**Jenny 2001**

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**A Druid Grove**

by Nemo

The barman at the Druid Grove Public House stopped wiping the counter and let out a long, low whistle.

"Did you see that blonde?" he whispered hoarsely to the ruddy-faced man standing at the corner of the bar. "The one who just popped in and slipped into the ladies' 'loo?"

The man laughed. "Oh, I saw her. There's not a red-blooded bloke in this pub likely to miss that 'un," he said.

The barman smiled and nodded. "There is something about her, isn't there? Do you have any idea who she is? I-I don't know why, but she looks familiar, somehow.

"I was just thinking the exact same thing," said another man leaning against the end of the bar. "She reminds me of someone, but-I don't know. It's like maybe you've seen her on the television or something, but you can't quite put your finger on where it is you saw her."

"That's right," said the ruddy-faced bar patron, nodding thoughtfully. "You know, didn't she seem a bit flustered to you chaps? I'm thinking maybe there's something wrong. Maybe I should go check on her, you know? Make sure everything's okay?"

The barman tugged on the man's sleeve and shook his head sternly.

"Oh, no you don't. You just sit tight right here. You leave that poor lady alone. If she's got troubles, she certainly doesn't need the likes of you lot adding to them."

Inside the women's restroom, the blonde woman craned her neck back over her shoulder to study her reflection in the mirror. She raised her arms to shoulder height and twisted her body from side to side, looking for any sign of a split seam or a torn hem on her brilliant white summer dress. To all appearances, it was a familiar, and tedious, ritual for the woman. She turned her right side toward the mirror, and with an almost frantic expression on her face, she traced the seam that ran down the side of the dress with her eyes and her fingertips, searching for any gaps. With total concentration, she turned and performed the same test on the other side of the dress.

This dress was a more loose-fitting style than most of her others, and she was hopeful that the looser fit would help prevent any unhappy accidents. She tucked her thumbs under the dress's narrow shoulder straps. She pulled up on the straps, and the soft material of the dress slid smoothly over her body in response. She breathed a sigh of relief. She herself had sewn dozens of reinforcing stitches to ensure that the shoulder straps would stay securely fastened to the dress. She released the straps, and the dress slipped back down. Loose-fitting though it might have been, the material draped over her form in a delightful way that did nothing to mask the woman's extraordinary figure.

Now she turned her attention to her shimmering silk stockings. She raised her skirt high enough to satisfy herself that the garters that held the stockings high up on her thighs were still securely in place. She extended each leg in turn, twisting it from side to side, searching intently for any rips or runs in the stockings. She found nothing amiss, and her brow was furrowed with a look of puzzlement.

Jenny-that was the woman's name-had noticed the way men's eyes followed her every move today. Long and bitter experience had taught her to check frequently for anything wrong with her clothing, but everything appeared to be perfect. So why were all those men staring at her? She shook her head slowly, bit her lip in puzzlement and frustration, and turned back to the mirror.

She raised her right arm again, and was renewing her careful inspection of her seams, when she heard a soft cough from behind her. She looked up, and in the mirror she saw a dark-haired woman who gazed at her with the most astonishing blue-gray eyes she had ever seen. A warm smile spread across the woman's face. "Hiya," the woman said, softly.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Jenny jumped a foot. In truth, she probably didn't jump at all, but any witness who claimed she had jumped could certainly be forgiven for a natural mistake. Her sudden high-pitched shriek caused the dark-haired woman to wince and throw her hands over her ears.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" Jenny said, red-faced and flustered. "I-I'm awfully sorry, really. I-I didn't know you were there. You startled me! Please forgive me."

"It's all right, dear," the dark-haired woman said, with a disarming laugh. "Don't you worry. I suppose I should have banged some pans together or something so you would know I was here. I didn't want to disturb you-you seemed to be having some sort of problem."

"Oh, that!" Jenny said. "Say, could you help me? Is-is there anything wrong with my clothes?"

She turned around slowly for the other woman's inspection.

"I-I can't help worrying that something's popped out," she said, blushing, "or that I've tucked my skirt into the back of my panties or something stupid like that."

The dark-haired woman dutifully inspected Jenny's appearance, and shook her head. "I don't see a thing wrong with you, Miss," she said.

Jenny smiled, and said, "Oh, thank you!"

A curious look came over the dark-haired woman's face.

"May I ask you a question?" she said. "I feel a bit silly asking this, but-your name wouldn't happen to be Jenny, would it?"

Jenny's face turned pale.

"How-how-how d-did you know that?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Oh, dear, I've given you a fright," said the dark-haired woman. "It's just that you put me in mind of someone I've heard about. It was just a wild guess, really. You needn't be frightened-it's not witchcraft."

 She furrowed her brow and muttered, "At least, I think it's not witchcraft."

"Sure, it-it's just a coincidence," Jenny said with a laugh, the color returning to her cheeks.

"I feel so silly. I-I've been a little jumpy ever since my husband and I visited Stonehenge earlier this week."

"Stonehenge?" the dark-haired woman asked, with a puzzled smile. "Why should visiting Stonehenge make you jumpy?"

"Oh, it's just silly old me. It's all in my head," Jenny said, with an embarrassed laugh and a tap on her temple. "I've always been fascinated by ancient mysterious people and civilizations-Pharaohs, Vikings, Druids, all that Gaelic sort of stuff-so my husband and I went to Stonehenge. And when we were standing there, I just had this overwhelming sensation-how can I describe it?-this sense that I was actually in the presence of the ancient ones. I haven't been able to shake that feeling. Ever since then, I keep noticing odd things happening-coincidences-like you guessing my name just now."

Her face reddened again, and she shook her head. "It's silly, I know it."

