating anxiety, Jenny got another call at work.

“Hello.” The voice said, “Remember me?”

“Uh huh.” Said Jenny.

“Meet me at the Motel 9, on 5th and Vine, tonight at nine.” The voice rhymed.

“Um.” Said Jenny. “How do I know you actually have such a photo or how bad it really is?”

“You didn’t get my email?” replied the voice.

“What email?” asked Jenny.

“The one I sent to your Yahoo! account.” Said the voice.

“No. I don’t check it very often,” said Jenny, dread creeping into her mind as she quickly logged on to check.

Jenny checks her Yahoo! Email account and remembers getting wet before the party.

“Yiiikes!” Jenny cried in a half strangled whisper. She quickly closed the file and looked around to see if anyone was looking at her computer screen.

“I take it you got it okay?” asked the voice.

“Yes.” Was all Jenny could say, but she remembered the incident vividly. The photo must have been taken at the party she attended after getting soaked by the sprinkler system. She remembered drying her dress in her car—and how it had shrunk—but she had no idea how short it had become. Even with the image burning in her mind, she still couldn’t believe it. Jenny had tried—in vain apparently—to keep her knees together after falling, but someone must have snapped a photo as she was helped up. All of Jenny’s assets were clearly exposed in the photo.

“Fine. Be there at nine. And, Jenny?” the voice paused for effect, “Try to be on time.”

“What’s with all the rhyming,” thought Jenny as she heard the line click as it was disconnected on the other end. Well there was now no doubt she had to go through with this. She had to keep that photo off the web. “I can’t have it emailed to my friends, I’ll never live it down. How could I face them knowing there were no secrets between us?” she thought to herself.

She called her husband and told him she had a business appointment that just came up and that she would be home late. “Don’t wait up for me.” She said.

Jenny worked late, then got a bite to eat, before going to the hotel as directed. She asked at the desk if there were any messages for her. The guy behind the counter checked and said she was to meet her client in Room 929 and that he was to give her a key and send her up.

At room 929, Jenny took a deep breath and tried to slow her racing heart down. All this time, she never worried about any danger she might be getting into, meeting some stranger in a hotel room. Jenny just didn’t think like that.

She knocked on the door several times, but there was no answer. “Maybe they’re late,” she thought. And remembering she had a key, opened the door. “Hello? Anyone here?” she called as she entered. “Guess I’ll just have to wait,” she thought.

Then the phone rang.

Jenny jumped. She wasn’t expecting a call and she wondered if she should answer someone else’s phone. But she thought it was whoever had called her before. “Maybe they’re tied up,” she thought, hopefully. And so she answered the phone, “Hello?”

“Me again.” The same voice said. “Put down the phone without hanging up and go look in the closet.”

Jenny did what she was told thinking, “This is weird.” The closet had a few items of clothing hanging neatly and a pair of very high-heeled shoes. “The voice must be female if those are its clothes.” She thought walking back to the phone. “Are those your clothes?” she asked innocently.

“Hardly. That is what you will wear tonight.” The voice said.

Danger flags were going off in Jenny’s mind, but she tried to keep her voice steady as she replied, “What’s wrong with the clothes I’m wearing?”

“A business suit is fine for work, but your not going to be working tonight. Well, not exactly.”

“What do you mean: ‘not exactly’?” Jenny questioned. She was wondering how it knew she was wearing a suit.

“I mean, I won’t be paying you. If you do as I say, you’ll get your photo back, with the negatives of course.”

“I see.” Said Jenny. She was starting to feel like a slave. “Now what?” she asked unenthusiastically.

“Is that any kind of an attitude?” It replied. “Try asking if there is anything you can do for me—with a little enthusiasm.”

Realizing her position, she tried again, “Is there anything I can do for you?” She even put a little sexy lilt into it (well, as sexy as Jenny gets intentionally, anyway).

“That’s better. Yes, as a matter of fact. You can change into the clothes provided.” It said.

Jenny reluctantly took off her shoes, then her designer pant suit, hanging it on the extra hangers in the closet. Standing in her conservative blouse, comfortable cotton panties and her knee high hose, she felt as if she was being watched. Looking around she couldn’t see the carefully hidden digital video cameras. As she changed clothes, the blackmailer was watching and acquiring material for the future at the same time.

Jenny shrugged it off as paranoia and lifted the miniskirt and blouse off the rack. “Oh my,” she thought. She would never have worn such an outfit on her own and she started to get the idea of what the evening would be like. She took off her blouse and tried on the one provided. It was very nice, she had to admit. Made of 100% silk the label said—dry clean only. Once on, though, she was worried about the deep plunging neckline. She was wearing her favorite bra, for once, but it showed in cleavage of her ample CC breasts. She tried to pull up the blouse on her shoulders, but the neck was cut very loosely, and as she did one strap or the other would show.

“Oh, well,” she thought, “it’ll have to do. At least the blouse is white, the same as my bra,” she thought, trying to console herself.

Next she looked at the miniskirt.

“My it’s short,” she thought. “I hope it’s my size.”

Checking the label showed it was. The skirt was made of leather and again, Jenny found herself thinking it was very nice—just not her style.

The knee stockings wouldn’t work, so she pulled them off and was about to pull on the skirt, when she saw a white garter belt and black hose hanging on another hanger.

“I guess I have to put it all on,” she thought. And with that, she sat down on the edge of the bed to pull on the stockings—silk, she guessed, how nice.

She was actually a little relieved about not having to show her bare legs in such a short skirt. She hadn’t been keeping up her tan, and didn’t feel right about going without hose when wearing a dress or skirt. Especially a black one. The shoes she had noticed were also black.

“Definitely need stockings with my pale legs,” thought Jenny to herself.

She was a little shocked to see the stockings had a back seam and started to wonder if she should go without stockings after all, but she changed her mind and left them on, making sure the seams were straight at least.

“If Ashley can wear seamed stockings, so can I,” she said to herself in way of encouragement.

Next she put on the garter belt and hooked each stocking up carefully, so she wouldn’t get a run. Why she was so worried about a run at this point is anyone’s guess—but, that’s Jenny. The stockings were a little long on her legs and she had to take up the slack in the garters one at a time until she was satisfied that they would hold the stockings up without any embarrassing bunching.

Standing, she looked in the mirror to be sure, she thought, “Oh my. What have I gotten myself into this time?”

Next she pulled on the skirt. And found it was very tight—and as short as it had looked on the hanger. She zipped it up the back and it fit her like a second skin. In the mirror, she could just see wear the tops of her hose changed to a denser weave. Subconsciously, she tugged at the hem of her leather skirt, but it was so tight it wouldn’t budge.

Jenny caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she was bent over tugging on the hem and looked up. Her bra was falling out of the blouse up top and in back her skirt had ridden up showing the white garters.

“It would have to be white,” Jenny thought. “A black garter belt might not be so noticeable. I’ll just have to be very careful in this outfit,” she thought.

She stood up straight and looked around as if someone was watching. Her loose blouse was too short to tuck in, but it was a good thing, because there wasn’t any room for it inside the waistband of the skirt.

The only things not belonging to Jenny in the closet were the high heels.

“Maybe they won’t fit,” hoped Jenny.

But as she slid her feet into one of them, it was a perfect fit. She took another last look in the mirror as she stood in the first shoe, and noticed that at least the shoes made her legs stretch a little so that the skirt covered the top of her hose. But any bending or twisting made the skirt slide up, exposing what to Jenny were unmentionable—let alone exposable.

She tried to bend over to do up the straps that were meant to wrap around her ankles, but the skirt was too tight to reach. She tried to pick the shoes up to try putting them on while sitting on the bed, but again found it impossible to bend over in the tight miniskirt. By lowering the zipper, she found she could squat down to pick up the shoes. Her reflection in the mirror caused her to blush as she quickly straitened up. Holding the skirt in place, she moved over to the bed and set them on it. Then standing, she redid the zipper and repositioned her miniskirt for maximum coverage of her long legs.

As Jenny picked up the phone and put it to her ear, the voice on the other end said, “Everything fit?”

Jenny wondered how the person knew she was back, but said, “Yes. But, I can’t walk in these shoes, so I hope you don’t have plans to go anywhere.”

“Are they the right size?” asked the voice, knowing they were.

“Yes, but they’re way too high.” Complained Jenny.

“You will have to manage. Put them on.” It said.

She sat on the edge of the bed to put them on… when she thought out loud, “How do you know I don’t have them on?”

“Lucky guess, but I have to be sure you put them on.” The voice replied smoothly.

Jenny’s skirt was so tight, she couldn’t bend over to lace up her strappy high heeled shoes.

Jenny had to unzip her miniskirt again to put on the shoes. Bending over rendered some beautiful footage up her skirt and down her blouse.

“I sure am glad I’m alone,” she thought as she tucked her bra back into the loose blouse as best she could.

Then standing, she re-zipped and arranged her skirt for maximum coverage of her long legs.

Back on the phone, she was about to say “Now what?” but caught herself and as pleasantly as possible said, “Now what can I do for you?”

“Excellent.” Said the voice. “Tell me what you are wearing,” as if it was still a mystery.

“Well. The clothes you put in the closet.” Said Jenny.

“Anything else?”

“Like what?” she asked innocently.

“Did you remove your bra and panties?” asked the voice.

“Are you kidding?” replied a shocked Jenny.

“No. Do it now.” Demanded the voice.

“But, this skirt is way too short and the blouse is way too loose and low cut to go without underwear. It will be hard enough keeping my undies covered as it is.”

“Take them off, or I email the photo. If I wanted you to wear a bra or panties, I would have set one out.” The voice said.

So Jenny did the trick of taking off her bra through the arm holes of her loose blouse. To remove her panties, she had to take off the skirt, undo the garters and then re-do them before pulling on the skirt once again.

Once again, she asked, “What may I do for you now?”

“Excellent. Now our evening may begin. I want you to go as you are, to the mall. Wait for the payphone in front of Sears to ring at ten o’clock, and answer it. You will receive further instructions from there.”

Before Jenny could protest, the line went dead with a click.

“No way.” Breathed Jenny. “Not the mall.”

But she knew she had no choice if she wanted her picture back. And that was one picture she had to get back at all cost.

So she gathered up her purse and double checked to make sure she had the room key. No way was she getting locked out with her clothes inside. She had been there before—had she ever.

She checked the hall to see if the coast was clear and then walked as quickly as possible in her high heels and tight skirt to the elevator. She thought about taking the stairs to avoid anyone who might use the elevator, but the thought of going down 9 flights of stairs was out of the question. She couldn’t even reach her shoes to take them off, so she pressed the call button and hoped no one was in the elevator when it opened.

As the door opened, Jenny put one arm across her chest while holding the strap of her purse on the opposite shoulder. She hoped it looked natural as she saw there were people already on the lift—two men, actually. There conversation stopped as they got a look at the babe about to get on the lift with them. They were both hoping the elevator would get stuck on the way down as they moved backward to let Jenny on.

“Hello.” Said Jenny, trying to act normal.

“Hiya,” said one of the businessmen, as Jenny turned to see if the Lobby button was lit.

The trip down seemed to take forever, to Jenny. But the men wished it would last all night as they stared up and down trying to memorize every detail: Jenny’s long legs covered in black seamed hose, her tight rump snug in her leather miniskirt, and—although they looked hard enough to burn a hole in Jenny’s blouse—they couldn’t see any bra straps or bumps.

“Amazing,” they silently thought.

Jenny tried to stand as still as possible, for she knew that any false movement would expose even more of her to the leering men behind her. She could feel her naked breasts pressing on her arm through the silk blouse and hoped she would get to her car without incident.

“Finally,” Jenny thought as the door opened. But, instead of the lobby, the door had opened on the 5th floor. Jenny couldn’t believe all of the people waiting to get on. She almost got off, but realized in time that it was not the floor she wanted. Instead, she had to move over to make room for the crowd getting into the elevator. One of the men who had been standing behind her made sure to stay right behind her as the crowd pushed into the elevator. He could now enjoy her perfumed scent and with any luck, might get pressed up against her.

“Oh. Sorry,” Jenny said as she backed into him.

“No problem,” he managed to mumble as he felt her rear press against him.

The doors closed and Jenny seemed to bump and jostle against the others the whole way to the Lobby. The doors opened again, and the crowd departed. No one seemed to notice as the man standing behind Jenny remained on the lift and pressed “9”, muttering to himself, “Can’t expect anything better to happen the rest of the night.”

As Jenny made her way across the Lobby as discretely as possible, everyone stopped to stare. But usual, Jenny was too preoccupied to notice. As Jenny approached the automatic door to the entrance breezeway, both doors opened at once, as another guest was just entering from the outside. A gust of wind blew through the open passage and Jenny automatically put her free hand on her miniskirt to prevent it from lifting.

As she felt the tight leather material she thought, “Well at least I don’t have to worry about a little wind blowing my skirt up.”

The guy approaching her took one look at her silk blouse blown tightly across her impressive chest and his jaw dropped involuntarily. Without a bra, Jenny’s nipples had stiffened in the breeze and were threatening to poke holes in her blouse. Even Jenny noticed his stare, as he stopped dead in his tracks to watch her approach. Jenny had seen that look before, and knew it meant something was showing. She tried to act as if nothing was wrong, but the process of elimination made her cross her arms across her chest, nonchalantly tugging on her purse strap to make it look natural.

She was doing such a good job of acting natural (well as natural as she could in an outfit more suited to Ashley than herself), that she didn’t notice the snow grating in the entranceway. If you’re not from the northern clime, snow grates are common in entranceways to let the snow fall off your shoe into a pit below. It eliminates the hassles associated with shoveling and moping up the melted snow.

As Jenny’s first high-heeled foot hit the grate, her heel slipped into the mesh. Jenny felt her foot sink three or four extra inches and had that feeling you get when you miss a step on the stairs. In just seconds, she was way off balance. She threw out her arms and tried to compensate by taking a long step with her other foot, but her skirt was too tight. Her step came to a lurching stop as the leather miniskirt refused to budge. With both heels stuck it the grate, Jenny went sprawling, hands out in front to break her inevitable fall. Somehow during the fall she got twisted around as one heel came free and the other one stayed in place. Jenny landed on her side, looking up at the guy who had stopped to admire her as she passed.

Needless to say, Jenny’s skirt wound up short of providing any modesty, while her loose blouse had shifted enough to let one whole breast hang out in the breeze. She tried desperately to get herself covered up, but knew it was hopeless while she was on the ground. The man beside her fussed over her to make sure she was okay. Then he gallantly extended his hands to help her up (wouldn’t you?).

After straightening herself out, Jenny carefully tiptoed off the grate. Fortunately, the only thing injured was her pride.

Checking her watch, she said, “Oh dear, I’d better hurry or I’ll miss that call.”

Jenny hustled over to where she had parked her husband’s pickup. As she opened the door, she regretted that today of all days, she had swapped cars so that hers could be serviced. There was just no easy way to climb into a tall four wheel drive truck in a tight skirt.

In an ordinary car, Jenny would have had to slide her butt in first and then swing her legs in together due to the restrictive nature of her leather miniskirt. But the seat of the truck was too high for her to reach, even in high heels. And, she had another problem. There were people everywhere.

“This skirt is just too short to wear stockings with,” she thought. “Every time I get dressed up, I end up in some embarrassing situation. There is no way I can get into this truck dressed like this.”

But of course she had to, so she looked around hoping for a break in the foot traffic entering and leaving the hotel. In order to step up into the truck, she knew her skirt would hike up and she certainly didn’t want to give a free show if she could help it.

“It’s now or never,” she said to herself in the way of encouragement.

As she stepped up with her first foot, her tight skirt was forced to ride up her thigh. She kept one hand on the hem hoping to be able to keep it down. But in order to lift her foot up, she had to let it hike up to have enough freedom of movement. With one foot on the sill of the door she could see the lacy edge of her stocking. Glancing down she saw her other leg was even worse—the strap of her garter belt was below her hem—and the white lacy strap seemed to glow under the lights in the parking lot.

Jenny’s tight leather mini rode up her thighs as she stepped up into the truck.

She was sure people were staring at her, but didn’t want to look around to see. She was already embarrassed. As she stepped up, reaching for the steering wheel to pull herself in, her miniskirt slid farther and farther up her thighs, exposing more and more. As she leaned forward and pulled herself up, the back of her skirt rode up over her ass, exposing her bare bottom. Several hotel patrons had a perfect view and did a double take as they stopped to watch.

Jenny realized what was happening, but she had her hands on the wheel pulling herself up into the truck. Reached behind her to tug at her hem might have caused her to fall out backwards.

She slid herself in behind the wheel, whimpering, “I can’t believe I’m not wearing any panties with this skirt, let alone stockings! How did I get into such a predicament?”

As she closed the door, she breathed a sigh of relief. Only then did she look around to see if anyone had noticed her unladylike display.

She let out a small gasp as she saw the small crowd that had gathered. Even though she was out of their view, she tried to tug her skirt back over her stockings, but it was no use. The dress was just too short and tight to sit down.

Jenny fished her keys out of her purse and pressed in the clutch. It was at this point that she realized driving in such high heels was going to be tricky. She would have taken them off, but she was running late and she doubted she could reach them without unzipping her skirt. And past experience ruled her reasoning when it came to undressing—even partially—in public.

It wasn’t until she managed to get the truck backed out and moving out of the parking lot that she began to relax a little.

“At least no one is watching me struggle with these heels on,” she thought. And once she hit the freeway and didn’t need to shift anymore, she glanced at her watch thinking, “Oh no, I’m going to be late.”

Unlike her friend Ashley, Jenny was under confident. She really didn’t believe it when Ashley told her men would wait for a good looking woman. Plus, she didn’t really believe she was all that attractive. So, not wanting to be late, Jenny was driving a little too fast as she passed a State Trouper with a radar gun hiding behind a bridge abutment.

“Well, well,” said Trouper Davis to himself as he spun the tires of his Crown Victoria. “Looks like some redneck in a hurry.”

Davis radioed in his hot pursuit as he hit 90 in the left lane, the Crown Vic wining and sucking air as he relentlessly kept his foot on the floorboard. Davis took pleasure in sneaking up behind someone before turning on all the red lights and floodlights. He imagined his quarry shaking like a rabbit as they saw the mighty patrol car in their rearview mirrors.

“Gotcha!” he squealed with delight as he flooded Jenny’s truck with a dazzling area of lights.

It never crossed his mind that it actually, more often than not, pissed people off rather than scaring them.

“Shit!” cried Jenny as she saw the red lights come on and looked at her speedometer. She took her foot off the gas pedal and thought, “Maybe he’s after someone else.”

But, no. The police car stayed right behind her, so she pulled over onto the shoulder. Not wanting to get hit, she pulled well off the roadway onto the soft shoulder.

State Police Trouper Dan Davis slammed on his brakes and slid his car a little sideways so that all the other mere peons on the road would be sure to see his reflective State Patrol emblem emblazoned on the side of his mighty Crown Vic. Having already radioed in the perpetrators license number, he grabbed his flashlight and baton and jumped out of his car so he could see if the suspect was hiding anything at the last minute. Often times he would catch his prey pulling a radar detector off the dash, or in some cases catch them tossing a bag of weed out the window.

The frantic movements in the cab of the four-by-four, alerted him to possible trouble. Maybe even resistance to arrest!

Drawing his sidearm, Davis called out, “Put your hands on the wheel where I can see them!”

As you might have guessed, Jenny was just trying to tug the hem of her tight miniskirt down and make sure her blouse covered her ample bosom. The leather skirt was giving her the most trouble and she had just about given up hoping the policeman wouldn’t be able to see over the window sill. It never occurred to her to try and use her feminine charms to talk her way out of a ticket.

Hearing the officers command, Jenny froze and did as he said, putting both hands on the wheel.

Trouper Davis then called out, “Open the door with your left hand.”

“What the …?” Jenny thought, trying to see what the officer was doing.

But, the bright spotlights prevented her from seeing anything. So she complied and opened the door with her left hand.

At this point, Trouper Dan could see clearly what he was up against and he let out a, “Holly shit,” under his breath, just as the radio on his utility belt squawked. Returning his Smith and Wesson police revolver to his holster, he answered the radio with the mike attached to his shoulder. He turned the volume down, so only he could hear that the license had come up clean.

Not wanting to pass up a chance to check out this blonde babe more closely, he radioed back for the dispatch to get him his buddy, I mean fellow officer, Joe Dulton. He knew it might take a little time, but he wanted to be sure he had a witness. A story like this was often disputed around the lockers and Davis didn’t like to be called a liar.

To Jenny he said, “Step out of the vehicle, Ma’am.”

“Is this really necessary,” said Jenny, desperately trying to think of an excuse to stay put, while visions of her climbing in and out of the truck while the officer watched raced trough her mind. “I’m in kind of a hurry.”

“Obviously.” Said the cop. “It’s routine police procedure, I assure you. Please get out.”

Jenny tried to hold the hem of her rucked up miniskirt, but it was already well above her garters. As she swung her legs around, she was careful to keep her knees tightly together. She thought the best way to get down, under the circumstances, was to slid off the seat with both feet and knees together. But, it was a long way down. Jenny was afraid she might fall, and knew from recent experience to avoid ending up on the ground in this outfit. She scooted as far as she dared to the edge of the seat, but it was still too far of a drop for her. All her efforts got her was that her skirt hitched up farther and farther.

Afraid of exposing too much, Jenny gave a tug at her hem and said without thinking, “I can’t get down.”

In response, Officer Davis said to Jenny, “Of course you can get down. You got in, didn’t you?”

Jenny didn’t want to elaborate on how she got into the truck, so instead she said, “Yes.” And then proceeded to step down, one leg at a time.

State Trouper Davis did as he was trained to do—keep the light on the subject. Once again, without thinking he praised the procedures and training of the police academy. Following the procedure by the letter, Davis watched his subject intently of any false moves. Jenny made plenty as her miniskirt rode all the way up her thighs, confirming that she is indeed a natural blonde. Then as she leaned over to pull it back into place, Davis had to do some fancy flash lighting to keep an eye first on Jenny’s rising hem line and then down her blouse as she tried to straighten herself out.

Jenny had to tip toe across the soft sandy shoulder onto the pavement.

The cool air was compensating for the flush of heat Jenny felt from her embarrassment. When it appeared she had her clothing settled, Davis asked the natural question: “Do you know why I stopped you, Ma’am?”

“I suppose I must have been speeding.” Jenny replied.

“Clocked you doing 65 in a 55 just under the bridge back there.” Officer Davis said.

Jenny was thinking, “So that’s where he was hiding—65 in a 55, is that all?” But said, “Oh dear, I didn’t realize I was going that fast.”

“Have you been drinking Ma’am?”

“No, sir!” Jenny said, slightly annoyed that he would even think such a thing.

“Well, we’ll just have to be sure now won’t we.”

“What does he mean by that?” thought Jenny.

But before she could object, the officer said, “Walk in front of my car and stand on the yellow line.”

The police cruiser was angled so that the headlights shone on the fog line at the edge of the shoulder. Jenny wiggled and jiggled her way over to where he indicated and turned on her heel to face him.

“Perfect. Now, lean back and put your arms our straight. That’s it. Look straight up.”

At this point, Jenny’s brief blouse was stretched tight across her chest and her trim belly was exposed as it had also ridden up in front. Davis kept his light strategically focused alert for any slips.

“Now touch your nose with your right index finger. Fine, now your left. Good.” Jenny was a little wobbly on her high heels, but she did just fine.

“Now with your arms our straight, I want you to walk heel-to-toe down the yellow line.”

Jenny knew it would do no good to protest. So far it had gotten her no where. As she tried to walk the line, her heels gave her trouble and she kept stepping off the line to keep from falling.

“I’m not drunk. It’s these heels—they’re too hard to walk in.” Jenny tried to explain.

“Well, you can take them off, if you wish.” Said the cop.

“Great, me and my big mouth,” thought Jenny. “Could you undo the buckles for me? I can’t reach.”

“How on earth did you get dressed?” Asked the officer. “I think I’m going to have to write you up for DWI. Not ‘driving while intoxicated,’ but ‘driving while impaired.’ I don’t think I have ever seen a woman more helpless while she was fully dressed. Come on back to the cruiser, and I’ll just give you a Breathalyzer.”

“Oh, thank you.” Said Jenny.

Just then, Officer Dulton arrived. He too parked diagonally at the side of the road and switched on all of his emergency lights. He took a second to set the running yellow lights to indicate that motorists should pass on the left, and then he grabbed his flashlight out of the charger and his baton. Shoving his baton into his utility belt, followed by a quick jerk to hoist his pants back over his rear (all that equipment was weighing him down), Dalton radioed in to dispatch that he would be providing backup as requested. He quickly aligned his flashlight as he appraised the situation.

“Just about to give her a Breathalyzer, Dalton.” Said Davis.

“Did she fail the mobility tests?” Questioned Dalton.

“Well, sort of. She’s definitely mobility impaired; but, it’s probably due to her shoes. I don’t think she’s drunk.” Davis replied.

Then to Jenny he said, “have a seat in the cruiser, Ma’am. The Breathalyzer is in the front.”

He then led Jenny around to the passenger side of his car. Dalton followed watching Jenny’s legs and rear end intently as she tiptoed through the soft sand.

Davis opened the door and held it for Jenny to get in. Jenny sat down rear first, holding on to the hem of her short miniskirt. Dalton started to understand his role as “backup” and Davis gave him a quick wink, confirming it. They both watched as Jenny swung her legs in, lifting her heels over the doorsill. Jenny blushed, knowing her garters were showing, but she didn’t realize that with their flashlights, the two officers had a clear shot up her dress. Dalton could now substantiate Davis’ assertion that the blonde in question was indeed a natural one at that. Tugging on the hem did little, so Jenny decided to grin and bear it.

The Breathalyzer came back negative, but Jenny had no way of knowing this fact. The officers kept a poker face and Davis said, “Can we see your license and registration?”

“Sure,” said Jenny as she instinctively reached for her purse. And then she remembered it was on the seat in the truck. “Um. It’s in my purse in the truck.”

“Okay, let’s go get it.” Dalton said.

So they watched again, as Jenny swung her long legs out of the car and pulled herself onto her feet. Dalton took a peek down her loose blouse, while Davis helped himself to another free show up her skirt. Then they followed as she tiptoed back to the shoulder. The sand was really hard to walk through in her heels and she was glad to be back on the pavement.

At the truck, Jenny knew she had no choice but to climb on up and get her purse off the seat and the registration out of the glove box. But she thought that they might just give her a break and let her get on with her trip to the mall. Somehow they seemed a little friendlier.

“Probably because the Breathalyzer showed I’m not drunk,” she thought.

Jenny tried to climb in quickly to prevent any allusion that she was intentionally trying to flash these officers—she didn’t want them to think she was that kind of girl. But as before, she found her leather skirt too restrictive to step up without hitching it up first. So she gave it a quick hitch and climbed up quickly, bouncing onto the seat. As the cool seat hit her warm rear end, Jenny realized she must have flashed her naked fanny in the process. She tried to pull her skirt down, but it was too tight. She dug her license out of her purse and handed it down to Davis and then turned to open the glove box. Since she had to lean over to reach it, the cops didn’t even look at the license. After Jenny handed them the registration, they went back to their cars to consult.

“Can you believe this?” asked Davis.

“Man, good thing you called me for backup. I owe you one for sure.” Said Dalton.

“Yeah, but I figured no one would believe it otherwise. Guess we got to let her go, huh.”

“Too bad.”

Walking back to Jenny’s truck they told her to be more careful in the future and to stick to the speed limit.

“Thank you officers.” Said Jenny. And with that, she was on her way.

Meanwhile, Davis and Dalton found their cruisers were both stuck in the soft sand and had to call a tow truck. Later in the locker room, their Jenny tale was eclipsed by the ribbing they received about getting stuck.

At the mall—finally—Jenny debated about where to park. Parking close, she wouldn’t have to walk so far in her high heels, but the risk of being seen getting in and out of her truck was a lot higher. So she decided to park out of the way on the far side of the lot.

By the time she made it to the entrance, she was too tired to care about the whistling and honking. Once inside she made her way to the payphones. While she waited for the phone to ring, she almost sat on a bench to rest her feet. But she remembered how short her dress was and decided she should stand.

When the phone rang, Jenny hesitated. “What if it’s not for me?” she thought. But on the third ring she picked it up and said, “Hello?”

“What took you so long?” asked the voice.

“You wouldn’t believe it if I told you.” She replied. “Now can I have my picture back, please?”

Actually, Jenny had been followed all evening and all of her troubles had been caught on film by a digital camcorder. “I’ll tell you what. Since you have been through quite a bit more than I bargained for, I’ll only ask you to do one thing.” Said the voice, “And then I will send you the negatives.”

“What?,” asked Jenny and then added quickly: “can I do for you?”

“You catch on quick. Go into the shoe store across the way and try on a pair of shoes.”

“No way! I can’t do that dressed like this!”

“Well then you’ve come a long way to fail, haven’t you?”

“All right, but you promise you will send the negatives?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Here I go.” And she hung up.

As Jenny entered the shoe store, the salesman just about dropped dead. “No way does something like this happen in real life,” he thought. But he hoped she was really about to try on some shoes and went over to see if she needed any help, just in case.

“Can I help you Ma’am?” he said in his most gracious tone.

“I think so.” Said Jenny trying hard not to think about what she was doing. “Just have to do this once to get back the picture,” she thought to herself. And then continued by saying: “Do you have any black pumps that would match my dress?”

“I sure do, what size?”

“Size 6, if you have them.” Jenny said.

“Have a seat and I’ll be back in a jiffy.” Said the salesman as he practically ran to the stockroom. On the way he flipped the lock on the door and turned his sign that said “BACK IN 10 MINUTES”.

Jenny sat on the bench and tried in vain to tug her tight miniskirt down over her garters. “Well if I keep my knees together, it’ll be all right,” she thought.

The salesman returned with several boxes and a big grin.

“I only have to try on one pair,” thought Jenny as she forced a smile and tried to act natural.

He set the boxes down and scooted a stool with a foot ramp on it in front of his customer.

“Put one of your feet up here and I’ll check the size.” He pulled out a foot size measurer and looked at Jenny’s stockings and garters while he waited expectantly.

“Oh, you don’t have to bother measuring, I’m sure they’ll fit.” She said with a little giggle and a lot of wiggle.

“Sure, do you want me to take off your shoes, or would you rather do it yourself?” he asked with a tinge of disappointment in his voice.

“Thanks, I think I can manage.”

Not wanting to lift her feet onto the foot rest and give the guy a free show of anything more than she had to, she leaned over to undo the straps. But she had forgotten about the tight skirt, and came up short. But not short enough to prevent the salesman from looking down her blouse.

“Maybe I do need some help,” she said.

“No problem. Just put one of your feet up here.” He said, indicating the stool.

Jenny reluctantly lifted a foot onto the stool and tried not to think about the fact that she wasn’t wearing any underwear. The salesman nearly fell of the stool, but somehow he managed to take Jenny’s shoe off. Still holding onto her calf, he pulled a shoe out of the first box and slid it on. Jenny was too embarrassed to even notice the shoe. Repeating the process for the other foot, the salesman was sorry it was over so quickly.

“Do you want to walk around to see how they fit?” he asked her.

“Oh. Yeah.” She said, getting up and tugging her skirt down in relief. “There fine, I’ll take them.” She said quickly, ready to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“Do you want to put these back on?” he asked holding up her shoes.

“No. I’ll wear these.” Jenny said hastily.

After putting her shoes in the box the new ones had come in, he rang up the sale and Jenny was out of there.

As Jenny struggled back across the mall it dawned on her new shoes were difficult, at best, to walk in. Taking a look at them for the first time, she saw they were slides with at least a four inch heel. She almost stepped right out of them several times in her haste to get out of the public eyes, or eyes as it were.

Back at the truck, she was dreading once again climbing up in her brief outfit. Instead, she found that once again, she had locked herself out of her vehicle. At this point, she simply decided to leave it there and call a cab—something she should have done earlier in the evening, she thought.

The cab driver jumped out and in a flash was around to open the door for his fare. And with a great deal of flash, Jenny provided him with the best tip of the year. After adjusting the rearview mirror, he took his time taking her home. There, he was rewarded once again and even waved the fare for her.

---------------------------------------------

**Jenny Takes A Drive**

by OOgler

The cool air from the air conditioning vent below the steering wheel felt refreshing blowing between Jenny's legs, and she parted them slightly, confident that she was covered up sufficiently. She checked, just to be sure, and looking down she saw her buttoned up sundress, stretched taunt between her separated knees, and all the buttons she could see were firmly buttoned in place, why, only her dimpled knees and shapely leg below were visible, that she could see...

What Jenny couldn't see was that the top three buttons at the waist of the skirt were forgotten in the buttoning process this morning and caused the dress to flap open right over where her thin, white panties snugly encased her pubis, actually outlining the folds of her sex. Jenny couldn't see it because she was sitting in the drivers seat of her little hatchback driving down the interstate, and because her 38DD breasts defy gravity and generally obscure her view of any events taking place directly below them. She had on a light, short summer coat which, when buttoned, stretched across those beautiful breasts enough to cover them. But that cool air felt good and she decided to unbutton the coat and let the air get to her top half, at the exact same time as a highway patrol motorcycle officer pulled alongside to see why this lady swerved her car a little while back there.

As he flies along beside her on his bike, the officer glances in the hatchback and sees Jenny, who is in the process of unbuttoning her coat, one button at a time, slowly, until she reaches the last one at the base of her breasts. When she releases her bosom from that last button, they spring forward, out of the coat and wobble slightly. The top of her sundress is held on by thin straps and and stretches tight across the lower half of her breasts, covering the nipple and most of the aeriole, but having the effect of thrusting those pale, round breasts upward and mashing them together enough to make a deep cleavage.

Jenny took a worried look downward to make sure she was decently covered up and then looked to the side at the highway patrolman staring right at her, with an immense grin on his face! She smiled back with an embarrassed innocence, and gave a little wave. He had enjoyed the show for the whole unbuttoning and could not believe the unintentional panty flash she was giving due to those forgotten ones by her waist! He stared in wonder at those perfect boobs, looking bright and golden in the sunlight, and then down at her panty encased bush, and just gave a little wave, smiling back. He let his motorcycle drop back behind her car and he braked enough to lower his speed so that he could be missed and forgotten by Jenny. But he wasn't going to miss this show!

Jenny drove on and did forget about the cute policeman, humming to herself and not aware of the astounding effect she was having on interstate trucking! especially on this interstate! It only took a couple of horny truck drivers to look down from their cabs, where they could see down through her car's passenger side window and view the entire length of Jenny's body from the neck down. And what they could see was the sexy little arched feet by the pedals, in white high-heeled pumps leading up to golden-tanned, smooth legs and cute, little dimpled knees.

Her skirt was stretched tightly by her spread knees, as she was undoubtedly getting what truckers call a "blowjob"--when women direct the air conditioning vents to blow up their skirt---but because she was sitting on most of the dress it was also tight at the waist and this forced open a diamond-shaped hole right where three buttons had not been buttoned. And that rewarded them with a great view of the top of her smooth legs where they met her sex mound, and because these panties had been washed too many times and were getting thinner and thinner, they became a little transparent when they had direct sunlight on them, which was often in this case, as the sun slanted down into her car at an angle that invariably "spotlighted" her lap enough times that more than one trucker instinctively grabbed himself along that stretch of highway.

Her bushy pubic hair appeared yellowish beneath the white nylon, and below that her panties had insinuated themselves into the folds of her pink labia and the panty material seemed to outline and expose everything. A little bit of belly skin showed above the top of her exposed panties and then the buttons of her dress resumed their march up her body, where they had to hang upside down a bit following the line up the undersides of her substantial bosom. Then they peeked out from tight, stretched out material that was doing it's best to bring the dress together at about nipple height. Considerable holes, left between the buttons, showed soft breast skin, but above that it was heaven!

Jenny's dress coat had fallen back at the sides to accommodate her voluptuous chest and the dress seemed to tighten, right at the nipple line, so that the browner skin surrounding each nipple in an almost complete circle showed at the top of each breast. Since Jenny had that light summer coat to go with the dress, she saw no need to wear a bra, and the cool breeze from the air conditioner had stimulated her nipples to the point that they prominently poked out the material below the top of her dress.

Her breasts were a little squished together by the tight buttoning at the top, which caused a deep cleavage that practically ran up to the base of her throat, and her dress straps had slid down, even in her coat, and lay down and to the sides, disappearing into her sleeves. Her soft, golden mounds of tit-flesh sat upright and expansive, glowing in the sunlight, and jiggling with the bumps in the road. The car roof obscured her face from the truckers, so she never saw the leering, or heard the lip smacking and soft whistles from the aroused truck drivers. But in between stroking themselves frantically, a few had alerted other truckers on the interstate via CB. They either slowed down or sped up to reach the developing convoy, pulling into the slow lane in a line, jockeying good naturedly over the CB, until it was their tun to pull ahead and see the stunningly exposed girl in the hatchback.

Jenny was getting tired of driving and felt she needed to stop somewhere and get a cool drink. She noticed a sign that said "rest stop ahead", so she slowed and pulled over into the exiting lane, (as soon as that big truck goes by!)... and pulled off the interstate at the rest stop exit. She hadn't noticed that a number of big rigs pulled off behind her at the same exit and were parking all around her little hatchback. Jenny sat back in her seat and sighed. She turned off her engine and set her hands in her lap, where she felt bare skin and the nylon of her panties!

Ohmygosh! thought Jenny, I must have forgotten to button up there! So she fumbled with her buttons down at her waist and grabbed her purse from the passenger seat.

Jenny's exit from the car had everybody's attention, and when she swung her door open and stretched her pretty little feet out in those sexy white pumps, all eyes were peeled on her long smooth legs as they came into view. The movement of sliding forward served also to slide Jenny's dress up her thighs, and completely off her soft, pantied bottom in the back, and then two things happened!

The back hem of her dress caught on the latch below her seat, and the thin strip of panty material on the side that held the front and back panels together hooked on her seat belt clasp At that moment Jenny looked down at the ground and saw the pointed tips of her white heels touch it, so she grabbed the door frame with either hand and pulled herself along the seat, the sundress riding up to just above the mound of thin, white nylon that covered her sex.

The elastic around the waist of her panties did not break, but the stretching had effectively made them at least 2 sizes too large at the waistband, and she would have difficulty keeping them up. With her thighs together at her knees, and the rest of her legs splayed out, with arching foot and pointed toe, in a knock-kneed fashion, Jenny blushed and hoped that no one was looking!

She pulled herself forward and up as soon as she found purchase beneath her high heels, the sun shone brightly down on the bouncing, golden globes of those magnificent breasts... because she had forgotten to rebutton her dress coat.

Her skirt went back down as soon as she had stood up, but not before a number of the nearby truckers had seen that outstanding panty flash! And they continued to leer at the busty blonde, whose beautiful breasts seemed to pop out of the front of her dress, as she stood and straightened her skirt modestly.

Jenny felt the tug in back of her of snagged hem and reached back to pull it free, then she swept the skirt of her dress out of the car and slammed the door. Walking bristly to the back of her hatchback had those boobs bouncing up and down to the staccato click of her high heels on the pavement. She shifted her purse to her left side and reached out to open the hatch and get out her sunglasses, which she had packed in her overnight bag. When Jenny pulled that door up, she left her hand idly on the hatch handle high above her head for a moment as she looked inside and tried to find her case amidst all her luggage.

The wind blew under the car from the front and came blowing out and up as it exited the back of the car, and it blew Jenny's sundress up to about waist level, fanning out all around it's circumference, like an open umbrella. And then it began to flap up and down at different places, but always staying above the waist of the busty blonde. A number of truck drivers had come out of their rigs by this point and stood in a group, smoking and staring at Jenny.

Her cheeks burst into a furious blush as she heard the catcalls and whistles from the men, but she somehow seemed frozen in place, with her hand above her, gripping the handle of her raised hatchback, her other clutching the straps of her white purse, and the sun shone down on those thin, white panties making them virtually transparent. So she stood for a second like that, with her long, curvy bare legs spread slightly, and her toes pointed outward on either side in opposite directions. Her legs had no bend at the knee, and by stretching out like that every curving muscle along the back of her smooth legs seemed to show... but the two white globes of her ass, which stood up at a jaunty angle, were the icing on the cake!

Her ass crack appeared as a dark crease vertically up the back of her nearly transparent panties, which to Jenny's consternation, seemed to be sagging a little at the top! She started to shake at her bottom, at least that's where the jiggling was the most evident, and as her panic of embarrassment set in she began bringing one leg up and then another in a rapid dance in place.

Jenny was furiously trying to hide the top of her exposed pubic hair, as she felt the wind blowing freely through those hairs and she realized that her panties were dipping dangerously low in the front. They were doing the same thing in the back, as they eased down her bum halfway, exposing the top, shelf-like cheeks of her bottom and her ass crack ( as well as those two cute dimples on her hips above her cheeks).

This frantic dance was Jenny's panicked attempt at lifting alternate thighs to try to hide her snatch from view. It only worked to shake the panty down and off her butt cheeks, where it stopped just below, setting them off with a lacy border below the wiggling rump. You could swear that the pale moons of her bottom began turning a bright pink in embarrassment.

When Jenny finally came to her senses she released the handle of the hatchback and batted her dress down in the back. She shoved the hand with her purse to her crotch, holding her dress down in front, so as not to expose any more bush than she already had!

She still had a battle on her hands though as the wind picked up and kept exposing bits of Jenny. She especially sought to hold it down it front as she felt those panties drooping down the front of her thighs! But she eventually tucked enough of the skirt part of her dress between her thighs in front and it stretched taunt across her bottom and the backs of her legs. It trapped the panty from falling any further, but the tight material just outlined it against the back of her thighs. And no visible panty line could be seen, you can be sure it would have been found by the crowd around her, whose eyes were almost exclusively on the girl's behind.

It ached to be squeezed!

And then she leaned over further into the back of her car, stretching that thin cotton fabric tighter across her butt, and while it squeezed her ass globes together it formed them into a round, bulging heart shape, with a vertical indentation as the seam ran up the back of her bottom. She decided on the spot that it was just too windy for this sundress and she better change, so she reached over and grabbed the blue bag she knew she had packed with some casual clothes. Jenny heard a "ping!" noise and felt a sharp sting on her left buttock.

"EEEK!" Jenny squeaked and snapped upright, whipping a hand around to her plump bottom to cup the site of the sting! Without actually turning around, and with one hand on her buttock and the other stretched out and holding a sky blue bag and her dangling white purse, Jenny strained her neck around so that she could look down at her bottom over her shoulder. This caused her hips to tilt forward, and her tits to bulge forward in her dress. With that cute, surprised look on her face, that "Oh!" shaped mouth and wide eyes, it was worth a snapshot had anyone a camera.

What had happened was that a lecherous truck driver had snapped a thick rubber band directly on her butt cheek from about a foot away! A number of the men laughed and clapped when it bounced off that cute behind in the taunt skirt! And some were still clapping and grinning at the blonde twisting around and trying to look down at her ass, while she cupped a cheek! Jenny became aware of this and reddened with embarrassment.

She turned around quickly, shaking her bosom in the process and let go of her ass so that she could try and at least pull one side of her dress coat across a breast. Then she grabbed a handful of dress with the same hand she held the handles of her bag and purse. She managed this maneuver to ensure her modesty. And she wiggled by the staring men toward the soda machine and bathroom... and ESCAPE from this humiliating experience!

She tapped along on her high-heels, along a walkway leading to the central building, which had a smooth metal railing along it to hold if you chose. She then minced up the steps, hips swaying this way and that, and as she took each step, each round buttock swelled and rolled, then settled back with a rotating motion. She didn't want to let go of the side of her dress and reach for the bannister for fear the swirling wind would lift her dress again! The men straggled along behind Jenny, eyes fixed hypnotically on her rear end. And they all stood transfixed at the bottom of the short stairway, marveling at the liquid-like movement of that magnificent bottom as it ascended the steps!

When Jenny reached the soda machine, with her audience fast behind her, she let go of the hem of her skirt, "the wind wasn't too bad right here" she thought. And since she was facing away from everyone she let go of her dress coat and, lifting her purse, fumbled with the latch to get inside to the change pocket.

Suddenly the drivers were treated to the sight of Jenny cocking her hip suggestively out to the side, and then a swivel, and her other hip shot out to the other side! No, our Jenny would never "bump and grind" for anyone...but in this case she was reacting to the fact that her panties had slipped down to her knees! and if she didn't do something quick she would lose them completely!

Not wanting anyone to know this prevented poor Jenny from outright grabbing them and pulling them up, so she tried these wild, hip-swinging gyrations in a losing battle with gravity. The drivers behind her didn't care what the blonde was doing, they just didn't want it to stop! But it did stop as a whisk of nylon falling down Jenny's legs announced the ultimate panty drop, and there was no mistaking that bundle of white nylon puddled around those sexy white heels! Claps and hoots erupted from the men as Jenny felt her cheeks get hot.

She scooted around to face them so she wouldn't have to bend down and point what they all knew was a bare bottom at them underneath her light, cotton sundress. Blushing with absolute innocence, Jenny demurely reached down and took hold of the panties, as she daintily lifted one sexy foot at a time, easing her white pumps out the leg holes, she CERTAINLY wasn't wasn't going to pull them back on in front of these leering men! And gravity came in to play once more, as Jenny's quivering breasts popped out of the top of her dress from the forward bend.

Her eyes bugged out and she shrieked as she suddenly took an involuntary step, catching the pointy 4 inch heel of her pumps on her panties as she tried to extract her foot, pulling them taunt and tripping over them in a rapidly escalating little dance to get them off her feet and be able to use her hands to cover her breasts!

She toppled forward and fell on to the pavement in front of the truck drivers. She felt the cold pavement on her nipples as her boobs lay mashed against it, bulging out all around her. Her arms were spread wide, though she still held tightly to the bag and purse. Thankfully her legs were together as her high heels had come together where they were still entangled in her white panties.

Her dress, however, had come to rest on her back, and as Jenny shook her head, regaining her composure, her plump, round bottom sat there behind her, exposed to the elements and the lustful stares of the truck drivers, who had surrounded Jenny's prone figure by now, having rushed forward when they saw those bouncing boobs swinging towards them. She pulled herself up on her hands, instinctively getting her tender nipples away from that cold pavement, which brought her breasts into glorious view, with those two pointy and swollen nipples sticking out in reaction to the cold.

Jenny looked up at the men, and then followed their gaze down and behind her and saw her bare bottom! She shrieked! and in a panic gave a series of scissor kicks with her legs, restricted as they were for the moment with her panties wrapped around her high heels, her leg movements, though fast, were very limited and only served to get her blushing bottom jiggling. Sharp whistles and hooting could be heard from the truck drivers as they watched that beautiful behind wiggle with the girl's panicked movements.

A driver stepped forward and bent down at her feet and pulled the panties off her kicking high heels, which sent one heel shooting straight up, with a pointy toe reaching for the sky. As her panicky kicks were free of restriction, they watched a moment longer as Jenny kicked some more, whipping her legs back over her thighs, her foot arched in those sexy white heels, and her pink fanny reacting with a shaking motion!

It dawned on Jenny that her legs were free and she should try to stand, when two men grabbed her arms at the elbows and tried to help pull her up. They got her to her knees but she was still bent a little at the waist and her dress did not fall down off her back. She looked up at the helpful men with an embarrassed smile as they asked if she was all right, but one look at those tremendous tits with the pert nipples jutting out in front of them answered their question to their satisfaction!

As they helped Jenny the rest of the way to her feet, the driver on one side of her got the idea to take the back hem of her dress and coax it up and through the little fake belt that hung at the back of her coat, and through the busied movements involved in bringing the young blonde upright, he used his left hand to pull more material through the loop of the belt, so that the excess flopped out in a bunch out of the belt behind her.

Chanting "Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" Jenny pulled her arms away from the men holding them and used her free hand to cup the opposite breast at the nipple, folding her encircling arm over the nipple of the other breast and started clicking those heels in a fast step towards the women's restroom.

Jenny heard clapping and catcalls behind her as the men watched her bare, wiggling bottom flex and roll and jiggle innocently behind her as she trotted off. Just as she was reaching the door, her purse slipped from her grasp and she stopped to bend over and retrieve it. Holding her legs together tightly as she remembered she had lost those panties somewhere, ("Where did they go?" she thought) she bent at the waist, as only the innocent Jenny could, and stretched her arm, and upper body downward to pick up the purse.

As she reached completely down, a cheer erupted from the crowd and a piercing whistle rang through the air! It was an astounding mooning, as Jenny's sweet, round bottom spread and the cheeks separated enough for her pink lips to pop out the back under those beautiful globes, her little puckered asshole briefly peeked out between her bottom cheeks as well and she would have died in embarrassment if she knew anyone had had such an intimate view. She came up quickly in reaction to the enthusiastic response she created, but couldn't think why, and bustled into the restroom to change.

Jenny went into a stall in the rest room, removed her coat, and quickly began unbuttoning her sundress. She draped both articles of clothing over the stall door and shivered in her nakedness. As she set the blue bag on the closed lid of the toilet seat and began rummaging around in it, Jenny heard footsteps enter through the door and across the tiles of the floor.

She heard a "whoosh!", and quickly turned around in time to see her clothes disappear over the top of the stall door and hear the retreating footsteps fade out the restroom door.

"Good Golly!" thought Jenny "MY CLOTHES!!!"

She kept repeating "Ohmygosh!" as she nervously took frantic little steps in place, her arms and hands instinctively trying to hide her beautiful naked body!

"I'd better get dressed before someone sees me!" she said out loud and searched through the bag until she found some clothes, which she pulled out and examined.

"Is this all I packed in this bag?" she asked herself distractedly, as she held up a straight white skirt and a small white cotton T-shirt that had been cut raggedly at the bottom to allow a bare midriff to show.

"It'll have to do!" said Jenny and stepped into the skirt and pulled it up. "God, I wish I had some underwear in here..." she thought as she smoothed down the tight skirt and buttoned it on the side.

When she tried the zipper she found it hard to pull up, but she squeezed the two sides of the zipper together with her fingers and pulled the zipper to the top with her other hand. She slowly exhaled as she felt the tightness around her waist, smoothing the skirt down in back over her protruding rump. She could barely bend over to pick up the T-shirt, but managed to somehow, and pulled it over her head and down over her large bosom.

She felt it was uncomfortably conforming and looked down embarrassedly at the nipples poking the soft material out on her twin peaks. She could not see how much breast was visible below the hem of the shirt, but knew there was some, as it was cut so short, so she pulled down hard on it in front and was shocked at how it seemed to outline her breasts even more!

"Gosh! I might as well wear a sign that I 'm not wearing a bra today!" cried Jenny, and she turned back to see if there was anything else in the bag.

Besides a jumble of cosmetics and a hair dryer, all she could find was a sheer, thigh-high pair of tan stockings and thought that she would look a little less "cheap" if she at least had hose on. So she pulled off her heels and smoothed the stockings up her curvy legs, pulling the elastic top band up high on her smooth, tanned thighs.

Stepping back into her pumps, and grabbing the bag and the purse, Jenny clattered out of the stall and across the tiles to the door.

"Well... here it goes!" she thought, and stepped outside. The truckers had retreated back down the steps and were talking amongst themselves when the blonde came out the door. They stopped talking and grinned up at her and she gave an embarrassed look back at them. Then she wiggled over to the bannister rail at the top of the stairs where it curved off at an angle to follow another walkway that led around the back of the building.

Jenny hitched the strap of her purse over her shoulder and and balanced her blue bag on the rail so she could zip it up securely, when it tipped over the edge of the rail as she fumbled with it and spilled a little way down the grass hillside on the other side!

Jenny leaned and stretched over the side, her breasts hanging down, (with all eyes on them) but couldn't reach it! She tried to crouch down and get under the rail, but her skirt was way too tight for that. She stood up and smoothed her skirt down and watched the men below until she felt few of them were watching, (DON'T kid yourself, ALL of them were watching!) and then she hiked up her skirt a little bit and swung a tan-hosed leg quickly over the rail.

But before she could swing the other leg over she felt the cold, smooth metal directly on her vaginal lips, and her mouth formed into an oval as her eyebrows shot up! She cooed a surprised "Ooooooooow!" and leaned forward, losing her grip on the pole-like bannister!

She felt herself sliding backward and felt the cool metal on her soft belly skin just below her breasts, as she wrapped her hands around the bannister above her. Her feet had left the ground and her knees came up towards her waist as she straddled the pole, her feet arched to a point in her white pumps and that cute rear end of hers stuck up invitingly.

She began the long, backward slide down the bannister, looking down over her shoulder at the grinning truckers moving to the base of the stairs. As her descent picked up speed the T-shirt rode up from it being rubbed along the bannister between her breasts and both boobs popped out on either side of the rail. She couldn't let go to cover them so she just shrieked!

She slid down the bannister with her legs, from the knees down, doing cute little kicking motions, and when she reached the end a truck driver stepped up and stopped her from falling by cupping both her ass cheeks with his two large hands, grasping and squeezing them pliantly in his hands with a tremendous grin on his face!

The rest of the men clapped a round of applause and laughed wildly, seeing the large, bouncy bottom being fondled by the gripping hands of their pal! Jenny held herself up a little off the pole with one hand and nervously fumbled to bring her T-shirt back down over those jiggling breasts, stammering "Ohmygosh! I..er..uh, oh my!" and looking back at the man holding her bottom in his hands!

"I think I'm fine now! thank you!" Jenny spurted out to let the man know her could let go of her buns. So he sheepishly, and very reluctantly, took his hands off Jenny's bottom. She tried her best to swing that leg back over the rail without showing too much, but everyone got a generous view of her legs and the white of her upper thighs above her stockings.

Her following had grown considerably, and she had to squeeze between a number of men to make her way to the base of the grassy hillside where her bag had spilt. She tried to keep her composure amidst all the smiling and laughing truckers whose eyes seemed to be watching every inch of her body, but she felt as if she were naked. She was extremely embarrassed and ashamed at having all these men witness her humiliating slide down that bannister, and the groping of her tender bum at the bottom!

She looked up the little hill and, while a little steep, it did not seem insurmountable, so she daintily stuck a white high-heeled shoe on the grass in front of her and began tiptoeing across the relatively level part of the hill at the base, so as not to get her pointed heels stuck in the grass.

As the hill grew steeper Jenny had to reach down to the ground in front of her, which gave everyone below a fantastic view up her short T-shirt hem to the creamy, soft boobs hanging down and swaying back and forth beneath the shirt. It also served to poke her ass towards the men below and raise the back hem of her skirt enough for them to view the back of her stocking tops. Still on tiptoes so her heels wouldn't bury in the soft ground, Jenny was finding the going a bit rough, and her bottom shifted from side to side as the pronounced muscles at the back of her hose-covered legs flexed with the exertion.

A number of truckers followed her up the hill, close behind her, to enjoy the show, while the rest stayed below, whistling and hooting at the sight of the blonde's beautiful behind and gorgeous legs. Just as she reached her blue bag and clutched the handle she straightened up a little. But her balance wasn't good at that point and she felt herself about to fall backward, so she frantically pin-wheeled her arms in an effort to regain her stability. And as she leaned forward, sticking that cute butt out behind her, she felt herself tipping back, and was sure she would fall back down the hill!

But a strong pair of hands rescued Jenny again, grabbing a cheek in either hand, holding her in place, until she could regain her balance and place her hands back on the ground before her.

"Hey baby! I think you better just back on down this hill slowly.. we'll help you place your feet so you don't slip, okay?" the helpful trucker said.

"O..O..Okay!" stammered an embarrassed Jenny as she felt the hands on her bottom moving a little from side to side, gently shaking her jiggly bottom, as if he were testing the weight of each buttock by feel, his fingers digging in a little with a light squeezing.

She shut her eyes and blushed furiously and she squirmed and flexed her bottom under his hands. Jenny pointed a toe and stretched a leg downward to find purchase on the hillside below her for her first step backward.

Another trucker graciously reached out and held that sexy, little white high-heel, helping her place it back down. A driver on the other side of Jenny saw this and, likewise, helped her with her next backward step. Besides holding her pumps and helping Jenny place them on the hillside during her descent, the "leg" men began using their other hands to steady Jenny's legs, gripping her thighs above the knee in front, just under her skirt. Her legs sheathed in hose felt fantastic to the touch and their hands occasionally slid up a little to where her stocking tops ended and the bare skin above them began.

The man directly behind Jenny was in a kind of trance as he slowly walked backward in pace with Jenny, holding her squirmy bottom in his hands. He couldn't resist kneading and squeezing it occasionally, but soon fell into the rhythm of her movements, lifting one cheek as she stretched out the opposite leg, and lifting the other cheek when she stretched out the other one.

So his clenching hands alternately lifted each soft ass cheek in an up and down movement all the way down that hill. He had a raging erection by the time they got down the short hill. As they reached a fairly level place the men guiding her feet released them and removed their hands from beneath her skirt.

The man backing up behind her was finding himself bending forward to be able to keep his grip on Jenny's behind as their positions were evening in height once more, so he let go as well. Jenny blushed and kept her eyes down as she turned and tiptoed off the grass and into the crowd of truck drivers. The driver who had held Jenny's bottom during her descent down the hill followed close behind her as she squirmed by the men crowding up against her.

He stepped up alongside her and said, "Hey miss, I'm sure glad you didn't fall back there, what's you name, by the way?"

Jenny looked up at him, and he seemed sincere, so she said, "My name's Jenny, and I do appreciate your help, it was just so stupid of me to try and get up there in these heels."

"Oh, I don't think your stupid" he said," you've actually been a pretty good sport about all this teasing..and he turned to his friends and said..."Hey! You guys! How about a cheer for this little gal?"

Jenny smiled for a moment, until she felt the man grab her hand and raise it straight up in the air! The man on the other side of her did the same, and the hem of her tiny, little T-shirt rose up, exposing both of her beautiful breasts to all.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" the men shouted amidst the laughter. "Hip, hip, hooray!" they shouted again, as the men holding her started lifting her in fast, little jerks, causing her substantial bosom to bounce uncontrollably!

"Hip, hip, hooray!" came the last cheer, as the truckers heads were visibly going up and down while their eyes tracked the bouncing of the helpless girl's bare breasts.

Jenny was mortified and turned a beet-red in the cheeks, as her arms were lowered and hands released. She would have reached up and pulled the front of the T-shirt down from where it lay bunched above her bosom, had the trucker next to her not taken that moment to pinch her bottom.

"Ouch!" cried out Jenny, as her hands rushed back to the sting on her cheeks, her breasts bouncing again with the movement. A roar of approval and clapping came from the assembled truck drivers watching this delicious show, as Jenny whirled around to face the pincher, her boobs still sticking out in the bright sunlight.

But before she could say, or do anything, another relentless set of fingers pinched that soft bottom through the thin, cotton skirt.

"Eeeek!" Jenny screamed again, whipping back around with a surprised and embarrassed look on her face. The men were screaming with laughter, clapping their hands and pointing at the cute blonde spinning in half-circles, back and forth, trying to protect her cute butt with her tiny hands, with those fantastic boobs wiggling this way and that, her tender bottom suffered almost as much as her dignity.

She finally made a break for it, running as fast as her tight skirt would allow. Noticing her breasts bouncing up and down, she reached up and pulled her shirt down over them, which didn't stop the bounce but at least covered their nakedness. As she reached the edge of the group to escape she received a resounding slap on the fanny!

"Yikes!" she said, pitching forward, but regained her balance and raced forward, her tight skirt restricting her steps as her heels clicked on the pavement and her hips twitched, her perfectly round bottom jiggling beneath the material of her dress noticeably. She was blushing furiously as the men behind her watched that wiggling behind and yelled for her to come back.

"Ohmygod!" Jenny whispered as she rubbed her bottom and replayed the incident in her head. How humiliating! she thought. But she finally reached her car and threw her bag in the back, fingering through her purse for her keys.

"You left them in the ignition" came a voice from above and behind her, "so I pulled them out so no one would steal it."

Jenny turned and looked up at the smiling face framed in the cab window of the big truck.

"Why that was nice of you, thanks!" replied Jenny to the trucker as he exited his cab.

"Oh, no need little lady, just tryin' to help." he said.

He eyes seemed glued to the jutting nipples of Jenny's breasts but he had a smile on his face, so she spoke to him, politely breaking his reverie, "Can I have them back now?"

He looked up at those big, blue eyes and stammered, "Oh, y..y..yeah, sure!" and began patting his pockets. "Where did I?...a look of recognition passed across his face as he said, "Oh yeah, I left them up on the cab seat" and he turned back to his truck to climb on board.

He stopped for a moment as he was about to pull himself up and turned back around, "I'll bet you've never seen the inside of a truck like this, have you? he said to Jenny,

"Now I'm not asking you to climb in my truck with me, I can see your not that type of lady", Jenny blushed, "but your welcome to pull yourself up and grab those keys, I'll stay right here, and you can take a peek inside while your at it?" He gave Jenny his most sincere smile.

"Oh, okay" said Jenny relaxing a little bit, "your right about me never having seen the inside of one of these trucks, I've always been a little curious..".

"Great!...here, I'll show you what to do" he said helpfully, trying to keep his eyes from straying to her chest. He pointed out to her the first foothold and grab-bar, and then explained how she should put her feet on the cab step and hold on to the handrail by the door to look inside and get her keys.

As Jenny reached up with both hands and held on to the grab-bar, the short hem of her shirt rode up enough to expose the bottom half of her round, pale breasts, with just the lower half of her aeriole showing and the the nipples poking out that last inch of fabric. She didn't notice, but HE sure did, as she stopped in this position to raise her beautiful leg high enough to get a foot on that first foothold.

But that darn skirt was just too tight, so the friendly trucker encircled her waist with his hands and lifted her up as she placed the pointed toe of her white high-heel on the foothold and pulled herself up. Her shirt came back down so that only the bottom inch or so of her boobs were visible, which the trucker didn't like, but it also put her enticing rear end at eye level, which he did!

Even though he had only touched her waist, it embarrassed Jenny again, so she thought she had better get this over with quicker and reached down with one hand to hike her skirt up a little bit in the front to be able to raise her leg up to the next step. As she did this her skirt grew taunt across her bottom and her hip flexed out to the side, her skirt had risen enough to expose her stocking tops, and her shirt rode up from reaching for the handrail beside the door, exposing the bottom of her boobs all the way to the nipple this time!

The trucker had thought he had died and gone to heaven.

The keys, Jenny saw, were on the other side of the seat and so she bent at the waist and laid her ample bosom on the seat and stretched an arm way out to grab them, her fingers not quite reaching them. This view from below was amazing, and was being shared by the group of truckers now returning from the restrooms. They crowded around to watch.

Jenny was stretched out on the toe of her cute, little white high-heel, her curvy stocking-clad legs stretching up above it to where the exposed top of her stockings and creamy white thigh disappeared beneath her hem. Her other leg was bent at the knee and was idly kicking back behind her, waving a sexy white pump in the air as her foot arched and emphasized the beautiful curvature of her leg. She was squirming at the waist to try and reach the keys, so her luscious bottom was wiggling back and forth beneath the dress, hanging out the top of the truck cab. The men looked at each other briefly and put a finger to their lips to quiet anyone that might alert Jenny of the sexy show she was putting on.

"Got 'em!" she cried, and pushed herself upright from the seat, reaching back to grab the handrail beside the door of the cab.

"I'm coming down now" said Jenny, turning to address the trucker but noticing all the other men around him. Oh no! thought Jenny, not those pinchers again! And she blushed in embarrassment.

"Just bring a foot down on that step there" said the trucker grinning "...and I'll make sure you're steady", and he stepped forward, reaching up an cupping the back of her thighs right where the stockings ended at their elastic band.

A few chuckles arose from the men, and Jenny turned red.

"No, that's okay!" said Jenny, "I'll be just fine", hoping she could talk him out of it so her would move his hands off her legs.

But the feeling of those soft, but firm thighs, encased in that sheer, nylon hosiery convinced him he wasn't letting go now, "Well, I wouldn't want you to fall and sue me or somethin', so just ease on down real slow and I'll take care of the rest" he said, as the grins widened and a few men snickered.

Jenny couldn't believe this was happening, but felt that she needed to get this over with as fast as possible, so she reached a dainty toe down, squirming her foot back and forth, trying to find purchase in the next foothold. A hand reached out and helped put her high-heel on the step and Jenny brought her other leg down to join it. As her body lowered the trucker kept his hands at the same height, so that Jenny's legs were sliding between his hands, which had reached the bare leg above her stockings and the very top of her thighs below her round bottom. Her legs felt smooth and fantastic, and he had stuck both thumbs out so they hooked the hem of her skirt and were pulling it up as his hands rose.

Every guy there was erect and attentive as they watched that skirt rise, and Jenny heard a few soft whistles as she began to wiggle a little, uncomfortably. The front of her T-shirt had snagged on something and was pulling up a little in front, but she didn't notice as she reached another foot down to try and touch the ground. A few men bent down and helped her, their hands straying up her nylon-encased legs as they straightened up. As she reached down with her other foot and let go of the grab-bar her body slid slowly down between the man's hands, his thumbs pulling her skirt up and over her bare behind, his hands cupping the soft, round cheeks.

Jenny's T-shirt had hooked on something above and was pulled up off her bulging breasts. It was stretched tight up in front of her face and kept her from turning. The truck drivers hooted and whistled at Jenny's voluptuous, naked body exposed to their lustful eyes, and Jenny began to furiously wiggle in an attempt to extract herself from the truck that had pulled up her shirt and the man who had pulled up her skirt!

HE was gently caressing her smooth bottom as it jiggled beneath his palms, in pure heaven. He then impulsively took a little step back, and gave her bottom a quick, underhand slap! It turned a little pink and bounced up and down, and Jenny let out a squeal! She couldn't believe someone had spanked her!

On her bare behind no less!

In front of a bunch of strangers, who were laughing and staring!

Her embarrassment was profound at standing in front of all these guys, in just hose and heels, with her skirt bunched around her waist and her bottom exposed, covering her pubic area with one hand and the nipple on one breast with the other, trapped by her shirt to a truck!

She nervously stepped in place in her high-heels, which got all of her jiggling and bouncing, and the blush of embarrassment seemed to infuse her skin from head to toe. She let go of covering herself for a second to use both hands to push herself away from the truck, and fell backward as her T-shirt ripped completely off and was left dangling on the side of the truck. The exertion this took was more than the tight waistband of her skirt could take and her exhaled breath caused the button at the side to pop off and the zipper to run down it's length, as Jenny came to rest with her bare bum on the pavement, legs stretched out in front and arms spread instinctively to arrest her fall. Her chest gently stopped it's bounce and Jenny took a deep breath and exhaled, and her pert little nipples bobbed as her breasts heaved.

A couple drivers stepped forward quickly and helped Jenny up by the elbows, both of them reaching back to brush the dirt off her pink, round bottom gently. Smoothly rolling their hands down to it's base and cupping her cheeks for a moment before letting go.

THAT brought Jenny back to reality and she started stammering, "ohmygod, ohmygod,ohmygod" as she tried to cover her voluptuous breasts with one hand while yanking at her skirt front with the other to hide her sex.

Since the skirt was undone at the side she managed to pull it down over her pubes, but also completely down below her bottom, so that when she raised that hand to try to hide some more exposed breast, the skirt slid down to the ground.

"Yikes!" she screamed and rushed that hand back to her cute, blonde bush.

This was what dreams were made of for these men and their eyes hungrily feasted on Jenny's jiggling naked body, as she squirmed in her humiliation.

"Ouch!" she squealed as she felt her bum being pinched behind her!

She whipped around and some one gave her bare ass a slap! "Eeeek!" Jenny then did what she always does when naked in front of people, she ran as fast as she could in high heels, not really knowing where, but in a confused panic. Jenny running in heels and hose across a parking lot, pony tail bobbing, that perfect pink bottom bouncing and flexing, and those huge round breasts swaying and lifting repeatedly, with that wide-eyed embarrassed look on her cute, innocent face, is something we all should see at least one time in our life.

She looked back briefly at the cheering audience she left behind and when she brought her head back around she was shocked to see she was running at full speed at a motorcycle policeman, whose bike was stretched out sideways in front of her! Not able to stop in mid-stride, Jenny ran into, and pitched her body across, the lap of the policeman. He immediately started his bike up and drove in a lazy, looping circle around the parking lot as Jenny cupped her breasts and kicked her legs. Looking down to watch her squirming, pink bottom roll with each kick of her legs, he patted it gently.

When he was close to the group of truckers he gave Jenny's behind a quick slap! and grinned as they all hooted. He then put a hand on her ass cheek and zoomed out of the parking lot, Jenny's beautiful legs kicking in those sexy white high-heels.

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**Jenny Takes A Nap**

by OOgler

Jenny spent the day with her old high school friend, Georgia, who taught school now in a town a few hours drive away. They still insisted on getting together and not losing touch, trading turns driving over for monthly visits. Jenny got up early to drive the extra hours it took to keep her commitment, expressly so they could have most of a day and the evening to catch up before the drive back.

But this time, she and Georgia had talked late into the night after a good dinner and some wine and now she found herself driving down the interstate highway, getting drowsy, When she saw a large, green "Rest Stop" sign up ahead she decided to pull in and stretch, maybe wake up a little.

It was late and the rest stop was dark and quiet when she pulled in. She parked near the well-lit bathrooms and got out of her car. There were a scattering of cars and big trucks, some had the occupants visible, sleeping upright in their seats, or just sitting and smoking, while others were asleep on the seats of their car. It was a warm night and Jenny wove the fingers of her hands together and stretched her arms over her head, working the kinks out of her back. At least five observant motorists saw the blonde stretching under the bright halogen street lamps by the bathrooms.

You couldn't miss the rise and thrust of those breasts, Jenny's stretches were unforgettably, sexy, and commanded your attention! She wore a light blue, sleeveless blouse of silk that came down to a slight V-neck line with a little collar. It was a little too tight, but then it got to be impossible for Jenny to buy the right size so that it fit the rest of her body and her over-endowed bosom. The material tightened and molded across her large breasts, and they almost glowed in the artificial light. It really took your breath away. She also wore a white pleated skirt that matched her white heels. Her husband had talked her into buying the skirt as it was a little too short for Jenny's taste, and reminded her of a tennis skirt. But she relented when he told her it would be nice and cool for hot, summer evenings out.

Since she was really only going over to Georgia's this trip, and not going out, she refrained from pantyhose and a bra, and had on a pair of old white nylon panties. Her drive down in the heat of the day had been much more comfortable without the bra and hose and she had kicked off her heels and undid her ponytail, letting the wind blowing in from the open windows fill the car and blow through her hair. After a few honking air horns from passing truckers, Jenny got a little embarrassed and closed the windows, turning on the air conditioner instead.

Jenny leaned on the side of the car and took a few deep breaths of the night air but still felt her eyelids closing on her.

"I had better just take a nap for a couple of hours..and then finish the drive" thought Jenny, so she went to the back of her hatchback and opened the trunk lid.

She had to crawl in to disconnect the rear seat backs so they would lay down forward and make a flat platform to lie down on. The lucky motorist parked directly behind Jenny was treated to about a minute and a half of amazing upskirt shots as Jenny leaned and twisted in her efforts to wrestle the seats down. Then she sat in the back and tucked her legs in, reaching up to bring the trunk hatch down. Jenny pulled the headrest off of the passenger seat in front and used it as a pillow and despite the fact that it wasn't very comfortable, all the wine she had earlier had taken it's toll and Jenny was asleep in a few minutes.

Jenny initially curled on her side with her fists tucked under her chin, her arms pressing tight against her breasts. She brought her knees up to her elbows and the swell of her hips raised the little skirt in back, so that the back of her smooth thighs and the crease where they met her buttocks, as well as a tiny patch of panties, were visible. This upskirt view, and her long, curvy legs ending in a pair of sexy, white high heels, was bathed in light from the overhead lamps illuminating the walkway area to the rest stop bathrooms.

As the night wore on, Jenny's fitful sleep had her stretching and twisting to find comfort on the hard platform. She worked her hands back and forth, from her her chin to her crotch, where she unconsciously slid them between her thighs. This ended up pulling her top up and gathering the material of her skirt in her lap, leaving less and less of it to cover her rear end, and exposing the bottom half of her breasts. Her legs stretched and flexed, pulled up tight to her chest one moment and gloriously stretched out the next.

As the night wore on an increasing number of motorists decided they needed the bathroom, and slowly strolling by the blonde's hatchback they were rewarded with a voyeur's dream. The bright lights seemed to spotlight the sleeping woman through the large, sloping window of her hatchback. All her squirming and twisting had disheveled her clothes magnificently, giving one, then another, strolling driver extremely seductive views of Jenny's many charms. More than a few had paused and sucked hard on their cigarettes as they looked at her prone body, her large breast were almost uncovered as her blouse material began bunching up under her chin, the bottom edge of which just barely covered her stiffening nipples.

That's not all that was stiff that night either!

Her skirt had worked itself up past her bottom cheeks and the paler, smooth skin of her round bottom seemed to glow in the light, her panties gathering tightly in the crease between those beautiful cheeks. Once in a while, in her discomfort from it, she reached back in her sleep and pulled some panty out of her crack, squirming and stretching as she did so, jiggling her bottom in the process.

One, then another, nipple appeared, popping free from the bottom edge of her blouse, rigid from exposure to the cool evening air and whatever erotic dreams that swirled around in Jenny's inebriated sleep. She had essentially stripped herself in her sleep and was displaying almost all of her beautiful body to any passerby that cared to look.

And oh, they cared!

Most had watched for a little while and then left to relieve themselves somewhere more private, while a dedicated few had gotten coffee from the vending machine and literally camped out near the blonde's hatchback, smoking and commenting on this or that feature of her anatomy. Sometime they would collectively groan and sigh out loud when she stretched or squirmed into a new position. For the most part they kept quiet and watched, not wanting it to end by waking her with loud noises. An infrequent soft whistle would escape a few pursed lips but silence accompanied most of the night.

You could almost feel the sexual tension in the air but no one made a move to wake or molest the sleeping beauty. And as the sun rose that morning a few determined stragglers remained, eyes blurry but their attention still rapt, trying to look casual as they stood around Jenny's car.

It was midmorning when Jenny began to stir from the sun warming her bottom cheeks. She was laying peacefully on her stomach, her hands together under her head and her legs spread. The first thing she saw, as she raised her head and groggily peered to the side window of her car, were the paws and face of a large dog, a wet nose smearing the window. That got her twisting around and noticing that a group of men's faces were likewise staring at her from.. all around the car!

They would have had their noses pressed against the glass as well if hadn't been a little too obvious. They were definitely enjoying themselves more than the dog, nonetheless. They even had the stacked blonde's big, round breasts to stare at now that she had come up on her elbows. Not that they hadn't been appreciating the great view of her naked bottom, her panties wedged in her crack, and what they could see of her pussy as it became outlined by the panty material.

Did I mention her legs? Well, you get the idea.

Most were also eagerly anticipating her reaction to her predicament, and they were not disappointed.

The first thing Jenny noticed when looking around was that everyone seemed to be staring behind her, so she looked over her shoulder as well. Her skirt no longer covered her behind...and her legs were spread.. she was mortified!

She quickly bobbed up to a sitting position, tucking her legs under her and frantically reaching back to fumble with her skirt hem. As she did this she noticed her naked bosom bouncing around in front of her..

"Nooooo!" she yelled and in a panic tried to find her blouse and skirt hem at the same time!

She shrieked, and blushed, and fumbled some more with her clothes, while the appreciative crowd started laughing and whistling at her unsuccessful efforts to cover herself, as well as at all the bouncing and jiggling going on in the car. Both nipples were erect and along for the ride on a pair of large, round breasts, unrestrained and heaving about, while most of her skirt still remained waist-high in back, exposing her bouncy buttocks. She squealed and fussed, with a wild look of panic and a deep blush on her face.

God she was cute!

Comic and incredibly sexy!

Even though she managed to cover a portion of her bottom with the skirt, she was still having a horrible time trying to get that blouse down over her breasts. Squirming her bottom around, her breasts wiggling uncontrollably, and she blushed with profound embarrassment, and stammered to herself. Finally giving up on trying to get her top to cover her bosom, Jenny deciding that escape was the best alternative. Turning, she tried to crawl toward the front seat on one hand and her knees, using her other to try and cover some breast.

Well.. really only one nipple.

Unfortunately, her progress was immediately impeded by the fact that her heel had caught in the crotch of her panties when she had tucked her legs under herself! Thrashing her legs to free her caught pump, she instinctively kicked that leg down, pulling the panties with them. Jenny felt the nylon slide off her behind and down her legs to about calf level! ..Below her knees!

She froze for a second, realizing that the view from behind exposed her.. INTIMATELY!

"OHMYYYGOD!" she screamed, and frantically resumed her efforts to get to the front seat.

She let go of her breasts and clambered with both hands but her ankle and high heel were now entangled in white nylon panty, and all she could do was work her knees back and forth and not really go anywhere!

She grabbed the upright back seats and pulled, diving face first into the driver's seat. With her hands on the floorboards, her face and breasts had made it to the front seat, but the rest of her body was bent over the seat backs, her bottom upraised and her legs doing a cute, tight, little scissor-kick, her ankles now held together with panty elastic hooking around each high heel.

Stretched beyond their endurance, the panties finally popped free, shot like slingshot to the dash board of the car. Jenny could now crawl into the front seat, which she did as fast as possible to minimize the time she would have to spread her legs.. and expose her herself!

Judging from the cheers and hooting, she realized that it had been too long, and everyone had seen everything!

"I can't believe this! I can't believe this! I can't believe this!...chanted Jenny as she squirmed her bare bottom around on the front seat, yanking her blouse down over her breasts, pulling it tighter than she should have, and causing the material to conform tightly around each breast, graphically outlining them.

This squished her breasts together enough to show considerable cleavage at the V-neck line of her blouse, and was not lost on the friendly motorists that had migrated around to the front of the car. The beautiful blonde had flashed everything she had at them, but her reaction, and her sexiness, had entranced them. They were not going to miss any of this exciting action!

Jenny pulled her skirt down as far as it would go and grabbed the keys out of her purse. She saw the heads around the car bobbing and weaving, necks craning, everyone trying to see her! She felt warm in the face and a humiliating blush crept all over her body.

Twisting the key in the ignition and pumping the gas pedal, Jenny's eyes snapped back and forth between her dashboard and all the faces around her car, peering in. The engine's starter let out shriek and the engine ground around without starting. Everything being cold, Jenny was flooding her car. She just gave up after a minute of trying and her engine not catching. Hanging her hands on the steering wheel, her bare bottom squirming in the vinyl car seat, she looked around hopefully for a helpful face..

A young man's grinning face filled the driver's side window and Jenny heard his muffled voice through the glass, "Go ahead and pop the hood lady, and we'll see if we can get you going.."

Jenny shook her head in affirmation and searched around under her dash to find the hood release latch. She finally sprung it open and a few men gathered around to look at Jenny's engine, while the rest just hung around watching the cute blonde sit in the car.

The same young man came back and asked Jenny if he could try and start it himself so Jenny opened the door, gathered her skirt tightly in front of her, and came out of the car as he slid in. She felt very self-conscious standing there, and would be more so if she had realized how she was drawing more attention to her panty less condition by pulling her skirt tight, the material conforming smoothly across her bottom, leaving no panty line to be discerned by even the most careful glance.

And that sexy bottom was being very carefully glanced at!

Then they called over to the car to explain to her what exactly was wrong, and her wiggle over there had a few men groaning. She kept her hands holding the skirt material in front and leaned over into the engine compartment. It was explained to her that she had flooded the carburetor and they would have to wait a minute or two to let the gas evaporate.

Either view of Jenny was seductive. Her ample breasts squeezed together in her blouse and hanging over the car engine, or her firm, round bottom, tightly wrapped in light, cotton material, pointing up and out from the bend. She squeezed her long, smooth legs tightly together, down to the pointy heels of her white pumps and shifted on and off each foot as she stood, her hips swelling up and down with each step.

Jenny innocently asked, "Where is the carburetor?" and the man standing on the other side of the engine compartment reached over and slid his pointing finger between her breasts at the base of her deep cleavage.

I guess the carburetor must have been beneath Jenny's bosom and he was only answering her question, but it also felt pretty good to have his finger enveloped on both sides by soft, warm breast.

"Oooooo..." Jenny cooed as he pulled his finger back out.

She was caught totally by surprise, and so, was frozen with a look of shock on her face, her eyes wide as saucers. Everyone else was grinning wildly.

Jenny finally released her skirt and put her hands on the fender to straighten up, but our helpful mechanic had snagged the bottom of her V-neck line on a fuel mixture screw that stuck out of the side of the carburetor. She tried to pull herself up but found she was trapped in a bent over posture. She began twisting her hips and shaking her breasts from side to side in an effort to get her top free! Everyone began laughing and whistling at the sexy, young blonde.

A rumbling sound from the parking lot signaled the arrival of a big school bus, which hissed to a stop and rumbled open it's doors. Eighty scouts came piling out of the bus and began running all over the place, acting like a pack of wild animals. It didn't take them long to find Jenny and they began snapping pictures of the helpless women, bent over a fender and wiggling frantically to escape.

NO, the scouts didn't strip poor Jenny, shame on you for thinking such a thing!

Jenny managed to do that all by herself. Well.. maybe with a little help.

The big dog that had been hanging around walked up to the blonde and put his cold, wet nose under her skirt in back, goosing her right between the cheeks down low.

"YIKES!" Jenny screamed and popped straight up!

She ended up flying backward as her momentum was released from her bent posture, the back seam on her blouse splitting straight down with a loud "RRRRRIIIIPPP!" and, swishing from her body, her blouse lay in a heap on the car engine.

Arms flailing wildly, Jenny and her naked breasts flew back off of the car, her legs out in front of her. She landed firmly on her bottom with a SPLAT, on the grass beside the sidewalk.

THEN the scouts took over!

A pair each grabbed the blonde's ankles and, keeping her legs rudely separated, began pulling Jenny around the grass in circles, Jenny's rump bumping up and down over the uneven ground. She clamped her hands on her breasts and yelled as her skirt rucked up to her waist, exposing the soft, blonde hair of her mons and the pouting lips of her sex.

"NO! ..STOP! ..DON'T! ..LET ME GO!" -Jenny was yelling as she was dragged around the little grassy area, her breasts bobbing in her hands, the crowd of men and boys cheering and hooting their encouragement to the scouts!

It's a wonder she didn't bump her soft behind on a sprinkler head sticking out of the grass. Her skirt, however, did manage to catch on one, the button on it popping off, the zipper running down, and then the seam below the zipper ripping away to leave her skirt in tatters behind her. When the scouts realized they were dragging around a completely naked lady they dropped her ankles and stared.

You could here the little pocket cameras snapping away as Jenny rushed her hand to her crotch and clamped her legs together, vainly trying to cover the rest of her heaving chest with her free arm. She blushed all over and looked up at the crowd with a shocked look.

"OHMYGOD!" she thought as it sunk in that she would have to get up and get back to her car, in front of everyone, in nothing but a pair of heels.

She leaped up in a panic and tried to get across the lawn in a hurry, but those same heels kept sinking into the grass and made her pause and wiggle a few times to free herself. The scouts resumed their torment of Jenny and took turns giving her bottom a slap whenever she paused.

"Ouch! Ooow! Eeek!" she squeaked and jumped at every spank!

She was lurching forward at a good clip now, frantic to escape the stinging little hands whacking her soft bottom, and was almost to the open door of her car.. when she tripped. The young man who had previously been trying to start her car hadn't left the driver's seat yet, however, and Jenny pitched forward across his lap, her bottom served up in front of him like a tasty dish!

He just grinned and said, "Here..let me help you up", grabbing as much of her right breast as he could with one hand and as much of her left ass cheek as he could with the other, pushing and pulling.. with a fair bit of squeezing I might add.. until he "helped" poor Jenny into an upright position.

Reluctantly letting go and stepping aside, a howl of laughter and whistles accompanied Jenny, as she leaped into the car and slammed the door.

They barely had time to slap the hood shut as Jenny gunned the motor to life and peeled backwards out of the parking space.

And they were still waving and cheering at the naked blonde as she drove out of the rest stop and back on to the highway.

Jenny found a deserted farm road off the highway and pulled over to search for something to wear. She found her panties on the dashboard, badly stretched out. They sagged horribly when she tried them on. She would have to hold them up with one hand just to keep them on! The only other thing she could find was a frilly, pink apron she had once had a humiliating experience in. But if that's all you have, you make do, so Jenny pulled the neck straps behind her head and tied a knot. She wrapped the frilly belt strap behind her and tied a bow so she could get it untied easily later to take off. Hiking her panties up, Jenny got back in her car, mentally reminding herself to observe the speed laws on the way home..she sure didn't want to be stopped by a police officer and have to try to explain why she was dressed like this!

When she pulled down her street she scrunched down in her seat, and looked around to see if anyone was outside, and could see her if she made a mad dash inside. No one appeared to be but Jenny felt very nervous, and scooted even lower as she pulled in the drive. No one was outside right now, so she grabbed her purse and leapt out of the car, her panties sagging in the back immediately.

She felt so exposed and ridiculous in this skimpy, little pink apron. Her heels clicked rapidly on the pavement up to her door and she used her purse to cover her bare behind. But now she had to use it to get out her keys.. so she turned toward the street to hide her naked bottom.

But nothing could hide the blush across her cheeks, or her look of embarrassment..."WHA..?"

She couldn't find the keys!

"OH NO! I left them in the car again!" Jenny wailed, and, dropping her purse, she ran to the car and shook the door handle violently, her bouncing cheeks in plain view for her entire neighborhood. They jiggled in a frilly, pink frame of apron as she wrestled with the locked door. She had done it again, locked the keys inside the car, and was now in a state of panic. Terrified someone would see her, she cupped her ass cheeks in her hands and ran to the side gate to her backyard.

Mrs. Lemon next door hadn't seen her, she was too busy yelling at Mr. Lemon to pick up after the dog out back, and do something to get rid of those flies.. and, on and on and on! So Mr. Lemon left the kitchen, grabbing a fly swatter on his way out, grumbling under his breath.

In the side yard, Mr. Lemon heard some rustling by his neighbor's gate and heard it squeak open on it's hinges. He stood up on a chair by the fence and looked over. There was that sexy blonde! In a frilly, pink apron, and her big, bouncy boobs threatening to burst from her top!

And those boobs looked obviously naked underneath!

He could clearly see her nipples poking out the material in front. She turned around pushed the gate closed with two hands, her bare rump sticking out for him, her panties sagging down her thighs.

He didn't hesitate either..

"WHAP!" the fly swatter whistled through the air.

"YEEOOOOW!" Jenny came off the ground and her fingers splayed, her eyebrows shot up, and her knees knocked together.

"Whap, whap, whap!" he got off three in succession before Jenny could whirl around.

She clutched her bottom and ran screaming into her backyard..

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**Jenny The Waitress**

by ?

Jenny peeked out the door barely opened. Her beautiful blue eyes wide and fearful, she glanced

over towards her neighbor's yard and crinkled her mouth in a grimace. She had a feeling he was there but couldn't be sure. It was still quite early in the morning and he was an elderly gentleman, after all, but she had been caught enough times now to be extra careful before making that mad dash to her car.

"I just don't know what gets into him.." she thought and sneaked gingerly around the half opened door, tip toeing to try and keep the click of her high heels on the pavement from giving her away.

Jenny looked rather sharp and businesslike this morning dressed in a black, skirted suit falling just above the knee with a matching jacket. The only pair of black pumps she had to go with it were too high, at 4 inches, but the alternative was to wear shoes that didn't match and she felt that would leave a bad impression and look very unprofessional.

Not wanting any flash of white to inadvertently show in contrast to the black of her suit she had made certain to wear black panties and a bra, so that the only thing not black in her ensemble were the sheer-to-waist suntan pantyhose she wore over her panties.

Luscious and curvy, the flash of those beautiful legs were enough to make her neighbor, Mr. Lemon, set down his coffee cup rather hastily as he peered out his kitchen window. Scraping his chair back across the floor and rising, he blurted out to his wife, cooking at the stove..

"Gonna' go out and get the paper dear.." and was at the door in a flash.

"Well it's about time.." she murmured to herself, never turning around from her task.

Jenny had reached her car and was about to open the door when she noticed she had left the water

hose across the drive behind her car, from having watered the lawn the previous night with a sprinkler attachment. She pouted at her negligence and walked around to the back of her car and bent down to grab it and haul it out of the way. Her trademark deep bend at the waist had the marvelous effect of lifting the back hem of her flared skirt behind her to the height of the top of her thighs . So it took barely any breeze at all to send the back of her skirt up. It flapped over on to her back and revealed the smooth, round globes of her bottom, barely concealed beneath the pantyhose and brief black panties.

Only Jenny could have missed it, and she continued to reel in the water hose, her vigorous arm jerkings setting her hips in motion. And the resulting jiggle of her buns had Mr. Lemon standing slack jawed and aroused, creeping towards the hapless blonde, one hand holding his folded newspaper and the other reaching forward for the inevitable.

He pinched her bottom down low on her right cheek and she shrieked and rose up with a little hop, her hand whipping around behind to grab her rear end.

"Eeeeeeek!" she emitted as her eyes became as wide as saucers and she thrust out her bosom by pulling her offended buns forward.

Not sparing the breath to even bawl the old gentleman out, she hastily set off in a mincing trot around the car, holding both sides of her skirt down with her hands. Her bouncing breasts and jiggling bottom were enough enticement to encourage the old codger to follow behind her, grabbing her sweet cheeks beneath her skirt. Definitely a feeling he would replay in his mind for days to come, he was grinning madly as he squeezed Jenny's pantyhosed bottom and she yelped and lurched at each grab.

Her only salvation came after a number of circuits around the vehicle when her lusty neighbor tripped and stumbled over the water hose, giving her a chance to slam the keys into the driver's side door and hurriedly unlock and open it in time to ...ALMOST dive into the front seat.

But not before the she felt the slap of his newspaper on her bottom!

"Ooow!" she blurted as she fell forward across the seat, her legs sticking out the open car door.

Mr. Lemon appraised the situation for a moment and then grabbed both of Jenny's ankles and began

lifting and spreading her beautiful legs to see what he might get a glimpse at. This rucked the blonde's dress up to her waist and she grabbed onto the passenger seat to begin the tug-of-war that ensued.

"Frank! You let go of that girl this instant!" Mrs. Lemon yelled from her front porch, her face red with anger.

Having heard the all to familiar tone that worked like a fear trigger in him, Jenny's neighbor suddenly released her ankles and jumped back, hiding his hands behind him like a child scolded.

Jenny, blushing furiously at being so exposed to the entire neighborhood, scrambled to pull her skirt back down and crawl back into her car. A number of her other neighbors stood on their porches and clapped at the show, cheering with hilarity at the airheaded blonde's embarrassment, which Jenny noticed after having gotten herself upright in her seat and glanced around.

She turned a few more shades of red and ground her car's ignition starting it up. Having just barely missed running the old man over as he slunk off towards his wife and his fate, Jenny gunned her car and backed out into the street. She sped off down the street, wondering how on earth she could ever face her neighbors again after having been spread-legged and exposed in such a humiliating fashion.

"Oh my god! That was SOOOOO embarrassing!' she spoke out loud to herself as she tried to regain her composure and remember where she had to turn to get on the freeway south towards the address

for her assignment from Temp-Serve...

Jenny had no idea she was being sent to a restaurant until she pulled into the parking lot of the Blue Plate. She had thought from the name that it was going to be some kind of store which sold dinnerware or maybe antiques.

"What have I gotten myself into now?" she thought as she surveyed the gravel parking lot around what was, essentially, a luncheon diner. And to top it off, it appeared to serve an inordinate amount of pickup trucks and run down muscle cars. She tried to suppress her worries and put the best face on she could while exiting her car, wobbling across the uneven parking surface in her high heels, smoothing her skirt down, and adjusting her suit jacket.

The door to the diner creaked open and a little bell above it rang as she entered, assuring that everyone noticed the entrance of the beautiful blonde with the ample bosom. A blush crept across her face as she saw all heads turn towards her. A soft wolf whistle came from a burly trucker sitting at the counter by the cash register with a coffee cup halfway to his lips. A rather ancient waitress, with her gray hair teased up in an out-of-date bouffant hairstyle, came out from behind the register and approached Jenny. The look on her face was both appraising and disdainful at the same time as she croaked her greeting.

"And just how can I help you? she said in a sarcastic tone, 'or are you selling something?"

That got a few chuckles from her audience at the counter, and brought a high blush to Jenny's cheeks.

"Uh..maybe I've got the wrong address..you see, I'm from the TempServ Agency and.."Jenny tried to get out her answer but the woman's face changed into a grimace and she interrupted immediately.

"Oh for Christ's sake! We called in for a replacement waitress and get YOU?!!..oh, just great! You look like you've never waited a table in your life!'.. she paused to shake her head, 'well, nevermind, we still need the help even if you haven't, so follow me."

And with that she turned on heels and stomped off to the rear of the diner and pushing open a swinging door which led to the kitchen. Jenny stumbled along behind her, trying to get a word in edgewise.

"Here's a uniform" she said as she tossed a wad of pink material at Jenny from a stack in a box by the door, "..and you'll find an apron hanging on that hook back there by Handyman," she indicated by nodding her head to the receiving door at the back of the kitchen, where a smallish figure of a man stood with his back to them at a large metal sink, obliviously washing dishes while wearing a pair of Walkman headphones, nodding his head to the beat of a song only he was hearing.

"But I don't have any idea what to do! "cried Jenny "You were right before, I HAVE never waited on people before!".. which was barely acknowledged by the cranky waitress, who was fishing out a spare order tablet from her apron pocket.

She set it, and a pencil, down on a butcher block next to her and pointed to a grimy door next to the ovens.

"Don't worry about it toots, that's the bathroom where you can change and all you have to do is take orders and clip them on the metal wheel between the counter and the kitchen, and Handyman will

serve them up for you. Put your tips in that coffee can over there and we split them up at the end of the shift, lucky for you most of the breakfast rush is over but I am gonna' need some help for lunch, so get your butt in gear."

With that terse introduction to waitressing, she turned on her heels and pushed through the swinging door back out to the dining area as Jenny sputtered out her protests. Feeling there was not much else she could do in this situation, she walked over to the door of the rest room, shaking out the stretchy nylon uniform, examining the tag at the collar for size. "ONE SIZE FITS ALL" it read, and Jenny grimaced and hoped that was true.

She was pleasantly surprised to find empty clothes hangers hanging on a hook behind the door and shimmied out of her skirt and draped it over one. Next her blouse went over the top, and she draped her jacket around them both, giving a deep sigh as she held up the pink uniform to the light. Jenny didn't like the way the light came through it and was beginning to think that it was far too transparent a garment to wear with out a slip.

Her fears played out after pulling it on and zipping up the front zipper as far as it could go. That it ended with some mangled tines barely midway up her breasts was disconcerting enough, but when she looked down at herself..that was when the ubiquitous Jenny refrain escaped her lips..

"OH MY GOD!" she yelped as her eyes bulged out at what she saw. The black panty and bra set she had chosen to compliment her business suit was prominently visible through the pink material and she was shocked at how transparent the material actually was, especially after having stretched around her ample curves.

She looked in the mirror and blushed again as the visibility was so clear she could even see the lace edges around the bra cups. Hearing a yell for her assistance from through the door only flustered the busty blonde more, and she quickly came to the conclusion that the underwear just had to go or she would die from the embarrassment of it showing. She just hoped that the apron she was promised would serve to cover things sufficiently. So she doffed the uniform and begin her strip.

Removing her bra was snap, and her luscious breasts burst forth and wiggled a little but barely drooped. She flushed at how erect her pink nipples were. But removing her panties required taking her shoes and pantyhose off and she struggled doing that in such a confined space. She pulled the pantyhose back up as tightly as she could and slipped into her shoes as the door flew open and the old waitress glared at her with her hands on her hips.

"EEEEK!" Jenny squealed and brought an arm across her chest while she used the other to hide her

crotch.

"Oh for pete's sake!.. are you gonna' stand around naked all day long or are you working today?!!" the old gal hollered, with no attempt to hide her sarcastic tone.

She looked down at the floor briefly and then giggled as she pushed the rubber doorstop against the open door and waddled her way out of the kitchen.

Jenny stood there agog at the meanness of her actions.. but that was soon replaced by the terror of realization that she had to step OUT of the bathroom to remove the doorstop and be able to close the door so she could finish changing. Still clutching her breasts and pubes, she peeked out to see if anyone was around and edged her way out a little, stretching her foot as far as it could go to reach the doorstop with the toe of her pump. Her exasperation grew with her failure to do so, and she finally relented an stepped out, releasing her arm from her breasts and bending down to manually remove it.

Jenny's bends are famously revealing due to her daffy inability to realize she should bend her knees a little, so her round rump rose and spread as she did so, barely covered by the pantyhose. It gave a little shake despite the confining hosiery, but by the time she had finally freed the stubborn doorstop she had wiggled her bottom mightily in the process. And that was when she felt the hands on her bottom cheeks.

Her eyes blinked open to saucer-size and her mouth formed the perfect "oh" of surprise. Then as her jaw dropped and the fingers of both hands splayed open, she felt her bum being squeezed and she squealed! Bolting upright only served to loosen the muscles of her cheeks, which were previously flexed, and that gave the smiling cook even more available bottom to fondle. He giggled with

pleasure at the feel of her round behind under the hose.

"AAAAHHHH!!!!" Jenny yelled and gave a little hop from the grab, pulling free and stumbling into the bathroom with both hands covering her bottom, the door blessedly coming closed behind her.

She whirled around and grabbed the knob, pressing the knob button to lock it. She felt her skin grow hot and glanced up at her red face in the mirror as she heard the piercing wolf whistle on the other side of the door.

Jenny began stuttering her "ohmygods" as she fumbled with the uniform, hastily pulling it over her head and down her curvaceous body, smoothing the skirt and holding the bottom of the zipper as she tried in vain to pull the zipper clasp up past the mangled tines.

No good. The stretchy material molded around her boobs and squished them together sufficiently to create a deep cleavage and the un-done up zipper exposed that deep cleft halfway down her breasts.

IF she moved gingerly that is..

How in the world was she going to face the man who fondled her bottom was what Jenny was thinking as she opened the door and peeked out. She distractedly held one hand splayed across the top of her breasts because she was so conscious of how much cleavage was on display due to that mangled zipper.

Her other hand had a tight grip on the front of her stretchy pink waitress uniform, pulling it down hard across her crotch. Was it her imagination or was this uniform not only too tight and seemed to form a second skin across her curvaceous body, but distinctly felt as well like it was creeping up at the hem with her every movement? Her eyes darted around the kitchen area as she eased a pointed toe of her sexy black heels forward, her body following in a sliding motion, her nervousness over the revealing nature of her uniform compounded by the fact that she wore so little underneath it.

She whispered "ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod.." over and over as she mentally prayed that her uniform wasn't nearly as transparent as she remembered it being earlier, and that the apron she hoped to quickly find was sufficiently large to cover it if it was!

"Hey beautiful, I hope I didn't startle you there.." came a voice behind her and to her left, "I was sure your as..uh.. I mean YOU were someone else I knew. Ya' see, I wasn't exactly gazin' at your ..uh, face, that is," that last part delivered with a sniggering voice.

Jenny had been peering around the door frame in the other direction at the time, and jumped in fright, spinning around towards the sound, looking enough like a deer caught in the headlights to bring forth a chuckle from the grinning cook.

"Oh!..uh, I..er..uh, could really use an apron if you know where one is?!" stammered the blushing Jenny.

"Sure, beautiful.." he replied, "right over there," he indicated by hooking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Oh, thank you!" gushed Jenny as she clutched her uniform in one place after another, pulling and stretching it to cover as much as she could, off in the direction he had pointed out to her, high heels clicking across the kitchen floor.

Unfortunately for Jenny, where she need to get too required that she slide by the cook and a cutting table, so that she was forced to twist herself sideways and take little steps to ease by. She blushed dramatically as the cook did little to give way to her progress, and even seemed to insinuate himself more in the narrow passageway so as to necessitate a squeezing of their bodies together.

Jenny, for her part, did all she could so as to not brush up against the man too brazenly, but her bulging bosom betrayed her and squished hard against his chest, deepening her cleavage as he leaned against her and rose up, pushing her round, creamy breasts further out the top their restrictive bodice. The brownish-pink of her aerioles peeked into view as the top of her boobs bulged and heaved below his gaze.

At the same time, Jenny did all she could to pull herself back and away from the extremely embarrassing predicament, forcing her round rump against the cutting table and hooking the back hem of her uniform on a protruding cooking utensil hook fastened to the side of the table. She barely noticed this, however, in her present distress and when she finally did wiggle by the leering fellow the base of the long center seam in the back of her uniform had popped, as the stretchy material pulled free from the hook. She did notice the "snap" of the material as it pinged her nylon-clad rear end and she gave a little "Eew!" in response, cutely reaching back to cup her bottom.

The cook smiled and gave an appreciative look at her retreating backside. He was sure that he had never seen a more perfectly shaped posterior in his life and was determined to get his hands on it again.

Jenny's little nervous trot to the back of the kitchen in the tight uniform did a great job of jiggling her soft, rounded bottom and barely contained bosom. Her heels clicked across the floor and she reached up unconsciously to adjust her pinned-up hair, unaware that her uniform rose with her arms and revealed the lower half of her cheeks to the man behind her.

He groaned and grabbed his stiffening member, actually letting out a gasp when she bent down and displayed even more bottom as she pick up an apron from the stack on the folding chair by the back door.

Her long, luscious legs would have looked good enough bare, but in the slightly darker nylon of her pantyhose they were gorgeous. And her behind was magnificent!.. as he noticed that the pantyhose were sheer and the only indication they were even there was the dark seam that ran right along the crack of her cheeks.

As Jenny straightened up her uniform skirt fell back down to just barely cover those cheeks and she turned and faced the man, whose stare seemed transfixed on her lower body. That soon changed as his eyes rose to take in the curve of her hips and the indentation of her trim waist, rising still, to gaze in wonder at her breasts. Jenny did little to dissuade his attention by inadvertently sticking her 38-DD boobs out by reaching back with both arms to tie the back of her apron.

"Oh my goodness!" thought the buxom blonde, as she noticed that the apron only had a semi-circular front panel that hung down from her waist with a wavy hem bordering it. It didn't cover the top of her uniform at all, leaving her protruding bosom visible. It also was a very short panel itself, and just came to the front hem of her skirt.

As she was tying it behind her she looked down and saw in the bright light of the kitchen that the darker circles of her nipple area were discernible beneath the material, and that the movement of her bare nipples beneath the tight nylon had stimulated them enough to cause them to stiffen and poke the material out suggestively. She reflexively brought her hands to her breasts to cover the embarrassing exposure and looked up to see the man staring at her with his mouth open.

His reverie, and her squirming, came to a halt as the other waitress slammed open the swinging door and yelled at the both of them to get off their asses. Didn't he see the order tickets piling up on the wheel? ..or was he too busy making sure she had tits? ..were her comments directed towards the horny cook.

For Jenny she reserved her most sarcastic voice, however, and asked her if she was ready now or did she want a formal invitation? This made Jenny feel very guilty and temporarily forget her revealing uniform enough to jiggle over to the counter and hurriedly grab the order pad. She held on to it with one hand and the hem of her skirt with the other as she followed the waitress through the door and into the seating area, beginning her first waitressing ever..

The only patrons left from breakfast were a large truck driver at the counter and two pair of men seated at a table and an adjoining booth. They all looked up as the waitresses came through the door from the kitchen. The trucker had seen Jenny earlier in her business suit but the other men had not, and their silverware clanked down on their plates and their food lay un-chewed in their mouths as they stared wide-eyed at the beautiful blonde.

A soft whistle of appreciation drifted in the silence of the diner as the older waitress turned to Jenny and announced that she was going on break to have a cigarette out back, and that everyone except the two with coffee had ordered, and to take their orders down on the pad and put it on the wheel, as well as see if everyone else was okay with coffee, and she showed Jenny the percolating coffee pot behind the counter on the hot plate.

Jenny nodded seriously and was paying rapt attention while she absent mindedly tugged at her skirt hem and chewed on her lower lip. She was concentrating very hard on everything she was being told and didn't notice the lustful stares of the male patrons around her.

For their part, they were taking in the enormous size of her breasts and the creamy softness of their bare, exposed areas. They were bulging out the top of her dress and displayed a deep, long cleavage down to their base due to the halfway zipped up uniform. The cute blonde's nipples were very

prominent, and her aeriolas made dark visible circles, making it abundantly clear she was bra-less under her clothes.

Her long, curvy legs in the sheer pantyhose seemed to rise up forever in that short skirt. And her sexy heels stood her up straight and forward, not only accenting the curve of her legs but causing her back to arch and her breasts to thrust forward and her rear end to jut out to compensate. The effect of which was an extremely erotic posture, only added to by the innocent, baby-faced expression on the blonde's face. She seemed like a voluptuous Cupie Doll in a stretchy, tight pink uniform and frilly white apron, both of which barely covered her.

Jenny timidly looked out at her first customers and wondered what to do first. Then she remembered that one pair of men had not ordered yet and she looked at her order pad and realized she had no pencil. Looking around by the cash register she found one but in her nervousness she dropped it and it rolled away into the aisle between the counter and the booths. Jenny hopped after it in her clicking heels, setting her breasts to bobbing up and down and the hem of her uniform on a creeping course northward.

Reaching down with one hand, as if to grab it as she bounced forward, and holding the order pad with the other, her hem rose without a checking influence. By the time the pencil stopped rolling and Jenny came to a halt and made her deep bend to grab it, the clingy fabric had bunched up at her waist, and all that prevented an unrestricted view of her blonde bush was a small white panel of white fabric sewn into the pantyhose at the crotch.

The men seated at the table and in the booth were treated to a glorious look at Jenny's hanging bosom. It swayed in front of her and threatened to fall out of the stretchy, pink fabric. The pressure of her large breasts pulled down the material covering them and, although the zipper held it's place, they bulged out of the top enough to expose all but her nipples and some of her lower breast. They sat transfixed at the vision of those creamy globes bobbing and her rigid nipples pointing out.

The truck driver sitting behind her at the counter practically rose from his seat when he saw her skirt rise up to the top of her bottom. He was not expecting a bare set of of cheeks beneath the pantyhose

and was pleasantly caught off guard.

Everyone sat mesmerized as the curvy blonde straightened herself and grabbed the top of her uniform and pulled up, and then the hem of her skirt and pulled down. Then she smiled at everyone and blushed pink in her cheeks and wiggled over to the men in the booth who were drinking coffee.

"Can I get you gentleman anything to eat?" Jenny said innocently, as she leaned forward and tempted gravity to release her bosom from the uniform.

The men's eyes bulged almost as much as the top of the cute blonde's breasts, and while one of them appeared speechless, the other grinned and winked at Jenny.

" Why sure, sweetcheeks. I'm in the mood for some chicken this morning' he said, ' how are your breasts? Are they nice and plump?"

The other man started to giggle as Jenny looked at them helplessly. She was oblivious to the innuendo but felt perplexed because she couldn't answer the man's question.

"I guess I could take you back to the kitchen and you could look at them" stated Jenny in all seriousness.

This only brought howls of laughter from the patrons and she blinked and looked confused at what they found so funny in what she had said.

The jokester was so pleased with her response he decided not to press it further and just reassured her that all he really wanted was some eggs and bacon. His friend, on the other hand, had spent a good deal of time stretching his neck around behind the stacked waitress, perusing her lovely rounded bottom. His eyes lit up with an idea.

" Oh Miss, ya' know what I would really like ?" he said in feigned innocence, and crooked his finger at Jenny as if to signal her to lean close so she could hear his order clearly over the laughter.

"What might that be Sir?" Jenny said, bending down and displaying not only her cleavage to the seated men but a good deal of bottom cheek to the men behind her at the next table.

"I would really like to get my hands on some hot split buns.." he said in the sudden silence, and to emphasize his meaning and make sure the airheaded blonde got the gist of it, he reached around her as he said it and cupped her bottom cheek with his hand and wiggled it up and down as the patrons erupted in laughter and catcalls.

Jenny stood straight up immediately and reached around to bat his hand away and was blushing furiously, more than aware that she had no panties on and the man's hand had jiggled her bare cheek beneath the pantyhose and he most certainly knew that!

"I'm just teasin' you dollface' he sputtered out between guffaws 'you can bring me some scrambled eggs..".

He licked his lips with satisfaction as he memorized the feel of that luscious bottom in his hand.

Jenny, for her part, remained transfixed for a moment in her embarrassment and then realized she was supposed to write all this down and chewed her lower lip in concentration as she scribble their order on the order pad. She didn't make it away from the quartet without one parting shot, as one of the men seated at the table behind her managed to give her bum a pinch as she wiggled by.

This set the group laughing and whistling again as Jenny reacted so predictably, squeaking an "EEW!" and hopping up from the goose, her breasts and bottom jiggling.

She wiggled away with one hand behind her cupping her pinched fanny and with a blush creeping across her face and down her neck.

"My! The men around here sure don't control their hands very well!" thought Jenny as she went back behind the counter and tore off the order from the pad.

As she reached over and up to attach it to the metal wheel between the counter and the kitchen, her hem rose and afforded the trucker at the counter a wonderful look at those beautiful legs and and the bottom of her gorgeous fanny. He thought he might just sit here all day, and to hell with his deliveries!

Surprisingly, Jenny began to waitress with some proficiency despite the occasional comment and pat on the rump. She delivered the breakfasts, as well as a number of coffee refills, and was feeling like she was getting the hang of it as she trotted back and forth between her customers and the order wheel behind the counter.

She was still acutely aware of her lack of underwear however, and how uncomfortably short her uniform was, so to compensate she was being very careful about her hem, tugging it down as far as she could prior to any bending. And her steps, while rapid, were checked sufficiently so as to not allow a long stride from raising it as well. There was not much she could do about her breast exposure since her zipper was stuck at the base of her big, soft globes, but she tugged the sides together as best she could when she thought of it and hoped no one was looking too carefully at how transparent the uniform was, especially over the darkened area of her nipples. The material rubbing across their surface was stimulating them to prominence, however, and they were definitely being noticed despite her wishful thinking.

Gladys, the grumpy older waitress, had returned from her smoke break and was taking care of her customers. Jenny was left to filling the trucker's coffee cup and waiting for her first pair of customers to finish their meal. When they did, she scurried over to their table to clear the table.

And they waited for her to do it too! As she picked up their plates, with their cups and silverware balanced on each, she was rewarded with a unique tip from each of the leering men. As soon as they were sure that Jenny's hands were truly full and unable to fend anything off they began telling her what a great waitress she was, and how much they appreciated her service, and how they both wanted her to have a little extra something from them. And with that, they each reached over from either side of Jenny and tucked a fiver into the top of her uniform. Their double "tucking" from either side, of course, pulled her uniform in opposite directions!

POP!

Her breasts bounced out of their precarious enclosure with a wobble!

"OHMYGOD!" she shrieked as every eye in the place watched her beautiful bosom jiggle free.

Her hard, large nipples were pinkish red and swollen. A blush of embarrassment spread across her face and down to her chest as she looked around frantically, hopping from foot to foot. Not even thinking to just put the plates down and cover herself up, Jenny panicked and struck off at a wiggling trot toward the kitchen door, her heels clicking on the linoleum. She tried desperately to keep everything balanced as her bare breasts bounced around in front of her. The men were cheering and hooting as Jenny's boobs bobbed up and down with her every step and she mewled "oh! oh! oh! oh!.." as she wiggled that ample form across the restaurant with innocent sensuality. The cups and silverware were dancing on the plate surfaces from her shaky hand's trying to hold them still. Just as she was about to get safely to the swinging door, the trucker from the counter reached over and deftly pulled her skirt up to her waist in back!

The restaurant erupted in catcalls and and whistles. They all marveled at her lovely behind, barely covered in shear hosiery, jiggling up and down with the cadence of her step. So as Jenny lurched forward through the door to the kitchen all her voluptuous, bare roundness, both front and back, heaved up and down, unconfined. Her jiggling cheeks were cutely framed by the hitched up dress and the white bow of her apron sat atop them, as if her behind was a sexy, wrapped birthday present.

Jenny crashed through the door and skidded to a stop in her four inch heels, waving her arms to keep the plates balanced, and came face to face with the grinning cook. He couldn't believe his good fortune and licked his lips as his greedy gaze took in the blonde's huge bosom, naked and inviting. He offered to help her with the dishes, and stepped forward so as to stand directly in front of Jenny, his face inches away from her jutting boobs.

As he took the plates from her and quickly set them down, Jenny's hands flew down to the hem of her skirt to cover herself. Wasting no time, he began "helping" her stuff her breasts back in her uniform! Jenny looked down helplessly, as the man pulled out each side of her uniform with one hand and them used his other to squeeze and fondle each of her breasts in his effort to push them back in their enclosure. He managed to get some of them covered but made sure the nipples on either side were just peeking out, so that he could grab hold of each with his fingers and pinch them a little as he worked them under the material fabric.

"Ooooooooh! Dear me!" Jenny exclaimed as her eyes went wide as saucers and a flush of sensation cascaded over her body.

She quickly stepped back as soon as she could and covered her bosom with her hands, blushing furiously.

"You look like you could use a break Sweetheart, ..here, have seat and take a load off" the cook said and scooted a high stool her way.

He picked up the dishes and took them to the sink, dumping them in the frothy water, making short time of it however, as he didn't want to miss seeing this busty babe climb on to the stool in her short skirt.

And Jenny didn't disappoint him either, as she took a good minute getting up there. She tried in vain to hold down her skirt hem as she reached back and placed a hand on the back of the stool. Hooking a heel on the lower stool rung, she wiggled her hips and did little bounces to try and heave her cute behind up on the surface of the seat. Not having a great deal of success, but definitely jiggling her her breasts almost free from the uniform top, she finally succumbed to the inevitable, and hooked her heel on a higher rung and reached back with both hands behind her to grasp the seat. Her raised leg pulled the uniform up to her waist and it was a toss up what to look at first, her exposed pubic area beneath the nylon hose, or her dramatically bouncing breasts!

As she plopped her soft backside down on the seat she hooked her other heel on the top stool rung as well, which raised her knees higher than her waist. Those long, beautiful legs ended at the seat with the soft back of her thighs facing forward and her sex poking out between them, with nothing available to hide it even if Jenny had noticed, which she hadn't.

She held one hand to her her cleavage and yanked the front of her skirt as far forward as she could with the other. This caused the back of her uniform to pull up to the top of her buttocks in back and her nylonized buns hung off the back of the stool enticingly. She wiggled and jiggled on the seat in an attempt at modesty but it was a short lived performance.

Gladys came storming back in the kitchen and goosed Jenny's left cheek with her sharp pencil and screamed that she needed help out there because the lunch crowd was beginning to arrive. She added a few sarcastic comments about Jenny's lack of underwear and if she thought she might be able to keep herself tucked in from now on, and then left.

Jenny squeaked a cute "Ow!" and grabbed her poked behind, and then struggled to get off the stool without completely exposing herself to the hungry gaze of the cook. But by the time her feet reached the floor the stretchy pink uniform was bunched up under the short white apron in front and nothing impeded the view of her blonde bush except the sheer pantyhose. She knocked her knees together and crouched as she reached under the apron with both hands to retrieve the skirt hem, wide eyed and red-faced.

When she whirled around, away from the cook and towards the door to hide her condition,all she ended up doing was showing her rear end to him. He mumbled something about her having a great ass and gave her bum a quick slap, propelling her out the door to the restaurant, Jenny crying out a high pitched "OUCH!" from the spank and stumbling into view of the patrons clutching her buttocks with both hands, her almost bare breasts jutting forward.

The restaurant was beginning to fill up for lunch, and all the patrons were male working class types that thoroughly enjoyed watching the busty blonde in the skimpy pink uniform. Jenny tried to be polite and helpful in her innocent way, and was beginning to think that all the little pats on her rump were their way of showing appreciation for her efforts. She was oblivious to all the attention her boobs were getting and had no idea that all those requests for coffee from men directly on the opposite side of the tables from her were only to assure that she bent way over and hung those huge breast over the tables for everyone's inspection.

Her enormous bosom strained at the fabric and threatened to tumble out at each request, and more than a few patrons took that exact moment to reach for something in the table center and brush their hands against her protruding nipples and bulging breasts, Jenny taking it all as accidental.

Her constant bending and stretching over the tables so dramatically, had other effects as well. She often raised a beautiful leg up in back to compensate for a stretch and the curvy, nylon encased legs in the sexy black high heels were stunning to behold. But if that wasn't enough, her luscious round bottom invariable came into view as well as the stretchy pink uniform rose high on her backside. The soft, bulging cheeks in the sheer hosiery, exposed to all behind her, was too tempting a target for some.

She often ended up spilling some coffee and bolting upright with a "Ew!" as stray fingers pinched her bottom or grasping palms gave a cheek a quick squeeze. Jenny couldn't pass those off as being merely friendly, and invariably whirled around with a cute pout and look of consternation at the smirking men. But there was no way to tell which one had done it so she just "harumphed" and wiggled off, leaving a trail of whistles and laughter behind her.

Jenny's most perilous moments were just as before, when she had her hands full of dishes and couldn't protect herself. Then she would attempt to keep her plates balanced, wobbling around in high heels, often having to squeeze herself between tables and the men in them. Sometimes she would get help from her patrons, as they would grab hold of her hips on either side and "steady" her, but often those hands strayed and caressed those silky legs on up her skirt. On those occasions she became even more wobbly as she squirmed and wiggled and pressed her legs together tightly to resist their fondlings.

Her breasts were not immune to these incidents as well, and more than a few times a nipple was tweaked or one or another of those luscious globes were cupped and squeezed. Her protestations were adorably cute and predictable, as she cooed or squeaked an "Oh!",or "Ouch!", and blushed dramatically, while all her abundant womanly attributes jiggled and jumped in reaction.

And the tips were incredible, if sometimes offered in an unconventional way. Quite a few fingers were treated to the touch of her soft, creamy breasts as they managed to deposit bills down her blouse front. And if a finger strayed over an erect nipple it was to be expected, as they were so prominent and stiff from all the stimulation she was receiving they begged for it. On a couple occasions the more adventurous patrons managed to wait until Jenny's hands were full of plates and they actually got a tip deposited in the waist band of her pantyhose in back.

This, of course, had the effect of raising her uniform skirt to the top of her cute, round bottom and required her to try and get all the way to the kitchen, often being patted and pinched on the way, to finally be able to pull her skirt down (with the cook's help, as you can well imagine!).

This didn't go unnoticed by Gladys and she was making sure Jenny put all these monies in the tip can in the kitchen. But all the attention she was getting was still unnerving to the woman, and she became miffed as more and more patrons actually requested Jenny serve them rather than her.

It was these events that led up to Gladys deciding to get rid of the blonde bimbo. The opportunity presented itself when she noticed a single dangling thread at the back hem of Jenny's skirt. Previously Jenny had tried to scoot past the lecherous cook in the kitchen and in doing so she managed to snag the hem right at the seam that ran up the back of her uniform. And now, as she was pouring coffee at the counter, Gladys noticed it and thought she might be "helpful" and pull that loose thread. But as she did she found that it just got longer, and seemed to be the main seam thread that ran up the back of the bimbo's uniform.

So in a flash of inspiration she tied it to her pencil in a few deft twirls, giggling to herself. She then offered the pencil to Jenny, putting it in the front pocket of the blonde's apron, saying something about not having time to find a sharp one when you were in a rush. Jenny thanked her and went about her business filling the cups of the counter customers.

As events played out during the lunch rush hour, the Blue Plate restaurant became more crowded than it had ever been. This might have had something to do with the citizen band radio traffic between the truck drivers that departed and the ones on the road near the diner, who were regaled enthusiastically with a description of the gorgeous blonde waitress and her heavenly knockers. Whatever the cause, every seat and stool was taken, and even available standing room had men sipping coffee and watching Jenny maneuver through the throng.

It became a little unnerving to her that her every wiggle, bend, and stretch was followed by raucous hoots and whistles, but she was more concerned with avoiding the gropes and pinches to be too concerned.

When she returned to the crowded restaurant floor after receiving her "gift" from Gladys,she knew she had a table to wait on that was the furthest away from the counter entrance and kitchen door. So she took a big deep breath and adjusted her uniform as best she could, tugging up and down on various parts to cover the maximum about of exposed flesh. As an added precaution she wisely cupped her rear end to ward off any grabs on her way through the crowd. She looked adorable doing this, clicking by in her heels with her chest thrust out and her arms pulled back behind her, her breasts bouncing to the rhythm of her steps. It was due to that posture, however, that led to inevitable for Jenny on her way there.

In the middle of the restaurant, her increasingly strained zippered end at the bottom of her cleavage clicked and lost it's ability to hold together, and the zipper opened up with an audible "ZZZZRRRRIIIIIP!", whipping down to it's beginning point somewhere beneath her little frilly white apron.

"OH NO! OH DEAR ME! NOT AGAIN!"screamed Jenny as her bountiful bosom once again popped out from it's confines.

With her arms behind she had very little control over the shake and wobble of her enormous breast as they slowly bounced to a stop after their dramatic and appreciated exit. The restaurant came alive with laughter and cheers, as every man near her crowded closer still, pressing up against her with their eyes aglow and their mouths salivating.

Jenny quickly grabbed either side of her agape uniform and pulled it together, holding it tightly to her with one hand and returned the other to her backside for protection there, squeezing her way the best she could through the crowd of men. She was flustered and bright red from embarrassment but made it to the table she was headed for after brushing her voluptuous body against a dozen men.

While holding her uniform together with one hand in front, and doing an admirable job of covering up at least a small part of her breasts, she got her order pad out of her apron pocket with her other hand. Then she briefly let go of the front of her separated uniform as she shifted the pad to that hand and pressed it close up against her bulging breasts. She was trying to hold the two uniform sides together, and, hopefully, cover a little more of all that soft, creamy skin that was erupting from the uniform in a number of places

.

It actually got a little quieter as everyone’s attention was focused on Jenny's uniform front, and all minds were hoping she would lose the battle of trying to keep it closed.

" So, what would you like?" Jenny innocently said as she reached for the pencil in her pocket.

I know what you're thinking, you think that Jenny grabbed the pencil with the thread from the back seam of her uniform. Well, you're partially right. What Jenny did was fumble one-handed for a pencil and managed to pull both pencils out of her pocket and then drop the threaded one back in and bring up her original pencil to the pad to take the orders with. But the pencil with the thread didn't make it back in Jenny's pocket.

Bad aim I guess. And no, it didn't clatter to the floor, the thread wouldn't have let it anyway. No, it fell errantly in the lap of the customer to her right. The man noticed and picked it up to return it to her, but no words came out as he held it aloft, his attention being riveted to the stacked blonde's boobs. He was as interested in seeing if she could keep those beautiful breasts contained as everyone else in the restaurant.

So Jenny took the orders of the seated men and kept the order pad to her chest simultaneously holding a handful of uniform from either side of her breasts. As she departed she kept that hand where it was, to everyone's consternation, and even wrapped her other arm around her chest. She was determined to get back to the kitchen bathroom without exposing her breasts again.

And then it happened.

The man holding the pencil first noticed the resistance as Jenny whirled around to leave. He quickly figured out that the pencil he was holding was attached to the gorgeous waitress' uniform right at the base of her cute rear end, which he had his eyes glued to anyway. And he and the other very observant men couldn't help but notice as well that, as Jenny squirmed her way through the men standing near her, the taunt thread was pulling out further and unraveling the seam that went directly up the center of her bottom. The further she wiggled away the higher the unraveling went, and the tight stretchy pink uniform began separating up the back.

At first only a couple inches of nylon covered cheek and her crack began to show in the upside down "V" of absent material behind Jenny. This was primarily because her passage was not very swift as the men crowded in front of her in hopes of her boobs busting out again. But a whispered communication in the direction of Jenny's progress soon changed things.

Jenny's expression changed dramatically from one of worry to surprise as the men parted in front of her and gave her a long aisle in which to walk back. She actually stopped, she was so surprised, and glanced around a little, confused but grateful.

"Well thank you!" Jenny bubbled to the men as they watched her intently.

The seam had split and her uniform had spread apart up to the middle of her bottom. There was an audible intake of breath from the grinning, silent men as she took a step forward.

She had a cute smile on her face now, and although she was still grasping material and trying to cover her chest she was completely oblivious to the goings on behind her. As she bounced ahead in her trademark jiggly walk the thread became taunt and rose up her back, unraveling the seam and exposing her entire bottom covered in the sheer pantyhose.

The dark seam of the pantyhose came out from between her cheeks where her crack ceased and continued to the waistband. The, apparently, quite sturdy nylon thread continued it's progress up and under the cute white bow of her apron, and ran on up her back to the top of her uniform.

When Jenny's wiggling, round rump came into view a piercing wolf whistle rang through the restaurant and the men erupted in a cheer, laughing and hooting and jostling each other for a clear view. Jenny jumped with a start when this happened and picked up her pace towards the kitchen door, not knowing what an impressive view she was offering.

Jenny did notice one thing different during all this commotion, she noticed that she was more than able to bring the front of her uniform together. In fact, the material was slack and pulling easily forward. As she looked down confused she absent mindedly pulled it forward and away from her body and her short sleeves on either side came off her shoulders and slid down her arms. She was inadvertently stripping herself as her breasts and perky nipples came into view again.

Even one so slow on the uptake as Jenny could figure out that if so much material was showing up in front she must be losing some elsewhere, and she turned her head and looked over her shoulder.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!" she screamed and twirled, instinctively reaching back with her hands to cover her exposed behind.

The front of her uniform fell down to her waist when she did this and she shrieked again and pulled her hands up to hide her breasts, pulling her arms free of the uniform completely. She reacted to that by holding one arm across her chest and reaching down to grab the uniform flopped over her apron. And as she pulled it up to cover her boobs she pulled it out from the apron in front so that now it was just a wad of pink material she held to her chest!

"Ouch!" Jenny chirped, as she felt her fleshy bottom get pinched from behind.

She gave a little hop and turned around to face the pincher, her hands instinctively cupping her offended rump and a cute pout on her face. This brought enthusiastic hoots and catcalls from the crowd because she ended up dropping her uniform and was essentially standing there naked in sheer pantyhose and a small, white apron in sexy, 4-inch black heels, holding her delicious bottom, with her enormous breasts thrust out!

The men could barely contain themselves, and more than a few were holding themselves, bug-eyed and slacked jawed. Not all were idle, however, as an arm stretched out from the crowd with a pointed index finger and tweaked Jenny's erect left nipple, which popped back up in it's rigidity, pink and stiff.

"Oooooooo!" she cooed and brought her hands up to cup her breasts and hide her nipples in her palms.

She turned bright red from embarrassment and whirled around in a circle with a panicked look on her face, giving the entire group ample views of her gorgeous body from all angles. She finally realized she should look for her uniform, but glancing down was impossible for Jenny, her breasts were just too large and prominent to allow that.

So she did what she could to see the ground, which was to bend at the waist. And it was outstanding to see. She still held her breasts in her cupped hands but her cleavage was magnificent and her round, creamy globes were barely hidden from view. And, of course, her long curvy legs in the hose were sexy as hell, especially in those heels. But her upturned bottom, encased in sheer nylon, was just too enticing. Her two perfectly round rump cheeks seemed poised in midair, topped off by a cute white bow. Her pretty pink labia were just peeking out from between her legs, slightly visible beneath the beige nylon.

It was inevitable I guess, but it certainly caught Jenny by surprise, that one of the men behind her would grab her bottom. And he did so by first grasping the waistband of her pantyhose and pulling them down to just below her cheeks. And then using both hands he squeezed each cheek and vigorously moved them up and down alternately in a kind of circular motion. They moved as firm, white balls smooth skin and felt fantastic in his hands for the few seconds it took Jenny to bolt upright and throw her hands in the air, jumping out of his grasp and sending her breasts skyward. They bounced on her chest with a life of their own, and didn't stop as she pranced away in her high heels.

She squeaked and squealed as her smooth bare bottom received a number of pats and squeezes down the aisle. She was too quick for a lot of fellows though, but not the burly trucker at the counter, who had been there since Jenny's arrival that morning. He scooped a big hand around as she wiggled past toward the kitchen door, and gave her naked, wiggling rump a quick slap! She lurched upward and gave a high pitched squeak, as her bosom bounced with her now pink behind, in a lovely jiggle that was the parting view to the cheering patrons as Jenny bounded through the swinging door.

Jenny ran straight for the bathroom to retrieve her clothes, trying in vain to hide her genitalia and breasts, but had given up on her cute, pink bum. And squeezing by the cook this time was even more difficult, as there was just too much bare flesh and not enough space. Of course he made it twice as difficult as before and helped her along with his guiding hands, holding a breast here and a buttock there, until she finally got by him.

But all she found in the bathroom was her purse, which she grabbed and ran with. She held her purse over her blonde pubes, and used her other hand to try and cover her bare bottom this time by the cook, so he just took the opportunity that presented itself and cupped his hands as best he could around her bulging breasts as she wiggled and shimmied by him. He smiled at her in a way that left no doubt in her mind that she would never see this morning's wardrobe again.

Jenny lost the last stitch of opaque clothing she had on her way through the restaurant to the entrance. Gladys made sure of that as she screeched at the bouncing naked blonde that she wasn't going to be stealing any aprons from her, and grabbed at the bow sitting atop Jenny's bare pink bottom. It came untied and whipped off Jenny, hanging from the old waitress' hand, and Jenny squealed in embarrassment.

So finally the adorable blonde with the bubble boobs made it out of the Blue Plate restaurant, when she had exposed her beautiful body to scores of horny men, and had been fondled briefly and been almost stripped completely. They piled out after her to watch her wiggling progress across the uneven parking lot surface in her sexy, black high heels.

She was trying to cover her pubic area with her purse but often had to pull it away as she waved her arm around to balance herself from falling as she wobbled off. That exposed her crotch and her blonde pubic hairs, that shone in the bright sunlight where they peeked over the top of her pantyhose waistband that lay pulled down to the top of her thighs in front and just below her bottom cheeks in back. Her sometimes free arm was totally inadequate at hiding her 38 DD chest, which bounced enthusiastically in front of her, with proud, erect pink nipples pointing the way.

Her long, beautiful legs were dazzling in their entire view, and were incredibly cute when she knocked her knees together and pointed her toes inward in an embarrassed posture, attempting to hide her sex from the lustful stares around her. Her shapely bare bottom cheeks in full sunlight, exposed above the pantyhose, galvanized all eyes occasionally, however, as they jiggled and shook with the sway of her hips and the bounce of her step.

It wasn't easy making her way to her car across the unpaved ground in her heels and she was moving as fast as she could but was acutely aware of her whistling, hooting audience and her face was brightly flushed and she was chanting "0hmygod!"s continually between the occasional squeak when she felt herself tripping and about to fall.

Jenny didn't fall though and made it to her car door and fumbled with her keys purse to find her car keys for what seemed likes hours to her, while she hopped from foot to foot in agitation, whispering "oh..oh..oh..oh!" as the restaurant patrons cheered. Her bouncing rear and wobbling breasts were deliciously active with all that hopping, and she was getting more and more flustered and embarrassed as she heard the men behind her cheering and clapping her performance.

Of course she dropped her keys. She IS Jenny, after all. And her innocently deep bend to retrieve them was a fantastic mooning to the audience behind her, and the ultimate parting shot. It was greeted with a thunderous cheer of approval which caused Jenny to look back over her shoulder when she straightened up with an adorable look of embarrassed surprise, and a blush seemed to creep all the way down to suffuse her bare round bottom.

She turned her attention back to hurriedly opening her car door and slid into the front seat, giving the men approaching her car a great last view of her bouncing bosom as she gave out an "Eek!" and popped up off the seat momentarily as she felt the heat of the upholstery on her bare backside. She got her car started after repeatedly trying and grinding the ignition as her car was surrounded by her enthusiastic followers, and she squirmed and jiggled in her seat as she felt their eyes running over her beautiful naked body. She eased out of the parking lot for fear of running one of them over as they were all around her car and made her escape difficult.

Jenny sighed heavily and slumped down in her seat as far as she could one she was on the road back to her house, vowing to never take another job where a man was present again. Then a shudder rippled through her and jiggled her breasts again, as she thought of just HOW she was going to get in her house and past her neighbors (especially one in particular) in her present nakedness.

"Oh my god!" she whispered to herself.

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**Jenny Gets Wet**

by Mustang Diamond

Jenny was all dolled up in white tight fitting dress and matching thin high-heels. Ordinarily, she wouldn’t have worn such a risqué outfit, but she was meeting her husband at a special business affair and he asked her—too nicely to refuse—to wear something “spectacular.” He said he wanted to make a good impression and that a big deal depended on it. So, after trying in vain to find something in her wardrobe that would fit the spectacular category, she resorted to calling her friend Ashley to ask her if she could please borrow a dress for tonight.

Ashley immediately started scheming to get her bubbly-blonde-bombshell of a friend into the most daring outfit possible. With a little luck (or bad luck for Jenny) she might be able to set her up for some embarrassing fun. This, if you are a follower of Jenny’s misadventures, did not seem too far fetched. She could usually talk Jenny into wearing the most troublesome outfits. She told Jenny she had just the ticket and that she would be right over with it. Jenny was a little unsure, and asked her what she had in mind.

“Never mind, it’s the most perfect dress for a business occasion,” Ashley replied and hung up before she could argue.

She then pulled out a white, formal dress that was tight on her and she knew Jenny would have trouble getting her CC bust into it, but she would make sure she did. With a pair of scissors, Ashley cut a few stitches in strategic locations. She hoped the dress would slowly rip its seams so that Jenny wouldn’t suspect anything. She was careful not to cut too much so it didn’t show.

She then picked out a set of skimpy panties, garter and hose, all in white. She also brought along a lacy bra that would provide no support, but wouldn’t show under the tight bodice of the dress. Might as well get Jenny caught showing something worth looking at, she thought.

She smiled as she planned her strategy for talking Jenny into this outfit. She was about to leave when she remembered that Jenny wore the same size shoes as she, and so she grabbed her tallest white heels. Jenny will never know what hit her, she thought.

At Jenny’s, Ashley laid out the outfit on the bed talking the whole time about how wonderful Jenny would look.

Knowing Jenny would never dress in front of anyone, she said, “I’ll be in the kitchen if you need anything.”

Jenny was now running late and had no choice but to start dressing as quickly as she could. She put on the undergarments first, but when she got to the bra, she said out loud, “Oh no. This will never do. I’ll have to find one of my own to match.”

So she picked out one of her least troublesome and sturdy bras and put it on. Next came the dress. I sure hope I can fit into Ashley’s dress, she thought. But as she pulled it up and tried to zip up the back, she couldn’t get it to go to the top. Part of the problem was that it was in the back and she could hardly reach it, but the more obvious reason was that the dress was a good size too small.

“Ashley,” she called. “I need help with the zipper.”

“Be right there.” Ashley replied and came running to see how Jenny looked.

As usual, Ashley was stunned and jealous of Jenny’s perfect curves. Why does she look so good in everything, she thought. But she fought back the jealousy and started working on the zipper. She noticed her bra on the bed and figured Jenny was wearing on of her own.

“I think part of the problem is the bra you have on. Oh, you didn’t put on the one I brought. This one makes the dress all lumpy and is too thick to get the zipper past,” she lied smoothly.

Jenny, gullible as always, believed her and said, “but that one has no support and is practically indecent it’s so sheer!”

“Nonsense,” Ashley responded, I wear it all the time.

Not wanting to point out the fact that she was much more well-endowed, than her friend, Jenny said, “All right. If you think it will work.” And went about modestly changing with her back to Ashley.

When she had made the switch, Ashley carefully pulled up the zipper so she wouldn’t break any of the weakened seams.

“Goodness, I can hardly breathe.” Jenny gasped.

“You look sensational.” What was the word… “‘spectacular’,” she said.

“Really?” Jenny naively asked.

She was the kind of girl who just didn’t realize what a knockout she was.

“Really,” Ashley repeated, swallowing her pride. “Now the shoes.”

“I can’t wear heels that high!” Jenny exclaimed.

They were a good 4 inches and had straps that wound around in a crisscross pattern. The heels were very slim and she knew she wouldn’t be able to get around in them.

“Nonsense, I wear them all the time.” Ashley said.

Again, Jenny went along with her friends opinion and let her help put them on.

Arriving fashionably late (actually it seems she was always late), Jenny had to park in the second lot. And it was an all gravel lot at that.

She couldn’t even find a place to park near the paved sidewalk. She slid out of her car and smoothed her dress down with one hand while balancing with the other one on the car. Now she had to decide whether to struggle across the gravel lot in her high-heels (it was hard enough to stand in them) or cut across the grass to the other parking lot, which was paved. Both distances seemed too far.

As she started across the parking lot, she nearly fell and decided to try the grass. A fall on the gravel would ruin her hose at least. She didn’t even want to think about ripping a seam.

All dolled up in the white tight-fitting dress and matching thin high-heels, Jenny had to walk on her tiptoes on the grass to keep her heels from sinking. This wasn’t easy in Ashley’s 4” high-heeled shoes. At least they had a strap that wrapped around her ankle, or she might not have been able to keep them on her feet. It seemed to her that she would never make it to the party at the pace she was going. The dress was so tight, she had to take very small steps. Add to that, the high-heels and the grass, and her pace was nearly a crawl.

Don’t even think about crawling, Jenny chided herself. But she couldn’t help it. There was just too much time to kill as she painstakingly made her way across the lawn. She could just see herself having to crawl in this dress! She blushed at the thought of everyone watching her crawling with her dress hitched up around her waist so she could move her legs freely. The scary thing was that she could easily imagine such a predicament. She remembered how sheer Ashley’s panties were and she cringed, and had to stop for a break so she wouldn’t fall.

“What am I thinking?” she asked aloud. “There is no one even watching me for once!”

But she looked around just in case before starting out again, mincing along carefully.

Half way across the grass, the unthinkable happened: The irrigation system kicked on.

She was getting wet! At first she didn’t know what to do. She looked both ways and realized she might as well go forward since it was just as far to go back. She tried to run, but the tight dress and high-heels made it practically impossible. A couple of times she nearly lost her balance as her heel stuck in the ground. With the noise of the sprinklers all around her, Jenny didn’t hear the tell tale sounds of her seams beginning to give way. She thought about taking her shoes off, but it would take some doing to undo the straps. She wasn’t keen on bending over in her tight dress. With Jenny’s luck, she would rip right out of her dress and somehow end up naked! Besides that, her stockings would be ruined running through the now wet grass.

By the time she had shuffled off the grass, the white dress was so wet it was virtually transparent. She looked at herself and realized her predicament. Self-consciously, she crossed her arms over her breasts. There was no way she could go into the party all wet—and indecent.

Afraid someone would see her, Jenny decided to make her way back to her car. With the sprinklers going, she had to walk the long way around. At least she had the paved sidewalk on this side of the lawn, she thought. Her shoes made squishing noises that were louder that the clicking of her heels on the pavement. Thoroughly soaked, her clothing started to tug with the weight of gravity. She stopped to check and straighten herself out now and then, not wanting to lose any of her thin modesty. By this time, she was shivering in the night air and was very unsteady on her high-heels. Her nipples were threatening to poke through the thin bra and dress.

As she looked at her self, during one of her stops to make sure she was still covered, she was appalled to see that the deep-v of the bodice was getting deeper. And, one of her nipples had escaped the inadequate bra and was peeking out. No wonder she was cold, she thought. She tucked her breasts back into the bra and tried to pull the dress up to cover the now see-through bra. It was no use, the material was stretched out and would not stay up by itself.

My only chance is to hurry to my car, Jenny thought, before someone comes along and sees me. She knew the only way to hurry in this dress was to hitch it up so she didn’t have to take such small steps. Looking around and seeing no one, she steeled herself and worked the tight dress up along her legs. This actually had the effect of lessening the exposure of her breasts and she felt a little lucky. So she tugged a little more and got the dress up high enough to free her legs. Never mind that this left the tops of her shinny wet hosiery and garters exposed.

“No one will see me if I hurry.” She said to no one and started trotting down the sidewalk, heels clicking and boobs bouncing. “Ouch,” she cried.

She forgot that the bra gave her no support. She let go of her dress with one hand and tried as best as she could to support her bouncing breasts with one arm across her chest. She made it to the end of the sidewalk and stopped at the gravel lot.

She still had to cross the gravel lot to get to her car. She stopped at the edge to appraise her situation. Since no one was around, she decided to keep her dress hitched up. She would try to hurry across the lot to get to her car before anyone noticed. As she started across the gravel, she heard some people leaving the party. I can’t be so late that people are leaving already, she thought.

Without thinking too hard, she stopped and tugged her dress down. She certainly didn’t want to make a spectacle of herself in front of her husbands business associates. But, that meant she had to get out of sight and to her car. She stumbled along walking away from the people who just left the party. Hopefully, they parked in the first lot, she thought. She was aware again of her nipples sliding out of her bra and realized they were also showing above the drooping dress. She stumbled as she tried to pull the dress up to cover herself and thought she better not worry about her nipples if she didn’t want to fall. She was heading away from the crowd at least.

At the car, finally, she quickly opened the door and slid into the drivers seat. Maybe if I run the heater, I can dry out my clothes and still make the party. Jenny really hated to disappoint her husband. So she started the car and ran the heater on high. The only way to dry out the dress quickly was to take it off and drape it over the heater vents. Here we go again, Jenny thought, getting undressed in public. But it was dark out and no one seemed to be around so she unzipped the dress (now easier since it was stretched out) and worked it down her body and then her legs.

Jenny spread the wet dress across the dash vents to dry. Sitting on the leather seats she realized that her undergarments were wet too, but there wasn’t room on the dash to dry them. As she sat waiting for her dress to dry, people were arriving late and leaving early. She sat low in her seat and hoped for the best.

Finally, the dress was dry enough to wear. But, she was sitting in a puddle on the leather seats. Jenny figured she should remove her wet underwear and move over to the passenger seat to put on the dress. Now naked she made the move when no one was around. The dress went on tight and was scratchy from drying. Without her undergarments, this made her even more aware of her state of undress. No matter how hard she fought the zipper, it just would not go up all the way. She decided to find her husband and get him to help finish zipping her up. When she reached for her shoes, she felt the familiar tightness from the dress that often preceded a ripping of the seams. Carefully, she unzipped the dress and put on the shoes. She then re-zipped the dress as far as she could and got out of the car. She closed the door so she could use the rearview mirror to see how she looked.

Standing, she looked in the mirror and at the same time she saw her reflection, she turned bright red with embarrassment for her lack of modesty and she realized that she had just locked her keys in the car since they were still in the ignition and the car was still running. Now she had no choice but to find her husband and get him to help her out of her situation.

The dress had shrunk in all directions. It was now stretched tight over all of Jenny’s curves, exaggerating and highlighting them. The hem that had originally been below Jenny’s lovely knees was now several inches above them. But, since it had shrunk even tighter than before, the dress made walking even more difficult. With the zipper half undone, Jenny’s CCs looked as if they might fall out of the plunging, low-cut v-neck.

Jenny once again started across the gravel the long way around the lawn with the sprinklers still going. As she moved along, her unsupported breasts pulled at the dress and slowly worked the zipper down her back. She had to stop frequently to tug the dress up and re-do the zipper as much as she could. Almost to the pavement, she hurried a little too much and stumbled in the gravel. Fortunately for Jenny, she was able to catch herself or she might have torn the dress or cut up her luscious legs. (Although regular readers might encourage the ripping of the dress, we certainly can’t condone damaging the merchandise).

The dress, however, couldn’t handle the stress of her bouncing unrestrained breasts during her near fall. That, combined with the zipper being a little too low, resulted in a rather spectacular spilling of her naked breasts over the top of her dress. After recovering, Jenny had to lower her zipper some more to tuck herself back into the dress and then re-zip. Jenny was wishing she had remembered her trench coat. For all the trouble she’d had with it, at least she would be warm.

Back on the pavement, she made her way to the door without mishap. Checking her zipper once again, she opened the door and entered the party to look for her husband.

One glance at the newcomer, Jenny, made it very apparent she wasn’t wearing a bra under her very tight dress. Most people at the party couldn’t take just one glance. Speculation and rumors started immediately. Many had heard of Jenny as the bubbly blonde who couldn’t keep her clothes on, and were realizing she was on her way once again for potential public humiliation. Jenny’s husband got plenty of glances too, but of envy not lust.

Jenny saw her husband across the room and tried to walk over to him without drawing attention to herself. She knew from experience that the only thing worse than loosing ones clothing in public was doing it at the center of attention. Now if she could only figure out one half of that equation, she might be okay. As you can imagine, she was not successful.

“You have to help me zip up this dress, Dear.” She said softly to her husband. “And I locked my keys in the car, too.” She added.

Being somewhat of an experienced voyeur of Jenny’s public exhibitions, he quickly replied, “Sure. Lets to out in the hall and see about that zipper.”

Following his wife, he could see how stretched the dress was across her round rear end. The unusually high heels his wife was wearing did amazing things to that rear end as she walked with short steps as quickly as she could to get out of sight of the party. The half closed zipper was below the point at which a bra strap would show, confirming the obvious lack of one. As he traded glances between Jenny’s undulating rear and the half closed zipper, he thought it was moving down as she hurried along. It was hard to be sure, since he couldn’t keep his eyes on it and appreciate her walk

at the same time.

He let her get a little farther ahead so he could check out her new heels. It was at that point that he realized she had no stockings on her smooth legs. This was unusual for Jenny, he though and couldn’t wait to hear how she came to be dressed as she was now. He could never persuade her to dress in such a manner, even though he remembered asking her to wear something “spectacular.” He made a point to be sure to enjoy it.

In the hall and around the corner, he got bits and pieces of what had happened to Jenny on her way to the party. She was very sorry for being late.

“So you’re not wearing anything under that dress?”

He asked her, partly to savor the thought and partly to increase her embarrassment. It worked, she blushed even deeper and her back even turned pink.

Maybe too well he thought as she replied in a hopeful voice, “No, you can’t tell?”

Taking the cue, he said, “Of course not.” And added in a reassuring husbandly way: “As long as you keep your dress on, no one will know. Now breath in so I can get this zipper up.”

Somehow, being very determined, he got the zipper up. He heard Jenny gasp as it went up.

“Perfect,” he said. “Now lets get on with the party.”

Afraid of busting the zipper, Jenny didn’t say anything. She tried not to breath very deeply. Besides she did not want to disappoint her husband.

He knew she wouldn’t disappoint him. It was only a matter of time until the dress burst. Again he guided her forward and followed her into the party. “Spectacular” did not go far enough, he decided. Jenny looked like a comic strip heroine, ready to burst out of her too-tight dress. One false move, and it would be all over.

Jenny was so self-absorbed, that she forgot about her car still running with her underwear lying about in plain view. At least she was decent, she thought.

Back in the ballroom, Jenny was introduced to some of her husband’s friends. Jenny thought they were paying her too much attention and hoped she didn’t look as uncomfortable as she felt. Someone got her a drink which made her start to calm down. A group of friends asked them to sit down and Jenny started to panic—she wasn’t sure her dress would handle the stress with the zipper done up as tight as it was. She tried to signal her husband with her eyes, hoping he would refuse.

Jenny’s husband recognized the panic in her eyes, because he had seen it many times. But, he quickly averted his glance and gallantly pulled out a chair for her saying, “Sure, we’d love to chat a bit.”

Ordinarily, being a very modest girl, Jenny would have tried to hold the hem of her skirt down as she sat. But, this dress was so tight she knew it would do no good. And, she needed both hands to ease her into the seat as slowly as possible to prevent a disastrous rip. As she lowered herself, her husband slid the chair in under her. Her dress, strained and stretched tight, rode up her thighs. Jenny knew the guy across from her got a good shot up her dress, even though she kept her knees together, because his eyes were wide with the realization. Embarrassed, Jenny tried to give the hem a tug, but there just wasn’t anymore material available. She scooted her legs under the table, temporarily regaining her modesty.

Somehow, Jenny’s drink remained filled and she ended up drinking quite a bit more that she should have. After two or three, she lost track. Until she had to pee.

She leaned toward her husband at a discrete moment and whispered, “I’ll be right back, I have to find a Ladies Room.”

“Everything okay?” He asked her, hoping that somehow her dress was giving her trouble.

“Fine. I just have to pee.” She whispered.

Somewhat disappointed her replied, “Okay. Hurry back.”

Jenny was careful getting up not to repeat flashing anyone, but she was thinking, I can’t possibly hurry in this dress. Standing, she took a moment to tug her hem down as far as it would go, then started off to find a Ladies Room. All eyes watched her move across the room, and she was glad to be in the hall out of sight.

Finding the Ladies Room was no trouble. But, she soon realized the dress was too tight to work up over her hips to pee. Jenny didn’t dare unzip the zipper, because she knew she wouldn’t be able to do it up again. The last thing she wanted to do was walk through the party with her zipper half undone. Once was enough.

So she tugged at her skirt hem until she heard it rip. Oh no! She thought. But the damage was done and she really had to pee. She worked herself over the toilet, squatted, aimed and hoped for the best. Relieved, she pulled her dress down and went out to look in a mirror to assess the rip. The seam, being in the back, was hard to see. She felt it and afraid it had ripped up high enough to cause her some trouble keeping herself covered. In fact, it had ripped to the first point Ashley had left intact—above where her stocking tops would have been. Ashley figured she would be showing a little garter now and then as she moved about, but she hadn’t counted on the shrinkage. This left the rip just below her ass cheeks.

Then someone started to open the door and Jenny decided to just pretend it didn’t happen. Being intoxicated, she actually forgot about it.

Jenny didn’t even notice that it was a lot easier to walk, because although she could take longer strides, the high-heels were still unfamiliar to her. So she still took small steps.

Back in the main room of the party, people continued to watch her, but like a new hair cut, the ripped seam was hard to notice. They just had a more “spectacular” view. Half way across the room, the alcohol caught up with Jenny.

Her husband, and many of the guests, saw her miss a step with her incredibly high-heels. One heel caught on the carpet, throwing her forward off balance. She tried to catch herself from falling by quickly stepping forward with her other foot. As she did, the back seam of her dress ripped the rest of the way up to her waist—the narrowest part of Jenny. The tug of the material kept Jenny off balance and she fell down, catching herself with outstretched hands. Realizing her rear end was exposed, Jenny quickly rolled over into a sitting position on the floor.

By this time, a small crowd had formed around Jenny. More to see what else she might display than for real concern, they all seemed anxious to help her up. Wearing heels, there is no easy way to get up off the floor. Jenny realized she had to either roll over on her hands and knees to get up on her own, or let someone help her up. She visualized the display of her rear end and was disturbed by the similarity of her previous thoughts of crawling in front of these people.

Not anxious to repeat that, she quickly ruled it out. Trouble was she found herself letting some strange man take her hands to pull her onto her feet. Already embarrassed, she tried desperately to keep her knees together. But, as she he pulled the only way to get her feet under her was to bend her knees. The high heels kept her from getting her feet flat in front of her and with her skirt split up the back, half the room had a good view of her struggling to get up.

In order to quicken the process, Jenny had to spread her knees to get her feet under her. Several groans went up throughout the crowd of onlookers, and the guy pulling her to her feet lost his strength and set her down on her butt again.

By this time Jenny was too embarrassed to see her husband come to her rescue. He picked her up and led her out of the party with her hands on her naked rear.

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**Jenny: The Beginning**

by Greatness (with a little help from lcdrjmc)

Jenny's husband watched his beautiful wife and smiled as she picked up a bowling ball. He was a lucky man to have found someone like her. She was the prettiest woman he'd ever seen, and she was his.

He did love his wife. It's just that he had this weird obsession. He didn't even know when it really started. He began to think back, and his smile grew wider. His mind drifted into a pleasant reverie of the past.

Maybe it was that cheerleader he once saw when he was in high school doing her cheers. As she jumped up and down, her panties fell to the ground. She blushed and ran crying from the gym. Or was it that time when he was at the beach? A girl woke up from a nap, and someone must have pulled the string on her bikini top, because when she sat up she left her top on her beach towel. The girl sat there looking around the beach for a good five minutes, smiling and waving at everyone that was smiling as waving at her, not even realizing she was topless. A small boy ruined the fun when he walked over and asked her why she was topless. The look on her face was priceless when she finally comprehended what had happened.

Whenever it happened, he loved seeing women losing their clothing while they were in public; yet, he never had any intention on exposing Jenny. She was his wife, after all. But that all changed one day, after they'd visited a local carnival.

After leaving the haunted house, they walked over a row of air jets hidden under the exit ramp of the ride. As Jenny walked over the ramp, the ride attendant pushed a button. Air shot up and blew Jenny's skirt up around her waist. The sight hypnotized him, as he watched her trying to keep her dress down and get away from the air jets. But with each step Jenny just ended up over the next one. The sight of her desperately trying to hold her dress down was quite erotic.

"Marilyn Monroe, eat your heart out!" he thought, smiling at Jenny's seductive little dance.

For weeks after that all he could think about was the look on her face, and on all the faces of the people who saw her, with her skirt fluttering up around her waist and showing off a pink pair of panties. The way it looked was driving him crazy. He had to have more, so he decided that he'd try to expose Jenny in her bra to someone, somehow. It was another week before he thought of the perfect plan.

They were cleaning out the garage on Saturday. He knew Jenny hated getting her good clothes dirty, so she'd wear this old shirt she always wore when she did jobs around the house. It must have been ten years old. She had instantly fallen in love with it years ago, and couldn't bear to throw it away, despite the way it looked and fit now. All the colors had faded, and it was even a little tight around Jenny's lovely chest. Jenny would never have worn it out anywhere for anyone to see her in it, especially because of the way it hugged her tits. Jenny hated men staring at her breasts, and in that shirt that was all they would do.

So that night while Jenny slept, he carefully went to work on it. He loosened a seam here and there. He even cut every button off, then sewed them back on with only a few strands of light thread to hold them on. When he was finished, he looked at his handy work. He hoped Jenny wouldn't notice the changes, and that it would hold together long enough to get her into the garage and in front of the next door neighbor, Jack, whom he always invited over for a morning cup of coffee.

He woke early and found Jenny already up, so he dressed quickly and went looking for his lovely wife. He found Jenny already in the garage cleaning up, wearing exactly what he'd hoped she'd wear. He got an even more pleasant surprise when he saw she was wearing a pair of shorts. They weren't that short, (Jenny would never wear short shorts. "Sigh.") But with Jenny's legs, it was enough to send dirty thoughts running to his brain. Even after seeing Jenny's legs every day for the first six months of their marriage, he couldn't stop himself from staring at them. They were simply gorgeous. "Christ, what great legs!" he said to himself.

"Hi sleepy head," Jenny said, turning and smiling at him,as the top button of her shirt popped off and hit the floor.

He held his breath. To him it sounded like a gun going off, as it had popped off the shirt. Jenny never noticed as she turned and went back to work.

"You're up early," he replied, trying to keep his voice calm.

"Please hold together," he prayed, as he watched the seam under her left arm begin to pull open.

"You know what they say, the early bird gets the worm," Jenny declared, in her usual sweet way.

"Come on Jack, hurry," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"Nothing, Jenny."

"Are you going to help me or not?" Jenny turned to face her husband, and put on a sexy pout.

"In a minute. I need my morning cup of coffee."

"You and your coffee," Jenny laughed and went back to work.

There wasn't much time left. Either Jenny would notice the top coming apart, and go inside and change, or it would just explode and he'd be the only one here to see it. Either way his plan would go up in smoke.

But neither of those happened. Jenny kept working away as two more buttons popped off, and now you could see most of her lovely tanned cleavage displayed by the low-cut bra. The seams of her shirt groaned, and pulled apart a little more, but somehow held together. He couldn't believe Jenny didn't notice. But that was Jenny. Once she set her mind to something, she blocked out everything around her. But even Jenny would soon see her shirt hanging open, now down to her breast bone. He was glad she always wore a bra. He didn't want to go too far in exposing Jenny. She was his wife.

Finally there was a knock of the garage door. Jenny never even looked up, as she picked up a box and put it on a shelf. Her shirt lost yet another button, and now half of her tanned stomach could be seen.

"Hi Jack!"

"Hi . . ." Jack's voice caught in his throat as he caught sight of Jenny standing with both hands on her hips as she looked up at a box high on a top shelf, exposing the lovely inside curves of her bra-covered breasts, and now even her bellybutton!

"Could one of you big strong men help get that down for me, pleeeease," Jenny cooed, falling in her flirt mood that made men grow hard. She turned toward them and put on her sweetest smile, then put both hands behind her back and pushed her chest out at them in that teasing manner she always did when she wanted something from men.

It was a miracle their eyes didn't pop out of their heads!

Jenny's husband prayed it would never end, but Jenny's display proved too much for the shirt. After two loud rips, and the loss of the last button, the shirt fell off her onto the garage floor.

"Oh God!" Jenny squealed, reached up to hide her bra-covered breasts. But in her haste her fingers went in between the cups and got caught, pulling at the clasp in the back. In an instant the clasp gave way, and the suddenly released elastic shot Jenny's bra right them.

"Oh my God!" Jenny screamed as she looked down and saw she was now topless right in front of two smiling men. She did cover up quite quickly, but not before they got a nice look at her perfect 38CC's.

"Oh God," Jenny continued to shriek, as she ran by them into the house, with her arms across her chest.

His daydream was interrupted by Jenny's cry for help.

He opened his eyes and there stood Jenny. She was clutching at the hem of her summer dress that somehow had got stuck in the ball return while she picking up her ball for another turn. Slowly the return was pulling at the hem, and quickly the seams tightened. Then the sound that was like music to his ears could be heard, "Rippppppppppp!"

He smiled as she struggled to keep her dress in one piece. But Jenny was fighting a losing battle. The straps over her shoulders ripped, along with the seam down the left side of her once pretty dress. The dress disappeared down the return, leaving Jenny standing in a tiny pair of black laced panties and matching low-cut bra that her husband had talked her into wearing for their evening out.

"Oh My God!" Jenny shrieked as her hands flew down to cover her tiny bra and panties. "Help me!"

After the rug of war with the ball return, Jenny's large tits had nearly popped out of their tiny black cups, leaving everyone who had gathered around to watch the squealing blonde beauty, a tasty view of the tops of Jenny's lovely nipples.

Jenny looked down and caught sight of her nearly naked breasts.

"Oh no!"

Both hands shot up to fix the bra, but as she pulled the cups the clasp gave way and came off in her hands. The totally shocked Jenny staggered backward and ended up sitting down directly upon on the ball return. The quickly spinning small wheel swiftly snagged the back of her panties. Before Jenny even had time to scream, the panties ripped down both sides and like the dress disappeared.

"Oh no!"

Jenny sprang to her feet and ran toward the ladies room wearing nothing but a pair of bowling shoes on her cute little feet, with her arms and hands trying desperately to cover her very exposed private parts.

He couldn't help wonder how she kept doing it. Was this something that always happened to her, her entire life? "When did Jenny's problem actually begin?" he wondered, as he fell back into a pleasant dream about his beautiful wife.

\* \* \* \*

Jenny was so happy that she landed such a great job right after graduating high school. Now she could work toward a new car that she badly needed. She was tired of having to calling Ashley to come pick her up when her old car would break down just sitting at a stop sign.

Ashley was Jenny's oldest friend. They had become friends long before Jenny's sudden body change. But after the change, Jenny had lost all of her other female friends except her. They told her that she was always trying to steal their boyfriends with her flirting, and that body.

"I'm not trying to, really." Jenny told them but they didn't believe her.

But Ashley was a true friend, that's for sure. Always there when Jenny needed her the most, friends like Ashley were hard to come by.

\* \* \* \*

Even though she met her new boss just once in her Interview, she thought he wasn't like most of the men she knew now. Most men just openly stared, or hit on her constantly. It was getting so tiring having to fight off men's lust-filled advances. But Mr. Meyers was different. He didn't hit on her once. He did stare just a bit, but that wasn't too bad. A little stare she could take, but it was when they openly drooled that it became really embarrassing.

"It's like they'd never seen a live female in their life, for God sake!" Jenny always grumbled.

What made Jenny especially happy was that her new boss trusted her from the very start, even though she had just celebrated her 18th birthday only two days after her graduation. Mr. Meyers had started on her responsibilities right after she was told she had gotten the job.

"Now Jenny, here's the key to the office," Mr. Meyers told her, trying not to stare too long at any one part of Jenny's gorgeous teenage body. "Why don't you come in early tomorrow morning, take a look around, and get comfortable with your new surroundings? I'll be in at nine sharp, and then I'll show you everything that your job will entail, other than the obvious, you know like answering the phone and such."

"Thanks Mr. Meyers, I'll do that," Jenny smiled back, batting her eyes, and smiling sweetly, then walked out the door, walking sexier than any woman should be allowed to. The natural flirt in her could turn on without her even knowing it.

"God, how was that pretty thing still single? She's going to make some guy very happy one day," he said, after she had closed the door behind her.

He didn't care if she turned out to be a typical dumb blonde that couldn't even make a pot of coffee. She'd be great for business, once word got around that he had this amazing blonde beauty working in his office. If that was sexist, he didn't care. "75 percent of the people who made travel plans were men," he recited gleefully.

Before Jenny had walked unannounced into the agency looking for a job, he was acting as his own receptionist and secretary. Originally he'd had no intention of hiring anyone, but after he told her so, she put on this sexy pout, and he knew he was a dead duck. He found himself hiring her on the spot, even though he knew he really couldn't afford it.

So, if at first they came in just to look at Jenny, who cared? If Jenny had the same effect on them that she did on him, they'd find themselves gladly buying tickets, even if they didn't really want them. No one would get hurt. Besides, it would be very good for business, which meant that he would actually be able to pay his beautiful new employee.

\* \* \* \*

Jenny got up unusually early to get ready for her new job. She wanted everything just right for her first day. So she took plenty of time in the bathroom showering, washing her long hair, and taking great care to shave her long legs, so she wouldn't get any nasty nicks.

"I can't have that today," Jenny muttered as she rinsed the last few specks of shaving cream off of her tanned legs, then stepped out of the shower.

When she finished drying herself off, Jenny looked in the mirror and blushed at what she saw. It was bad enough when she drew those stares before. But now it was worse. She could have lived with the way she used to look. She had been cute, in a shy sort of way. Not more than a year ago, her body had been nothing to write home about. She might as well have been a boy from the neck down. Her legs were thin and shapeless, and she had no hips at all. Jenny was so flat chested, she used to stuff her bra just to get a bust.

But over the next year Jenny's body just exploded. Her once cute face was so lovely now it made men drool. Jenny's blue eyes sparkled, and her innocent smile could melt an iceberg. Add in the naive way she always seemed to flirt with every man she met, and her face alone could bring tears to men's eyes.

The rest of Jenny's body developed just as nicely. Her once thin shapeless legs, now were as shapely as you could find on any woman, with perfectly sized feet, right up to her shapely thighs. Some guys became instant leg-men after seeing just a glimpse of them, such as when Jenny wore her high heeled pumps in a dress that wasn't even that short at all.

Jenny's hips flared to perfection, and her once flat bottom, bubble outward in away that made men want to grab her firm cheeks in their hands and never let go.

Yet, in spite of the rest of Jenny's physical perfection, most men couldn't take their eyes off Jenny's tits. They were the most wonderfully shaped breasts anyone had ever seen. "A gift from God," men said, when they saw them. They would always seem to be bouncing ever so slightly even if Jenny was sitting perfectly still and just breathing. It was like they had a life of their own. As big as they were (38CC), they never seemed to sag even with their eye popping size. Some men even called them the true, "Ninth Wonders of the World."

If you top Jenny off with her deep golden tan that never seemed to fade, and natural long blonde hair, she had something for every man's fantasy. And most women's too! Jenny could break your heart by just giving you her truly innocent smile.

"Why am I cursed with this?" Jenny thought, pouting as she looked at body in the mirror. "It's just not fair, not fair at all."

Jenny sighed and walked over to her dresser and opened the top drawer.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed.

In her excitement over her new job, she'd forgotten to wash any bras or panties. When Jenny thought about wearing dirty ones, she couldn't. Even though it was her dirt on them, she couldn't put them back on until she had washed them.

"Yuck, yuck, yuck!"

She couldn't go to work without them, and she certainly couldn't call in sick on her first day.

"What to do?" she asked herself.

Suddenly a light bulb popped on over her pretty head. She had bought them on a dare from Ashley. She was never going to wear them. They were soooooooo embarrassing. But now she had no choice.

"Maybe they're not bad as I remember," she thought.

With no one in the room, Jenny wasn't worried about anyone seeing her so she bent over at the waist. That pushed her shapely butt out as her reached down. While humming sweetly, she innocently swayed her naked hips back and forth as she opened the bottom drawer where she'd hidden them. Jenny would have just died if anyone even thought she owned anything like these.

"Where are you? Ah, there you are," Jenny smiled, giving her butt one last cute wiggle.

The only one who was lucky enough to see Jenny's sexy display was a fly on the wall. But he didn't last long as the sight of Jenny's swaying ass caused his tiny heart to burst. (Don't be sad. He died one happy fly).

Jenny opened the package then took out a tiny pair of white lacy g-string panties and held them in front of her sex and moaned, "God!"

They were as bad as she remembered. But, knowing that this was all she had, she just sighed and stepped into them. She slid them up her perfect legs, and stretched them so they would fit over her shapely hips. Jenny's face reddened at the sight of them. It did cover her blonde mound, but barely.

You could hardly see the tiny elastic waistband holding the tiny triangle against her sex. So from just a few steps away, you'd swear Jenny was completely naked from the waist down. From the back, with the tiny string resting between her firm half moons which were not very visible at all, it made her look totally bare from that direction as well.

"I'm glad no one will see these!" Jenny said nervously. "Oh my God," she shrieked when she saw you could even see her pubic hairs under the white lace!

The bra wasn't much better. It was like the panties, with white lace. But it seemed to be for someone much smaller than Jenny. She struggled to fasten the front clasp, but couldn't. Finally, after five frustrating minutes she angrily snatched it off and looked at the tag.

"38CC, my butt!" she huffed, then went back to her tug of war with the bra.

After another few tugs she finally closed the clasped and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, my!"

The small half-cups squeezed her large breasts up high in the cups, making them look even bigger, as though they were going to burst out at any moment. Jenny tested it by bouncing a little up and down, and was happy to see that it held.

"It's better than nothing, I guess," she thought, frowning at the look of her tits sitting so high on her chest.

"The first thing I'm going to do after work is laundry, that's for sure."

With her sexy hips gently swaying, she walked over and opened the closet. She looked through every dress she had.

"What to wear, what to wear. Hummmmmmmm. Perfect!"

Jenny's face lit up when she found the perfect dress for her first day.

It was her absolute favorite, a light summer dress. It was almost floor length, and had big buttons running down the front from the hem to the high-cut neckline. It showed only a hint of her impressive cleavage, which always suited Jenny just fine since they'd erupted to the size they were now. It was off-white and covered with small red hearts.

Ashley hated it instantly saying, "You're not 10 anymore, Jenny!"

But she didn't care what Ashley thought. It was just gorgeous, even though it did have a bit of a young-person look to it. Besides, it was going to be a hot day, and despite its warm appearance, the dress was very cool to wear.

It did have one property she didn't much care for, but she put up with it, because of how much she loved it. Jenny always felt naked when she wore it. The first few times she wore it, she was constantly looking down to check to see if it was still there. Of course, the dress had always been there, so she learned to just ignore the odd naked feeling it sent to her brain.

Jenny finished dressing, looked in the mirror, and pouted at her reflection. "Something not quite right. What is? Got it!"

She put her long blonde hair back in one long ponytail. "Perfect!"

Just before leaving, Jenny checked her appearance one last time. She was a true vision of loveliness in her wonderful summer dress and her sandals with the modest 2-inch heels. With a teenage bounce in her step, Jenny walked out to her car.

She didn't see a man who walked right into a lamp post as he stared at her. That was typically Jenny. She never seemed to notice what effect her figure had on anyone. Yes, that was Jenny all right. Never really knowing what was going on around her. Beginning at the age seven she was in her own little world and would not even notice the building she was walking through was on fire, if she had her mind set on something. Some called Jenny stupid, but that was not the case. She just never paid much attention to things unless they were right in front of her. That added to the innocent look on her face, when something surprised her. Men called it sweet and sexy. Women called it being a cock tease.