"Oh, it's not silly at all!" said the dark-haired woman. "You know that line from Hamlet: 'More things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy'? It's no accident we've met, Jenny. So I guess I should introduce myself-my friends know me as Mama."

"Glad to meet you, Mama," Jenny said, smiling politely and shaking the woman's hand. "I'm Jenny-but then, you already knew that."

"Yes, I knew that," Mama said, with a sly smile. "I'm very happy to meet you, too."

For the first time, Jenny took a good look at the dark-haired woman.

Mama was dressed all in black: she wore heavy leather boots, strong denim trousers that hugged the curves of her legs, a tank top, and a black leather jacket. Her body was every bit as voluptuous as Jenny's own, and her outfit, which seemed chosen to be strictly utilitarian, did nothing to disguise that fact. There was a Mediterranean cast to her features. If she hadn't already heard the woman's soft English accent, Jenny would have guessed she was from Italy-a land with its own share of ancient mysteries. Mama was about Jenny's own age-possibly a couple years older-but there was a knowing look in her eyes that seemed to reach back across centuries, and there was something about Mama's playful smile that made Jenny think-for no particular reason at all-about the strange sensation she had felt standing amid the mysterious ruins at Stonehenge.

"What did you mean when you said it's no accident we met?" Jenny asked.

Mama arched an eyebrow and smiled sweetly.

"Don't you believe everything that happens, happens for a purpose?" she asked. "I'm on my way right now to visit a druid grove just down the road. I'm interested in ancient mysteries myself. Would you care to join me?"

Jenny's eyes grew wide and her face brightened.

"A real druid grove?" she asked. "I noticed the name of this place when I came in, but I didn't realize there was a real druid's grove anywhere around here."

"It's real, so far as anyone can tell," Mama said. "There's not a lot that anyone knows for certain about the druids."

"It sounds fascinating," Jenny said brightly.

Then she frowned. "I wish I could go with you, but I have to figure out how I'm going to meet up with my husband again."

 "Oh?" the dark-haired woman said. "Where is he?"

"He wandered off yesterday," Jenny replied. "He had to meet up with some fellow over here who he'd met on the Internet. I guess this guy has done some favors for my husband, so John-that's my husband-wanted to thank him. Apparently this fellow is a motorcycle enthusiast, and John has wanted a motorcycle for years. So now I'm supposed to meet John at some sort of motorcyclists' convention. I've been all over town today, and I've seen a lot of people on motorcycles, but nobody can tell me where the Convention Center is."

A strange expression spread across the dark-haired woman' face.

"More things in heaven and earth," she said, with a wry smile. "Look!"

She turned, and showed Jenny a large colorful patch sewn on the back of her black leather jacket.

"Thorn Birds?" Jenny asked.

"It's a bike club for lady bikers-birds, get it?" Mama said. "I'm the president of the Thorn Birds. The only motorcycle convention you'll find around here is the bike rally I'm going to. The campground is just beyond the druid grove we were talking about."

"Campground?" Jenny said, sounding frustrated. "Oh, why doesn't he tell me these things! I'm not dressed right for an outdoor event, and my clothes are all at the hotel, way back in London. He told me the name of the town, and I hopped in a cab."

"Just like a man," Mama said, shaking her head. "Well, don't worry about clothes. Once we get to the campground, I'm sure the Thorn Birds will be able to get you kitted out in something more serviceable."

"Oh, I couldn't put you to all that trouble," Jenny said.

"No trouble at all," Mama said. "Always delighted to help a fellow devotee of life's ancient mysteries. And I know my husband will be thrilled to meet you-if he's not, I'll have to check him for a pulse!"

Jenny blushed and laughed. "Okay, if you're sure. Lead the way!"

The ruddy-faced man at the bar drew a sharp breath.

"I don't believe it!" he whispered. "There's two of 'em!"

He nudged the man at the end of the bar, and said, "Why don't you take the blonde and I'll take the brunette? Fair enough?" To the bartender, he added, "Sorry, but you are on duty."

The man at the end of the bar turned to see the two women who had just emerged from the ladies' room. His jaw dropped. He seized the sleeve of the ruddy-faced man.

"Good Lord, man! Don't you know who that brunette is? That's Mama Biker! Her husband once went after a bloke with a chainsaw when the guy got too chummy with the missus!"

"Pure nonsense!" said the bartender. "That whole story is nothing but a bloody rumor. They never proved a thing!"

The ruddy-faced man, who was suddenly looking unusually pale, didn't appear to be reassured by this news. He sat in ashen-faced silence as Mama Biker and Jenny brushed past him on their way to the exit.

Mama led Jenny to a two-tone blue Kawasaki GPz 550. She got onto the bike, then turned to Jenny.

 "Hop on," she said brightly.

"A motorcycle?" Jenny said, her voice trembling a bit.

Mama laughed softly. "What did you expect? We're going to a bike rally, after all."

Hesitantly, Jenny approached the bike.

"You-you will ride carefully, won't you? I've only ever done this once before."

Her face reddened at the recollection of that previous ride, offered by a Good Samaritan in a black leather jacket after Jenny's car had suffered a flat tire.

"Just get on and relax, will you?" Mama said.

Jenny swallowed hard, and started to step onto the bike.

"Wait! Hold it!" Mama said suddenly.

Jenny froze. "What is it?" she asked.

Mama looked down at Jenny's feet. "Those spike heels are dangerous. Look, you've snagged your skirt on the heel of your shoe. You might have ruined that lovely dress."

Jenny's face turned red, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she disentangled her dress from the heel of her shoe.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate you looking out for me."

"No problem," said Mama, whose brow was now creased with a worried look. "You know, I'm thinking that skirt is pretty long. We really don't want it getting tangled up in the chain here. Can you raise the skirt-you know, tuck it up about six or eight inches?"

Jenny blushed even more. "I-I could, I guess, but then it would get all wrinkled where I'm sitting on it, wouldn't it?"

Mama gave Jenny a sympathetic smile and nodded. "You're probably right, but if the motorcycle chain catches on your skirt, it will probably rip the whole dress right off of you. And we'll be getting you something else to wear once we reach the campground, anyway. So a few wrinkles aren't that bad, are they?"

Jenny shook her head. The image of the bike chain ripping her dress off was very vivid in her mind, and it communicated Mama's point perfectly.

Jenny started to tuck up the hem of her skirt, thinking always about the bike chain, and tucking some more, turning the long, flowing skirt into a sort of lumpy miniskirt, and very much aware of the smiles growing on the faces of the men passing by as she exposed more and more of her shapely thighs.

"Is this okay?" she said at last, awkwardly pressing the sides of the skirt against her thighs to prevent her work from being undone by gravity.

Mama's eyebrows were arched in surprise, but she nodded. Jenny had raised the hem until she had almost exposed her panties.

"That should be fine," Mama said.

She stepped off the bike to help Jenny to climb on without letting go of the hem of her skirt, then she resumed her own seat.

"All set back there?" Mama asked.

"Yes," Jenny said faintly.

Mama turned the key and the engine roared to life.

"It-it's v-vibrating quite a b-bit," Jenny observed. "I-is th-this normal?"

"Oh, I know," Mama said. "The poor thing needs a tune up, but I haven't had time to work on it. Are you going to be okay?"

"I'm o-okay," Jenny said. "It's k-kind of n-nice, a-actually."

"Good," Mama said, smiling. "Hold on tight!"

She revved the engine, and the bike darted down the road.

Jenny saw the front of her rolled up skirt flutter a bit as they zipped along the road, and she took some consolation from the realization that the wind couldn't get much of a purchase on her shortened skirt. Counterbalancing this was the fact that everyone passing by got an excellent view of her long legs, all the way to the tops of her stockings. She hoped that the presence of Mama on the seat before her prevented anyone from getting a view even higher up, to her sheer white panties.

The vibration of the motorcycle was soothing, in a strange way, and Jenny leaned forward a bit so that she could feel more of the soothing effect. Her entire body shook in time to the rhythm of the engine. It was a moment before she realized that the shoulder straps of her dress were moving to the rhythm, too-slowly slipping down off her shoulders. She hunched her shoulders to keep the straps from slipping further, but she was too late: the straps had already passed the points of her shoulders, and in the act of pulling her shoulders up, she actually caused the straps to slip even more.

Now Jenny saw her entire dress slipping inexorably down. She winced at the realization that her sheer lacy strapless bra would soon be exposed to everyone on the highway. It was one of her husband's favorites, and she knew that her pink nipples could be clearly seen through the thin material. She had worn it to please him; she certainly never intended that everyone on this English roadway would see it. The dress continued to slide down her body. Jenny pressed her chest against Mama's back, and tightened her grip on Mama's body.

"Scared?" Mama asked. "Am I going too fast? Not to worry-we're here already."

She slowed the bike and pulled over onto the grassy verge.

The motorcycle stopped vibrating when Mama shut off the engine, but Jenny was still shaking, and still clinging tight to Mama's body.

Mama chuckled. "You can let go now, Jenny. We're here."

Jenny waited until a string of cars had passed and the roadway was clear before she released her hold on Mama and leaned back. Her dress immediately started to slip down again. With one hand, she pressed the dress against her chest just in time to preserve her modesty. She breathed a deep sigh of relief, and with the other hand she tugged the drooping shoulder straps back up over her shoulders.

Mama dismounted from the bike and surveyed the landscape. "It's not as flashy as Stonehenge," she said, "but this is really a very spiritual place." She drew a deep breath. "Even this close to the road and all the petrol fumes, this place seems very clean, somehow."

Jenny smiled and got off the bike. She let her skirt drop back to its full length, and felt much better. She turned to admire the view, and took a single step toward Mama.

"Oh, these shoes are never going to do here," Jenny said. "John likes for me to wear heels, and I think they look nice, but they're not very practical out here, are they?"

She steadied herself against the bike, raised each foot in turn and pulled her shoes off.

"I'm glad it's such a nice warm day today. It's not being disrespectful to go barefoot here, is it?"

Mama raised her face toward the sky.

"It is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

She looked down at the soft mossy path that led into the heart of the grove.

"As a matter of fact, it might be more disrespectful to enter the grove with shoes on."

She knelt and started to untie her own boots.

Jenny smiled. Already the cool grass felt good under her feet. She knew that her silk stockings would never hold up here. She seated herself on the bike, checked that the nearby roadway was fairly clear in both directions, and reached under her skirt to unfasten the garters that held up her stockings.

"I wish we weren't so close to the road," she said, as she started to roll the stockings down her long legs.

Mama peeled off her black socks and wiggled her toes on the soft carpet of moss underfoot.

"That's much better," she said.

She looked up to see Jenny pulling off her last stocking.

"There's a compartment under the seat where you can put your shoes and stockings. Let me show you."

 In a moment the two women had stowed their footwear and started on the pathway into the druid grove.

"Oh, it feels wonderful," Jenny said, with a giddy laugh, as the soles of her feet were tickled by the grass and the moss.

"Watch where you're stepping and you should be fine," Mama said, and the two women carefully walked deeper into the ancient grove.

Jenny looked about with a sense of awe.

"It looks just like any old bunch of trees," she whispered, "but you can really sense a presence here, can't you?"