Jenny climbed in the car and started the engine. She sighed in relief when it started once again. It did groan, and sputter, but it had started. The old car coughed and choked after she stopped at every light, but she finally made it, and parked in a space located only a short distance from the front of the office.

Halfway across the lot she turned and looked back at her car and thought, "Maybe I'll ask Mr. Meyers for an advance. He might give it to me if I told him about my poor car. If that doesn't work, maybe I'll just turn on my female charm." With that thought she laughed at herself. "Female charm, boy that will be the day, Jenny you are funny sometimes."

As she stood fumbling with the key, she again didn't notice a group of men who had been watching her the minute she had gotten out of her car. They all saw her tits bounce despite the bra squeezing them as she laughed about something, and her hips sway as she walked up to the office door.

It took her several minutes to unlock the door. As she was bent over, fiddling with the lock, her dress pulled tightly across her lovely butt, which was unconsciously swaying as it always did.

One of the men couldn't take it any longer and shouted, "I got you key right here, sweet cheeks," he shouted, pointing at his crotch.

Quickly Jenny looked up and blushed. The feeling of her dress made her look down just to see if it was there.

"I see you like looking at yourself as much as we do," he shouted.

She thought about saying something but she always got tongue tied when she was embarrassed, so she kept quiet. Jenny stood red faced, as she fumbled around with the key. Finally, after having to endure another minute of disgusting comments, she opened the door and quickly went inside. She closed and locked the door behind her.

That was so humiliating, getting caught looking at herself.

Jenny swore right there, "That no matter what, I'm never going to get caught looking at myself again in front of any man!"

The dress was always going to be there, so why worry about it.

"If men want to be pigs, so be it."

Jenny walked about the very sterile office. "It sure needs a woman's touch."

There were no plants, or pictures, just one desk, a filing cabinet, and a door leading into the back. She'd soon fix that, with Mr. Meyers' permission of course. She had a few pictures of cats, and even a fern, which would certainly make the place much more homey.

"A travel office should look friendly, not like some doctor's examination room."

Jenny smiled as she looked at her desk, and even began to become a little misty eyed.

"That was so sweet." Mr. Meyers had put a name plate on the desk that read, "Jenny."

She sat behind her desk, happy to be there. Jenny looked around and wondered where the best place would be for the fern She began to daydream about what the office would look like after she was done with it. Suddenly the phone rang.

Jenny jumped straight up in the air and her breasts took one mighty bounce which signaled the death of her poor, tortured bra. A loud "POP," filled the air as Jenny's large tits burst out of their restraint, bounced up and down, then came to rest setting high and proud under her sundress.

"Oh, No! Please, no!" Jenny said as she quickly looked down, while at the same time she brought her hands up to cover her beasts.

They felt like they were right out in the open air.

"Not today, please," she groaned.

It was happening more and more over the last few months. Her bras just seemed to pop open on their own. Jenny was thankful that it only happened under a blouse or dress. But it still embarrassed her to no end, having her bras just pop for no reason. She was even hooking her skirts on things. She was lucky enough to always catch herself before she had ripped them, thank goodness.

But she just couldn't figure out why all of a sudden those kinds of things started happening to her. Once she even got her skirt caught in a car door, and if Ashley her good friend, hadn't been with her, and started giggling for some reason she wouldn't have noticed it being there at all. She was glad Ashley was her friend that day, because if the car had driven off . . . !

"Oh my God!"

Jenny was almost in tears. It was her first day in her new job, and this had to happen. Mr. Meyers would surely fire her if he found out she wasn't wearing a bra. This was a real business, not some seedy strip club.

Even though you couldn't see Jenny's breasts through the summer dress, the bra hanging loose was a problem. There was no way to hide the way it lay under the dress. It crumpled up and stuck out, looking almost like an ugly panty line. Mr. Meyers would surely notice the way it bulged out under the dress. Jenny had two choices, fix it, or take it off.

But, Jenny couldn't fix it there in the front office. What if someone came in? So, she decided to go in the back room, away from prying eyes.

When she got there, she found it was an office just like the front one, very plain, with a name tag on the desk, "Mr. Meyers." Quickly she closed the door and locked it, then unbuttoned her dress.

"Oh, No!"

Jenny wanted to cry. There was no way she'd would be able to fix it. The clasp was ripped out at the seams.

"No, no, no!"

There was no time to go home and get another one, so with butterflies filling her stomach she took it off, and lay it on Mr. Meyers' desk. She started to re-button her dress.

"Jenny!"

Jenny was up to the last button when Mr. Meyers yelled her name. It startled her, causing her to jump and pull the top button right off her dress! Looking down at the button in her hand, then at her dress, "Oh no!"

The dress' cleavage was now down to the middle of her breasts, showing more than Jenny liked even if she was sitting alone at home with the door locked.

"Jenny, open the door!"

"OK, Mr. Meyers," Jenny replied, while fixing the collar the best she could so that it would stay somewhat closed.

"I'll fix it when I get to my desk and Mr. Meyers goes into his office. Now Jenny, don't stare down at yourself and draw attention to it. Just act normal and he'll never know," she reasoned.

Jenny unlocked the door and opened it.

Mr. Meyers somehow was able to act like nothing was unusual when he saw her. There stood his gorgeous young secretary with her thick blonde hair pulled back in one long ponytail, wearing a dress with small red hearts covering it. On anyone but Jenny it would have looked ridiculous, but on her it looked simply sexy. You couldn't see much of her legs. That disappointed him, but the top did not. It was cut much lower that he could have ever hoped for. Its very low cut showed Jenny's wonderful cleavage, and by the look she might not be wearing a bra!

He would have never dreamed this shy girl from the interview would being showing this much cleavage. Jenny had even blushed when he told her she was pretty. Yet here she was, showing off most of her big tits! "God, thank you!"

"Sorry, Mr. Meyers. But you said to look around, and I guess the door just kind of locked behind me," Jenny said.

"That's all right. No harm done. Why don't you go back out front while I make a quick phone call? After I'm done, I'll be out to show you exactly what you will be doing," he told her, as he fought to keep his eyes off the tan valley that was right in front of him. He had to call Harry.

"Sure thing, Mr. Meyers," Jenny countered.

She started walking back to her desk, happy in the knowledge that he didn't notice she was without a bra.

Little did she know he watched her bounce by him, with her bra less tits slightly jumping, and her cute ass swaying seductively.

He closed the door and staggered over to his desk. He couldn't believe that Jenny could have the effect on him. When he interviewed her, she was sexy in her very conservative business suit. But seeing her in what she had on now, was strangely erotic. She looked about fifteen with her hair pulled back, and wearing that dress. But, what a fifteen-year-old! He'd kill his own mother to just see Jenny's tits in all their glory!

"I wonder how big she . . ." He almost passed out when he saw a white lace bra sitting on his desk. After picking it up, he read the tag. "38CC! Jesus Christ!"

He started for the door to asked Jenny why her bra was in his office, but then he noticed the ripped clasp.

"It must have torn and she came in here to fix it but couldn't. She took . . . Oh my God! She's not wearing one!"

Hearing the door close behind and knowing it was safe, Jenny ran to her desk, with her lovely breasts bouncing out of control. The large, firm mounds stretched and pushed the front of the dress, trying to force their way out of the top.

With one button already missing, Jenny's bouncing breasts put extra strain on the button right between them. The thread pulled and stretched, but the button held somehow, still attached by only a few strands of thread.

Swiftly Jenny sat down and opened her desk drawer, looking for something to fix her dress with.

"Empty!" she cried.

Her heart sank as she stared into the useless drawer.

"Now what am I supposed to do?" she wondered, as she looked down at her chest.

"Oh my God!"

Quickly Jenny fixed the top that had fell open a little more and was showing a great deal more cleavage than just a few seconds ago.

"I'll have to be more careful, until I can go home at lunch and change."

\* \* \* \*

"Remember the girl I told you about?"

"The 18-year-old blonde?"

"Yeah."

"Christ, Harry, you have to come see her."

"Why? I've seen blondes before."

"Not like her. She's big!"

"Yeah, right. You and tits. If they bounce a little they're huge."

"Harry, these are 38CCs!"

"Sure they are. Remember that girl you said was 36DD, and I came running and it turned out she was really a 32B. I have better things to do than to come down there and look at some blonde bimbo with small tits that you think are huge."

"Harry, she's a 38CC!"

"And how do you know?"

"Because I'm holding her bra in my hand!"

"How . . . ?"

"I'll explain when you get here. And bring your camera. We'll play the game."

"I'll be right there!" Harry quickly answered. He grabbed his camera and practically ran to his car. He was a typical man. He didn't want to miss a pretty blonde with big tits.

"Damn! 18 and 38CC! Damn!"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Meyers sat for a moment, trying to calm down. When he first hired Jenny, he didn't think about doing the game on her. She was gorgeous, but in her interview she dressed so conservatively he didn't think she would ever fall for it. She was captivating, and sexy beyond anything he had ever seen. But he just thought she'd be too shy to play the game. But the way she was dressed now. She'd have to, or he'd show her the bra and have her explain why it was in his office. He knew that would be embarrassing, and with Jenny's shy way about her, she would do anything not to have to do that. And just maybe they'd get a picture or two of the sexy teen's big breasts.

\* \* \* \*

"Good morning, is Mr. Meyers in?" Harry asked. Fred was right. Jenny was a real beauty.

"Yes, sir, he is!" Jenny replied, with a big smile.

"You're a pretty thing!"

"Thanks, but I'm not that pretty," she responded, with a sweet smile and a giggle.

She then blushed and looked away.

Mr. Meyers was right again. Jenny did have an impressive pair of tits! And mix that with that gorgeous face, and sexy smile, Harry hoped she would fall for their little game in a big way.

It was simple really. Harry would pose as a photographer that was going to shoot a few pictures of Fred around the office, for an advertising poster. Then he'd talk a girl into letting him take some of them. With any luck, they get them to pose nude. It hadn't happened much, but with the look Jenny had he was hoping she'd fall for the game and they'd get at least a little peak.

"Good morning, Harry!" Mr. Meyers said, as he extended his hand to meet his friend.

"Good morning. Are you ready to take a few shots?"

"Why not."

Jenny smiled but looked confused as she sat at her desk. The look didn't go unnoticed by either man.

"Jenny, what Harry is going to do is shoot a few pictures for an ad campaign. I've only been in this city a few weeks, and business has been slow. I thought spending a little money advertising might help get things started," a smiling Mr. Meyers said.

"I see," Jenny said as she smiled back. "That makes perfect sense."

"It'll only be a few minutes, then we'll get to your job description."

"Sure thing, Mr. Meyers."

Jenny watched wide-eyed as Harry took out his camera, and began to take pictures of her new boss around the office.

After several minutes they made their move.

"Mr. Meyers, your secretary might be perfect for one of my other clients. I was wondering if I could take a picture or two of her as samples to show them?"

"I don't see why not. What you think Jenny, would you like to have your picture taken?" Mr. Meyers asked, holding his breath. He was hoping she'd say yes without him having to embarrass her about that business with the bra. Blackmail wasn't as fun as when they did it willingly.

"I'd better not, Mr. Meyers," Jenny replied, blushing more deeply.

Why not, Jenny? You might become the new Cindy Crawford."

Jenny's smile grew wider after hearing that. She always had a fantasy about be a super model, but was always too shy to stand in from of a camera while anyone took her picture. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad if she let them take just a few. "Well, OK. But just a couple," Jenny giggled.

"Good, Jenny. And thank you. Now, why don't you stand if front of your desk and we'll just take a few pictures? Then we'll be done."

Jenny moved to the front of the desk, and stood with her arms folded across her chest, smiling nervously, but still looking sexy as ever.

"Put your arms at your sides, good. Now a big smile."

As Harry snapped away, the natural flirt in Jenny just bubbled out. Smiling and giggling, moving her head back and forth, her blonde ponytail swished, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight.

They both watched Jenny tease the camera with the innocence of a 10-year-old, but with the sexuality of a super model. Jenny turned completely around and looked at them over her shoulder. That sexy look spelled the end of the button resting between the large tan breasts.

It popped off and silently rolled across the floor. Jenny never noticed because of the natural way the dress felt and the fun she was having. The dress parted right down to her breast bone, showing every inch of her gorgeous cleavage. Jenny continued to smile, then put both hands on her hips. The dress parted again, showing just the rounded edges of her sexy nipples.

Somehow both men stayed calm as the dress opened again and again. Harry kept taking pictures, even though he'd run out of film five minutes ago. Mr. Meyers kept telling her to smile and look pretty.

"OK, Jenny. How about a few pictures of your legs?"

"No, I can't," Jenny giggled, blushing all over again.

"We just need a few shots of your legs. My client sells shorts, swimsuits, dresses. You know, summer clothes."

Jenny heard the word summer and dress. "You mean he sells summer dresses?"

"Why sure he does," Harry replied quickly following Jenny's lead, when he saw the way her face lit up.

Jenny's smile grew even wider after hearing that. She loved pretty summer dresses. They were her favorite things to wear. So if Harry's client sold them . . .

"Well, OK. But just a little and then that's all," Jenny answered.

Jenny bent down and unbutton the dress from the hem to her knee. "How's that?" she questioned, as she held both sides of the dress up showing them her shapely calves.

"Very nice, Jenny. While your still holding the dress, spin around a few times. That's good."

Jenny was again nervous, but soon the flirt boiled over and she was the cute tease again. She began to playfully spin around while still holding the dress open by the hem. She pulled the hem side to side, showing off her pretty knee caps. But Jenny got a little carried away, and pulled at the dress a little too hard. Three buttons quickly came undone right up to the middle of her lovely tanned thighs. Jenny never realized what she did because her mind was on the task at hand, which was having fun having her picture taken.

Both men were both disappointed that Jenny tits somehow stayed in the dress. As she spun around and around, they shook and swayed but never showed any more than just a hint of her nipples. But they were more than happy to see Jenny pull the dress open baring every inch of her long legs.

After another ten minutes of Jenny's sexy show, there were only two buttons holding the dress closed. The dress had continued to part upward, until every button was undone right up to her indented bellybutton! At first they thought amazed that she was bottomless, but then they saw the tiny string holding a small see-through triangle over her blonde sex!

You could almost hear them groan, "God, a natural blonde!"

Just a few more seconds and they would see everything! But the moment was ruined by the phone ringing.

Jenny looked around for the phone and saw her reflection in the office window.

"Oh my God!" Jenny screamed.

She quickly grabbed the dress at her tits and between her thighs.

"Why didn't you say something? Oh, God!" Jenny's face turned beet red.

Harry thought fast, "Now, Jenny. You weren't showing anything. And the pictures will be great! My client will be quite pleased."

"But!"

"Jenny, I wouldn't let Harry take any pictures that I would let him take of my own daughter," Mr. Meyers countered.

"Well, OK. Can I use your office to fix my dress, please?" Jenny asked, still embarrassed at the amount of skin she'd just shown, even after Mr. Meyers tried to comfort her.

"Sure, Jenny," Mr. Meyers responded.

"Thank you." Jenny walked into her new boss' office clutching her dress closed.

"Christ, what a fox!"

"I told you, Harry. She's a real looker!"

"Too bad we didn't get any pictures of her naked."

"Yeah, we got a lot of sexy pictures of her anyway."

"How many rolls did you shoot?"

Harry looked down at his camera and turned white as a sheet. In the excitement of the moment he forgot to reload the camera. "Just one, Fred."

"One!"

"Shit, Fred. She was so sexy I just forgot!"

"That's just great, you idiot. We'll never have a chance like this again."

"I know."

Little did they both know that very soon Mr. Meyers would be seeing a lot more of the beautiful teen, a whole lot more.

Jenny closed the door behind her, and began to fix her dress. She was still feeling embarrassed at what had just happened, and was even a little mad that neither one of them said a word about her dress. Suddenly she remembered her bra that she'd taken off and left sitting on Mr. Meyers' desk! If he had found it, Jenny would never be able to face him again.

"Thank God!"

There it was, right where she left it. Mr. Meyers hadn't seen it. At least something turned out right on this dreadful morning. Jenny fixed her dress the best she could, then grabbed the bra and went back into the front office. She was happy to see Mr. Meyers was outside talking to Harry and couldn't see her stuff her bra into her desk drawer.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next two weeks Jenny was able to fix the office up just the way she liked it. The business got busier and busier. She thought it was because of the way she'd fixed up the office. "It was more homey, so people feel more comfortable." But what they really came in for was to see Jenny.

Jenny didn't even notice them staring at her as she smiled and giggled, and flirted with every man that came in. Most never intended to buy anything. They'd just heard about the blond teen with a body to die for. But after Jenny was through with them, they'd always bought tickets too somewhere.

Mr. Meyers watched Jenny from his doorway. It couldn't have worked better. His business was getting better and better. But the icing on the cake was being able to see Jenny every day. He thought he'd get tired of seeing the teen. But the more he saw of her the more he wanted to see her in something much sexier. The way she teased him wearing the endless supply of summer dresses that hugged her body in just the right places was driving him crazy.

He had to see her naked, or at least in something sexier, but he already used the game. So he knew Jenny would never fall for that again. He had to think of another way to get better look at her.

If only Mr. Meyers knew what was happening around the office he'd watch Jenny even more. Jenny was always catching her clothes on something. She was regularly pulling open the top and exposing her bra-covered tits, or catching the hem and exposing her entire lower body. Once she even ripped the straps right off her dress. It quickly hit the floor leaving her red faced standing in just her bra and panties. No one saw it but still Jenny could have died.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Meyers was sitting at his desk still thinking of a way to get Jenny into something sexier. It had been a mouth since the game, and he just had to see her again. It was becoming embarrassing walking around trying to hide the bulge in his pants as Jenny would happily bounce her way in and out of his office.

"Mail, Mr. Meyers," Jenny said.

"Thanks, Jenny"

"Your welcome," she answered, turning on her heel and out she went, cheerfully humming the latest pop tune.

He groaned as he watched her perfectly shaped butt swaying back and forth. "Christ, the girl is doing to kill me!" he muttered as he looked through his mail. He use to be unhappy to get mail before he'd hired Jenny. But now he had money to pay anything.

"Bill, bill, trash, bill, tra . . . Wait a minute. This is perfect!"

There was going to be travel show at the local mall. Each business was asked to set up a booth with their own travel theme. He usually hated doing them, because with all the other travel agents, he always ended up losing customers. But now he had Jenny. This was too perfect. He'd kill two birds with one stone. A Hawaiian theme would be just what he needed. He would be able to get Jenny in a swimsuit for the theme. That would surely draw men to his booth like moths to a flame. Business would boom, and he'd get to see Jenny in something that had to show more of her golden skin. It was perfect.

He waited several minutes for his manhood to calm down, then when out to see Jenny.

"Jenny there is a travel show at the local mall coming up in two weeks. I thought it would be a good idea for us to set up a booth there."

"That sounds neat!"

"I thought we'd try and promote packaged tours to Hawaii. So I thought a tropical theme would be perfect. I'd wear a swimsuit and you could wear one, too," Mr. Meyers said, as his heart began to pound, hoping it would work.

"Mr. Meyers! I can't do that. I just couldn't," Jenny replied, blushing deeply.

"But, Jenny. You have to! It's the theme, and I'll be wearing one. It would look stupid if you didn't. Come on! It'll be fun, and, besides, it will be good for business."

It was her job, but still . . . "If Mr. Meyers does it," she thought, "it couldn't be that bad."

"Well, maybe for a little while. But only if you do," Jenny answered, now quite nervous over the thought of parading around in front of other people in a swimsuit.

"Good! Then it's settled. Here's the number for reservations." Mr. Meyers gleefully handed Jenny the flyer advertising the show. "Be sure to ask for a good spot, where there will be plenty of people. And in two weeks, we'll knock them dead!"

\* \* \* \*

Ashley had had enough of Jenny's endless flirting. It was time to get her, and to do it in front of someone, to teach her a lesson. So, when Jenny told her about the travel show, she got an idea. She would somehow talk little Miss Tease into wearing a small bikini that was sure to have every guy eyeing her. Then, at the perfect moment, with an innocent bump she'd be able to pull the string on the top, and when Jenny stood there shocked she would get close to try and help her. But, instead she'd pull the string on the bottoms.

Jenny would be not just embarrassed but terribly humiliated. That would be fitting payback for every boy friend Jenny had stolen from her over the past year in high school with that damn killer body of hers.

\* \* \* \*

"Ashley, I can't run around in this!" Jenny squealed, holding up a tiny yellow string bikini.

"Jenny, don't be such a prude. It's just a swimsuit,"Ashley shot back. "But I'd be naked!"

"Jenny, it's a bikini like they wear on the islands. You said your booth was Hawaiian right?"

"Yes, but!"

"But nothing, Jenny. You need to dress the part, or your boss will be mad," Ashley said, as she kept pressing the issue.

Finally after an hour of badgering, Jenny nervously agreed to wear it only if she could wear a wrap around skirt to cover the bottom. The top was bad enough, but she couldn't run around with the tiny g-string showing. She might as well be bottomless!

"OK, but I'd better fix it up a bit first," Ashley responded.

First Jenny walked over to her closet, then over to a large trunk looking through almost every skirt she owned. Finally after 30 minutes, Jenny walked over to her dresser and opened a small jewelry box and took out a beautiful gold chain with a quarter sized gold heart attached it and put it around her slender neck. Next Jenny opened the top drawer of her dresser and took out five more skirts and held each one up in front of her.

"Come on Jenny, we don't have all day!" Ashley fumed. Jenny was the slowest person she'd ever seen in picking out something to wear. It usually took Jenny days too just to decide on one of those childish looking summer dresses she owned.

"All right. Here," Jenny replied in a hurt voice.

Ashley took the skirt and almost laughed.

"God, this is hideous!"

Ashley always thought Jenny had terrible taste in clothes, and this skirt proved her point. It was a floor length wraparound with large bright colored flowers all over it.

"Why does she buy this crap?" Ashley thought.

But as she looked at it, she became angry. As ugly as it was, on Jenny it would look simply gorgeous. That one of the things she hated most about Jenny. She could put on anything and make it look dazzling. Well, she'd make sure it looked even better. She wanted every eye on her when she stripped the yellow bikini off that body of hers.

Jenny turned and went into the bathroom to change into her suit, and Ashley went to work on the skirt. She cut a good foot of material off from the hem to the waist, and some of the fastening tie as well. That way Ashley could easily pull the tie on the skirt. The split up the side would keep one of Jenny's tanned legs constantly bare from her hip bone to her foot.

"That should keep guys staring."

It's not the Jenny needed the extra help. The bikini Ashley had given her would have easily done the trick, but she wanted to leave nothing to chance.

Jenny closed the bathroom door and locked it. She couldn't have Ashley watch as she put on the suit. It embarrassed her to no end undressing in front of anyone. Even in gym class, Jenny would wait until every girl had changed and left the locker room before she'd quickly change into her gym clothes.

Jenny first put on the bottoms, making sure she carefully tied the tiny strings on each hip.

"Oh my!" Jenny looked at them in the mirror. "Oh God!"

They were the smallest bottoms she'd ever seen. How they ever covered all of her golden pubic hair was a mystery. And from the back, "Oh!" She was completely naked except for the tiny string between her lovely half moons. Jenny was glad she'd be wearing her wraparound so no one would see her in these.

The top wasn't much better. The small triangles did nothing but hide her nipples and a small portion of the skin around them. Around the edges, her large firm breasts spilled out and there was nothing she could do about it.

"God, I might as well be topless!"

She stormed out of the bathroom.

"Ashley, I can't wear this. I'm naked!" Jenny groaned standing in front of Ashley, beet red with one arm covering her chest and her hand covering her crotch.

"It's not that bad. Put your arms down and let me see."

Ashley's eye grew wide as Jenny lowered her arms. Jenny was the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen.

Ashley wasn't a bad looking girl at all. A cute face with her short dark hair, and small but nicely shaped tits. Her legs were nicely formed as well, and throw in a butt to die for, Ashley got her fair share of dates. But Jenny was from a different planet! Why she remained friends with her, Ashley couldn't understand. She hated Jenny now. Yet, she always hung around with her. She even stayed with her when Jenny's other girl friends grew too jealous even to talk with the girl anymore.

The suit was quite obscene, but was going to work perfectly. "Now, Jenny, it's just a tiny bit snug is all. It looks great. Here, just put this on and you'll look even better," Ashley told her blushing friend.

"Ashley!"

"Don't 'Ashley' me, just put the damn skirt on so we can go!" Ashley ordered.

Over the years, Ashley had always been able to talk Jenny into wearing all sorts of things she wouldn't normally be caught dead in. Today was no exception.

Jenny groaned but took the skirt and wrapped it around and had to tie it in the back. That was just a little odd, because it use to tie in the front. But what was even odder was that her right leg was completely bare right up to her waist! And her right butt cheek was bare as well! Jenny never remembered it being like this. She hadn't worn it for sometime, so maybe she just out grown it.

"I'd better change. This skirt doesn't seem to fit right," Jenny said.

"Jenny, don't be crazy. The skirt looks great! Besides we don't have time for you to go through everything you own to find something else. The show starts in 20 minutes, and it takes at least 20 minutes to get there."

"But!"

"Come on!" Ashley snorted, as she grabbed Jenny's arm and pulled her out the door. Jenny was able to grab one of the nightshirts she slept in before being hurried out the door.

"What's that for?"

"I can't walk around like this! I might as well be naked!" Jenny said as she put on the big shirt that covered everything right down to the middle of her thighs.

"Just get in!" Ashley huffed when they reached her car.

Now she had the stupid nightshirt to worry about.

\* \* \* \*

Ashley drove to the mall in a glorious dream. This was going to be the greatest payback she could possibly achieve. All of Jenny's innocent flirting made her so mad, and now it was going to be time to get even for everything. She glanced over a Jenny sitting next to her. Even in the big T-shirt, you could see every desirable curve on Jenny tanned body. "God, what a body! It's just not fair!"

On the way there, there must have been three dozen cars which pulled up beside them at stop lights and honked their horns at Jenny. Naturally, Jenny just waved sweetly and smiled as Ashley continued to get madder.

\* \* \* \*

"Jenny, over here!" Mr. Meyers shouted, waving to Jenny and Ashley. He groaned in disappointment after seeing what Jenny was wearing.

"Hi, Mr. Meyers!" Jenny shouted back, waving both arms and with a big smile on her face.

Even dressed as she was, Jenny drew quite a few stares as she walked toward the booth.

"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Meyers, but I brought a friend with me. Ashley, this is my boss at the travel agency."

"Hello, miss," said Mr. Meyers, without taking his eyes off of Jenny.

"Hi," said Ashley glumly, now very used to this type of introduction whenever she was with Jenny.

"Jenny, I thought I asked you to wear a swimsuit?" Mr. Meyers asked her.

Jenny had chickened out on the way to the Mall. She was going to keep her nightshirt on. She just couldn't let anyone see her wearing such a tiny suit. She was glad she'd grabbed it so she could safely cover herself. This was no place to be wearing that mini-bikini!

"I'm sorry, Mr. Meyers, but I just couldn't. It would be bad enough of the beach, but here? No way!"

"What?" said Mr. Meyers, stricken.

Ashley wasn't going to let Jenny off the hook. This was too perfect to pass up. There must be a hundred people here, and they were going to see Jenny naked if she had to kill her to do it.

"Jenny's just kidding, Mr. Meyers," said Ashley cheerfully. "Show him your suit, Jenny!"

"Ashley! I can't!"

Mr. Meyers' heart leapt with joy. She was wearing a suit!

"Come on Jenny I'm wearing mine," he said pointing down at pair of very old fashion swim trunks that covered everything from his bellybutton to his knees.

"You'll ruin my booth. Look how much work I've done. Please, Jenny," he said, almost whining. God, how he wanted to see Jenny in a swimsuit.

"Come on Jenny," Ashley said.

Jenny looked around at the booth. It did look very nice. It was set up in a beach scene. There was a big fake palm tree in one corner, and in the other was a beach towel spread over a pile of sand, with even a few beach balls. On the back wall was a large map of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Well, all right. But only for a few minutes, OK?" Jenny answered, very nervous now as she reached for the bottom of the T-shirt. She didn't want to ruin Mr. Meyers' booth.

Jenny didn't realize how many people were watching her. Most were watching because of the odd way she was dressed (a large bright pink T-shirt came down to mid thigh, and below that a bright colored flowered skirt.) But some were watching because, even dressed as she was, Jenny was still quite lovely.

You could have heard a pin drop as her tanned tummy came into view, followed by her large firm breasts sticking out around a tiny yellow bikini top. Jenny got her gold necklace caught on the nightshirt and began to struggle to free it. Her tits began to bounce and the bikini top started to shift.

Slowly, as Jenny struggled, everyone saw a tiny bit of her left nipple peek out. Jenny didn't notice as she continued to tussle with the tangled T-shirt.

"Ashley, could you help me please. My necklace is caught!"

Mr. Meyers just smiled as he watched the pretty teen struggle with her shirt while trying not to break her necklace. He was about to get his wish. He was going to see Jenny topless right here in the mall!

Jenny's display started to draw quite a crowd. The men all wanted to see if the bikini top would stay on. While the women just shook their heads, at Jenny's dirty display.

"Just a sec, Jen!" Ashley shouted, watching Jenny's struggle.

This was going to be too easy. All she had to do is go over and innocently pull the string on Jenny's top.

Quickly Ashley reached out and pulled the tie on the skirt. It quickly fell to the floor where Ashley scooped it up and threw it into the crowd.

Jenny, her head all tangled up, never felt a thing.

The crowd drew closer to get a better look at the drop-dead gorgeous blonde now standing in the tiniest yellow bikini any of them had ever seen. Jenny continued to bounce around as she tried to get free. The tiny cups on the top would slide this way and that, giving everyone a just hint of her nipples. Somehow, though, the top stayed on her tits. The bottom worked a little lower in front, showing them just a few blonde pubic hairs sticking out of the top.

"All right, Jenny. It's time," Ashley mumbled with a smile.

But, before she could pull the string, Jenny got free.

"Shit!" Ashley grumbled, stamping her foot angrily.

Finally Jenny's head popped out of the shirt and she saw everyone staring at her. She blushed and crossed her arms over her breasts, and lowered her head so she didn't have to look at all the men staring at her.

"Oh My God!" she groaned.

Her top was pushed a bit to one side and you could see the start of her right nipple! If that wasn't bad enough, the bottoms had slid down and you could see some of the hair! Quickly Jenny put one hand down to cover her crotch as well.

"Where's my skirt!?" Jenny squealed.

"I don't know, Jenny," Ashley replied, trying not to burst into laugher at the sight of Jenny trying to cover herself with her arms.

Mr. Meyers recovered first. "Jenny, you look great!"

That was an understatement. Jenny was the sexiest girl he'd ever seen, especially wearing that bikini. He was glad he wore the baggy old swim trunks, or everyone would have seen his rock hard manhood.

Jenny looked around for somewhere to hide so she could fix her suit that had shifted and was now showing some of her very private parts. Besides, she couldn't stand in front of everyone wearing this tiny suit that was hiding nothing much now. This was the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to her. Why had she listened to Ashley and worn the suit?

"I need to use the restroom. Do you know where it is?" Jenny asked weakly, looking at Mr. Meyers.

"It's right behind you," he replies, pointing at the sign that read Ladies hanging from the ceiling over the bathroom door.

"Thank you."

Jenny back away from everyone who continued to stare, so they couldn't see her naked butt cheeks with just a tiny string running between them.

Once she was inside, the women muttered disapprovingly to one another, then went back to what they were doing before the blonde bomb shell had arrived. But most of the men kept looking back at the bathroom door, waiting for the gorgeous teenager to reappear.

Jenny couldn't go back out there wearing this! She could have bought three postage stamps and put them over her private parts and covered more. What had she been thinking when she let Ashley talk her into this? Jenny began to cry when she saw herself in the mirror. The top was worse than she thought, covering nothing at all. It didn't even seem to cover her nipples now! She adjusted the top the best she could, so now they were covered, but just barely.

Somehow she'd lost her skirt! And now her bikini bottoms were completely exposed. Jenny was horrified to see how they seemed to have shrunk to almost nothing at all. Jenny's shapely ass was still completely bare, something she didn't like even when she was alone. But it was the front part of her bikini bottoms that the real trouble now. It hadn't been cut that low when she put it on at home, she was sure of it! Reaching down Jenny pulled the tiny triangle up until all the blonde pubic hair was concealed. It now pressed into her sex just a bit. But it was better than everyone seeing her hair sticking out.

Mr. Meyers couldn't have picked a better suit for Jenny to wear. It looked like one of those swimsuits that models only wore when that did those calendars. He was sure no women would have worn it in the real world, it was just too small and erotic. On Jenny it was even more so, knowing how shy and innocent she was. Why she had worn such a thing was puzzling to him. But, he wasn't complaining. This was sure to triple his business!

Ashley and Mr. Meyer stood waiting for Jenny to reappear, but after 15 minutes, there was still no Jenny.

"Could you see what's keeping your friend," Mr. Meyers asked, now a little worried that maybe something had happened to the lovely teen.

"Sure thing," Ashley replied. Shit, now she have to talk to stupid tease back out into the mall so she could finish the job.

Ashley found Jenny hiding in one of the stalls. "Jenny, come on, Mr. Meyers is waiting for you!"

"I can't, Ashley. This suit is . . ."

"Jenny, the suit is fine. Now get out there before Mr. Meyers decides to fire you!"

Jenny wondered if she might be over reacting a little. Jenny had seen other girls wearing suits just as small, showing almost everything. If she just pretended everything was normal, everyone would probably just stop looking.

"All right," Jenny sighed, "but I need your help with my top. It just doesn't fit right now. Could you help me retie it differently so it's much tighter?"

Ashley's smile widened. This was working too perfectly.

"Sure thing, Jen! Just come out and let me see what I can do."

Jenny left the stall and turned her back to Ashley. Ashley went to work on the two strings, tying them with very loose knots.

"All done."

"Ashley, they feel looser than before!" complained Jenny.

"Don't be silly. It's tied just right. Now let's go before Mr. Meyers decides to fire you."

"Are you sure, Ash? They feel super loose!" Jenny questioned.

"Jenny, I think I'm smart enough to tie a bikini top!" Ashley snapped as she tried to put an end to Jenny's whining.

With a worried look, Jenny turned and went back into the mall with Ashley following quickly behind her. She didn't what to miss one second of Jenny's upcoming humiliation.

Jenny's boss smiled as he saw Jenny coming out of the bathroom. "God, what a looker!"

"I'm only going to stay a few minutes," Jenny said.

"But why?"

"This suit just isn't right."

"Nonsense, Jenny. Your suit looks like you are right in Hawaii."

"But . . ."

"Jenny, you look fine, really."

"I guess, but don't you think it's too small?" Jenny asked putting her arms at her sides so he could get a better look at it, and smiled weakly.

Mr. Meyers gave her one long mouth-watering look from head to toe. She was absolutely perfect. From the top of her pretty blonde head, to her cute red painted toe nails. He never saw a woman so flawless or so desirable. It was weird!

"It's just right, Jenny," he gulped. "Now, why don't you sit down and help sign people up for their trips?"

"S-sure," Jenny stammered, happy to sit down so she could hide most of herself with the table.

Word quickly spread through the Mall that the gorgeous teenager in the tiny bikini was back. Before you could say, "Yum," Mr. Meyers' booth was packed with men ogling the sexy young girl.

At first Jenny was nervous, but soon her mind clicked over to the task at hand. She began to giggle and flirt with every man that talked to her. Jenny never observed that their eyes never got any higher than her proud chest that kept jiggling and bouncing with each giggle Jenny would give to some stupid comment from one of the men.

Finally the string around Jenny's back loosened and felt open from all the jiggling her tits where doing. The strings hung now uselessly at her sides, but the tiny triangles still rested on her large breasts, hiding Jenny's nipples.

Of course Jenny, being Jenny, didn't notice every man's mouth fall open at the sight of her top hanging loose only tied now around her neck.

Word continued to spread about the teen beauty in the tiny bikini, and quickly the large crowd drew thicker around Mr. Meyers' booth.

Ashley watched and fumed. It wasn't working at all the way she had hoped. Despite the way she tied Jenny's top it stayed ties around her neck. She couldn't stand Jenny flirting. And what made it worse was Jenny never knew she did it. Ashley was about to run over and just pull Jenny's top off when her luck changed.

"Where is this on the island?" A gentleman asked Mr. Meyers, but kept looking over at Jenny.

"Jenny why don't you show him on the map?" Mr. Meyers asked, pointing at the large map hanging on the back of the booth.

"Sure!" Jenny said happily forgetting about her tiny suit.

Every man held their breath as Jenny turned and looked at the map.

"Let's see, where are you?" she mumbled, rising up on her tiptoes as she studied the top of the map.

Her perfect calves flexed, and lovely firm butt squeezed tight so invitingly that it was a miracle that the sight didn't give someone a heart attack.

Every man's heart was in their throat. They never saw any women as sexy as Jenny standing before them in such a bikini. If a bomb when off no one would have even noticed.

"Where are you?" Jenny mumbled again, swinging her butt back and forth as she always did when she was thinking about something. That drove the men wild!

"There you are!" Jenny quickly turned back toward the crowd, "It's right here, Sir," she said happily.

Pointing back over her shoulder at a spot on the map, looking like one of those game-show women showing the contestants their prizes.

Ashley broke out in laugher, as she watched what had quickly unfolded in front of her.

Jenny's top had shifted, and slid off her large tits, causing a teenage boy to holler, "What a set of hooters!"

Quickly Jenny looked down and saw her bare breasts!

"Oh my God!" she shrieked, as her hands shot up to cover her perfect 38CC's from the group of staring men.

In her embarrassment Jenny backed up against the booth's fake palm tree. A piece of rough bark scratched her firm right butt cheek.

"Ouch!" Jenny's hand's shot down to rub her stinging ass, baring her tits once again to everyone.

It took Jenny several seconds to realize what she had done, but not before everyone got a nice long look at the most perfect pair of tits they'd ever seen!

"Oh God!" Jenny screamed again, as she reached up to fix her top, turning away from the now cheering men.

Mr. Meyer was all smiles as everyone watched his young assistant try to cover her breasts with her arm and fix the top at the same time. He had finally gotten what he'd wanted. Want he didn't realize was he was about to get a whole lot more.

As Jenny turned away from the leering men, she caught her tiny bikini bottom on the same piece of bark that had stuck her only seconds earlier. The bark slid under the string on her bottoms and when she continued to turn away from the crowd it pulled the string loose. The bottom fell open on one side, which bared half of her hips and showed off some of her golden mound.

"A real blonde!" someone shouted in delight.

"On my God!"

All the blood drained out of Jenny's pretty face, when see looked down to see her bottoms hanging loose on one side. Still trying to cover her lovely breasts with one arm Jenny reached down to grab the loose string on her bottoms.

"Ashley!" she cried in desperation. "Help me!"

Ashley was laughing so hard her sides hurt, as she watched Jenny slowly strip herself in front of everyone in the Mall. She had started it by tying the top a little loose, but the rest was pure Jenny. She couldn't have thought of a better way to get back at Jenny than what she was watching.

Jenny swiftly turned her back to the crowd so she could fix her suit, but what she ended up doing was hooking the left string on her bottoms on the same piece of bark. Jenny felt the tug at her left hip, but was too late to save her bottoms! They quickly fell down to her pretty feet!

"Oh no!"

Both of Jenny's hands leap down to cover her sex, but in doing so she had her fingers still tangled in the strings of the top. The string around her neck pulled loose and the top ended up on the floor next to her bottoms, leaving the lovely teen completely naked in front of an ever growing group to wildly cheering men.

"Ashley, please help! My suit!" Jenny screamed.

She panicked and didn't think to just reach down and grab her suit, as she tried to cover her sexy body with just her hands and arms. She had to get away from everyone who was doing nothing but staring at her and not even helping.

For several minutes Jenny squirmed this way and that, trying to hide her privates from the crowd of men who's cheers could be heard echoing throughout the Mall.

Finally, Ashley decided to end Jenny's torture. "Jenny quick, run into the bathroom!"

"Why hadn't she thought of that?" the panicked Jenny wondered.

The bathroom was the safest place to be so Jenny pushed her way through the group toward it.

The first hand ended up on Jenny's firm right buttock.

"Hey, stop that!" Jenny spat, whirling around to see who had grabbed her behind. But when she did someone else gave her half moons a healthy swat!

"Ouch! Stop that!" Jenny demanded, as she spun around again to discover who might have swatted her.

But, she saw nothing but smiles. In tears, Jenny pushed her way through the crowd, while hands freely squeezed and pinched her buttocks, and even her breasts. She tried to keep her most private parts covered, but the hands still were able to tweak her nipples or even slide between her legs!

Jenny was lost in a sea of feeling hands. Every time she'd almost get out of the crowd a hand would reach out and tease her breast, or pat her lovely ass. She would turn to see who it was and end up walking back into the crowd of men instead of out of it. In spite of her humiliation, Jenny was starting to feel a little warm and tingly from the constant attention her body was receiving.

With tears of joy streaming down her face Ashley yelled, "This way, Jen!" Ashley never wanted it to end, but the crowd was starting to get a little out of control. She wanted to embarrass Jenny, not get her raped.

"Here, over here!"

Jenny moved toward her good friend's voice trying to ignore the hands that were everywhere now. They never seemed to leave any part of her body! It was terrible!

Finally, after what seemed like hours, a dazed Jenny pushed her way out of the crowd, where she saw Ashley waving frantically at her while continuing to shout, "Over here!"

In her haste, Jenny tripped over her own feet. She fell forward, ending up on all fours with her lovely ass pointing right at a group of Japanese tourists, who starting taking pictures with the many cameras they always seemed to have. It took several moments before Jenny recovered enough to get up and try to find sanctuary for her naked body once again. But not before more than a hundred pictures were taken by the delighted Japanese tourists.

At last, Jenny pushed her way through the smiling tourist and got to Ashley who was . . .

\* \* \* \*

"Excuse me."

Jenny's husband looked up to see a cute young girl standing in front of him. "Yes?"

"Was that your wife who got . . . Well . . . stripped," she asked.

"Yes, why?"

"She wanted me to ask you to get her something to wear out of the car."

"Sure thing. Tell Jenny I'll get them in a minute," he answered, thinking, "I wonder how it all started for Jenny."

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**Jenny and the Millennium**

by ?

Jenny was very excited about the turn of the millennium. It was an event she would only experience once and she was determined to make it memorable. Not really understanding the millennium bug, Jenny was not concerned and went to great lengths to prepare for a big celebration. She wanted to be around all her friends so they would all remember what a great time they all had. So she had called around and booked an event hall, a DJ, a bartender and a caterer for the evening of December 31, 1999. Then she called Ashley and together they went shopping for “the perfect dress.”

Ashley always seemed to know just what to wear, but Jenny suffered from nothing-to-wear syndrome. As they made their way from shop to shop, Jenny couldn’t seem to find the right outfit. Ashley found several she liked, but couldn’t decide.

Finally, they decided. Jenny would wear a skintight, gold lamé, full-length gown with thin spaghetti straps and a long slit up one leg. Ordinarily, Jenny would have selected a more conservative dress—ever fearful of exposing herself accidentally—but as Ashley had said, “there’s only one turn of the millennium in a lifetime”. That, coupled with the fact that Ashley had also selected a risqué outfit, caused her to throw caution to the wind.

Ashley thought to herself that the gold dress would be “perfect” for Jenny.

“Just let her try and stay in that one all night,” she thought.

Talking her into it took some doing and she had to spend a little more that she wanted to on an equally revealing dress for herself. But it would be worth it to see Jenny try to stay in that dress. Besides, Ashley had no intention of yielding any attention to Jenny. Her own dress would make sure of that.

While Jenny’s dress would be very revealing, it would be easy to move around in due to the long slit. Ashley’s outfit was strategically selected to require assistance all night long. And she intended to receive assistance and the attention she felt she deserved for a change. She had been overlooked once too often when she was with Jenny. Ashley’s outfit was also tight fitting, but it had no splits and came only to mid thigh. It was so tight, she would only be able to take small steps and climbing stairs would be difficult. It was tight in the bodice as well, pushing her ample assets up, while the low plunging neck line insured her of drawing attention wherever she went.

To complete the outfit, Ashley needed a pair of very high heels. That, she figured would do two things—draw attention to her legs and render her even more helpless. She also thought Jenny could use a pair of high heels, knowing the trouble Jenny could get in wearing high heels.

At the shoe store, Ashley had selected a pair of red high heeled mules to match her red dress. They were the tallest pair in the shop at 4 1/2 inches. Fortunately for Ashley, the only gold high heeled shoes they had were platform models. Ashley figured they were sold with the bedroom in mind, but she convinced Jenny they were all the rave in the fashion world. With the platforms the heels were around 5 inches high. Jenny had some major nervousness and anxiety about wearing them since she had never worn such high heels, but Ashley talked her into them anyway.

Friday, the end of the 20th Century, finally arrived. Jenny took most of the day to prepare for the night. After a long hot bath, she put on a robe and set about doing her makeup.

“A pony tail just won’t do for tonight,” she thought, so she spent some time combing out her long blonde hair until it shined.

As she was laying out her new gold dress, her husband called. To her distress, he was tied up as usual and she would have to meet him at the party.

“Don’t you dare be late!” she scolded him.

“I’ll be there on time.” He said.

With that in mind, Jenny was a little distracted as she tried to match up some lingerie with her dress. Unfortunately for her, she found that no mater what she tried, nothing would go with the dress. Not that she didn’t have any gold lingerie to try, or even any with gold trim. She had plenty thanks to her husbands generosity in giving her plenty. She had even done all the wash, so she had every item she owned to try on. The trouble was that it all showed under the dress.

She tried everything. The dress was too low in the back for any of her bras. And the spit up the side was too high for all of her panties—even her thongs! Next she tried her sheerest pantyhose, since stockings would be too short. But they all showed something they weren’t made to show. She tried on all of her assorted teddies, girdles and unmentionable items to no avail.

“Surely there must be some underwear designed for this dress.” She thought.

But she soon came to realize what Ashley had known all along—she would be naked under this dress all night long.

Ashley, on the other hand, selected her lingerie for maximum effect. Her white stockings ended just out of sight under her tight red hem. She practiced sitting on various chairs in front of her mirror and was pleased with the way the lace tops of her stockings and the red and white lace garters would show. The tight dress rode up her thighs without effort and crossing her legs amplified the effect with her white silk panties flashing on demand. The top of her dress needed no additional support, but she selected a lacy white demi-bra with straps that would fall off her shoulders with the slightest shrug.

Ashley slipped on her red mules, checked her image one last time in the mirror and called for a taxi to take her to the party.

Jenny was nervous as she wrapped the straps of the gold platform heels around her bare ankles.

“I should have practiced walking in these shoes,” she thought.

Standing, she checked herself in the full-length mirror and decided she did at least look good. She then picked up her new gold purse and tried to pack into it everything she might need this evening.

Satisfied, she made her way downstairs and turned on a few lights so she wouldn’t have to return to a dark house. Then she carefully locked the front door and walked very carefully out to her car in the driveway. It was still daylight out and she felt as if all her neighbors were watching her as she walked to her car. Self-consciously, she held the slit of her dress, just in case an unexpected gust of wind might blow it open. She made it to her car without mishap, but she now had to worry about getting into the low slung Miata without flashing her whole neighborhood—just in case they were really watching.

The slit was on the driver’s side, and if she tried to hold it closed, the dress was too tight for her to get in. Ordinarily, she would have entered on leg first followed by the other after she was sitting behind the wheel. This would not do in this case or one whole leg would be sticking out of the slit. So she sat down first and swung both legs in together.

Driving in the heels would be nearly impossible, so she leaned forward to undo the straps…when she remembered she had forgotten her keys on the counter in the kitchen. Then she remembered her house keys on the same key ring. She was locked out—again. She remembered meaning to hide a house key outside, but never remembered except in a time of need.

“Maybe one of the windows is open,” she thought, remembering opening at least one that day.

Carefully, she extracted herself from the car and walked back toward the house. Luckily, one of the front windows was open. But, to climb through it in her dress would be difficult at best. She tried sticking her head through first, but couldn’t lift herself up through the window with her arms. She didn’t want to risk ripping the dress by going head first over the sill.

Next she tried feet first. The only way to get a foot in through the window was to let the dress open up at the split. This would have left her blonde bush and naked crotch open to the street. So with one hand over herself to block the view as best as she could and other on the sill for balance she stepped through.

At this point, the neighbor across the street, who noticed Jenny leaving in her shinny gold dress, had his binoculars trained on the action. He watched and groaned as Jenny’s nipples flashed into view during the contortions required as she crawled through the window.

Once inside, Jenny found her keys and started out again to the car.

Meanwhile, Ashley’s taxi driver got a nice tip as he adjusted his rearview mirror to keep one eye on Ashley’s lingerie and one on the road. At the hotel where the party was being held, he jumped out quickly to open the door for her, narrowly beating the valet to the punch. Both he and the valet nearly lost control as Ashley stepped from the cab.

“How much do I owe you?” asked Ashley to the cab driver.

“It’s on me Ma’am, just be sure to call me when you need a lift home,” he replied, handing her his business card with his cell phone number.

Jenny arrived in her Miata and had to put her shoes on while the valet watched her dress move with her curves. By the time she had them on, it was obvious to him that there was nothing under the dress.

Jenny found her friend Ashley at the bar—or rather on a bar stool at the bar. Ashley had attracted quite a crowd of admirers and Jenny was shocked to see that Ashley’s garters were showing. It seemed that Ashley once again needed to be reminded to be careful in such a short dress.

“She should know better than to sit on a high stool in that dress,” Jenny thought innocently.

While Jenny tried to get her attention to suggest a trip to the ladies room, Ashley’s bra strap slipped off her shoulder.

“Oops,” Ashley said as she feigned embarrassment.

“At least it’s not me everyone is looking at,” thought Jenny.

In reality, Jenny was being watched carefully as the men tried to figure out how her thin straps contained her ample assets. They were also trying to verify their suspicions that she had nothing on under the tight gold dress. There certainly were no irregular bumps or lines—just Jenny’s smooth features.

At Jenny’s suggestion to use the ladies room together, Ashley declared, “Someone needs to help me off of this stool. My dress is just too tight to reach the floor.”

All inhibitions and self-respect were forgotten as the guys embarrassed themselves volunteering. One lucky guy took Ashley by her slim waist and set her on her heels on the floor. The witnesses didn’t feel so bad after Ashley managed to flash her white panties at them and somehow her bra straps came into view as she ceremoniously reached under her dress to put them back into place. Jenny just tried to look the other way to fight her embarrassment.

In the ladies room, Jenny said, “Ashley, you need to be more careful in that dress.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ashley.

“That dress is too short to sit down without showing your garters.” Jenny explained. She continued by saying: “and up on that high stool your panties were visible each time you crossed your legs.”

“Oh dear. I had no idea,” said Ashley. “How do I look? Is everything covered properly?”

“Turn around,” said Jenny.

“Looks fine while your standing, but be careful sitting or bending,” advised Jenny. “How do I look?”

“You look fine, why?” asked Ashley.

“Well, I couldn’t find anything to wear under this dress. It’s too revealing. Can you tell?”

Ashley had anticipated Jenny’s question and said, “Turn around and let me see the back.”

Ashley then discreetly pulled a small pocket knife from her purse and while pretending to adjust Jenny’s straps, actually cut them almost through.

“Any sudden movement, and they should give way,” thought Ashley. But she said, “You look fine.”

Back in the party room Jenny’s husband finally showed up. He was delighted by how the girls were dressed. Ashley did all she could to show him her frilly underpinnings whenever Jenny wasn’t looking.

Sometime later, Jenny went to the bar to get refills on their drinks. On the way back, with her hands full, one strap gave out. Suddenly her left breast was exposed and she had no free hands to control the problem. She let out a little cry and had just brought her arms across her chest when the other strap let go. She was trying to get back to the table to set the drinks down in a hurry. As the final strap snapped, her full-length dress slipped down underfoot.

The next thing she heard was the familiar sound of fabric ripping. She had stepped on the front of her dress and her high heel had gone right through it causing her to trip and fall forward. The drinks went flying as she tried to catch herself. The crash silenced the entire room and those who hadn’t heard her cry when the first strap broke or noticed her predicament were now drawn to watch.

In a panic, a very embarrassed Jenny tried desperately to pull her dress up over her breasts, but didn’t realize her heel was tangled up in the hem. As a result, she tore her dress in the process. The continued ripping sound made her take stock of her dress—or what was left of it. Instead of a full length gown, it was now barely miniskirt length as it had ripped at the point of least resistance at the top of the slit. With both straps ripped, Jenny had to hold it up over her chest.

Aware of everyone staring, Jenny just wanted to get up and flee to the ladies room. But, in her platform heels and too short dress she had a problem. Add to that the broken straps and you can imagine her situation. With people starting to gather, she did her best to scramble onto her feet, tugging her dress first up then down in order to maintain some sort of modesty. Needless to say, it was quite a sight.

Once on her feet, it was quite apparent that her newly shortened hem was a bit too brief. Jenny tried to tug the hem down, but she also had to keep it from slipping down too far over her nipples. The compromise position left little to the imagination. The long skirt portion of her gown lay on the ground at her feet. Without thinking, she bent over in typical Jenny fashion to retrieve it. As she picked up the torn piece of her dress, she heard the quite in the room behind her grow into a steady moan—kind of like the wave at a major sporting event. Quickly she straightened up, now even more embarrassed.

Ashley had the decency of going to the ladies room with Jenny to make repairs to the straps. Even Ashley couldn’t believe Jenny’s luck, or lack of luck. Since she didn’t want to miss the big celebration at midnight, Jenny bravely stuck it out at the party in her new micro-minidress.

Ashley was a little miffed since Jenny drew a lot of her attention away, but she made the best of it by capitalizing on all of Jenny’s admirers. Men would make up some excuse to pass by Jenny, hoping to catch one of her nipples in sight or a shot up her extremely short dress, and Ashley would try every trick in her book to give them something to look at instead of the blonde bomb. Jenny was inwardly relieved at Ashley’s predicaments, and said nothing for the rest of the evening about her flashings.

Jenny’s husband was beside himself with glee. His only trouble was staying in sight of both Ashley’s lace and his wife’s naked charms.

As the party came to a close, Jenny’s husband was a little disappointed that it was over. Who knows when he would get to see his busty blonde wife and sexy Ashley all dressed up in dresses that were too short? It was kind of like Christmas, after all the presents were open.

His consolation came when Ashley said she did not have a ride home. Jenny said of course he wouldn’t mind giving her a lift home. So he first helped his wife into her Miata—reaffirming all of his wedding vows—and then led Ashley to his pickup truck.

Always the gentleman (even with ulterior motives), he opened the passenger door for her, and held his breath to see how she would climb up into his lifted 4x4. Ashley had asked for his help going down the stairs in front of the hotel, and he knew her dress was too tight to step up into the cab. He had also witnessed how her short hem seemed to expose her stockings and garters with little provocation.

“I don’t think I can get in your truck,” Ashley cooed with a glance at his crotch.

As she had hoped, it was straining against the swelling.

“What do you mean, Ashley?” he asked.

“Well, my dress is too tight to step up that high. I’d have to hike it up.” She said.

“Should I look the other way while you hitch it up?” he asked.

“Oh no. Even then, I don’t think I can climb up in these heels.” She said, trying to recover from his unexpected question. “Can you give me a boost?”

“Sure,” he said enthusiastically.

As he prepared to give Ashley a boost, adjusting his crotch when he hoped she wasn’t looking, she gave a series of tugs to her dress until she could lift her leg high enough, up to the doorsill. Having accomplished that, he had nowhere except her rear end to give her a boost. With her skirt up around her waist, he was confronted with her sexy lingerie in front, up to her white lacy panties. As he put his hand on her panties, she didn’t complain, but acted as if it were completely normal.

Once in the cab, Ashley made a production of settling her dress over her garters. Sitting, her dress ended just above her stockings. It was amazing he didn’t have an accident on the way to Ashley’s, since it was hard to keep his eyes on the road.

Getting out of the truck, Ashley required assistance again of course. The process of scooting to the edge of the seat hitched up her red dress past her red and white garter straps, but Ashley didn’t bother to pull it back down as it wouldn’t have done much good anyway. She knew Jenny’s husband had a very good view of her as she leaned toward him for support. She placed her hands on his shoulders, shrugging to let her bra straps fall off of her shoulders.

As she slid one leg down first, pointing her dainty high heeled foot to reach the ground, her dress slid up past her crotch. With one leg on the sill and one near the ground, there wasn’t anything left unexposed under her dress.

“It’s a good thing I’m wearing panties tonight, or I wouldn’t have any secrets left from you,” she cooed.

Jenny’s husband tried to think about Jenny climbing into her Miata without any panties.

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**Jenny's New Job**

by Biker

First impressions were everything she reminded herself and so selecting the clothes for today was very important Jenny reminded herself for the third time since breakfast. A new job and new responsibilities required a new outfit.

Jenny was still nervous at the prospect of meeting her clients, "What if they hate me?"

Again her tummy flipped a couple of times in nervousness. "Oh if only I'd gone for the second option."

But it was too late, Jenny had chosen her new job of the two choices offered to her at the temp agency and now it was too late to back out.

The drive into town with her husband took a long while and she spent the time thinking of all the things that could go wrong and making appropriate contingency plans, all the while Jenny had the tummy flips. She had to admit it, she was terrified this wasn't something she was looking forward to!.

The car park was almost empty at this early hour. She kissed John goodbye and he wished her luck squeezing her thigh in encouragement. Taking a deep breath she exited the car.

"See you at home tonight!" he called out as he sped off to work himself.

Alone now in the car park Jenny knew that a lot of the clients would be arriving by foot, and so rather then face them too soon she took another deep breath to calm herself. Then headed in the direction of the low single storey building, she'd been here before but now it seemed so much more sinister knowing it was her first day here, Officially.

Inside she sipped the coffee she'd made herself and heard people's voices through the thin walls gently droning on, suddenly occasionally punctuated by a shriek. Drips of coffee landed in Jenny's lap. She was so nervous

"I must relax, I must relax I must relax... deeep breaths deeeeep breaths."

Jenny felt her tummy roll as 9 o'clock got closer.

Next door Miss Johnson clapped her hands loudly calling everyone's attention to herself, all eyes turned to look at her. Jenny knew it was make or break time. Reluctantly she stood up brushed her black leggings of any specks of dust smoothed her T-shirt down and turned towards the door her training shoes (sneakers) squeaked on the vinyl floor as she walked to meet her doom.

"...So everyone let's give a big happy hello to the new classroom assistant Mrs Hamilton!" Miss Johnson cried out

"Hello Mrs Hamilton!" chorused 27 little six year olds in unison.

Jenny smiled wanly and tried to look excited yet wished she were elsewhere. Children!

Jenny had no experience with the little treasures except of course the one or two Boy scouts that had crossed her path. One day she hoped to have a family of her own but that was in the far distant future. So what she learnt here this day would only serve to help her when that day came. This was what she had to remind herself as often as she could.

Miss Johnson, led Jenny over to the activity table where a boy sat on his own colouring in a picture, outside of the lines Jenny noted, she'd have to rectify that soon.

"Mrs Hamilton, I'd like to introduce you to one of the cutest little chaps in the class, you'll be his personal helper today."

Jenny smiled at the boy who only glanced at Jenny with dark hooded eyes. Miss Johnson dipped her head closer to the young boy and hissed threateningly at him

"Damian, you behave yourself or you'll answer to me. Clear?"

"Damian." Oh my God! Images of the Omen films flashed through her mind. Jenny wished she were still in bed for the fourth time that day. Miss Johnson muttered a passing comment to Jenny as she left her, which included the words 'scissors' and 'banned' whatever could she have meant?

The day went along easily enough. Damian turned out to be less the of the Devil's offspring Jenny thought he would be, and slowly she relaxed her guard. Soon she was playing hide and seek with him in the playground as if she'd done it for months.

Lunchtime surprised her by its sudden arrival and the darlings piled out into the yard to eat their packed lunches or whatever they'd foraged for earlier in the day like small stones and grass. Damian sat alone eating his lunch with a distant look in his eyes,

"This afternoon would be the time, yes soon, soon."

Jenny sipped her orange juice with the other teachers in the Staff room occasionally glancing out of the window to check on the children. She had to admit it she felt great. It was almost 6 hours into the day and she was still wearing the same clothes and hadn't torn, lost or had removed a single article, she didn't want to add the word "yet" but it came out loud and clear in her subconscious. It was at that precise moment that the glass of orange slid off the arm of the easy chair she sat in and spilled it's cold contents into Jenny's lap.

"Awww dammit!" Jenny stood up desperately trying to brush the liquid off her already soaked leggings but it was no good they would need to be removed and dried.

Damian sat in the playground and opened his eyes from the deep concentration he'd been in and smiled. Normally Jenny would be prepared for eventualities such as this, but now she had nothing with her as a change of clothes, the bag of spare clothes was safely in the trunk of her car which was being serviced at the garage.

"Just my bad luck!" she muttered to herself.

It had all started almost two years ago this sort of thing had never been something she had to contend with but since March '98 her luck had suddenly changed for the worse. Losing her clothes or having them ripped from her blushing body seemed to be almost a common thing now.

Resigned to the turn of events that faced her Jenny just asked as she dripped in the middle of the Staff room if anyone had any spare clothes she could borrow. Her luck was in as a young woman said she had something Jenny could borrow, and left the room returning moments later with a small bag.

Jenny entered the toilets and undressed. Wringing out the orange juice from the leggings and her panties too, the panties went straight onto the radiator to dry. The T-shirt showed signs of splatter, so that was removed too. Her trainers were dappled orange so they were dropped into a plastic bag along with the other items of clothing.

She opened up the bag and checked to see what it contained. Inside were items obviously left over from a Jumble sale and these were the unsold items, Jenny guessed rightly as she pulled out a torn and faded "Frankie says Relax" T shirt. A quick rummage through the bag turned up a good white T-shirt and a pair of strappy high heel sandals in her size that were in very good condition but no skirt or leggings at all.

She ducked her head out of the door and called for Miss Johnson, she arrived and Jenny confided her troubles to her.

"You leave it with me Jenny I'll be back soon."

True to her word Miss Johnson returned clutching a white tennis skirt she hoped would fit Jenny's hips. She'd borrowed it from one of the other teachers. Jenny groaned inside but accepted the minute skirt gratefully.

Wrapping the skirt about her Jenny had to then breath in deeply pulled hard and managed to button it together around her waist. She took a moment to check herself in the mirror and shuddered at the memory of being dressed just like this in strappy sandals a white tennis skirt and no panties on a miniature golf course with Ashley last year, damn that Windmill!!!!.

Retrieving the dry but stained panties she slipped them on then checked herself once more in the mirror. Jenny steeled herself for the afternoons activities dressed as she was. Damien liked the new outfit Jenny wore now, he especially liked the way she tried to sit modestly on the child's seat beside him, with her knees tightly closed made her look so vulnerable.

Miss Johnson told the class that they would be split into 2 groups and could either paint or make cakes she would take charge of one group, Jenny would supervise the other. Damian elected to do whatever Jenny's half of the class did, which was painting.

Great!!

Each child was given brushes and water and Jenny did her best to keep all of them supervised. Damian soon got jealous of the others sharing Jenny's attention it wasn't something he'd planned on so he made it his personal goal to keep Jenny to himself whatever it took.

Later Jenny sat by Damian showing him for the tenth time that trees should have green leaves and not blue ones. When suddenly one of the children began fighting a few of tables along, as she stood up to sort out the problem. A tub of red paint leapt up and as if it had a mind of its own and landed slap bang in the middle of her chest. Quick as a flash Jenny tugged the red splattered shirt away from herself without it dripping onto her skirt and rushed off to the toilets.

Again.

Disaster, no other name for it. Her bra was ruined, stained a deep red with the paint and soaked too from Jenny's attempt at cleaning it in the sink. The shirt now looked tie-dyed but it too was dripping wet, pretty soon Miss Johnson tapped on the door, "Jenny are you alright?" Jenny just shook her head but called out pathetically.

"I'm ok but I need another shirt, I don't suppose..."

"I'll see what I can do. Anything else?"

"I don't suppose you have a spare 38DD bra handy do you?"

"Sorry Jenny no, the biggest we have is a 34C and I'm using it right now. Ha ha"

Miss Johnson tried to make Jenny feel better by cracking that little funny but it didn't work Jenny felt miserable, bundling the bra up she dropped it into the bag with her other juice soaked clothes. 5 minutes later Miss Johnson returned with a shirt for Jenny. Jenny had hoped it wouldn't be from that same woman she'd borrowed the skirt from earlier. She seriously doubted she'd fit into a shirt 2 sizes smaller than she was and still look modestly attired. Tight tops tended to accentuate Jenny's well-endowed chest and drew men's (and some women's) eyes to them like a magnet.

She was pleasantly surprised to see the shirt was rather generous in its size in fact it was XXL. It fitted Jenny loosely, she felt that at least it would go a long way to disguise the fact that she was bra less and any swinging her unrestrained breasts would be liable to would be lessened by the baggy shirt.

On returning to the classroom the painting session was over and it was time to change activities.

Cake making. whoo hoo! Damian thought. Each child was issued with an apron but the teachers one couldn't be found so Jenny knew she'd have to be extra vigilant now, one splash and this shirt would become almost transparent. She set about teaching the children the basics of cake making. Bending over each child and helping him or her mix the flour.

Damian in the meantime just spent the time trying to look up Jenny's skirt to guess what coloured knickers she had on, after 30 seconds he knew.

Damien spent a happy 10 minutes under the soft ledge of Jenny's chest as she stood over him mixing the flour and water and warning him not to add too much water. But the bumping of her left breast against the side of his head made him forget that gem of information, then all too soon she was gone to another child. Damien sighed and reached for the cup of water.

Damian really didn't like any of the kids in the class but he especially disliked Dan. Dan was good at pretty much anything he turned his hand to especially writing. So Damian always interfered and twisted the situation so that it seemed whatever Dan did.

Jenny now was bent right over Dan bumping HIS head with her titties while she helped HIM mix up HIS sponge, Damian looked down at the slurry his own cake mix had become and just got green with envy at Dan's apparent ease and progress.

"I'll fix him." Damien muttered and spooned his thin mix of water and flour into a cup ready to let fly at Dan.

As he got closer behind Dan he heard Jenny saying. "That's very good Dan you're so clever, I'm sure you'll have the best sponge in the class."

Damian got angry and instead of tipping the cup over Dan he lifted up the back of Jenny's skirt and before she was aware of it poured the contents down between the cleft of her rounded buttocks.

Jenny Shrieked as the cold wetness slid into her panties she leapt high into the air and rushed off to the sanctuary of the toilets for the third time that day. Locking the door behind her Jenny slithered out of the soaked knickers and draped them over the radiator and set about cleaning the white mess from her pretty pussy and up between her legs. After 15 minutes of rinsing and washing she felt clean again, time to check on the panties Alarm bells clanged as she picked up the rock hard mass that used to be cotton but had hardened to a brick over the radiator.

Uh oh! A flour and water mixture equals.................. Glue!!!

"Ooooh no! Not this, not now."

"Miss Johnson!! Miss Johnson!" Jenny called out from the toilets as she hid behind the door, no reply came to her desperate cries.

Gathering all her courage Jenny stepped out of the toilets and walked gingerly into the deserted classroom, where was everyone? She looked into the Staff room but that too was deserted, movement outside the window caught her eye as she saw parents filing into the car park to await the collection of their kids.

Jenny noticed a high number of males among the parents and clutched her skirt tightly in case it decided to suddenly fall down or mysteriously flip up revealing her to all. She was curious about the disappearance of the class and was torn between finding the bag with the clothes in it to furnish herself with some undergarments or continue searching for the class. Her wandering brought her near to the playground and there she saw the entire class gathered around the base of a tree.

She stepped outside overcome by curiosity rather than the need for panties. And as casually as she was able to given her knickerless state in a short tennis skirt stepped demurely over the scattered toys until she too was by the tree.

"You come down this minute!" shrieked Miss Johnson, Jenny looked behind the tree to see Miss Johnson yelling upwards, raising her gaze upwards Jenny saw the tree house and the angelic face of Damian looking down at them.

"Problems?" Jenny asked

"You have no idea." Miss Johnson sighed back, "He does this whenever he's been bad. He just goes off somewhere and sulks if we tell him off. He once stayed up there for 3 hours."

"I'm vewy sawwy Mrs Hamilton. I didn't meeean to. Honest" Damian pleaded

"It's alright Damian, just come down and everything will be fine." Jenny called up to the boy.

"I'm scared!" Damian cried back

Jenny turned to Miss Johnson "Did he climb down on his own the last time he went up there?"

"Nope, Mr Abraham's had to climb up and get him."

"Well you'd better call him again."

"He left the school, got a job wrestling Crocodiles in Florida, says it's easier, less stressful. Nope there are only two people who can get him down and one of them he really doesn't like."

"Oh? And who's that then?" Jenny inquired

"Well he doesn't like me at all... but he seems to have taken a liking to you Jenny."

"Me!" Jenny squeaked "But, but, but..."

"I'll take the class inside and get them ready to be collected by their parents you get that little brat down."

"I heard what you called me Miss Johnson, I'm gonna tell my big brother you said that!" Damian called down.

Muttering some untypable expletives under her breath Miss Johnson stalked off taking the other children in tow and leaving Jenny alone with the boy and with a big decision to make. Jenny chewed her nails, bit her lip, ground her toes into the grass and did all the things that signified a decision had been made but was still a very bitter pill to swallow.

Jenny looked around and then at the ladder leading up to the tree house

"Oh my...." she gulped and took hold of the first rung and began to climb groping for toe holds on the uneven rungs nailed to the tree.

She was half way up when she saw someone coming toward the tree and he was male! Looking down at the distant ground and the few rungs to the top. She chose to continue hoping the stranger wouldn't get to the base of the tree, look up and catch Jenny up there on the ladder without her panties. Now that would be the end to a perfect day, blushing now at the thought of what he'd see. Jenny scrambled on faster.

Two rungs from the top, the rung she stood on wobbled and tipped her off. Somehow she managed to hold on with her hands and pulled herself up until she could regain her footing but her shock was compounded by the slight ripping sound of a button as it gave up its effort of holding in the waist band against Jenny's trim tummy. Which was two sizes larger than what it was originally designed to hold.

Jenny looked down to see the white skirt fluttering to the ground below. Checking once more for the stranger Jenny saw him on the blind side of the tree and a lot closer! She saw no alternative now but to get into the treehouse and FAST!

The arrival of a semi naked Jenny bursting into the tree house with him brought a big smile to Damian's face. Jenny tugged the t-shirt down pulling it tighter over her ample bosom but it covered her hips from the prying child's eyes.

"Hello! Anyone up there?" a voice called from below. Jenny's heart pounded hard with fear suppose he comes up and sees her crouching here dressed like this?

"Damian are you in the tree house again?"

Damian's eyes lit up as he said to Jenny "That Owen he's my big brother!"

Damian looked over the edge of the door. "Yes I am Owen, I been a bad boy."

"Tell me something I don't already know." Came the reply from below.

"Owen catch Damian!" The child cried out and before Jenny could stop him Damian dove out of the treehouse door.

She shut her eyes tightly expecting the thud of a child hitting the ground any second later but laughter filled her ears instead of the expected screaming.

"Huh?"

Looking over the edge she was in time to see Damian slowly floating down to the waiting arms of the spotty young man with glasses who seemed to be concentrating very hard!.

Before the youth could see her she ducked back into the shadows of her little haven puzzling over this strange sight.

Her heart froze as she heard from below Damian talking to his brother "My teachers up there without her skirt on."

"Mmmm yes I'm sure she is, and I'm the King of Siam. Come on we've got to get going."

The sound of voices receded and Jenny looked out the window to check as she saw Damian running to the car park waving a white piece of cloth in his pudgy little hands, his elder brother strolling along behind.

Now she was relatively safe from being discovered, she sat down gingerly on the rough wood being careful of picking up a splinter and gave serious thought as to how to get out of this situation. Only after a few minutes she heard someone calling her name.

"Mrs Hamilton.... Where are youuuu?"

Looking out of the window opening she was relieved to see Miss Johnson the class teacher. She hadn't forgotten about Jenny after all! Jenny called out and Miss Johnson walked over to the base of the tree and called up. A nervous Jenny looked down to her and was about to explain her problem and ask Miss Johnson to look for her skirt when the memory of Damien running off with his brother came back to her he had been carrying a white piece of material, it didn't take a Detective to figure out it was her skirt. This was bad now!

Blushing furiously Jenny was about to ask Miss Johnson to get her another skirt or better still some trousers when Miss Johnson shrieked.

"Oh Goodness me! The ladder leading up there is missing some rungs you're trapped up there! Now don't panic I'll have you down in a jiffy, There's a fire station next door they're sure to rescue you."

Before a very shocked Jenny could stop her off she ran, Fire station! FIRE STATION!!!

Oh my God! She looked in the direction Miss Johnson had ran off in, and saw her run into the yard next door waving her arms about she soon got the attention of the fire crew there she spent a few moments explaining to the leading fireman

"You've just got to rescue her!" Miss Johnson explained between gasps of breath "The poor girl looked out of her mind with worry."

The fireman looked in the direction of Jenny in the tree house then his eyes widened, this wasn't your ordinary stone faced teacher this one looked gorgeous! At least from what they could see of her waving her arms out of the window in obvious panic. Jenny waved her hands back and forth and mouthing the word 'No' indicating that she was OK and to ignore Miss Johnson.

The flurry of activity that began made her realise these firemen were going into action despite Jenny's best attempts to stop them!. Once more she pulled down the baggy T-shirt trying to stretch it lower and attempt to cover her bottom at least, but it was useless. The sirens wailing and the roar of an engine startled Jenny out of her preoccupation with the shirt. The red fire truck screeched to a halt in the nursery car park and out pilled the crew rushing to the base of the tree with all sorts of equipment in their arms such as oxygen cylinders and axes one bright spark even brought a ladder!

12 firemen stood below the tree looking up at Jenny, Miss Johnson stood among them wringing her hands with worry.

"Now don't panic Miss we'll have you safely down in no time." one chap in a white helmet called up to her.

"Bu, Bu But I......."

"Please try not to panic it'll only make the situation worse." white hat called back. Shit this one's a looker he thought to himself. I'm going to make sure I'm the one who rescues her.

They broke out the equipment cases and huddled around in a group to work out a plan to get Jenny down, white hat suggested using the ladder, they agreed that was the best policy for today and gloomily put away the chainsaws and axes, sadly no tree felling today.

Jenny in the meantime was going quietly out of her mind in the tiny tree house. All she was wearing was a T-shirt and strappy high heels, nothing else!! She had only seconds before that fact was known to these brave Firefighters below, and when that happened she knew she'd die of embarrassment Her eyes darted left and right trying to find something to cover herself with, when the ladder clonked onto the sill of the doorway.

Jenny squeaked in panic tugging the shirt down lower to cover her blonde pussy but also stretched it tight over her large breasts. She watched in hypnotic fascination as the ladder shuddered as a fireman climbed up.

Leading fireman Ron had seen many things in his life as a fireman. Some moments were cherished memories like when he rescued the woman who trapped her toe up the tap of her bath, he had spend over an hour with her enjoying her naked body covered only by a flimsy towel until he'd freed her. As his eyes met Jenny's he saw that look again and knew she wasn't in panic at being stuck in the tree house but terrified he was going to see something she didn't want seen, just like that woman in the bath.

"Now miss, don't you worry I'll have you down in no time." Fireman Ron said as gently as he could while almost bursting inside in anticipation at the prospect of soon getting his hands of the blonde in front of him.

Jenny's eyes were bulging with fear and her hands were shaking. Any second and he'll see that this shirt is all I have on…

Ron checked the size of the small treehouse and glumly saw it would be too small to squeeze in there with her and get her onto his shoulder AND climb down his ladder. Something else would need to be done.

"Miss, I'm going to have to guide you down the ladder, so try not to panic you'll be in safe hands alright?"

Numbly Jenny nodded, too shocked really to take in what he'd just said.

He went on explaining his plan. "I need you t turn around and leave the treehouse feet first." He made spinning motions with his hands as if he was stirring a cup of coffee.

Jenny sat in the corner wishing she was elsewhere, the shirt pulled low down into her lap. She mentally shrugged and lifted her knees up then heard the fireman gasp as his eyes locked onto what she'd just exposed.

"Oh my!" she wailed to herself.

Getting herself onto her knees in the treehouse wasn't so hard as she was quite agile but she dreaded turning around and facing her bare bottom in the direction of the fireman. Gulping once more, she did as he instructed and slowly spun around turning her shapely posterior towards his face for his inspection. The rattling of the aluminium ladder was testimony enough that he was reacting to its sight.

Jenny moaned in embarrassment. Shuffling backwards she felt his touch on her dainty ankle as he guided her back to the doorsill. The collective gasp that rose from below was evidence enough for Jenny that now all the firemen waiting at the foot of the ladder had now seen her bare bum show itself in the treehouse doorway. The tender but firm grip on her ankles by Fireman Ron as he guided her feet to the rung seemed to be shaking somewhat. Soon both her feet were on the rungs side by side, and her body was jack knifed over the top of the ladder her legs locked at the knees

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**Jenny Goes Ice-Skating**

by Mustang Diamond

Jenny’s sister called to ask if she would mind watching her boys while she went shopping on Saturday. Jenny agreed, but reluctantly was dreading the task. Her nephews were at that unpredictable adolescent age—somewhere in their teens. Jenny could never keep track of their ages or Birthdays.

Later, when Ashley called to see if she wanted to go to dinner on Saturday, Jenny had to decline saying that she had promised to do some babysitting for her sister. Ashley had really just wanted to get Jenny’s husband out on the town and dinner seemed like an innocent way to get to him.

“Baby sitting? Your nephews are almost in high school.” Ashley had said.

“Oh yeah. Well, she asked me to watch them nonetheless.” Jenny replied.

“You could meet me afterwards. Just call when your sister gets back.”

Ashley was already scheming. For she was well aware of Jenny’s nephews and the pranks they played.

“I guess so. I’ll ask my husband if he wants to and get back to you.” Jenny said.

“Great. See you on Saturday.” Ashley stated, matter-of-factly.

Ashley then called Jenny’s husband and filled him in on what she had in mind.

Later, when Jenny asked him he said, “Great idea. I’ll pick you up and then we can go get Ashley.”

“Not aware of the consequences, Jenny had agreed.”

Saturday morning, Jenny had to decide what to wear. Her husband, anticipating her dilemma, was ready with suggestions and encouragement. He managed to flatter Jenny into wearing one of her wraparound miniskirts and a matching cashmere sweater. It was winter, so the sweater made the outfit wearable on a chilly day. He then said it would be great if she wore the lingerie ensemble he had bought for her earlier that week. How could she refuse?

Jenny was not thinking clearly or she might have objected to seeing her nephews in such an outfit. A pair of black heels and Jenny was ready for a night of fine dinning.

Jenny’s husband was very pleased with the way her skirt unwrapped as she stepped into their all-wheel-drive Subaru.

“Goodness, I guess I’ll have to be more careful getting in and out of this car dressed like this.” Jenny said, slightly embarrassed. But since it was only her husband looking at her new garter and stockings, she didn’t really hurry to rewrap her skirt.

“Not on my account, you won’t. Those are the loveliest legs I’ve ever seen.” He said to her as he closed the door.

It wasn’t until they got on the road that Jenny started thinking about her nephews. But she didn’t want to bring up the subject with her husband. He might not think it appropriate to talk about.

“I’ll just have to be careful.” She thought to herself.

As her husband opened her door for her, she very carefully held her skirt closed and swung both legs out together. Keeping her knees together, she got out of the car just as her two boys came running around the corner of the yard. They were covered in snow and looked to be in the middle of a snowball fight.

Alarmed, Jenny cried, “Now boys. Be careful. I’m all dressed up and don’t want to get snowy and wet.”

“Awe Aunt Jenny, your no fun,” they yelled and went tearing off around back.

“Have fun, Dear. Call when your ready to go out and I’ll be back to pick you up. You look good enough to eat.” Said her husband.

Jenny temporarily forgot to worry and waved goodbye.

Shortly after Jenny arrived, her sister left her in charge and went shopping.

The boys seemed to keep themselves occupied and Jenny made herself at home in front of the home entertainment center. The phone rang, but Jenny hardly noticed since she was caught up in a show.

“One of the boys must have gotten it,” she thought.

Both of them got on the line when they heard it was Ashley. Each had a not-so-secret crush on their Aunt’s “hot” friend. Ashley enjoyed teasing these two adolescents, figuring they had to grow up sometime. So when she asked the boys if they wanted to help embarrass their Aunt, they quite frankly weren’t thinking with their heads. Ashley explained what she had in mind and after not-so-subtly asking if Ashley would join them, the boys put the plan into action.

Ashley just laughed to herself and said, “Count on it.”

Back in the den, the older boy said to Jenny, “Aunt Jenny, it’s time to go skating.”

“What do you mean it’s time to go skating. Where?” asked Jenny.

“Down at the mall. They have public skating every Saturday.” The younger one piped up.

“Come on, it’s the only time we get to go.” Said the older one.

Jenny figured it was a good way to kill some time and said “Okay.”

So off they went.

The mall was an outdoor strip of grass in the middle of the town square. The Fire Department flooded it when the temperature stayed below freezing and the Public Works Department kept the “ice rink” plowed. On Saturday, they allowed anyone to skate.

Since the boys lived just three blocks away, they walked. Jenny was to busy trying not to fall in her high heels to notice that the boys had brought along their Mom’s skates for Jenny. The sidewalks were plowed, so the only hazards were the patches of ice here and there. Jenny was very careful to avoid any ice.

At the second street, the snowplow had left a ridge of snow. Not wanting to get her feet wet, Jenny had to step over it. But, it was too far a step for comfort and she hesitated.

“Could one of you boys give me a hand?” Jenny asked.

They practically tripped over each other offering. Jenny almost fell as she slipped a little, her tight sweater jiggling as she leaned on the boys in the process. The boys kept her up right and enjoyed every minute of it. It didn’t even cross Jenny’s mind that she was turning these young boys into men as she giggled nervously and held on to them for support.

“Thanks, boys. I almost fell.” She said.

When they reached the mall, Jenny could see people skating. There were a couple of benches at the edge of the rink for changing shoes to skates and vice versa. Jenny figured it was a good place from which to watch. The trouble was, there was no clear path to the benches. The snow was several inches deep and Jenny did not want to get her feet all wet. But there seemed to be no other way.

As she surveyed the situation, one of the boys asked, “What’s the matter?”

Jenny replied, “I don’t want to get my new shoes all snowy, but I don’t see a path to the benches over there.”

“How about walking in our footprints? Asked her other nephew.

“Hey. That’s a great idea!” Jenny exclaimed.

As they made their way across the snowy mall, the boys kept looking back to see how Jenny was making out. The worried look on her face indicated that she seemed to be having trouble stepping from one footprint to the next. It was very difficult for her to maintain her balance in her high heels and even walking in the footprints her feet were getting snowy and cold. As the boys marched along, their pace gradually lengthened. Jenny found it harder and harder to stay in their tracks until she nearly lost her balance and had to step in the deep snow to keep from falling. As the cold snow covered her high-heeled shoe and her stocking covered ankle, Jenny let out a small cry.

The boys noticed her predicament and doubled back to help. With one nephew on each side, Jenny was back on track. But shortly the tracks ran out and one of the boys had to let go to lead the way. Progress was slow, but they finally made it to the benches and Jenny sat down and tried to shake the snow off her feet.

The boys sat down and started putting on their skates. Then Ashley arrived, much to the boy’s delight. They each thought she looked really cool in her high-heeled boots. She was wearing a jean miniskirt and a leather bomber jacket and had her skates slung over one shoulder.

“Hi Guys.” She said in greeting.

“Hi Ashley.” Said the boys in unison.

“What are you doing here?” asked Jenny.

“Just out for a day of skating.” Said Ashley with a wink to the boys.