She stopped for a moment to carefully disentangle her skirt from the branches of a squat bush at the edge of the path.

Mama smiled and nodded. "You sense that in part because you enter this grove reverently. The presence is always there, but you are not always open to it. Some people say the druids worshipped trees, but I think it might be more accurate to say they revered them. Trees are living things, just like people, cats, dogs, whales or dolphins. The druids believed that, like all other living things, a tree has a spirit."

The wind moving through the leaves sounded like the breath of some giant soul. A shiver ran down Jenny's spine.

"In this place, I can believe it," she said.

"You might say that different trees have different personalities," Mama continued. "The apple tree here is thought to give wisdom and understanding. The bay tree over there has healing powers, and the oak is the tree of truth. The pine tree-sweetest of woods. Some believe that the ash tree is the ancestor of the human race, believe it or not. Some trees seem very sober and serious, and others are playful."

"Eek!" said Jenny. "Can you tell this one I don't want to play?"

Her hair and her dress were snagged in the branches of a bramble tree.

"Don't pull too hard," Mama said, laughing.

She stepped over to help Jenny free herself from the thorny branches.

"You must always be respectful of the trees, especially in a place like this. We're guests here, and we mustn't be rude."

Carefully, she released Jenny from the last clinging branch. The branch sprang up, and the rustling of the leaves sounded a bit like a disappointed sigh.

"There are quite a few of these bramble trees right here," Mama observed.

She peered through the branches.

"They're often together to protect a fairy clearing, you know. If you listen to fairy stories or look at those old Maxfield Parrish paintings, you might think that fairies are sweet, harmless creatures. But you really don't want to make them cross."

Jenny eyed the bramble trees suspiciously.

"I think I had best keep clear of the bramble trees, then," she said. "Wouldn't want to upset the fairies."

"Aha! Here we are," said Mama, as she continued along the grassy path.

"This is the big clearing up ahead."

Jenny followed Mama into a large circular clearing ringed with many different kinds of the trees.

"This is where we believe they would have held some of their most important rituals," she added, walking to the center of the clearing.

She breathed deeply of the fragrant air. She turned her face to the bright blue sky and felt the sun warm her face. Jenny repeated Mama's actions, closing her eyes and turning her face up to be warmed by the sun.

"It's like we've gone back in time," she said softly.

"We know so very little about the druids," Mama said. "The scholars are still trying to puzzle out the meanings of their rituals and artifacts. One thing does seem fairly certain-at least some of their rituals were done while sky-clad."

Jenny sniffed the sweet smelling air.

"Sky-clad. Oh, that sounds nice," she said.

She lowered her upturned face and looked at Mama. "What does it mean?"

Mama smiled, and stepped to the edge of the clearing. She took off her leather jacket and dropped it on the ground.

"Sky-clad. You know-clothed with just the sun and the moon and the breeze."

She pulled her black tank top over her head, exposing a white cotton bra that strained to contain her breasts. Jenny's face turned red.

"You-you mean naked?" she asked, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," Mama said, nodding, as she released the hook at the back of her bra and freed her voluptuous bosom.

"Remember, they respected nature, and their own place in it. And on a gorgeous day like today, you have to admit it makes perfect sense, doesn't it?"

Jenny looked around nervously. They were far from the road now and screened from view in all directions by a thick curtain of trees. Nevertheless, she felt very uncomfortable when she saw Mama unzip her black denim trousers, and lower the trousers and her white cotton panties together to the ground.

"Ta-dah! Sky-clad!" Mama declared, striking a humorous pose.

She stepped back to the center of the clearing, a broad smile across her face.

"Care to join me, Jenny?" she asked. "I have no doubt the ancient ones would approve."

Jenny's face turned an even brighter shade of red, and she shrunk from Mama.

"Oh, no-n-not for me, thanks," she said, nervously backing out of the center of the clearing. "Some-some other time, maybe. Or-or some other lifetime, more like it."

The ground was uneven near the edge of the clearing, and Jenny, taking another step backward, stumbled and fell, arms flailing. She fell into the low-hanging branches of a tree at the edge of the clearing. The branches weren't strong enough to break her fall, but they did snag the shoulder straps of her dress. As she fell, the dress slipped up over her head as neatly as could be.

Jenny landed flat on her back with a great thud. She saw the branches that had snagged her dress spring up, relieved of the weight of her falling body. She saw her beautiful white summer dress tossed into the air and sailing, sailing, caught for a moment by a playful breeze, landing at last on a very high bough of a pine tree at the edge of the clearing.

"Oh, my-oooOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWW!" Jenny howled.

Mama had rushed to Jenny's side.

"Are you alright?" she asked, breathlessly. "What's wrong?"

"Ooooooowwwww! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Jenny moaned. It had taken a moment for her to become sensible to the sharp stabbing pain in her backside. She recognized it for what it was: she had plopped down right on top of a particularly prickly bush of some sort. Quickly, she rolled to her left to get away from the stinging prickles. She realized her mistake instantly-the ground was carpeted with the prickly plants, and now she felt the sting on her front side, too.

"Oh, you've landed in stinging nettles!" Mama cried. "Here, let me help you up!"

She seized Jenny's arm and hoisted her from her painful position. She immediately set to work plucking off the tiny burrs that still clung to Jenny's body.

"Owww!" Jenny cried. "They're still sticking me! Get them off me, please!"

"Oh, dear," Mama said, "they're sticking to your clothes."

She plucked more of the tiny stingers from Jenny's bra while Jenny fidgeted and whimpered. Mama shook her head in frustration.

"There's too many of them. They're sticking to the material. I'm afraid you'll have to take your things off."