“I didn’t know you could ice skate.” Said Jenny.

“Sure. Don’t you?” she replied.

“Are you kidding. I’ve never even tried it.” Said Jenny.

“Well there’s no time like the present, huh boys!” exclaimed Ashley.

“Right. We figured you skated and brought our Mom’s skates for you.” Said the older boy.

And before Jenny could protest, Ashley and the boys peer pressured her into it.

Maybe it was fear, or possibly the fact that Ashley had shown up in a skirt, that caused Jenny to momentarily forget about her attire. But by the time she remembered, she was on the ice with both boys holding her up on either arm.

As they slid her along the ice, Jenny was afraid her skirt would suddenly blow open and she would be unable to control it while she was holding on for dear life. She tried to look down to make sure it wasn’t unwrapping itself, but as she did she lost her balance and wound up falling on her rear end. The boys were not strong enough to keep her from falling, but they managed to stay upright each holding an arm. Jenny’s skirt unwrapped as she sat on the ice and for a moment there was nothing she could do about it.

Jenny wasn’t worried about the two boys—who were momentarily frozen in place as they checked out their aunt’s stockings, garters and frilly panties—but there were a number of men skating who started to show interest in her predicament. Blushing furiously, she extricated her arms and pulled her skirt back over her undies. Suddenly, skating didn’t seem like such a good idea anymore. But, she was in the middle of the rink sitting on her fanny with an audience gathering.

Having never been skating, Jenny wasn’t sure how to get up. She did realize the difficulties associated with getting up while dressed in a short skirt. Especially one that unwrapped if not properly attended. Her butt was getting cold and she was well aware that the only thing between her and the ice were her thin panties. To make matters worse, they had started to ride up her cheeks so she was anxious to get up.

Jenny tried to get up by herself, but each time she ended up back on the ice. Just as she gave up trying to keep her skirt in place, her skates would slip out from under her. Her stocking clad legs and garters had attracted quite a crowd by the time she gave up and asked for help.

Finally one of the onlookers took pity and lifted her onto her skates.

Ashley couldn’t believe all the attention her blonde friend was receiving. Not a single guy was paying her any attention. She decided that the next time she went ice skating she would wear a more daring outfit and pretend not to know how to skate. It was too late for this crowd as she had already taken a few quick laps around the ice, tying to attract some attention.

The crowd thinned around Jenny as she rewrapped her skirt and brushed the snow off her stockings.

“I’d better go sit down before I fall again,” thought Jenny.

But that was harder than she imagined. Before, her nephews—one on each side—had given her a false sense of security. Now, they were off chasing Ashley around the ice as she twirled on her toes causing her skirt to spin out and flashing her panties every once and a while. The boys thought it was a neat trick, but didn’t tell her about the flashing. They figured what she didn’t know couldn’t hurt her, but Ashley figured what she knew couldn’t hurt them.

As Jenny tried to make her way back toward the benches, she set out in the opposite direction of the flow of skaters, who were circling the rink. It wasn’t long before she fell again, attracting the attention of the male skating population. Before Jenny could react to gather her unwrapped skirt, one of the distracted onlookers skated by a little too close.

As he passed her on the ice with her stockings and garters flashing, he wasn’t paying enough attention to where he was going. Or perhaps he was paying too much attention and ended up skating directly at Jenny. Jenny saw him coming toward her at an alarming rate and not knowing much about skating, she figured he was going to run her over.

So she screamed, “AHHHHHEEEEEEEeeeeee!”

Jenny’s scream only threw him off even more and by the time he tore his eyes off her legs and frilly underpinnings and realized he was on a collision course—it was nearly too late. Jenny closed her eyes, frozen in place, and waited for the impact. He managed to lift one skate as he flew past her, but the other skate went right over Jenny’s outstretched skirt. Without a sound, his skate cut half of her skirt right off.

After a while, Jenny opened one eye and peeked out to see if it was all clear. Somehow, she had managed not to get run over. How, she had no idea, but she was relieved all the same. After opening the other eye, she realized people were once again starting to gather around her to view her struggles and, no doubt, her panties. As she self-consciously tried to rewrap her skirt and cover as much as she could—which as she remembered from her last call wasn’t much—she was surprised to find that the wrap around skirt kept wrapping. Looking around, she discovered the reason—the back of her skirt was lying on the ice all by itself.

“Oh no.” she sighed, “not again.”

By this time one of her male admirers had skated up to see if he could help her up. Several others, who were not so quick and fortunate to be in the right place at the right time, skated into position so they were. Then, noticing how her dress was ripped, some moved in behind her for the moment when she would reveal her rear end covered by her sexy little panties.

Jenny knew she couldn’t get up by herself. That would only prolong the agony of struggling half naked in front of this crowd. So she gave her hands to her new found friend and he pulled her onto her skates. Audible sighs and moans went through the onlookers in a ripple effect. Jenny didn’t want to let go of her support for fear he might let her fall again. Instead she asked him to help her off the ice.

“Sure!” he replied. And that he did, with the rest watching her wiggle rear.

Back on the bench, she thanked him and tried to hint that she would rather be alone at the moment. But of course he didn’t take the hint. Instead he insisted on helping her take off her skates. Not wanting to offend the person who had just gone out of his way to help her, she reluctantly and shyly let him.

Jenny tried to keep her knees together as much as possible and held the skirt so it wouldn’t unwrap as it was prone to do when she was sitting. Taking the skates off required—it appeared—a lot of tugging and pulling. By not unlacing them very far, the voyeur was able to both prolong the task and lift her feet several times. This of course separated Jenny’s knees and gave repeated shots up her skirt.

The combination of the hose, garters and lacy panties was almost too much to endure, but someone had to do it. Finally, the skates were off and our helpful voyeur felt like Al Bundy as Jenny handed him her high-heeled shoes.

“If only he had to measure her size,” he thought as he burned the imagery into his brain for the last time.

Ashley was fuming as she witnessed all the fuss her friend was causing. Several men had quit skating early so they could sit on the opposite bench and change into their shoes. Quite a line formed as they took their time bent over untying their skates and tying their shoes. The view was just too good to hurry.

All this gave Ashley an idea. Discreetly, she removed her panties and tossed them into a snow bank. Then as Jenny was finishing, she asked if anyone would help her with her skates. You can imagine the eager volunteers. It’s a dirty job, but someone had to do it.

Jenny meanwhile had her ripped skirt to contend with…. While she was seated, she was okay. But sooner or later, she would have to walk back to her sisters—three blocks away in the middle of a Saturday, downtown. If only Ashley—seated next to her—would quit being such a ham and let all these people go home.

“What’s wrong, Jenny?” Ashley asked, as if she didn’t know.

Innocently, Jenny replied, “My skirt is torn and doesn’t cover my panties in the back.”

“Just take it off and stretch your sweater down and no one will no the difference.” Ashley said.

“Well, maybe.” Jenny said.

“Its not going to stay on long anyway the way it’s torn.” Ashley persisted.

“You think so. Well, okay.”

And Jenny proceeded to take off her skirt still sitting on the bench. Then she tugged on her sweater as if it were a mini-dress. The effect was stunning. The “sweater mini-dress” was stretched tightly over all of Jenny’s voluptuous curves. Ashley stood up to see just how exposed her friend looked.

“How does it look?” she asked nervously.

“Just fine. Don’t worry.” Ashley managed to choke out, but she was thinking, “Damn. That bimbo looks good in anything.”

“Hey Ashley!” the boys called. “How come you’re not skating with us anymore?”

As Ashley spun around to confront the unexpected hollering of the approaching boys, one of her high-heeled boots stuck in the snow while the other one slipped out from under her. Ashley let out a surprised scream as her naked bottom hit the snow. She quickly scrambled to her feet, but her legs and rear end were snowy and wet.

“Burr, that’s cold!” she said as she sat on the bench next to Jenny to brush off the remaining snow. Ashley was about to reply to her two young fans, when she noticed with alarm that her thighs were stuck to the metal bench. Just as a wet tongue sticks to cold metal, Ashley’s legs were stuck to the bench.

“Oh no, I’m stuck to the bench!” she cried.

“What? How come?” Asked Jenny.

“Help me!” Ashley screamed.

Before long someone had called 911 on their cell phone and the fire department, hearing about a sexy girl in a short skirt stuck to a bench, responded in full force.

After appraising the situation, one of the firemen said, “Ma’am, were going to have to cut your skirt a bit to get the equipment in to get you free, okay?”

“Just get me off this bench.” Said an unusually embarrassed Ashley.

The firemen cut Ashley’s skirt and the bench with the jaws-of-life cutter and before long had her free. But the part of the bench they had cut remained stuck to her thighs and rear end.

“We’re going to transport you to the hospital to extricate the bench, okay?”

On the way, Ashley’s rear end started to ache as the cold numbing sensations turned to a burning and then painful feeling. Somewhere along the way, everything warmed up enough so that the bench part fell off on its own. This left Ashley with a cut up skirt and a sore behind.

Now Jenny had to make her way along the city sidewalks with at least one hand holding her sweater down over her panties. You can imagine the traffic problems she caused. Bending first one way and then the other, Jenny struggled to keep her “hem” down. Each time she got to a small obstacle, like a patch of ice or a mound of snow, she had to momentarily let go of the ‘hem” or risk loosing her balance. Each time, her sweater would pop back up to her waist. But each time she figured it was better than falling down and attracting unwanted help getting up. Besides, she might hurt herself.

At the street with the piles of snow at each side, she waited until there were no cars before hoping the first mound. In the street, she caught her balance and quickly tugged her sweater over her hips. She wiggled on her high heels to the other side of the street and had to contend with the other mound of snow. As a car was coming, she tried to hold her “skirt” in place while she jumped over the snow and slipped on a patch of ice. Her high heels slid right out from under her and she landed on her fanny and slid off the ice and onto the cement.

Quickly, and not so ladylike as no one was near, she got back up and tugged the “mini-dress” back into place. Surveying the damage she thought only her pride had been hurt. Unfortunately for her, but lucky for the male population in town that Saturday, she had started a rip in her sweater where she had skidded on the concrete.

As she tugged on the sweater and jiggled down the sidewalk, the run started to unravel the sweater. Slowly at first, then faster until the breeze on the small of her back told Jenny something was wrong—dreadfully wrong. Discovering the problem, Jenny was faced with an all out conundrum. The more she pulled to cover herself up, the less she had to cover herself with….

By the time she made it to her sister’s house, she was running as fast as she could in her high heels crying, “Oh-my-God, Oh-my-God….”

As she trotted up the front walk, her sweater was nothing but a trailing piece of yarn. Later, the boys would find the long piece of yarn and follow it all the way home, thinking it was some sort of scavenger hunt.

At the front door, Jenny found the door locked.

“Uh ooh.” She said, afraid of being locked out.

She didn’t have any keys. She hurried around to the garage door, with one arm across her bra and the other trying to conceal her panties,…to find it locked too! Her only chance was the back door, but that meant trudging through several feet of snow in her high heels and little else. At this point she was plenty cold, dressed in only her lacy bra, panties, hosiery and heels.

Daintily at first, she started trying to walk around back to check the door. She found it very hard going. Her heels were just not made for snow. She would sink though the fresh snow and then as she shifted her weight would crunch through the crust underneath. The crusty snow started to take its toll on her stockings, until the runs got so bad she might as well not be wearing them.

“Oh dear. Just look at my stockings, they’re ruined.” Jenny fretted. “What am I thinking, I’m practically naked and I’m worried about my stockings? I must be going crazy.” She thought. “I sure hope none of the neighbors are watching. How could I ever face them again. I don’t even want to look.”

And with that thought, she trudged on to the backdoor. The going was tough and she couldn’t always keep her arms over her frilly bra or panties. At the backdoor, …she found it locked too, of course. What would be the point of locking the house if you left one door unlocked.

Slowly, Jenny made her way around the house to check the windows. It being winter, there weren’t any open. Just as she was beginning to give up—not even wanting to think about walking home wearing what she was wearing, or not wearing—her sister drove up the driveway.

“What on earth are you doing outside without any clothes on, girl?” her sister chided. “And what happened to your clothes? Wait, where are my boys? Did they do this?”

“Well.” Replied Jenny, trying to think of something to say. “I lost them.”

“You what?” cried her sister, thinking of course that Jenny had managed to loose her two sons.

“I…they just sort of…” struggled Jenny. “They unraveled.” She said, relieved to get that off her chest (and what a chest it is).

“Your clothes, right?” said her sister.

“Of course, what did you think happened to them?” asked a confused Jenny.

“My boys. Where are they?” demanded her sister.

“Oh. There skating with Ashley.”

“Of course.” Said her sister. “Why on Earth are they with Ashley? You know I don’t approve of her one bit.”

“Can we go inside?” asked Jenny.

“I guess we better and find you something to wear.”

And that was how Jenny’s first day of ice skating went, naturally.

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**Jenny Tours A Yacht**

by Mustang Diamond

At a recent party, a friend of Jenny’s husband mentioned he had just traded yachts. He was very proud of his new acquisition, and Jenny, being Jenny, seemed very interested in him and his yacht. So after describing detail after detail (you know how guys carry on when a beautiful girl pays him attention), he suggested that they would have to go see it sometime.

Actually, Jenny was simply interested in keeping the attention off herself as she had gotten into another situation where she was not quite dressed (but that’s another story). She didn’t even remember setting a date to see the yacht, until her husband called to say he was tied up at the office and that she should meet him at the marina in an hour.

“But, how do I get there, and what shall I wear?” Jenny asked. “I haven’t got anything to wear.” She said before he could answer.

“I’m sure you’ll find something to wear.” He said to her. “And why not invite Ashley along. The two of you can figure out what to wear together.”

“Oh that’s a great idea.” Jenny replied with obvious relief. “She always knows what to wear.”

“Does she ever,” thought her husband as he gave Jenny directions to the marina and said goodbye.

Jenny called Ashley and invited her to go along to tour a yacht. Ashley was more intent on impressing Jenny’s husband then seeing the boat. Not getting it all straight, the two of them figured they were going on a tour of the Love Boat or something like it.

Getting dressed and down to the marina in an hour took some doing, and they arrived a little late. “I sure hope were not too late,” said Jenny.

“They’ll wait for us,” replied Ashley in a confident tone.

“How can you be so sure?” Jenny asked.

“Because we’re a couple of good looking women and they’re just men.”

Jenny blushed, giggled and jiggled as they walked toward the docks. She was careful to keep one hand on her hem to prevent it from blowing up. Fortunately, she thought, it wasn’t too windy today.

Ashley put an extra effort in rolling her hips, as she tried in vain to turn as many heads as Jenny.

Jenny’s husband and “Captain” Tom met the girls at the locked gate that led into the floating docks. One look and it was obvious that the two young ladies were expecting a tour of a ship, not a boat—yacht as they knew it. They were dressed for a cruise ship, not a sailboat. The two men appraised the ladies from their feet on up.

Ashley was wearing black shoes with high slim heels and straps wrapping up her hose covered legs. The shapely legs led a long way up past her knees to the hem of a rather tight fitting miniskirt suit made of fine material—silk or linen it appeared to be. The collar was deep enough to show some cleavage, and both men spent some time taking in the view. Then they noticed it was black with white accents (collar, buttons, etc.).

Jenny was wearing white high heeled slides with thin stiletto heels and just a small strap across the toes that apparently held them on her feet. Although they would require closer study as Jenny walked to be sure. She too had on hose, in a very sheer nude color. Her legs were equally attractive and they led up to a flower sundress with a deep-v neck. It was yellow and almost transparent with the sun behind her. The hem fell just above her knees. Jenny’s assets filled out the deep-v impressively and both men wondered how the thin strap around her neck held them up.

After appraising their dress, Jenny was sure it was apparent that she was not wearing a bra and asked in a worried way, “Is everything alright?” Just how Ashley talked her out of the strapless one she had planned on wearing, still mystified her.

“Just fine,” the men stammered, tucking their tongues back in their mouths.

“What are you expecting to see on this tour of my boat?” asked Tom after catching his breath.

“Boat? We were told you had a large yacht. You know, like, the Love Boat or something,” Ashley said.

“I thought so. Well my yacht is large at 64 feet as far as sailboats go, but it’s hardly the Love Boat.” Tom couldn’t help chuckling a little.

“What’s so funny?” Jenny asked.

“Nothing—really. You’re just not too practically dressed for this sort of thing. Watch your step, there are cracks all over the place along the docks.” And with that, he led them to the boat. Jenny’s slides made a delightful “click, slap, click, slap” sound that was in perfect time with the metronome action of her rear end.

Luckily the tide was close to high or the women wouldn’t have made it down the ramp to the floats. The motion of the docks made them a little unsteady on their heels, and both ladies had to watch where they stepped to avoid the numerous cracks and uneven surfaces typical of wood plank docks. So both of the men were able to enjoy the views and study Jenny’s shoes. It really was amazing she was able to keep them on her feet. Ashley was silently fuming, because once again, without even trying, Jenny seemed to be getting more attention than she.

At the boat, Tom said, “Well here she is. All 64 feet.”

The girls were looking at the steps leading to the deck. There was a set of wooden stairs (3 if it matters) on the dock next to the boat. A gap between the deck and the top step, allowed the boat and dock move separately so the distance varied with the water motion.

Jenny, feeling uncharacteristically smug, said to Ashley, “I told you a loose fitting dress would be better than a tight one.” And with that she climbed up the steps and stepped across to the deck. Once aboard she held on to the stanchions for balance.

Ashley climbed up after her, but at the gap, she couldn’t step across. Her skirt was too tight. She made a little attempt, playing up her predicament, and said in a husky voice, “Oh dear. My skirt is just too tight to step across.”

“Need a hand?” Tom asked.

“Obviously,” she said. “This will show Jenny,” she thought.

“Don’t fall in,” Jenny called, laughing. And once again, Ashley took the short end of the stick.

Tom straddled the chasm and lifted her aboard. Once aboard, she too held on for balance.

“Normally, I ask that guests take off their shoes, but the non-skid surfaces might be rather hard on the stockings I’m afraid.” Tom said with a wink to Jenny’s husband.

“We’ll manage,” Ashley said, sure of herself and missing the point. High heels would be slippery at the very least.

“Fine. Step this way to the cockpit.” Tom said walking across the deck. “Here is the companionway that leads below decks. Turn around and go down the steps backwards—they’re steep.”

Tom descended first and Jenny followed. With her confidence high, she descended too quickly and one foot slipped on the second step. Tom was right below her and was able to catch her, but her skirt billowed out and showed enough of leg to see she was wearing pantyhose—not stockings.

Ashley, in her tight skirt, was more careful in her decent. She had to be with the tight restriction on her legs. Even so, her skirt rode up to show the tops of her stockings. Jenny noticed and was instantly embarrassed for her friend, but she didn’t say anything, afraid of drawing attention to the matter. Ashley didn’t mind at all. In fact, she did everything she could to help her miniskirt ride up her thighs. As she descended, she leaning over provocatively so that Tom got a good view of her panty lines from below and Jenny’s husband got a good shot down her jacket from above. Ashley was more than pleased with herself as she turned around and said to Tom, “lead on sailor.”

Tom did just that after rearranging his jeans as discretely as possible. Jenny missed it completely, by Ashley was beside herself with glee. Tom rambled on and on about the features, completely boring his audience. His tour was very though. When they got to the sail locker in the forepeak, Ashley said, “Ooo, what’s up this ladder.”

Tom explained that it led to the foredeck and it was how the crew got the sails on deck. As he was explaining, Ashley started up the ladder. Warning bells started going off in Jenny’s head, but she didn’t want to cause a scene. She couldn’t believe Ashley didn’t know better than to climb a ladder in such a short, tight skirt!

Ashley, looking up the whole time, let her skirt hem do its thing. She really didn’t even need to try. It was so tight and short that in order to take each step up the vertical ladder, the skirt hitched up her thighs on its own. The result got more and more dramatic the higher she climbed. With each step, she used the fact that her high heels were slippery on the ladder to her advantage. She would put one arch of a foot at a time on each rung, heels and toes straddling the rung, exaggerating the process of climbing. Until, at the top, she proclaimed, “Oh, Jenny come quick, you have to see the deck.” On deck, Ashley turned on her heels and looked down through the hatch, giving everyone a beautiful view up her short miniskirt to her lacy white panties.

“Sure, Ashley.” Said a not to convinced Jenny. Then to Tom she said modestly, “Maybe you should go first.”

She gave her husband that look that signals loud and clear her distress. The one he’s so good at ignoring in a seemingly innocent way. To Jenny, he said, “Nonsense, we’ll be right here in case you fall. Don’t worry.”

Jenny couldn’t help worry and she chewed unconsciously on her lower lip. She wished she had worn panties under her sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose. But, Ashley had talked her out of them in order to eliminate any visible panty lines. Funny, Ashley’s dress showed plenty of panty lines, she thought as she stepped over toward the ladder.

She knew there would be no modest way to ascend a ladder in her flared, full-skirted dress. But, she tried to hold the dress at the hem as she took the first step. After that, she needed both hands on the ladder to climb. To make matters worse (for Jenny, not her audience), as Jenny placed each of her dainty slides on a rung, they would slip forward until her heel caught the rung.

Jenny had only climbed one ladder while wearing heels this high. And that was short step ladder . As this ladder was nothing but vertical rungs of stainless steel, Jenny had to concentrate on the task at hand. She momentarily forgot about the men below. At first, the slipping of her shoes puzzled her until she figured out how to place each arch carefully on each rung as she had seen Ashley do—“uh oh,” thought Jenny as she remembered the view Ashley had given. But, by this time, she couldn’t see past her billowing skirt. “I sure hope they close their eyes,” she thought, remembering how sheer her hosiery was.

From below, the guys were in heaven as they stared up at Jenny’s bare assets covered only by very sheer pantyhose. The seam of her hose was clearly visible as she climbed. Jenny’s husband couldn’t believe his luck of exhibiting his lovely, shy wife to one of his friends. “Wait until this story gets around,” he thought proudly.

“Need a hand, honey?” he asked his wife, with a wink to Tom.

“I think I’m—oh,” Jenny said as she felt a hand on her rear end. “Oh my God! I sure hope that’s not Tom’s hand.” She thought.

Jenny’s husband followed close behind, one hand on her behind. Just before Jenny made it to the top, he was able to hook the hem of her light dress on a pin that held the ladder in place at the top. As Jenny tried to step of the ladder to extract herself from such an embarrassing situation, she felt a tug at her dress. At first she thought someone had pulled on it as a joke, or maybe her husband was trying to help keep her covered. But, as she tried again to step onto the deck she realized she had once again managed to snag her dress on something.

She thought if she took a step down she might see what had caught her. As she did, her dress rose up like a curtain on Broadway, exposing her even more. She was able to extract the hem from the pin, and proceeded on to the deck. Once up there she was careful to move away from the hatch opening, smoothing her dress down while trying to pretend nothing had happened. But, she was pretty flushed with embarrassment. Ashley noticed and silently gloated to herself.

“Ashley,” Jenny whispered. “Come over here.”

“What?” she whispered back.

“You need to be more careful in that outfit.” Jenny replied discretely, as the two men made there way on deck.

“What do you mean?” asked Ashley, as if she had no idea what she meant.

“Well.” Whispered Jenny, “Your stocking tops, garters and panties were on display from below.” This made Jenny even more embarrassed, because she knew she had give an even better show to the men. But, she pretended not to know.

“Oh, my.” Said Ashley with faked astonishment.

And by that time, the men were looking at the ladies in a new light, as it were.

Tom led the small group back toward the cockpit, carefully pointing out every piece of hardware on the deck—standing rigging, running rigging, etc. Halfway back along the deck, Ashley slipped on a lexan hatch cover and fell on her fanny. Fortunately, she didn’t weigh enough to break it, but she had the wind knocked out her for a moment. Meanwhile, her lacy white panties reflected the late afternoon sun in a dazzling manner. Jenny was both embarrassed for her friend and also subconsciously glad it hadn’t happened to her (she couldn’t help thinking about her own sheer hose again as she looked at her friends black stockings and garters.)

“I wonder why she wore white panties,” thought Jenny, who most certainly would have worn matching black ones, if she had a choice. “Come to think of it,” thought Jenny, I am glad it’s not me on the deck with those frilly little panties on display!”

After what seemed an eternity, Ashley realized her predicament. And since she wasn’t hurt, she tried to turn it to her advantage. In a seemingly modest maneuver, she brought her knees together and tugged on the hem of her too short skirt. She was able to cover her panties at least, but not her stocking tops. Once, the initial “are you okay,” bit was finished and Ashley assured everyone she was okay, Tom gallantly offered her a hand. As most women know, it is very difficult to get up off the ground in a tight skirt and high heels. And it is impossible to do so with any modesty. Ashley was aware of this, but it didn’t bother her. She simply went through the motions of trying to get her feet under her, and let her skirt do the rest.

By the time Tom had her on her feet, he had to adjust his jeans again. But, Ashley was leaning on him “for balance” and bending over toward him while tugging on her skirt in an exceedingly feminine gesture. Tom had a great view down her jacket at her lacy matching bra, complete with a little bow in the middle of her cleavage, and Ashley had a perfect up close view of his problem. Tom almost lost it as her perfume wafted over him.

Recovering slowly, Tom did what every sailor does when there in doubt.

“How about a quick sail to see what she’ll do,” said Tom, referring to the boat (all boats are female, don’t you know).

Jenny’s husband seemed to miss “that look” again as he piped up, “Sure, its a nice enough day for one.”

Ashley seemed game and not wanting to rock the boat, so to speak, Jenny went along with the program.

Tom reassured the ladies that they would be safe enough in the cockpit. Once they were situated, he set about preparing the yacht for sail. Presently, they cast off and powered out of the harbor.

Once outside the breakwater, the wind picked up. This started to give Jenny trouble as her dress kept billowing up. Jenny kept both hands busy trying to keep it in a position to provide some modesty. Sitting, she was able to tuck it around her. She was glad she remembered to put her hair up in a pony tail, as Ashley’s kept blowing in her face. With her dress tucked neatly around her, her breasts became increasingly more erect and apparent in the cool wind. Ashley noticed the guys watching Jenny’s chest and let her miniskirt hitch up as she squirmed around trying to keep the hair out of her face.

After they were clear of the channel, Tom went about putting up sail. Jenny was fascinated, until the boat started to heel and she started to slide off her seat. “Eeek,” she cried. “Why is the boat tipping?”

Tom quickly showed her how to put her feet up across the way to keep from sliding. Ashley was on the low side, and he said to her, “You might want to come up on the high side next to Jenny so you don’t get wet.” This was a difficult maneuver in heels and a tight skirt. Ashley didn’t need to pretend she needed help. As Tom helped her make the switch and got her feet propped up, Jenny seemed to be in trouble again.

She was alternately using her hands to hold on and to bat at her light dress to keep herself covered. Plus, she was loosing the battle of keeping her slides on her feet. The only thing keeping them from sliding off her foot rest on the opposite bench was her slim heels that kept slipping sideways—first one way, then the other, so that half the time Jenny found herself with her feet sliding apart and her dress floating up giving a great view of the seam running down the middle of her virtually transparent pantyhose. “Can you help me take off my shoes?” she asked her husband. “They might fall off and go overboard.” She was more worried about herself then her shoes, though.

“Sure.” He replied.

But, once off, Jenny had even more trouble keeping a footing. Her hose covered feet kept slipping, until she fell right off her seat and landed on her rear in the middle of the cockpit.

“Perhaps you should take off your hose, Dear,” he added.

Ashley was having similar problems with her high heeled sandals, but since they where buckled up around her ankles securely, she didn’t have to worry about loosing them. And when her feet slid opposite each other, her tight skirt kept her legs somewhat together. But as it kept riding up her thighs, she found she too was fighting a loosing battle. With her knees raised up, her panties were once again on display to our happy mariners.

Jenny gave her husband another look—this time a cross between a distress signal and a warning about future consequences if he didn’t help her this instant. Jenny tried to climb back on to the high side bench, but kept slipping on the sole of the cockpit. Her dress had a mind of its own and Tom just steered and watched her butt flash over and over. Even with her husbands help, she realized she couldn’t keep from slipping to leeward. And when one of her straps fell off her shoulder, exposing a nipple, she decided it was time for desperate measures. Sitting on the floor at Ashley’s feet, she tucked her errant boob back in her dress and pulled up her strap. Then she steeled herself and reached under her dress to the waistband of her hose. And pulled them off.

As she gathered herself up, she looked up and saw Ashley’s predicament, who she was trying desperately to keep from falling. But, as she tried to maintain a footing her heels danced back and forth along the rail and she was unable maintain her modesty in such a brief miniskirt. Jenny told herself she would have to remind Ashley to keep her skirt pulled down.

Now in bare feet, she was able to stand up—carefully holding her dress about her as she did. She was very much aware that the only thing she was wearing was her light, yellow sundress. She was able to pull it around her thighs and hold it in a bunch in on hand. This gave her one free hand to pull herself up. Her husband helped her to her seat and she tucked her dress about her legs.

As her husband moved across the way to check on the jib sheet, he was able to keep an eye up Ashley’s tight miniskirt.

Jenny took the opportunity to say to Ashley, “Ashley, your skirt is riding up again.”

Ashley was surprised at Jenny’s naïveté, and rather than admit she was enjoying flashing Jenny’s husband, she said, “Oh no, but I don’t think there is anything I can do about it at the moment.”

And she gave a quick little tug at her hem for a show of modesty.

“You could go barefoot, like me.” Jenny said. “It is much easier to move about.”

“I don’t know, do you think you could help me take off my shoes? I don’t think I can reach the straps.” Ashley said to her.

“How can I do that an keep my dress from flying up over my head?” Jenny asked. Adding: “I might as well be naked.”

As much as Jenny was set against standing up in the wind to take off her friend’s shoes, she was also sure she didn’t want her husband helping her. Naive as she may be, she had seen Al Bundy in his shoe store and when she didn’t get why her friends were laughing, someone had explained that men liked looking up skirts.

“Just sit on the floor like I did and take off your shoes and stockings.” Jenny said to Ashley.

Now even Ashley didn’t think she could get away with having Jenny’s husband take off her shoes and her hosiery in front of everyone. So she slowly worked her way on to the floor to do it herself. This of course provided some great views of her panties as she took off each shoe. Then she made quite a production of un-gartering each stocking, one at a time, and smoothing them down her legs. She put each stocking in a jacket pocket for later. She added her shoes to Jenny’s in a corner and then worked herself up off the floor.

She didn’t bother to pull down her miniskirt any more than it slid on its own, as she climbed once again up next to Jenny. With her rear end in the air as she moved across the isle, her panty lines were evident as were her garters hanging loosely below the back edge of her miniskirt.

Tom took the boat through several tacks, and with each change of heel the ladies went though the same predicament. Jenny’s dress would fly about flashing her naked bottom until she settled in on the opposite side. Ashley’s miniskirt restricted her movement unless it was hiked up past her dangling garters.

But during one tack, Ashley said to Jenny, “So now which dress is better?” Causing Jenny’s embarrassment to increase beyond the point of trying to pretend it wasn’t happening.

“Neither.” said Jenny.

Eventually, it was time to head back and the boat flattened out as they sailed before the wind. Jenny asked, “How come we couldn’t sail flat before?” Which prompted a nautical lesson involving Bernoulli’s equation that no one followed.

Back on the dock, the ladies excused themselves and went below to redress. After some reconstructive cosmetics they emerged looking as lovely as before the short cruise. Each was careful to avoid any further embarrassment. Even Ashley kept her knees together and her miniskirt in line. The only evidence of their ordeal seemed to be Jenny’s lack of a brassiere, as the cool evening air caused her nipples to stand at attention. And attention they received, too.

As they made their way back onto the dock, Ashley needed help making the step off the boat. Back on the dock, she had an idea. Walking next to Jenny on the way back up the docks, she pretended to stumble at an opportune time.

Ashley bumped into Jenny who in her wobbly high heeled slides lost her balance. With her outstretched arms whirling in circles, she tried to catch herself from falling. As if in slow motion, it was evident she was about to fall in the water. Ashley was trying not to laugh, and at the last second Jenny caught hold of her Jacket.

“Pop. Pop. Pop.” All three of Ashley’s buttons flew off in different directions making little splashes when they hit the water. Ashley was caught off balance as Jenny tried to keep herself from falling in. But in the end, they both fell in with a splash.

When they surfaced, Ashley’s jacket was missing. As they reached the edge of the dock, the two men tried to help them out. As Jenny’s husband pulled her on to the dock, he couldn’t believe how transparent her dress had become wet. Jenny lost her shoes in the water as well and stood dripping water with her arms across her nearly naked breasts.

As Tom fished Ashley out by her arms, her bra—which also practically transparent—rode up over her breasts. “Wait,” she cried. But Tom had her on her belly on the side of the rough dock. As she struggled to keep her breast from falling out of her wet bra, she didn’t notice her miniskirt catch on a board. After tucking her self back into her bra, Tom pulled her out by her armpits. And her miniskirt slid right down her stockings into the water.

She was so wet and cold that she did not notice at first—standing with her arms across her chest. But she noticed the extra attention, usually directed at Jenny. And since Jenny was standing in a nearly transparent dress looking at her with her mouth open, she decided she should take stock of her own clothing for a change. She looked down and saw that she was standing in wet, see-through underwear, black hose and high heels. Her hose had all kinds of tears and runs from being dragged onto the dock. “Oh my God!” she said, not believing how her mischief had backfired.

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**Jenny's Diamond Blush**

by ?

"Jenny, we really need you! It's for the Christmas Kids' Fund."

"But, Amanda, a fashion show? Why me?"

"All the models at the agency we were using got the flu bug. All the professional models are sick.

There's just no time to get real replacements by tonight. If we miss this there will be no time got gather more money before Christmas."

Jenny heart sank as she envisioned broken-hearted children on Christmas morning, no gifts under the tree.

"Oh all right, I'll do it … for the children."

Amanda squealed "Thank you, thank you so much!"

She hugged Jenny and before passing her a sheet of paper.

"Here's directions to the place. Be there no later than 7 PM. I got to run."

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"Jenny, you are going to be late!" shouted John from the back door. "It's almost seven now."

"Just hold your horses, dear. I can't find a clean bra."

A smile grew on John's face.

"Jenny, what do you need a bra for anyway? They're going to have everything you need."

In his mind he hoped they did not. While he had had no part in coaxing Jenny to model, he hoped she would have one of her famous, awe-inspiring accidents while up on the runway. He took pride in his loving passionate wife, but still thought she should loosen up. Most other women as beautiful and stacked as Jenny would be comfortable with their bodies. She had been doing better since his accident, more able to flaunt herself for his pleasure. It was obvious that despite her embarrassments, she'd been sexually charged.

"Jenny, come on!"

Jenny checked her underwear drawer one more time, but she found only the frilly revealing one she wore just for special occasions. She knew how John loved her in sexy underwear even if it was covered by conservative outerwear. She debated wearing a black lacy thing John has bought her for her last birthday, but she did not want to risk losing it among all the clothing sure to be around in the model's changing room. She was wearing jeans and had planned on wearing a denim shirt anyway and reluctantly agreed with John. She pulled the shirt over her shoulders, buttoning it as she raced down the steps to John.

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"Oh, Jenny, get over her!"

Amanda was hurrying about the backstage area trying to bring order. One of her the other replacement models had called in sick. She could not model with all her other duties back stage. When she spied Jenny she was almost frantic. Amanda grabbed the first outfit from a rack of clothes and shoved them at Jenny.

"Quick, get into this," Amanda shouted before jumping to answer the stage phone.

Jenny had no opportunity to ask where she was to change. She glanced around the backstage area and spied a door into well-lit room on the far side of the stage. She crossed the stage behind the closed curtain, entering the room. Two other young women were dressing. Jenny tried to pull the door closed but a stage flat leaned up against it. Anyone walking by could easily see the women getting dressed.

"And there's nowhere else change?" thought Jenny.

The other two women had completely ignored the open door. They completed dressing and walked passed her saying only "Hi". She was alone in the room and no one seemed to be paying any attention to her at all. A shiver ran up her back as she resolved to change. Looking about nervously she pulled off her boots and slid her jeans down her long shapely legs. The tails of the shirt almost covered her white nylon panties. She looked at the gown Amanda had given her and saw that it had halter style straps and a bare back.

"I couldn't have worn a bra with this outfit anyway," she thought as she stepped into the silky gown and pulled it up her legs to her waist.

She glanced around once more but she saw no one looking her way. With the gown hanging from her trim waist Jenny unbuttoned the shirt. Her hands were trembling and she fumbled with the buttons, but she soon pulled shirt the shirt open and off her shoulders.

Cool air-conditioned air struck her exposed breasts. A shiver ran down her back as her nipples hardened.

Jenny wasted no time pulling the halter style top up and fastening the straps behind her neck. The gown hugged her every curve. As she looked in the mirror Amanda stuck her head in the open door. Jenny jumped.

"Jenny, this crowd's going to eat you up."

Jenny blushed as Amanda gave her an appraising stared, but what Amanda said caused her breath to

stick in her throat.

"You better lose the panties. They spoil the lines of the gown," Amanda said before flitting back across the stage.

"Lose the panties?"

The words echoed in Jenny's head as she stood frozen.

"It's all for the children," she recited repeatedly as she reached up under the gown and lowered her panties.

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Jenny returned after her first stroll on the runway. The large crowd had certainly given her a rousing

welcome. The silky gown had hugged and caressed her wonderfully with each step she took. The feel of the fabric sliding across her bottom and breasts had been wonderful, so wonderful that she had thoroughly enjoyed the attention she received. When she saw John sitting at a table near the runway, Jenny's smile beamed brightly.

John's eyes had followed every quiver and shake as Jenny moved like a goddess on the runway. He

wondered if Jenny knew the prominent manner that her nipples were visible through the fabulous gown. When she had smiled at him her sensual beauty struck him. He sighed as his angel move again backstage.

Jenny felt wonderfully alive as she unfastened the halter clasped and lowered the gown to her waist. She pulled her denim shirt on like a robe, albeit a short one, and fastened only the bottom two buttons. The gown slid on its own from her firm hips and pooled about her feet.

"I don't want to dirty this wonderful gown," she whispered and quickly arranged it on the hanger.

Before she had a chance to put her panties back on Amanda appeared with an elegant dark blue velvet pantsuit. It was only sleek pants and a long tailored jacket. She quickly pulled the elastic-waisted pants up her legs after deciding she did not need the panties with this outfit. The pants hugged her waist and hips and flaring out at the knees.

"I guess bell bottoms are back," she thought.

Jenny removed her shirt again and put on the jacket. The highest button on the jacket was at navel level. No blouse had come with the outfit and her exposed cleavage caused the return of a sinking feeling to the pit of her stomach. Her hands were again trembling as she fastened the second button on the jacket. The tails of the long jacket hung down passed her fingertip.

Amanda appeared at the door and hurried Jenny to off-stage right. Immediately Jenny heard the cue for her entrance. She straightened her posture and stepped onto the stage. She strolled with her head held high as the announcer spoke.

"The tailored outfit is perfect for the office, but without a blouse as our model Jenny is demonstrating it serves as an eye-catching evening outfit. For a more elegant and thrilling night on the town the jacket can be worn as a dress without the pants, as Jenny will now demonstrate."

Jenny froze in mid-step as the announcer's words struck her like a weak cold slap in the face. She

almost stumbled but regained her balance and continued down the runway. Only a second or two

passed before the announcer spoke again.

"Jenny, would you please demonstrate to the audience the pants-less look."

The remains of Jenny's smile became forced as butterflies danced in her stomach. She was in the exact middle of the runway with people on three sides of her.

"It’s for the children. It’s for the children."

It became a mantra as she tried to cope. Her hands shook when she reached down to her knees and

pulled the legs of the pants. She felt the elastic waistband lower passed her hips and move down her

thighs. A sigh came from the audience as the pants eased down her calves and she stepped out of them.

Jenny slowly rose to stand at the end of the runway. The jacket, now dress, did not reach halfway down her thighs. Suddenly remember the two buttons on the jacket and looked down. Her full firm breasts were about to overflow from the jacket. Any sudden moment and her nipples would burst into view. She started to raise her arms, but stopped just as she realized that the moment of her arm was spreading the front of the jacket. She did not dare raise her arm and adjust the hang of the jacket or her breasts.

Before hundreds of eyes she forced herself to turn and walk slowly off the stage. Hardly a sound was heard from the audience. She continued to walk stiffly to the dressing room, passed the other two models on the way out and collapsed into a chair.

Jenny was in almost emotional collapse but struggled for control. She stood and was about to remove the jacket when she glanced in the mirror. The front tails of the jackets were slightly parted.

"My GAWD. If the jacket parted like that when I walked on the stage" and Jenny cringed as the thought echoed in her head.

Her face and chest took on a bright red blush and her respiration quickened.

Once again Amanda burst into the dressing model.

"My goodness, Jenny, you are the hit of the show. The audience just loves you."

Amanda hung another hanger on the rack and hurried Jenny out of the jacket. Jenny grabbed at the rest of the outfit and pushed a small bit of material to her exposed chest.

"It’s your last outfit, Jenny, a swimsuit."

Amanda took leave of Jenny taking the other outfits with her. Jenny was trying to figure out the swimsuit but there was not much of it.

The swimsuit was made of a very stretchy material cut in a diamond shape. A circle of gold chain was affixed to the top corner of the diamond. Still puzzled by the design she pulled the circle over her head. The material hung between her flushed breasts. She grabbed the side corners of the diamond and saw more golden links hanging from them. She felt the clasps at the ends of the chains and pulled them behind her back. She had to pull strongly to stretch the material but finally she closed the clasped over her spine. She looked up into the mirror and saw that the material got thinner as it stretched. The outline of her nipples was very noticeable and most of her breasts were covered. The bottom corner of the diamond hung before her navel. The gold chain hung between her legs offering her coverage.

"I wonder how much this'll stretch."

Seeing no alternative she pulled the material down and was somewhat relieved to observe it did stretch quite a bit. She briefly paused to examine the clasp on the end of the chain.

"I wonder if I can attach it to the chain between the other corners."

The material was stretched and she found it retained is strength and elasticity but try as she might, the material could only stretch to half way up between her firm buttocks. She pulled the chain up her back and was just able to close the clasp to the chain crossing her spine. Once again she straightened and observed her image in the mirror.

The material was pulled taut over her blossoming chest and down between her legs. She turned her head to look in the mirror behind her and saw hardly any of her bottom was covered. She felt the cool chain tickle her from the middle of her back down to the insides of her firm round rear buttocks. Her figure was very much in view. The material stretched from her breasts down to between her legs and did not hug her firm stomach. She realized that from the side someone could see the bottoms of her breasts passed her trim stomach and saw the top of her....

"Oh my GAWD!"

Someone could see the top edge of her short downy blond most private hair. Jenny fought for control.

"Its for the children, its for the children", she whispered.

It took all her will to walk towards the stage. She did not see the figure emerge from the racks of clothing near the changing room.

--

Ashley wore a smile that would have scared the serpent in Eden. She had only had time to file through one side of one link near the clasp of the bottom chain. She had barely had time to hang it back on the rack before Amanda had swooped down to take it to Jenny.

"I hope it's enough", she thought.

When Ashley saw the tightness of the chain running up Jenny's back, Ashley was confident there would be something for her to see tonight. She rushed off the corner of the backstage area and hoped to get a seat in the audience for the unveiling of Jenny.

--

Jenny was shaking like a leaf in a spring breeze as she walked out on cue. Her smile was somewhat forced. She walked the walk to the end of the stage. She was relaxing a bit and was preparing to turn and walk up the runway when...

SNAP!

Jenny felt more than heard the chain running down her back loosen. Reflexes worked to her advantage as the muscles of her buttocks clenched around the chain, but it was not enough. Even standing still she felt the change slid millimeter by millimeter down as the elasticity of the material tried to resume its original shape. She did not dare move, but to not move meant eventually she would lose her tenuous grip on the chain.

Moving stiffly Jenny turned and walked slowly up the runway. With each step the chain slid ever so slightly. She had not walked half way up the runway and there were still people on both sides when the chain slid free. The bottom of the diamond shot from between her thighs before she could react at all. The force of the movement was too much for the chain connecting the sides of the diamond. That chain parted permitting two more corners to fly free.

To the audience it looks like some magical trick. One moment the stacked blond was walking up the stage. The next moment she was naked with a small wade of material tangled in chains around her neck The blond has frozen for two seconds before trying to run. Her goal was obviously the curtains near center stage, but it was not to happen. The chain about her neck parted.

The material fell to tangle about her feet. Jenny fell near the lip of the stage her feet even more tangled in this chains. She crawled on all fours to the back of the stage, her bottom quivering in the air with each moved. She wanted to cover her breasts but knew it would slow things down. Tears filled her eyes blurring her vision as she displayed under the curtain and heard loud applause erupt from the audience.

--

"Oh, Jenny, I'm so sorry, but we have record donations. I hope that takes some of the pain out of your embarrassment." Amanda tried to comfort Jenny. "Your husband should be here any moment."

Amanda could not find Jenny's denim short or jeans, but had grabbed the gown Jenny had modeled. She pulled the sleek gown down Jenny's body and pulled into a resemble fit.

"Oh my, is she fit", Amanda thought. "I got to get her to do more modeling."

--

John drove the car as Jenny rode quietly in the passenger seat beside him. John tried to comfort her.

"Jenny, dearest, you shouldn't feel bad. It was not your fault."

He paused to observe Jenny's reaction. She seemed to relax in the seat somewhat.

"I love you so much. You are the sexiest wife in the world."

He glanced again. Was the corner of her mouth turning up into a smile? He would see when they got home.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------

**Jenny's Nightmare Before Election Day**

by Torquemada

Jenny's husband didn't get back from work until midnight that evening, and Jenny was long since asleep. Her husband switched of the television show she had been watching in bed, while waiting for him to get home. Coverage of the upcoming American election.

"Tedious" he thought. "Watch too much of that claptrap and it will brainwash you."

He turned to watch his lovely wife instead. That Jenny ! She had kicked off the sheets. Her nightie had got caught in a bedpost and slid right of her body. He couldn't really figure out how her panties had ended up at the end of her feet, but that was Jenny for you ! Always losing her clothes. Jenny turned and tossed in her sleep. Her tits rolled around on her chest, refusing to lay down flat like the laws of anatomy dictated. Jenny murmured and moaned.

"She is having a nightmare" he thought "I should wake her up"

Jenny started to do kicks with her legs, spreading them wide apart. Her body spasmed as if she was making love to someone invisible.

"Or I could just sit back and watch. It can be dangerous to disturb someone's dreams."

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Jenny blinked. She had been looking straight into the blazing sun and it had blinded her. Where was she ? And who were all these people ? As far as she could see, to the horizon, and probably beyond, there stretched an endless sea of humans of every conceivable age, colour and description. It was as if someone had crammed an entire sub-continent into one place.

Here and there were giant screens rising above the mass, all showing the same picture : a young woman draped in the American flag, and dressed like Pocahontas underneath (not the real thing, the Disney night-club version). Who was it ? I couldn't be…

"NOOO !!!" screamed Jenny. "This isn't happening !"

A bearded man in a high hat decorated with stars and stripes turned towards her, smiled and said :

"Does the Presidential Candidate of the Democratic Party like to make at statement ? If not, let the Great Debate begin !"

Jenny was on some sort of stage. In front of her was a pulpit. Well, not as much a pulpit as a stick with microphones attached to it. It was impossible to hide behind it. To her right was Uncle Sam, and beyond him…Ashley, the Republican Party's Presidential Candidate stepped onto the stage, proud and sure of victory. And what a sweet victory it would be ! Today her eternal nemesis would be forced to humiliate herself beyond her wildest dreams ! Ashley was also draped in the flag (Damn Jenny ! Always stealing her ideas !) but underneath she wore a snappy dark-blue military uniform that clung to her body like a second skin. Her skirt were short enough to break several decency laws, and on top of the whole edible little package was a cute little military hat.

Behind Ashley stood her staunchest supporter, General John "Stripsearch" Biggs, his hungry eyes hidden behind dark glasses. Nothing could hide the grin on his face, however.

"To begin with" said Uncle Sam " I think all the voters would like to know what you think about the taxes. Should they be lowered or raised ? Ashley ?"

"Well" said Ashley, batting her eyes, and spinning slowly on one leg, while pressing the other against her thigh "we in the Republican Party believe in lowering taxes. If you would allow me to illustrate my point…"

Ashley grinned and started fingering the top of her short, tight skirt.

"Imagine that my skirt is the level of taxation. What do you think I would like to do ?"

The men in the audience gulped and stared.

"That's right ! I would lower it. Just like this !"

Ashley undid her skirt and started shaking her hips. Slowly, slowly, her skirt travelled over her hips down her legs. Her sheer, black, string panties didn't leave much to the imagination. Ashley kept on shaking like a belly dancer gone mad. The audience roared. The skirt landed at her feet. Ashley kept shaking a little longer, so that everybody would get a chance to get off in their own time.

"And that" said Ashley coyly, and kicked her skirt of the stage " is what I think of taxes !"

"I see" said Uncle Sam "Jenny ?"

"We in the Democratic Party" said Jenny, fidgeting nervously "think that there might be some need for higher taxes."

Boos and hisses from the people.

"But not that much higher. Only a little. Here, I'll follow Ashley's example."

Jenny grabbed the hem of her fake Indian dress and raised it an inch.

"That's not much, is it ?"

A clever young congressman yelled : "Higher taxes ! Higher taxes !"

The other men soon understood what he was trying to do, and joined in.

"Oh, OK. If you are sure that you really want it" said Jenny and raised her dress another couple of inches.

Did Indians wear underwear ? This particular fictional tribe obviously hadn't bothered with them, to the eternal gratitude of the American people.

"Are you sure you want them this high" asked Jenny, as she exposed her swelling breasts to an admiring world. "You would be paying something like 90 % in tax by now. Isn't that sort of like Communism ?"

"Higher taxes ! Higher taxes !"

Ashley gritted her teeth. She couldn't let Jenny score any points this way.

"Lowering taxes is not enough" she screamed, in order to be heard above the cheers.

"We must do away with the underlying structure of the public sector, with the bureaucrats and their ilk ! Imagine that my panties are the bureaucracy…"

Not wasting any time on a big show this time, Ashley reached down between her legs and tore her panties right off, and then proceeded to tear them to shreds with glee. The audience loved her. The masses began pressing against the stage, trying to climb it.

While General Biggs subdues the riots, lets turn to commercials.

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This is a public service announcement:

"Remember to vote. It is in your own best interest. This year there will be a patriotic co-ed cheerleader on her knees in every tenth voting booth, ready to thank you for doing your duty towards your country. Ask yourself, can YOU afford NOT to be registered voter ??"

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General Biggs had dealt with the riots. Severely. A number of citizens would be in no shape to vote, come election day. A number of pretty female citizens had been hauled of to Biggs' private dungeons for a later strip search, cavity search and medical examination. If Ashley didn't win, Biggs was considering attempting a coup. No way was he ever giving up this wonderful life !

Jenny's clothes had been replaced, and she was now dressed as a hippie, with a baggy shirt and lots of beads. Not exactly the image she wanted to get across, but it certainly covered her up. One of Ashley's supporters had handed her a long white robe, making her look as though she was about to be baptised. What the previous owner had failed to mention was that normally there went a pointy hood with that robe…

"Welcome back" said Uncle Sam "As we all know, the thing closest to all our hearts are our children. Over the last couple of months there have been alarming reports of school kids who don't know the facts of life. (A hiss of indignation went up from the crowd. How could this have been allowed to happen?) Yes, we have all heard the rumours. There are poor kids whose hearts are being poisoned out there. Young men and women who have never beheld the beauty of the opposite sex. Children who have never touched themselves. Repressed, tortured souls who if the worst were to happen could be doomed to a life of chastity ! How do the Candidates propose to deal with the situation ? Ashley ?"

"As I see it, the media is responsible. We must stop those who prey on our children from exposing them to any more of their despicable squeaky-clean TV, like sitcoms with all the racy scenes cut out or censored. There are Hollywood actresses (who for the moment shall remain nameless) who refuse to take of their clothes for their fans, although they know fully well how much stress that would relieve in thousands of young boys across our fair land. This must stop, even if I have to strip them naked myself. Our boys have a right to full frontal nudity, and they shall have it !"

Loud applause.

"So, how do you suggest we deal with all this non-entertainment ? Censorship ?"

"We Republicans have always been against such infringements of our constitutional rights. We intend to introduce a national system of labelling, so that the parents can choose wholesome stimulations for their sons and daughters without risking exposing them to moral propaganda."

"So how would you label the latest release from Disney ?"

"This movie could seriously stunt your child's sexual development" I think. Or perhaps "Do not view, unless in company of a vibrator"

"I see. And a Harlequin love story ?"

"Warning. This book has been written by a Prude."

"Thank you. Miss Jenny, how do you respond to that ?"

"I think Ashley has got it all wrong. The main problem is the schools. Today, most kids get their sexual education from musty old Biology teachers. That is like letting lazy people teach sports. If I get into office, each school will get at least one professional Sex Ed teacher that will not only help our young get healthy relationships with each other, but who also embodies the principle of sex."

"And where would you find these teachers."

"I was thinking along the lines of professionals."

"Ah, professional teachers, you mean ?"

"No, professional, you know, sex workers."

A lot of teenage boys cursed at the laws that prohibited them from voting.

"Ahem ! Yes, I think I understand. Would each candidate like to say a few words about our foreign relations ? Jenny, you go first this time."

"Thank you ! To keep America safe and prosperous, we must have good relations with other countries. Sadly, our ambassadors are all middle-aged men who completely lack charisma. When I get into office, America will be represented by the finest young women we have. The winners of the Miss America Contest ! Upon winning, Miss America automatically becomes our ambassador to the UN, while the winners of the fifty states go to various countries around the world. For example, Miss Louisiana would naturally become our ambassador in France, while Miss Minnesota would go to Sweden. The ambassadors would change each year, and the USA would be the most popular country in the world ! Our brave young women would give their all in head-to-head meetings with foreign world leaders !"

"Isn't it called meeting face-to-face, Miss Jenny ?"

"No, their faces would be under the tables. Like Ashley's Campaign contributions."

"Hum. And what were you planning to do with Madeline Albright ?"

"I was planning to send her as our ambassador to the Vatican."

Ashley couldn't keep quiet any more.

"Let's face it, Jenny, it isn't through sweet talk that we are kings of this world. It is the almighty American Dollar that does it. And should that ever fail us, we have an old and tried solution. Let me show you, you bleeding-hearted liberal. "

General Biggs handed Ashley a big bazooka from below the stage. Only this bazooka was painted pink with little red hearts. Ashley grinned like a demon, took aim, and volleyed a couple of grenades straight into the now panicking throng of people.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING ASHLEY ! You can't win by killing off my voters !" screamed a terrified Jenny.

Ashley was breathing very heavily. She had really, really liked firing that big gun. If she became President, she would get to do this every day ! Mostly in foreign countries of course, but it would still be a rush.

"Nobody's dead, you nitwit" said Ashley in between gasps, and indicated the pink mushroom-cloud that was rising there the grenades had hit. "Those grenades were loaded with heavy-duty gaseous aphrodisiacs. That's the way we keep winning our wars, by always having the latest and best weapons technology."

"Oh my" exclaimed Jenny "They landed right in the League of Feminists. They look happier than I have ever seen them before."

"Yeah, just picture a dozen of these babies being dropped over those repressed Arab nations. Their social system would never recover from the shock."

"It nice to see you two agree on something. We are going into a commercial break now. Would like to take the opportunity and shake hands with a few potential voters ?"

"Shake hands !" snorted Ashley. "I think I can do a little bit better than that."

She shrugged off her white gown and revealed that she hadn't bothered to put on any underwear after the last incident. She jumped off the stage and walked up to the first row of eager hand-shakers. Ashley stuck her hands behind her back, thrust out her chest as far as it would go, leaned forward, smiled her biggest smile and said "Don't be shy, gentlemen. Please do shake !"

The men couldn't believe their luck as they began "shaking breasts".

Jenny groaned as she stripped of her clothes. If she was to have any chance of winning, she would have to do everything Ashley did, only better. Judging by the length of her line, she was the more popular of the two. Jenny didn't know whether to be happy or sad when she saw that the first man in line was her own husband…

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This is a public service announcement.

Natalie Portman, Christina Ricci and Winona Ryder appeared on the screen, all dressed in next to nothing.

"If more than 50 % of the American people vote, I promise to take off my bra on national TV" said Christina Ricci.

"If more than 75 % vote, the panties goes as well. Wouldn't you like that ? Wouldn't you like to see me all nude ? Voting is sexy." Christina turned her back to the viewers, showing of her pretty behind, decked out in a white thong panty.

Natalie Portman was already completely naked. Her beautiful body was being recorded on VCRs by millions of fans.

"This is a just a taste of things to come. Make me happy by voting, and I will make you happy by playing Princess Amidala, dressed like this, in the next Star Wars movie. Imagine me, all painted white, going down on Darth Vader."

Winona Ryder looked straight into the camera. "Please vote. If you do, I will do my best to personally make it up to each and every one of you over the next years. I promise. I feel I owe it to the American people."

"ELECTION DAY MEANS ERECTION DAY !"

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Uncle Sam was rubbing ointment on Jenny's and Ashley's aching breasts.

"Jenny, Ashley managed to "shake breasts" with over 500 men, but you didn't get to do it with any more than 67. Are you not that popular after all ?"

"I am too popular. They wouldn't let go once they grabbed hold of them" groaned Jenny.

"Well, you better get into your outfits for the last part of the debate" said Uncle Sam.

"Why, so we can strip them off one more time ?" sneered Ashley.

"You are beginning to assume the responsibilities of office, I hear" laughed Uncle Sam.

Jenny put on a swimsuit decorated with stars and stripes. So did Ashley. Well, in Ashley's case it was more like two stars and two stripes. One star for each nipple, one stripe covering her sex, and one stripe disappearing down the crack of her ass.

"To finish the Great Debate, I would like both of you to address the grave and serious matter of capital punishment. You are both for it, but I understand that you have different views as to how it should be administered. Ashley ?"

"Thank you. A murderer has deprived another human being of the most valuable thing there is - life. Therefore, we are entitled to deprive him of the most valuable thing in life -sex. There can be no crueller means of execution than to lock up a man in a dark room with his hands tied behind his back. Unable to touch himself or to get any visual stimulation, he will soon lose his will to live and commit suicide, thereby saving us both the trouble of killing him and a lot of money."

"Your method has been tried, hasn't it, Ashley ? He didn't die, did he ?"

"Well, no, he joined the Elron Hubba-Hubba sect, but that's beside the point. It should work."

"When pigs fly. What about you, Miss Jenny ?"

"I think Ashley forgets the families that are left behind. They should be allowed to carry out the sentence."

"How exactly ?"

"By sexual over-stimulation. The female relatives gets to fuck the murderer until his heart gives out, thereby gaining both revenge and much needed relief. "

"Your method had also been tried without success hasn't it ?"

"Yeah, they did fuck him senseless every day for six months without killing him."

"So it would be safe to say that it was a big mistake from the start."

"Oh no ! You see, it turned out that the victim had committed suicide, and that the man in prison was innocent after all. He didn't even sue the state afterwards. "

"I bet" chuckled Uncle Sam. "Jenny, we are running out of time. Do you have any last words to America ?"

"Vote for me, and I will always be your girl in the White House. I am here to do your bidding. Just tell me what to do, and I will do it. I believe in the will of the people !"

"TAKE OFF YOUR SWIMSUIT, JENNY ! "

"Somehow" said Jenny, as she peeled it off "I knew you were going to say that."

"That's the difference between you and me" said Ashley, as she tore off her tiny excuse for a swimsuit "You do this because others tell you to. I, on the other hand, do it because I believe in it. I believe in America ! I believe in stripping naked ! Life, liberty and accidental exposure to all women !"

The national anthem began to play in the background…

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Jenny refused to get out of bed the next day. Her husband did his best to goad her out from her fortress of mattresses, blankets, twenty layers of nighties and a mountain of protective pillows. She had also pulled the socket out of the TV.

"Come on Jenny. It couldn't have been that bad. It was just a dream."

"You don't know the half of it. It was so sick and perverted. I did things, and said things, I would never say or do. Pornography for kids, and that awful way of execution… You were in it too ! But worst of all is that Ashley was my enemy ! Ashley is my best friend in the entire world, we could never, ever be enemies !!"

"Well, you know what they say. It's best to get it all off your chest." Jenny's husband smiled inwardly. He knew he was going to like this story.

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**Jenny and the Freemasons**

by Darth Veda

Jenny’s husband had been a Mason for several months, and she was intrigued as to what went behind those big wooden doors. She’d often teased him about it, but he said he was sworn to secrecy. On the day of his next meeting, John had left home without his white gloves, which always packed in his little black case. Jenny had taken them out to wash and had forgotten to tell him.

“Oh no” she cried, “he’ll go mad. I'll have to try and get them to him”

So off she went to the large hall where his lodge meetings were held. It was a windy day and she decided to wrap herself up warm. She put on a full slip beneath her black dress, which did not require a bra as it had built in support (much needed for that 38CC bust!). She drove into Town and parked as close as she could to the Freemasons Hall. The wind had dropped so she thought she could leave her coat in the boot. She would only be a moment, after all.

Inside the building, there was a long corridor with many doors on either side.

“Oh dear” she sighed, “He could be anywhere”.

She remembered him talking about meeting in this large room at the end of a corridor and decided that the one at the end must be it. As she passed one of the doors, she heard laughter, and the chinking of glasses.

“Must be the bar”, she thought to herself.

The door at the end of the corridor was very grand looking, with a large black cast iron knob. She needed both hands to turn it. Once inside, she looked round in awe at the magnificent wood carvings on the seating. There were three large pedestals with large chairs behind them.

She chuckled to herself as a thought came into her head, “Which one belongs to Daddy Bear?”

She was brought back to reality when the door slammed shut behind her. She struggled with the knob for a while, and then decided to have a closer look at some of the odd bits and pieces lying around the place. She walked over to the pedestal at the far end of the room, and took her place in the seat. Surveying the room from this lofty position gave her a great sense of power.

“Why should only men be allowed in here?” she thought.

Just then, one of her earrings dropped out, and fell to the side of the chair.

“Damn” she said, as she leaned over to retrieve it.

The arm of the chair was quite high, and she had to kneel on the seat and lean over the edge.

“There you are. Now if I can just stretch….”

At that moment, she froze as she heard the door creak open, and the sound of feet on the hard wooden floor.

“Ohmigod” Jenny mumbled.

Jenny’s husband took his position outside the door of the Lodge as the other Masons filed in. The Worshipful Master was led to his pedestal, and all of a sudden, the ceremony came to a halt.

“What have we hear?” he asked.

His eyes slowly worked their way up the shapely legs, to the lacy slip revealing a hint of stocking top below the black dress stretched to bursting point over the most beautiful bottom he had ever seen.

“Urn stuck” came the muffled reply. “Can you help me please”.

“Deacons, see what seems to be the problem”

Two of the men raced forward, eager to help. Seeing Jenny’s rear end stuck up in the air, her dress riding high up her thighs, they stopped to soak up the view.

“Brother Deacons!” the man who Jenny could now only think of as Daddy Bear shouted.

They both reached forward and grabbed an arm each, and helped Jenny to her feet. She stood there, straightening her dress, and re-aligning her boobs, totally oblivious to the astonished looks from the men.

“I ask again. What have we here?”

“I was just looking round and I saw this lovely chair and I wanted to give these gloves, oh what did I do with them....”

“Enough!” shouted Daddy Bear, who Jenny now decided she must be more respectful to.

“You must be the Worshipful Master”, Jenny said, fluttering her eyelashes.

This caused the WM to draw back his shoulders and stick his chin up in the air.

“Indeed I am. And you are?”

“Jenny, Jenny Can... .“just then Jenny stopped.

Her husband must be here somewhere. Can’t he help?

“Well my dear, that’s just where you’re wrong. Jenny can’t”.

One or two of the men chuckled at this little joke. They couldn’t take their eyes off Jenny, “she certainly can for me” they thought in unison.

“Not, that is, until you have been nominated, seconded, and balloted for by the Brethren.”

“I’ll nominate her,” shouted the little man at the back, carrying a big stick

.

“I’ll second her,” said his friend with the other stick. “A show of hands, brethren. Those in favour?” It was unanimous.

“That’s it then. All agreed. Now she must be initiated!” bellowed the Worshipful Master. “Brethren, form two lines!”

Without further ado, the men lined up facing each other, as Jenny was hustled into position at the start of the line-up. Looking round, she couldn’t see John’s face, and she thought perhaps she’d got the wrong Lodge.

“No, you see, it’s like this” she tried to explain. “I’m not here to join - Ouch!” she said as the first smack landed firmly on her arse.

The force of the slap caused her to set off down the line, with each man in turn spanking that lovely bottom. “It’s my husb... ow. He left his oooo”

As she reached the end of the line, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank god that’s over" she thought as she rubbed her sore bottom, much to the amusement of the men.

"Brother Deacons” the WM shouted, “remove her dress!”

“No, please, you can’t do that” cried Jenny, but it was no use.

The two men gripped her firmly in their gloved hands and began stripping her. One of them was fumbling at the back with her zip.

“Oh for God’s sake take your gloves off man, we’ll be here all night” shouted one of the other men.

As if in response to a military command, the “Deacon” as she recalled him being referred to, used his teeth to pull off his glove on the left hand while his right hand maintained its grip on her arm. Free now to grasp the zip, he slowly pulled it down to the small of her back.

“Let me go,” squealed Jenny, struggling to release their firm grip, but the Deacons held on tight, releasing one arm at a time to ease the dress off her shoulders.

“Please, don’t do this to me”.

She looked round appealingly at the men facing her, and her two captors. But it was no good. The dress, once passed her magnificent bust, slid frictionless down her body to her ankles.

The men once more formed two lines and she was sent on her way again with another firm slap to her rear.

“Ow! No, stop it. Oooo! Ow!” she yelled as the spanking continued. Do they all have to go through this? she wondered.

As she reached the end, before she even had chance to think what would come next, The WM called for the Wardens to step forward. They now took on the firm grip to each arm. The men were getting quite excited now, and there were several salacious comments made about her body.

"Take off her slip” came the command, and dutifully the Wardens pulled the straps off her shoulders.

Her slip was now only held up by her firm breasts, and as she struggled to break free, first one then the other nipple bust into view. There were gasps from the older men as more of her body came into view. Her gyrating movements, designed to retain some modesty, only helped the downward movement of her slip, and once past her hips, it slid gently down her stocking clad legs, first revealing her shear black panties, then her creamy white thighs. Her bottom cheeks hung out each side of the thin material, now quite red from her initiation so far. She was lifted bodily out of the garment, and held for a few seconds while they ogled at her firm breasts.

For the third time Jenny was sent through the gauntlet. She quickly tried to cover her breasts with her hands, but one or two of the men pulled her arms away. The men were now quite blatantly fondling her breasts as well as spanking her arse. When would this all end? She ought to have known - only when the men strip her completely naked.

As she reached the end once more, the two Wardens once again held her arms to her side whilst the WM addressed the gathering.

“Brethren, this young lady has been passed before you to show that she is a worthy candidate. In order to conclude the initiation, she must be divested of all worldly goods”.

At this a huge cheer went up. Outside the door of the Lodge, Jenny’s husband awoke from a dream, startled by the noise.

“Somebody must have tripped up” he thought to himself, then shut his eyes once more.

Inside, meanwhile, Jenny was being held by the two Wardens, whilst the WM removed his gloves.

“No, please, you can’t. I don’t want to join. It’s my husband - he’s... Perhaps you know him.. .No, stop it.” Cried Jenny as the WM began to release her stockings and unfasten her suspender belt.

As he pulled the belt out from her panties, her stockings began to sag around her knees. Jenny looked down trembling. She couldn’t face the men. She recommenced her struggles, which only served to amuse them further as her tits bounced up and down. Her stockings were pulled down to her ankles and off her feet with her shoes. As she stood there barefoot, the WM grasped both sides of her panties and slowly pulled them down. Her blond bush came into view, and another cheer went up, causing John outside to stir once more.

Jenny was now completely naked, in the middle of a bunch of so called men of honour, dressed in their dinner suits and bow ties, with those silly little aprons she used to make fun of. If only she had one now, she thought, as she tried to cover herself with her tiny hands.

The men were all over her - discipline gone completely - grabbing handfuls of breast, and squeezing her bottom. It was only when they started spanking her again that she realised something. Up until now, they had kept their gloves on. The muffled sounds as they slapped her bottom had now changed to flesh on flesh! The pain intensified with this added humiliation, and she simply put her head down and ran for the door. On the way she managed to grab a couple of aprons so at least she could cover something up outside.

She couldn’t open the door when she got there, the massive knob was loose and her hands couldn't turn it enough to release the catch. The men had her pinned against it, her back turned towards them, allowing them to view her naked body a while longer at least. They held her there while the Junior Brethren slapped her backside and ran their hands up and down her thighs. Then they spun her round so they could fondle her breasts. Jenny let out a scream and banged on the door.

John on the outside heard what he thought were the knocks that gave him the cue to open the door, which he dutifully did. To his astonishment Jenny came rushing out, straight past him. He just stood there, gawping at the rear end of his naked wife (which was extremely red, he thought) as she ran down the hallway.

More men came out to see what the commotion was. The bar emptied completely, and the corridor seemed to Jenny to get narrower and longer as she suffered more slaps to her bare arse. Finally, she reached the doors. The aprons she’d pinched were snatched from her leaving nothing to cover herself with. Her hands were pulled back to prevent their use too. Two of the waiters from the bar joined the fray. Each grabbing an arm and a leg, they carried Jenny through the doors and out to the car park. She tried in vain to close her legs. Her sex was on view to everyone.

A crowd of people gathered around, laughing. She could hear the comments from several women and children as she was carried to her car.

“The red one over there” she muttered. ‘Quickly!”

“Here you are Ma’am. Glad to be of service” they said as they dumped her on the bonnet, and made their way back to their post.

“My keys. Wait, I’ve not got my . . .“ Jenny’s cries were lost under the hoots of laughter and howls of derision as the ever growing crowd closed in.

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**Jenny's Taken Hostage**

by Mustang Diamond

Jenny had been working as a teller at the local bank for several months. She was just thinking about how perfect her job was, considering all of her past troubles. This was nothing like working at a construction site or a car lot where the guys were crude and seemed to take advantage of her if she wore a dress. No, a bank was perfect for a proper lady she thought. Jenny liked wearing nice dresses and bank attire seemed to suit her figure. And with all of the young ladies required to dress nicely, she was never in the awkward and embarrassing situation of being the only one in a dress.

Jenny had been gaining confidence every day since she started at the bank. Even her friend Ashley, who worked at the next teller window, seemed to stay properly covered up. Jenny sometimes thought Ashley tried to let her stocking tops and bra straps show to get the guys to look at her. Not Jenny, though—no way was she going to let anything show that wasn’t supposed to show. But still, Jenny liked to be noticed too. So she had been comparing notes on what Ashley and the other gals wore to work. With everyone dressed up everyday, it wasn’t easy to be noticed.

Jenny stole another glance at Ashley’s suit. Her skirt was as short as it could be without getting a warning about dressing too trashy. The stools they leaned on were just the right height to prevent any mishaps. Too low and the ladies would sit on them, their hems would ride up, and the management frowned on that. Too high and they would have to stretch to get on them and then the same problem resulted. But years of adjustments had obtained the perfect height. They could lean, not sit, and everything stayed in place.

The same was true for all of the tasks at the bank. File drawers were at the perfect height, elevators were available. Jenny hadn’t once had to do anything that compromised her modesty.

Today, Jenny was wearing silk. She checked her appearance again. The white silk blouse was very professional, she thought. Buttoned up to her neck of course. She had on a silk bra and a silk camisole. Nothing showed—but when the air conditioning kicked on, she felt a little self-conscious.

She would have to wear a more substantial bra next time. Her skirt was also silk, but black. Her black high heels matched and were the only thing she wore that wasn’t made of silk. The skirt was very thin, but she had a nice black half-slip on under it. Both the slip and the skirt conformed to her curvy thighs. She didn’t think the garter straps showed any bumps though. Her stockings were white. Black looked too formal for the summer. She had considered black panties, but as usual they were all dirty. Her matching white ones were clean and at least they matched her garter and bra.

She once again said a silent pray for her ideal job as she thought about those skimpy panties. Her husband had gotten her the set and his tastes tended to be on the scant side, she thought. In fact, the garter belt was a little too flimsy and tended to slide down her hips. She had to pull it back up in the ladies room every so often. But it wasn’t like she had to do anything physical. Just standing at the teller window was okay. And it was a short walk to the parking garage.

Just then, two guys in ski masks and guns burst through the front door. Jenny saw them coming and pressed the hidden alarm button behind the counter. Then all hell broke loose.

“Everyone on the floor face down!” They yelled. “If I see any eyes, I’ll shoot them.”

Jenny started to get on the floor, but one of them said, “Not you bimbo! You put all the money in this bag.”

Jenny quickly filled the bag, just like she had been trained. The robbers had made it to about half of the tellers, before sirens were heard.

“Damn! Who tripped the alarm?” one yelled.

Whether it was obvious or for other reasons, the two leaped over the counter and grabbed Jenny and Ashley and started toward the back door.

“Hurry up you two, we need to get out of here fast.”

Jenny and Ashley were hurrying, as fast as their high heels would allow. Ashley’s tight suit skirt hampered her even more. Impatiently, the two gunmen practically dragged them along by the elbows. Jenny tripped as she felt her garter belt slip over her hips, and would have fallen, but the guy holding her arm was very strong. He simply lifted her up and set her down on her feet without slowing down.

In the back alley, a van was waiting.

“Get in!” they yelled as they shoved them inside.

Ashley’s skirt was too tight to negotiate the step, but her escort lifted her in one fell swoop. Jenny and Ashley landed in a heap as the door slammed and the van lurched forward.

Both Ashley and Jenny tried to tug their skirts down, and sit in a ladylike manner. Jenny out of fear of humiliation—her stockings were sliding down with her garters and she knew her skirt wasn’t long enough to keep them covered, but there was no was he was going to reach up under her skirt to sort out her problem in front of anybody. Ashley knew that it was dangerous to provoke men in this sort of situation. She had paid the consequence once to many times, so even she tried to discretely tug her hem down. However, the van kept bucking and jostling and neither of them was dressed for sitting on the floor.

“My, my. You two sure are dressed good, huh?” said one of their captors who had noticed their lingerie.

He had also noticed their frantic attempts to keep their skirt hems down without much success, so he added: “Nice panties,” to further embarrass them.

Jenny’s face turned scarlet as she remembered how sheer they were.

Suddenly, the van came to a screeching halt.

“You two will have to stay here a minute while we take care of some business. So to be sure you’re here when we get back we’re going to tie you up,” announced the captors.

Once tied—with their hands behind their backs and their ankles together—there was nothing either of them could do about their short skirts. This proved to be too much for the virile thieves. Each paused long enough to admire their captives’ lace.

Then one made a command decision and said, “Just in case you manage to get loose, we need to be sure you don’t try to run off.”

Jenny looked at Ashley to see if she knew what he was talking about. Then he filled her in: “We’ll just undress you a bit so you won't want to go anywhere or be seen even.”

He produced a switchblade and started cutting off clothing.

“First the blonde,” he thought.

Jenny was too scared to complain as she watched him slice off her skirt and all of the buttons on her blouse. With her hands tied behind her back her impressive chest burst though the opening. Next he cut off her camisole and stared at her sheer bra.

“Shame to ruin such a pretty bra—not!” he said as he removed it from her.

Next he cut off her matching panties. Jenny gasped and cringed, afraid of being cut. When she looked to see if she was okay, her embarrassment really started to set in. She was left with a short sheer half-slip and a transparent silk blouse with no buttons, which did about as little as her garter belt, stockings and heels to cover her privates.

Ashley would have been laughing, but she knew she was next and didn’t want to encourage this forced stripping if she could help it. Her short tight skirt had worked its way up over her stockings and her jacket was pulled open by her arms behind her back to reveal her transparent camisole and her pushup bra. She tried to keep her knees together, but she knew her panties were in view.

Sure enough, Ashley was next. She lost her jacket first.

“Are you wearing a sexy slip like your friend?” the man with the knife asked.

“N- not really,” Ashley stammered.

“What do you mean ‘not really’?” he asked. “It’s not really sexy or not really a slip?”

“It’s not really a slip, just a short chemise,” she said, regretting she hadn’t simply said yes she was wearing a slip. Most guys don’t know the difference anyway, she thought.

“What the hell is a chemise?” he demanded.

“Well sort of a baby doll that ties on the sides. I wear it as a slip.” Ashley tried to explain.

Then impatiently he said, “Never mind, lets see it.” And he cut off her skirt next.

“Nice,” he said. “I like the little ties on the side. It would be nicer without the bra and panties.”

So he cut them off too.

“Don’t go anywhere, we’ll be back,” he snickered.

Why anyone would leave two lovely ladies in such a predicament is beyond thought. Jenny and Ashley knew they would be back and they both began to fear what would happen next.

“We have to get out of here now, Jenny!” Ashley exclaimed. “Try to get back-to-back so we can work on the bonds.”

After squirming around they were able to untie each other’s hands. Then their ankles. Looking out the van window they couldn’t see their captors, but they were in the mall parking lot!

They quickly convinced each other that a little public humiliation was far better than what could happen if the robbers returned before they escaped. So barely dressed, they made a dash for the mall. They almost got run over as they dashed from the van. It's not everyday you see two ladies in lingerie running across the mall parking lot. As people turned to look, several accidents occurred. Wives were seen smacking their derelict husbands who were staring with their tongues hanging out, oblivious to the beatings.

It was difficult to say the least to run in high heels, but they made it inside and spotted the Victoria’s Secret store. Like ducks to a pond, they headed right in and dashed into a changing stall.

“Now what?” Jenny asked, between panting.

“Don’t know. How embarrassing.” Said Ashley appraising their dress—or undress.

“I’ve been dressed in less,” commented Jenny.

“So have I,” agreed Ashley, thinking it was always around Jenny that these things happened.

Jenny could loose her clothes at the North Pole, she thought.

“I have an idea,” Jenny said tentatively.

“Lets hear it.”

“If we take off our stockings, it might not be so obvious that we’re in our underwear. Then we could find a phone and call my husband to pick us up.”

They both knew that it was unlikely anyone would mistake their lack of dress for decency. They could each see right through their sheer lingerie, but neither wanted to admit it. So after removing their stockings and garters, they walked out to find a phone—with one arm across their chest and the other trying to obscure the view as best as possible.

As they stepped out of the store, a man grabbed them and turned them around saying, “Just where do you think your going. As long as I have worked this beat, I have never seen anything like this. You’re both under arrest for suspected shoplifting”

Jenny and Ashley were confused and indignant at the same time. Apparently he was an undercover shoplifting cop.

“We’re not stealing anything. We lost our clothes in a bank robbery and are trying to find a phone.” Stammered Jenny.

“Let’s just go back inside and check this out.” The man said.

By this time a crowd had gathered. As they went back into the store, several men thought they might need to do some shopping at the Victoria’s Secret. For their wives, they pretended.

The store manager identified Ashley’s chemise and Jenny’s slip as matching those on sale this month and demanded they take them off and go put on their own clothes. Arguing got nowhere—they didn’t have a receipt. Finally, a compromise was made. One phone call for each piece of clothing.

To the delight of all the male shoppers—unmistakably more men than normal—Jenny called her husband while wearing just her silk blouse. It wasn’t quite long enough and without any buttons, she might as well have been naked.

“Bring me some clothes to wear when you come,” Jenny said.

Her husband didn’t even have to ask—he knew her too well.

Ashley, wearing nothing but her high heels, was thinking just the same and she called the cops who were ecstatic about finding the hostages and eye witnesses to the robbery.

Finally, once the cops showed up, the mix-up was straightened out. Jenny’s husband arrived with some clothing, but not before the media got some good footage.

Film at eleven…worth staying up for with the VCR!

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**Jenny at the Sci-Fi Convention**

by Sean89

Jenny looked around the downtown convention center parking lot, and, spying an empty space, pulled her nearly new Ford Mustang into it. Looking out the window of the car, Jenny read the computerized billboard as the message scrolled by:

"Welcome to the 15th Annual Sci-Fi/Fantasy Convention!"

Jenny sighed as she opened the car door. She just didn't understand her husband's fascination with those silly TV shows and books. Let alone the need to get together with hundreds of other people to buy, sell, and talk about the silly stuff. Oh well, she thought to herself as she shrugged her shoulders in resignation. Her husband had taken the bus down to the convention center earlier that day, and Jenny had agreed to pick him up in the afternoon after she had run some errands. She had arrived at the convention center a little early, so she could have a look around and maybe gain some insight into why her husband liked all this.

Jenny got out of the car and straightened her dress. It was a knee-length blue summer dress with short sleeves, a modest "V" neck, and large white buttons running from the neck to the hem. Her earrings were identical to the buttons on her dress, and her feet were clad in white high heels. Jenny's long blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

Satisfied everything was in order, Jenny closed the car door behind her and made it about two steps before she tripped over a parking divider. Lurching forward, Jenny heard a long, spectacular ripping sound and then felt the warm spring breeze over a much larger portion of her body.

She looked down at herself and saw she had come completely out of her dress. Her satiny purple bra and matching panties were now on full display in the middle of the parking lot! Jenny squealed and crouched down, the better to cover herself. Whirling around to look for her dress, she saw the back of it had been closed in the car door. Large white buttons were scattered around the immediate vicinity. Jiggling the handle, Jenny discovered the door was locked. Peering through the window, she saw the keys on the passenger seat, right next to her purse. Tugging on the dress came to no avail, as it was stuck fast.

Crouched down by the driver's side door, Jenny needed a plan. She was NOT going to sit in the parking lot in her bra and panties waiting for her husband to come out! Who knows how long that would take? Jenny looked cautiously over the car at the convention center. She spied a deserted looking side entrance surrounded by bushes. She decided this was probably her best bet.

"I might even find something to cover myself", she thought, hoping to bolster her confidence.

Taking one last look around, Jenny bolted for the door. As she was fixated on the door (and, she hoped, safety) Jenny didn't notice her magnificent 38CC breasts bouncing quite fetchingly. Unfortunately (for Jenny, anyway) the lacy straps of her bra and panties were not meant for this kind of workout. The bra straps slid off her shoulders almost simultaneously and her large pink nipples bounced into view. At the same time, her panties slid off her hips, revealing her round full cheeks and the top of her blonde bush. Jenny finally made it to the bushes by the door, and a quiet "Eeek!" escaped her lips when she saw she was even more exposed now!

She took a moment to put her breast back in their flimsy containers and pull her panties back up. Opening the door just a crack, she glanced nervously through the doorway....

Peering through the doorway, Jenny saw a few utility closets,and, at the end of the hallway, a doorway marked "Women's Changing Room".

Jenny couldn't believe this stroke of luck. Praying the door was unlocked, Jenny raced down the hall , flung open the (thankfully unlocked) door, and hurried inside. After readjusting her traitorous undergarments once again, Jenny had a look around. The room was deserted, and there were rows of lockers and benches. Many of the lockers had clothes in them, but they were all locked, much to Jenny's dismay. Coming on the last row of lockers, Jenny saw an outfit hanging outside a locker, so she grabbed it!

Upon inspection, the outfit turned out to be a Supergirl costume. The shirt , made of spandex, was blue, long sleeved,and had the unmistakable "S" symbol across the chest. The long red cape was sewn into the shoulder seams. There was a very short red skirt that had a yellow belt to hold it up. Below the outfit, on the floor, were a pair of knee-high, red plastic, high heeled boots. Whoever had brought the outfit had forgotten the cheerleader style underpants to wear under the skirt.

"Maybe that's why it's still hanging here", Jenny thought to herself.

Seeing no other choice, Jenny took off her earrings and white high heels and put on the costume. Standing in front of the full length mirror, she was taken aback. The "S" symbol was putting up a remarkable effort to maintain it's shape over Jenny's large breasts. The short red skirt covered her panties, just barely, and she made a mental note not to bend over while wearing it ( even though the cape offered maximum backside protection). Finally, she pulled her hair out of the ponytail and ran her fingers through it, simulating the super heroine's "poofier" hairstyle. Steeling herself, Jenny walked through the doors leading to the main convention floor. She was going to find her husband and get out of there, as fast as possible!