A look of mortification crossed over Jenny's features, but she made no argument. She peeled her panties off in a swift motion, and gasped at the welcome relief of that much misery. She reached behind her back to undo the clasp on her bra, but the motion caused the nettles to poke more painfully into Jenny's tender breasts.

She turned her back toward Mama, and said "Oh, help me, please!"

Mama nodded, and quickly undid the clasp at the back of Jenny's bra. The bra dropped to Jenny's feet.

"Oh, thank you!" Jenny said with a deep sigh of relief.

She rubbed her sore breasts. Fortunately, the nettles seemed to stick only to her clothing, not to her skin.

Both women were startled by a sudden growing noise from depths of the wood. They watched as the sound of rustling leaves, snapping twigs, and shouting voices grew louder and closer. They watched as dozens of men and women, all dressed in biker gear, emerged from the shroud of the trees.

"We heard someone screaming," a voice shouted. "Is everything alright?"

Jenny's face turned beet red when she saw her husband, John, approaching.

"Oh… my… God!" she breathed.

John smiled when he saw the warm flush grow in Jenny's cheeks. He turned to a man who walked beside him.

"I told you she wouldn't let us down, pal. Biker, I would like you to meet my blushing bride, Jenny!"

The man looked up and down Jenny's body, and a broad smile grew across his face. Jenny thought the man looked familiar, but she couldn't quite place him. He gave a polite little bow, and said, "I've heard so much about you, Jenny. It's delightful to finally meet you in the flesh."

The man turned toward John, and said, "I'd like you to meet my own better half. John, say hello to Mama Biker."

Now it was Mama's turn to blush. John's eyes roamed eagerly over her naked body, and there was a twinkle in his eye which didn't seem entirely innocent.

"A real pleasure," he said, and kissed her hand.

The crowd was coalescing now. John stepped back and took in the sight of the two blushing naked women. He turned to Biker and said, "Well, I have to admit you were right. England certainly is beautiful at this time of the year."

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

**Jenny and the Clubhouse**

by ?

Jenny stormed out of the apartment disgusted with the night’s events. She had attended Ashley’s party in the city to celebrate her spacious new condominium only to be butt of the party’s jokes. It came as no surprise to anyone familiar with their relationship that Ashley was the one responsible for fueling Jenny’s embarrassment. Ashley had done so by reciting some of Jenny’s famed unintentional nudity stories- which of course always ended up with Jenny nude and humiliated by a plethora of onlookers. The roars of laughter that ensued these tales were all too audible for Jenny; her eyes welled into tears and she had no alternative but to leave the party in an expeditious manner.

As Jenny’s train back into the suburbs approached her station, she had finally composed herself when a feeling of shock and horror came over her. The purse Jenny had rifled through to obtain her car keys WAS NOT HERS!!! She had mistakenly grabbed the wrong handbag in her haste to exit Ashley’s party! She was now without her keys, cell phone, wallet and other important accessories! Perhaps even more mind-boggling was that this bag contained only a compact, lipstick, what appeared to be a key to a locker, a change purse and a black, strapless bra! In addition, she was now more than an hour from home as she had taken the train directly into the city after work!

Jenny flipped the purse on the floor in front of her as she exited the train, but kept some of the change figuring she could call her husband to come pick her up at a pay phone. As the train doors slid closed, the hem of Jenny’s blue, floral print, ankle-length dress was lifted due to a stiff and unforgiving breeze- thus exposing her creamy legs which were encased in white, thigh-high, stay-up stockings with lace tops. If that wasn’t enough, her extremely brief white-lace thong panties became visible as well!

Deciding not to stick around and witness the further damage the wind could do, Jenny darted, (as best as her strappy, white 3 inch heels would allow), to a nearby pay phone. She quickly inserted two quarters into the phone and dialed John. After what felt like 10 minutes but was only time enough for three rings, John finally answered:

“Hello?”

“John, it’s me. I’m stranded at the Mellview train station. Please honey, I need you to come pick me up!”

“How did that happen? I thought you went to Ashley’s party?”

“Please, John, never mind that. I’ll tell you later. Can you come right away!?!”

“Sure, but you’re over an hour away. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

“Thanks honey!”

Jenny’s trepidation had now been somewhat quelled as she now only had to wait for John to rescue her. But as she strode out of the phone booth, another powerful breeze blew her dress to waist level. That and the creakiness of the awkward sliding doors of the booth combined to pin her dress behind her while all of Jenny’s weight had begun to shift forward. Matters were worsened when a protruding nail from the door ripped through her dress and caught the flimsy clasp of her white lace bra.

What happened next was par for the course. Her entire dress as well as her bra was violently torn from her body, exposing her 36CC breasts and now erect nipples from the cool breeze, as well as her lacy stockings and tiny panties . Jenny realized immediately the bra was done for, but tried to reach back and salvage her semi-torn dress. All she was able to do, however, was rip it some more by dislodging it from the phone booth. Soon thereafter another wind stole the torn dress from her feminine hands and swept it into the street amongst other debris left behind by litterbugs. Too bad she didn’t keep the strapless bra from the discarded purse! Actually, too bad only for her!

Now resigned to her near naked fate, Jenny decided to flee the lights of the main thoroughfare and seek refuge in a nearby neighborhood until her husband arrived. Having walked a couple of blocks, and relishing the fact that there appeared to be no activity in the area, Jenny spotted a small clubhouse just behind some trees in a side yard. Figuring this would be the perfect place to hide for about an hour, she hobbled over as quickly as she could, with her arms no doubt folded over her perfect breasts.

Upon entering the clubhouse, she heard some sniggering and her heart began pounding once again. Just then a light went on, then another, and two boys of about 11-years old emerged from their sleeping bags. Ostensibly, they were having an uneventful camp out, only to be greeted by a gorgeous, topless, woman clad in only a pair of sexy stockings, thong panties and succulent high heels. Jenny let out a harsh scream, partially because she was startled, but mostly because she was now being ogled by two pre-pubescent boys.

“Quiet down, lady. You’re going to wake the whole town”, exclaimed the first boy.

“I’m so sorry to wake you boys. I lost my clothes and I’m waiting for my ride. I thought I could hide out in here,” answered Jenny, still trying to maintain some level of modesty.

“Yeah, Billy and I could see you’ve lost your clothes. You have monster breasts!” replied the second boy named Tommy.

“Um, er, thanks. Please, do you boys mind if I wait in here? It will only be for an hour or so,” asked a hesitant Jenny.

“Sure, you can wait in here,” said Tommy.

Turning towards each other, the boys rose from their sleeping bags in t-shirts and sweatpants, and began whispering something to one another. Jenny again tried to cover up what was already seen by the boys.

“The only thing is, if you’re going to stay here, you have to follow our rule for all girls that come in here,” said Billy.

“And what rule is that,” asked a now shaking Jenny as she was beginning to become a bit frightened at the mention of a rule.

“All girls have to be tied-up,” answered a beaming Tommy.

“Well, I don’t know boys. I’m already naked, and you are only little boys. I just don’t feel right about this,” said Jenny.

“Okay, fine. You can wait outside in the street. Hopefully no one makes any noise to wake up every house on the block,” said a sly Billy, a mysterious grin enveloping his face.

“Why, you little brats. You wouldn’t!” said Jenny.

“Oh, believe me babe, we would! Now, just let us tie you up, and you can stay here for as long as you’d like. What’s so bad about that,” asked Billy.

“Well, I guess. But can I at least have some clothes to cover up? I’d feel at least a little more comfortable,” inquired Jenny.

“Sorry, we don’t have anything else here to wear. We’d have to go into the house, and that would surely wake my parents,” answered Tommy, blatantly staring at Jenny’s pert nipples. “And besides, you still have your panties on, so it’s no big deal.”

“Okay, let’s get this over with,” said a humiliated Jenny, feeling she had no other choice. She then extended her hands forward for the boys.

“No, put your hands behind your back,” said Billy, correcting Jenny’s intentional faux pas.

“I was afraid you’d say that,” answered a deflated Jenny, now complying with the boys’ request.

With that, Tommy produced a few coils of rope and began encircling Jenny’s wrists. Jenny had pleaded with the boys to not make the knots too tight, but that was surprisingly the exact opposite of what the boys had in mind.

“Boys, that’s very tight. Can you loosen the ropes a bit,” said an aching Jenny.

“Actually, we were going to start on your elbows if you don’t mind. Please stop interrupting us or we’ll be forced to gag you too,” said Tommy.

Tommy tossed a length of rope to Billy who proceeded to tie Jenny’s elbows together, resulting in another horrifying scream from Jenny. They boys used the final coil of rope to connect Jenny’s bound wrists with her elbows. Her arms were now welded together behind her back. The boys walked around Jenny admiring their handiwork, and whispering about how Jenny’s breasts hung unencumbered due to her arms now being tightly tied behind her.

Jenny continued to writhe under the ropes, but she was unsuccessful in even loosening them at all. Her only success, and much to the boy’s delight, was that her breasts bounced uncontrollably, and conveniently at their eye levels. In addition, her already brief underwear was now beginning to ride up on her due to all the wriggling and what she initially hoped was only sweat being emitted from her contoured mound.

“Lady, there’s another thing you can help us with if you don’t mind. I mean, it’s the least you can do with us letting you stay here,” asked Tommy.

“I’m afraid to ask, but what would that be,” replied a dejected Jenny.

“We have a dance next week at school, and we were hoping you could show us how to slow dance with a girl,” the gregarious Tommy offered.

“Um okay. I would, but you’ll have to untie me so that I can teach you. I can’t do it while I’m tied-up,” said Jenny, hoping the boys would release her.

“Well, that would violate our rule. Can’t you just show us while you’re tied-up? What’s the big deal,” asked Tommy again.

“Well, I guess….”

“Great! Where do I put my hands,” interrupted Tommy, quickly approaching the still struggling Jenny as Billy watched closely. “Is here alright?” continued Tommy, placing both of his hands on Jenny’s bare bum, and running them over her smooth flesh to the tops of the backs of her stockings.

“No, not there! On my waist! And watch those hands. I’m all tied up and I’m naked… and you boys aren’t either one,” said Jenny, trying dearly to reason with the boys.

Tommy complied and moved his hands back to Jenny’s bare waist. They began dancing for a couple of minutes, and all seemed well, when all of a sudden, Tommy’s hands again wandered down to Jenny’s arse accompanied by his face being burrowed into Jenny’s ample cleavage. He began to nuzzle Jenny’s breasts, as well as suck and lick around the sides of her breasts and over her nipples. While Jenny was slightly aroused, she was more in tune with stopping his advances.

“That’s enough! Stop touching me!! This is ridiculous,” screamed Jenny.

A satisfied Tommy backed away when Billy asked the bound Jenny if he could have an opportunity to dance with her, and promised to behave. Jenny agreed, just telling Billy to keep his hands where she could see them. Billy adhered to her demand for a short time, but before long he began groping her as well. Jenny again began to moan and yell, but Billy wanted his time in the sun. He worked his hands all over her breasts, stocking-clad legs, back and arse, when finally his roaming thumbs rested on either side of the waistband of Jenny’s thong panties, beginning the process of peeling them off.