Jenny's jaw dropped as she looked around. Hundreds of people were wandering around (many of them in costume, Jenny noted) visiting dozens of different booths and displays. People were selling everything from comic books to movies to plastic models and an impossible variety of other stuff. Jenny's heart sank at the thought of trying to find her husband in all this chaos. Figuring she better get started with her search, she began wandering around. Several times she had to duck behind a booth or display to pull her panties back up.

She was also attracting a lot of attention as the most beautiful Supergirl anyone had ever seen. Jenny received many requests for pictures, both by herself and with groups, and not wanting to be rude or mean , she obliged all requests. With one such group of young men, Jenny put her arms around the shoulders of two young men on either side of her while their mother took a picture. While she had her arms around their shoulders, Jenny felt her panties slide off her rump again! Not being able to reach down without attracting attention, she began to shift her legs in an attempt to stop their downward descent. All this accomplished, however, was to make them slide down even more. Smiling weakly while the picture was taken, Jenny felt an odd tugging on the side of her panties. The boys and their mother thanked Jenny and walked away, but Jenny heard a small RIP! and felt a curious sliding sensation between her legs .

Surreptitiously reaching down to her butt, Jenny found the panties were now completely gone! Looking over at the departing boys, Jenny saw her purple panties dangling from the watch clasp of the boy who had been standing closest to her !

Jenny's cheeks glowed red. There was no way she was going after the boy and asking for her panties back. She quickly hurried off in the other direction, holding down the front of the skirt to prevent it from swinging about. While debating what to do next, an announcement came over the P.A. system:

"Would everyone entered in the Women's Costume Contest please report to the main stage? Thank you."

Before Jenny even had time to react, an official looking little man approached Jenny and said "C'mon, toots. You're going the wrong way."

"I'm sorry, what ?" replied Jenny.

"The costume contest! It's this way! C'mon , let's get going!" he retorted.

With that he grabbed Jenny by the wrist and pulled her along to a large stage where a number of other women in various costumes had gathered.

"But...but...but...", Jenny stammered.

"Quiet, toots ! You sound like an old airplane trying to start! Believe me your a shoo-in! Now get up there!" he said, shoving her up the stairs to the stage...

"And have fun!"

Jenny couldn't believe this. She was standing on a stage in front of hundreds of people wearing a Supergirl costume with no panties on! Her cheeks and neck grew red and warm just thinking about it.

A contestant dressed up as Wonder Woman was first. She wore the golden tiara, silver bracelets, red bustier with overlapping W's, star-spangled blue shorts, and red boots with a stripe down the front. Her breasts were as large as Jenny's, but the similarities ended there. This woman had long curly black hair, was about 6 feet tall, and very well toned, every inch an Amazonian princess.

Unbeknownst to Jenny, the woman standing behind her (dressed up as Xena, Warrior Princess ) was eyeballing her with naked (hee hee) jealousy. Taking her sword, she gently punctured it through Jenny's cape and then directly into the stage floor. Grinning wickedly, she gave Jenny a mighty shove.

Jenny, caught totally unaware, was flung violently forward, and a noisy splitting sound reverberated across the auditorium. Her shirt and cape fell in a cascade of spandex behind her and her breasts swelled against the fabric of her bra as she tumbled forward. As she was falling, Jenny's arms went out in front of her in a desperate bid to find something to latch on to. Her fingers found the top of Wonder Woman's costume.

Another mighty rip, and her costume (and Jenny) lay at her feet. Not really realizing what just happened, Wonder Woman stood there almost completely naked. Her large breasts and small brown nipples quivered momentarily, and everyone in the audience saw she wasn't wearing panties as her thick black bush showed through her tan pantyhose.

As Jenny tried to regain her feet she got a hold of those pantyhose and pulled them down to the tops of Wonder Woman's boots. Annoyed at this disturbance during her time on stage, Wonder Woman turned around to face Jenny just as she regained her feet. Grabbing a hold of the now very visible purple bra and Jenny's short red skirt, the amazon pulled them both off with one loud rip, leaving Jenny clad only in her yellow belt and knee high red boots. Jenny's hands went to the side of her head and her knees pressed together as she screamed

"OHMYGOD!"

Her large breasts swayed back and forth momentarily after being suddenly freed and her pink nipples swelled up a bit. Her now visible blonde patch received a lot of whistles and catcalls from the audience. Spinning on a dime, her arms wrapped around her torso, Jenny ran past the backstage curtain, giving the audience a view of those lovely round cheeks before she disappeared.

Still not realizing what happened, Wonder Woman turned back towards the audience, Jenny's bra and skirt in either hand, arms raised in victory. Receiving catcalls, whistles, and thunderous applause, she looked down at herself and confusion turned to shock. She doubled over as she ran offstage, trying desperately to pull her costume and pantyhose back up. She tripped right before the curtain, and the audience got to see pink lips framed by black pubes and a toned ass.

In the audience, Jenny's husband took one last picture, grinned and shook his head, then went backstage to find his very embarrassed wife.

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**The Haunting**

by TrackJim

Howard had been a dirty old man in every sense of the word. From the age of fifteen he had been the plight of every young filly he could lay his hands on. His father's money and influence had gotten him out of one jam after another. When he inherited his father's fortune at twenty-five he quieted down for a few years. Running the family's businesses took effort, but by thirty he had things under control. Able managers ran his ventures insuring him of vast income for the rest of his life. He was older and more knowledgeable in using his charms and money to satisfy his drives without suffering the consequences, or so he thought.

Howard had retained the family mansion. It loomed on its hill over the growing town like a baron's castle. The staff provided for his every need -- every need. The entire staff was composed of attractive women between 18 and 25. The pay was very good but the turnover was high as none of them escaped his amorous attention. In the late twentieth century he would have been stripped of his fortune by lawsuits, but in 1899 money kept him from of such until....

The near naked, giggling maid ran from him down the hall. He had tricked her out of her short frock and looked forward to an evening of fun. When the front door crashed open he was unprepared for the maid's brother -- revolver in hand. Only one bullet was fired, but it was enough.

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John stood with his friend looking at the old house, restored and converted to a bed and board resort.

"You've done a wonderful job on this old place,” he said.

Gilbert smiled.

"We'll be opening in two weeks. I insist you and Jenny come the weekend before the grand opening."

"Jenny needs to get away for awhile. We'll be here."

"I just hope the ghost is on his best behavior."

John questioned "Ghost?"

"The place had been unoccupied for almost twenty years after several mysterious events, but the only weird event we've had was when Betty came up to help me. She claims she felt hands that pulled off her clothes. I think she’s just having fun with me, but she insists she did NOT strip her own clothes off. When I found her in the garden she was cowering behind a hedge. There were no workmen around. I think she just wanted my attention. She got it!"

John quickly thought of the possibilities.

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"John, it's lovely."

Jenny stood in the bedroom overlooking he front drive.

"Looks very authentic."

The lawns and gardens had been prepared for the opening. John watched as Jenny leaned out the window. Her dark blue shorts grew tight across her firm bottom. The backs of her legs were long and tanned. John sighed with desire and delight as he watched her bright red blouse creep up her back revealing more tantalizing flesh. He wanted to throw her to the bed, but they needed to hurry on down for lunch with Gilbert and Betty.

"I'll meet your in the dining room in fifteen minutes. Gilbert and I have a few things to discuss."

"Okay" Jenny answered, "I just want to enjoy the view for a few minutes."

--

After John left Jenny decided that her shorts were just not appropriate for the fine old elegant mansion. She was glad she had brought a summer dress for the weekend. Sitting on the large comforter-covered bed she pulled her shorts down her legs. She had worn a lacy black string bikini panty -- a gift from John. They brought a naughty giggle to her when she had decided to wear them for him; he liked them so much. She planned to surprise him after lunch with some afternoon delight. She kicked off her low-heeled shoes to reveal her freshly painted toenails. She wiggled her toes. "Passion Pink was a bit much, but still within bounds."

Jenny unbuttoned and removed her blouse revealing the matching black bra that had been hidden under her blouse. Wearing just her underwear she pulled the summer dress from her bag. The dress was light and airy and loose enough to not bind her. She slipped her arms in the dress and started buttoning the fourteen buttons that ran from just below the neckline to the mid-calf length hem. Upon reaching her knees she decided to leave the rest of the buttons undone. She found a mirror on the back of the closet door and examined how she looked. She realized that the black bra and bikini bottom were quite visible through the off-white dress. Only then did she remember that her other pair of panties and bra were also dark.

"This will never do."

Jenny realized she had no one else to blame. She had dallied until the last minutes and had done packing. She had not thought through her choice. To go downstairs with her underwear so visible would be embarrassing. Gilbert and Betty might think she was flaunting her figure. She almost changed back into her shorts and blouse but they would not do either. She unbuttoned the top of the dress and, with a bit of hesitation, removed her bra. She rebuttoned the dress and looked in the mirror.

"Not too bad" she thought.

She bent forward to lift her hem and saw her dress hang open exposing her chest. The tops of her breasts filled the open top of the dress.

"Oh, my, I'll have to remember not to bend over."

She hooked her fingers under the top of her bikini and pulled it down her legs. The dress fell back down as her hands dropped. She stood before the mirror and smiled at her image as she approved of the look.

As she left the room and walked down the steps to the first floor the light fabric of the dress whirled around and between her legs in a most delicious manner. The top tickled across her nipples and she felt them harden. She almost returned to the room as she wondered how much her pert nipples would show through the dress. If she had she would have seen her dark nipple visible through the material, but she continued down the stairs to the front hall

It was in the front hall that Jenny heard a whisper in her ear.

"Lovely."

Jenny turned but there was no one in sight.

"Must be an echo from another room,” she thought.

The next moment she felt the a hand squarely on her right buttock. She turned again to see nobody even close to her. With her mind trying to piece together what was happening, Jenny did not notice the top button of her dress pop across the room. Nor did she notice the tug at the buttons above her knees.

Jenny forced herself to calm down.

"I must be imaging things again."

She stood straight and held her head high. With long strides she walked into the dining room.

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John was the first to see Jenny enter the room. The bottom of the dress was only buttoned down to her mid-thighs and he loved the way her thighs took turns flashing from the front of her summer dress. The jiggling of her proud chest left no doubt that she was NOT wearing a bra. With each step she looked more and more like a sexual creature on the loose. It was very unusual for Jenny to be so self-assured like this but John loved it. Although he had fully recovered from his serious accident Jenny still occasionally dressed for his pleasure. The sight of her dark hard nipples behind the thin fabric told him she was enjoying the situation.

Jenny and John joined Gilbert at a table set for four. Moments later Betty wheeled in a cart of food and the four friends enjoyed a sumptuous meal. Betty, ever the perfect hostess, placed the plates and glasses on the cart and left to bring desert. Jenny was the first to notice the back of Betty's skirt had mysteriously ripped open the hem all the way to her waist. Her sheer pink panties were very visible though the tear. Seeing Jenny's shocked expression, Jenny followed her eyes and noticed Betty's pink panties just as she disappeared through the kitchen door. Gilbert quickly rose and left for the kitchen.

"What do you suppose happened?" asked Jenny.

"She's probably just playing up her ghost story," answered John.

"What ghost?" asked Jenny.

She loved ghost stories, the spookier the better. She listened with great interest as John repeated the story of naked Betty in the garden. Jenny's face reddened as her mind placed her in Betty's place. Without other people around it was just the type of stunt the doctors had ordered for John's physical and mental rehabilitation a year ago. Just as John finished the story Jenny felt a contact between her closed thighs. She looked down to see that all her dress buttons from the waist down had vanished. Her dress hung down each side of the chair leaving her uncovered to her waist. Jenny looked at John on the left side of the table. With a forced smile on her face and a tremor in her voice she spoke.

"Dear, I'm having a problem. Could we go back to our room?"

The table and tablecloth masked Jenny exposed condition from John.

"What problem?"

He noticed the red of Jenny's face indicative of an embarrassed or aroused state. He wondered, "Was she aroused by Betty's spooky adventure?"

His eyes remained locked on her blushing face and he noticed her shallow, more rapid breathing. Whatever it was that was affecting her left her looking vibrant and sexy. He knew that if he prolonged the moment she would still be very turned all afternoon. He reached under tablecloth at the corner and grabbed her left knee. He was delighted when he found her knee bare and ran his hand slowly up her thigh. A smile grew on his face as his hand felt inch after inch of quivering bare skin.

Gilbert returned from the kitchen and John withdrew his hand from Jenny's hot flesh. Gilbert took his seat to Jenny's right and she scooted as close to the table as possible.

Tiny beads of sweat appeared on Jenny's face and upper chest. Her thighs were clinched tightly together. With no warning a hand was squarely on her pussy forcing her to inhale.

"John", she gasped as she turned back toward him.

Her mind fell into disarray as she saw both his hands above the table. She turned back to Gilbert even as the mystery fingers stroked her lightly. She bit her lip in her teeth as the hand stroked again and again.

Gilbert made excuses for Betty, but assured them that she would be out in a moment with the deserts. Jenny could only squirm as they waited. She knew she would only be able to postpone the mounting sensations between her thighs.

Finally, Betty came through the kitchen door. A long white linen apron hung from shoulder straps reaching down to almost her knees. She sat the eclairs at the four places before taking her seat. Jenny forced herself to nibble slowly on the delicious flaky pastry. They were all nearly done when a mystery finger dipped between her folds to lightly stroke her most sensitive spot. Jenny's mind was so centered on that finger that she failed to notice what else was happening. All but the third button from the top of her dress silently popped to the floor. The third button was between her hard tingling nipples and was all that kept her dress closed.

"I have to go, now," Jenny gasped.

Her legs were quivering she slid her chair back and stood. The dress fluttered open as the solitary button popped onto the table. Jenny froze as it slid from her body. John looked at her with lust as a she raced from the dining room.

"I think I b...b....better help J...Jenny", John said as he stumbled after Jenny.

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Jenny pulled on the doorknob to their room. For some reason the door would not budge. By the time John caught up with her the smell of her arousal was quite strong. He inhaled deeply savoring Jenny's natural fragrance. He slapped her hand from the doorknob and opened it with no effort. She ran passed him and fell onto the bed, a wanton look on her face. John slammed the door and ripped the clothes from his body. Jenny pulled him down onto the bed. It was all John could do as she climbed atop him.

"Ahhhh" a barely audible moan filled the room, ignored by the busy couple on the bed.

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**Jenny The Weather Girl**

by Sean89

"I'm telling you, boss, she is perfect for the job!", said Ashley . To emphasize her point, she leaned across his desk , resting on the palms of her hands and displaying a nice bit of cleavage.

"You had better be right about this", replied Mr. Bancroft, head of local TV station KRIP.

He peeled his eyes away from the flesh protruding towards him from across the desk and continued,

"...When I hired you as my assistant, you guaranteed to improve the ratings of our six o'clock Saturday newscast. I don't see how this new weather girl you've hired will boost ratings by herself."

"Then let me introduce you two, Mr. Bancroft." Ashley walked across his large office and opened the door.

"Jenny, you can come in now.", said Ashley.

Mr. Bancroft stood up to greet his newest employee , and had his breath taken away by an incredible vision of femininity.

"Holy sh\*t!", he thought to himself, "What is she, 5'5, 120 pounds? And that amazing rack! 38CC for sure! I wonder if she's a natural blonde ?"

He gave a mental whistle as he introduced himself and reached out to shake her hand.

Jenny had dressed nicely, if conservatively, this morning. A white blouse with a ruffled collar and cuffs, a tweed skirt that came down to mid-thigh, and a pair of tan medium-heel shoes completed the outfit. Her long blonde hair was pulled back in a bun, and the overall effect was very prim and proper. She was carrying a stack of employment papers under her right arm.

When Mr. Bancroft reached out to shake her hand, Jenny unthinkingly did the same, dropping her papers all over the floor.

"Oh, I'm a little clumsy today," said Jenny, blushing slighty. "Pardon me for a moment, Mr. Bancroft."

With that Jenny turned away from Mr. Bancroft and bent over at the waist to retrieve her papers. Then came the sound that Jenny dreaded and Ashley had been waiting for: RRRIIIIPPPP!!!!!

The tweed skirt ripped completely open along the back seam and fell to the floor almost gracefully. Jenny's round , ample, posterior was covered with a pair of high cut white panties with red trim around the waist and legs, and little red polka-dots all over them. Her shapely legs were clad in thigh-high nude stay-ups.

Mr. Bancroft drank it all in.

"Eeeek!", squealed Jenny.

She stood up and turned around immediately, but the strain of the sudden, violent, movement was too much for the panties, and the strap over the left hip broke with a "ping!", revealing lush blonde bush.

Jenny clamped her knees together and her hands shot down to hold on to her panties and cover herself. She started to back away towards the door when Ashley walked over to her and handed her the sport jacket she had been wearing.

"Cover yourself with this and head down to the ladies room, Jenny. I'll gather your things and meet you down there", said Ashley.

Fighting the urge to run and hide, Jenny said "Oh thank you, Ashley! I'm so sorry Mr. Bancroft, this will never happen again!"

Mr. Bancroft, his eyes dancing behind his mutton chop sideburns and chubby face, replied "Don't worry yourself, Jenny. It was quite lovely...uhh quite all right. We'll see you on Saturday."

Jenny headed for the door, knees still locked together, looking like a voluptuous blonde penguin. Reaching for the door she dropped the jacket. Caught by surprise, Jenny unclamped her knees and the misbehaving panties slid down her leg and all the way to the floor by her right foot. She quickly whipped the jacket back around her waist and stepped out of the panties in one fluid motion. With one last red-faced look back, she shut the door and left.

"Now do you believe what I've been telling you?", Ashley asked her boss.

"Ummm, yes , quite.", he replied. "You mean to tell me that lovely young woman is very prone to those kind of accidents?"

"Ever since I've known her, sir."

"Excellent work, Ashley. If this all works out, you'll have a big raise coming. We've got sweeps in three weeks. I want her face in the paper, in on-air ads, on bus-stop benches, the works. That young woman is going to get us rating that Tom Brokaw would kill his mother for!"

Jenny spent the first week getting to know the studio and the language of the TV weatherperson. While she was no meteorologist (most TV weather people aren't) the job was not too demanding. The computers did the actual forecasting, and the teleprompters gave her most of what she had to say. She was also doing a lot of promotional stuff for KRIP, increasing public awareness of the new weather girl.

There was only one problem: Jenny had proved strangely immune to her particular brand of accidents while on the air! As a matter of fact, she hadn't lost any part of her clothing since her first day on the job. While Jenny was greatly pleased with this, Ashley wasn't, and the boss, Mr. Bancroft, was getting impatient.

"Look, Ashley", he said. "This upcoming Saturday is the height of sweeps. The ratings have increased (especially among males ages 12-84) but just not enough. If something spectacular doesn't happen on that broadcast, you're finished at KRIP!"

"Yes sir! You're absolutely right, sir!" Alone in her cubicle, Ashley fumed.

"That big-boobed cow is going to cost me my job!", she thought to herself. "It figures that she stops losing her clothes just when I depend on it. Looks like I'm going to have to "help" her again! I just need to think of something great for Saturday!"

Looking around her cubicle seeking inspiration, Ashley found very little. Computer? No. File cabinet? No. Desktop fan? No...wait just a minute! Ashley had seen the week-long forecast and remembered that Saturday was supposed to be windy. An idea started forming in her head...

The next morning rolled around and Ashley started on her "Sweeps Project" as she called it. All she would tell Jenny (until Saturday) was that her Saturday forecast would be the highlight of sweeps week. Jenny felt a surge of pride knowing that the station was depending on her. When Ashley told Mr. Bancroft her plan, he gave the green light and upscaled Jenny's ad campaign, promising viewers the best forecast they had ever seen.

Guided by Ashley, Jenny purchased a brand new outfit for the broadcast. A navy blue sport jacket with a knee-length skirt of the same color started the outfit. A white collarless blouse and a blue bandana (for around her neck) were next, followed by a pair of blue high-heeled shoes. Jenny thought the outfit was quite modest, especially by Ashley's usual standards, but that was just fine with her! Of course, Ashley had steered Jenny toward that particular outfit, which she had already weakened in a few key areas.

Once Jenny had her outfit, Ashley set up the rest of the ratings stunt. When she told the tech boys and stage hands what she had in store for Jenny, they were all too glad to help (even foregoing overtime pay!)

First they got an industrial strength fan. Standing over seven feet tall and wide, the thing could send forth almost hurricane force blasts of air. Next, under the "X" on the floor where Jenny stood to deliver the forecast next to the weather map, a small but powerful electro-magnet was installed. Not powerful enough to mess with the electronic equipment all around, but it would have a definite "attraction" to the steel reinforced soles of Jenny's brand new blue high heel shoes! Once Jenny was immobilized by the magnet and that blast of wind hit her nice, new outfit, the viewers of KRIP's six o'clock news would get quit a show!

Saturday had finally gotten there and Ashley had driven Jenny to the studio personally. She wanted to make sure that nothing happened to her before the broadcast.

When they got to the studio Ashley hurried Jenny into the dressing room to change into tonight's "special" outfit. When Jenny took off the loose jogging outfit she had been wearing, Ashley saw Jenny had on a lacy, red, see-thru bra and panties, with a matching garter belt and dark brown stockings! Jenny's nipples and blonde bush were quite visible beneath them. Ashley must have looked surprised, because Jenny blushed, looked at her and said,

"I was so excited about today that I forgot to do laundry last night. These were my only clean underthings."

"Oh. Well, that's all right, Jenny.", Ashley said. Great, Ashley thought, the bimbo is helping me and doesn't even know it!

While Jenny finished dressing and putting her hair in a professional looking braid, she noticed what Ashley was wearing. A hot pink silk blazer with matching mini-skirt and heels and a tank top style white blouse. Jenny could tell Ashley wasn't wearing a bra , and could also see that her mini-skirt didn't adequately cover the black garter belt and stockings she had on underneath (at least while she was sitting on the counter like that) That was far too daring an outfit, Jenny thought. But the black stockings match her hair.

When Jenny finished dressing, Ashley walked her over to the stage and gave her the information for the stunt.

"When you say It's going to stay windy all weekend, that will be the cue for the stagehands to start the fan. Then they'll throw paper and what-not out into the breeze to blow around. The computer guys will be adding special effects directly onto the broadcast, but they need the wind effect to get a good base for a realistic look."

Jenny didn't think that sounded like much of a ratings stunt, but she was still very new to TV, so she said, "All right, Ashley. Oops! There's my cue! Showtime!"

Showtime indeed, thought Ashley.

Jenny made it through the first part of her broadcast effortlessly. Watching her from the sidestage near the fan, Ashley could hardly wait. Casting a glance over to the stagehands, Jenny said her line, "...and it's going to stay windy all weekend."

The stagehands started the fan on low and began tossing paper in front of it. Jenny's bangs and skirt ruffled slightly while bits of paper breezed past. Jenny looked at the camera, smiled , and said "See what I mean?"

Ashley nodded at the guys working the fan and they cranked it up to high immediately. At the same time, Ashley flipped the switch for the magnet. Jenny felt a not unpleasant tingling in her feet. Attempting to shuffle them a bit, she made a startling discovery: her feet were stuck to the floor! At the same time she had that realization, she was hit with a tremendous blast of air. Papers were swirling everywhere, the fan was roaring, and the cameraman kept a steady eye on Jenny.

The first to go was Jenny's skirt. With a slight rip, it flew off and disappeared backstage somewhere, revealing her lacy red panties, garter belt and dark brown stocking tops.

"Oh my God!", Jenny yelled.

Her hands began roaming all over her rump and crotch in a vain attempt to cover herself.

Her sport jacket offered little resistance either, sailing away in the next split second. Her attempts to run proving futile, Jenny decided attempting to cover herself was the best option.

Jenny's eyes widened considerably when she felt her blouse begin to go. Before she could even get her hands up, the blouse flew off, white material and buttons going everywhere. The people in the studio and at home got to look at that lacy red bra and what it contained.

Ashley could barely contain her laughter. Jenny was getting humiliated on live TV and she would get a raise, hell, a promotion out of it. This was just too sweet.

Not being able to talk over the roar of the fan, Jenny made motions with her arms (and pleading eyes) indicating to the stagehands to turn the fan off. They made a great show of trying to turn the switch to "OFF" and unplug it, but, of course, they weren't trying in the least.

Jenny felt the bow at the end of her braid fly off at the same time as the blue bandana around her neck. Reacting without thinking, she put her hands up to her hair and neck. Her bra caught a blast of air, flew off, and smacked the lens of camera #2 before disappearing. Her pink nipples stiffened instantly under the blast of air, and her 38CC's bounced considerably now that they were released from their confinement.

Squealing in embarrassment, Jenny covered her large chest with her hands and arms. The fan took the opportunity to relieve her of the burden of her panties. With a "snap" they broke free and landed gently atop the head of the anchorman (who later sold them for $100 on ebay.) When she felt the wind blowing directly across her blonde bush, she put one hand down to cover her nether regions, succeeding at fully covering neither.

Both sets of cheeks were blushing a magnificent crimson.

Meanwhile, sidestage, Ashley finally laughed out loud. This was great! The stagehand behind her must have thought so, too, because he was so intent on watching Jenny, clad only in lacy red garter belt, dark brown stockings, and blue high heels, that he didn't even notice that he bumped Ashley directly into the path of the mega-fan.

Ashley ran into a small pole that ran floor to ceiling and held on for dear life.

"Oh crap", thought Ashley, "this is bad!"

Her hot pink silk blazer and mini-skirt were no match for the ferocious wind. With a loud tearing noise, the both flew up, up, and away over the set. Jenny, blonde hair flying willy-nilly in the strong wind saw the blazer and skirt fly by, and glanced over at Ashley. She saw that Ashley had neglected to wear panties, her firm little butt, framed nicely by the black garter belt and stockings she wore, was tense with the effort to hold on to the pole.

Despite her own predicament Jenny felt a flush of embarrassment for her friend.

Ashley looked down to find half of her clothes gone. She yelped as the wind blew directly across her thick black bush. Another loud rip and Ashley's breasts bounced free of the now absent blouse. Her hands, sweating with the effort of holding on to the pole, finally slipped free, and the blast of air sent her tumbling. She ended up with her legs spread wide in front of camera #1, directly in front of Jenny. Jenny looked down on Ashley with sympathy in her eyes.

Viewers at home saw the image of Ashley's spread legs and black patch freeze on their TV's with the words "Technical Difficulties. We'll be right back." across the bottom of the screen.

Standing in line at the unemployment office a week later Ashley read the headline of the newspaper: "KRIP Broadcast License Suspended Pending Investigation."

Jenny had been embarrassed, sure, but she had also received movie contracts and endorsement deals! She turned them all down, too, the dumb bitch, Ashley thought to herself.

"I just want to forget it ever happened" Jenny had told her.

Not bloody likely, thought Ashley. That video was probably all over the 'net by now.

Just then a young man noticed her, "Hey," he said, "You're one of the naked bimbo's from the news the other night! Hey guys! Come here and check this out! Baby can we see that luscious patch of yours one more time?"

The paramedics, when they arrived 10 minutes later, had to remove a whole billboards worth of "help wanted" flyers from a very painful place on the poor man anatomy

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**After The Music Stopped**

by Fledermaus

Jenny had lost track of time. She knew that the fun had to end sometime, but she and Ashley had met up with lots of friendly folks that kept her mind either occupied or fogged through most of the weekend. She had smoked some kind of pot that the guy with the dreadlocks (Monkey? Was that really his name? That couldn't be right!) had called "indica" early in the afternoon, and after that things got pretty hazy. She remembered laughing a lot (sometimes until it hurt) and dancing...

The sun was bright as Jenny blinked. She was on the ground, and people were moving around her. Still stoned from hours ago (what the hell was that shit? She'd never been that far gone before...), she propped herself up on her elbows and looked around for Ashley. Nowhere in sight... and then she noticed. Her clothes were gone. All of them. Before she could even react, a camera flash went off right in front of her. She screamed as the smiling man with the camera walked casually away with his prize: a photo of Jenny, barely 19 and nubile, lying on her back on the ground, legs spread just enough to give any casual observer a glimpse of her precious pink.

The young girl's scream attracted the attention of the crowd around her, and Jenny found all eyes on her. Specifically on her breasts and pussy, as she drew further attention to herself by trying to cover herself and get away. She had to turn over and get on her hands and knees to get up, and she heard whistles as she exposed her ass and still more of her slit. Standing, she realized that she didn't have enough hands to cover herself in all the places that counted. Panicking, she ran. The crowds of people parted as she raced for... for.. what? Where was there to go? She stopped, confused, and stood, covering her nipples and her pubes as best she could, looking wildly around as people milled by, most of them eyeing her as they passed.

"Ashley!"... No answer.

She could feel her blush by now, as she was redder than any sunburn could ever make her, and she seized the only thing that she could cover herself with: mud. She smeared the filthy stuff at first over her crotch, but quickly decided to cover herself entirely, as somehow the "mud bikini" seemed obscene to her.

Finally she spotted a small group of girls, all as naked as she was! They were begging for clothes from passers-by. Nobody seemed to be in much of a hurry to clothe any of the poor females in need, but she did see one girl get at least a dirty sheet to wrap around herself. Jenny realized that she would have to rely on a good samaritan to get her something to wear, so she started begging. It was humiliating. She pleaded with stranger after stranger, but she got leers from the men, and the women looked away, obviously believing her to be one of the shameless women who paraded themselves naked throughout the festival. She wasn't like that! This wasn't her fault! Things just got a little carried away!

She was in despair, tears running down her face, when she heard a man call to her. She ran towards him, pleading for help. Could he get her something to wear? Anything?

"Well hold on a sec, there, sweet thing. I might be able to help you, but this isn't the sixties anymore, you know. What do I get out of it?"

"What do you want?," Jenny asked fearfully, thinking the worst. Would she actually have to... "No! Never!"

"No, no, no, it's not that. I just want to see all of you, then I'll give you my jacket. I don't need it anyway. Can't think of a damn reason to have brought one, but here it is, and you can have it, if you show me what you've got... all of it. Whaddaya say?"

"You mean, expose myself to you? I couldn't..."

"OK then, seeya" The man turned to leave.

"Wait! Please, I need that jacket!," Jenny found herself saying.

The man stopped and turned, grinning. "Then you agree?"

Jenny bit her lip and lowered her head, gripping her arms around her most private places even more tightly as the thought of showing this complete stranger her naked body. It was one thing to be surprised, but to display herself on purpose?

"Last chance," the man said, a slight quaver of anticipation in his voice. "This jacket is probably just long enough to cover what you've got to show me. I'll be the last to see you today."

Jenny had no choice but to agree. So many had seen her already (one even had a picture!), what difference could one more make?

"Alright. Here."

Jenny straightened herself as she lowered her arms to her sides. She felt her knees weaken as the man's eyes moved down, and then back up to meet hers.

"Well, that's a start, sweetie, but your best assets are obscured by mud. Here, wash off the mud with this," the man said, offering a gallon jug of spring water.

Jenny was speechless and shaking as she opened the jug and began washing herself off.

"Hold on there, girl, you're wasting it. Just the good parts need to be cleaned off."

"Please," begged Jenny, "don't.."

"Don't what, girlie? You know what I want to see, and you agreed."

Jenny's tears ran freely as she washed the mud off each breast in turn, then her ass, and finally her crotch. She stood facing the man, tits and pussy nearly glowing in contrast to the mud on the rest of her body.

"Good, said the man, now we pose you in the right position.

Jenny numbly followed the man's instructions. She faced away from him with her legs spread wide, barely hearing the man tell her to bend over. She could feel the man's eyes bore into her lips. She was sure he could see her asshole. Never had she been so mortified on her life. Nothing could top this... At least it would end soon... after the coup de grace...

"OK, use your fingers to spread your cheeks and lips," she heard with disbelief. She hesitated. "This is all. You'll be done if you can do this for me. Show me all your holes."

Finally, Jenny reached back and gently pried herself wide open. She heard gasps behind her. She could feel the breeze on things she though no one would ever see. Her clit was sticking out, obvious to everyone. Her vagina gaped open, exposing her innermost regions, and a little more moisture

than normal. All the while her huge breasts hung straight down, the nipples erect.

"Geez, you can even see her pee-hole!"

A new voice, this time.

(Nooooo!)

She whirled around, but not before hearing the furious click of many shutters. A crowd had formed behind her, and applauded as the man finally handed her the coat, and strolled off without a word, putting his camera back in his pocket. Jenny had never heard a man whistling as he walked before. The sound of whistling was never the same.

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**Jenny and The Bridge**

by Rabbit

It was a beautiful Monday morning. Jenny didn't have to work due to an incident involving a printing press at her newspaper job, so she decided to take a walk to the park. When she was about a block away from the park Jenny noticed that the building across the street from the park was under construction.

She didn't like construction sites because she had a tendency to draw stares and cat calls from the workers. This had always been terribly embarrassing to her. As usual she heard whistles and lewd comments as soon as she started walking past the site, so when she got to the park she decided to go toward the beach instead of toward the playground. That way she would be out of the workers' view. But as she turned toward the water she saw there were about two hundred boy scouts milling about at the waters edge. A chill went up Jenny's spine at the memory of the last time she had run into boy scouts. She quickly turned back toward the playground. Most of the construction workers had gone back to their business which made Jenny feel much more comfortable.

She was wearing a green sundress and a pair of sandals. Under the dress she had on an industrial strength bra to hold in her 36CC breasts and a matching pair of panties.

"Not much to look at but at least they won't fall off by themselves," she thought.

It wasn't much of a playground. Just a set of monkey bars, a few swings and some sort of bridge thing that was mostly a bunch of tires laid flat so you could walk across and look down through where the rim had been. Jenny went for the swing first but got up as soon as she realized the forward rise sent her skirt up around her belly. Luckily none of the construction workers had been paying attention.

Fixing her skirt, Jenny walked quickly over to the tire bridge.

"It looks kind of unsturdy," she thought to herself as she stepped on the top step.

She looked behind her and saw that a few of the construction workers were looking in her direction. She quickly looked away. She wanted to act as normal as possible so they wouldn't start calling to her again, so she started across the tire bridge. As she neared the middle of the bridge she saw that the middle tire was almost big enough for an adult to fit through, where the other tires had been smaller. Not that she was going to climb through there in her sundress with all those workers around. Not in this life time.

Jenny stepped over the large middle tire so she was straddling it, but kept her hands on the rope railing. She leaned over the side of the bridge so she could look at the flowers growing in the grass below her. Suddenly a wind sprang up and blew the back of Jenny's dress up into the air.

Cheers and cat calls instantly filled the air.

The construction workers were all paying attention now. Jenny, realizing what they were cheering at, quickly stood up and tried to push her skirt down, inadvertently stepping into the hole of the tire. This threw her weight off and her other foot followed the first into the hole.

Jenny let out a yelp as she fell into the middle of the tire. It was suspended about six feet in the air, but as she fell she held onto the rope railing. There she stopped with most of her body above the tire and her beautiful legs dangling below. From a side view she looked like she was wearing a tire around her waist. Jenny felt a breeze blow across her upper thighs and looked down to see that her dress had stayed on top of the tire. Her face turned bright red when she realized that this was leaving her panty-clad bottom exposed to anyone who cared to look. And by the yelling in the background that was a lot of people.

Jenny started to get scared that if she dangled here long enough the guy's from across the street would come over and offer her some assistance, But she wasn't sure what to do. She tried pulling herself back up onto the bridge but her massive breasts and ample butt were too much for her to pull up. Also, it was rubbing her panties against the inside of the tire and they had begun to roll down some.

Just then, Jenny heard some voices coming down the trail from the lake. Three boy scouts had come down looking to see what all the men were shouting about. When she saw them, Jenny froze in terror. As far as Jenny was concerned the Antichrist was better company. She hoped they wouldn't see her.

Unfortunately for Jenny they did see her and headed right for her. All three boys had their mouths hanging open at the sight of Jenny's butt hanging in the air under a tire. The tallest boy said, "Hey lady, are you stuck?"

Jenny, thinking they might even help her out of this embarrassing situation, said, "I can't pull myself up, and I don't think I will fit all the way through if I let go. Can you help me? Please?"

She was begging now, but the boys were not looking at her; they were staring at her crotch. They moved closer and Jenny realized she could not see them from where she was hanging because they were right under her.

"Please don't let them take my panties!" she prayed to herself.

"Hey boys, maybe you could push me up by my feet," she said.

One of the boys said something like "Yeah, let's push her up!" but Jenny didn't like the enthusiasm in his voice.

"Grab my feet and push up," she yelled, so one boy grabbed her left foot, another grabbed her right, and they started to push her just a little bit, but mostly they were slowly spreading Jenny's legs apart for the view of the guys across the street.

They, of course, were screaming and yelling and whistling. Jenny tried pulling her legs back from the boys, but found she had no leverage to move. One of the boys -- she had no idea which -- was touching the inside of her thigh while another was running his finger under the fringe of her panties. This was not only embarrassing, but it made Jenny aroused and wet.

Jenny yelled, "Stop that!" but only got laughter in return.

Seeing her situation and how they could take advantage of it further one of the boys whispered into his friends ear, after a couple moments of whispering his friend nodded.

The first boy said "Maybe we could pull you up?"

Jenny agreed that that was a good idea.

Two of the boys ran up the stairs and climbed onto either side of Jenny. Each grabbed one of her hands that were still holding onto the rope and pulled. Jenny stayed stuck in the tire.

The boys chanted "One, Two, Three!" and gave a big tug.

The bridge shook and both boys dropped Jenny at the same time. This left Jenny stuck up to her armpits with both arms waving frantically above her head. Her breasts wouldn't even make it into the tire but had stopped above it and her weight was pushing them up and out while the rest of her was trying to go down. Her dress had ridden up also, but it still fully covered her huge tits.

There were now about fifty men standing on the roof of the building across the street who had a full view of Jenny.

One of the boys up top grabbed the edge of Jenny's dress and started pulling it over her head.

Jenny screamed "No! Don't do that! Please, please!" but the boy just smiled and looked over at the guys on the roof.

The crowd's yelling drowned out Jenny's cries of protest.

The boy lifted the sundress slowly above her head where she tried to grab it, but the motion only made her slide further down. Jenny felt someone pushing his little hand into her panties and kicked out frantically. This too made her sink further into the tire until her breasts were pushed so far up that her nipples had started to push out of the bra. They were so tight in there that her nipples were almost level with her mouth.

This gave the boy up top an idea. He grabbed the back of Jenny's bra and undid the clasp. He didn't remove it but let it lie there covering all of her breasts but her nipples. These he pinched lightly between his finger and thumb, massaging them gently. Jenny instantly went a shade darker red and started begging him to stop. The boy only sat there watching her blush shamefully and try to look away. He then pulled her bra off her breasts and dropped it over the side of the bridge. He continued pinching Jenny's nipples and even bent over to take one of them in his mouth.

Jenny was powerless to stop him since her arms were stuck above her head. She was starting to become extremely aroused from the unwanted attention to her nipples; moreover, the boy under her was alternating between rubbing his hand over her mound and poking his little finger into her asshole. Every time he would rub a finger over her clit her hips would twitch. Slowly he pushed her panties aside and stuck his finger all the way into her asshole. Then he just ran his fingertips up and down over the crack in her mound just barely touching her. This aroused Jenny so much that she forgot the watching crowd and started bucking on his hand.

The boy up top started pushing the bottom of Jenny's breasts up so the nipple would be right at her mouth and said "Suck it!"

She pulled her head away but he put his hand on the back of her head and repeated himself. This time he had her other nipple in between his fingers and when she refused her gave it a hard pinch. Jenny immediately started sucking on her own nipple.

The crowd went wild.

Meanwhile, down underneath, Jenny felt her panties slowly being pulled down past her hips. She automatically spread her legs wide so as to make it impossible for her panties to come off. But as soon as she did she felt a hand come down over top of her mound. She clamped her legs shut tight. The hand was still there and now the fingers were wiggling into her crack. Not only that, but the boy up top had taken to massaging her whole boob and sucking on the nipples.

Crowds of people were coming from across the street and the rest of the boy scout troop was coming over the hill. Jenny screamed as she felt her panties being pulled down to her ankles. Two boys grabbed each leg and held her wide for the assembled crowd to see.

Jenny was crying and blushing when someone said "Let's see you put a blush on her other cheeks!"

SMACK went Jenny's round quivering bottom, and before Jenny was freed everyone got to give her a good whack and a nice feel too!

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**Jenny Wants To Be A Millionaire**

by Capstick

I

Today was Jenny's Birthday, and what a wonderful day it had been so far!. She was truly blessed to have such a loving Husband and friends who cared so much for her. Ashley had given Jenny a beautiful bottle green silk dress which must have cost a small fortune. She insisted that she found it on clearance, but Jenny had never seen dresses like this make it to a close-out table. Ashley was worried about the fit, so she tried it on for them. It was a strapless dress, a style that Jenny usually stayed away from. She had to admit that it made her look like a movie star though! It had a lot of support built into the chest, and gave her full breasts quite a lift. It was snug across her chest, and created a lot of cleavage. It was loose across her hips though, so she was comfortable moving around. The dress was short enough that she would have to be careful bending over.

When she modeled the dress for them they fell in love with it. Ashley explained that with the strapless top, the dress needed to be tight or it would be constantly slipping down. Jenny was hoping that her days of accidental exposure were well behind her, so this reassured her. It had been months since the last incident, and Jenny was quite proud of herself.

Then her husband handed her a birthday card. Inside the card Jenny found a pair of tickets to a show named "Are You Really Sure You Want to be a Millionaire?". Her Husband explained that it was a taping for a pilot cable show and that contestants were going to be picked from the studio audience, so her new dress should be the perfect attention getter. Jenny squealed with delight and gave him a big hug, while Ashley smiled to herself and thought what a stupid cow she really was!

"I almost forgot your last gift, what perfect timing!", he said as he handed her a box from her favorite lingerie shop in town.

When she opened the box she found a beautiful matched set of flesh colored matching bra, panties, and garter belt set,along with silk stockings and a transparent nightie.

"I was hoping you would wear them to bed tonight, but the color is perfect with that dress. I'd love it if you wore them to the show!."

How could Jenny say no with all the love being shown. She didn't tell him that the bra couldn't be worn with this dress since it was strapless, but everything else should be fine. Then when they got back from the show tonight all she needed to do was slip out of the dress and into the nightie!

After cocktails and a wonderful dinner at her favorite restaurant(where Jenny enjoyed the attention her dress was getting) her husband drove downtown to a rather run-down section full of industrial buildings. Jenny regretted not using the rest room at the restaurant, but she could wait till they were inside the Studio. He found the building behind a chain-link fence with a small sign out front which said Cinema-X Productions. They parked in a fenced lot which was quite full.

As they approached the entrance door, a huge man was standing guard with a clipboard, wearing a dark blue uniform. Her husband presented their tickets, which Jenny noticed were two different colors, one white and one bright orange. The man checked his clipboard, made a few marks, and handed Jenny and her Husband a form with a lot of small print on it. Jenny asked what the form was for, and he explained that it was a models release in case they did get chosen to participate in the show. As he stood over her to point out where to sign, Jenny could feel his eyes on her cleavage. Jenny saw her husband signing his form, so she went ahead and signed hers with a shrug.

"The shows starts in about 10 minutes folks, and I have to do a quick search before you can enter", said the guard.

He took back the forms and pointed to a short yellow railing which was about three feet away from the building wall by the door. Could you stand in front of that railing Miss, and face the wall please. Jenny glanced over at her husband, who gave her a quick nod O.K. A line of people were starting to form behind them, so Jenny walked over to where he pointed and stood up against the railing. Jenny felt his hand press between her shoulder blades as he said "please lean forward and place your hands against the building wall".

Blushing furiously, Jenny now realized that with her legs braced against the railing, her ass was thrust into the air facing the guard and the rest of the crowd now gathered. The way he had her stretched out, her heavy breasts were close to falling out of her top. She felt the guards booted feet slip between her high heels, and kick her feet apart till they were well separated.

She let out a soft moan as she felt him lean up against her uplifted butt, and felt his hardening cock pressing against her mound. He reached around and placed his hands flat on her belly, slid them slowly up her sides to her armpits, and then followed the slope of her breasts down till he was cupping them underneath and squeezing them together. Jenny gasped as she felt her breasts pop out the top of her dress. His hands immediately covered them and began squeezing and massaging. Jenny was helplessly pinned in this position and unable to remove her hands from the wall.

After what felt like 10 minutes of continued groping (but was probably only 10 seconds) the guard released her breasts and slid his hands back behind her, down her hips and along her thighs till he reached her stocking clad legs below her dress. Jenny let out a gasp as he slowly ran his hands up the inside of her legs, which also raised her dress. her legs were still braced apart by his feet and she glanced over to her Husband helplessly, who was standing with the rest of the crowd. He gave her one of those "What can I do about it" shrugs.

She grimaced and squeezed her eyes shut as she felt his fingers brush past her stocking tops till they finally reached her now soaked panties. His fingers found the ties on the side, and suddenly Jenny gasped as she felt them fall away, and the cool night air hit her moist uncovered skin. He parted her lips, and ran one finger up inside her pussy deeply until she was raised up on her tiptoes. He slowly slid it back out, and followed back to her asshole, and before it dawned on her what was happening, he slid his now very lubricated finger deep inside her ass, much to the delight of the crowd.

Jenny realized that he had moved over to the side, which gave everyone gathered a front row view. She could see all the guys squatting down low to get a better view, and could hear their shouts of encouragement. The guard continued to work his finger around in slow circles for a few seconds, and then he finally pulled his finger out, which to every ones delight, produced another squeal from Jenny. She quickly pushed herself off of the wall and pulled down her dress, and looked up at the guard who was smiling from ear to ear. She vaguely heard him say thank you very much and please go this way, as she rushed inside the door hearing the applause following her.

II

Now that the guard had finally released her, Jenny found herself in a narrow hallway. A brightly lit opening was straight ahead, and a line of people were slowly filing in to a large studio beyond. As she caught up to the line she realized her husband was directly ahead of her! She was about to start complaining that he hadn't been searched also, when she felt more people pressing up from behind. By the bulging pants now pressed against her ass, Jenny realized that the guard must be allowing everyone through without searches! Now all of her new found admirers were squeezed behind.

She suddenly felt a pair of hands reach around and grasp her bare breasts! Her dress top was still pulled down from the search. She gasped as someone else raised her dress and started exploring her bare ass. She started squealing and squirming around, but with all of the noise and confusion from the studio, her Husband appeared not to notice what was going on behind him (Or so she hoped, anyway!). Jenny certainly heard a zip well enough from behind though, and suddenly felt the head of a very erect cock being rubbed back and forth across her well rounded cheeks, as her breasts were still being squeezed and fondled.

She felt the cock stiffening further and the stroking become more insistent, and it dawned on her what was about to happen! Spurt after spurt of warm cum started to splash all over her ass as the pervert climaxed, and she could feel his hot breath on her neck. She could not believe what was happening. It was all so sudden that she didn't have time to react! Suddenly he was replaced be another man, who was wildly bucking his hips. Once again she felt her ass being splashed with more cum! The man began began smacking his cock against her bare ass, smearing the sticky mess all over.

The line ahead was suddenly released and she stumbled forward into the light, with a smiling usher standing with his hand out to guide her to her seat. When she saw his eyes focus on her chest, she quickly remembered that her swollen, engorged breasts were still exposed. Quickly she reached down and pulled her dress back up, and allowed her breast to settle back inside, so at least only her deep cleavage was exposed.

Stunned, the usher took her arm in his and started to lead her down the aisle into the bowl shaped studio, snuggling his arm up against her breast as closely as he could. She noticed that a spotlight was following her as she walked, and began to blush deeply at the hush that had seemed to come upon the studio. The usher took her all the way down to the fourth row back from the front of the stage. He pointed to her seat which was right next to her husband about twelve people or so down the row.

She paused momentarily for the seated men to raise up and allow her to pass in front, but they just stared back at her with grins on their faces. Jenny felt as though every eye in the studio was on her! Not wanting to draw more attention to herself, she began to shuffle sideways down the row in front of the men, which caused her ass to stick out into their faces, and her chest to stick out in front to keep her on balance. She glanced down and saw that her bulging breasts still had red hand and finger marks all over them, and her deep brown areola were starting to peek out of the top. Her now fully erect nipples were covered by a mere inch of material.

Finally she worked over to her seat, and reached back to smooth her skirt down. She immediately realized with horror that her dress was still raised up over her ass and stuck on a gob of cum, and that she had just given every person in the studio behind her an extended view of her naked cum-splashed ass wiggling all the way down the aisle and over to her seat!

III

After the shocking discovery of having exposed her naked, cum soaked ass to half the studio audience, Jenny quickly yanked the back of her skirt down, and plopped down in the seat, which caused her breasts to pop free of her top again. She didn't notice this however, because her attention was riveted to the clammy feeling of all the cum starting to soak into her beautiful dress. Her husband noticed though, and after enjoying her situation for a bit, he leaned over and whispered in her ear to look up by the stage.

Jenny then noticed several large TV monitor screens pointed toward the audience, as well as a jumbo screen mounted above the stage. The monitors all seemed to show an overhead view of a large breasted, topless woman seated amongst a group of people, who were all turned staring at her. Then she noticed the spotlight. She started to raise her hands to her face and her arms brushed against her huge nipples. She cried out OH MY GOD! and yanked up her top again. Looking up she now saw the camera providing the audience with the overhead shot. As she looked around the studio, she could see 4 of the camera's strategically positioned, which she hoped were not also following her.

She heard her Husband chuckling softly, and followed his eyes back to the overhead monitor. She could feel her face burning with embarrassment as her walk to the seat was now being replayed in slow motion, with different camera angles being flashed. Jenny could hear murmuring and laughing in the audience, as eyes were flashing between the show she had provided and where she was now seated.

Jenny sighed with relief as the screen changed to show a middle aged, well dressed man walking toward the stage, followed by two well dressed young girls carrying a large clear bingo drum dispenser half filled with tickets. As they stepped up onto the raised platform the audience began clapping and cheering wildly. Jenny had a great view since their seats were no more then 15 feet from the stage.

The host went on to explain that this show was unlike anything done before, and that the format was slightly different from the TV versions that they had seen.

"This show is intended only for mature audience's. Anyone who has misgivings or apprehensions about appearing on stage should leave now, because once the show starts you will be held to the release you signed earlier tonight. There is no backing out once we are live!"

Jenny briefly considered walking out, but she didn't see any one else getting up, and she didn't want to walk that gauntlet again! She also didn't see any other women, which was strange, but she only glanced quickly. Besides, what were the odds of her name being drawn! She had never won anything in her life.

"Ladies and Gentleman!, Lets go live! Ladies, please spin the drum."

Jenny watched as the tickets started tumbling around, and then something caught her eye. All of the tickets were white, but occasionally she would see a flash of bright orange. Something made the color start draining from her face. She new something was wrong, but she couldn't put her finger on what it was.

Suddenly the drum stopped and the man reached in to select a ticket. Jenny thought it a bit strange that he appeared to be poking around a little, before finally removing a ticket and holding it up in the air with a dramatic flourish. No, No, No, Jenny quietly whispered when she saw that the ticket he selected was bright orange! Sure enough, the host called out her name, and asked if she was in the audience!

Jenny was going to sit quietly and pretend she wasn't there, but her husband popped up out of his chair and raised her right up. The audience went crazy and Jenny felt her husband start to push her sideways toward the aisle. Alarmed, she felt another pair of hands grasp her hips tightly to move her along! The next man who grabbed her slid her dress up slightly, after which no holds were barred. The rest of the way she was passed along with her dress up to her waist, and she felt lots of gropes and pinches as she went. Finally, out into the aisle she shot, where the same smiling usher caught her in stride, one hand groping a breast and the other her ass briefly.

IV

Jenny quickly yanked her dress back down, and was directed towards the stage by the usher. Jenny could feel him wiping his hand on the back of her dress. She remembered about the mess and looked at the closest monitor to see the back of her swaying hips with a dark splattering of splotchy stains all over well rounded behind. The material was now very clingy, and she could feel it entering into the cleft of her ass, rather then smoothly covering her.

The host warmly greeted her as she climbed up on the stage and remarked at how beautiful she looked. He slowly paraded her around the perimeter of the stage waving to the crowd. They were all standing and applauding, with many a wolf whistle thrown in! That is everyone but the first few rows, who Jenny realized were being treated to a birds eye view directly up her dress! She was led to the center of the stage, where the host sat down in a handsome leather chair, indicating she should take the seat opposite of him. There was a low coffee table between the chairs, with a pitcher of water and two glasses.

With hardly a glance Jenny quickly sat down, glad to hide her stained dress. A puzzled look came across her face as it felt like she had just sat down on an open toilet seat! She quickly glanced down and saw only leather, her broad hips were hiding whatever she was sitting on but she could tell it wasn't cushioned. She parted her legs slightly and saw that there was an opening straight down! Then she saw a light turn on, before her attention was quickly brought back to the host in front of her. What Jenny didn't know was that all of the studio monitors featured a well lit view of Jenny's silk covered ass protruding through the open seat from underneath!

"Now Jenny, the rules of this game are quite simple. I'm going to ask you a multiple choice question, and if you give me the correct answer you will be awarded $1,000. For every question you answer correctly after this point, this money will be doubled, until you reach a million dollars or you answer incorrectly".

As the host was speaking, his female assistants approached Jenny's chair and started working at something on either side of the arms. She didn't pay much attention until they brought her arms up from her lap to the chair arms, and strapped them down securely!

Noticing the alarm in her eyes, the host gave a charming smile.

"Don't be alarmed Jenny, we know how nervous people get during the questioning, and it gets distracting to the audience when the participants start squirming around. You will see that this will help you keep calm and focused".

He was so sweet and assuring that Jenny relaxed immediately. One of the girls now moved to the front of her chair and reached down behind her. She had stepped in between her legs, forcing them open. She then felt a second pair of hands opening them further apart and attaching wide straps around her legs just under the knee's, securing them up against the insides of both chair arms. Meanwhile the girl in front of her pulled out a seat belt, and proceeded to buckle her in. She snugged the belt so tightly that the top of her dress was forced down, and Jenny could again begin to see her areola being exposed. She dare not squirm around though, because she knew any more pressure would cause both breasts to tumble out. Jenny silently cursed herself for her choice of dresses.

"Now unlike the TV version, if you answer incorrectly, the game doesn't just end. You will have to participate in a bonus session after the questioning. You will be allowed to have three wrong answers before the questioning will end. If you reach a million dollars, you won't have to participate in the bonus session."

Jenny suddenly felt something pointy and metallic pressing against the bottom of her bare thighs. She sat bolt upright and stared straight at the host, who calmly returning her stare, his eves never wavering. Jenny was relieved, because she was sure he could see right between her spread legs if he wanted to. The metal started to slide up, and Jenny could hear a very faint noise, which she realized was from a pair of scissors! Someone was cutting open her dress!

"Jenny, do you have any questions?"

Startled, Jenny replied no in a quiet voice, not quite believing the fix she had gotten into this time.

"OK, then lets get started!”

The crowd was going crazy, clapping and cheering wildly. Jenny thought they were just excited about the game, but actually all eyes were glued to the monitors which showed the bottom of Jenny's dress falling apart, exposing her ass and pussy to them!

V

"Jenny, your first question is: What is the scientific name for water?"

Jenny herd a click underneath her chair, followed by a high pitched buzzing sound. Then she felt someone pressing up against her vaginal lips with their fingers while something sharp buzzed across. It dawned on her that it was an electric shaver! The host continued: "

H-2-O, W-H-O, I'm sorry Jenny, did you say something?"

"No, could you please repeat the choices?" Jenny said in a cracking voice.

She felt like she was burning up. It felt surreal to be seated in front of hundreds of people, being taped by multiple cameras, and having someone shaving her most private area. She tried to glance down between her legs, but pinned as she was to the chair, she couldn't get a clear view. She didn't want to crane her head forward and let on anything was wrong.

"Once again your choices are H-2-O, W-H-O or W-W-F. Jenny, what is your answer?"

“I THEEEENK!.....I'm sorry, I think that the answer is H-2-O."

Jenny had jumped as she felt the razor reach up to her lower belly to shave what little was remaining of her pubic hair. She thought she caught the host glancing down when she jumped, and now she wondered what his smile meant. The crowd had started chanting MORE! MORE! MORE! which puzzled her slightly.

"Are you sure of your answer?"

“Yes, I believe it is H-2-O”, she replied in a shaky voice.

"You are Correct! Congratulations."

The music raised in volume and more applause broke out.

"Lets get right to the next question:"

“Wait!” said Jenny, “I'd like to quit now!”

The crowd started chanting “NO! NO! NO!” and the host raised his hands to quite them down.

"I'm sorry Jenny, but you can't end the question period until either you answer incorrectly three times, or you win ONE MILLION DOLLARS!"

The crowd went crazy once again, and now Jenny could feel her lips being pulled this way and that as small touch ups were being made with the razor. She sighed as she heard it finally switch off.

"Now for your next question, at what temperature does water boil?, is it 186 degrees, 212 degrees or 230 degrees Fahrenheit."

Jenny felt something cold and foamy being spread all over her pubic area. Now she knew why this show was intended for "Adults Only!". Jenny had no idea what the answer was, science was never a strong subject for her. She figured the highest temperature must be it, since they weren't far apart anyway.

"I am going to guess that the answer is 230 degrees."

A murmuring started in the audience. Jenny now figured out what the foam was for, as she felt the unmistakable pull of a razor blade over her pubic area.

"Are you sure the answer is 230 degrees?" asked the host.

"Yes, that is what I will guess".

"I'm sorry Jenny, but that answer is incorrect. Water boils at 212 degrees. Currently you have answered one question correctly for $1,000, and have used up 1 of your 3 incorrect answers. Are you ready to continue?"

"My throat's a little dry, may I have a drink of water?"

While Jenny was thirsty, she hoped that they would release her arms to drink the water, at which point she could undo her legs and get out of this mess. One of the female assistants walked up to the table between their chairs and poured a glass of water from the pitcher. As soon as Jenny heard the trickle of water, she remembered never having had a chance to use the bathroom, and the urge suddenly swept over her!

The girl came up to Jenny's side, held the glass to her lips, and tipped the glass back. Jenny had to struggle swallowing to keep up. The girl didn't stop till the glass was empty. The stranger below had finished shaving her, and now he was cleaning her up with a warm, damp towel. Jenny struggled against the impulse to pee, clenching her legs and stomach muscles tightly. She motioned to the girl, and whispered in her ear that she had to use the bathroom right away. The girl patted her arm and said she would let them know, and left the stage.

"All right Jenny, to continue with the questions, What female adult film star was best known for her skills at oral sex, was it Marilyn Manson, Barbara Bush or Linda Lovelace?".

Jenny was shocked by the question.

"I've never watched any of those kind of movies, I have no idea who those people are!".

The studio monitors now showed the camera being repositioned to a side view showing Jenny's ass and hairless pussy sticking through the seat. A metal bucket was positioned directly under her on a raised stand.

"You are free to use the studio audience as a lifeline, if you need help," the host said.

With that, a chorus of voices rang out, and they seemed to form into a chant of BARBARA BUSH!, BARBARA BUSH!. With all the lights shining on her, Jenny could not pick out her Husband, so finally she said "I guess I will choose Barbara Bush".

Most of Jenny's concentration remained on fighting the urge to pee.

Jenny was distracted by the girl coming back. She leaned down and whispered in her ear "They are ready for you now, you can go ahead and pee when you are ready."

"I can't do it here!" she said, but the girl had already turned and was walking off.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" the host asked with a smile.

"No, I'm sorry, everything's fine!" Jenny replied quickly.

She noticed that a hush had seemed to fall across the studio once again, and everyone seemed to be staring intently into the monitors.

"Are you sure of your answer Jenny?"

Jenny couldn't hold back any longer, and a dribble of pee started to escape. The sound of the pee dripping into the bucket startled her (a microphone was positioned next to the metal bucket, broadcasting the noise over the studio speakers).

"I guess so, yes" she answered as she let loose a solid stream of pee.

There was no stopping now as Jenny closed her eyes and felt the almost orgasmic pleasure from the release of the built up pressure. She just hoped that no one else could hear it, because it seemed so loud where she was!

"I'm sorry Jenny, but that answer is incorrect."

Jenny was beyond caring at the moment. She was a bit surprised that the audience was going crazy once again with cheering, whistling and ovations breaking out. She thought it was rude to be cheering a wrong answer.

"So Jenny, tell us a little bit about yourself before we continue."

Jenny just stared at him stupidly as the studio quieted down.

Once again the waterfall of pee rang out loudly. She couldn't find it within herself to carry on a normal conversation while urinating.

"Cats got your tongue, eh!, well thats all right Jenny, I realize you are probably nervous so let's take a quick break."

VI

With that the host rose from his seat and gave her knee a quick squeeze.

"You are doing great Jenny! Your Husband is a very lucky man."

He then walked away and started shaking hands with the audience. Having finally finished peeing, Jenny felt herself being cleaned up again with the warm towel.

The studio lights came up and people started to talk amongst themselves, but no one left their seats. All eyes were still glued to the monitors. Jenny was relieved to see her Husband approaching from the audience. As soon as he got close enough to hear, she said "Honey, I have to get out of here!, you won't believe what is happening..."

Before she could continue, he cut her off.

"Jenny, I have some really bad news. I read over that release we signed at the door, and to make a long story short, if you don't go through with the show, they can legally take away everything we own for damages! Its all on the form, our home, our cars, our bank accounts, our retirement fund, everything!"

The color drained from Jenny's face as she realized what she had gotten them into. She sat bolt upright as she felt a well lubricated finger start circling her exposed ass.

"Are you all right Dear?" he asked seeing her sudden shift in position.

Her face started to color again as she felt the finger slowly press into her ass, and work the lubricant around. Jenny looked into her Husbands eyes helplessly while this was happening, but couldn't bring herself to tell him. She felt like she was betraying him by letting herself be used by someone else.

"Well Honey, try to make the most of it. I know that you are uncomfortable, but you look fantastic and every man here wishes they were married to you!"

He bent over and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. Jenny sighed as she felt the finger being replaced with a long, slim probe. It had smooth, even bumps along the shaft, so it popped up an inch at a time as it was inserted, giving her a wave of pleasure with each bump.

"My kisses don't usually have this much effect! I can't wait for tonight."

He turned away and left the stage quickly before she could respond.

Next she felt an egg shaped object being inserted into her vagina. Due to the position she was in and how wet she now was, it slipped right in and was pressed up high inside. She could feel something attached to it which was dangling down and tickling her inner lips. Now a third object was pressed against her pubic mound. It was curved to follow her contours, and had a bump which fell right over her clitoris. She could feel it being held in place with a piece of tape which was pressed over her belly and then stretched back and stuck to the top of her butt.

The lights in the studio area were dimmed again, and the applause started up as the host went back to his chair.

He smiled warmly and asked "So how are you holding up Jenny, are you getting a little stiff?"

Jenny cleared her throat and said yes in a soft voice.

He smiled even more broadly, "Well you're in luck because your chair is a massager."

He then stood up and moved around the table in front of her. She gasped as he reached down between her legs and pulled up a small control pad with three wire leads attached , which led back between her legs. As he moved back to his chair the wires snugged up and she could feel a tugging on the probes now inserted deep within her body! Expressions of sudden understanding and shock moved across her face rapidly!

He set the control down on the table, and turned one of the knobs till it clicked on. She felt a slow vibration start from the egg buried deep in her vagina. Another click from a second knob and the front device started, providing slow pulsation to the clitoral area.

"How does that feel? asked the host.

"Very NNNNice!", stammered Jenny.

He smiled and rotated each nob slightly, increasing the sensations from the devices.

"Now for the next question we will switch subjects and go to American History. What President is credited with freeing the slaves, was it Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln or John F. Kennedy? He started to move a small joystick on the control around in small circles, and she felt the probe in her ass duplicate the movement. A familiar tingling was stirring deep within her groin, totally against her wishes. The audience started to cry out names, which soon developed into a chant of "KENNEDY!, KENNEDY!, KENNEDY!"

I hope they are right this time, She thought to herself.

"I think it was Kennedy" she said in a husky voice.

"Are you sure of your answer? You can't afford another incorrect choice!"

She whimpered softly as he continued to increase the intensity of the vibrations. The butt plug was now shifting back and forth rapidly. Wave upon wave of pleasure started to build, until finally she could hold back no more. Her eyes squeezed shut and her arms and legs strained against their bindings. Her chest heaved forward, threatening to burst the seams of her dress.

"Yes!" she said loudly, as she experienced the most intense orgasm of her life. Jenny could hear the roar of the audience in her ears, but she was beyond caring about if the answer was correct or not. The intense waves of pleasure slowly subsided as the host continued scaling back on the controls, until they clicked off.

"I'm very sorry Jenny, but that is not the correct answer. We will have to proceed to the punishment stage of the competition, since you now have made three incorrect choices."

VII

Jenny jumped as the tape was pulled free and the vibrator was removed, and then the egg. She saw the girls approaching the stage carrying a high legged bar stool with a molded back rest. They set it down at the front of the stage, turned and walked over to her chair. Meanwhile Jenny gasped as the butt plug was slowly removed, ridge by ridge. The girls unstrapped her arms and legs, and helped her get up from the chair.

Jenny's legs were trembling, so the girls helped to guide her forward by supporting her on either side. One of the girls whispered that her butt was showing, and Jenny quickly reached back to hold her dress together. Hopefully, no one in the audience noticed her brief exposure! She had forgotten that the pervert under her chair had cut her dress open.

The girls brought her to the front of the stage and told her to climb up on the stool. This was an awkward maneuver for Jenny. She had to stand in front of the chair facing the audience, and then raise herself up backwards while holding the back of her dress together. Luckily the dress was loose around her hips, so there was plenty of material to hold on to. As she sat, she gathered the skirt together under her butt, and then breathed a sigh of relief now that she was safely covered up.

The girls then brought her arms down to her sides, and before she realized what was happening, they snapped handcuffs around her wrists which were somehow attached to the back of the chair. Next the girl walked around to the front of the stool, and snapped together a seat belt. As she snugged the belt down, Jenny's hips were drawn back, causing her chest to thrust forward.

"I have to be honest with you Jenny", said the host. "This is the most popular part of our program."

The audience went wild again.

"You see, our audience pays a lot of money to see beautiful young women just like you put in embarrassing situations. For now you can relax because all I'm going to do is ask some easy questions, OK?"

"I guess so, go ahead" she replied quietly.

"To start with, how tall are you?"

"I'm about five feet, 6 inches tall."

"Very good, and your weight?"

"Between 120 and 130 pounds."

"You see, this isn't so bad! Now what is your bra size?"

"38 D"

Hoots and cat-calls came up from the audience, and Jenny blushed brightly.

"This is a bit of an odd question, but one we always ask. How long is your tongue?"

"I, I have no idea, I've never measured my tongue! Why would you want to know something like that?"

He turned around and held his arms up..."Gentlemen, do you like to know how long Jenny's tongue is or not!"

YEEEEESSSS! The audience began clapping and chanting in unison, YES!, YES!, YES!

He turned around and shrugged his shoulders.

"They want to know, what can I say! Ladies, the ruler please!"

One of the assistants handed him a ruler and a odd looking clamp of some sort.

"Now open your mouth wide and stick out your tongue as far as you can."

Jenny did as he asked, but he shook his head and said

"You can do a lot better then that, let me help."

With that, She felt a clamp close on her tongue and grip it tightly. The clamp had a string attached that he pulled down and attached to the front of her stool. This caused her tongue to hang out of her mouth like a dog, and her head to be tilted slightly down. Her Husband had always joked privately about how long her tongue was, and now this fact was on public display!

"My, that certainly is an incredible tongue. You must find that quite handy at times!".

The audience roared their approval.

"OOUUUUFFh, UUUUUFFF!", she tried to complain.

"I like to call this our dentists chair, Jenny. It came to me one day when I was sitting in a dentists chair with one of those silly paper bibs clipped around my neck."

As he went on, one of the girls came up behind Jenny and laid a thin white paper towel across her chest, which she clipped around her neck just like the man said.

"And I was always amazed at just how much saliva they had to suck out of my mouth while they examined me. It just seemed that the more I thought about it, the more I would salivate."

He walked around behind her as he talked, then reached up under the paper towel and pulled her dress top down to her waist!

"UUUUFFFF!"

Jenny looked down in horror to see her barely covered bosom thrust out towards the audience, who grew louder yet.

"I'm going to take a 15 minute break now folks, but Jenny will be here to entertain you!"

He whispered in her ear "Try not to think about your mouth watering!" and left.

Jenny felt the saliva rapidly building in her mouth already, but with her head tilted down she couldn't swallow it! Unable to stop, drool started to spill out over her lip. She watched it run off her chin in slimy streams, which swung down till they finally plopped onto the paper towel covering her breasts.

The noise from the crowd had started to build, and Jenny started to struggle against the clamp holding her tongue. No matter how hard she pulled, it would not let go. What did happen was larger amounts of goo escaped her mouth as she struggled. It seemed like the more saliva escaped, the more her mouth watered! As the towel started to get soaked, it turned transparent and stuck closely to her breasts. The towel was starting to rip apart where it spanned her cleavage, and within minutes, she started whimpering as only scraps of soaked transparent toweling remained covering her chest!

Her nipples were on prominent display, and trailers of saliva were starting to hang off the bottom of her breasts. Jenny squeezed her eyes shut as she saw flashbulbs starting to pop in the audience.

VIII

"Well Jenny, you are quite a sight!"

The host had returned, and was now standing in front giving her a good look. Most of the paper had dripped off her breasts, and her whole chest was glistening under the lights. Her nipples were fully erect, and streams of saliva were slowly dripping off her breasts onto her lap.

"I think it's time we removed the clamp from your tongue, and got you cleaned up!"

(Many groans of disappointment erupted from the audience).

Much to her relief, the girls now approached her and released her tongue. Even though it had gripped her securely, it was wide enough not to pinch and make her sore. She had been struggling against it for so long though, it was a great relief to be able to relax her muscles and close her mouth again. The girls then started to wipe off her chest with small hand towels. They stood carefully to her side, so that the audience could follow the action. When they had her dry, one of the girls started to spray her off with a squirt bottle of soapy water, which her partner started to rub in with her bare hands, till she was was covered with suds. Now she was rinsed off with another bottle of clear water, and then towelled off again.

"You look much more comfortable now. How did everyone enjoy Jenny's little show?" he shouted out to the audience.

A standing ovation began, which didn't let up till the host motioned everyone down with his hands. Jenny was very uncomfortable, since her breasts continued to be on prominent display. The girls now brought up two large glass bowls and set them on a table that they placed next to her chair. One was empty, and the other was full of large multi-colored rubber bands.

"I would like to take a few moments now to talk about a subject that is close to my heart" said the host, as he took a stool next to Jenny.

"I do a lot of fund raising and volunteer work for the Children's Hospital here downtown. Jenny, won't you join me in encouraging every person here to contribute and help sponsor the kids who find themselves in need of help?.

Jenny tried to speak, but hear voice was gone with all the shocks to her system! She could only nod her head enthusiastically, which focused attention briefly on her breasts, which also bobbed up and down!

"Jenny, you truly are a very special girl! I would like to offer everyone in the audience one of these genuine Studio-X rubber bands for every twenty dollar donation you make today."

He held up the bowl and paused, but the studio had gone quite, with nobody coming forward to take him up on his offer.

"Maybe you don't understand fully the value of your donation. Let me demonstrate."

He reached into his back pocket and drew out his wallet, and made a dramatic show of pulling out a twenty dollar bill. He dropped it into the empty bowl, and picked up a rubber band. Wrapping the band around his hands, he grasped Jenny's left breast, and proceeded to work the band up until it was tightly wrapped around the base of her breast! It seemed to take a lot of pressing and squeezing to get the band placed just right. As his hands left her breast, he gave her nipple a gentle tweak. As they say, the look alone on Jenny's stunned face was worth the price of admission!

"Oh No!" exclaimed Jenny, as she saw a line of men start forming in front of the stage.

One by one they came up, each placing a donation in the collection bowl, and then placing a band on the breast of their choice. Some were rather shy, but most were taking advantage of the situation and squeezing, pulling, pinching and some even kissing and sucking on her breasts! After a while, her breasts began to look as tight as grapefruits sticking out from her chest, and began to turn a vibrant shade of red.

The line finally ended, and the host raised his hands in the air.

"You people are truly wonderful! Look at all the money we have raised for the Hospital! Give yourselves a big hand."

More flashbulbs sparkled, as Jenny looked out at the cheering crowd. Her breast's felt huge, heavy and close to bursting!

"At this time if anyone would like a souvenir from the show, please come up and take one of these rubber bands!" As he said this he was patting the bottom of Jenny's breast, making them bounce up and down in a captivating motion.

Once again a line formed, as Jenny started whimpering in her chair. If anything, it seemed that more attention was being placed on her breasts this time around. The bands were slowly removed, one at a time. Once they were finally gone, another celebration began in the studio. The girls finally came back up to her chair. They poured a large amount of a soothing, creamy liquid all over her breasts, and then proceeded to slowly rub it in. They again were careful to make sure everyone had a good view. Even though Jenny was still mortified by her situation, she had to admit that the lotion felt great. When the girls had it all worked in, they pulled her dress back up to cover her now swollen breasts as best as they could, though they now looked almost comical being restrained so tightly.

IX

The girls finally released Jenny's arms from the seat, and then unbuckled the seat belt. Jenny wasn't anxious to get off the stool just yet, because she remembered her dress was still split in the back.

"Jenny, you will no doubt be glad to know that the show is finally over! I want to personally thank you for being such a good sport. Everyone, please give Jenny a big hand. I think you agree with me that a star has been born!"

Jenny blushed as everyone in the building stood up and applauded. She even saw the cameramen and backstage people walking out and joining in! The cheering continued so long that she finally got down off the stool and gave a little wave and bow. Now that the ordeal was finally over, she started to think that maybe these people weren't so bad after all. They were being so nice to her now!

"You may have forgotten, but if you will be so kind as to step through that back curtain, you can collect your one thousand dollars in winnings."

Jenny shook his hand, and gathered the back of her dress together as she was lead back to the curtain. As she stepped through, she heard a door click shut behind her! She turned around, and both curtains started to open. She found herself enclosed in a clear plastic tube, no bigger than five feet across, and maybe eight feet high. She was once again in full view of the audience now that the curtains were out of the way.

She heard the hosts familiar voice come over a speaker.

"Did I mention Jenny, that your money is at your feet? As soon as you collect it, you are free to leave!" She looked down and saw a lot of bills scattered on the floor. Jenny was puzzled, but she started to bend over to scoop up the money. Just then a whirring noise started and she felt a steady blast of air shoot through a grate in the floor.

"OH MY GOD!" she screamed as her dress lifted up to her armpits.

She struggled to pull the dress back down, but once she yanked, her swollen breasts again popped free. Her money was flying around in the air, but she couldn't grab it without letting go of the dress! Finally, she had enough. She yanked down her dress and stepped out of it completely. Then she started grabbing as much of the money as she could. Of course, the more money she managed to trap, the clearer the view of her naked body, but she just didn't care any more.

Suddenly the air stream shut down, and the host stepped up and opened the door. She stepped out into thunderous applause once again. A lot of the guys were bowing down towards her in a humorous way. Jenny did a little curtsy, to everyone's delight! Once again the Host smiled and shook her hand warmly. One of his assistants stepped up and helped her into a thick cotton robe. He reached into his coat pocket and handed her a check. Jenny looked at it, and saw that it was made out for ten thousand dollars in her name!

"Jenny, you've the best contestant we have ever had, and if you ever want to pursue a career in entertainment, please give me a call. We are also going to donate all the money we collected today to the Children's Hospital in your name."

This time Jenny was led backstage, leaving behind her appreciative audience. They gave her a new change of clothes to wear, as well as a gift certificate for $500.00 to a local dress shop to replace her ruined dress. As she left the studio with her Husband, all sorts of crazy thoughts were running around in her mind!

X

The announcement came in an official looking manila envelope delivered by FEDEX. It was addressed to her attention, signature required, return receipt requested. Puzzled, she opened the envelope, and started to read the cover page.

"Jenny, we again would like to take this moment to thank you for your participation in our charity game show last month. For your information, a donation in your name was made to the Children's Hospital downtown in the amount of twenty thousand dollars. We have included a letter of thanks from the Hospital Director of Operations, Ms. Lynn Frank."

Jenny's face colored at the memory of the humiliation she had undergone only a few short weeks ago. She appreciated the thanks, but would have preferred to put the whole sordid experience behind her.

"You will be pleased to know that due of the success of your show, and continued demand for the video production of the event, we at Studio X have decided to continue our involvement with this charity. We have also included a check in the amount of five thousand dollars, as a token of appreciation for your large contribution to the success of this enterprise. We hope that you will appreciate this gesture, as we were not contractually obliged to provide you with any remuneration."

Jenny flipped back to the third page, and sure enough, there was a check made out to her from Studio X for that amount, in her name! She couldn't help but feel a little impressed at the gesture, and she returned to the cover letter.

"The next charity event being staged will be a precursor to the annual professional bicycle road race held every Fourth of July downtown. A large group of local celebrities and sports figures have agreed to participate in the race. It will be a short, five mile course through the streets of the city, which will be closed off for the professional race starting later in the day. It should be a fun event for everyone involved, including you!"

Jenny began to shake her head.

"No way am I getting involved with them again!" she thought to herself. She continued to read:

"We hope that you are as excited by this opportunity at exposure as we are! There will be lots of TV coverage. All the local news departments will have crews throughout the course. We plan on having a mobile camera following just your progress. By the way, in case you still harbor some reluctance to participate with us, I have included a copy of your signed contract. I have highlighted the effective dates of the agreement, which you may notice are for a period of one year! Perhaps you may wish to review this document with a professional, before you make any rash decisions! In any case, you are going to have a great time. We will be supplying your racing bike and uniform."

The letter went on to provide all the details, directions, and times for the event. Dejectedly, she finished reading and contemplated her plight. She just didn't see any way out of her situation except to go ahead with it. She showed her husband the letter after dinner that evening, but he was no help! He was excited about it! Immediately, he started to debate about where he should watch her during the race.

Jenny became a common site to her neighbors for the next month, flying up and down the streets on her old ten-speed. She figured that if she had to participate, at least she was not going to embarrass herself. She was proud of the shape she was in to begin with, but the extra training was sure helping out. Looking in the mirror, she could see and feel the difference the training was making to her thighs and ass. She had worked herself up to a brisk six miles per day, so the five-mile race tomorrow should be a breeze!

The Fourth of July dawned bright and balmy. Jenny rose early, and had a high carb breakfast to help prepare for the race. She spent an hour stretching, took a quick shower, and dressed in shorts and a polo shirt. She rode with her husband downtown, and in no time found herself at the start point of the race. There was a buzz in the air. TV vans were parked along one side of the street, with their satellite dishes pointing up in the air. The contestant's vehicles were parked on the other side. Jenny pointed out one celebrity after another wandering around, all dressed in colorful spandex outfits. It was a gay atmosphere, with lots of warm greetings and smiles from everyone. She usually found this to be true amongst volunteer groups, which is why she enjoyed participating so much.

Her husband dropped her off with a kiss goodbye, and drove off in search of a lot. The streets of the course were all barricaded off, and Jenny noticed that people were starting to mill around behind the barriers further down, staking their claims to prime positions for the race to be held later on.

She heard her name called out, and saw one of the female assistants from the game show waving her over to a shiny black panel van, with the Studio's name printed in bold script across the door. She trotted over to the van, and was greeted by the girl with a big hug. She seemed genuinely pleased to see her. She introduced herself as Tina. They stepped together into the side door of the van, and Tina pulled the door shut behind them.

"I've got your race clothes here. Let's get you changed now."

Jenny turned her back to the girl, and pulled the polo shirt over her head, draping it carefully over one of the front seats. As she started to unbutton her shorts, she felt Tina unhooking her sturdy bra. Seeing Jenny's head snap around, she quickly said, "No one wears underwear under these things. They're way too tight! You'd look silly, trust me!"

Jenny shrugged her shoulders forward, allowing the bra to fall away from her heavy breasts. She draped it over the shirt, and continued removing her shorts. Tina handed her a shiny black bodysuit. It was a mere slip of material! Jenny hooked her fingers under her white cotton panties, and slipped them off, adding them to the pile of her discarded clothing. The bodysuit was fastened with a zipper up the front, so she pulled it down and stepped into the suit, drawing it up over her shapely hips. There was only a tiny string of material running down between her legs, and up between the round globes of her butt!

Noticing her distress, Tina gave a chuckle from behind.

"Don't worry Jenny! I wouldn't make you go out in just that suit! We have a pair of regular bike shorts for you to put on. Now hurry up and get dressed!"

She certainly thought to herself that it was a shame though, because she had one outstanding ass!

Jenny stretched the material up her torso, and drew the straps up over her arms. The thin string was drawn up tightly between her vulva, offering her no coverage at all! Her face colored as she felt her clitoris responding to the stimulation against her will. She grasped the tiny tongue of the zipper, which began at her bellybutton. It slid upwards smoothly, until reaching her pendulous breasts. Gathering the material above the zipper with her left hand, she carefully forced the zipper up with her right, till it reached the top.

Looking down, she breathed a small sigh of relief. Though a considerable amount of cleavage was exposed, she was well enough covered to at least be somewhat respectable. The material was so tight over her breasts, that her normally prominent nipples were somewhat disguised. The straps of the suit were wide and sturdy, though the sides were cut to plunge down, exposing some of the swell of her abundant breasts out the sides. Studio X was again scripted across the front of the suit in white letters, but was now ridiculously distorted.

Tina now handed her a pair of black Lycra shorts. They hugged her curves tightly as she pulled them up over her hips. They were all one piece, with no snaps or ties at the waist (being so tight, none were needed!). They were certainly designed for a woman, as there was a small zipper running between the legs over her crotch, in case she needed to use the bathroom. They fit like a second skin. She was glad that when seated on the bike, at least all of her private mounds and folds would be hidden, because they were sure on view now!

Next she slipped on some white cotton booties over her feet, and strapped on a pair of stiff black nylon racing shoes which Tina handed her. They fit perfectly, to her amazement. They must have kept all of her sizes from the show. When she stood up, the soles of the shoes felt strange, like something was stuck on the bottom. Tina handed her a black racing helmet to complete the outfit, and stepped out of the van.

Jenny followed her lead down the street, weaving between all the other riders gathered around in their little groups. She blushed as she heard some "appreciative" comments directed her way as she hurried along under the bright sun. She plopped the helmet on her head, and folded her arms across her bosom as she bounced along behind Tina. They approached the staging area for the race, where all of the bikes were hung on individual stands all in a row. Jenny could feel her heart rate increasing as the actuality of the race drew nearer. They approached a dark haired man fiddling with one of the bikes. He looked around as they approached, and gave a big grin. Jenny immediately recognized Jim, the host of the game show! He gave her a warm peck on the cheek, as he grasped her hands in his.

"It's so nice to see you again Jenny!" he said, grinning ear to ear. "Let's get you fitted on the bike!"

He was dressed all in black, just like her. His shirt had the same logo across the front, and he was also wearing biker shorts. He swung the bike easily off the rack, and set it down in front of her. An announcement called out that the race would be starting in twelve minutes. The other racers started to file towards their respective bikes all around.

The bike had a very sleek appearance, shiny black to coordinate with her outfit. It was quite different from her bike at home. It had a man's style frame, with one of the new style split racing saddles. The handlebars were looped down in the front, no doubt to keep her streamlined. She swung her right leg up over the bar to straddle the bike, feeling the top bar of the frame barely brushing against her crotch. She leaned forward and grasped the handlebars.

Jim grabbed hold of the bike by the seat post and handlebars to hold it steady.

"Step up on the pedals Jenny. I'll hold the bike for you."

She looked down, and raised her right foot onto the pedal. Jim reached down and took hold of her foot, firmly twisting it down and forward. Jenny felt the shoe lock into some sort of mechanism. It was now firmly attached onto the pedal.