“Hey, what’s going on in here?” shouted a middle-aged policeman with salt-and-pepper hair upon entering the clubhouse.

“Uh, nothing sir, we were just helping this lady wait for her ride is all,” replied Tommy.

“Well, it certainly looks like something is going on. I received a complaint of a woman screaming, and now I see why,” said the officer, completely fixated with this beauty’s predicament.

“Officer, can you please untie me. These naughty boys tied me up, and then they were touching me as well,” pleaded Jenny.

The officer proceeded to walk around Jenny, (slowly of course), making sure not to miss a curve or a detail of Jenny’s tied-up body.

“Please untie me, the ropes are digging into my arms,” said Jenny, hoping she was one step closer to freedom.

The officer then gave an extremely half-hearted attempt to untie Jenny, and said that she would have to accompany him back to the precinct where they could find a knife to cut her loose. Outraged by this decision, Jenny yelled at the officer to make the boys get a knife or scissors from inside the house to untie her.

“No, ma’am. Relax. I think you’ve already caused the boys enough trouble for one night. You can come with me in the cruiser back to the station. We’ll most likely be able to untie you there. It should only be another 45 minutes or so. I just have to respond to a couple more complaints,” stated the officer.

“45 minutes? My husband should be picking me up in about 15 minutes at the train station…,” said Jenny with a concerned, perplexed look on her face.

“You can call him from the station,” interrupted the officer, as he led Jenny out of the clubhouse.

Both Tommy and Billy grabbed Jenny’s soft, helpless butt one more time for good measure on her way out. She squealed in surprise, a dark frown framed on her face.

“Have a good night boys,” said the officer, as he lowered Jenny into the back seat of the cruiser and belted her bound body in. He made sure to “cop” a feel or two for his trouble.

As the patrol car pulled off, Jenny looked out the back window to see Tommy and Billy waving goodbye. It was a night they will forever remember…

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

**Door to Door Jenny**

by X12348765

With a skip and a bounce Jenny stepped out of her old brown car and into the warm summer sun. She straightened the hem of her light cotton dress which fell generously below her knees and adjusted her ample 36 DD bosom which the dress could barely contain (for some odd reason she was not wearing a brazier). She then pulled out a large canister vacuum cleaner from the front seat of the her car and sauntered up the neat little walkway of the house she had parked by.

She placed the vacuum cleaner down by her side, cleared her throat and rang the bell.

Ding-Dong....

she heard echo inside the house.

After a slight a moment, a young woman answered the door. She was shorter than Jenny, with a nice, but not as ample bosom. Her figure was still quite remarkable. She was dressed in light cotton blouse and knee length linen skirt. She stared at Jenny with a puzzled expression.

"Yes?" She said after a small pause. "Can I help you?"

Jenny beamed back at the woman and staring her straight in the eyes launched into what sounded like a rehearsed speech.

"Good morning sir or madam! It is with great pleasure that I am here with you today. My, what a lovely home-apartment-condominium you have. I can see that you are a person of taste and refinement....that is why I am here today."

Jenny paused to catch her breath.

"What is this about!" The woman demanded.

Her face was crinkled into a not so friendly glare.

"Who is it honey?" came a voice from inside the house.

A man appeared next to the woman; a little taller than she but about the same age. His eyes widened when he saw Jenny standing there and the corners of his mouth turned up ever so slightly. His wife looked from his face to Jenny and then back again. Her eyes narrowed and she turned to Jenny with growl in her voice.

"We're not interested!"

She was about to slam the door shut but found it wouldn't budge. Her husband was holding it open.

"Go on young lady, you were saying?" He said politely.

"I represent the Acme Vacuum cleaner company and I'm here today to tell you how much Acme Vacuum cleaners suck!"

"What??!!" Said the lady of the house.

"I beg your pardon, " the husband gently replied.

"It's true!" Jenny said with pride. "They really suck! And suck and suck and keep on sucking! Like my manager says, they could suck the chrome off a bumper!"

The man and woman of house stared back. "You manager said that? About this vacuum?" The woman asked.

"Well....I think so. I overheard him, and I can't imagine what else he could have been talking about! May I come in and demonstrate?"

"I don't think s...."

"Of course! Come right in. Move out of the way dear."

The husband firmly grabbed his wife, shoving her back and Jenny stepped inside the house.

The three of them moved into the living room where Jenny looked around and with the same rehearsed tone said, "My oh my, does this carpet need a good cleaning!"

"I just cleaned it yest...."

"Don't interrupt Gladys! Yes, yes a good cleaning."

With a radiant smile, "Yes. Frequent cleaning would have kept this carpet looking fresh and new."

"We just bought it last mo...."

"Quiet dear. Your so right Miss...Miss?"

"Allow me to demonstrate the awesome sucking power of the Acme cleaning machine." Jenny said and she pulled out a white plastic bag. With a flash of her hand the bag ripped open and she dumped the contents out onto the rug in the middle of the room. Black greasy soot landed with an audible "PLOP!" on the floor.

"My carpet!" Cried Gladys.

"Now don't you fear Madam, this little baby is going to suck that problem right up and out of your life!" Jenny said beaming even more than before if that's even possible.

"Now I just need to plug this baby in!"

Jenny turned around and dragged the vacuum plug over to one of the walls. She bent over giving the couple a nice view of her succulent, dress covered rear. She swore she heard the wife growling. Finding the outlet, Jenny plugged in the vacuum cleaner and turned back. She saw a noticeable

bulge in the front of the husband's trousers and she gave slight snicker.

"Well, I'll just turn this baby on..."

"Oh, I know you can!" Said the husband.

Jenny paused and smiled. "And believe me, you're going to be in for a real treat!"