"These are called toe clips. All the racers use them. They allow you to use the power of your legs both on the up stroke as well as the down stroke,” he said, as he helped guide her other foot into place. "This bike is an automatic, so you don't have to worry about shifting gears."

"O.K., let's get that seat adjusted. Stand up on the pedal with your knee slightly bent."

She felt him flip a lever on the seat post, and he raised the seat up to press snugly between her legs. Jenny found this seat immediately more comfortable than her's at home, as she settled down on it. Instead of her crotch grinding against stiff leather, her weight was directed outward, against the inside of her legs and the cheeks of her butt. Her crotch was free of pressure in the split of the seat.

He snapped the lever back down, locking the seat firmly in place. Tina held out black gloves for Jenny to slip on. The palms were thick and cushioned, and the tops were an open mesh weave. The fingers were all cut off. She cinched them firmly in place, closing the wrists securely with velcro straps. Jenny again grasped the handlebars, and Tina tied another strap off underneath each hand, locking them to the grips. Meanwhile, Jim loosened the handlebar post with a ratchet, and lowered the bar, extending her upper torso forward and down, with her ass sticking proudly up in the air.

Supporting her from both sides, Jim and Tina rolled her over towards the front of the pack at the starting line. There were maybe 20 other groups in all. She didn't notice any other women bikers, as they rolled up to the front. She did notice herself being checked out as she passed by though.

"Welcome to the Children's Hospital celebrity challenge race two-thousand one!" announced a local TV newscaster with a bullhorn, speaking from a podium next to the start-finish line. "I want to thank all the celebrity's for responding to our invitations. This is our biggest turn-out to date!"

ZZZZZZippp! The color drained from Jenny's face as she felt the zipper of her racing shorts suddenly yanked open! The slick, tight material of the shorts gapped open, exposing her silky genitals to view from behind!

"Today's course will follow the Main Street loop, turn around on Beaumont Street, and end back here at Freemont Park," the announcer continued.

Jenny instinctively went to pull her hand back, but of course found them securely strapped to the front handlebars! She bent her elbow outwards, and peered back between her left arm and straining breasts. Horrified, she watched as Jim pulled a large, obscene looking dildo from a belly-bag at his waste. It was fluorescent pink in color, and shaped like the real thing, with a prominent crown, and thick veins snaking down to the base, from which he held it in his right hand! With his other hand he squeezed out a glob of thick, clear lube on top. He then stroked it back and forth, working the lube all over! Looking up and catching her eye, he gave her a sly wink.

"Oh, no!" whispered Jenny, as she saw others around them following the action, with shocked expressions on their faces!

She snapped her head back forward, staring straight ahead down the road. Her face burned, as she felt the inevitable slowly begin!

"Racers, on your mark!" yelled the starter.

Jim forced the head of the cock through the split in the seat, and she jerked forward as he forcefully inserted it deep within her vagina! She heard a snap as he locked the base of the cock into a special bracket affixed to the bottom of the saddle.

"Get-set!..........GO!"

Both Jim and Tina grabbed a cheek of Jenny's ass, and thrust her forward. Jenny lifted up off the seat, exposing half of the impaled phallus to the riders behind. She realized the situation, and seeing no other way out, settled back down carefully, with the tip of the crown now tickling her womb deep within.

She started pedaling away furiously, surging ahead of the pack. She could feel the shaft flexing back and forth deep in her vagina, as her hips rocked side to side. She peeked behind as she went around the first corner and saw the pack catch right back up to her easily. They were obviously much stronger than she was, but no one was making an effort to pass! They kept trading positions closely behind, treating themselves to the spectacle! She slowed down, but they still hung back, enjoying her predicament. Not looking at the road ahead, she ran over a manhole cover, jarring her unexpectedly. Her heavy bosom heaved against the front of the bodysuit, causing the zipper mechanism to snap out of the teeth on the opposite side. She felt a draft suddenly pass between her breasts and glanced down, seeing the thin material suddenly gaping open. The tiny nylon zipper was no match against the weight of her heavy breast straining to burst free!

She picked up the pace, now simply wanting to escape the nightmare as quickly as possible. Slowly, tooth by tooth, the zipper continued to open as her breasts swayed side to side. No one behind her could see the situation, but the crowd in front was being treated to quite a view! Suddenly the black Studio X van passed the group on her left and pulled out in front. Jenny moaned as she saw the back doors open, and a TV camera mounted on the inside tracked her progress!

The rest of the race passed in a blur. Finally the van pulled over to the side of the road, allowing Jenny to see the finish line ahead, rapidly approaching. There was a large group of people all circled around, cheering her on. Her breasts were now swaying completely in and out of view, as the front of the suit was now fully unzipped. There was nothing she could do about it though, as she crossed the line to a huge cheer from the crowd.

Jim and Tina jogged out to catch her, and she squeezed the brakes to come to a sudden stop. They wheeled her through the crowd that had gathered towards the podium. It then dawned on Jenny that she had won the damned race! She felt hands groping her as she passed through the thick knot of people, helpless to resist, since she was still strapped to the bike!

They broke free of the gallery to an open area in front of the podium. There were several police officers holding the crowd back about ten feet of so from the front. She now faced a short flight of steps leading up to the raised platform, where the mayor and the director of the hospital were waiting to congratulate her on the victory! Jim reached down and began to break her shoes free from the pedals, as Tina unstrapped her hands from the front bars. Wincing, she slowly pulled herself forward off the dildo, till it popped free, springing back into its former position, glistening in the late morning sunshine as it stood up proudly upright from the saddle!

Jenny reached behind to her butt and grasped the tongue of the small zipper. Jim had pulled it up beyond the stops though, and she couldn't work it back down despite her struggles. She felt a breeze fall against her sweat dampened breasts, and quickly realized they were now bare in full view of the crowd and TV cameras! She gathered the sides of the thin material in her hands, and stretched it quickly back in place, clutching it together in her right hand.

She waddled up the steps as carefully as possible, keeping her legs tightly together. Both the mayor and director embraced her, as cameras captured the moment for posterity. She looked down from the platform, only to see her husband, flanked by Jim and Tina, leading the applause in front of the stage. Her husband blew her a kiss. Needless to say, the networks are currently planning expanded coverage of all future celebrity charity events! We'll keep you posted.

------------------------------------------------------------------

**Jenny In The Land of Happy Smiles**

by Torquemada

"Miss Jenny? I am so glad you could make it. I am Matthew Wiggins. How do you do?"

"Fine, thanks. Now about this job as your assistant…?"

Jenny was relieved that she had finally found work, even if it was just as a teacher's assistant. If she didn't make any money soon, she and Ashley would never be able to leave Japan.

It was meant to be the perfect holiday, and it was, at least for the first week. Well, almost. True, Ashley had by mistake sent her into the men's bath, and accidentally locked the door behind her,

"But that was just bad luck", Jenny told herself.

And then there was that time when they were going to a festival, and Ashley had insisted that they wore traditional kimonos.

"That was fun" thought Jenny "But I'm sure Ashley got her traditions mixed up. Nowhere does it say that you have to be nude underneath your kimono, or it's a grave insult to the Gods. Not that the kimono stayed on long enough for anyone to be insulted by my underwear or lack thereof."

And the day after that they rode on a crowded commuter train, and they both got all their clothes torn off. They couldn't move or stop the roving hands of all the men in suits, who suddenly didn't behave very polite at all. They kept on smiling all the time, though…

There was the incident when Jenny dressed up as a female sumo-wrestler, in a thong loincloth. Then there was the scandal when the picture from a security camera monitoring Jenny's changing booth in a high-fashion store in Shibuya mysteriously appeared on the giant high-definition screen on the outside of the building.

Ashley swore that she would have a word with the manager, since she had got to know him the day before. The store in question sold a lot of underwear that day, but for some reason the customers were all male…

Well, apart from these little mishaps, everything was wonderful. But last week Ashley told Jenny that they were out of money. They hadn't been keeping track of how much they spent, she said. The hotel was paid for another week, but not the return ticket, so they would have to raise the money somehow.

"I have called your husband's office" said Ashley "and they say he's on a business trip, and they can't get in touch with him. As for the Embassy, they refuse to pay for any more wayward tourists."

So here she was, late in the evening, in front of a Japanese cram school. It looked like an ordinary office building and the young and handsome American in front of her didn't look like a teacher either, even though he was wearing tweed.

Still, she should thank her lucky star. It was not like she had a lot of marketable skills. At first, Ashley had wanted her to make big dollars as a "bar hostess", but Jenny had an idea of what that would entail, and absolutely refused.

"Well, shall we go? The class is waiting for us."

"Sure" answered Jenny as they walked past signs advertising all sorts of classes, from cooking and calligraphy to martial arts and flower arranging.

"Eh, you wouldn't happen to be an aerobics teacher, would you?"

"Certainly not. Do I look like it?"

"A little. No wait let me guess you're an arts teacher in need of a model. No, a swimming instructor, and you need someone in a tiny swimsuit to…"

"Ha, ha! Nothing that fancy I'm just teaching high school kids to speak English. Why would you think I was an arts teacher?"

"Well, the way things usually work out for me…But never mind, sir, why do you need an assistant?"

"Some of my kids are really dense. No offence, they are all trying very, very hard, but they still can't grasp basic English. To Japanese kids, getting into a good university is the most important thing in the world, and that's why they are here in cram school. I have found that most humans learn better if they don't just use books and paper. We need to play with words, use them in everyday situations. It's the difference between holding an orange and looking at the picture of an orange. That is where you come in. Say for example that I want to teach a kid to say "How do you do". I instruct him, he says "How do you do" and shakes your hand. This way he will associate shaking hands with that particular phrase, and remember it that much better."

Jenny was very impressed. This was clearly a dedicated teacher who knew what he was talking about. She would be proud to help him, and she would shake her hand until it dropped if need be!

They entered the classroom. It was constructed like an anatomical theatre, with half-circles of desks rising from the lowest point in the room, where the teacher's big desk stood. About forty boys and young men, still dressed in dark-blue school uniforms with shiny buttons, sat around the room, reading or chatting with their friends. The desks didn't connect with each other, and they had full fronts, like a teacher's desk. These, in combination with the uniforms, made Jenny think that she was looking up at room full of military judges. She giggled at the thought.

"Good morning class" said Mr Wiggins. They responded with an incoherent murmur.

"This is Jenny, my new assistant. I hope you will get along well."

A boy in the front row, the sign on his desk indicated that his name was Satoru, rose and turned towards his fellow students to translate for the ones who didn't understand. One or two of them laughed quietly or made rude noises, but they were quickly subdued by their comrades.

"Right, let's begin. Jenny, if you would be so kind as to climb onto the desk?"

Jenny felt a chill run down her spine. "What, why, I mean is that really necessary?"

"Otherwise everyone won't see what you are doing, my dear. Here, let me help you."

Mr Wiggins took hold of Jenny's hand. "I think it would be wise if you took off your high heels, Jenny, or you might trip and injure yourself up there."

"OK" said Jenny and kicked of her shoes, with a bad feeling building in her gut. It was just shoes, but it never ended with shoes, did it?

The students paid close attention to Jenny's high heels as they flied across the room. One of them landed near a boy at the back, who, unseen to Jenny, eased it closer to his desk with the tip of his own shoe. After having thanked Buddha for smiling upon him, he bent down, took a deep breath of the smelly shoe, and started to caress his new treasure.

"Jenny WALKS" said Mr Wiggins, and gestured for Jenny to start walking.

Jenny was aware of the fact that she was only wearing a light, yellow summer dress, that only reached her knees, and as she walked back and forth across the desk, it showed of her tanned legs to great advantage.

"Jenny walks SLOWLY"

"Jenny walks FAST"

"Jenny JUMPS"

As Jenny started jumping, fearing that she would break the desk, all the students, and Mr Wiggins, watched her chest. Her magnificent breasts shook and quivered. Mr Wiggins was thinking hard (and getting hard). Was there any way of making her jump in slow motion?

Jenny's DD-melons rolled around under her dress, and she was starting to sweat.

"Surely the students have grasped the concept of jumping by now" she thought.

Mr Wiggins was also starting to sweat. He would have to thank his old friend Ashley for bringing in this sweet pea. It had cost him, but the students would pay him for this, and he would profit in the end. She was more gullible than any of his former assistants. The lengths he would go to tonight…

Jenny's dress was getting wet with sweat, and her breasts threatened to jump out of her bra.

"Mr Wiggins, I don't think I can keep this up much longer"

"Just a little longer, my dear. Satoru is having some trouble making them understand"

Satoru was looking at the "teacher" with contempt. Everyone in the room understood what was being said. They were meant to be learning Business English, and that monkey couldn't even speak fifty words of Japanese! They had threatened to go to the management and have him fired, but then he had turned out to be a hidden pearl. He had suggested that he would find other reasons for them to attend his classes. And he had… True, it was a waste of precious study hours, but you were only young once. Satoru pressed the record button on his compact video camera, that looked just like a time manager. It looked that way because it had been designed for perverts like him. Satoru was proud of his country's technological achievements.

One of Jenny's shoulder straps was slowly sliding down. She hadn't noticed yet.

Satoru kept on "translating". Jenny didn't even know fifty words of Japanese.

"I think her tits are D-cups" he stated in an even, steady voice.

"No way, they are C-cups at most" answered Takeru, another of the boys, without even smirking.

"They are magnificent" cried Chima. " I want to rub my head between them until I suffocate and die of happiness!"

Satoru looked sternly at Chima. If he raved like that, even a dimwit such as this would get suspicious.

"Right, you can stop jumping, Jenny" said Mr Wiggins, as he gave up on her shoulder strap.

"Listen up, everyone! Jenny is wearing a DRESS!" Mr Wiggins pointed at Jenny's dress, and Jenny took hold of it and did a little twirl.

"Jenny's dress is LONG" said Mr Wiggins. "It is?" thought Jenny.

Mr Wiggins indicated with his hands on her legs that her dress was long.

"Jenny's dress is SHORT" said Mr Wiggins. Jenny blushed twenty shades of crimson as she realised what was expected of her. She raised the shirt an inch or two, and her shapely thighs came into view.

"Jenny's dress is even SHORTER"

"Jenny's dress is a now a MINI-SKIRT"

"Jenny's mini-skirt is very TIGHT"

"They can almost see my panties now" thought Jenny, as she stood with her hands on her hips, pressing back the fabric to give the impression of a very tight mini-skirt.

Her white panties were indeed showing, and those high in the room envied the lucky bastards on the front row. But front row tickets cost money, and not all had rich parents.

Mr Wiggins sighed.

"One of the boys have misunderstood the whole thing, Jenny. He thinks we have been talking about your legs all the time, not your dress. Satoru can't make him understand. I hate to think of him, failing his English tests, never getting a career. He really has no future at all if he can't learn English."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Jenny "Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Well, I believe in learning with all the five senses, and that includes sense and smell. Maybe if he could smell and touch your dress?"

"I can't do that. I'm married."

"Oh, you wouldn't be in the dress. We must make the distinction between you and the dress absolutely clear in his mind. You must strip off your dress and hand it to him."

"What! No way!! I am not getting naked in front of a lot of boys again. Enough is enough!"

"Please, Jenny, this is Japan. Nakedness is not a shameful thing here. These boys are here to study, not to ogle you. Please believe me. We need your help here."

"Stone faces" said Satoru in Japanese, in his sternest voice. "If anyone as much as leers, the show stops".

Jenny raised her hands to her shoulder straps. Slowly, she eased them of her shoulders. Statues with cold eyes stared at her. The upper swell of her breasts, raised to a comfy shelf by a white push-up bra (picked out by Ashley), came into view. Her flat stomach, her cute, little, suckable navel, and finally, the big attraction, her panties, hugging her hips and pressing tight against her sex. Jenny's dress landed in a heap at her feet.

Barely noticeable to anyone, the right shoulder of one of the students began to move in a steady motion, up and down, up and down.

"Very good" said Mr Wiggins as soon as he had regained his voice, and handed the dress to one of the students. Over the next 30 minutes, it would pass through many hands, all eager to explore the mysterious garment, and learn the proper way to say "Dress".

"Would you like to help me with the next bit too, Jenny? Can you describe what you are wearing to the boys?"

"Well, I'm wearing a bra and panties. That's it."

"Jenny, you will have to speak more slowly, and articulate better in order for them to understand. Also, indicate with your hands what you are speaking about."

"I am wearing a bra" Said Jenny slowly, pointing with both hands at her breasts.

"Much better. But could you try emphasising the word "bra" a little bit more? Perhaps baby talk would be the best thing. Babies learn that way, so we know that the method works. Also, try to describe the garment in greater detail. And lean over so everyone gets a good look at the bra."

"This" said Jenny in an inane sing-song voice "is my BRA!"

She made a big gesture towards her chest and leaned forward. Her cleavage was on display for the boys to gawk at. They had lost their stone-faces by now, and the sound of dripping saliva could be heard throughout the room. Two minutes later that was not the only thing dripping. The student's shoulder stopped moving.

"My BRA has cups" Jenny sang.

She was doing this for the students, she told herself. For their future. On the inside, she was screaming. On the outside, her hands lifted her cups to present her breasts to the audience.

"My BRA is meant to keep my BREASTS in place" Jenny crooned, grabbing hold of the sides of her bra, shaking her breasts, demonstrating that there might be a real danger of them falling out, had the bra not been a sturdy one.

"Really now" frowned Mr Wiggins. "Now he can't separate your bra from your breasts."

Jenny didn't argue anymore. She unsnapped her bra, lowered it and handed it to the students.

"They certainly are using all their senses" she thought. "Mr Wiggins wasn't lying to me. That one is even sniffing my bra."

Jenny's mighty DD-breasts protruded proudly from her chest, free of support or hindrance. Her nipples were already erect from the awkward situation. Jenny could see the students' eyes riveting back and forth, trying to capture every movement of her gazongas.

Jenny was getting with the program.

"These are my PANTIES"

"Please demonstrate what a thong panty is" said Mr Wiggins.

"This is a THONG PANTY" sang Jenny, turned around and wedged her panties into a thong, exposing her round, firm ass cheeks.

"You know, Jenny, that kid…"

Jenny sighed and lowered her panties, showing of her bush to the boys. "There! Nothing more to fear" she thought.

"And now" grinned Mr Wiggins "it is time for the anatomy lesson!"

Soon, Jenny found herself bent over, talking about her ASS, her BUTT, her BUM.

"I think you are only doing this to embarrass me, Mr Wiggins" said Jenny with her curvaceous ass high in the air, her voice coming from the same level as her feet.

"Quite the contrary. I am trying to avoid embarrassment. Which would you say are the most embarrassing words in the English language?"

"Well, the ones you are making me say right now" Jenny answered, spread her legs and presented her PUSSY to the entranced boys, not failing to mention that it was also called a CUNT.

"Quite so. These boys are going abroad one day. Wouldn't it be the height of embarrassment if they mentioned any of these words by mistake. Did you know that the words for "thank you" and "ass" are almost the same in French? We must ensure that they make no such blunders. You, Jenny, are helping others avoid embarrassment!"

Jenny swallowed the lie whole. It was, after all, something she could easily identify with. She would have felt proud if she hadn't felt so ashamed. She lifted up her BREASTS for inspection, her TITS, her … "It is incredible how many names they have" thought Jenny.

Nobody seemed to be in a rush. They even asked her to repeat herself.

"I am most sorry, Jenny, but some of the boys are so thick. I am afraid we will have to resort to the sense of touch. If you would just walk up to each boy's desk in turn, turn around, bend over and tell him to touch your ASS, I think they will get it."

Jenny resigned herself to a cruel fate and walked up to the nearest desk. (But the sullen posture didn't stop her pretty tits from bouncing) She turned around, bent over and said :

"Would you please touch my ASS! No! That is not my ASS! Get your hands off my TITS! Do something, Mr Wiggins! Ah, that's not my ASS either! How stupid can you boys get? Get your fingers out of there! Mr Wiggins!!!!"

"Guide his hands, my dear."

"There, that is my ASS! Now do you feel it? Now do you understand? (SMACK!! ) I said feel it, not spank it! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! "

Five minutes later the boy let go, falling exhausted and spent on his desk. Jenny turned to the second desk. It would be a long night…

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"There, all done, Mr Wiggins" said a bruised and battered Jenny.

"Very good, Jenny, now do BUTT"

"But, but, but…"

"Excellent!"

"But I just did! "

"No, you did ASS. They must learn all the words. Our studious friend at the first desk seems to have recovered. Hop to it, Jenny! When you are done with BUTT, start on TITS."

"This is not happening. I am dreaming. Lalahlah, I am a little fairy, and I am lost deep in the woods!"

"We seem to be losing her. Oh well, we aren't really after her mind anyway, are we? "

At long last, it was over. Happy students filed by Mr Wiggins, depositing large wads of Yen on his desk. Jenny's clothes seemed to have gone missing, and would no doubt sell at a high price at school tomorrow. Mr Wiggins counted the cash, setting Ashley's 25 % aside. Jenny was slowly coming to her senses.

Ten minutes after the boys had marched out, an all-girls class filed in. Mr Wiggins stared transfixed at their pretty sailor uniforms, their shiny black hair, their short skirts and their budding breasts. He had dreamt of the day when he would manage to talk one out of her clothes. No such luck. The best he could hope for was a panty flash. He took what he could get. The girls didn't even have to put on an act. They knew why they were here.

"I don't think I will need you for this class, Jenny" said Mr Wiggins in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, please let her stay" said one of the girls in a deceptively sweet tone of voice. The others burst into a giggling that just wouldn't stop. "I am sure we will find something for her to do".

"Now, Mr Wiggins, some of us are still not quite sure of the difference between a COCK-HEAD and a FORESKIN. We would be most happy if you could show us, ignorant little girls that we are, oh great and venerable sensei, sir!"

The girls screamed with laughter and settled down for the show. Mr Wiggins smiled and started to unbutton his trousers. If he was lucky, they would let him come. They usually did, if they weren't in a cruel mood. Still, the customer called the shots. He really needed to come, the way Jenny had exposed herself to him earlier.

Jenny sat in a corner, blocking out the outside world. It had happened again. What did she have to do to keep her clothes on. Move to Antarctica and dress in medieval suit of armour? It wouldn't help. The plating would probably fall of just as a satellite made a sweep of the ground, or a horny penguin would force her to put on a stripshow.

Jenny's only comfort was that less than a hundred people had seen her humiliation this time.

"I am lucky" she thought " that it wasn't televised or anything. That's Jenny-luck for you. At least I can still go outdoors without everyone pointing their finger at me, the way they do in my hometown."

Satoru pressed the rewind-button for the tenth time. There on the screen was Jenny, bending over, letting herself be fondled, spanked and groped. Made to strip and to talk in an inane baby-language. Satoru pressed play and kept stroking his penis. He had come three times already and showed no signs of going soft.

"This is simply too good (Groan) to keep to myself. I will have to talk to my uncle over at the cable network. He would pay good money for this kind of entertainment. (Wheeze) That's it baby, lean over!! Maybe he could even find a spot for her on one of those perverted strip shows he casts. Oh yeah, I can see her playing Strip Rock Scissors Paper. She would be sooo embarrassed. Oh, those pleading, stupid eyes…(SPURT! SPURT! )"

Ashley leaned back in her chair and let the automatic vibration perform it's magic. The chair buzzed under her, and she extended a freshly manicured hand to the side table. This would be her fifth drink this hour, and the hotel charged a fortune for them, but with Jenny paying the bills, that was no concern of hers.

"Maybe I should order some Japanese cuisine?" she mused. (Like all naughty boys and girls, Ashley loved the sound of her own voice)

"Perhaps a massage. But when I would have to put some clothes on. Or maybe not. Let them gawk."

She giggled, slightly drunk, and pressed a button on the wall. Living in a first class hotel had its perks. "But first there's the matter of a little phone call"

Ashley dialled the number, taking great care not to damage her nails.

"Hello!"

"Yes, it's me"

"She's not in right now. Don't worry, I'll tell your wife you love her. I'll even kiss her goodnight if you want me to? Not! We are having a great time. The natives can't get enough of Jenny. I dare say she is promoting inter-cultural relations right now. Money? Oh, don't worry about that. We have heaps of it. We might even extend our visit. Oh, I know that you miss her, but she is having the time of her life. Look, I'll mail you a nice photo or video of her, that way you won't feel so lonely in bed. Yes, she is still having accidents. No, even worse. I'll tell you all about it later, I think my massage is her. Bye!"

Ashley listened as the masseur dropped his equipment in surprise behind her. Music to her ears. A nice massage would put her in the perfect mood to think up something new for Jenny. There were so many possibilities…

"It is karma" whispered Ashley "I send it out, and it comes back to Jenny. A perfect circle of joy and humiliation."

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**Volunteer Jenny Helps The Circus**

by Capstick

Jenny was so excited! She had always loved the circus since she was a small child, and never failed to go whenever it came to town. She was now on the Children's Hospital mailing list because of the large contribution she made from her game show nightmare. She learned early that the circus was looking for volunteers this year, and that the salaries earned would benefit the hospital, along with a portion of the proceeds of the circus.

Jenny arrived at the tent entrance promptly at eight on the day listed in the newsletter. She was directed behind the tent, where all of the trailers were parked. The office trailer was right in front, as promised. There was a line of people in front of the door. Everybody seemed to share her excitement.

The line moved quickly, and in no time she found herself facing a heavyweight man with bushy eyebrows, eyeing her over a lit cigar. He wagged it, doing a credible impression of Groucho Marks.

"Please tell me that you're here to volunteer, am I right or just dreaming?"

"Oh yes! I saw the write-up in the newsletter, and thought that it would be a blast. I was thinking maybe I could take tickets, or work a concession booth. Whatever I could do for the kids!" said Jenny.

"With your looks! Waste you on tickets! You think I'm that stupid! I'm thinking big top, main floor, feature attraction!"

He stood up and made extravagant arm gestures as he spoke.

"You're going to be a feature attraction! People will love you! No, they will worship you!"

Her jaw dropped. "I don't have an act or anything. I would be lost. I wouldn't have the first idea about what to do!" said a flabbergasted Jenny.

"Leave that to us!" answered the man in a booming voice.

He threw his arms up in the air.

"We are experts at this! Bright lights, sold out shows, newspapers, television, we have it all. He was pacing back and forth like a caged animal. His energy and excitement started to rub off on her.

"Quick, sign here!"

He thrust a pen at her, and pointed to the bottom of a contract that he pulled from the drawer.

"We need to hurry! Show starts in an hour!"

She quickly scribbled her name at the bottom, having no chance to read the small type. He draped a big arm over her shoulder, and hustled her out the door and over to the back entrance of the huge main tent.

"Sonya, where are you!" He shouted, as he swept Jenny inside. "I found just the girl you were hoping for!

A dark skinned, middle-aged lady burst into the room.

"Vat do you vant now! Don't you know show starts…"

She paused as she noticed Jenny standing there.

"Let me introduce Jenny," he said, giving a graceful bow.

She smiled, clasped her hands together and said, "Al, you old devil you! Ver did you find such beautiful woman!"

She walked up and gave him a loud kiss on both cheeks, and grasped Jenny's hand.

"Come along dear, ve must hurry, the peasants are arriving for za show!”

She swiftly led her back into the tent, and down a narrow hall. She was dressed in a long flowing dress with a colorful floral print. She seemed to float ahead effortlessly. She had dark wavy hair, which hung down to her narrow waist. She wore a scarf as a kind of hat, tied back behind her head. She looked very exotic and mysterious.

Jenny was swept along into a small dressing room, adorned only with a vanity and mirror, along with two chairs. There was a large make-up kit open on the vanity, along with brushes and sprays.

"Get undressed quickly, we need to get you into your costume!"

Flustered, Jenny started to unbutton her blouse.

"I told the man that I've never done anything like this before. I can't sing or dance and I have had problems with being kinda clumsy in the past. My friends are always making fun of me!"

She draped her blouse over the back of the chair, kicked off her sandals, and wiggled out of her tight jeans, glad she had chosen to wear modest underwear today.

Sonya opened a closet door revealing dozens of colorful costumes hung neatly on a horizontal bar. She quickly thumbed through them, and selected a bright orange and black garment, which she slipped off the hanger. She turned back to Jenny.

"Zis is a body stocking dear. The undervear has to go!"

Seeing Jenny's look of shock, she said "Don't vurry dear, you vill be covered head to toe. Now, let's get your face on. Have a seat."

Jenny was amazed at how quickly Sonya transformed her looks. In no time at all, her eyes were highlighted with bright colors, and whiskers had been drawn across her cheeks. Her full lips had been made even more prominent with ruby red lipstick and highlight pencil. Sonja handed her the costume, which weighed next to nothing.

"This is never going to fit! Don't you have something bigger!" cried Jenny.

"Slip it on dear. Its one size fits all. Hurry up!"

She answered, gesturing for Jenny to hurry with her hands.

Shyly, Jenny turned around and slipped off her bra, releasing her heavy breasts. Her nipples stiffened as they were exposed to view. Keeping her back turned to Sonya she slipped off her white cotton briefs. She was still very uncomfortable with her shaved pubic area, which she was keeping only at her husband's insistence! She quickly stepped into the legs of the stocking, and stretched it up to her hips She saw the colors now form into a tiger stripe pattern, and the costume and makeup now made complete sense.

As she forced it over her hips, a tail affixed to the back of the costume fell out to the floor, dangling from her butt. She peeked over her shoulder, and saw the material closely conform to each globe of her ass. She could feel the costume slip tightly between the cheeks, and hug tightly up and over her pubic mound. Something hard and slippery was at the base of the tail, and pressed up between her legs.

She continued pulling the stocking up her torso, and finally stretched it up and over her breasts. The stocking was strapless, and she saw why she couldn't wear her underwear with it. There was much more cleavage exposed then she was comfortable with, as she struggled in vain to pull it up higher. She looked down to see her breasts swelling out of the top comically. Sonja grasped her upper arms, and turned her around to face her.

"My god, vomen vould kill for that body!" Said Sonya, the admiration apparent in her voice. "I think some glitter vould be the perfect touch though"

She opened a drawer in the vanity, and pulled out a white jar. She unscrewed the lid and set it down on the vanity top.

"Come over here, dear."

Jenny walked up, and was stunned as Sonja quickly grabbed the front of the stocking, and pulled down till both breasts swung free! She then let go of the material, letting it snap back under her exposed breasts. Picking up the jar, she reached in and scooped out a large glob of clear gel, which she proceeded to spread all over her upper body!

Jenny was speechless, as she felt her slick breasts being thoroughly squeezed and rolled back and forth, with her nipples being gently tweaked till fully erect, standing out good half inch. She worked it over her shoulders and back, and down each arm.

"There, you look vonderful darling!" Sonja grasped the front of the costume and stretched it back up over her hard nipples.

Jenny looked in the mirror, and saw her reflection glittering with gold dust, accentuating her deep cleavage. She also saw that the material had been stretched out, increasing her exposure. She could see the edge of her dark areola barely peeking out. She grasped the top herself, and pulled up firmly. When she let go, the whisper thin material appeared to snap right back in place, except that the stocking had pulled tightly up against her pubic mound, and she could see the definition of her pubic lips reflected in the mirror.

Before she could utter a word of complaint, Sonja wrapped an arm around her waist and hustled her out the door, back into the hallway. As soon as the door opened, Jenny could hear the roar and cheering of a large crowd close by. As they approached the arena, circus performers were running around back and forth, all dressed in bright costumes.

She jumped as someone pinched her butt, and turning she saw a gaily dressed clown wink at her and run off, honking a large horn. He almost ran into another man who was approaching, dressed in a fancy black tuxedo. He turned dramatically as he passed the women, and tipped his top hat to them.

"Jenny, I'd like you to meet Henri, our lion tamer!"

The man grasped her hand, and leaned in toward her, bending at the waist to kiss the back of it. His head was now on top of her cleavage, and Jenny feared that he was simply checking out the view! When his head finally raised, she noticed he was quite young, and had long black hair tied back in a ponytail. Beneath the stage make-up, she could see that he was very attractive.

"I am humbled by your beauty! You are the most exquisite women I have ever met, let alone had the pleasure of working with!" He said, quite formally.

Everything was happening so quickly, that she didn't know how to respond. She felt foolish standing in front of him.

"Jenny has volunteered her time to benefit the children's hospital, and we knew that she would make a perfect tiger! Said Sonja, sensing her discomfort.

"I'm going to make a fool out of myself, I have no idea what to do!" She cried, looking back and forth between them.

"You'll be a hit!" He said with a warm smile.

He pulled a wide leather band out of his pocket, and slipped it around her neck. He slipped the strap through the buckle, and attached it loosely. He then pulled out a long matching leash, which he clipped onto the collar.

"I will lead you out to center stage with this leash. Try to play-act for the kids in the audience a little. Pretend to hiss and snarl. Pull back on the leash, swipe at me, that kind of thing. It's too loud out there for anyone to hear you, so don't be too concerned. Other than that, just follow my lead once we get started. Now let's get ready, we're on next!"

He led her over to a flap in the tent wall, and peeked inside. She could hear the voice of the master of ceremonies beginning to introduce brave-hearted "Henri the Great," surely the most skilled lion and tiger tamer on the planet! Sonja pushed down on Jenny's shoulders from behind.

"Time to get in position dear. Remember, tigers walk on four legs."

She got down on her hands and knee's as instructed, with her heart beating wildly. Sonja knelt down beside her, and put her mouth close to Jenny's ear, so that she could be heard over the crowd.

"Keep your back arched, so that your butt and shoulders are raised up in the air."

She patted Jenny's flank with her left hand. "Try to move slinky, just like a cat!"

Sonja sat back on her haunches, and pressed down on the small of Jenny's back to demonstrate. She grasped a cheek of Jenny's ass firmly in her hand, and uplifted her hips dramatically.

Jenny gasped as she felt Sonja's hand release her ass, and firmly grasp the base of the tail. She realized that it must have an appendage attached, which extended well inside the suit! She could feel Sonja working the lubricated tip up and down between the upturned cleft of her cheeks, until it was pressed firmly against her asshole!

Henri flung the curtain open, and walked out with arms raised to a loud ovation. Jenny could hear the announcer continue the introduction in an excited voice, but her attention remained focused on Sonja.

"This will help keep your tail raised as you move around" whispered Sonja in her ear, as she smoothly slid the tapered probe into her ass, till it came to rest against a large, smooth oblong bulge.

"NOOOO!" Cried Jenny, as Sonja quickly pushed the probe in beyond the plug, and it popped firmly in place deep inside her rectum!

"Break a leg!" She cried, giving Jenny's butt a hard smack.

Jenny felt a tug on the collar, and she found herself being led out into the lights, to the delight of the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please get hold of your children! As you can see, the Great Henri is now leading the ferocious man-eating tiger into the center ring!"

Jenny's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, as she waddled along behind Henri. Her posture caused her hips to sway widely in a very suggestive fashion. The tail was rocking with the motion, which was causing the probe to tickle her deep inside.

"As a matter of fact, now that I see the tiger, you may want to cover their little eyes! She heard several wolf whistles breaking out from different parts of the arena, as they moved towards the center ring.

As soon as the crossed into the circle, the arena lights dimmed, and several spotlights lit up, and illuminated both them both in bright cones of light. Keeping the leash in his hand, she watched as he walked over to a pedestal in the center and picked up a long black riding crop! She noticed that the arena had grown very quite, as he turned and slowly approached her position. He gathered the long strap up in loops as he approached, and ended up standing beside her, holding the leash in one hand and the crop in the other.

WHACK!

She jumped as he quickly stung her upturned ass with the crop! She brought her hand back by instinct to cover it, and was suddenly pulled off balance by a tug forward on the leash. Quickly putting her arm back down to catch herself, he held the leash high to raise her head, and began to pull her forward, next to the ring perimeter.

He pressed the crop against her lower back as she bounced along, reminding her to keep her spine arched. He then began rapidly tapping under her ass, till he was satisfied with the position she was maintaining. WHACK! Again he stung her ass, and picked up the pace, pulling harder on the leash. She could feel her heavy breasts begin swaying back and forth against the fabric of the stocking, as she bounced ahead. WHACK!

"Ouch! Stop that!" she cried, but he ignored her and continued on.

She could barely keep up, as he strode along on his long legs. She now felt the top of the stocking pulling against her nipples, and new that her breasts were about to fall out! She began to raise a hand to pull up the top, but; WHACK! Another blow quickly stung her ass, reminding her to keep up the pace.

Humiliated, she felt both breasts pop free and began wildly swinging back and forth, now unrestrained. He suddenly slowed his pace, and she went to pull up the top. WHAAACK! He stung her harder yet, and her arm went back to her butt instead, and then dropped to maintain her pace. WHAACK! As she then dropped her other hand, again foiled! She realized with horror that he wasn't about to allow her to cover up!

He came to a full stop, and raised up on the leash, which brought her chin and head up higher. Again, he pressed down on the small of her back, and rapidly tapped under her ass with the crop till she was perfectly positioned, ass held high. He then took an elaborate bow, playing it up to the auditorium crowd. They roared in appreciation.

He turned around, and moved her towards the center of the circle, keeping her attention focused with sharp little flicks of the crop against her ass the whole way. There was a round pedestal in the center of the ring, which came up to his waist. It was about as big around as a good size tree trunk. There was a step positioned half way up. They stopped in front of the step, and he hooked the crop under her right forearm, guiding it up until she placed her hand on it. He repeated this with the other hand.

WHAAACK!

Jenny straightened with the stinging blow to her ass. She was thrust forward towards the podium, her upper body raised in the air, and her weight now forward on her hands. Her breasts ballooned forward between her arms, and he took advantage by lightly drawing the crop gently back and forth across her hard nipples, as the crowd roared their approval.

Now he hooked the crop under her left knee, and guided it up till positioned next to her hands on the step, legs awkwardly splayed apart. She felt him press the crop against her vulva from behind. He began lightly tapping against her mound, which seemed to delight the crowd, as she squirmed back and forth. Finally he directed her other leg up on the step, and then began repeating the process to the top of the podium. As he brought her legs up however, he directed her to squat on her feet, instead of kneeling on her knees. Jenny quickly hugged her legs tight to her chest, effectively hiding her breasts from view.

That didn't last long though, as he stepped in front. He directed her to raise both arms and clasp them behind her neck, with short precise flicks of his crop. At first she hesitated, and was rewarded with a quick stinging snap across her flank. He placed the tip of the crop under her chin and pressed up, straightening up her back, and thrusting her heavy breasts forward. He began refining her posture with quick flips of the crop, further arching her back to accentuate her chest.

He then reached down and grasped her tail, which was hanging off the back of the podium. She let out a soft moan as he gently pulled, slowly increasing pressure till the plug started to come out. He let the tail go slack, and the plug popped back in, drawing a gasp from Jenny. Again he started to pull, this time though he slowly began to circle around the podium. He didn't stop circling as he met resistance, but rather started pulling Jenny around as he continued on! She had to do an awkward shuffle trying to keep up, as her breasts began swinging wildly back and forth.

After four complete revolutions, he suddenly stopped and took another deep bow, drawing another raucous ovation from the crowd. Jenny took the opportunity to quickly pull her top back up, which drew several loud boos. He turned and took Jenny's hand, helping her down from the pedestal. He kissed her on both cheeks, and whispered in her ear to take a bow with him.

They started to walk a complete circle around the ring together, hand in hand, stopping occasionally to bow to the crowd, who were now giving them a standing ovation. He started jogging off the stage, pulling her along with him. Her breasts immediately swung out of her top, and she covered them as best she could with her free hand till they reached the safety of backstage (Of course, he wouldn't release her hand as the ran off!).

"Quick dear, let's get you out of that costume!" said Sonya, as she took hold of Jenny's hand.

Many of the performers had gathered around the backstage area to watch her performance, and gave her a nice hand as they scurried back to her changing room. Jenny felt several pats on her rump, as she passed quickly down the narrow walkway!

"This is NOT what I had in mind! I want to go home now!" she cried, as soon as the door to her dressing room had shut.

Sonja turned and gave her a solemn look.

"Dear, that's just vat the boss vants you to do! If you quit now, then he gets to keep all the money charity money! He vants you to quit! He told me this backstage vile you ver out performing. Apparently it vas in the contract you signed!"

Jenny shook her head, realizing she was in a terrible position. At the game show, she had jeopardized their mortgage. Now she would be taking away money from innocent children!

"I vil leave you alone for a minute, dear. Go ahead and get out of that costume, Here's cream you can use to remove the makeup. Vatever you decide vill be OK vith me. I'll be back in five minutes." Sonja turned, and left the room, pulling the door shut behind her.

Jenny slipped the stocking down over her wide hips, and reached around to grasp the tail. She winced as she slowly removed the plug from her ass, feeling great relief as if finally slipped free. She finished slipping her legs out, and tossed it into a clothes hamper in disgust. She saw bright red welts criss-crossing her bare ass in the vanity mirror, though most were already beginning to fade. She slipped into a cotton robe, which was hanging from a hook on the door, and sat down in front of the mirror, her bottom still smarting from the riding crop.

"Why does this always happen to me!" she cried to herself, as she slowly wiped the makeup from her face.

She stared back at her pouting lips and glum expression in the mirror. Visions of an old movie floated in her mind, where a pauper child held his empty bowl up in a charity kitchen, asking if there was any more food, please, as tears rolled down his cute little face.

"Oh, crap!" she said, throwing the hand towel down on top of the tiger costume, making her mind up to proceed.

The door opened, and Jenny turned her head around. Sonja peeked in.

"So vat did you decide, dear?" she asked. "

You can tell that jerk to stop counting his money!" said Jenny with determination. "I'm going to finish the day, no matter what!"

Sonja smiled broadly as she entered the room, followed by a young, athletic looking girl with short blond hair.

"This is Sally, from the Flying Meranda's" she said, motioning to the attractive young girl, who held her hand out to Jenny.

"We loved your show!" she said with a twinkle in her eye, handing a package to Sonja. "The guys want you to do a stunt with them. I brought one of my extra costumes for you to wear."

She was wearing a tiny blue bodice, which closely followed her curves. It had thin shoulder straps, which tied together behind the neck. It flattered her small bust-line quite nicely. There was a matching skirt, very short with slits up both sides, and a flashy fringe. Fishnet stockings and blue slip on booties completed the ensemble.

"I'll see you in a few minutes!" she said as she turned, and zipped back out the door.

Sonja set the package down and opened it, saying, "I am so proud of you dear! Al vill be just furious! It serves him right though, the greedy bastard."

She handed Jenny a pair of fishnet stockings, with wide black stay-up bands. She didn't remember seeing the bands on Sally's costume! Shrugging her shoulders, she slipped them on. They pulled up to within an inch of her crotch, and hugged her legs tightly. Next she was handed a blue silk bottom piece, which she stepped into and tried to pull up. They wouldn't slide up over her hips, despite being made of stretchy material. Apparently Sally was much more petite then Jenny!

There were ties at the sides, which Jenny loosened. She then pulled the small strip of material up tight between her legs, and re-tied the sides as securely as she could across the top of her waist. The scant material was now wedged tightly into her crotch, between the lips of her pubes and the cleft of her ass. She reached down and spread the material out, covering her privates as best as she could. She slipped the skirt up over her hips, and removed the robe she had been wearing.

Sonja handed her the bodice, which she worked over her arms, and pulled up and over her head, working it down beyond her full breasts. Taking hold of the loose strings, she brought them up behind her neck, stretching shiny blue triangles of material tightly over her cleavage. Sonja helped her to tie the straps together, as she examined her reflection in the mirror.

Both the sides and the tops of both breasts were exposed, bulging out beyond the constraints of the small amount of material. The skirt fit comfortably because of the side slits, but they gapped open on both sides, revealing the stocking bands and the bare skin of her hips under the skirt! The ties of the underwear were sticking out at the top of the slits.

"You look marvelous, dear!" said Sonya as she lightly caressed Jenny's bare midriff. "I vish I could keep my tummy this flat. Ve must find Sally now!”

She grabbed her hand and pulled her out the door, down the hall back towards the auditorium. They approached three people, standing beside the entrance to the arena. There was a young man, dressed in a tight bodysuit of the same material as hers. He was very muscular in stature, and ruggedly handsome. Sally was there also, with another young lady dressed in a similar, though less revealing outfit.

As Jenny approached, they turned around to greet her. She noticed they all shared a strong family resemblance. The name "Flying Merandas" suddenly clicked, and she realized that they were a family of trapeze artists!

"Hurry up Jenny, we're running late!" said Sally, as they jumped through the entrance together.

The applause picked up as soon as the crowd saw them, and the ring announcer began his introductions. They trotted out to a large net, which had been suspended in the center of the arena, at about head height. Jenny hurried along after them, holding her arms tight to her chest to prevent her breasts from slipping out of the brief top. She hoped that she wasn't recognized from the earlier stunt.

They ran up to the net, where a ladder was mounted, which extended straight up one of the tent support poles. Jenny craned her head up, and saw a platform mounted high above the stadium floor at the top. The young girl grabbed the ladder, and started climbing effortlessly, straight up. Next was Sally, who stopped after a few rungs, and looked back down at her.

"Come on Jenny, don't worry, we'll take good care of you!"

Jenny felt a hand on her back, as the man smiled and said "Ladies first, miss! I'll catch you if you fall!

Jenny took a deep breath, and grabbed a ladder rung, starting to climb up the ladder after her.

"Remember not to look down!" said the man, giving her ass a playful smack as she rose up above him.

She followed his advice, and looked straight up towards Sally. Now she understood why he wanted to be last. She had a view straight up her Sally's skirt at her wiggling butt. Jenny also noticed that Sally had full spandex bicycle shorts on, rather then the small scrap of material Jenny was wearing! She had no choice but to give the man a show, as she struggled to keep up with Sally. Of course, the arena cameraman also closely followed her ascent, providing a large screen view of her progress to the crowd!

As she reached the top platform, Sally reached down and helped her take the final step, and wrapped a steady hand around her waist. She snapped a thin strap around her waist, and clipped it to a tether from the post.

"There you go Jenny, that should make you more comfortable!" It did help her to feel steadier, and she felt her leg muscles unclenching.

The other girl grabbed a trapeze bar, which had been suspended above the platform, and fell off in a gentle arc, sweeping gracefully up onto another platform across the arena at the far end of the net. Jenny applauded along with the crowd. She had seen trapeze acts before in person, but it didn't compare to the thrill she was now provided. The man sprung up like a cat, and grabbed another bar. He made a few passes back and forth, taking hand turns and flips along the way. Jenny clapped with delight. He also finished off on the far platform.

Jenny watched with amazement, as both Sally and the man swung off at opposite ends, ending up by joining hands in the middle. They swung together back and forth, doing sharp little flips and changes of position. She marveled at how effortless they made it appear. The man eventually swung Sally back up on the platform next to her, and then on the next pass he also joined them with a graceful motion.

"OK Jenny, you're going to do a quick stunt with me now!"

Seeing the stunned look cross her face he quickly smiled and added, "Don't worry, this will be simple. I'm going to swing back and forth a few times to get momentum, and then Sally will release you at the correct moment. All I want you to do is release the trapeze when you feel me grab you! Can you remember that Jenny?"

She nodded her head up and down, taking a big swallow. Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest, as she looked up at the trapeze bar Sally was now holding.

"Rather then try to swing you up on the platform, I'm going to let go and fall into the net with you. All you have to do is relax and lay back. The net will break our fall quite gently."

He bent over and kissed her forehead. "Trust me Jenny, I'll be right with you!" He added, as he snatched a bar and swung off the platform.

Sally brought her forward to the edge of the platform, and Jenny felt the tether begin to tighten against her waist, restraining her. She reached up and grabbed the trapeze bar Sally held, and squeezed her eye's shut tightly.

"Now lean forward, the strap will hold you in place" Said Sally in her ear, also putting her hands around Jenny's waist to help support her.

Jenny felt her full weight come to rest against the harness, as she leaned forward well over the edge of the platform. She was now watching the man swinging back and forth, building momentum as he went.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Could I please direct you attention to the center platform, high above the arena floor! Please give a big hand for Jenny, our brave volunteer from the Children's Hospital charity."

Polite applause broke out as the spotlight left the announcer, and started to swing up in her direction.

"For your information, Ladies and Gentlemen, it was Jenny who played the now famous role of the tiger for the Great Henri!"

Thunderous applause spread wildly across the arena, as the spotlight centered on Jenny leaning out over the edge of the platform. A drum roll began, and the noise slowly abated. All eyes were now glued to her, straining against the tether. She felt Sally's hand lightly patting her butt as the introductions were being made, and now her hand moved up her back to rest lightly between her shoulder blades.

She watched the man flip upside down, with the inside of his knees curled around the bar, holding his arms outstretched as he swung back towards her. She jerked her head around quickly, as she felt Sally pull one of the ties behind her neck loose! Sally now reached around her waist as she unsnapped the harness, quickly snatching the exposed ties to Jenny's panty bottom. Gripping them tightly, she continued to support her as she leaned out over the edge.

Jenny watched the man as he started to head away from her in a large arc. As he reached the bottom of his swing, she felt Sally's hand shift on the ties at her side. They both immediately slipped, and she gasped as her weight suddenly carried her forward and down off the platform. She felt the panties quickly slip through her clenched legs, leaving her fully exposed beneath the short skirt! She clenched the bar as tightly as possible, again squeezing her eyes shut. She could feel the rush of air against her now bare skin, and realized that her skirt had been blown well over her waist!

She felt herself slowing, as she reached the apex of her swing, and suddenly the man grasped each of her ankles in a vice grip. She hung briefly weightless, and remembered to release her grip on the trapeze bar just in time, as they started to swing back down on his bar together. Now she felt her weight being supported by the man, and could sense the power and strength of his coiled body, which gave her some sense of comfort and confidence.

Their swing started to descend and pick up speed, and she realized she would also be suspended upside down! Centrifugal force started working against the loosened ties of her top, and both heavy breasts escaped, hanging down under chin, now completely exposed to the crowd around her! She quickly placed her hands over her breasts, covering herself somewhat (She has small hands and large breasts!). She could do nothing about her dress though, which was draped down over her belly, fully exposing her privates to view. The man was holding her legs apart, giving himself quite a "Kodak moment" as he looked down!

They swung back and forth, gradually loosing momentum, until they were moving in only a short, gentle arc. He let go of his bar, and their forward momentum was enough to allow them to fall the short distance down into the springy net, back first. The tension of the net caused them to be thrown back up into the air, Jenny with her legs askew and breasts bouncing free of her outstretched arms. The crowd noise was deafening, as she remained the highlight of the arena cameraman.

She quickly tied the top back behind her neck, and shifted her large areola under the small triangles of fabric. She was unable to stand on the springy net, as the material was much to elastic, and the holes in the netting were too large. She had to awkwardly crawl on hands and knees after the man, as he approached the edge. She glanced down, and with shock noticed the cameraman directly underneath, following her progress! She hoped her privates were shadowed under the short skirt. The color drained from her face, as he flipped the camera light on, bathing her in a sudden glare from below. She brought her legs together, and waddled forward as best she could.

She watched as the man smoothly flipped himself head over heels off the edge of the netting, gracefully landing on his feet. No way was she going to be able to do that, thought Jenny with alarm! Thankfully he turned back, and waited for her as she approached the edge. She dangled a tentative leg down towards him, and he cradled her foot in his powerful left hand. As she shifted her weight down, he lowered it, causing her to do the splits, with her other leg still grasping the edge of the net! She whimpered to herself, sensing the hot lights of the cameraman over her shoulder.

Now she felt his other hand grasp the inside of her thigh. As he continued slowly lowering her, he slid his hand up, till it cupped her vulva between her splayed legs. She shrieked, and quickly threw her other leg off the netting, falling backwards against him. He slid his hand back under her ass, supporting her sudden weight, and taking full advantage of the position, gave her ass a gentle goose! Once again she shrieked, and jumped forward out of his grip, and also out of her top! She never noticed though, as she quickly ran towards the exit, hands covering her ass, breasts bouncing wildly up and down, matching her quick stride! She was so embarrassed that she failed to hear the applause and screams she was receiving from her new legion of admirers.

"They weren't very nice people!" complained Jenny, as she returned to the dressing room with Sonja.

"I'm sorry dear, but they are great performers!" she answered. "You vill like the next lady, she is very friendly."

Jenny turned.

"I thought I was done! What do I have to do now!"

Sonja started pulling clothes out of the closet.

"Nothing like before dear. You vill simply vork with za hypnotist.”

"Oh no no no! I'm not going to let some stranger hypnotize me!" said Jenny, hands firmly placed on hips.

"Don't vorry dear! I am za hypnotist! I was going to surprise you. Besides, you vill just be my assistant. I am hypnotizing people from the audience!"

"Oh, well I'm sorry. I'm just a little leery about being taken advantage of again!" answered Jenny.

She started taking off the trapeze show costume, as Sonja began pulling some lingerie out of the vanity.

"This should all fit you very nice Jenny, I vent from your street clothes sizes."

She handed Jenny a new package of Opaque white pantyhose.

Jenny slipped out of the fishnet stockings, and threw the tiny costume into the basket along with her tiger suit. She sat down, and slipped on the pantyhose. She was glad to note that they were not sheer to the waist, though she certainly was not planning for any more exhibitions today! Next she slipped on the white lace bra. It was very flattering, nicely accentuating her cleavage. It also had nice, sturdy straps, she happily noted!

Next was a white slip, pretty enough to double as a dress, though too risqué for her to ever consider wearing in public. It felt like pure silk, as she slid it down over her body. It hugged every curve. The neckline was scooped just enough to hint at the edge of the lace bra underneath, and show off her abundant cleavage. It was mid-thigh in length.

Finally she slipped on the conservative dress Sonja had picked out. It was pure white, cut with clean lines for a contemporary look. It was of a sturdy material, with a high neckline, and a hemline down to her knees. The dress was not new, but was certainly clean and presentable. Jenny felt much better wearing real clothes instead of another scandalous outfit!

The shiny white pumps Sonja handed her were certainly far from conservative. They had much higher heels than anything she owned, though they certainly flattered the turn of her ankle. There was an ankle strap to hold them in place. She took some tentative steps, and felt awkward, though at least they were her size.

Sonya opened a small pill bottle, and handed Jenny a tiny blue pill, along with a glass of water.

"This vill help you to relax and feel more at ease dear, my assistants find them very helpful."

She stood watching, till Jenny placed the pill in her mouth and took a deep swallow of water. She then finished the rest of the glass, realizing how thirsty she was.

"Thanks, I needed that!" she said, as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

Sonja knelt down in front of her, and started to freshen up the makeup.

"You vill be vith me on stage, along vith someone from za audience. All you have to do is swing the ball in front of them. I vill let you know ven to stop. Then step aside as I do my act."

She slipped some showy white earrings on Jenny, and admired her handiwork, turning her face side to side by the chin.

"You have such a beautiful complexion dear! Vat's your secret?"

Jenny blushed, and looked down.

"Just good gene's I guess!" she answered, clearing her throat (a mental image rose unbidden of last nights "treatment" with her husband!).

She showed Jenny a gold chain made of small, delicate links. Attached to the chain was a clear, multi-faceted crystal ball, smaller then a golf ball.

"I vill demonstrate. Get face to face, just like this."

She faced Jenny, from a distance of no more then three feet away, looking directly in her eyes. She raised the chain up over her head, and began a slow, captivating side to side arc.

"Now you try," she said, handing the end of the chain to Jenny.

"That is very goot, dear!" said Sonja, as she mimicked her actions.

"Now you can keep the bauble in your pocket until we need it later."

She turned away, and Jenny stored it away.

"Does hypnosis really work?" I always thought that it was mostly a hoax," asked Jenny, as she watched Sonja slip into another long, colorful dress.

She felt very calm and peaceful inside, and yet totally clear-headed. It seemed that everything had slowed down considerably, and all of her earlier trepidation and concerns just melted away. "Wow, no wonder your helpers like those pills, she said, forgetting all about her earlier question.

Sonja bent down, and looked searchingly in her eyes. She smiled sweetly, and patted Jenny lightly on the cheek.

"Let's get going, they should be ready for us."

She helped her up off the chair, and led her by the arm, as they left the room and entered the hallway. Jenny felt rather dreamlike, as she floated along next to Sonja. She felt as if she was almost disconnected from her body, as she saw the backstage performers track her movements as they passed by.

Out into the darkened arena they walked, as a spotlight found them, and started to follow along. Jenny smiled and laughed, pointing her arm up to it and waving, as they mowed along. The applause in the arena didn't register with her as they approached a raised stage, which had replaced the netting she had fallen into not that long ago.

Up a short flight of steps they passed, to reach the top of the platform. They joined a man already there, who was seated in a straight-backed chair placed in the center. There was a long table to the side of the stage, with many different items and stage props on it. Sonja held her arms up to the crowd, and they began to settle down.

"Please, my good friends, I must have complete silence to concentrate."

A hush fell over the arena, and Sonja placed an arm around Jenny's waist, walking her over to face the man. She slid a second chair over, and helped her take a seat. She was close enough to the other mans chair to brush his knees.

"Vat is your first name, my friend?" asked Sonya.

"Frank." he answered softly, into the microphone she held.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Frank. This is my assistant, Jenny."

He smiled and nodded to her, his eves traveling down to her chest, and quickly back up.

"Jenny, if you could show Frank the bauble now, we can get started."

She reached in her pocket, pulling out the glass ball. As she held it up between them, and put it into motion, the spotlights started to sparkle off the myriad of cut faces of the crystal, causing a rainbow of colors to play across her vision. She stared enraptured at the swinging ball of crystalline fire she held, focused only on its movement back and forth.

"I vant you to take a deep breath, and slowly exhale. Let the tension drain from your shoulders and neck."

Sonja spoke the commands in a clear, soothing voice. Even though she was addressing Frank, Jenny found herself following right along with her commands.

"Relax your arms, let them lay heavy in your lap. Feel your hands uncurl, as the tension drains away. Breathe deeply in a calm, relaxed manner. All of your concerns and worries have flown away, leaving you in a calm, peaceful place. In your mind, you now can hear the slow tick, tock of a clock, in rhythm with the sparkling ball. As the ball begins to slow, you will feel time also slow, and your consciousness will begin to slip away, leaving you in a gentle, safe state. Feel it drifting away now, on a gentle spring breeze."

And with that said, Jenny slipped into a deep trance, right along with Frank. Her arm dropped down and came to rest in her lap. Sonja reached down and retrieved the crystal necklace, slipping it back into her pocket.

"I vant you both to concentrate on only my voice."

Sonya had knelt down next to their chairs, and taken hold of each of their hands.

"From this day forward, you will trust and obey everything I ask of you. You may not understand why, and it may not make sense to you, but you will have a deep desire to make me happy. The last thing you would want to do is make me sad or unhappy. Do you understand what I am telling you?" They both nodded their heads affirmatively.

"I vill clap my hands twice, and you vill vake back up feeling refreshed, as if from a deep, restful sleep. You von't have a care in the world. All of today will be fresh in your mind, up till the crystal ball. You will believe that our stunt didn't work, and vill not remember this conversation at all. You vill believe that we are all alone. Do you both understand?"

Seeing their agreement, she rose back up, and sharply clapped twice.

Both Jenny and Frank stared with startled expressions, suddenly remembering what they were on stage for.

"So did either of you go under?" asked Sonja, getting their attention.

They glanced at each other, and both shrugged their shoulders.

"I didn't, I don't know about Jenny though." answered Frank.

"No, I'm real sorry, but it didn't work on me either." She said.

Sonja allowed a look of disappointment to cross her face.

"We can try it again though!" Jenny quickly added, catching her expression.

A wry smile formed on Sonja's face.

"No, I don't think it vould be vorthvhile to try again dear. Some people just aren't susceptible to suggestion. Frank, vould you be a sveetheart, and move your chair over to the table? "

He stood up. "Sure, no problem" he answered, as he carried it over and sat down where she indicated.

"Thank you so much!" she said, turning back to Jenny.

"Dear, I've been meaning to talk to you about that outfit" she said looking down at Jenny's dress with a frown.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jenny, looking down at her dress.

"Vell, it's probably just me, but I think that those vite stockings make your legs look fat." said Sonja.

Jenny leaned forward over the chair, peering at her calves.

"Do you really think so?" She asked, angling her feet back and forth to get a better view.

"Oh yes, definitely. I vould be much happier if you would slip them off for me."

A few hoots erupted out of the audience, and Sonja immediately raised her hand to quite them.

"Well, if you really think so!" she said, leaning over to slip off her shoes.

She then reached up under her dress as demurely as possible, lifting her butt off the chair and working the hose down, finally slipping them off.

"Frank, could you please get rid of these hose?"

He walked over, and Jenny placed them in his hand.

"You can throw them out in that direction" pointed Sonja, and Frank gave them a strong heave.

A roar went up, and it looked like a McGuire home run ball hit into the grandstands, as a crowd of men dived after them!

"Slip the shoes back on, and let me have a look at you."

Jenny did as she asked, standing up and slowly spinning, as Sonja looked her over.

"That dress is much too long for you dear! Pull it up a little higher and let me see the difference."

Jenny gathered both sides of the dress in her hands, and slid the material up to mid thigh.

"Yes, just as I thought, that is much better.”

Wolf whistles and clapping were breaking out all around, but Jenny seemed oblivious to the noise.

"Frank, could you do me a favor, and bring over a pair of scissors?"

He picked up a pair lying among the various supplies on the table, and presented them to Sonja.

"Vould it be all right with you if Frank adjusts the length of your dress for me?" asked Sonja.

Jenny hesitated, looking confused.

"I don't think so!" she replied, looking very confused.

"That's O.K. dear, I understand. I just vanted the best for you! I understand if you von't let me!" Sonja pouted, looking downcast.

"Oh no! Don't be sad!" Jenny looked over at Frank and said "Go ahead and do it."

He knelt down in front of her, and started snipping from the hem straight up. The crowd started chanting "MORE! MORE!" He stopped mid thigh, and started cutting horizontally around the dress, until the scrap piece dropped free. Sonja stood back and surveyed the results.

"I'm very disappointed vith you Frank! Look, I can see her slip showing!”

They both looked crushed. Sonja suddenly brightened up, and raised a finger.

"I know vat ve can do! Frank, help her out of the dress you ruined! Her slip will make a beautiful dress! Don't you agree dear?"

Jenny cleared her throat, and replied

"Well if it would make you happy, I guess it would be OK."

He quickly stepped behind her, and unzipped the dress. The crowd burst out with applause and yells of encouragement, as she slowly slipped it from her shoulders, handing it to Frank. She stood with arms crossed over her chest, feeling very exposed. Frank tossed the dress into the crowd, causing another brief scuffle.

"Drop your arms dear" asked Sonja, and looked Jenny up and down.

"The slip is beautiful, but the bra straps show! It looks very tacky, don't you agree?"

Jenny looked down at her shoulders.

"I guess so, what should I do?"

Sonja smiled back at her.

"Silly girl, take the bra off, you certainly don't need the support anyway! No one will notice!"

Jenny slipped the bra straps off her shoulders, and pulled her arms through. Sonja stepped behind her.

"I'll give you a hand dear."

She stretched the back of the slip down beyond the clasp, and undid the bra. She reached around and slipped it off her from under the slip, holding it aloft like a trophy. The crowd responded with raucous cheers of encouragement, as she tossed it out to them.

Jenny now stood at center stage, dressed only in the slip and high heels. With the spotlights on her, the outline and definition of her body was clearly silhouetted through the thin material. Her dark areola and prominent nipples clearly showed through. Sonja smiled, and slowly circled Jenny, letting her fingers trail around the top of her waist.

"Ve just need some slight adjustments now. Frank, hand me the scissors."

Jenny stood in shocked disbelief, as Sonja pulled the slip out from between her breasts, and cut a deep "V" into the thin material. She released the slip, and surveyed her work.

"That is perfect, don't you agree?”

Jenny looked down at her chest, seeing the thin material bisecting her areola, leaving her entire cleavage exposed. She quickly pulled the material together to cover her nipples.

"Please don't do that dear. It spoils everything!" moaned Sonja, and Jenny released her clutch on the fabric.

The silky material slipped right back in place, with her nipples just poking into view!

Sonja circled behind, and knelt down. She gathered the bottom hem in her left hand, and started snipping straight up! Jenny's eyes popped wide open, as she felt the cold metal of the back of the scissors traveling all the way up to the small of her back!

"Now the slip hangs so much better from your hips, don't you agree? Asked Sonja excitedly.

"If you say so" answered Jenny, in a soft voice.

"Now lets have some fun!" said Sonja strolling over to the table.

She picked up a brightly colored hoop.

"I vould love to see you do the hula-hoop dear! Can you demonstrate it for us?"

Jenny blushed.

"I don't know, I haven't done that since I was a kid!" she protested.

"But it vould make me so happy, dear! Please, give it a try! I insist," answered Sonja, handing her the hoop.

Reluctantly, she drew the hoop over her head and down to her hips. She gave it a quick flip, beginning a counter rolling motion with her hips, to create the rhythm required to keep it circling around her narrow waist. She kept her eyes locked on Sonja, and was pleased too see the look of joy cross her face.

The crowd of course had their eyes locked on the show that Jenny was providing, as her heavy breasts swung captivatingly in and out of view, and her beautiful ass was on prominent display through the back slit. Sonja lifted her arm, and gestured for Jenny to begin rotating in place. Jenny happily complied, providing the full crowd with the same visual feast!

Sonja clapped with delight, and Jenny grabbed hold of the hoop, stopping its motion.

"I am so proud of you! I never dreamed you could be so graceful!"

Jenny blushed with the praise, handing the hoop back to Sonja.

"Let's get Frank involved in something now," she said, looking his way. "Come along, children" she motioned, until they were standing close to the edge of the platform together.

Sonja smiled, as she saw the guys in the front row trying to peer up Jenny's short slip.

"I vant you kids to play hop-frog for me! Jenny, squat down right here," she said, pointing to her feet. Seeing her hesitate, she added "Come on dear, don't drag your feet!"

Reluctantly, Jenny walked up and squatted down on her haunches. Sonja pressed down on her

shoulders.

"Hands flat on the floor dear, didn't you ever do this when you were a child?"

Jenny leaned forward on her hands, assuming a splayed leg position, with her back arched. Her breasts were left exposed, hanging out beyond her arms, and her bare ass was exposed as the slit in her slip fell open in the back.

"Your turn now, Frank."

Jenny watched him approach over her shoulder. He squatted down behind, and she ducked as he sprang over her head, legs spread wide, pressing down on her back as he passed over! He came back into the ready position directly in front of her.

"SMAAACK!!"

Sonja sharply whacked Jenny's bare ass with her hand, which propelled her forward! She sprang awkwardly, brushing Frank's head with her grain as she passed over, barely making it. She landed with legs spread wide, naked ass sticking up in the air and her chest pressed down against the floor.

"SMAACK!!"

Again Sonya whacked her bare ass, taking advantage of Jenny's position by catching her vulva as well. She sprang back in position, having no time to contemplate her situation.

Frank smoothly passed overhead again as she ducked, and "SMAACK!!"

This time she was whacked before Frank was even ready! Jenny turned to protest, but "SMAAACK!!

She was stung again, even harder! She coiled her legs, and sprang forward with more force, this time comfortably clearing Frank, as she flew over. She noticed her breasts bouncing heavily as she landed, fully exposed, but before she could consider moving, Frank was again passing overhead.

"SMAACK!!" Jenny had resigned herself to the pattern, and was expecting the blow. Now she developed a rhythm, as they bounded around the stage. Everyone in the arena was standing, closely following her progress around the stage. Her cherry red ass stood out in bright contrast to the white slip, and she was captivating to watch, as all of that tempting flesh was being exposed in so many embarrassing postures, for everyone's viewing enjoyment!

Sonja finally grabbed hold of Frank's shoulder, stopping their routine. She held a hand out to Jenny, and helped her up to her feet.

"That vas vonderful, dear! You did very well! Such a powerful jumper you are!"

Jenny smiled brightly, glad that Sonja had noticed her effort.

Sonja walked over to the table, and returned carrying a squirt bottle.

"You look too hot, dear! Let me help you cool down."

And with that said, she started pumping a fine mist of water directly at Jenny's breasts. The thin material immediately turned transparent and clung tightly to her skin. Her nipples stiffened with the cold spray. She immediately covered them with her hands.

Sonja reached out with her free hand, and stroked her cheek softly.

"You disappoint me dear. Vy are you hiding yourself from me?” The audience was hooting and hollering, as Jenny brought her arms back down to her sides.

"That's better dear, and she resumed spraying her with the water bottle.

"Start turning around slowly dear."

She kept pumping away as Jenny slowly rotated in place, making sure that every inch of the slip was thoroughly drenched, bring all of her charms into view. The crowd cheered wildly, as she returned the squirt bottle to the table.

"There now, you look much cooler! Tell me Jenny, do you like to sing?”

Jenny blushed lightly.

"Not in public, I'm a little shy for that," she answered quietly.

"Oh nonsense, I'm sure you have a beautiful voice!" exclaimed Sonja to the audience, drawing more applause. "Try the national anthem, dear. I'd love to hear you sing."

She handed the microphone over to Jenny.

Jenny cleared her throat, and brought the mike up close to her lips.

"Ooh say can you see!!!" Sonja raised a hand, motioning her to stop. "You need to sing louder then that! Now start over."

She lowered her hand, and started pacing back and forth in front of Jenny, listening closely with her head down.

"OOOH SAY can you SEEEE!.."

Once more Sonja raised her hand to stop.

"No dear, you need to project your voice! There should be some depth and amplitude to you tone! Try it again!" and she continued pacing.

"OOOH SAY, can you SEEEEE!!!"

Up went the hand.

"I can see that you need some voice lessons. Let's try a simple exercise dear," said Sonja, as she strolled over the table, back turned to Jenny.

She turned and approached closely to stand back in front of her, hands behind her back.

"Close your eyes!.. Very goot! Now keep them closed, and open your mouth.....A little wider dear, yes, very goot. Pucker your lips for me! Oh Jenny, you can do better then that! Much better! Now keep your eyes closed, and don't move!"

With that said, she produced a large, black, very realistic looking dildo from behind her back. It was made of solid latex rubber, and even felt realistic in her hand with a prominent crown and veins running down to the thick base.

She held it up to the crowd with a flourish, and they went wild, watching it slowly waving in her hand. With a coy smile, she slowly directed it towards Jenny's waiting mouth. As she guided the large black crown in, Jenny's puckered lips wrapped tightly around, and she let out a soft moan, which was picked up by the microphone still in her hand.

"Please dear, let me insert the training aid all the way! Don't fight back. Just relax!" said Sonja, cupping the back of Jenny's head with her free hand.

She then slid the penis in deeply, as Jenny's jaw spread open to accommodate the thick object. She stopped the insertion when she felt resistance at the base of her throat, and Jenny's head jerked in her hand, as she gave a muffled gag.

"OK Jenny, try the song again! Come on dear, you'll make me so happy!" encouraged Sonja, maintaining her pressure on the dildo.

"OOOO, AAAAYYY AAA OOOO EEEE!!"

The crowd was rolling in the aisles, amazed at the sight of the gorgeous blond in a wet, transparent slip, moaning and gurgling around the huge black object!

"IIIII AAAAA OOO EEEEE IIIII GGGGHHH!!!"

Jenny retched and gagged against the head, as Sonja had increased the pressure.

"Now that's better! That's how to project! Keep going, don't stop now!" She said.

Tears had started to run down her cheeks involuntarily, as the penis was choking the entrance to her throat, triggering her gag reflex. Sonja started to work the dildo back and forth in her mouth, giving Jenny the mental picture of a man slowly pumping his hips against her! The large head continued to tease the back of her throat with the with each forward stroke.

"OOOO AAAAAAA HHHHH UUUUUU!!" croaked Jenny.

Saliva started overflowing her lips, as she continued to sputter and gag. The audience was now treated to the sight of thick streams of goo trailing down her chin, and dangling down towards her pendulous, swinging breasts.

"Try humming dear. Suck hard on it, and just humm the song!”

Jenny wrapped her puckered lips tightly around the shaft, and began humming the tune as best she could. Her cheeks hollowed as she began sucking, and now Sonja began forcing Jenny's head up and down on the shaft, as she held it firmly by the base!

"NNNNGGGG UUUNNNGGG MMMMMGGG!!!"

She hummed, head bobbing back and forth quickly on the glistening wet black cock! This went on for quite a while until finally,"UUUNNNGGEEECCCCKKK!!!"

She began choking, as Sonja forced the shaft deeper yet! She slipped it back out of her mouth, as Jenny started to cough and gag against the intrusion. Sonja wrapped her arms around her in a warm embrace, and patted her butt gently, until the coughing subsided.

"You vere vonderful dear. You have made me very happy!"

Jenny and Sonja left the stage, drawing a standing ovation. Many of the men in the stadium were holding lighters aloft, chanting for more! The ringmaster took center stage, and began to wrap up the event, thanking everyone for attending. He also urged everyone to stop at the Children's Hospital booth to make a small donation for the kids. It was a record day for the charity!

The cast had gathered in the hallway backstage, and was busy congratulating each other for their performances. It was a fun experience for Jenny, as she felt very much a part of the experience. They were all so nice to her, giving her big hugs and pats (some of the men were a little too friendly, she thought!). She had no memory of her performance, only a feeling of satisfaction thanks to some whispered commands from Sonja.

They finally made it back to the dressing room, and closed the door against the hustle and bustle of the backstage throng. Jenny let out a big sigh, having successfully finished the ordeal relatively unscathed (wait till she saw the pictures though!). Her street clothes were waiting, along with a beautiful arrangement of roses! She couldn't help but smile, as she read the nice card that accompanied the flowers.

"Za crew asked me to invite you to za party tonight!" said Sonja.

"They have never invited an outsider before! It's quite a compliment. Can you come dear?"

Jenny started to make up an excuse for not attending. She had far too much excitement for one day already! Her mind went momentarily blank, and she looked around in confusion, having lost her train of thought. It seemed that Sonja was speaking to her, but she could not quite make out her words.

Jenny saw Sonja waiting for her to respond, with a quizzical expression on her face. Then she remembered her kind invitation.

"I'd love to come! What time should I be there?"

She was very excited to be able to meet the whole cast!

"Show up at eight o'clock sharp. Here's a map, and another pill. I vant you to take it before you arrive. Take a cab though, don't try to drive!"

Jenny nodded in agreement, paying close attention ti her instructions. She tucked the pill and directions away in her purse, and finished dressing.

She hurried home, making a quick emergency appointment with her hairdresser. She was feeling adventurous, and allowed him a free hand with the styling. She ended up coiffed and curled, with her long blond hair tied back in an elaborate bun. Wispy tendrils of hair hung seductively down over her forehead. She was very pleased with the results, and tipped him generously.

She arrived home as her husband returned from work, and gave him a brief recount of the days adventures (her memories of the event were strangely quite G-rated!). They shared a quick dinner together, and she told him about the party. He was disappointed not to be invited, though he understood that it was for performers only. She called for a cab, explaining that she may want a drink or two, and didn't want to worry about driving the car home. He offered to drive, but she didn't want him waiting up for her on a work night. She showed him the map, so he would know where she was.

She picked out an elegant blue gown to wear, which brought out the natural blue in her eyes. It was conservatively styled, though hardly prudish. The fabric was exquisite, and was cut to a comfortable length, allowing her freedom of movement. She slipped on her favorite set of underwear. The bra was sturdy, giving her lots of support with its wide straps. The material was heavy enough to prevent any embarrassing nipple exposure through her clothes. The panties were simple, full cut white cotton briefs. She topped it off with a set of natural pantyhose and matching pumps.

The cab arrived right on time, honking from the driveway. Jenny ran into the kitchen, and gulped down the little blue "relaxing" pill that Sonja had supplied. She gave her husband a quick kiss, and ran out to the cab.

The party was in an upscale neighborhood on the west side of town, and in about fifteen minutes, the cab pulled into a long circular driveway, leading up to a large, ivy covered home. She must have been early, as only a few cars were parked out front. A young man was there to open her door, and lead her into the large, ornate foyer. Jenny was starting to feel the effects of the medication, as everything was starting to feel soft and fuzzy around the edges.

Sonja greeted her warmly at the door. Again Jenny watched, as she appeared to be speaking to her from a distance, the words not quite clear enough to make out.

"I'm sorry for the misunderstanding dear," said Sonja, as she led her by the arm up a back staircase, to an upstairs bedroom.

"You didn't need to get all dressed up. I have an outfit for you to wear!" Jenny looked puzzled.

"I must have forgot what we discussed" Sonja moved behind her and started to unzip her dress.

Don't you remember telling me how you dreamed of being a groupie for the performers? By the vay, ve don't call them groupies. Ve call them circus sluts"! You're the lucky girl tonight!"

Jenny was quiet, as she struggled to remember the earlier conversation.

"Tonight dear, you are za cocktail waitress. You vill get to flirt vith the performers, vile you are serving them drinks, and vatever else they might vant, if you catch my meaning! Now lets get you ready"

Sonja clapped her hands together, and Jenny jumped to sudden attention. She was standing naked in the small room, with her clothes draped over the back of a chair. Sonja stepped over to the closet, and selected a garment off a hanger.

"Let me help you vith the maid costume" she said, moving behind her. "Raise your arms up over your head, and suck your tummy in."

Jenny did as instructed, watching herself in a full-length mirror hanging on the wall. Sonja slipped a black corset around her waist, and began strapping it together up her back. She applied a lot of pressure as she went, eliciting small gasps from Jenny with every tug. Jenny was pleased to see that the corset only framed the bottom of her breasts, allowing them to hang free. As the final laces were tied off, her breasts were thrust out proudly, with her large areola and nipples in prominent display, swaying freely without support. She wished that she owned such a beautiful corset. Maybe they will let me keep it, she thought to herself.

Garter straps dangled down from the waist of the corset, which was cut up high enough to barely cover her belly button, as it tightly cinched her already narrow waist. Her shoulders were left bare, but Sonja helped her into long silky gloves, extending well above her elbows. A black leather choker strap was buckled around her neck. It had a small silver loop dangling off the front.

Next she slipped on the stockings that Sonja handed her. She was pleased to see that they were made of pure silk, with dark seams running up the back of each leg. She loved the feel of the smooth, tight silk, and she began to feel her most private areas begin to tingle with anticipation. She attached the garter straps, and admired herself in the mirror, looking over her shoulder. Her bare ass looked so sleazy framed by the seamed stockings and tightly lace corset. She bent forward at the waist to accentuate the look, and felt a small wave of pleasure as Sonja ran her hand over her rounded cheeks, following the cleft down to cover her moist sex. She pressed a finger up between her outer lips, and Jenny watched in the mirror as she slowly withdrew her hand, and brought the finger up to her mouth, licking it slowly with her tongue, staring all the while back into Jenny's eye's.

"My, you are the perfect slut, aren't you!" Sonja said with a wicked smile, giving her ass a playful pat.

Jenny felt pleasurable warmth spread through her body with the compliment, and she hungered for more, as she bent over even deeper.

"Save it dear, there's plenty more to come! Slip this on"

She handed her a frilly black skirt.

"Oh rats, do I have to wear it?” She said, giving her ass another wiggle!

"Put it on dear! Just make sure that you give za men lots of peeks!"

Jenny gave a little giggle, as she stepped into the short skirt, pulling it up to her waist. It had several layers of fluffy fabric, giving it a full appearance. She noticed with satisfaction that it barely covered her privates, and if anything, made her look even more sexy. Sonja was so smart, she thought to herself.

"I don't have to wear underwear, do I?" asked Jenny.

"Of course not, dear! Not unless you vant to, that is!"

Jenny gave a delighted little hop, and clapped her hands together with glee.

"Heck No!" she exclaimed.

She then slipped on a pair of black, high heeled, open strapped sandals, admiring the way her posture was transformed in the mirror.

"Now for the last touch. Come over hear darling!" motioned Sonja, as she pulled a silver tray down from the top of the closet.

She held the back edge of the bright tray up against Jenny's narrow waist. It had an inward curve, which conformed to her waistline, partially wrapping around. Sonya pulled two straps, which were attached to the front of the corset, through matching slots in the back edge of the tray, fastening it in place against her waist. Then she drew a delicate chain attached to the front left corner of the tray up through the loop at her neck. She stretched it down to the opposite corner, clipping it in place once she had the tray leveled to her satisfaction.

"Very nice dear, you vill be za perfect slut hostess!" she said, giving Jenny's nipple a slight tweak.

Another jolt passed through her body as she gazed at her reflection, feeling the nipple begin to stiffen. Sonja began attending to her make-up, highlighting her eyes, lips and cheeks. She gave her a theatrical appearance, rather then a look you would normally see on the street. She even rouged her nipples, scandalously highlighting and accentuating their look!

"Now go downstairs and start taking orders! The bartenders name is Jeff, and if asked, your name is of course slut Jenny!"

She gave her a pat on the butt, and directed her back through the door, and out into the hall. Jenny could hear conversation and laughing coming from downstairs, as the guests must have arrived while she was getting ready. Gathering her courage, she set off down the winding stairs, and felt all eyes fall upon her, as the buzz of conversation dropped to a whisper. Scattered applause broke out as she was recognized, and she blushed deeply underneath the makeup, continuing down the stairway.

She noticed the bartender waving her over at the back of the room, and started to thread her way through back to him. She had never felt so alive sexually, as she moved along between strangers, her heavy breasts prominently on display. Normally the attention she was getting would have paralyzed her with embarrassment, but thanks to Sonja's transformation, the attention was feeding directly into her libido. She felt like a cat in heat, as she swayed across the room, drinking up the attention.

She approached the bar, and moved between two men seated in front, leaning their elbows on the padded edge of the small counter. Jeff was standing behind the bar surveying her with approval evident in his eyes.

"Set your tray up on top of the bar here" as he spread the guys drinks apart, and wiped the surface with a clean, white towel.

Jenny looked down, but didn't see a way to unhook the tray. Thinking the situation over, she saw a solution. Grasping the front edge of the bar, she carefully raised one leg, and hooked it into the lower rung of the stool on her right side. She shifted her weight onto that foot, and raised her other leg up, hooking that foot onto the rung of the stool on her left. She now leaned forward, till the silver tray settled down on the center of the counter. Her breasts swayed seductively over the platter.

"How's this?" she asked him with a wicked grin on her face.

Her bare ass was now thrust high behind, with her legs widely spread on the stools. She was delighted to hear gasps of amazement from those closely around her!

She dared not turn her head around, as she felt a tentative hand placed against the tender inside of her thigh. The Barkeeper started to place several items on her tray, as she looked down. Sensing no objection, the hand started to slowly stroke her thigh, up and down, stopping just short of her clean-shaven mound. On the next up-stroke of the hand, she bobbed her hips down and over, making sure that this time he reached her vulva. She sighed through parted lips, as she felt him now boldly slip a finger easily into her well-lubricated vagina. She tightly clenched her pelvic muscles, trapping his finger, and began to rotate her hips in small circles against his hand. She heard comments of delight and encouragement coming from the knot of people who had gathered around to take in the action!

She was brought back to attention by the voice of the bartender.

"You can take the appetizers around to the guests now, Jenny."

Reluctantly, she stepped down from the stools, flashing a big smile to her new friend. Her pussy was still tingling with pleasure, as the feel of his finger lingered on. The tray hung heavily from her neck, and she scanned the contents. Much of the tray was obscured by her full breasts, but she could see a can of whipped cream, squirt bottles of honey and chocolate syrup, some bananas, as well as more traditional hors d'oeuvres.

The first few people she passed merely selected a few of the proffered cracker snacks on the tray. They took advantage of the opportunity though, to brush up against her breasts while selecting their snacks! One lady waved her away, snickering as she gave her a "once-over" appraisal. The next two men, however, helped themselves to the squirt bottles of syrup. They squeezed generous streams of the thick, viscous syrups onto her breasts, and began eagerly lapping it up! She closed her eyes and moaned with pleasure, enjoying the sensations they were providing. They both began suckling on her nipples, while thoroughly cleaning up the rest of the mess.

Disappointedly, she watched as they straighten up and thanked her, returning to their earlier conversation. She continued making her rounds, her breasts now swollen and glistening. The next group of men must have been watching, as they also went for the bottles, ignoring the snacks. One of the men dropped to his knees though, and disappeared under her tray! She felt him bury his face into her groin, and she widened her stance to allow him better access with his eager tongue! She had two other men at her breasts, each lavishing attention with their hands and mouths at will on them.

All too soon, once again she was released to continue her wandering, next stopping in front of a small group of women. Two selected only crackers, but the third reached out and picked up a banana, which she slowly peeled, all the while maintaining eye contact with Jenny. She ran her tongue around her full lips seductively. She brought the peeled fruit up to her mouth, and slowly drew it in beyond her puckered lips, about halfway down its length. Her cheeks hollowed, as she began sucking it like a stiff cock. Her eyes never left her. She withdrew it slowly, still in one piece. With a sweet, sexy grin playing across her face, she directed it towards Jenny's waiting lips. She eagerly received the offering, allowing the woman to push the fruit in deeply to the base of her throat. She then picked up the bottle of chocolate syrup, and began stroking the banana back and forth in her mouth. Holding the bottle aloft, she trickled the syrup over it, as she continued the slow, deep rhythm. Jenny could now taste the sweet syrup on the shaft of the banana, as it played back and forth across her tongue. Much of the syrup was smearing around the outside of her mouth and chin. The lady then shoved the shaft in deeply, and pulled her hand away, leaving the balance of the banana protruding out of her mouth. She leaned forward, and took the free end within her own lips, drawing down until she was pressed tightly up against Jenny, mouth to mouth!

She hungrily sucked against her lips, biting down on the fruit, but keeping her lips puckered and pressed up against her. The lady's tongue began playing all across her mouth and chin, and her saliva, thickly mixed with banana pulp, was smeared all across Jenny's face! The lady forced her tongue into Jenny's mouth, pressing against the remaining shaft of the banana. This drew a small gag from Jenny, as she involuntarily swallowed down on the shaft, causing it to squirt forward. The lady continued to suck it out of Jenny's mouth, again biting down, and smearing the pulp messily around her face, back and forth! She finally pulled away, chewing on the remainder of the banana. She was smiling like the cat that ate the canary, as she surveyed Jenny's appearance. She bent over towards her, and wiped her face clean against the swollen breasts, rubbing back and forth across the firm flesh, as they swayed back and forth!

Jenny quickly returned to the bartender, feeling the mess smeared all over her upper body and face. She stepped around the bar, and he wiped her face off with a clean towel. He gingerly removed the remaining items from the tray, as they were now also splattered with the pulpy mess.

There was a small, waist high pass-through opening in the wall behind the bar, which opened to the kitchen and sink area in the back room. She could here the noise of washers and the clatter of plates and silverware coming through the opening, now that she was nearby. The bartender began passing the bottles and plates from her tray through the opening, where another set of hands was taking it away. She jumped, as he suddenly sprayed her breasts with a quick spurt of water from the drink hose dispenser on the back of the bar. He then carefully and thoroughly toweled off her breasts and chest.

Unhooking the chain in the corner of the tray, he pulled it through her collar, and let it fall down. He unsnapped the corset harness, releasing the messy tray from her costume.

"Pass it back to the dish boy, Jenny" he said, as he turned to serve someone just walking up to the bar.

She took hold of the tray, and held it out inside the opening as far as she could. No one took the platter from her.

She bent her head down to the top of the pass through to peek in, and said, "Excuse me, could someone take the plate?"

Still nothing happened. Frowning, she bent over all the way, and leaned in through the opening, with her elbows resting on the bottom ledge, hands still gripped to the tray. It was a tight fit, and her shoulders were now scrunched together.

She could see a teenager washing plates at a large stainless steel sink in the middle of the bright room, standing sideways to her. It was part of a long stainless steel work area, with neatly organized cooking utensils and accessories. There were white walls and a spotless quarry tile floor, giving it a very clean look. The boy was wearing earphones, which were plugged in to a personal CD player clipped to his belt. He was wearing a white uniform under a clean apron, tied behind his back. He was bobbing his head along with whatever tune he was listening to, not even realizing she was there.

"HELLO!" she yelled over the noise, as she leaned in further yet and waved the plate back and forth to catch his eye.

Unbeknownst to her, she had attracted the attention of the small group of men gathered around the bar, as well as the bartender. Even he had turned around, and was standing there with arms folded, lustfully eyeing her upturned ass wiggling in the air as she attempted to get the attention of the dishwasher!

The boy looked her way, finally catching the motion. He took a step towards her, stretching out his left arm for the tray, keeping his other arm submerged in the sink, supporting something under the soapy water. He was still a foot short from reaching the tray, so Jenny squeezed in through the opening to close the distance between them. Several things happened at once. First, Jenny felt her skirt being lifted up over her bare ass, and she realized the view she must be providing to the dining room guests! As this realization hit, her bare breasts cleared the ledge, and tumbled out inside the kitchen, much to the boy's delight! Next, she felt the unmistakable sensation of the head of an erect penis being brushed up and down across her privates, finally coming to center poised against her moist vagina!

"Whoa!" she cried, as the firm shaft plunged in up to her womb! She was now pinned up against the opening, exposing her complete upper body to the boy in the kitchen, with her breasts swaying with the motion of the cock now buried deep within her.

The boy dropped whatever he had been supporting in the sink with a thud and splash, and walked up to her, wiping his hands off on his apron, She could see his eyes glued to her heaving chest, as he swallowed heavily. His hands were shaking, as he slowly and tentatively cupped her large bosom, massaging her sensitive flesh. He realized she was either unable or unwilling to resist. Gaining confidence, he reached behind his back with one hand, untying the apron and casting it aside with a flourish.

The boy released her breast, and reached down quickly to his belt, his fingers fumbling as he rushed. He snatched his pants open, and dragged out his already erect penis, standing proudly at attention. He grasped the back of her neck, dragging her face down towards his throbbing penis. She grasped his hips to support her upper body, and plunged deeply down on his waiting organ, drawing a gasp of pleasure from his lips. She was drunk with lust, hungrily working the rock hard cock deep within her throat. The man plunging behind her started to spasm, as he locked his hips hard up against her ass, depositing spurt after spurt of his pent up load into her tender cavity. She clenched her pelvis down tightly on him, helping to milk all the fluid she could.

The young boy didn't have a chance of lasting! He was grinding his hips hard up against her face while cupping her huge breasts in both hands, helping to support her weight, as he squeezed and groped. She began to gag, and the spasms in her throat sent him over the edge. He shot his load directly into her waiting mouth, as she helped to extend his orgasm with firm strokes of her tongue to the underside of his shaft, her mouth never leaving his swollen organ!

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**Jenny Goes To Court**

by Jenluvr

Jenny was excited.

She had received the summons for jury duty last month–-it had come along with her new Victoria's Secret catalogue. As a matter of fact, she had eagerly pored over the extensive selection of frilly underthings and lacy lingerie, looking for something alluring to serve as foundation for the conservative suit she was planning for court. It had long been a fantasy of hers to stride seriously into a courtroom looking every bit as professional and businesslike as the barristers and legal eagles that frequent America's halls of justice, but knowing that underneath her outerwear was a complement of scintillatingly sexy lingerie that would prompt even the most stoic and reverent judge to make a tent of his robe.

She could picture it: She'd be sitting there in the jury box, her outer attire duly reverent and dignified, her short, tight skirt her sole visible concession to sexiness. Only she (and maybe her husband John) would know that underneath her black silk designer blouse were two firm, full globes of soft, pillowy flesh, nestled in the confines of a blue see-through bra through which her saucer-sized aureola and half-inch-long nipples could easily be seen. She would cross and uncross her legs frequently, knowing that any number of male ears would perk up immediately at the hissing sound made by one stocking-clad limb as it rubbed against the other, and maybe allowing some lucky attorney, judge, or well-hung juror to witness the tops of her full-fashioned stockings–-perhaps even offering a quick flash of the fat little mound of flesh that pouted from between the vee of her toned, tanned thighs.

She would be pantyless, of course–-that would be the icing on the cake of a deliciously naughty fantasy...and Jenny had finally gotten the opportunity to bring it to life! In reality, Jenny knew that she'd never be able to carry out such a bawdy, irreverent scenario, but she liked to engage in fantasies every now and then, as they were quite harmless, and even a healthy boon to her sex life, according to Cosmopolitan magazine.

She did like wearing sexy underthings, though, and as her husband always encouraged her to indulge her predilections to purchase that particular type of attire, she accommodated those urges on a fairly regular basis.

Now Jenny was relaxing in one of the big leather chairs in Millie's salon, "The Best Little Hairhouse in Springfield," getting herself suitably coiffed for her civil stint, which was slated for the following day. As she had scheduled her appointment for late in the day, most of the other clients were already gone. She squirmed slightly in her seat. Just the thought that she was only one day away from bringing her long-awaited semi-erotic scenario to life caused Jenny to rub her thighs together in sexual anticipation, and a syrupy trickle begin to seep from her cunt and dampen her pussy lips. Her eyes were half-closed, and her ruminations had distracted her conscious mind from the social consideration of feminine etiquette.

This fact was especially evident to the gentleman sitting directly across from her, who had been waiting patiently for his mother to return from Millie's back room, where she was being given her bimonthly wash, rinse, and set. That morning Jenny had donned a powder-blue, button-down, double-knit sweater, a short, black miniskirt, black patent-leather pumps, and at the last minute, she had decided to slide on her full-fashioned stockings recently arrived from Victoria's–-just to see what they felt like before she put them to their intended use on her court-day.

"I'll give them a trial run," she had thought, giggling to herself, as she attached the straps of her crimson garter belt to the tops of her coffee-colored nylons.

She had wanted to get a sense of how she was going to feel in the jury box-–at least from the waist

down. And because her skirt was really too short to be worn without underwear, she had decided on a compromise and slipped on the crotchless black silk panties her husband had bought her for Valentine's Day that year.

Finally, after some consideration, she had shed her bra, surmising that the knit of the sweater was really thick enough to preserve her womanly modesty, although her heavy 38DD's swayed noticeably with the slightest movement of her upper torso, and the feeling of the knit material rubbing against her bare nipples had caused them to spring erect even before she had finished fastening the last button.

Now Jenny was sitting, half-enthralled by her fantasy, while one of Millie's girls fussed over her silky blond locks. As she relaxed, her knees parted slightly, and her admirer from across the way caught a glimpse of the stocking tops that were stretched tautly over Jenny's upper thighs. He immediately appropriated the nearest magazine, Women's View, opened it, and placed it over his lap in an effort to cover the telltale bulge that signaled the awakening of his manhood. He glanced up at the stylist, but she was concentrating on Jenny's pretty blond curls and appeared oblivious to the fact that Jenny had inadvertently assumed a somewhat immodest position.

Calmly removing his glasses, he took out his handkerchief and gave his spectacles a quick swipe so that his view would be clear and unobstructed. He also snuck a surreptitious glance around him and realized that besides himself, Jenny and her stylist were alone in the front of the salon. Satisfied that the activity would be unnoticed, he moved his chair a little closer to Jenny's in order to further improve his viewing position. A confirmed voyeur since childhood, he knew all the tricks and recognized this as a prime opportunity to engage in his favorite avocation. Once he settled back and returned his focus to the issue in question, namely, the area between Jenny's legs, he emitted a gasp that would have been easily audible to the room were it not for the low roar of the blow dryer being used on Jenny's curls.

Jenny's long eyelashes were fluttering slightly as her prurient daydream began to overtake her consciousness. A slight flush had reddened her cheeks, and her brightly painted crimson lips were opening slightly as she slowly lost awareness of her surroundings. Her legs had now spread apart about several more inches, and her skirt had ridden about halfway up her thighs.

The salon's sole male occupant noted how the fabric of her miniskirt stretched taut across her shimmering, nylon-covered limbs. Attentive to every detail of the mesmerizing scene he was witnessing, he realized that he could now see both lower and upper bands of the stocking tops encasing Jenny's smooth and creamy upper thighs. In addition, because of the high-grade fluorescents in the salon, he was able to just make out the dark thatch of hairy heaven that her crotchless panties did nothing to cover. And (oh, joy!) if he slouched a bit in his chair and tipped his head a little to the side, he could even glimpse the upper part of her slit! Jenny's fantasy had begun to have a visibly erotic effect on her-–our voyeuristic friend could actually see a few drops of pussy juice glistening on the hair of her pretty little cunt.

"Oh, my God!" he thought, his heartbeat quickening. "She's not wearing panties!"

Poor Jenny was completely oblivious to the salacious scene she was creating. Half-dreaming now, she was imagining herself in the middle of a rather extreme and lascivious version of her fantasy. In it a handsome attorney was unable to focus on the particulars of his case—-the exhibit Jenny was

presenting was rapidly eclipsing all others in the courtroom. She was perched daintily on the edge of her seat in the front row of the jury box, her legs planted about a foot apart. She was feigning a search for something in her purse, which was on her lap. As she pulled it closer to her, she allowed its weight to drag her skirt high above her knees, spreading her legs a little more.

From his vantage point in front of the jury box, the attorney for the plaintiff was being treated to an exquisite view of Jenny's garter-clad twat, which was framed between two shapely limbs sheathed in charcoal-black hose. Her labia were gaping and glistening with moisture. The lucky lawyer's cock was now knocking quite persistently on its zippered door, and a small spot of pre-cum began to stain the gabardine slacks of his $800 Armani suit.

Jenny, observing the legal eagle's reaction out of the corner of her eye, exacerbated the sexual situation by propping her legs on the rail in front of the jury box, ostensibly to facilitate her search. This afforded the barrister an even more obscene visual depiction: Jenny's legs were now spread wide, and the straps of her garter stretched taut across her upper thighs as they struggled to maintain their grip on her nylons.

The lawyer, who had now moved closer to Jenny, could see not only the furry mound of her pussy but the crack of her juicy ass as well, which she was grinding lasciviously against the cushion of her seat. The meaty lips of her pussy had begun to drip with her juices, and the dark brown nub of her clitoris was now protruding obscenely from the folds of her cunt.

"Oops, dropped my pencil," she whispered, making direct eye contact with the randy advocate.

Rising and turning away from him, she slowly bent over from the waist, allowing her skirt to rise to the top of her hips. The jurors behind her were treated to a fantastic frontal view as her low-cut blouse dropped away from her breasts, revealing the cavernous cleavage of her melon-sized tits, which were dangling and jiggling freely in an obscenely arousing display. The rubbery nipples swung slowly back and forth as Jenny feigned a protracted search for a nonexistent pencil. In the meantime, the attorney behind her was leering at a shifting, pear-shaped behind wantonly festooned in a crimson garter belt and shimmering silk stockings. Pencil-thin garter straps interrupted the smooth texture of Jenny's voluptuous ass cheeks, and her furry pussy was peeping out from between the back of her thighs.

Squirming and sliding down farther in the salon chair, Jenny began to breathe more rapidly as the next phase of her fantasy took shape.

"Young lady! exclaimed an indignant voice.

It was the judge.

Jenny turned quickly and acknowledged the authority with a look of wide-eyed innocence.

"Yes, Your Honor?" she responded in a tone that was somehow polite and sexy at the same time.

"Young lady, your courtroom deportment is simply deplorable. Please approach the bench."

"Yes sir, Your Honor, Jenny replied, and walked slowly toward the judge's dais, breasts bouncing and hips swinging seductively.

Stepping up onto the platform on which the judge was sitting, she stood beside him and leaned over

next to him, resting her elbows on his desk.

"Young lady, I said, ‘Approach the bench,' not ‘Approach me!'" admonished the judge through gritted teeth.

"I'm so sorry," Jenny apologized, leaning in toward the judge, allowing the pointy tips of her magnificent knockers to graze his arm.

"I know ignorance of the law is no excuse, but this is my first time serving the court, and I'm not sure how things are supposed to go here. I would never do anything to disrespect America's judicial system. No, no, no!"

With that, she shook her head vigorously, which had the effect of shifting her torso back and forth slowly, causing her rock-hard nipples to rub up and down the judge's arm through the thin, filmy material of her blouse.

"I should certainly...uh...hope not!" answered the judge.

A thin film of sweat began to appear on his forehead.

"But for future reference, just let me apprise you of the severe penalties this state levies against those who display contempt for its court..."

While the judge was speaking, he allowed his free hand to wander onto Jenny's right calf and began to rub it slowly up and down the nylon-covered limb. As he recited a legal litany of judicial jargon, his hand worked its way slowly up Jenny's leg, finally moving onto the soft, warm flesh of her inner thigh.

"I'm so sorry, Your Honor, "Jenny insisted earnestly, her breaths coming in hitches as the judge's fingers continued to crawl slowly upward, an index finger finally brushing against a wet cunt lip.

"Oh, but Your Honor!...I...I..."

The judge was now staring at the quivering flesh of Jenny's heaving boobs, and Jenny's eyes began to glaze over as his fingers massaged the soft, yielding flesh of her cunt.

"Counselor, approach!" he ordered, and Jenny bit the curve of her forefinger as two of the judge's bony fingers wormed their way into her dripping wet pussy.

“What do you think is a fitting punishment for this recalcitrant citizen?"

The lawyer Jenny's vivid imagination had conjured up could take it no more.

"This, Your Honor!" he retorted, rushing up behind Jenny.

All deliberations completed, he dove face-first into the fleshy paradise of Jenny's inviting nether regions. Jenny's hips began to buck madly as the horny barrister put his silver tongue to good use, slurping and probing her juicy slit for all he was worth. The other jurors gaped open-mouthed as her swaying, braless boobs bounced wildly in response to the lawyer's carnal cross-examination...

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**Jenny's Legal Adventure**

by Capstick

Jenny had been employed at the law firm of Sutton, Marsh and Turner for the last six months. She had hired in as a receptionist, having no previous legal experience in her resume. She realized she was hired for her looks, and the first impression she would create for the clients of the firm. Coworkers mentioned that all past receptionists were attractive, busty girls as well. The firm was very good about promoting from within, and Jenny had jumped at the opportunity. She was treated first rate and professionally by everyone there, and had only last week been promoted to Mr. Sutton's personal assistant! Her treatment was no doubt aided by the fact that the firm specialized in defending against sexual harassment cases, and was very aware of today's litigious climate in the workplace.

Today was her first opportunity to accompany Mr. Sutton to a workshop he was conducting at the headquarters of Molly-Barnett, Inc. They were major clients of the firm, having their corporate offices downtown. There were 156 employees in these offices alone, of mixed gender. With that many people working so closely together, incidents were bound to occur. The firm had found their workshops to have tremendous success in lowering complaints for their clients. While costly, they were certainly far less expensive then lawsuits!

Following her promotion, Jenny had splurged on a few extra ensembles to fill out her wardrobe. Today she selected a new, powder blue skirt and jacket set she had found at Nordstroms. The skirt was cut very conservatively, extending well below her knees.

"You'd think I would have remembered some new pantyhose while I was out!" she chastised herself, while digging through her underwear drawer.

She remembered the run she had gotten in her last good pair on Friday. In the meantime, she slipped on some over the calf hose. She would stop at a store on the way in to work to pick a pair up. She slipped the skirt up her naked hips, enjoying the feel of the delicate fabric against her bare skin.

She had selected a sheer white blouse to complete the outfit. The salesgirl had recommended she wear a lacy camisole underneath the blouse, rather then her usual industrial strength bra. Since the thin material was so transparent, whatever she wore underneath made as big a fashion statement as the blouse itself. Now examining herself in the mirror, she had to admit that it was a very fashionable look, though more risqué then her normal tastes ran. The camisoles lacy décolletage exposed a generous amount of cleavage, which was very apparent through the thin material of the blouse. Her large nipples were much in evidence, unhindered by the conservative bras she normally wore. Her matching jacket would offer her the coverage she needed though, as she slipped it over her shoulders. Finishing the outfit off with new coral pumps, she had to admit that she looked like a high priced lawyer herself!

As she walked out to the car, she felt quite naked, despite the fact that she wore very conservative apparel. Her pendulous breasts were swaying back and forth against the silk camisole, tickling her now swollen nipples. Starting up the car, she glanced at the LED clock display on the radio, and was disturbed to see her normal safety net of time had somehow evaporated! She had spent way too much time fussing with her make-up!

Driving to the offices downtown, she stopped at a large chain convenience store just around the corner from the lot. There was a tree display of hose in the corner that she remembered seeing in the past, and she hurried right over to it. Sadly, she saw that the rack was badly picked over, and all that remained were plus sizes! Cursing her luck, she returned to the car, trying to recall another near-by store. Seeing that she was now officially two minutes late already, she decided to go without, as she pulled into the lot, and found an empty spot towards the back. Perhaps she would be able to sneak out during the day to find a pair.

Bouncing through the lot, she was grateful for the coverage that her suit allowed. She could feel her swinging breasts tugging against the thin straps of the camisole, as she jogged up the steps to the front doors of the office building. Minutes later she arrived at the fifth floor suite of offices that the law firm operated from. She went straight to Mr. Sutton's office, skipping her normal cup of coffee and office gossip with the rest of the assistants.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Sutton, looking up as she entered.

"Good Morning!" she answered breathlessly, having half-run since leaving the car.

Mr. Sutton was in his early 50's, and a very distinguished looking man, radiating self-confidence. He was something over six feet tall, and kept himself very fit. He had neatly trimmed salt and pepper hair, a square jaw and bright blue eyes.

"Grab a cup of Java, Jenny," he said, glancing at his watch. "We still have a few minutes."

Returning with a mug of coffee, she pulled out the chair in front of his burnished mahogany desk. He was standing behind, with rolled-up shirtsleeves and a loosened tie, flipping through a stack of papers placed neatly on the desktop.

"Take your coat off and stay a while!" he said, with a charming smile, not even glancing up from the papers.

With a slight blush, she demurely slipped her coat off, quickly sitting down in the chair.

"Since this.." he started to say, pausing as his vision rose up from the papers to Jenny, seated in front of him.

Jenny felt his eyes stop at her chest. She had always dressed very conservatively in the office, and this was probably the first time he realized how stacked she truly was! She dropped her head, hiding a narrow grin.

"I'm sorry, I lost my train of thought!" he said, sitting down with a shake of his head. “It's hell getting old!"

Jenny shifted in the chair, and nonchalantly crossed her arms to cover her chest.

"We don't have much time to go over this," he said, checking his wristwatch. "Meenashi has always assisted on these workshops, but I thought it would be a good idea to train someone else just in case. Just between you and me, I think she may feel a bit threatened! I tried to reassure her, but she seemed a bit put off. If she acts funny towards you, that's probably why! It won't be anything personal."

He reached across his desk, and punched a button on the large phone counsel.

"Meenashi, we're ready whenever you are."

"I'll be right over" she answered, and he broke the connection.

"I'm excited for the opportunity, but I don't want to disrupt your operation! Maybe it would be better if I didn't come along," offered Jenny.

"Don't be silly," he answered, as he rolled down his sleeves and straightened his tie. "I run things around this office, not her! She knows this is our biggest client, so I'm sure she'll be very professional!"

"Take good notes today, she will probably just have you observe the workshop."

He stood, and walked over to the coat rack, slipping into his suit jacket. Meenashi walked into the office with a big smile. She was a beautiful oriental lady, with long, silky brown hair and a flawless complexion. She carried a briefcase in one hand, and a leather wardrobe bag slung over her left shoulder. She was wearing a conservative, dove gray pantsuit.

"O.K. lady's, let's get the show on the road!" he said, as he moved around the desk.

Jenny rose from the chair and turned around, seeing Meenashi's eyebrows arch as her breasts swayed under the sheer material. She slipped her jacket back on, and followed them out of the office.

"How you like new position, Miss Jenny?" asked Meenashi, as they waited for Mr. Sutton to retrieve his Mercedes from the underground parking beneath the office building.

"To be honest, I'm still not very comfortable!" she answered. "Everyone's been very nice, but I still don't know much about what I should be doing. I hate having to ask all the time!"

Meenashi nodded her head in agreement.

"I know what you mean. I help you with today's meeting just fine! Always smile, and follow my lead. We help out Mr. Sutton real good!"

Jenny was happily surprised that she was being so helpful. She expected to be told to sit in the back row and keep quiet!

"Thank you so much! I feel better already!" said Jenny.

"Mr. Sutton never replace me after today!" thought Meenashi, as she gave the stupid cow a polite smile.

Upon reaching the offices of Molly-Barnett, they were directed into a large conference hall on the first floor. Facing a podium at the front of the room, were five rows of long wood tables, with six leather chairs behind each row. The room seated a total of thirty individuals, plus the speakers. The floor was carpeted, and had acoustical ceiling tiles overhead, so the sound quality from the podium was very good. One wall was filled with tinted glass windows overlooking a courtyard in the center of the structure, so the room seemed bright and airy. There were pitchers of water and glasses on each table, along with fresh pads of paper and corporate pens. A name placard was at each station, identifying the workshop participants. Behind the podium were a large easel and three stools.

The room was buzzing with chatter as they entered, but quickly died down as they made their way to the front lectern. Mr. Sutton stepped directly behind the podium; Meenashi and Jenny each took a stool to the side.

"Thanks for having us today" he said, gazing confidently around the room. "My name is Jim Sutton, and with me today is my assistant Jenny Richards, and our corporate training officer Meenashi Sato. I am with the firm of Sutton, Marsh and Engal. We represent your company in all legal issues, and have greatly appreciated our relationship with Mr. Barnett over the years."

"The purpose of this workshop is to discuss the issue of sexual harassment in the workplace. I want to first make clear that the timing of this seminar has not been caused by any incidents with your organization! We can't ignore today's business climate, however, with respect to this serious issue. We have seen a rise in the incidence of legal claims and actions of almost 300 per cent over the last ten years alone! Now human behavior has not changed over this time period to cause this. Rather the scrutiny of our behavior as managers from our employees has increased. We hope to safeguard you, as well as your company, from having to confront this issue in a courtroom."

"Now I like to break up my boring presentations with some live examples. I think it really helps drive the point home, when you can see actual case history, and the problems that can occur. One such example came to mind just an hour or so ago" he said, shifting his attention to his helpers. "Meenashi, help Jenny off with her jacket."

She slipped off the stool and stepped behind Jenny, helping her out of the coat. She carefully folded it up, and placed it on the front corner of the first desk.

"Now I hope you all will agree with me that Jenny is a very beautiful young lady."

There was a murmuring of agreement from the room. Jenny could feel her nipples stiffening under her folded arms.

"I think I am safe with that statement. What really captured my attention this morning, though, was the fashionable blouse she chose to wear with her outfit. Stand up, and let them see your blouse, Jenny!"

Reluctantly, she slipped off the stool, and dropped her arms loosely to her sides. She could see some of the women in the room whispering to each other (no doubt with catty comments!). Her nipples were now at full attention, jutting out prominently through the wispy fabric. The faint outline of her dark aureole was shadowed underneath.

"I would be walking a dangerous tightrope if I commented on how attractive I believed that her lacy camisole was" he continued. He left the podium, and walked up to her side. "I think everyone should recognize though, that if I did this.."

Reaching out, he trailed his hand down the front of her blouse, flicking her left nipple as he brushed over it, "I would be crossing over an important line, even if I was simply commenting on the silkiness of her blouse!"

"But Jim, I don't see the problem with complementing her attire!" said one of the men in back.

"Show us what you mean, then Henry," he answered, reading the name off the placard on the desk.

He motioned for Henry to join them. The man rose, and worked his way up to Jenny's side.

"I can see how groping would be a problem!" he reached out and grasped her breasts, making no attempt at guile.

The room erupted with muffled laughs.

"But casually brushing her blouse while commenting on its texture shouldn't be an issue."

He relaxed his clutch of her breasts, and began softly stroking the fabric covering her right nipple. She stood mute, totally at a loss as to how she should respond.

"In an actual office setting, you would be placing yourself into a compromised position, totally dependent on the perception of the individuals involved. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you would be risking a reprisal. Would you be threatened by his actions, Jenny?"

He unclipped the microphone from the podium, and held it up to her face, while Henry continued his ministrations.

"Well," she cleared her throat, as she found herself having difficulty speaking. "I guess if he innocently brushed against me I wouldn't object, but the intentional rubbing would be a problem," she answered in a soft voice.

"Thank you for your help Henry" said Jim, and the man reluctantly turned away, heading back for his seat.

"But don't you think that she is inviting the attention with her style of dress?" asked the lone women in the group, seated in the front row. "Her nipples are plain as day! It's obvious she wants the attention!"

Jenny's face turned bright red, as the noise level rose in agreement.

"I don't agree at all," said Jim. "I would think it is just a very trendy look. Now on the other hand, I would agree with you if she wearing simply the camisole. Why don't you show them the difference, Jenny!"

She felt all eyes fall on her, as a breathless anticipation seemed to come over the room. You could hear a pin drop, as she slowly began unbuttoning the blouse, turning her back to the group. Meenashi pulled the blouse up from under her skirt, and then helped slip it off her shoulders. She crossed her arms in front of her chest, and turned around to again face the room of onlookers. Meenashi neatly folded up the blouse, crossing over to place it on top of her jacket, before returning to her stool behind Jenny.

Jim covered the microphone with his hand.

"Drop your arms," he said in a soft voice, his lips barely moving, maintaining his politicians smile to the room. "NOW it could be argued that she is inviting attention with her attire. The brief camisole draped off her hanging breasts, allowing her bare belly to show above her skirt. The lacy top border of the garment was supported with thin spaghetti straps, falling just over the top of her dark brown aureole. Her thick nipples protruded through the delicate fabric, just under the open weave of the lacy border. The top of her bosom was entirely exposed, a light tracery of fine blue veins showing through her bulging, porcelain white flesh.”

"Even dress like this is not unheard of these days, as it can be considered fashionable to wear undergarments as outerwear. I would not recommend it in a professional setting however!" Jim continued, drawing some laughs from the room. "Let's take this to the next level though, shall we Meenashi?"

She took Jenny's hand, and led her through a door off the far side of the room, as Jim continued his presentation.

"Is this really part of the normal workshop?" said Jenny, as the door clicked shut.

Disbelief was evident in her voice.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, as she zipped open her garment bag. "I normally handle modeling, yes! Some reason Mr. Sutton wants you! I tell him bad idea, but he no listen."

She picked through several hangers of clothes as she talked, pulling out a black skirt.

"You way bigger then Meenashi, but this one stretch even over those hips!"

She handed her the small skirt.

"No way am I going back out there!" said Jenny, holding it out at arm length away from her.

"Good, I finish for you! Stupid idea having you here. You leave. Call cab from lobby. No go back to office. We mail last check!"

She returned her attention to her wardrobe bag, picking out a different dress to change into.

"But wait, I love my job! I don't want to quit!"

Meenashi turned back to her.

"You no embarrass Mr. Sutton. He very good man! You like job, do what he say! You no do, get out! Don't waste time, this important account."

"O.K., I guess I'll do it!" said Jenny, and she unbuttoned the waistband of her skirt. "Oh shoot! I forgot, ummm, do you maybe have any panties in there?" asked Jenny, as she remembered her nakedness under the skirt!

"No underwear, just clothes. You no wear panties?" she asked, glancing down to Jenny's waist.

"Well, I was going to stop at a store…"

Meenashi held up her hand, stopping the explanation.

"No care, get dressed or get out!"

With a humph, she slipped off the skirt, tossing it away in frustration. Meenashi's eyebrows raised as she caught a flash of her neatly shaved pubes. She crossed her arms, and tapped one of her long red nails against the side of her mouth, as she gazed at Jenny's pert, sculpted ass. Jenny wiggled back and forth as she worked the tight waistband up over her broad hips. Now Meenashi held out a pair of black high heels with straps. Jenny didn't bother trying to argue, seeing the look of utter disdain in her expression. She knelt down, removing her now useless stockings, and strapped on the pumps. They were small for her feet, and the straps pinched uncomfortably. As soon as she stood, Meenashi grasped her hand, and pulled her back along through the doorway and into the conference room. Jenny had never worn this high of a heel before, and all of her attention was currently focused on getting the feel of them, as she stumbled along behind the petite oriental girl.

"Now that's provocative!" said Jim, as his attention switched from the room to the approaching girls.

Jenny's heavy breasts were jiggling along quite noticeably as she awkwardly approached the podium.

"Let's get some first hand practice now, ladies and gentlemen! Jenny, would you be kind enough to refill the water glasses for our guests?"

He motioned with his hand out towards the people in the room.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to the front of the first table. Picking up a full pitcher, she began moving down the row, stopping in front of the third man, who was holding an empty glass out for her to fill. He set the glass down on the table, and as she bent over to fill the glass, he began pulling it slowly towards him. The table was quite deep, and by the time she had his glass full, he had a wonderful view of her amazing cleavage, straining against the top of her brief top!

"Very subtle Hank!" said Jim from the podium, as Jenny straightened up, smoothing her skirt back down. She hoped she hadn't given Jim a look at her naked ass!

"Now that, ladies and gents, was perfect subterfuge! He never said a word, and was the perfect gentleman."

The next guy down slid his empty glass close to the edge also, motioning her to fill him up. This time however, she walked all the way down the table, and circled around behind. As she leaned over and began filling his glass, he began sliding it to the opposite side, causing her to lean in to him. Of course, he leaned sideways into her, his head pressing up against her breast!

"A little overt, Alex" said Jim, as chuckling broke out across the room.

Jenny pulled away, and turned around quickly, bumping straight into the lady seated next to him. She had just started to rise up from her chair, and struck the bottom of the pitcher on her way up. A good half of the ice water sloshed out of the pitcher, absolutely soaking her camisole! Jenny shrieked, as she looked down at the sheer fabric, her puckered nipples plainly visible through the suddenly transparent material. The material conformed like a magnet to the undersides of her breasts, becoming a second skin.

Several "helpful" men, eagerly blotting her chest with small paper napkins suddenly surrounded Jenny.

"Borderline gentlemen, very borderline!" said Jim, and the men sulked back to their seats. "You could offer to help her out, but simply taking advantage of her predicament is risky behavior at best! Come here, Jenny."

He reached under the podium, shaking out a big, fluffy white towel.

"How about this towel, dear?" he asked, holding it out in front of him.

"Oh thanks!" she said, extending her arms out as she quickly approached.

Rather then hand her the towel though, he dropped it under her grasp, stepping close and wrapping it around her torso. He vigorously toweled off her back, took a half step back, and brought his towel-covered hands around to her flat tummy. Squeezing her eyes shut, she felt him draw his hands up her rib cage, and press up along the underside of each breast, lifting them upwards! He then began kneading her bountiful flesh, giving everyone in the room flashes of her bared skin as the towel swung back and forth. He pulled quickly away, and she reached up to tug the camisole back down over her reddened flesh.

"Always get agreement, preferably in public, before proceeding with a course of action which may be considered risky! Thank you Jenny" he said, as he made a motion towards Meenashi. "Next, I'd like to show you the office policy one doctor implemented, resulting in a multi-million dollar settlement just last year!"

Meenashi again led Jenny to the backroom, as Jim continued his lecture.

"That was humiliating!" said Jenny, as the door clicked shut again.

"You tough girl! You can hander it! No look happy though. Must remember smile, yes? I see Mr. Sutton not to happy so far!"

She handed Jenny a white dress out of the bag, and continued digging in the bottom compartment.

Jenny slipped out of her still damp clothes, and held the dress up. It was a brief nurse uniform, and looked tailored to fit Meenashi. She unzipped the back, and stepped through the brief skirt, still balancing on the high heels. She had to cross her knees, and strain to force the material up over her broad hips. She could see the side seams visibly stretching out. She snaked first her right arm, and then her left, into the arms of the uniform, and as she forced it up over her shoulders, she felt the bottom of the skirt rising up to the bottom of her ass! Meenashi grasped the zipper in back, and struggled to raise it.

"Suck in your tummy!" she said in a strained voice, as she slowly worked it up her back, between her shoulder blades.

The front neckline plunged to the tip of her sternum, and her unbound breasts ballooned out exposing an embarrassing amount of cleavage. She made a futile effort to tug the material together, but as soon as she let go it gaped back open. Meenashi set a little white cap on her head, with a Red Cross on the front. There was a soft tap on the door.

"Quick, put these on!" she said, handing her some white silk stockings.

As Jenny bent over to remove her heels, she could feel the back of the uniform slide halfway up her bare ass! She was going to have to be very careful in this outfit! She slipped on the semi-opaque stockings. There were lacy stay-up bands at the top, which were exposed by the short uniform. Meenashi tossed a pair of white pumps at her feet, which she jammed into. The door was thrown open, and once again she was pulled through, yanking down on the back hem of the starchy fabric as they burst out into the room.

A small metal typing table, complete with typewriter, had been set up facing the podium, just to this side. A chair was pushed up underneath.

"This is one of the uniforms that the doctor required his clerical assistant to wear. While an owner is free to choose a dress code for his business, he must be consistent. The doctor in question provided conventional dress for the women in direct contact with the public. Do a spin, Jenny."

She closed her eyes as she rotated, aware of the soft chuckles and comments coming from the room, as they assessed all of her female charms bursting out of the scant uniform.

"This uniform alone ended up costing him fifty thousand dollars! For him, unfortunately, it didn't end there. Jenny, please type a copy of the document I have placed on the desk."

"The doctor had provided this exact work station for his assistant to use, located in his private office," continued Jim's narrative.

Jenny slid the chair out, and puzzled over the design of it. The "seat" was slanted sharply forward and down, with a contoured rest at the bottom angled up at ninety degrees. Meenashi directed her forward with a hand on the small of her back. She had to straddle the oddly shaped seat, legs apart. Meenashi pressed down on her shoulder, forcing her to squat onto the tilted seat. She slid downward till her belly came to rest against the inward curved front ledge. Her back was arched back, following the curve of the front of the chair, her pelvis tilted sharply backward, up into the air. Her knees were now almost touching the floor, and Meenashi cradled her right ankle, lifting it up and setting it into a padded rail, which ran parallel to the underside of the seat. She then pulled a wide strap across her upper calf, securing the leg firmly in place. She repeated the process with the other leg, and stepped back out of the way.

The room was buzzing with noise, and Jenny's face glowed with color, as she could feel the back hem of the scratchy fabric resting across the top of her bare, upturned ass! The front ledge of the seat was a shelf, which lifted and cradled her breasts. The front of the dress had gaped open with her arched back, and both breasts tumbled out of the restraint, into full view of the room! Futilely, she attempted to push them back into the uniform, but the laws of physics had conspired against any attempt at a cover-up!

"This chair cost the good doctor a one hundred thousand dollar add-on penalty in his judgement, but wait, there's more! Jenny, could you please begin typing the document for us?"

Giving up her struggles, she leaned forward against the rest. As she flipped on the IBM, she cradled the sides of her breasts, at least providing some coverage from the room. She rolled the paper into position, and began typing a copy of the hand written letter resting beside the typewriter. Never a strong typist, she prided herself on her accuracy, sacrificing speed in the process.

Jim left the podium carrying the microphone.

"He would closely monitor the assistant as she worked. He had this special electronic monitor installed."

He held up an LED display, which was resting on the desktop. A wire trailed down to the typewriter. Numbers were flashing on the display, bouncing between fifteen and twenty.

"He required that his assistant maintain between a thirty to forty minute rate of typing."

He set the display down on top of his podium, facing the room so they could monitor it.

"He went so far as to have this special monitor installed, which as you can see tracks the typists rate."

Jenny made nervous glances back and forth between the letter she was copying, and the monitor on the podium, her concentration wavering. She saw the numbers falling, so she refocused on the letter, trying to speed up.

Jim again wandered away from the podium, this time moving behind her. She flushed, realizing he had a birds-eye view of her upturned butt! He still had the microphone held in front of his chin in one hand, but now he tapped a stiff riding crop against his thigh with the other!

"Seeing that the assistant is well below the acceptable range, he would provide immediate discipline like this. “

WWHHACK!!!

Her eyes shot wide open, as he stung her across her bare flank! Stunned, she looked back over her shoulder, now seeing the crop held loosely his hand!

Flick, flick, flick he tapped quickly across her right cheek, prodding her back to typing. Her ass burned from his initial stroke, as she picked up where she left off. Her tongue stuck out the corner of her mouth, as she concentrated on picking up her pace.

"As you can see, the technique while effective, is way over the edge. Look at her rate now! Still unfortunately not good enough!"

WWHHACK!!!

"OOUCH!" she said, as he struck again, this time from a different angle.

Concentrating through the discomfort she continued on.

WWHHACK!!!

And now he steadily tapped across both red crossed globes, with an occasional WWHhack!!! Thrown in! Typing recklessly on, she quickly finished the letter, and he finally let up on the tapping.

"Even though this ended up costing him a ton of money, you can see that it is an effective teaching method! She got up to thirty-five words per minute at the end. I don't recommend that you adopt this method, however!"

This brought a big laugh from the room, as Jenny reached back to rub her stinging cheeks. She didn't remember this brought her breasts into proud display for the room!

"One million dollars! That was the reward for that stunt. Think it ended there however?"

Snap! Snap!

Jenny whipped her head around, as Meenashi trapped her wrists together in handcuffs with a practiced motion! Jim raised the back of the chair at her feet, and swung it around, which pivoted her chest out to face the room! She saw everyone staring at her breasts, bulging out over the top of the chair. Jim snatched her letter out of the typewriter with a loud ZZZIPP! He sauntered over to the front desk, handing it to Henry seated front and center.

"It seems our good doctor was just as picky about accuracy, as he was about speed. He sometimes would bring in coworkers to help check her work! Let me demonstrate from court records how one such incident was played out. Would you be so kind as to check this letter carefully for errors?" he said, returning to stand alongside Jenny, facing the room.

Henry took a pair of reading glasses out of his breast pocket, and slipped them on. He began scanning the letter line by line, following along with his finger.

"The first paragraph is perfect," he said, as he continued the examination. "Wait! She misspelled a word here!"

He pointed out the mistake to the lady seated next to him.

"She typed T-H-O instead of T-H-E to start the second paragraph."

"Oh, that's misfortunate," said Jim into the microphone.

He motioned to Meenashi, who was leaning up against the front wall. She wheeled a small stainless steel cart up in front of Jenny. There was a white case on the cart top, about the size of a cigar box. She stepped around on the other side of the cart, careful not to block the room's view of Jenny. She flipped up the lid of the box, and Jenny flushed as she saw what the case contained!

"At this point, the doctor would select one of the co-workers to help with the punishment. Would anyone care to volunteer?"

Every hand in the room shot up instantly, even the woman's, he was pleased to see.

"Melody, come join us. All of the plaintiff's co-workers were women, so I think it is appropriate that Melody should take part in this exercise."

She walked around the desk, and up to Jim at Jenny's side. "Hold out you right hand," said Meenashi.

She then snapped on a thin latex examination glove in place for her.

"Please don't do this!" whispered Jenny in a quiet voice, only to be ignored.

"Now please select one of the probes in the box, which you will then insert into her anus!" Said Jim.

The noise in the room suddenly stopped, as everyone realized what was going to happen. Jenny watched as Melody's gloved hand dropped down to the open case. Five probes were cradled in a molded tray inside. They all had a broad, circular base, above which rose an egg-shaped plug, each progressively larger. One by one, her finger traced over the broadest contour of each plug, beginning with the smallest. She looked up and gazed at Jenny, after her finger dropped off the third plug and flicked over to the forth. Melody smiled as she saw the look of shock and disbelief cross Jenny's face. She was flushed clear down to her breasts! Jenny felt her gaze, and met her eyes with a pleading look.

"Please don't!" she mouthed silently.

Melody smiled, and casually selected the largest of the plugs, giving her a wink!

She continued smiling as she was directed around behind Jenny lying prone on the chair. Meenashi unscrewed the lid from a jar of clear lube, and held it out as an offering. Melody dipped her index finger in, scooping up a large glob, which she smeared all over the pear-sized plug. With a wicked grin, she dipped again into the jar, and began working a prodigious amount of the lube directly over Jenny's asshole!

She leaned her left forearm against Jenny's lower back, pressing her tightly up against the front rest. This arched her butt up high, completely exposing her privates to Melody. Jenny winced as she was suddenly penetrated in both her ass and soaked vagina! Around and around the fingers circled deep within, and her breasts swayed with the rhythm, captivating the rest of the room.

After several minutes of stimulation, Melody slowly removed her fingers, and grasped the plug. Jenny gasped, as she felt her wiggle her left hand between her belly and the front rest, and slide it down to cup her vulva. She pressed her middle finger up against her engorged clitoris, and began rocking it back a forth.

"MMMMMMM" she moaned under her breath and dropped her head, as she felt the tip of the plug press up against her puckered anus!

Rather then rudely forcing it in, Melody oh so slowly and gently began to rotate and wiggle it back and forth, pressing forward a scant millimeter at a time. She increased the pressure and intensity of her stimulation with her other hand, and began feeling Jenny slowly grinding her hips to match the opposing forces being created so expertly by Melody!

Her huge aureole swelled and darkened, and a flush spread across her chest, as she ground her hips forward, pinning Melody's finger up against the front rest and her clit. As she rocked back and forth, orgasm gripped her, and sensing this, Melody pressed forward with the plug, by now buried halfway in her ass.

OOOHHHHHWWWWMMYYY GODDD!!! Moaned Jenny aloud, unable to maintain her composure!

Melody kept up a steady pressure despite resistance, and Jenny thrust back suddenly against the object, swallowing it at once fully into her cavity. All that was now visible was the broad base of the plug, cradled in the deep cleft between her spread cheeks.

"Trust me folks, that cost the doc a lot of money! Add another million awarded by the jury!" as Jim addressed the room, he rested his free hand on Jenny's exposed rump, her uniform still stretched above her butt.

He could feel how warm she was, just recovering from the throws of orgasm. Melody slipped off the glove, and dropped it down on the cart, which Meenashi rolled out of the way. Jim whispered in her ear for a moment, and handed her a thin, whippy stick. She crossed in front of Jenny, and leaned back against the typing table, crossing her ankles. Jim stayed in position, his hand with the crop still resting on her ass.

"Henry my man! Continue please!" called Jim.

Henry looked startled, as if someone splashed his face with cold water.

"Uuhh, Oh ya!" He replaced his glasses, and resumed his scrutiny of the letter. "Ummm, looks like she missed the "U" in should!" he said after a few moments.

SSWWAACK!!! -"OWWCH!!!" shrieked Jenny.

Melody had flicked the whippy stick directly across the top of her pendulous breasts, causing her to jerk back with surprise!

WWHHACK!!! Jenny shot back forward as Jim brought the crop back across her flank, breasts bobbing up and down wildly.

"Henry!" repeated Jim. He jerked his head back down. "Oh my! This must be where she sped up. She forgot to capitalize an "S"!

SSWWAACK!!!

This time Melody swatted across her right nipple, drawing another shriek.

WWHHAACK!!!

"Quit jerking back," warned Jim, as she fell forward against the rest again, yet another bright red welt across her lovely cheeks!

"T instead of D in SOLD!" shouted Henry.

SSWWAACK!!!

Across her left nipple this time, and she forced herself to remain pressed up against the rest.

"UMMM, an E before I on the word friend!"

SSWWAACK!!!

Catching the undersides of both breasts, as they swayed back and forth.

"Missing a coma..."

SSWWAACK!!!

"No period…"

SSWWAACK!!!

"Forgot to indent…"

SSWWWAACK!!!

"Misspelled…"

SSWWAACK!!!

Jim held up his hand for them to stop.

"I think everyone gets the picture, don't you! Now this is the most blatant example of sexual harassment that I ever had to defend!"

Jenny's huge breasts rose and fell with her rapid breaths, crisscrossed with angry red welts. Once again, Jim cupped a cheek of her ass.

"Could everyone give Jenny a big hand?"

The room broke out in loud, extended applause.

"I hope you agree that live examples really drive a point home! I want to thank you all for attending. Whoops, I almost forgot. Could everybody please come up and get a comment card before you leave?"

Looking over her right shoulder, she saw Jim circle behind and over to the podium. Setting down his crop, he picked up a stack of cards, and took a step back, waiting for the people to file up. There was the banging and scuffling of chairs, as everyone rose from their seats. Melody circled around her, and bent down close to her face.

"I'd love to see you again, call me here anytime!" she whispered, giving her a wink.

"Oh no! Said Jenny, as she passed back to get a card from Jim.

A line of people started to file up front from the tables, passing right beside her prone form!

Henry was first by, silently ogling her breasts as he passed. The line paused, as Jim was taking time to shake everyone's hand, as well as hand out the cards. The room was quite noisy now that the presentation was over.

"I REALLY enjoyed the show, said the next guy in line, placing a hand on her waist as he bent over to be heard.

He left his hand in place, lightly massaging her muscles through the stiff fabric in small circles. The next guy saw this, and reached over to squeeze her shoulder.

"You were great," he agreed, giving her a small shake (And enjoying her breasts jiggling!). The line shuffled forward, and the hand that was resting on her waist now slid back to her ass! He boldly slipped it up under the skirt, patting and stroking her full cheeks!

Once again the line shifted, and the next guy squatted down, and gently stroked her left breast!

"I hope they aren't too sore!" he said, as he closely examined the flesh. "Do they hurt a lot?" he asked, making direct eye contact.

He began rolling her nipple with his fingers, as he cupped the underside of her heavy breast. She considered yelling for them to stop, but saw Meenashi watching her closely from the other side.

"No, thanks for asking though!" she answered after a brief pause.

She gave a big smile, remembering her instructions. As the line slipped forward once again, the same man grabbed the edge of the anal probe, and began to wiggle it back and forth, creating a not altogether unpleasant sensation, now that she was somewhat accustomed to the size of the object. The next lucky man was now stroking her breasts and nipples, and she resigned herself to being used by the rest of the group as they filed by!

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**Jenny's Medical Adventure**

by Capstick

Middle age is a bitch, thought Jenny, as she gazed at the mirror of her dressing room vanity. I used to be able to eat anything and not gain an ounce! Now, if I even look at dessert I blimp out. I have to run my ass off every day on the stair-master to fit in my clothes. My boobs keep growing, which is good, but my shoulders ache every night. I had to have my hair colored for the first time last week. Now my face is breaking out again like a teenager!

Now please tell me, kind audience, if any among you understand the mind of a beautiful lady! Here is one of the most blessed examples of All-American good looks, bemoaning her fate in life. Your loins would ache, your throat would constrict, cold sweat would form on your brow, and your heart would pound, if you had the good fortune to meet her face to face. Words like "I am not worthy!" would form in your mind, as you thanked a very kind God indeed, who blessed the earth with such a vision of absolute perfection of the female form.

Her husband smiled as he peeked in the door, though not at the funny expressions she was making as she turned this way and that during her close inspection. What brought a smile to his face was the sight of her leaning against the vanity, bringing her bare ass into prominent display. Her brief nightgown had ridden well up over her shapely behind.

"Honey, the paperboy's here to collect. I'm out of cash, could you dig something out of your purse?"

He looked behind, and motioned the teenager forward.

"Just a second honey, I'll be right there!" said Jenny.

She heard a gasp behind her, and refocused her eyes in the mirror. She saw her husband standing there with the paperboy, who had a glazed look on his face. The boy's eyes were bugging out. Then she saw what he was staring at!

"OH MY GOSH!" she shrieked, standing bolt upright and yanking her skirt down.

"How much do we owe, Tim?" he asked.

"TTTTTTTen dollars, sir" he stuttered, as both he and Jenny blushed bright red. Jenny turned and sped into the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

"Here you go, son. I guess I had the money all along!"

"Thanks Mister!" the boy said, seeing the five-dollar tip.

He turned, and quickly ran from the house to tell his friends what had happened.

"Oh, come on hon, I was just having a little fun! Besides, I don't think he really saw anything. You were too quick!"

Jenny stuck her head out the door, and seeing that the boy had left, she stepped back into the room.

"I'm starting to get sick of these little stunts you keep pulling!" she cried.

"Okay, Okay, I'll knock it off", he said with a sheepish grin. "I love this outfit though" as he circled her tiny waist with his arms and firmly grasped a cheek in each hand.

"Don't get something started you can't finish! Aren't you late for work already, Honey?" she asked with a coy smile.

He checked his watch, and made a loud sigh.

"You're right, duty calls"

He gave her butt a playful smack, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Honey, what do you think of these marks on my face?" she asked before he turned away.

Seeing where she pointed, he shrugged his shoulders.

" I wouldn't have even noticed if you hadn't said something, Jen. But if it bothers you, have it looked at. We have good insurance, so it won't cost anything"

"You know how much I hate going to the Doctor's", she said. "Besides, he will probably lecture me for not having had a physical in so long"

Suddenly, an idea started to take shape in his mind.

"Let me ask around at work, and see if anyone knows a specialist you can see. I'll call you later"

One of the guys he occasionally golfed with was a Doctor, and he had a running joke with him about providing a membership at the Bellevue Country Club, with all the money he raked in. He was also a skirt chaser. He would have to give this some serious thought….

Jenny's husband had called her from work later that day, and gave her the name and phone number of a Dr. Stevens.

"Several of the office girls have been treated by him, and they all said he was great. This is his office number. They should still be open if you want to make an appointment."

When Jenny called, the nurse was very nice. She even mentioned that they were expecting her call, and had cleared a spot just for her on the schedule. Whoever had provided the referral must have let them know she would be calling. She received a letter a few days after the call with a confirmation of the appointment, and a questionnaire and release form for her to complete and mail back in an envelope they had provided.

The questionnaire took her close to an hour to finish. She had to provide her complete medical history, medications she was taking, and multiple pages of general questions to answer. She was surprised by how personal some of them were. She signed the release, which basically authorized any services and procedures they determined were medically necessary. She mailed everything back the next day.

A week later Jenny received a call from the same nurse.

"Dr. Stevens gave me a note that according to your papers, It's been two years since your last physical. He wanted me to confirm this."

"Yes, I guess so. I didn't realize it had been that long either" she answered.

"The Doctor will want to see you at the hospital then, and not at our office. He will want to do a full work-up."

"But I just wanted him to look at my face! Why does he need to do all this? She asked.

"The Doctor will need to know if there are any underlying medical conditions which could be causing your problem. It's very important to get regular check-ups, so small problems can be caught before they develop into more serious conditions. Dr. Stevens is very thorough."

A few days later, she received another appointment confirmation. This one was at the University hospital, where Dr. Stevens was on staff. It was a teaching hospital, on the campus of the State College, which offered a Medical school program. It mentioned that she should plan on spending the full day for her examination, and that she was not to eat any solid food for 24 hours prior to the appointment. Jenny started to regret ever having mentioned anything to her husband in the first place!

It took her about ten minutes to find her way to the right office on the morning of her appointment. She had never visited this hospital before, and was a bit intimidated by the size of it. Everyone who helped her with directions seemed very nice, though. When she opened Dr. Steven's door, she entered a small foyer. There was a ledge against one wall with a glass sliding panel. Jenny peeked in, and a young girl approached the desk on the other side of the window.

"Can I help you?" she asked, as she slid the panel open.

"I had an eight a.m. appointment with Dr. Stevens" Jenny answered.

"Oh, you must be Jenny" she said with a coy smile. You can go through that door, and have a seat in the waiting room. Someone will call your name when they are ready."

She entered a narrow waiting room, with chairs and tables along either wall leading back to a hallway at the far end. She could see one door in the hallway, which faced the waiting room, and an old fashioned step-on scale was standing next to the door. It was a busy office, there were people walking by in the hallway at the far end of the room, and most of the chairs were taken with people waiting. The usual waiting room artwork was on the walls, and magazines were scattered on the tables.

Jenny took a vacant seat. There were two middle-aged guys sitting across from her, laughing and talking about some sporting event. There was one lady seated next to her, with two young boys who were giggling amongst themselves. The Mother was absorbed in a magazine, not paying any attention to the boys. Jenny had dressed casually, wearing baggy jeans and a sweater. Nobody paid her any attention, which is exactly what she wanted.

A few minutes later, a nurse stood at the hallway entrance, and called out her name. Jenny got up and walked toward her, and the nurse smiled warmly.

"We are starting out today right here, in examination room one."

There was a small sign that said room one on the door, along with a Plexiglas holder, which was probably for the clipboard.

The room itself was good sized. A black examination table faced the door in the center, complete with stirrups. There was a stainless steel vanity with cupboards and a sink adjacent to the table, and some electronic equipment on the back wall with lots of screens and dials. A large examination light on a swiveling stand was over the table, and there was a padded stool to the side. It was very bright and "clinical" looking.

"You can sit up on the table, and roll up you left sleeve," the nurse said, as she patted the front edge.

She shook out a thermometer, and placed it in Jenny's mouth under her tongue. Then she wrapped a blood pressure cuff around her arm. After she finished, she wrote the numbers down on her chart, and handed Jenny a clear plastic container.

"You can remove all of your clothes and put them in here. You might as well put your purse in also. We will keep them safe."

She reached down to the bottom drawer and handed Jenny some terry socks for her feet. They had some rubber strips on the bottom so they wouldn't be slippery to walk in. Then she started to sort through the gowns in the drawer.

"These are all children's sizes" she commented, as she picked through. "Well, here is a small adults at least. Go ahead and wear this for now. We can find a better size for you in another room, later. Go ahead and get changed, and the doctor will be right in."

She gave Jenny another smile, and left the room.

There was no lock on the door, so Jenny stood in front of it, so no one could open the door while she was changing. She was a bit uncomfortable with the door facing the waiting room. She hung the gown up on a hook on the door, and slipped out of her jeans, sweater and her shoes and socks. She placed them neatly in the container. She removed her panties and bra, and tucked them underneath her sweater so they were hidden.

This will never do, thought Jenny, as she slipped the gown over her head. It was styled like a chef's apron, but was so small that her breast's bulged out both sides, with her aureole barely covered. The material itself was threadbare from repeated washings, and the floral print was transparent where her breast's strained against it. It was barely long enough to cover her butt, and was not big enough to wrap fully around her waist. She cinched the ties as tight as she could, but there was still a small gap over her ass. She tried to force the top down to cover up the sides of her breasts, but there was a loud rip as the material started to tear between her breasts from the top of the apron down. There was now about a four-inch long slit in the fabric, which was threatening to grow unless she was careful!

"The heck with this!" she said, as she picked up her clothing container and set it on the counter.

She started to reach for her underwear to put back on, so at least she could maintain some degree of modesty. Just then the door opened, and an older man walked confidently into the room.

"Ah, you must be Jenny. I'm very pleased to meet you! I'm Dr. Stevens, and I think you've already met Nurse Jessica."

He gave her a warm handshake, as he looked her up and down. He was a nice looking man, with broad shoulders, salt and pepper hair and a squared off jaw. He looked a lot like the TV doctor, Marcus Welby, only younger.

"Jessica, see if you can find Jenny a larger gown, she doesn't look very comfortable!"

Jessica put the lid on the clothing container, and said she would be right back, as she turned and left, taking Jenny's clothes away.

"Now, let's have a look at your complexion young lady, that's what your original problem was, correct? Sit up on the table for me."

He slipped on some funny looking glasses, which must have had some magnifying glass in them. When Jenny hoisted herself up on the table, her left breast popped free out of the side of the apron. She quickly pushed it back under as best she could.

"Don't worry about that Jenny. There isn't any shame in a Hospital!"

He stood right in front of her, peering at her face. She could feel her bare ass on the paper-covered table. The smock was too small to cover her when she was seated; it just lay against the side of her hips.

Jessica came back in and shut the door.

"I'm sorry doctor, but the laundry hasn't been delivered yet. We should be able to find her something when we go downstairs, though" She said.

"Thanks for checking" He replied. "Now when did you first notice these blemishes, Jenny?”

She thought for a moment and said, "About 2 months ago, give or take."

“And have you changed your diet, or started any new medications?" he asked.

"No, I am very careful about the food I eat, and I don't take any pills" she replied rather primly.

“I think that you are in luck, Jenny. There has been new research that we have pioneered, which should prove very beneficial for your condition. We have seen some amazing results in a very short amount of time. So far, there have been no adverse reactions, and it's a totally painless procedure!"

She clapped her hands together and said with delight. "Please, tell me more!"

He began doing routine "doctor things" as he conducted the conversation. Jessica would hand him whatever he needed, such as tongue depressors, lighted scopes, reflex mallets, etc. As he continued with the exam, he said, "We have found that all the women suffering from these type of blemishes have suffered from a deficiency of proteins under the epidermal layer of their skin. Take a deep breath, and let it out slowly. Now again. And again," he said as he used his stethoscope.

"The real challenge has been to find the most effective form of supplemental protein to use, and how best to apply it. All of the commercial cream and gel preparations were ineffective. We did controlled experiments with some exotic solutions we created, but they still made no difference. Then one of our technicians had the idea that using a naturally produced, human solution may be effective where the artificial solutions had failed, and that has been the key to our success!"

"So it's going to be as simple as applying a cream to my face?" asked Jenny.

"Well, not quite. You see, the only thing that has been successful is semen, and unfortunately, freshness has been the key to success. It has to be immediately applied during ejaculation, or it looses the ability to bond properly with the cell structure of the skin."

Jenny was speechless.

"I can't believe what you're saying! This sounds crazy!

He smiled. "We thought the same thing at first. We thought that it was just an aberration, but we also discovered after further discussions with our test patients, that none of them had participated in the sexual act that is commonly referred to as a "Facial", where the male ejaculates directly on his partner. I'm willing to bet that you don't either" (of course, Jenny's husband had already mentioned this to him).

Jenny blushed brightly, and looked down. "No, of course not. I was taught that good girls don't do things like that!"

Jessica stepped in front of her and said, "That is absolute nonsense, dear! Sex is a beautiful thing, and I resent people that try to turn it into something dirty and cheap! Anything you and your husband decide to do together is no one else's business. It may even be more fun than you think!" She finished with a grin and a wink.

"Well, my husband will certainly enjoy the treatment! How often will I need it?" Asked Jenny.

“Now that's the spirit, good for you!" he answered (Jessica rolled her eyes in the background, and struggled to keep from laughing). "We have to give you a large and prolonged initial dose today, for the treatment to be successful. It's something that you couldn't accomplish at home. You need to have the benefit of our program here. After today, you will need your husband to participate every other day for two weeks, after which I can check your progress at my regular office. You should be able to resume your normal schedule of activity after that. However, I would recommend regular weekly treatments to maintain a clear complexion."

The doctor asked Jessica to bring him his program file, and she turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her. Dr. Stevens started to make some additional marks on her chart.

"Your blood pressure and temperature are slightly elevated today. I can understand the BP being elevated, but not the temperature. I'm going to re-check it. Could you please step down and face the table for me?"

He turned to the vanity, and selected a different thermometer, and shook out and pulled on a latex examination glove.

Jenny colored as she realized what he had in mind.

"Do you have to check me there!"

"I'm afraid that despite our modern technology, this remains the most accurate way to check your temperature," he said as he put his hand between her shoulder blades. "Now lean over the table for me."

As she leaned forward with her arms supporting her, both breast tumbled out of the apron. She couldn't cover up in this position, so she pulled her arms in to her side and leaned down on her elbows, which thrust her butt up. She felt her apron fall open, and knew her privates were now fully exposed.

She bit her lip as she felt his finger start working lubricant over her puckered anus. Then he slowly pushed the thermometer in, till it was quite deep.

"Just relax, Jenny. There's no reason to be so tense!"

The door opened as Jessica returned to the room. Jenny felt a draft of air hit her exposed butt.

"Oh, good, you found the program guide" said Dr. Stevens. "Show her the before and after pictures."

Jessica approached and set the book down on the table in front of her, and started flipping through the book. Suddenly, Jenny heard a squeal behind her, and she looked back over her shoulder. The nurse had left the door open partway, and she could see one of the young boys craning his neck from his chair, looking in!

"Please shut the door!" She said in an exasperated voice.

"Whoops! I'm sorry." Jessica turned and casually walked back to the door, giving Dr. Stevens a sly wink.

She returned and continued flipping to the back tab of the binder (when setting up this scheme, Dr Stevens had downloaded the pictures from an X-rated site he frequented, specializing in oral sex. Blemishes were easy to add with a computer photo-editing program he played around with).

"Here was our first patient. You can see that she had a much worse case then you."

A pretty blond girl was shown, with blemishes all over her face.

"Now here she is during the treatment phase."

Jenny's mouth dropped, as the girl was shown with her face covered with thick globs of semen! One eye was squeezed shut against a spurt, which had covered the lid, and streamers were dangling from her chin.

"You can see how careful she was not to disturb the application," pointed out Jessica clinically.

Finally she flipped to the next picture, which showed the girl smiling with a perfectly clear complexion.

"That's incredible, but I don't think I can go through with this!" said Jenny as she shook her head in disbelief.

"You don't want to end up like this, do you?" Put in Dr. Stevens, as he turned to the next photograph.

An older, mature looking woman was shown this time, with a terrible case of acne. Jenny turned her head away.

"Look at her Jenny! This will be you without treatment! Your chemical balance will continue to drop."

He flipped to the next picture. Again, most all of her face was coated with sperm. Strangely, she was smiling in the picture. She was looking right at the camera.

"You can see what a good patient she was. She was very excited to receive the treatment. She had been trying other treatments for years, and just kept getting worse and worse."

The last picture showed her smiling, with perfectly clear skin.

"Does my husband have to know about this?" asked Jenny.

"Not unless you choose to tell him," answered Dr. Stevens. "We maintain strict confidentiality. He only needs to know as much as you choose to tell him" He said with a smile.

Jenny gave a small jump as he quickly pulled out the thermometer.

"Just as I thought, your temperature is perfect! Climb back up on the table and lay down, please."

As Jenny lay back, her heavy breasts fell out both sides of the apron. She sighed knowing it couldn't be helped, unless she held them in with her hands, which would be silly with both a doctor and nurse present. Dr. Stevens pulled the examination light over the table, and flipped the switch. Nothing happened.

"Jessica, call maintenance and find out why they haven't fixed this light yet!"

She turned, and quickly left the room.

He pulled the front of her apron up, and started to probe her abdomen with his fingers. He was gentle, but very thorough. He kept asking if she felt any pain. Jessica returned to the room, this time pulling the door shut behind her. Jenny noticed the boys still trying to sneak a peek inside, though.

"We will be doing a full work-up on you today. We need the information for our research, and also because of the length of time since your last physical. It really is just as well, because the skin treatment takes a minimum of six hours. We will do your testing and the treatments at the same, so that you don't have to return on a second day."

Jenny was happy for that anyway. If she had to go home and worry about it, she would never get any sleep!

"Jessica, let's save some time and prep her now for the pelvic exam. I need to check on how Mrs. Evans is doing. When I come back, I should have time to get Jenny started with the treatments." How is the rest of her day scheduled?

Jessica flipped the page on her chart.

"She does the lab at nine-thirty, radiology is at ten-thirty, ob-gyn is scheduled for one-thirty and then she will finish up with us.

"Did you remember to let the donor office know about today?" he asked.

"Of course doctor, I have the beeper right here."

She reached in her pocket and showed him a small black beeper she was carrying.

"I'll be back in just a minute, Jenny," she said, as she left with Dr. Stevens.

As soon as they started down the hall, Jessica burst out laughing.

"I never thought you could pull it off! What an airhead! What exactly is her husband getting out of this?" she asked.

Dr. Stevens chuckled. "Well, he started out wanting a membership at Bellevue, but when I explained what I had in mind, he was delighted with the idea of facials for the rest of his life! He said he might give up golf! I guess she is something of a prude, but what a body!"

About five minutes later, Jessica returned to the room, carrying a stainless steel bowl and some white towels. When the door opened, Jenny noticed both boys had now moved closer to the hallway, sitting cross-legged on the floor, and were pretending to play with crayons as they peeked inside the opening.

Jessica set the towels down at the foot of the table, and then pulled a razor and two tubes of lotion out of the bowl.

"Is that really necessary!" exclaimed Jenny.

She kept herself neatly trimmed during bikini season, and the one time she had shaved previously (see "Jenny wants to be a millionaire!"), she had felt terribly exposed and uncomfortable. She had always refused since then.

"Yes, I'm afraid the ob-gyn department requires it for examinations. They feel pubic hair interferes with a thorough inspection of the skins surface."

She ran some water in the bowl, and clipped it to the front of the table.

"I'm going to need you to scoot up and put your feet in the stirrups for me dear, this won't take but a minute."

As Jenny moved in to position, Jessica moved to the side of the bed to operate the foot controls. Jenny felt the front of the table shifting. She slid the stool in front of the table and sat down. Jenny was terribly embarrassed.

"Could you lift you hips off the table?" She asked.

Jenny lifted up, and felt Jessica's hands slip under he butt and pull her hips firmly forward. Her pubic area was now thrust well beyond her splayed legs. Jenny was pinned due to the angle of the bed.

Jessica squeezed some green gel from one of the tubes onto her gloved fingers, and started to work it all over her pubic area. Jenny hated to admit it, but it started to feel quite pleasant. She was putting just the right pressure in all the right places, as she slowly worked it into lather. Just as she started to stroke the razor across her lower belly, there was a knock at the door.

"Yes, who is it?" Jessica called out loudly over her shoulder, not wanting to be interrupted.

She could see that Jenny was starting to respond to her finger, which she continued to press over her clitoris, as if protecting the area as she shaved.

"Maintenance," they heard, muffled by the door.

"Finally!" she said, and called out "come on in!"

"Please, no!" cried Jenny, but Jessica paid her no attention.

A heavyset man in a light blue work uniform, wearing a baseball cap entered, carrying a toolbox. Jessica looked over her shoulder at the man.

"Well, its about time Mike! Dr. Stevens was pretty upset that the light hadn't been fixed yet."

He walked around to the side of the table, and set the toolbox on the floor. Jenny quickly covered her breasts as best she could with her hands.

"Try to lay still, Dear!" said Jessica. "I sure don't want to slip with the razor now!

Once again, Jenny felt a draft hit her exposed privates!

"Please close the door! She cried with alarm.

Now it was hanging wide open, but at least the nurse was blocking the view from the waiting room. Horrified, Jenny watched as Jessica stood up, turned, and slowly swayed her hips towards the door, leaving Jenny openly exposed! Jenny squeezed her eyes shut. "

Were you raised in a barn, Mike! Sorry about that, Dear, the man obviously has no manners!" She closed the door and came back to the stool.

Jenny opened her eyes as she felt her tender outer lips being shaved. Mike rolled the light fixture towards the door, squatted and started unscrewing something at the base of the fixture, with his eyes glued to Jessica. Jenny realized he had moved to get a clear, unobstructed view of her genitalia! Jessica was gently stretching her lips this way and that, getting every nook and cranny. She got up to dampen a washcloth, allowing Mike a clear view. He had a huge leering grin on his face. Jessica wiped Jenny off, just as Mike switched the light on.

"Oh good! Perfect timing! Could you wheel that light over this way?" asked Jessica.

"I'd be delighted to" he answered.

He rolled it over and positioned it right over Jessica's shoulder, putting Jenny's vulva in a bright spotlight! He stepped back but kept right on staring as Jessica touched up on areas she had missed. Then she squeezed out some lotion from the other tube, and started to massage it in with her bare fingers. Jenny was speechless, as she watched Mike grinning.

Jessica saw her stare, and looked over her shoulder.

"You can get out of here now, Mike! Men are such pigs!" She whispered to Jenny.

She draped the dry towel over Jenny's privates, finally hiding her from view. He quickly turned and grabbed his toolbox.

"Nice meeting you miss, hope your feeling better!" as he winked and touched the bill of his cap.

He walked out the door, again leaving it wide open!

"Oh no, not again" sighed Jenny, as Jessica once again rose off the stool.

This time though, she walked over to the sink and started washing her hands! Jenny could see the boys staring at her with their jaws wide open.

"Could you please shut the door, those kids are watching me!" She croaked.

"Oh my gosh, those little devils. Can you believe kids these days! Just a sec," as she looked around for a towel to wipe her hands on.

Jenny gasped as she reached over and snatched her towel away, which exposed her glistening mound from view! Again, Jessica slowly sauntered over to the door as she dried her hands off.

Just then Dr. Stevens walked through the open door.

"I saw maintenance leaving. Good, they finally got around to fixing the light. I see Jenny is nicely prepped!"

He shut the door behind him, and sat down on the stool facing her. He slipped off both of his loafers, and started to loosen his tie.

"Unfortunately, there's no dignified way to go about your treatments, Jenny. I hope you can understand the difficulty's we go through with this particular program."

Speechless, Jenny watched as he undid his belt, unzipped, and removed first his pants, and then his underwear. He carefully hung them up.

"Jessica, if you could please watch the door."

She walked over, and leaned back against it with folded arms. Jenny quickly looked away as he started to approach her, slowly stroking his engorged penis!

"We have been very careful in who has been allowed to participate in this project," he explained. She felt the table start to tip back as he operated the controls. Her head now dropped below the level of his hips, and the large, purple crown of his penis started to rise above her view. Her heavy breasts slid out the top of her apron, so that her erect nipples were now plainly visible.

"All of the staff who participates carry a picture I.D. with my signature."

He showed her a fluorescent orange ID card, with his other hand.

"You will always have an escort, to help you feel more comfortable."

A small drop of fluid had begun to grow on the tip of his penis. Jenny couldn't tear her eyes away, as he slowly ran the underside of the head over the tip of her nose, wiping it away! She could smell his musky scent linger in the air as he resumed stroking more firmly, along with the dampness now tickling her nose.

"From past experience, we have learned that it is in your best interest to help the man feel more comfortable."

Dr. Stevens took her hand and placed it cupping his testicles! He started encouraging her to massage them with his free hand, as his voice grew more hoarse.

"You will find that the participant will orgasm quickly, so it will be an easier experience for you. You will also help to encourage a more copious production of semen, which will reduce the amount of encounters necessary."

Dr. Stevens moved his hand away, now that she was massaging on her own. She felt his hand grasp her breast, and begin to gently roll her nipple between a finger and thumb. His testicles begin to shrink, as he firmly squeezed her breast, and aimed his penis directly at her face! She quickly squeezed her eyes shut, as she felt the first spurt of liquid hit her squarely on the nose! The second spurt hit her cheek, as she turned her head away. He quickly released her breast, and turned her face back towards him with his strong hand grasping her chin.

"Don't waste the treatment!" he said in a tight voice, as she felt one last spurt hit just below her nose.

"You can open your eyes now, Jenny."

His throbbing erect penis, hanging directly over her suddenly filled her vision. There was a large glob of semen dangling from the tip, waving over her eyes. He firmly grasped his rod at the base, and ran his fingers up towards the tip. This caused a large trail of his remaining fluid to spill out onto her forehead.

"Jenny, you were wonderful! You're going to be our biggest success yet! Jessica, some of the fluid missed, when she turned her head."

He went back to the door, and started to dress. Jessica came over, and worked the foot controls to raise the table. She pulled a spoon out of her smock.

"Try to be more careful in the future, Dear! Most men produce very little semen, so make sure you keep your face pointed directly at them"

She carefully scooped up the glob from the table that had missed, and casually wiped it off on her other cheek!

" There now, that is much better!"

"That's all there is to it, Jenny" Said the doctor. "I want you to remember NOT to disturb the treatment. If some gets in your eyes, let the nurse know and she will take care of it. Will you remember that?"

"I guess so," replied Jenny in a cracking voice.

Jessica helped her out of the stirrups, and she was finally allowed to sit up. Jessica smiled at the thick white streams of semen, standing out in vivid contrast against her bright red cheeks.

"This is going to be fun!" she thought to herself, as she led Jenny towards the door.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Jenny in an alarmed voice.

"You're scheduled first thing in the lab. It shouldn't take long, they just need a urine specimen, and to draw some blood." answered Dr. Stevens.

"Jessica, why don't you call for a wheelchair, we can't have her walking around dressed like that!"

"Let's get you weighed and on your way! Come this way." As he led her out the door, she straightened her apron as best she could. He had her step up on the scale facing the wall. She heard a low "wolf whistle" from the waiting room, and her level of discomfort increased. Looking down, she was alarmed to see that the rip now extended well below her breasts! As long as she kept herself straight she was covered, but her dark, silver dollar sized aureole were faintly visible through the worn fabric!

The doctor adjusted the counter-balances carefully, and entered her weight on his chart. Then he took her arm, and led her out into the waiting room. He pointed to a chair and asked her to have a seat.

"They should be here any second." He smiled and left the room.

Jenny turned a deep red, as she noticed the same two men seated across from her, staring with disbelief! The young boys were gone, thankfully, but they had been replaced with several couples. She was attracting lots of furtive glances from the husbands, trying to disguise their interest from the ladies they were with.

Finally, a pleasant looking young black man approached with the wheelchair, and stopped right in front of her. She didn't want to think about how he must have recognized her. The whole staff must be aware of this program! He extended a hand to Jenny, and helped her up from the chair. As Jenny leaned forward to stand, she quickly gathered the back of her apron with her free hand. This caused her breasts to tumble out the sides of the apron, much to the men's delight across from her. She quickly jumped over onto the wheelchair, and moved the apron back in place. He spun the chair so that she faced the two men. He then reached down, and positioned Jenny's feet on rests on either side of the chair legs. Jenny saw the men's eyes quickly lower to her crotch, so she quickly slapped her thighs together!

Jessica entered the room, carrying Jenny's clipboard.

"Hi Ernie, right on time!"

She turned to Jenny.

"Let's get down to the lab, we're running late!"

They wheeled Jenny toward the entry door, and swung the chair around, so that they could back through and pull the chair behind them. Jenny briefly saw the two men rising from their seats, as the door swung shut behind her.

As Ernie rolled her rapidly down the busy hallway, she prayed she wouldn't run into anyone who recognized her. She saw men glancing her way, but their eyes were glued to her legs, not her face. She kept both hands in her lap, making sure she was well covered.

"So Jessica!" said Ernie, "Just how much time have we got?"

Jenny saw her look back at him with a devilish grin.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked.

He stopped and whispered something in her ear, and she giggled.

"Yes, she does seem to have that effect on men!"

She bent over closely to Jenny, and whispered "Ernie has something all ready for you!"

Jenny looked behind, and saw Ernie holding one of the bright orange cards in his hand. She sighed and slumped back in the chair.

Jessica scanned the hallway, and then motioned him to follow. She used a passkey to open a hallway door, and motioned them in. Jennie found herself in a maintenance supply room. Ernie swung her around, and locked the wheels. He stepped in front of her, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his already hard cock.

"Oh boy, that's a relief! Now Jessica, you know I need your help!"

Jessica reached down and began slowly massaging and kneading his cock in her hand. She grabbed a towel off a shelf and threw it down on the floor in front of the chair.

"Kneel down, Jenny" she said in a throaty voice.

Jenny slid off her chair and kneeled down on the towel.

"Now sit back on your legs"

Jenny was totally focused on her slow circular rhythm, as she pulled Ernie in close to stand over Jenny.

"Tilt your head back and look in my eyes."

His cock was being worked directly above her mouth, as he stood above. Her eyes locked onto Jessica.

"Slip the neck of you apron over your head, and let it fall down under your breasts."

Jenny obeyed as if hypnotized, never taking her eyes away from her. "

Good Girl. Now cup your large breast's, and lift them up so Ernie can admire them."

His eyes squeezed shut, and his lips drew back in a grimace of pleasure. She began using a twisting, back and forth motion now, with the same slow rhythm. She worked him from the base, all the way out to the tip and back. He responded with a soft whimper.

"I want you to squeeze your breasts and work your nipples for Ernie!"

Small jolts of pleasure traveled down to her loins, as she pinched and twisted her nipples for them.

"He's very close Jenny, cup his balls with your left hand, and begin massaging him like you were taught."

Ernie gasped with pleasure, as Jenny began her ministrations.

"Open your mouth, and slowly lick you lips for us."

Jenny started to dig her groin against her ankle. She could feel her slick vulva starting to tingle with pleasure, as her own climax was starting to build!

"When you feel his balls tightening, close your eyes."

Jessica could see the lust building in Jenny, just as she squeezed them shut. Ernie groaned, and started releasing his pent up fluids. Rather then spurting wildly like Dr. Stevens, Ernie came in a much more controlled fashion. Jessica carefully directed the majority of his load all over Jenny's mouth, as she moaned and twisted with her own orgasm.

"My gosh Ernie, that was quite a load! You've been holding back on me! She said with a grin, giving his cock a final shake.

"That was incredible babe! You give the best hand in town!" He said with a wide grin. "And thank you Jenny, I thoroughly enjoyed the show!"

He zipped himself shut, and reached down and took Jenny's hand to help her up. When she was again seated, Jessica carefully stretched the apron string back over Jenny's head, careful not to disturb her face. Her lips were barely visible under all the goo! It started to slowly trickle down her chin.

"Ummmm, mmmff" Jenny muttered.

She looked pleadingly at Jessica, keeping her lips tightly sealed.

"Cats got your tongue?" asked Jessica with a smile.

"MMMMFF!" Jenny started to raise her hand to wipe her mouth, but Jessica quickly snatched hold of it.

"You heard the doctors instructions Jenny! If you try to disturb the treatment, I will have to strap your arms down."

Jenny looked at her helplessly.

"Don't be such a prude, you're a big girl now, just lick your lips!

She chuckled, seeing Jenny's expression change.

"I would have thought you'd be getting used to it by now! I'll help you get cleaned up."

She reached down and swiped a finger across Jenny's lips, smearing it off across her forehead.

"Open you mouth wide," she said, and started to run the crook of her finger all the way around her lips.

She gave her devilish smile, and slid her finger deeply into Jenny's mouth.

"Now be a good girl, and pretend this is your husbands cock! Always remember, I can make today very easy or very hard!"

Jenny closed her mouth on her finger, tasting the salty cum for the first time. Jessica started working her finger in and around her mouth obscenely, while Jenny sucked, working her tongue back and forth.

"Very good, Jenny! I guess you're not such a prude after all!

She pulled her finger out of Jenny's mouth and stuck it in her own, drawing it back out again past pouted lips.

"Mmmmmm, you missed some. Now Swallow for Jessica!"

Jenny almost gagged as she swallowed the bitter liquid, much to their delight.

"I'm very proud of you, Jenny!" she said, giving her a careful hug.

As Jenny re-entered the hallway, low and behold, there were the two guys from the waiting room leaning against the far wall! Ernie made a right turn and started quickly down the hall. He stopped in front of a bank of elevators, and pushed the down button. One chimed to a stop next to them, and Jessica entered and held the door. Ernie swung her around and backed in. Just as the doors started to close, the two guys squeezed through the door, and stood right beside Jenny's chair.

She could sense their gaze down the apron at her exposed cleavage. She knew they couldn't help but notice all of the cum on her face. She could feel strings of it hanging suspended from her chin! One of the men was pressing his groin against her arm on the chair. She could feel his stiff cock through his jeans! She shifted over in her chair, just as the elevator started down. When it jerked to a stop, Jenny felt globs of cum fall from her chin and land on the top of her chest, slowly running down between her breasts. Jessica noticed this also, as she quickly reached down with her spoon, and dragged it up along her skin, collecting most of it.

"There you go, dear!"

As she let the fluid drip straight down across the bridge of Jenny's nose! She whimpered softly at her plight. Her "admirers" looked on in stunned disbelief.

Ernie pushed her out of the elevator, and they went quickly down the hall, making several turns along the way. They came to a door at the end, marked with a "Laboratory" sign. When they entered the room, there were several banks of chairs in the center and a counter along the back wall where several women were quietly working. She could see row after row of open, color-coded files behind the counter. Along the right wall, there were small cubicles, each with a padded bench against the back. The front of the cubicles were open. Drapes were pushed to the side of each one. The left wall contained an unmarked door, and racks of magazines and informational brochures. There were at least a dozen people in the room waiting.

They approached the counter, and gave Jenny's clipboard to one of the women. The nurse gave her a long look.

"We'll be right with you, Miss." She said, as she studied the chart. "You can take her over to the first booth, this shouldn't take long."

As they wheeled her over to the booth, Jessica said, "Ernie and I are going to run down to the cafeteria and grab a cup of coffee. We'll come back in about fifteen minutes to check on you. Remember to leave your treatment alone! I can tell if you fool with it"

They backed her into the first booth, and turned and left her there to wait. She wished she had asked for a magazine. She could have used it to hide her face. A row of chairs was only about twelve feet away facing her, and she could see her two pursuers taking a seat!

The nurse who took her chart originally approached and pulled the drapery closed. Jenny sighed, now that she was finally hidden from view. The drapery wasn't very high, and was a good foot off the floor, but it was a lot better then nothing!

"I need you to sit up on the bench, Jenny."

There was a blood pressure meter mounted on the back wall, and after Jenny was seated, she wrapped the cuff around her arm and took the reading. She checked her pulse, and wrote both numbers down on the chart.

"Dr Stevens has a note here to use an anal thermometer for your temperature, so please jump down and turn to face the bench."

"Oh please, do I have to go through that again!"

The nurse gave her a patient smile.

"You wouldn't believe all the rules and red tape we have to go through these days! We record your vitals every hour during all procedures. Now let's get it over with!"

The nurse pulled on a glove, and squeezed some clear lube out on her finger.

"Bend over the bench dear, and spread your feet apart!"

Jenny felt her work the cold lotion in around her anus. She gasped as the nurse worked pushed her finger deeply in, and then started slowly rotating it around the walls of her rectum! She slipped her finger back out, and replaced it with the thermometer.

"Now don't move! She said as she turned away.

Jenny was startled to hear the curtain slide open, and looked back over her shoulder. The two jerks were both seated in view, smiling back at her!

The nurse stepped to the side, still holding the drape open partway, and said loudly "Shirley, I forgot the specimen cup, could you grab one for me?

Jenny turned around quickly, and stood straight up to cover herself. The thermometer squirted out, and hit the floor.

The nurse turned and looked back, shutting the drapes.

"What's all the commotion about in here?"

Her eyes locked on the broken thermometer lying on the floor.

"Those guys out in the room were spying on me!" Jenny whispered urgently.

The nurse shook her head.

"Dear, they have better things to do then try to spy on you! Now don't move till we clean up the broken glass!"

Both nurses returned shortly. One started to sweep up the broken thermometer, carefully wiping the floor down afterwards. The other opened up a plastic case she was carrying, and set it on the bench. Jenny could see a digital readout, with several knobs and levers. There was a tray at the bottom, from which she pulled out an odd looking device attached by a long wire lead. She started to stretch what appeared to be a condom over the tip of the probe, and Jenny suddenly realized what she had in mind!

"You're not going to use that, that thing on me!" she cried in alarm.

The probe was about the same size as Ernie's cock was, with smooth bumps all the way down the shaft!

"Oh, it's not that bad, Jenny. This is more accurate then a conventional thermometer, and the design ensures that it will stay in place."

She smiled, as she squeezed some lube out on it, and worked it in with her hand, as if she was stroking a man.

"You'll find out that it is far easier to cooperate with people during treatment. When you resist, we may have to resort too less pleasant alternatives to get the job done! Now I'm going to need you to lay down on your back."

Jenny stretched out on the bench, and straightened her apron as best she could.

"Now grab your knees, and draw your legs up tight to your chest."

Tears of shame began to mix with the semen slowly drying around her eyes. The nurse drew her legs apart, and started to massage more of the lube into her puckered anus. She bit her lip as she felt the cold, hard probe press against her tightened sphincter muscle.

"Take a deep breath, and let it out slowly"

The pressure was increased, and she groaned aloud as she felt it slide in over the first ridge.

"Ok, Jenny, that's the worst part! Now take another deep breath."

As she exhaled, the nurse started to press against the next ridge, but stopped and looked behind as she heard someone opening the curtain.

"Ah, Jenny, I'm Dr. Benedict. Dr. Stevens told me to expect you this morning! I'm in charge of the lab. And where are we at in her exam, Marsha?

The nurse backed away from the table, as the doctor stepped in front of Jenny.

"We are just finishing up her readings for the chart. She wasn't cooperating with the anal thermometer, so we are using the Tyler probe. Then we just need urine and blood sample's."

"You can go back up front, Marsha. I'll finish this up" He said, looking back towards the nurse.

"Very good doctor" she answered.

She turned and quickly left. The doctor turned back to Jenny, and gave her a warm smile. He was younger then Dr. Stevens, with sandy brown hair and dark brown eyes. He reached inside his white lab coat, and pulled out a card on a thin beaded chain hanging from his neck. He presented it to Jenny, with raised eyebrows. Jenny sighed and looked down, as she immediately recognized the program ID.

Without a word, he tucked the card back under his jacket. Reaching under the table with his foot, she heard him drag something out. It must have been a stool, as she saw him take a step up. He held a finger over his lips, and softly said "Shhhh," as he unzipped his fly and calmly pulled out his penis.

"Stay just as you are!" he said quietly, as he reach across and slid her shoulders toward him on the table.

Now his cock loomed directly over her face, as he worked it back and forth.

She watched him reach down, and felt as he grasped the probe.

"Draw you legs up high!"

He reminded, as he started to twirl it in slow circles, all the while watching the reactions play on her face.

"You are certainly a beautiful young lady, Jenny" he commented, slowly pushing the probe beyond the next ridge.

Jenny closed her eves and let out a soft moan.

As he continued to work the probe gently, the sensations were starting to move away from those of discomfort, towards something far different. She felt the pad of his thumb begin to apply pressure directly above her hard clitoris, as he continued to press against yet another ridge. She gasped, and started softly panting through opened lips as another inch was inserted. Unable to hold back any longer, she released herself to a rich, deep orgasm, unlike anything else she had previously achieved!

It peaked again as the final ridge on the instrument went in. She felt the warm cascade of the doctor's ejaculation start hitting against her face, as he too gasped in release. She moaned and offered no resistance as he pressed his hard cock between her lips, and deep within her moist mouth. She could taste the last of his cum, as she pressured the underside of his penis with her tongue.

Reluctantly, he withdrew from her mouth, and tucked himself away.

"I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did, Jenny. That was tremendous!"

She stayed quiet, as he started to withdraw the probe slowly, ridge by ridge. When it finally popped out, she let her legs fall back down, and pulled the apron back in place.

"Take my hands" He said, and he pulled her to back up to a sitting position.

He wrapped a rubber tourniquet around her upper arm, and searched for a vein at her elbow.

"Little prick here, Jenny" as he smoothly guided the hypodermic in the vein.

As he started to pull back on the plunger, he smiled and commented "as opposed to the bigger prick a minute ago!"

She blushed at the off-color humor, but couldn't keep a small smile from crossing her lips.

He finished quickly and put a Band-Aid in place. He gave her a small jar with a screw-on lid.

"Please give us a urine specimen, and we will be all done for today" He smiled.

"Don't you have a bathroom I can use?" she asked.

"You are due next in Radiology, and Dr. Stevens has you scheduled for a special film which requires a full bladder. The technicians don't want you to use the bathroom till you're down there for the test. Now I'll have the nurse return to collect the cup in a minute."

He turned and was through the curtain before she could protest. She shrugged her shoulders, and decided to get it over with. She removed the lid, and turned to face the table. Squatting slightly, she craned her head forward to peer past her cum-coated cheeks. She had to pee badly, and easily released a strong stream, which splashed against her hand as she held the small bottle. She squeezed her legs tightly together before overflowing the jar.

"Need any help?" Jessica's voice startled her.

A small trickle of pee trailed down her leg before she got fully in control. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Jessica peeking over the drapery.

"I'll grab you a towel." She said, turning away.

She came back and handed her a damp towel to clean up with, as the nurse came back to collect the jar.

Jessica helped her back into the wheelchair, and she wheeled her back out of the room. She saw her pursuers fall into line behind them as they left.

"We need to get you over to Radiology now," But as she finished the sentence, they heard a muted buzz.

Jessica reached in her pocket, pulled out the beeper, and checked the screen.

"Well, I guess it's time you learned about our donor clinic," she said, as they rolled past the bank of elevators that they used before. "Luckily, it's just down the hall. The University has deep freeze equipment on site, so they are able to maintain a state of the art sperm bank. Since they only require minuscule amounts of the actual semen for their specimen's, we were able to combine the two programs to benefit each other."

They entered a small waiting room, with a lone man sitting down, reading a newspaper. Jessica leaned hear head through the opening on the back wall.

"Are you ready for us?" she asked.

She was waved in, and they passed through the inner door into a narrow hallway. A nurse watched her closely as they went past. She held a hand over her mouth, hiding the look of shock on her face from Jenny, as she saw Jenny's appearance.

Jessica opened an unmarked door on the left, and they entered a small room. The room was stark white, with a highly polished floor. There was a gurney pushed up along one side, and a curtain against the back wall. A light fixture was mounted over the curtain, which was turned off. A small steel table was next to the drapes, with towels and small plastic cups on it.

Giving Jenny her hand, Jessica said "I need you to lie back on the gurney, dear."

She helped her up, and held the gurney in place while she climbed up on the narrow shelf, and then laid back. Jessica slipped a folded towel under hear head, which made it a lot more comfortable.

"What's going to happen here?" asked Jenny.

Just then the light above the curtains lit up.

"That's our cue!" said Jessica, as she wheeled the gurney over to the drapes, so Jenny was pointed headfirst toward them.

She drew the drapes apart, and by tipping her head back, Jenny could see a waist high opening in the wall. There was a viewing window mounted directly above.

"After a lot of trial and error, we finally came up with a good delivery method. "Now open your mouth wide for me" she said, opening her own mouth wide to demonstrate.

She slipped one of the plastic cups inside her mouth, and pushed it in so that the rim was just slightly above her lips.

"Wha ah ya ooeee?" Jessica pushed the gurney towards the wall.

"Now keep still dear, and don't move around. I will be keeping an eye on you at all times, so don't worry!

Jenny watched as her head passed through the opening, and extended in to the next room. She had to scrunch her shoulders together to clear the sides, as Jessica continued to feed the cart in. Alarmed, she felt her apron being bunched up between her breasts, causing them to tumble out the sides! Her arms were now pinned between her body and the side's of the chute. She felt the support structure under the gurney hit the wall, and she jerked to a stop, exposed from the top of her rib cage up in the next room, with no way to cover herself up!

The room was dark as she entered, but now a spotlight mounted above her head on the ceiling flicked on, illuminating her in a pool of light. She could see that the viewing window must actually be a two-way mirror, since the room was reflected from this side. A figure approached her, silhouetted by the spotlight. Understanding suddenly dawned on her, as his erect penis now loomed above her head, and he began rapidly masturbating. His free hand moved to her breast, as he fondled her at will.

It wasn't long before he threw his head back and climaxed with a groan. His first spurt caught her right in the eye, and she struggled against turning her head away. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut, as it began to sting. She could feel pressure against the cup, as he must have stuck his cock against the edge to direct some semen inside. She felt small droplets hitting her forehead, as he worked the last of the fluid out, and shook it off over her.

Thankfully, she immediately felt the table being pulled back through the opening.

"You did great Jenny! You didn't spill a drop! I thought you would loose it when he hit your eye," She said, as she plucked the cup from her mouth, and snapped a lid on.

She carefully began wiping the cum from Jenny's eye, which had started to tear up.

The door to the room opened, and the nurse stuck her head in.

"Excuse me, but we just had two new donors sign up outside. Do you have time for them?" She asked.

"Did you explain the procedure to them? Asked Jessica.

"Oh yes, and they seemed quite willing to cooperate!"

Jessica checked her watch.

"We'll try for one, but if he takes to long we won't be able to fit in both of them."

Jenny's shoulders slumped dejectedly, as the nurse turned and shut the door.

"This is so degrading, I can't believe this is really happening!"

"Don't give up on me now Jenny! You've been doing so well. You have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of! Besides, if you stop now, the treatment won't work.

She grabbed a towel off the cart, and carefully cleaned off around her eyes.

"There, that looks better!"

She bit her lip to keep from chuckling, as Jenny's face was now a mask of caked sperm. Her hair was starting to get matted to her face around the edges, and strands were clumping together, as rivulets of semen trailed down. She was going to have to keep her away from a mirror!

The light flashed on suddenly, and Jessica quickly grabbed another cup. This time Jenny held her mouth open without being asked, and she fit the cup in place. Jenny slipped back through the opening, and once again a dark figure was in place, stroking his meaty cock. He slid closer to the wall, and started to swipe his cock across her erect nipple. He reached behind, and picked something up. Jenny felt him squeeze out a glob of lubricant all over the middle of her breast, which he proceeded to begin working in with his cock. He actually cupped the flesh of her breast around his member, and began stroking his hips in and out as if he was fucking her! Suddenly she felt his cum spurt across her other breast, as he gave a final buck of his hips. He quickly released her, and oozed a line of goo up her neck, to the waiting cup. She couldn't believe how much additional fluid he continued to squeeze out of the monster, little of which seemed to hit the cup. She could taste it oozing in at the corners of her mouth.

She felt the gurney slip back, as the man let out a gleeful whoop. Jessica once more replaced the cup with an empty one, and the routine was repeated shortly afterward, with the third man. She helped Jenny get back to her chair, after both men had spent themselves all over her face. She was ushered back into the hallway. Rivers of spunk rolled down her face, and hung off her chin. They broke off under their own weight, and plopped down on her chest. The front of her apron was getting plastered to her breasts, and her nipples were plainly visible through the thin material.

When they re-entered the waiting room, the two men who had been following her were lounging back in chairs, with big grins on their faces. They gave her a "thumbs-up" gesture as she passed. She understood then who her last two "donors" had been! Her face was burning under the layer of goo.

"Well, at least I'll be left alone now!" She said to herself, with a rueful smile.

She drifted along as if in a trance through more hallways and doors. She was vaguely aware of a crowded elevator at one point, and the persistent buzz of background noises. She came back to reality finally, seated in another quiet examination room. Jessica was helping her up by one arm, and a different man had a hand under the other.

"Welcome back!" said Jessica, as she saw Jenny start to look around. "You must have drifted off on us for a bit. Must be the overload of new experiences! You're in radiology now, and this is Dr. Ellis."

She nodded toward the other young man. He had bright blue eyes and shortly trimmed blond hair. They led her over to a large table in the center of the room.

She felt Jessica undoing the ties of her apron in back.

"We need to remove this for your pictures"

She explained, as she pulled it carefully over her head, and draped it on the chair.

" You can climb up on the table, and kneel down facing us" said Dr. Ellis, as he pulled a wallet out of his pants.

Jenny looked on blankly as he pulled out the program ID card, showing it to her.

"Jessica, set that bowl over by Jenny" He said as he turned away.

He pointed towards a large, clear bowl sitting on a cart by the table, which she picked up and carefully positioned in the center of the table where Jenny was kneeling. Dr. Ellis busied himself with a video camera mounted on a heavy tripod, positioned close by. He raised it up to eye level, and flipped on the camera light mounted on its side.

"Jessica, I'm going to need your help here."

Jenny looked on with shock, as he unzipped his pants, and pulled out a beefy cock. So far, every man in this hospital had her husband beat hands down in size! Jennifer dropped down to her knees in front of him, and took him deeply into her mouth!

"This is a special X-ray camera, Jenny. Dr. Stevens indicated that you have had a urinary infection in the past, so he wants a film sequence of your bladder and urinary tract function, to check for any chronic problems. I will need you to squat over the bowl, and face the camera. Jenny did as he asked, as primly as she could. It sure is a funny looking X-ray camera, she thought to herself!

She watched as Jessica sucked the doctor's testicles into her mouth, as she slowly stroked his now fully erect cock with a free hand.

"Now lean back on your hands for me, and spread your legs as wide as you can."

He was totally focused on the camera viewfinder, and never looked up directly at her. Somehow, this seemed to lesson her embarrassment, as she slowly spread her legs.

"Very good Jenny!" When I give you the word I want you to pee, until I tell you to stop. We need to see your muscle's as they contract and relax. Go ahead and start!"

Jenny felt great relief, as she let loose with a strong stream of pee directly into the bottom of the empty bowl.

"Stop" he called out suddenly.

She groaned as she contracted her muscles tightly, her hips lifting with effort as she tensed up and fought against the urge to continue peeing. She could see Jessica's head bob back and forth now on his shaft, slurping and gurgling away quite noisily.

"Beautiful Jenny, now continue!" he said.

A noisy stream splashed into the bowl, and as relief washed over her, Jenny could see him grasp the back of Jessica's head and drive it forward into his hips, as he released himself into her mouth. He held her in this position, choking and gagging, till his climax subsided. He then released her head, and she pulled away and turned, rising back up to her feet.

Jenny's spray of pee was starting to lesson, as Jessica walked around the table behind her. As she finished, Jessica moved the bowl aside, and put her hands under Jenny's arms, supporting her as she helped her lay backwards, down onto her back. She leaned over Jenny, and wiped her genitals off with a warm towel, as her legs were still splayed facing the camera. She looked down into Jenny's eyes, and puckered her lips, releasing a long stream of goo right on top of her nose and mouth! Jenny shut her eyes tightly, as it rolled down both sides of her face.

"I was a good girl, and didn't waste a drop!" whispered Jessica, when the stream finally abated.

Jenny returned to her chair, and was taken back out into the hallway, next to a different door. Jessica had helped her back into the apron, which was now completely soaked down to her waist. It clung tightly to the curvature of her breasts. Her exposed cleavage was wet, and glistened with fluid.

Jessica put her chart down next to the chair.

"All we need now is your chest X-ray, and then we can get going. The room is in use right now, so you can relax for a few minutes until they're ready. I'm going to try to find a cup of coffee. I'll be right back."

She turned and walked away, down the hall.

Two minutes later the door next to her opened, and a male patient walked out, followed by another man in a white lab coat.

"You can go back to the exam room now, Mr. Thomas, the doctor will be back with you shortly."

He turned, and noticed Jenny. Reaching down, he looked at the clipboard.

"You're here with Dr. Stevens, Jenny?" he asked, still flipping through her chart.

He looked quite young, and very nerdy. He was wearing thick glasses, and had a mess of curly, uncombed hair.

“ My name is Jack, and I'm one of the X-ray technicians. I see that you're waiting for a chest film, so lets not keep you waiting any longer."

He wheeled her into the empty room, and locked the wheels on the chair. He stepped around to help her up, at which point he noticed her face, and caught the scent of the spent seed coming off of her. He was stunned speechless, as his jaw fell open!

Jenny saw the look on his face.

"Let's get it over with," she said in a resigned voice.

"Go ahead and pull your cock out!"

He just continued to stare, as he took a deep swallow, unable to answer her.

"Well, if you're too shy, I guess I can help!"

She was anxious to get through with the treatments, so she reached forward and boldly unzipped his pants (she was amazed at the difference in her actions, from just a few hours ago. She would never have dreamed of doing this before today!).

Fishing through his underwear, she gently pulled his penis and balls out into the open. The now familiar musky scent of a man's penis wafted over her face, as she began to work on his stiffening member. She reached behind and pulled the apron over her head, exposing her breasts to his view, maintaining the steady rhythm back and forth on his shaft.

"You are incredible!" He croaked, watching her from above.

She moved forward off the chair onto her knees, taking her position directly underneath his now fully engorged member.

She dropped a hand to her slippery breast, and began working it as he watched. She squeezed and stroked the flesh around in her hand, and began pulling and stroking her large nipple. She saw his balls tightening, and felt his thighs clench. He let out a gasp as he climaxed, and shot a powerful spurt that splashed down on her forehead. She carefully milked every last drop of fluid from him, much to his delight.

"That had to be the kinkiest experience of my life! I can't believe this happened!" he said, as he tucked his cock away, zipping his trousers back up.

Jenny smiled.

"Are you new with the program?" She asked, pulling her apron back up.

"What program do you mean?" He asked.

Startled, she looked up at him.

"Oh, no!" She said, seeing the innocent look on his face. She now remembered that he had never showed her a card. He must believe that she was some sort of nymphomaniac!

Looking down, she allowed him to position her up against a wall in front of a real X-ray machine (she now wondered about the real purpose of the camera in the other room!). He finished the whole process in just a few minutes, returning her to the hallway to wait for Jessica. He made a few clumsy attempts at conversation, but she was to embarrassed to answer. As he left, he handed her one of his business cards, begging her to call!

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**Caddyshack Jenny**

by Capstick

Jenny arrived at the Country Club at four o'clock sharp. Her husband had dropped off his car for service that morning on his way to the office. A co-worker had dropped him off for his twelve p.m. tee time. Jenny was going to pick him up, and take him back to the dealership to reclaim his car before they closed for the evening. "Jenny's Taxi service" was once again in full swing she mused, with a rueful smile. She was once again being used. Though certainly not wealthy, they got along all right without a second income. They had no children, and lived well within their means.

Except for this club! She thought to herself. Looking around the parking lot, all she saw were Lexus, Mercedes and Jaguar nameplates! She felt out of place parking her four-year-old Taurus next to a brand new silver Corvette convertible. A young man immediately approached her car, dressed in a white polo shirt with the club logo at his breast.

"Can I help you with your clubs, Mam?" he asked brightly, with an eager grin on his cute face.

"Oh no. I'm just here to pick up my husband! Which way is the clubhouse?" she asked with a smile.

"Follow me, Mam!" he answered, leading her through the parked cars, up to a long cobblestone path, bordered by carefully pruned Magnolia trees. There was a sweet perfume in the air, and small songbirds were flitting all around, chirping happily in the late afternoon sun.

They emerged from the path to large, carved mahogany set of doors set into the face of an elegant, stone mansion. As they passed inside, they entered a spacious, high ceiling entry hall, with groups of massive leather armchairs spaced around marble sofa tables. Small knots of men sat in comfortable groups, deeply involved in their own jovial conversations. Jenny could smell the odor of expensive cigars in the air. No one paid them any attention as they passed through.

They now entered a separate room at the back of the hall, through a set of cut glass French doors thrown wide open. There were several racks of colorful golf clothes on display in the brightly lit room. Golf clubs lined one of the walls, and there was a long carved wood counter to the side. The back-wall was all glass, providing a panoramic view of a heavily contoured practice green, with the finishing hole of the course off in the distance.

"How can I help you?" Asked the athletic looking middle-aged man from behind the wood counter, watching as she entered the shop.

There were two other men in golf outfits standing in front of the counter, their backs to her. They were both looking at their golf cards, comparing scores for the day.

"I'm here to pick up my husband, Jack Richards. He said I could meet him at the Pro Shop at four" she answered. One of the men turned suddenly, and she recognized Dr. Stevens from the Hospital!

"Jenny! How nice to see you again!" He said with a big smile, walking right up to greet her.

He took her hand in both of his, giving it a warm shake as he peered closely at her face. Jenny couldn't bear to meet his eyes, as previous feelings of shame and embarrassment washed over her. He leaned in close and whispered, "I see your complexion is clear as a bell! The treatments must be working great!"

He turned back and said, "Jenny and I will be out on the patio. We'll catch Jack on his way in."

He wrapped an arm lightly around her narrow waist, directing her out through a door on the back wall. They stepped onto a broad stone terrace, with several wrought iron patio sets overlooking the practice green.

He held out a chair for her, taking a seat himself after she had settled in. With a sweep of his hand a perky young waitress appeared, asking if she could get them anything from the bar. Jenny asked for a glass of water, while Dr. Stevens requested a "Bushmill's on the rocks."

"So how have you been Jenny?" he asked with a smile, after she had left to get their drinks.

Though very hesitant initially, Jenny found herself slowly being drawn into conversation with him. He was a very charming, confident man with a contagious smile. It didn't hurt that he had such a pleasant, chiseled face either!

"You were a great sport, to put up with Jack's stunt as well as you did, Jenny. I don't know of many women who could have gone through with it!" He shook his head, staring vacantly off into the distance, remembering that day from the past where they had first met.

Jenny grasped her glass of water and took a quick swallow, to keep from choking. Looking over his shoulder, she could see her husband standing with a small group of men, laughing and shaking hands. There were four teenagers walking back towards the side of the clubhouse, carrying their golf bags. The men were in an animated discussion, and didn't look to be in a hurry to come up just yet.

"I wasn't aware that Jack knew anything about that day!" she said to Dr. Stevens, her eyes still locked on her husband in the distance.

"Oh come on Jenny, be serious!" he answered with a grin; that is until he saw the expression on her face.

"I just assumed that since you were such a good sport about the "treatments" that day, you must have been in on it!" He suddenly felt very awkward.

"Are you telling me that my husband ARRANGED for that to happen to me!" she asked, locking his eves with a piercing stare.

He cradled his fingers together on the tabletop, puffing his cheeks out as he expelled a slow breath.

"Look around you, Jenny. Do you realize how much a membership to this club is worth? It takes years to even make it off the waiting list to get in! But Jenny" He said, returning her stare with equal intent, "You were worth every penny!"

Jenny slumped back in her chair, as she realized how she had been used.

"I'm only being honest with you because I really like you, Jenny. You seem to be a very sweet girl. I have a totally different opinion of you now then before."

She looked back up at him, and saw her husband wave as he approached the terrace.

"Don't mention this to him!" she whispered urgently, rising in her chair to greet her husband, her face plastered with an artificial smile.

Brentwood Country Club Members Outing (One month later)

Jack sat in front of his locker at the club, reveling in the atmosphere and "feel" of the room. All around, fellow members were laughing and telling jokes at each other's expense, generally having a grand old time! He slipped his right foot into his favorite golf shoes, and suddenly paused as he felt something ooze all around his foot. The room broke out in raucous laughter, as he slowly extracted his stocking foot now soaked with shaving cream!

"All right, very funny! Break the new guy in!" He joined in with their good-natured laughter, getting several pats on the back in playful sympathy.

"Jesus, did you see the new babe they have caddying this year!" Said an old timer sitting across from him. "I don't know where she came from, but I hope this is the start of something big!"

Another guy standing to the side broke in, "Speaking of big, did you catch the knockers on that one! Nipples out to here" He mimed, holding his fingers a good inch from his chest. "I'm going to go bribe Harry right now!"

They all broke out in a laugh. Jack hoped he would get her. Somehow, he had landed in Jenny's doghouse for the last month. He definitely needed to touch something soft real soon! His back was still stiff from the couch. He knew every spring on a first name basis.

He changed socks, and slipped on an old pair of spikes. Grabbing a donut off the snack table, he followed the others out the door and up towards the practice green. There was an circle of golfers wrapped around the back, blocking his view. He stopped dead in his tracks, as he came upon a break in the ring of men, and saw what they were all staring at. The club pro was kneeling next to a curvaceous young lady, explaining to her how to "read a green".

Her back was turned to the men as she watched him carefully explaining the breaks of the practice green in front of them. She was dressed in a tiny white tennis skirt with a white cotton top. Long blond hair draped midway down to her ass, tied in a loose ponytail. The group of guys around him gasped in unison, as she doubled over at the waist, placing her hands on her knees. While she was trying to get a clearer view of the break, she was giving the men quite a treat! The short skirt rode up her legs, just short of her well-rounded ass. Jack felt his cock stiffening in his loose shorts!

"Holy shit! Will you look at that!" exclaimed one of the old-timers, as they approached from the locker room, joining the small knot of men.

Several of the guys chuckled along with him, and sensing the attention, the gal's head slowly turned back, peering over her shoulder! Jack's jaw dropped, as he recognized his wife's familiar face! Seeing her husband's startled expression at the back of her group of admirers, Jenny grinned a devilish smile and returned her attention to the club pro. Jenny bent over deeper yet, making it apparent to the group that she wore nothing underneath the brief skirt!

"That must be the new caddy!" Said the old-timer, giving her an appreciative whistle. "You know old man Broomhall will keep her all to himself though!"

Bill Broomhall was the current owner of the club, and having recently retired, was a very active member, never missing an event.

"All golfers please come to the first tee for your starting assignments please." A voice called out over the P.A. system.

"There's the old man now, let's get going!" Reluctantly, the group of men turned away from Jenny as she straightened back up, and started to make their way over to the first tee area.

Jack stood dumbfounded, still staring at his wife. He was torn between joining the group of guys, or grabbing her by the scruff of the neck and getting her out of here! Hmmmm, Of course at this point, no one knew who she really was, and if he did make a scene they would probably cancel his membership! Making up his mind, he turned and quickly followed off after the group, leaving Jenny standing alone on the practice green.

"What a jerk!" She thought to herself, watching him join up with the others. "Well, here we go girl! Lets see how he likes me now!"

"Let's get going, Jenny!" said the Pro, and strode off towards the Caddy shack.

She hurried after him down the shrub-lined path. They approached a low white building set back off the course proper. There were maintenance vehicles and carts parked in neat rows behind the building. The front half was where the member's clubs were stored, and it also housed the Caddy's locker room, along with a small commissary. The club pro had showed Jenny around the grounds earlier, so she was somewhat familiar with the operation.

"O.K. guys, settle down and listen up!" shouted the Pro. There were 48 members participating in today's tournament, so the attention of 47 caddies suddenly turned to the pro, with Jenny standing alongside. She was immediately struck by how young they all looked, many not much taller then the clubs they carried. Most were family members and relatives of the members. She also didn't see another girl in the group. Rather then looking at the Pro, however, she felt all eyes were glued to her chest!

Let me digress for a moment, and explain the object of the young men's attention to you. Jenny has been blessed (she has believed many times cursed!) with perfectly formed, football-sized breasts. Not only are they so delightfully proportioned, they feature embarrassingly large, puffy aureole with a deep purplish brown hue. Protruding from these aureole are thick nipples, quite obvious even at rest. It is for this reason that she has always worn heavy support bras, keeping her obvious charms under a heavy disguise.

We can all be thankful for this today, since her breasts were now free of encumbrance, gracefully swaying beneath the thin cotton material of the white uniform golf jersey she had been given to wear. They thrust proudly forward towards the young eyes, and they watched on with wonder as the nipples slowly engorged and grew with the attention.

Jenny gave a chuckle under her breath and clasped her hands behind her back, now standing at attention for the boy's enjoyment, swiveling this way and that for their enjoyment. The club had no women's clothing to offer her, so she had selected this sweater earlier. It was intended to wear over a collared golf shirt, but no one was in a mind to point this out to her. Being sized for a larger man, it draped rather loosely off her shoulders, with a deep V-cut highlighting her abundant cleavage. The material was strained across her jumbo breasts however, with her dark areola being hinted at underneath the thin material.

"Boy's, you've all been through this before, but we have a new member to the caddies fraternity today! I'd like to introduce Jenny!" She gave the boys a big wave, causing her breasts to sway back and forth.

She noticed them whispering to each other, with many an elbow dig exchanged, as they gave her a warm applause.

"I want you all to make her feel at home! Everybody meet up with your golfers at the first tee in fifteen minutes, and remember to have fun out there!" With that said, he turned and hurried off to join the golfers.

Jenny was left standing in front of the group, who were all still staring slack jawed at her. A cute red headed boy in the front row was shoved from behind, stumbling towards her. She heard a muffled "Go ahead!" from behind him. He raised his head up, though she saw his eyes were still glued to her chest. She smiled to herself, as he blushed furiously, matching the shade of his carrot-top hair.

"Good luck, mam!" he said in a croaking voice, as he opened his arms and surged forward to embrace her with a big hug. Jenny now realized his true intentions, as he began snuggling his head up against her breasts, which were conveniently at his eye level!

She wrapped her arms around him, giving him a gentle pat on the back. Seeing no objection from her, another boy approached hesitantly, tapping the red head on the shoulder, and taking his place after wishing her well. She saw a line in front of her begin to form, but simply shrugged her shoulders and closed her eyes, feeling the next young face bury itself into her cleavage. Rather than wrap up her waist though, this one slipped his hands up under her skirt and grabbed both bare cheeks! She reached back and grasped his wrists.

"Hey, watch it there buster!" she scolded, seeing his face peek up at her from between her breasts.

He had a sheepish grin on his face, as the next boy quickly took his place. Jenny's nipples now stood out fully erect, as most of them took advantage of the opportunity to rub their faces across either one or the other puckered nipple. A few of them surprised her by immediately beginning to suckle, engulfing her immediately with wide-open mouths! She had to reach down to pry them away manually. She took it very well though.

"Boys will be boys," she thought with a sly grin!

Jack listened attentively as Bill Broomhall stood before the group of members, explaining the rules of the tournament. The club pro stood on his left, clarifying any fine points coming under question. One of the club waitresses stood at his right. The members were all seated on bleachers, which bordered the first tee box. There was a large score board opposite from the bleachers behind Bill, which showed the individual pairings, and provided room for scores to be continuously updated. The fairway of the opening par 4 extended out to their right, cascading majestically down a graceful slope, bordered by mature pines. Impulse sprinklers swung back and forth across the fairway spewing large graceful arcs of water, with a steady FFFPP, FFFPP, FFFPP rhythm in the early morning sun.

Jack noticed he was grouped in Bill's foursome, and was number four on the board! Apparently it was traditional for any new members to be included with this foursome on the opening day of the tournament. Dr. Stevens was the third member of the party, with Rich Payner, the club pro, rounding out the group. Jack was feeling very intimidated to be playing with the club owner, plus he still owed Dr. Stevens's big time for getting him a membership.

The group of caddies now approached the back of the tee box, standing off a respectful distance. They each carried their assigned member's bag of clubs; each bag bore a large tag corresponding to the golfers position on the scoreboard. Jack saw his wife struggling up at the back of the group, burdened down by her assigned bag. He shook his head, as the strap had pulled down one side of her sweater, exposing a generous amount of cleavage. He sensed that most of the guys caught the same view!

She gave a big sigh, and began rubbing her shoulder as she set the bag down in front of her. As she straightened up, Her dark brown aureoles were shockingly visible through the front of her sweater! There were wet blotches over both areas, as if she had been nursing through the thin material! Both erect nipples were brought into sharp relief. Jenny was oblivious to the exposure, as she continued rubbing her sore shoulder, and arching her back.

She clutched a small leather pouch in her other hand. The number one was displayed on the round tag of the clubs now at her side. Color drained from Jack's face as he realized that Bill held the number one position on the scoreboard, and now he was forced to play along with his wife! Too late to back down now though, he realized with a rueful shake of the head.

Bill finished by wishing everyone good luck, and handed the microphone to the waitress. She announced in a clear voice:

"First off will be the group of Broomhall, Stevens, Paynor and Richards. Could I have the numbers one through four caddies enter the tee box area please. Next are the Ryan, Johnson, Mitchell and Smith group, followed third by Ankers, Ankers, Simpson and Thomlasen."

When the four men had entered the tee area, they exchanged polite handshakes. Each man then approached the caddies, and introduced himself. When Jack shook Jenny's hand, she looked right through him, pretending he didn't even exist. He couldn't help but stare guiltily at her chest, just like the others. The men asked for their clubs, which the caddies extracted and handed over. Everyone selected a driver except Jack, who selected a three wood. He had a case of opening tee jitters. He had never teed off with this many people watching, and he sure didn't want to skull one now!

After the players had done some quick stretches, Bill stepped up to the black markers and teed up his Titlest balata. Everyone quieted down, and it was suddenly ghostly silent except for the chirping of some birds in the pines, and the continuing FFFPP FFFPP of the impulse sprinklers. After carefully adjusting his stance, he drew back with a slow back-swing, dropping the club back down and through with too much force, cutting underneath the highly teed ball and producing a short ten yard pop fly landing down in front of the tee box.

He raised his arms in triumph, and bellowed out a big, good-natured belly laugh. Seeing he was being a good sport, everyone else joined in. It was a great tension breaker, and when they quieted back down, they all started to chant Mulligan, Mulligan, and Mulligan in unison.

"O.K., O.K.!" He said, raising an arm to quiet them. He looked back to Jenny. "Could you grab me a ball dear?"

Mistaking his meaning (or grabbing the opportunity?), she bounded forward, and jogged out to retrieve the ball he had just miss-hit. Stunned, everyone watched as she bounced right out directly in front of the spray of one of the fairway sprinklers, bending over at the waist to gracefully retrieve the ball from the grass underneath!

The front of her sweater plastered against her pendulous breasts, as she kept her head stretched back out of the spray. She turned, and began jogging back towards Bill, with her breast now clearly defined under the transparent material, bouncing and swaying in rhythm to her paces. The men all cheered aloud as she presented the ball to Bill, first holding it up in triumph to the bleachers! She then gave a cute little curtsy, and returned back to the bag, with Bill following her swaying ass.

It took a bit for the crowd to get settled down again after this exhibition. Jack stood with his eyes buried in one hand, unwilling to look back at Jenny, who was standing proudly with shoulders back, hands at her side. She had a bright, sunny smile on her face, as if nothing was amiss.

She kept her attention focused on Bill, so as to allow the crowd to enjoy the view comfortably. The sweater had stretched out, and tightly conformed to her breasts, with the scooped front exposing a dangerous amount of abundant cleavage, which now glistened in the sun with moisture.

Bill settled back over his ball, and this time stroked it down the heart of the fairway with his normal smooth tempo. Jenny squealed with delight, leading a polite applause from the bleachers. Most of the guys hadn't even noticed the tee-shot of course, their attention being directed elsewhere!

Jack watched as Bill stepped back by Jenny, and began whispering in her ear. She gave him a playful punch in the arm at one point, but mostly smiled and nodded her head as he carried on a one-sided conversation with her. Jack tried to ignore them, but pangs of jealousy started to spring up unbidden as he furtively glanced back.

The remaining tee shots went off without event, as the three men were all consistent players. Off they strode down the wet fairway, the groundskeepers having finally shut off the irrigation system. Being intelligent men, they all allowed Jenny to lead the way, struggling under the burden of Bills heavy bag. They came up to Bill's ball first, as he was the shortest hitter in the grouping.

Jenny let the bag drop with a thump off her shoulder, flashing a generous amount of thigh as she bent to tip it back upright. She dropped the small satchel she was holding in her other hand, clumsily bending to retrieve it also.

"This will never do!" Said Bill with a frown.

"I'm so sorry!" said Jenny, pouting and bringing her hands up to cover her face.

"I'm afraid I'm not cut out for caddying! I'll never make it through the day carrying this bag!"

A tear started to trace down her cheek, which she quickly wiped away. Bill stepped up and wrapped his arm protectively around her shoulders. Even at sixty years old, he was still a big bear of a man.

"Nonsense dear, I won't have any of that kind of talk from you! Richards! You're the rookie in this group! I'm afraid you'll have to lug your own bag today!"

He turned to Jack's caddy, and motioned him over. The boy walked over to Jack, not looking him in the eye.

"I'm sorry sir, but here's your bag." He then slipped it off his shoulders, setting it in front of Jack.

Scurrying over by Jenny, he then took control of the bag for her. Asking for a five iron, Bill settled over his ball. One smooth swing later found his ball landing just short of the green, splitting the two green-side bunkers and rolling up to rest in the center of the putting surface.

"You see that girl! You bring me luck! Yes sir, today's going to be my lucky day! I'm going to win one of these tournaments yet!" said Bill, as he tossed his club nonchalantly towards his new caddy.

Jenny squealed as he gave her ass a sharp smack.

"Am I going to get spanked every time you hit a good shot?" she asked, loud enough to be heard by the rest of the group.

She fluttered her eyes at Bill with a very coy expression on her face, as she reached back and playfully rubbed her well-rounded ass through the short skirt. The rest of the group watched as the hemline of the short skirt followed her movements up and down, just short of her ass. Jack's throat constricted as he watched the banter between them.

"She never acted like that with me!" he muttered to himself.

Once more she bent down to retrieve the satchel she had dropped when he smacked her.

"What's in that thing you keep dropping?" asked Bill.

"You know that a girl needs her lipstick! I'm afraid this skirt didn't come with pockets!" she said in a bright voice, stretching the skirt out playfully for him to see (and confirming to everyone that she didn't wear any panties!).

He smacked his forehead with his palm. "I'm sorry I asked. We're not used to playing with girls! Richards! As long as you're carrying clubs, stick this in a pocket for Jenny!”

He grabbed the bag from her hand, tossing it back to Jack, who reluctantly shoved it in a back pocket.

Dr. Stevens placed a hand on Jacks shoulder, when attention had returned to Jenny. In a quiet voice, he asked, "I take it you don't want the fact she's your wife published!"

Looking down, Jack answered, "God no! I'd be a laughing stock! Can you imagine what the rest of the members would think of me, if they knew we were married? I can't figure out why she's putting me through this though!"

Dr. Stevens shook his head in agreement. "I can't imagine either, but it could be a real long day for you" he said with a smile, returning his gaze to Jenny.

Jack and Dr. Stevens hit their approach shots, neither matching Bills effort. Rich was the last to play, having hit an enormous drive as usual. With a deft hand, he hit a full wedge twenty feet beyond the pin, spinning it back to settle half way in-between Bills ball and the pin. The rest of the members back on the tee let out a cheer, as they had been following the action from the bleachers.

Even Jenny could see that it was a wonderful effort, and pranced up in front of Rich. She stuck her ass out towards him playfully, bending forward to put her hands on her knees. Rich was no fool! Not hesitating a second, he gave her a quick underhand swat, eliciting a small squeal of delight from Jenny. Jack frowned as Rich let his hand linger briefly, brushing against her privates. Jenny certainly didn't help matters either, as she wiggled her butt back against his hand!

Jack strode forward briskly, fuming at his plight. He set down his bag, selected his putter, and joined the rest of the group on the green. Marking his ball just inside the back fringe, he started surveying the green. Bill and Rich were comparing shots as they marked their balls, trading barbs. Rich tossed the ball to his caddy to clean. Bill handed his to Jenny.

She watched, as the other caddies wiped the balls down with fluffy white towels and handed them back to their golfers, who pocketed them. Having no towel of her own, she began a careful examination of the ball, casually wiping it across the saturated material covering her right nipple. She felt it swelling, sending tingles of pleasure straight down to her groin, as she continued teasing it in full view of the men.

Giving Bill a wink, she slipped the ball in his pocket for him, tracing a fingernail up the side of his stiff cock on the way out!

Bill cleared his throat. "Richards! You're away!"

Jack lined up his put once again, willing himself to calm down. Stroking the putter with no feel, he blew the put well beyond the cup on the fast green.

"Still away!" cried Bill, as he moved next to Jenny, and again began whispering in her ear.

Jack settled down this time, and his second effort, while not dropping, allowed a tap-in finish. He was relieved to be out of the spotlight, and have the first hole behind him. Dr. Stevens played next, and taking advantage of the line from Jack's second putt, smoothly stroked his ball home.

Jenny threw a fist in the air with a whoop of joy, and shook her chest back and forth, giving the group quite a show! Jack heard shouts from behind, and looked back over his shoulder. The second group was enjoying the action, having already played their tee-shots. They had moved up in the fairway to follow Jenny's antics on the green.

"O.K. Dear, show me the line!" said Bill, as he replaced his ball, pocketing his ball mark.

Jenny surveyed the situation, and with a sly grin, slowly sauntered all the way to the front edge of the green, spinning around so that his ball was between her and the cup. Dropping down on both knees, she leaned forward on her hands and arched forward toward the ball, her ass sticking up high in the air! Jack could imagine the view she was giving to the guys in the fairway, as he could see them exchanging hi-fives.

"Holy-moley!" muttered one of the young caddies by his side, as her breasts spilled forward out of the loose top!

She didn't seem to notice though, as she swayed side to side to pick up the contour of the surface.

"It's going to bend this way!" she said, as she sat back on her heels, bringing her heavy breasts into prominent view!

"Whoopsee!" she exclaimed, as she carefully pulled the thin, stretched out material back up over her breasts.

She made quite a show out of shifting and tucking her breasts this way and that, till she was satisfied with the way the sweater looked. Jack heard the caddy gulp noisily at his side, as she stood back up.

"Sorry about that guys!" she said.

Everyone was speechless though, and Bill stepped up to his putt. It dropped just as planned, and he and Jenny embraced, raising her feet up off the ground in his enthusiasm! As he set her down, her left breast bounced free. Once again he playfully smacked her ass, causing the other breast to swing out with her sudden jerk. No one mentioned this to her, however, and she stepped back to allow Rich to finish out, hands on her wide hips, breasts hanging proudly on display!

Jack picked up his bag, as the group started to leave the green. Running up behind them, he saw an opportunity to slide in next to her as they approached the second tee.

"You're tits are showing, you stupid cow!" he urgently whispered.

She now met his eyes for the first time, and slowly smiled. "I know, dumb fuck!" she replied, shocking him into silence!

And so it continued for the next six holes. Jenny continued to flirt heavily with all the men, except of course her Husband! The more she yanked and pulled on her sweater as it dried, the looser the material became, to the point where even when she tried to keep herself covered, the neckline still exposed the edges of her large areolas. She was enjoying the effect she had on them all, though, as the semi-erections were very apparent beneath their loose shorts.

As they stepped onto the eighth tee box, a girl pulled up driving a golf cart, which had been converted to serve as a beverage cart. "Coffee anyone!" she asked, and immediately had several takers.

One of the boys asked for a pop, which she kept in one of the back coolers. Jenny shifted her top back in place, and walked around to the back, examining the contents of a glass-topped cabinet containing snack food. Passing over the candy bars and junk food, she pointed to some fruit on the bottom shelf.

"Could I have a banana?" she asked the girl, pointing them out.

Stepping away from the cart with the banana, she strolled over to the wire trash basket next to a bench at the back of the tee area. She slowly peeled the fruit entirely, dropping it down into the bin. Rejoining the group of men as they sipped their coffee, she casually pressed the tip of the fruit past her puckered lips, staring vacantly down the eighth fairway. To everyone's amazement, she then proceeded to slide the fruit deep within her mouth!

Jack choked on his hot coffee, as he could see the outline of her tongue working busily inside her mouth, stroking the underside of the shaft. With agonizing slowness, she drew the fruit back out from her hollowed cheeks and past her puckered lips, trailing a thick stream of saliva from the tip of the fruit back to her lower lip.

With a devilish grin, she turned to the men.

"I just love banana's! They're such a fun fruit!"

The men watched hypnotized, as the stream of saliva bobbed up and down off her full lower lip. Now she tipped her head back, shutting her eyes, and once more pushed the fruit beyond her waiting lips. Dumfounded, they watched as she continued past the previous depth, forcing it deep down to the base of her mouth! A bulge was now visible at the top of her throat, as she forced the full length in with an effort!

She let out a muffled moan, squeezing the banana back out of her throat slowly. Now looking into Bill's eyes, she broke the end off in her mouth as she pulled it out. She moaned with pleasure as she chewed it up, swallowing it down all at once. Then she traced her long tongue all around her lips suggestively, never dropping her eyes from his open mouth stare.

"Do you like banana's too?" she asked him in a sultry voice, as she took another bite.

"I do now!" he boomed out, shaking his head in wonder.

"Son, hand me a six iron!" he said to his caddy, as he tore himself away from her smoky gaze, and strode up to the markers.

With his mind not on the game anymore, he launched a high slice, which plunged into the pines right of the green.

"Jenny, get me another ball please! I'm going to hit a provisional," he said with disgust.

He waited patiently while she searched through his bag for a ball, finally snatching one out and bringing it up to him.

"Thanks, Dear" he said, as he teed it up.

His next shot was much better, Just making the front edge of the green.

Rich hit next, once again laser beaming the flag. Jenny happily bounced up in front of him to receive another good luck smack. This time he reached down with his left hand though, lifting the hem of her dress. He then smacked her bare ass with his right hand, causing her to hop forward slightly.

"Ouch!" she said, looking back with a smile, as she rubbed her red cheek.

Much to everyone's delight, her breasts had again swung free. She made no move to cover herself, now that the cart had left, as she strolled back behind the tee box. The boys looked on in wonder, as she swayed up to where they waited in position.

Dr. Stevens and Jack teed-off, both balls settling just off the back fringe of the green. Before they left for the green however, Bill called out "Richards! Jenny wants her make-up!"

Jack walked over with the bag dangling from his shoulder, and pulled the bag out of his back pocket. The men watched her unzip the bag, pulling out a small mirror and dark red tube. She managed to make even this look incredibly erotic, as she traced a heavy layer of the dark red lipstick over her full, puckered lips for them.

"The only trouble with banana's, is they smear your lipstick!" she said in a sultry voice.

"Only the way you do it, Babe!" answered Bill, with a look of awe on his face.

The group broke up, starting down the fairway. Jenny handed the bag back to her husband with a sneer.

"I hope I brought enough lipstick," she said, quickly turning to chase after them.

As she caught up with Bill, he turned back to the group. "I'm going to look for my first ball guys, don't wait for me! Come with me dear, and give me a hand!"

They veered off from the green, plunging into the bordering pines.

After surveying their shots, Jack was first to hit. He choked down on a seven iron, hitting a running shot into the uphill green. The ball broke away at the last instant, but settling within a very makeable range. He marked the ball, and got out of the way for Dr. Stevens. Facing a downhill chip, he selected his sand iron, opening his stance and shoulders to the pin. Releasing a smooth pop shot, the ball landed softly, and continued trickling right down to the cup. With perfect speed and direction, it jumped into the hole, making that wonderful clatter that every golfer loves.

They all let out a cheer, and Dr. Stevens looked over to the side of the green.

"Now where's that girl when we need her! Hey Jenny! I've got something for you!" he said, yelling through cupped hands.

Now curious himself, Jack moved to the far edge, and debated whether to go in looking for them. Just then, he saw the two of them working their way back through the trees, hand in hand! He turned away in disgust, strolling back to the front of the green.

"Any Luck!" shouted Rich, as they climbed up the short slope.

Bill laughed. "Oh yes, I got lucky, but I never found the ball!" He stopped as Jenny whispered something in his ear. "Richards! She needs her make-up!"

Jack pulled the pouch out of his back pocket, casually holding it out as she approached, breasts still swinging free. Her swollen globes were covered with red hand marks! Apparently Bill was looking for something other then golf balls in the woods.

"Thanks" she said as she took the pouch.

He looked up to her face, and felt the color draining away. Her dark red lipstick was now smeared all over her chin, and thick streams of goo crisscrossed haphazardly all over! The fresh metallic smell of cum wafted over him, and he realized how far she was willing to take this humiliation!

Again gripping the small mirror, she checked her reflection, still standing directly in front of Jack. She grasped the top of her sweater from underneath her swollen breasts, and stretched it up to her face. Careful not to disturb the streams of cum, she wiped the smeared lipstick off as best she could. Finally satisfied, she let the sweater fall back down. It was now a real mess, hopelessly stretched out and falling off her shoulders. Looking back in the mirror, she re-applied the lipstick thickly from the same tube, pursing her lips.

"There, now how do I look?" she asked him innocently, batting her eyelashes.

Not waiting for an answer, she dropped the bag into his hand, and re-joined the other golfers.

"Hey Jenny, over here!" said Dr. Stevens, waving her over. "You missed a great shot while you were away!"

She shook her head daintily, and stuck her face out towards him. "That's what you think, silly! Does it look like I missed any "shots" today, Doctor?"

Everybody (except Jack) laughed out loud.

"I stand corrected!" he said, as she turned her back to him.

Making sure she had Jack's attention on the other side of the green, she started to bend forward to "assume the position". This time however, she reached back and flipped the back of her skirt up over her waist, completely exposing her round globes to the good Doctor. She gave Jack a sly wink, as she eagerly awaited her "good luck" smack.

"I did better than those guys," said the doctor, as he rubbed and patted her upturned ass.

The rest of the group, including Jack, was in front of them, being treated to a wonderful view of her pendulous breasts swaying freely.

"I put my shot right in the hole!" he said, plunging two fingers deeply in her moist vagina!

Her eyes popped wide open with surprise, as he started to rotate the finger deep within. Her lips puckered into a tight circle, as she arched her back deeply, allowing him easier access. Pulling out suddenly, he gave her a sharp smack. She squealed as she straightened, her breasts slapping up against her chin. Everyone chuckled as Dr. Stevens turned, heading off the green.

"I'm going to take a potty break gentlemen, see you on the next tee!”

Jenny trotted off after him, waving back to the rest of the group.

"Me too guys", she said over her shoulder, as she also trotted off towards the rest rooms situated between the two holes.

Bill laughed out loud, shaking his head in wonder.

"That's quite a girl! I wonder where she came from?"

He settled over his provisional ball, missing the putt by only a foot. He finished out, clearing the way for Rich, who quickly cleaned up his short putt for birdie. The group walked off, headed for the ninth tee. As they passed the restroom building, Jack considered heading over, but decided against it, afraid of what he might discover! Dr. Stevens caddy headed over to the structure though, leaning his bag against a rack.

When reaching the ninth tee, they decided to tee-off without Dr. Stevens. After Rich's tee shot, Dr. Stevens showed up, carrying his own bags.

"Sorry for the wait guys! I really had to go!" He set the bag down, pulling out his driver.

"No problem, you had perfect timing. You're up now," said Bill, as he took some practice swings at the back of the tee.

The remaining golfers hit away, all four shots spread out down the center of the fairway on the finishing par five.

Up the path trotted Dr. Stevens caddy, quietly picking up his bag. When Dr. Stevens handed him his driver, he ruffled the hair of the teenager, who looked down with a big grin. Up the path now walked Jenny, with a wide, close-mouthed grin on her face. Walking directly over to Jack, she held out her hand for the make-up, hip cocked outwards.

New streamers of cum covered her face, dangling from her nose and chin! One large spurt was pooled between her pursed lips. She was blinking her eyes rapidly, as one forceful stream had obviously made a direct hit across her closed right eye, leaving a large globule clinging to the eyelid and long lashes, the rest slowly slipping down the side of her pert nose. Tears and running mascara from the eye were adding to the mess, and overall effect!

As she examined her face in the mirror, her smile increased, and she looked back at Jack. Opening her lips with a broad open mouth grin, cum slipped inside, sticking to her pearly white teeth. She puckered her lips and noisily sucked in, drawing in a lot of the remaining goo. Then she made a show of running her long tongue around her lips, finally making an exaggerated swallow, all for his benefit. Once again applying more lipstick, she appraised her face. The stream of cum dangling off her chin broke free, plopping down the side of her breast. She scooped it up with her index finger, and staring deeply into Jack's eyes, plunged it into her mouth, sucking it clean with a soft moan.

Closing up the bag, she casually tossed it to Jack as she turned and started off down the fairway.

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**Jenny Nightingale Care Giver**

by WriterTA

John Hamilton, Jenny's husband took a severe fall three days ago. He dislocated his left knee, and due to complications when the dislocation was reduced had been hospitalized. John's Orthopedic Surgeon had John fitted with a thigh to ankle leg brace and prescribed a regimen of physical therapy with no load to be placed on his injured leg.

Swelling in the leg was extreme and greatly impeded even bending the knee joint more than a few degrees. Jenny took on the task of tending to John during his recuperation. John's immobilized leg prevented him from having sex in customary positions, and since the orthopedic brace was very bulky, it would difficult for Jenny to straddle him. Jenny had little experience with oral sex. Jenny's

boiling point was low enough that with only a small amount of foreplay, Jenny would be completely aroused and almost sexually out of control.

Jenny was shy and would have a hard time admitting how important regular sex with John was to her. She had a history of unfortunate accidents where she found herself partially or completely disrobed in public. On a couple of these occasions where she was also tangled in clothes or restrained, bystanders had taken tactile as well as visual liberties with her, and these invariably resulted in climaxes.

John thought his shapely wife was a real knockout and greatly enjoyed regular sex with her. John would travel away from home occasionally and had difficulty whenever he had to be away for more than a couple of nights. Because John's accident befell him the day he returned from a four-night trip, both were already celibate for a week once John was discharged from the hospital. John was very horny and if she were to admit it, so was Jenny, but whereas John could do little but lay in bed and watch his voluptuous wife bustling about, Jenny was busy with the added activities of caring for John. The tensions of accidental abstinence were very distracting to John but Jenny regarded her feelings as part of the `martyr's crown' that a nurse must endure.

John felt he must get the situation changed, and he talked candidly to a good buddy from the gym who also was the physical therapist helping John work his leg and knee back into shape. Thus, in response to a phone call, Jenny found herself visiting an office adjacent to the main hospital to talk to a Dr. Weber about John's rehabilitation program.

"Mrs. Hamilton," Dr. Weber started "I want you to know that while I am not an MD, I am part of the team working to rehabilitate your husband and wanted to talk to you about his progress and removing any obstacles to his speedy and complete recovery."

"Hugh has visited John three times now and has given good reports on John's therapy, but he has noted a problem that you are the best person to resolve."

"Oh Doctor" said Jenny, "What problem can John have. I will do everything in my power to help John recover. I am at his bedside constantly. What else can I do?"

"Jenny, .. May I call you Jenny? This is somewhat sensitive but I have to ask ..Have you had sexual relations with John since he was released? Since he left on the trip to Topeka?" Asked Dr. Weber.

Jenny blushed crimson and stammered "No we haven't .. John was away.. then in the hospital and now has to wear that bulky brace .."

"I understand Mrs. Hamilton .. Jenny.. but this abstinence is creating a lot of tension in John's life impeding his total focus on his rehabilitation. It must be causing considerable tension in your life also. To get John's rehabilitation back on track we need your total cooperation Mrs. Hamilton . Jenny. Can you make this commitment for the sake of your husband's health?"

Blushing furiously, but faced with the `Doctors' comments and phrased in the form of being part of a caregiver's role Jenny agreed she'd have to help John back to health in yet another way.

"Just next door is an interactional therapist group that I use." Weber intoned in his most professional manner. "I'll phone to see when they might have an appointment, but it often takes a week or more to get in.." "Interactional Plc? Yes I have a new therapy requirement for a wife whose husband is immobilized in a cast. Not for three weeks? You will have to do better than that ! I have a patient whose rehabilitation is being affected. I know about policy ! Let me talk to Dr. Fredericks ! Fred I need you to pull some strings ..." "Jenny, can you go next-door right now? They have a cancellation ."

Somewhat confused Jenny is taken next-door by Dr. Weber and introduced to Dr. Fredericks.

"Fred, this is the young lady whose husband is in therapy and has a brace immobilizing his left knee. Jenny . Mrs. Hamilton this is Fred. He and his team can do wonders to address my concerns over John's progress."

"Mrs. Hamilton" Said Dr. Fredericks, "My group is set up to support individuals and couples with their interactions. We were formerly called sex therapists, but that designation unfairly understated the whole range of areas where we can effect therapeutic intervention between spouses. Dr. Weber is concerned that the abstinence that your husband's brace has caused will be a barrier to the focus on mobility therapy that will assure John's complete recovery. You do want you husband to make a complete recovery do you not?"

"Yes Doctor," Jenny said, "I want John back on his feet with all my heart." "I will try my best to help John in any way I can."

"Ms. Goodbody" Dr. Fredericks spoke into the intercom. "Is therapy studio 1 free?" "Can you join us in my office?"

In moments a door opens to admit a spectacularly built redhead in a nurses uniform that was short and tight.

"This is Jenny Hamilton. Her husband is recovering from a very bad dislocation and is committed to a regimen of physical therapy. The injury and brace he must wear prevents intercourse in the positions the Hamiltons have preferred. Mrs. Hamilton wants to help her husband recover, and we need to help her find ways to satisfy them both." The two doctors brief Ms. Goodbody. "Please take Jenny to

therapy studio 1 for an orientation and interview."

Before Jenny can speak nurse Goodbody leads her down the hall to a room resembling a ballet studio.

"Jenny, my name really is Ophelia, but everybody calls me Feeley." "Here we are please hang up your coat over there while I complete this data form."

"I must say Jenny, you are a beautiful woman. You obviously work out a lot to keep your figure. You most be very proud of how you look." While Jenny blushed Feeley continued. "Do you have orgasms more than ten or more times a week? "What is your favorite position for intercourse?" "How often do you experience cunnilingus? Fellatio? Anal Sex? Masturbation?"

Intensely embarrassed Jenny never the less answered the questions as Feeley recorded her responses.

After a few minutes Feeley summarized "Jenny, you are an intensely sexual person. You have a body that makes women weep with jealousy and drives men crazy. You are so sensual that your husband's desire for you is so strong he never encouraged you to try less traditional forms of sexual activity. As a result you have missed whole worlds of pleasure that men and women can share. Two of these methods will help you and John through his rehabilitation."

"The first method is Fellatio. While 65% of women have done it from time to time only about half allow the man to reach a climax in their mouth and only about one in five girls get sexual gratification from sucking their man. This is terrible because it is intensely pleasurable to virtually all women once they learn the right technique. Learning the technique is not simply a mechanical exercise. The woman student will have far more success if she is highly aroused sexually during the practice periods."

"In order to reach that state we both will strip and walk together back to the office area. I will display you to anyone present. Dr. Fredericks will certainly be there, one or two of the male therapists, and potentially some physicians from the hospital consulting with Dr. Fredericks." "We will then return here for instruction and technique practice" "I have only one question: Do you think simply displaying your body will get you sufficiently aroused, or should I invite them to touch you?"

Jenny was thunderstruck ! She was going to be stripped again, only this time she would collaborate with every step and afterwards she would practice sucking cock.

"I can give you a few minutes to think about this while you hang you clothes up on the coat rack over there." "You do want to help your husband during this crisis don't you?"

Jenny took off her dress and slip. Underneath she was wearing a white lace bra and white french-cut panties over a garter belt and stockings.

"Wonderful ! Leave the stockings and garter belt on and strip the rest off. I'll call ahead to let the guys know we are coming. " said Feeley now standing naked. "I have done this so often it take a little extra to get my motor up to full rev so you will see why I'm called Feeley" "Hold it Jenny, you are not going out there to hide ! Show it off ! Strut ! Don't slouch! You have a wonderful figure. You have every right to be proud of it. Reach up run fingers through your hair. Swing your hips. Take long confident strides." "God ! With tits and ass like yours none of the guys will pay attention to me." Said Feeley as she led Jenny out into the office.

Dr. Fredericks Dr. Weber and six young men in white coats waited in the office. Jenny stopped until Feeley whispered "It is critical to John's health." Jenny took a hesitant step when Feeley ordered soto voce "Strut Jenny! Show Em!"

For the first time in her life Jenny strode naked toward men not her husband, but determined to give them a close encounter with her charms. She pushed aside the sensations of personal pride and kept telling herself that it was all for John no matter how great she began feeling. Jenny felt her breasts bounce and watched the eyes of the audience rivet their attention on her erect nipples. For the first time she was proud of the attention she attracted. Her bouncing breasts were an asset not something to be embarrassed by.

All eight men were lined up and Jenny strutted down the line letting the guys take a close look at the front and the back. At the end of the line she stopped and watched Feeley live up to her name. Feeley walked up to her and said, "Turned On?"

Jenny nodded "Yes I am."

They waved back and walked into the therapy room. Feeley said "Jenny I am so proud to have met you. You are doing so much for your husband's recovery. You are a very dedicated person."

Feeley led Jenny over to a series of rubber phalluses and asked to pick one that is about the size of your husband. Jenny picked one and Feeley took that one and two smaller back to the couch.

Feeley demonstrated some corn-on-the-cob techniques with the John-sized phallus and had Terry practice.

"Imagine it is John" Feeley kept saying.

Then Feeley took the phallus and had Jenny lean back and spread her legs. Jenny blushed again as Feeley slowly worked the model into Jenny's pussy. Feeley placed Jenny's hand on the phallus and Jenny took over moving the model up completely into her vagina.

Jenny was panting and twitching when Feeley gently tugged the phallus out and raised it to Jenny's lips. Jenny began to lick the rubber cock shaft and tip. Feeley guided the tip back into Jenny's vagina and then her mouth letting Jenny control penetration with Feeley urging her on. Jenny quickly took 4 inches into her mouth but was unable to deep throat before Feeley invited the men from the office into the therapy studio to watch Jenny. The three male therapists dropped their pants and stood cocks erect facing her.

The audience gave Jenny all the incentive she needed to finally deep throat the rubber phallus. The discomfort and gagging sensation, once controlled gave Jenny a feeling of real accomplishment. In her mind's eye Jenny imagined how this technique would give John a great night tonight, and give herself the gratification of satisfying her lover and husband. The anticipation sent a sexual charge through Jenny that was amplified by the tension she got from her open display of her naked body in front of several adults.

Feeley hugged Jenny. "Jenny that is wonderful. You are a wonder, In a single day you have accomplished something that most girls take several days to master. How did it feel?" Feeley leaned over to Jenny and whispered "Jenny, do you think you will be able to take on John deep in your throat? . Without any practice on a real man? Can you swallow when John cums? I can let you use each of these three therapists for practice? "

Jenny looked at three cocks waiting her pleasure. The sensation was delicious. Men were naked on display for her. She would decide. She was naked because it suited her. The men were naked because it suited her. Jenny wanted her first time with John to be flawless so practice seems indicated on the other hand sexual contact was for John alone.

Reluctantly Jenny said "Send them away Feeley, I will have to get my learning done with John himself."

Feeley was not so easily discouraged from getting this delicious blond to participate in the games she was planning, but she could read the determination that overcame intense arousal in Jenny's expression and posture.

"OK you guys, you can leave now," Feeley said, and as they turned away "Jenny I would like to go on with the second method Dr. Fredericks promised." Please let your legs fall open normally and lean back like this." Feeley spread her legs and leaned back on the couch. Jenny duplicated the posture.

"In order for men to give a woman pleasurable oral sex," Feeley said "They all need to be coached by their woman on what pleasure she wants at what moment." "A woman's body has a whole variety of locations and surfaces that give different sensations when stimulated. Between a person's chin and nose are also a variety of surfaces, which impart different sensations to the same part of a woman's sex. It is like an orchestra of sexual sensation that you, my dear, will learn to conduct."

"First is the geography." Feeley said as she knelt between Jenny's legs easing them wider apart. "I am going to blindfold you and restrain your hands and ankles so you can only direct me with your voice, and you can only learn what I am doing with your tactile senses."

Over the next 45 minutes Jenny felt a whole panorama of sensations as Feeley described them. Her pubic mound was nuzzled, her labia lips tongued her perianum licked and both orifices penetrated by a tongue. Jenny had to describe her sensations and accurately name what was stimulated and by what method.

"Nibble my clitoris. Run your tongue around my anus. Tongue fuck my vagina."

Still blindfolded Jenny was released from the couch and led to a padded area where she was pushed into a kneeling position with her knees wide apart. Her hands were fastened to a waist high padded wall against which Jenny could lean.

"It will take a few seconds to get between your legs, then you say what you want touched or licked." Feeley said, "Most oral sex is from this orientation which will feel different than my kneeling between your legs." "Remember nothing will happen unless you clearly state

what you want."

Jenny heard squirming into position and felt breath on her buttocks.

"Kiss my vagina" Jenny breathed. "Lick my perianum."

And so it went for 10 minutes before Jenny began to twitch and buck and soon climaxed. Presently

Jenny felt an embrace and Feeley whispered "Good for the first time, but there is soo much more. Try to concentrate on expanding the variety of sensations. That way the exercise will last longer and your orgasm will be more intense. We'll try again."

This time Jenny did explore more areas before loosing control at the 18-minute mark and climaxing at 20 minutes.

Another embrace and another whisper "Jenny I cannot believe how much better the second was than the first. Concentrate on variety. If you get hooked on one sensation you will loose control faster. Like the car advertisement `Longer is better'."

The third exercise lasted thirty-seven minutes and Jenny's orgasm was so intense she passed out for several seconds.

"Jenny . Jenny?" It was Dr. Fredericks voice. "Don't be concerned. Today's practice is done. You are an exceptional pupil. You can get dressed any time now. I have a few points I think you should think about as you go home, but I'd also like to give you the chance to shake hand with the three therapists you directed in that last series of exercises. "

Jenny saw the three males smiling at her. They surrounded her had told her how skillful she was and how good she tasted and smelled and how incredibly sexy she looked. They all had massive erections.

Feeley came over and said "Jenny you have these guys so worked up, it will take me all afternoon to take the lead out of these pencils. I am going to have a wonderful time doing it however."

Jenny turned crimson from head to foot. "It was these guys not Feeley that took my directions." She realized. Jenny then wondered how well John took direction.

Before Jenny left the clinic, Dr. Fredericks had an exit interview. "Jenny I am very impressed with your dedication to your husband's recuperation, and the extra effort you have made today to remove the distraction of abstinence from his therapy and full recovery. Your husband is very lucky man. Doubly so because you are an exceptionally attractive and sensuous woman."

"Remember that sensuality is primarily in the mind; both your mind and John's mind. In addition to the physical techniques you practiced today, you should also remember the advice of Ophelia Goodbody about being confident and self-assured. I understand some incidents in your past you found very embarrassing. Was John supportive after these accidents?"

Jenny confirmed "John has never yelled at me for the stupid things that have happened even when they cost some money or when he had to take off from work to rescue me." "John even applauded enthusiastically when I was in a contest or charity event and things came undone." "He is so supportive"

"Jenny" Dr. Fredericks said, "John would be a most unusual man not to be exceptionally proud of you, how you look and how sexy your body is." "I believe John secretly or subconsciously gets a kick out of the admiration from other males you receive as a consequence of your accidents." "When you get home and are ready to try out some your new techniques, give John a real show. Let him know you are proud of how you look and you are happy to show off for him. " "Let John pick the clothes out that you wear around the house." "If he wants you to dress daring, go along." "This will really lift his morale and motivate him to work hard on therapy for a complete recovery."

While Jenny drove home all the events of the day ran through her mind. "I am committed to John's rehabilitation. Our abstinence would be a barrier to his recovery. I knew other couples occasionally shared oral sex, but I never understood how it actually worked or how enjoyable it could be. I am sure I can use these ideas to give John all the sexual satisfaction he can handle. " "I also do like to wear light feminine clothes, and John likes me in these also. He was never angry when some accident happens. He always seemed amused, and in fact when I was really upset and he had to comfort me, we had some of our greatest lovemaking nights."

Jenny arrived home still musing how much she loved John and looking forward to pleasing him with a more self-confident wife who has some new sexual techniques to use in lovemaking.

John was sitting up in bed reading. He was listening to the Caribbean digital music channel. Jenny kissed John deeply and began to change. Jenny liked Caribbean music and began to move to the music as she hung up her suit. Out of the corner of her eye Jenny caught a glimpse of John watching her hungrily.

"I might as well start `showing-off' the confident Jenny now" she thought as she swayed to the music and after hanging up her slip and dress pulled her thong panties off and unhooked her bra. Jenny was still wearing her garter belt and stockings. Facing John Jenny lifted her arms over her head and danced around the bed. "Oh John this music is so nice. The nights in the islands are so warm and soft and romantic. Do you think you'd like to take me to a tropical island?"

"God Jenny! I'd like to take you to the islands. Take you in the islands and take you right now!" John pulled Jenny down and kissed her. Jenny pushed back the sheet covering John and smiled inwardly at the massive erection that John had achieved. "John, I am never going to get your underwear on over that." Jenny said as she descended on John and began licking and sucking his cock.

John moaned in pleasure at this delightful turn of events. The consultation John set up through his friend the therapist must have worked wonders. Jenny rarely consented to oral sex and never had much enthusiasm or technique.

Jenny was also very excited by her brief dance, John's kiss and then imminent prospect of oral sex. She first licked the tip and shaft, hearing John's breathing sharpen and his hips begin to thrust. Jenny then inserted the tip in his mouth and John began to groan. More and more of John's shaft slipped between her lips and she felt John began to twitch.

"Now or never" Jenny thought as she suddenly sucked hard and slipped John's cock all the way down deep throat.

"Omygod Omygod Jenny Jenny "

John was not very coherent, but Jenny knew he was totally in her thrall as well as being totally in her throat.

As Jenny picked up the pace of he fellatio she thought "Now for my final test."

More determined than ever she sucked John till he released a flood of semen in her throat and mouth. Jenny swallowed and swallowed trying to prevent any semen from escaping. Jenny also experienced a small orgasm when she felt John come.

"This is really very nice." Jenny thought to herself. "It is not at all unpleasant. I feel wonderful not dirty or degraded."

John's praise was very vocal and sincere.

"John, I love doing that. I love it almost as much as fucking. I think that this is part of our sexual repertoire that we must do more frequently. " Jenny said.

John reached out and kissed her deeply.

"Should I wash my mouth out?" Jenny looked uncertain.

"No not at all Jenny I loved kissing you right after you sucked me off!" John Replied.

Jenny put on a pair of lace panties and a white skirt. She faced John

"Which bra shall I wear tonight?" as she held up a lace model alongside a more sturdy cotton bra.

"Lace" answered John. Jenny selected a white blouse. The tied the tails of the blouse above her midriff and went into the kitchen and prepared dinner. It was a wonderfully warm summer evening, and Jenny set the supper table on the back patio. She switched on the external speakers while she worked and once again fell into the spell of the Caribbean music rhythms.

"My performance earlier certainly had John's whole hearted (and whole cock) approval. Maybe I can spice up dinner."

Jenny helped John into the wheelchair and rolled him out to the patio table facing the backyard. Jenny went into the house and came back with two glasses of wine and without her blouse. John starred as Jenny sat down and raised her glass in a toast. John glanced around at the surrounding houses to see if anyone was looking, but Jenny seemed unfazed.

After taking several sips of wine Jenny got up and went into the house. She returned with some shrimp cocktail appetizers and without her skirt. John's eyes bugged out. Jenny seemed to take no notice of her exposure and the effect it was having on John as she continued to conduct a normal dinner time conversation with her husband.

When the appetizer was finished Jenny rose went into the kitchen. With the salad course Jenny left behind her bra. Jenny was very excited.

"She was outside, in sight of several neighbor's houses topless. John was all smiles so he must approve, or at least not disapprove" Jenny mused.

During the salad course Jenny realized she found the situation very titillating. Her level of arousal grew every time she looked at John, who was starring at her (now completely erect) nipples. Jenny stood up and came around the table to refill John's wineglass. John reached out and cradled Jenny's breasts in his hands.

"John do you want wine or a milk-shake?" Jenny mock scolded.

Finishing her salad Jenny shimmied out of her panties that were now soaked with vaginal secretions, and handed these to John saying, "It is time for the main course."

Jenny returned from the kitchen totally nude with a plate in each hand. She stood beside her husband and bent over to serve the dinner. Jenny felt John's hand slide down over her buttocks and up between her legs. Jenny waited bent over for a few seconds then squealed "Ooo John isn't it too early in the year for my Christmas goose?"

Jenny returned to John side twice more with serving dishes of vegetables. While Jenny served John dinner, John helped himself to touch Jenny's breasts,buttocks and crotch. Seated bare ass on lawn chairs, with a breeze tickling her pubic hairs, her clit and nipples so erect and sensitive they almost hurt, Jenny was aware of little else but the driving need of her body for the sexual attention of her husband. Never the less Jenny ate the main course slowly, savoring the heightened sensual feelings that her voluntary exposure had created.

As she cleared the dishes Jenny's heart was pounding and her face flushed. John was beside himself with arousal. Jenny reappeared with a bath towel she spread on the tabletop in front of John. Jenny the hopped up on the table facing John with her legs wide apart. She leaned back down exposing her entire crotch to John.

"John Honey, do you have any idea what you would like to eat for dessert?"

As John bent forward between Jenny's legs she reached up to cup her 37-d breasts and pinch her erect nipples. Jenny shifted to raise her pelvis to meet John's mouth and began to moan softly as John set about to enjoy is dessert to the fullest.

Later that night Jenny lay completely satisfied in bed next to John giggling.

"John never said what he wanted for dessert, but he certainly knows how to take direction." "I was able to hold off for forty-three minutes that time, "

Jenny woke and reminisced warmly about last night.

"Eating dinner on the patio removing, an article of clothing with every course I served was incredibly erotic." Jenny also found it stimulating to think that someone may have seen them together. "I did get carried away after the main course in sitting on the patio table and offering John my pussy to eat for dessert." Jenny mused. "The neighbors would have been within their rights to call the cops for such salacious activities."

"John was so aroused that I thought he would cum before I could get him stretched out in bed and give him a proper cock sucking." "I really ought to make certain my hair is tightly styled, because I don't want anything caught in John's leg brace."

Jenny went to the bathroom to brush her hair out and put on make-up. Jenny looked at the mirror and studied her image.

"I don't look at all bad for an old married gal. I really want to please John and Dr. Fredericks said it would be unusual if John did not want to show his wife off. After all no matter what they see it is only for a moment but I will always be John's."

The morning sun was beaming in the french doors leading from the pool deck into their bedroom when a naked Jenny tiptoed past the bed to get dressed. As she looked through the closet she came across John's camera bag. Jenny smiled to herself as she remembered John buying the bag and Polaroid camera in order to take nude pictures of her a couple of years ago. John purchased a tripod lights remote shutter release and a shutter release timer.

"In the end I was too shy and nervous to get really good pictures, plus the SLR give a much better quality image, and the processing machines are all automated these days."

Jenny looked over her shoulder at her husband and wanted to do something special for him. I can always wake him up with a cock sucking Jenny mentally joked to herself. "Well why not." "John usually is recharged when he wakes and this will start his day off right." Jenny folds the blankets back and sees John's cock slightly erect. "He must be having a sexy dream, maybe I stimulate him so that his dream merges with reality."

Jenny walked around to her side of the bed and started to crawl over to John. A ray of sun felt warm on her back and side. "That feels good." Jenny thought and she gently folded back the blankets covering John. He was in a natural spotlight. "Turn about is fair play. John always wanted photos of me nude. I'll take some Polaroid shots of him."

Jenny set up the camera on a tripod and connected the remote shutter release. Jenny focused the camera on John and took a picture. "I'll get John erect and take another." Jenny thought. Jenny walked to the other side of the bed and crawled over to John and began to stroke his cock. As she was coaxing an erection the Polaroid shutter snapped ! "I guess I accidentally tripped the remote shutter." Jenny thought.

She went to retrieve the accidental print and looked at it. It was a very sensual photo with John in the foreground, and her stretched out next to John with her hand on his cock and her breasts hanging down sensuously. "This would be a good picture of both of us if my arm wasn't in the way and the top of my head not cut off." Thought Jenny as she decided to take another photo. This time Jenny re-aimed the camera guessing at the composition. She climbed onto the bed and positioned herself carefully and began stroking John's cock.

Still asleep John responded to the stimulation by reaching out. His hand passed slowly along Jenny's back and buttocks before reaching between her legs to touch her crotch. Almost involuntarily Jenny spread her knees to give John better access to her sex. Jenny was distracted from her stroking by the touch of John's hand. As she began to moan, she heard the shutter of the Polaroid click. Jenny retrieved the next print and saw that she had arched he back in response to John's hand and still cut a part of her head off.

"My breasts look wonderful arching out from my chest, and I love the sunlight gleaming off the moisture in my pubic hair. I will have to get John completely erect for the picture I want to save for myself." Jenny thought.

This time Jenny dropped her head down and guided his hands to her crotch and breasts. Jenny loved the feeling of her husband's hands roaming across her crotch and breasts. She reveled in the growing erection she was causing with her hands. To assure she kept her head inside the photo Jenny bent further so that her face was just inches from John's cock.

John moaned as pre-cum drops seeped from the head of his cock. Jenny dipped her head and licked the tip and the Polaroid shutter clicked.

"Oh Jenny! " John was wakening to a dream better than his sleep.

John's gorgeous wife was naked in bed fondling his cock while his hand explored her crotch and breasts. Jenny was exceptionally aroused, and John was taking maximum advantage of Jenny's erogenous zones. Jenny licked away another drop of pre-cum and bent her head further to attack John's cock corn on the cob style. Unnoticed by either party the Polaroid shutter clicked.

Jenny began sliding her lips up and down John's shaft while he shifted her knee so she straddled his head. Jenny wiggled her nips as John began fondling and fingering her crotch with increase intensity. The Polaroid fired again just as Jenny had her lips around the tip of John's cock. John lifted his head and began to kiss and lick Jenny's sex while his hand reached around to spread her buttocks. Jenny moaned and dipped her head all the way taking John's cock all the way down her throat. The Polaroid fired.

By now Jenny and John were aware of nothing but the partner's sex organs and the pleasure

emanating from their own genitalia. John was the first to climax and Jenny did her best to swallow all. Only a drop or two could be seen on her lips and the Polaroid clicked one more time. Now while Jenny's mouth was freed up from sucking she could talk John into exploring more and more areas of her crotch. Jenny was no where near her 43-minute record when an orgasm rolled over her like a freight train. Jenny shuddered and screamed as the last frame of Polaroid film was exposed.

When the pair caught there breath Jenny saw a small pile of Polaroid prints near the camera tripod and she retrieved these and together with John looked at the incredible sequence the camera caught. Jenny thought to herself that even when she wanted shots of John, her body upstages everything else in these photos.

John looked at the clock and said, "Hugh my physical therapist will be here to help work my leg out in about an hour. What do we have for breakfast?"

Jenny thought "That's my John: Horny Yes! Romantic well.?"

Jenny got into her robe, fried some eggs and brought them into John on a bed tray.

"I really liked the outfits that dinner was served in." John said.

"With only forty-five minutes before the therapist comes, I don't think I could cum. again. " Jenny teased.

After the breakfast dishes were removed, Jenny started to dress.

"After your therapy, I have a reservation for a tennis lesson at the courts at the end of the block."

Jenny said as she laid out a sweatshirt and tennis shorts.

"Why don't you ever wear the tennis dress that I got last summer?" John asked.

"Because the skirt is sooo short and the top sooo thin !" Jenny thought to herself but remembering Dr. Fredericks' encouragement to go along with John's suggestions she actually said "Let me try it on to see if it fits."

Jenny got the tennis dress out and pulled it down over her head. The thin bodice material did stretch and mold itself to the curves for Jenny's body. She looked in the mirror and turned from side to side. The heavy sports bra gave her firm support and did disguise the precise contours of her breast.

"What do you think John?"

"I see what you mean Jenny. The material clearly shows your bra straps and outline of the bra fabric. I think it will improve things 100% if you get rid of the bra."

"It will put my nipples and breasts on display as though I wearing a coat of paint." Jenny ruefully thought, but mindful of Dr. Fredericks' advice she said "John, I will give it a try but I am afraid it will be too revealing."

Jenny lifted the dress up to her shoulders unhooked and removed her bra and pulled it back down again. As she smoothed the fabric, the friction tickled her nipples and they became erect.

"You look like a million in that dress Honey."

"I look like I'm asking for a $1,000 trick," Jenny thought to herself.

As Jenny fixed her hair and finished putting on make-up she thought "It's a wonder that John did not try to talk me out of wearing panties. "

Jenny lifted her tennis skirt and looked at the panties. They covered her completely and were heavy gauge material and completely opaque.

"I could wear the bottoms of my white bikini, if John insisted." "If he really pushed, I would get some coverage from the white lace thong that are in the back of the panty drawer."

Jenny retrieved the alternate articles and went back and tried each on and evaluated the look in a full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She had just put the thong on when the doorbell sounded.

"The therapist" Jenny remembered.

She went to the door and greeted Hugh and led him back to the bedroom. As Jenny walked over she was conscious of Hugh eyeing her breasts as they moved under her tennis dress with each step. Jenny's nipples became erect, further adding to Hugh's attention intensity.

As Jenny stuck her head in the doorway and said she'd be in the family room if needed. John called out "Come give me a kiss."

Jenny strode proudly to the bedside thinking, "With almost nothing under this skirt the accident prone Jenny would loose her balance and give anyone behind her a show."

So when Jenny bent over to give John a kiss she did fall forward into John's arms. Jenny relaxed as John gave her a deep kiss. Jenny wiggled a bit during the embrace. Jenny let John break the kiss and she stood up and left the room striding like a supermodel on the catwalk.

Out of sight of the men Jenny nearly collapsed with the arousal. Her intentional display left her with. her vagina wet, her clitoris and nipples erect and very sensitive. She explored the sensitive surfaces of her crotch with her hands bringing herself to an orgasm.

"Showing off can be the most extra ordinarily erotic activity, or painfully embarrassing. It is all in the mind. Dr. Fredericks was right the most erogenous zone of the body is the mind !" Jenny realized.

Hugh was shaken by Jenny's parade, display and retreat.

"Ohmygod John your wife is the sexiest woman I have ever laid eyes on. She has a body that is incredible. That tennis dress looks like the top is painted on. You pulling her down for that kiss was the best show I've had in years."

"What show? Pulled her? She fell on me." John said.

"Oh oh! That wasn't staged by you for my benefit ?"said Hugh.

"What? What was staged?" a baffled John asked.

Hugh told John, who concealed his astonishment very effectively of the clothes or lack thereof underneath the tennis skirt and how Jenny wiggled while John kissed her. John concealed his incredulity and thought to himself "That display was the sort of thing I used to try to engineer and if it came off at all it would be awkward. My darling wife pulls it off flawlessly."

After the therapist left Jenny returned to the bedroom intending to change back into the max coverage panties. John called out. "Hugh told me I embarrassed you. Did I?"

"No honey, It was my fault for not being properly dressed because I lost track of time. I am going to change now." Jenny replied.

"What did you have on?"

"Just this." Jenny tossed the dampened thong to John and lifted the skirt turning slowing for John's

inspection.