Jenny picked up the vacuum hose and disengaged it from the brush. She kicked the on switch with her foot and the canister revved up to life. The hose began with wiggle in her hands like a snake and then suddenly with a cry of panic Jenny screamed as a loud RRRRIIIPPPP was heard. In the flash of an eye her entire cotton dressed ripped off of her body and disappeared with a loud sucking noise down the vacuum hose.

Jenny was standing in the middle of this couple's living room wearing only a pair of thong panties and her high heeled shoes. Her knees came together and she held out her arms and screamed before trying to cover herself with them.

The husband's jaw dropped and the wife's eyes bugged out at the sight of her bare breasts bouncing and jiggling and she screamed and hollered. With out loosing a beat, Jenny turned tail and now giving the couple a lovely rear view, dashed out of the house and down to her car.

Inside the front, driver's side, she pulled a towel which she had been using as seat cover across herself and paused to catch her breath. Then, she hung her head forward and began to sob.

"Miss?"

She heard a man's voice from just outside her window. She looked up and saw the husband standing there.

"Are you all right miss?"

Jenny sniffled a couple of times. "Yes. I guess so."

"Miss, how much is the vacuum?"

"Three-hundred."

"I'll take it, " said the husband and handed over three-hundred in cash.

Jenny counted the money, and looked up. He was gone. She grinned and started up her car. As she pulled away from the house she through the opening of the living room curtains the wife run by, minus her blouse. And as she passed towards the edge of the allowable view, Jenny saw the vacuum hose come up and POOF the wife's skirt and panties disappeared, her bum cheeks jiggling as she ran.

The husband's distinctive bulge and then the husband himself flashed by next. Jenny smiled and sped away.

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

Jenny stood on the dais at her employers office and graciously received her salesperson of the month award. She was wearing a smart business dress suite and had her long blond hair up in a bun. She looked the model of office professional.

"This award goes most deservedly to this young lady, " read her manager, old Mr. Johnson. "We have never seen someone sell so many units in one month. Please Jenny, tell us in your own words, what makes you such a successful sales person?"

"Well," Jenny said with all the false modesty she could muster. She stood next to a demonstration unit (the kind she sold so many of) and began telling the rest of her co-workers about Japanese business philosophies, the six habits of the seven most successful people and other such business non-sense.

Ashley stood off to the side with her arms crossed. She frowned and grimaced at the attention everyone was pouring over Jenny. And what was worse was that garbage she was claiming to be behind her success! Ashley couldn't take it anymore. She paced around and then stopped, a wicked grin coming over her face. Jenny was using the vacuum hose like a pointer, gesticulating wildly with it.

Ashley took several discrete steps behind the podium unnoticed. She quickly bent down and plugged in the demonstration unit. It roared to life just as Jenny was pointing towards herself with the hose.

SLLLUUURRRPPP!

Jenny's business jacket, blouse and brazier all quickly disappeared. Jenny stood there a moment completely stunned, her pendulous breasts jiggling, her nipples protruding. The crowd was stone cold silent. Then, Jenny looked up and them and her lushish mouth rounded out in the classic 'O of surprise as her eyes widened with realization of her situation. Suddenly, the crowd burst out laughing and whistling the sight her naked tits.

Jenny screamed, dropped and hose and started to run off the little stage but with another tremendous

SLLLUUURRRPPP

her skirt, stockings and panties all disappeared down hose of the vacuum cleaner. Jenny never broke her stride and the crowd was treated to a generous view of her bare backside as she ran off towards her office, their whistles, hoots and cat-follows following close behind.

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**Jenny On The Ranch**

by ?

The little boy in seat C14 could not keep his eyes off her. Of course 12 years old was not really little. But he seemed so small and cute to Jenny, with a thatch of red hair, a face full of freckles, and those adorable green eyes that seemed to always be looking her way with a wide eyed innocence, his mouth more often than not agape. She smiled back across the aisle at him when she could, but he rarely returned the smile because, truth be told, his gaze was more directed towards her voluminous bust and long shapely legs.

He was watching those legs very carefully, not only because they were so smooth and tanned and beautiful, and her sheer hosiery glistened in the light, but that those same hosiery ended three quarters of the way up her luscious thighs and he was continuously treated to glimpses of her bare thigh above the lace trim at the top as she crossed and uncrossed her legs in her short white skirt. Not to mention the strapped white high heels on each delicately arched foot, accentuating the curve of her calves and her seductive femininity. If that wasn’t enough to get his emerging hormones in gear, her jutting, round breasts seemed to strain at the light blue, sleeveless blouse she wore, outlining a lacy bra beneath that seemed to barely contain her bosom.

It was early on during the flight, when she had removed her short white linen jacket, that he had needed to place an in-flight magazine in his lap to hide his excitement. But now that the pressurized air conditioning had kicked in, and her rigid nipples became so prominent, his hand involuntarily moved to his own lustful rhythm beneath “U.S. Airlines-The Happy Skies!, March 2000, vol.5, issue 3”.

“John, please tell me where we’re going?” Jenny voice took on pleading childlike lilt.

“For the last time, no, it wouldn’t be a surprise if I did, and after all this preparation I’m certainly not going to ruin it now.” He answered with a sly grin and a lascivious wink.

John patted her cute knee and ignored her pout, so she gave a little sigh and watched as he adjusted his pillow on his seat back and turned to the window away from her, cozying up for a nap. All she knew from her ticket was that they were going to Arizona and that the flight wouldn’t land in Phoenix for another three hours, so she thought she might do the same and bent forward to retrieve her own pillow from below the seat.

Although she failed to notice the top button of her blouse pop open from the gravitational strain her lovely boobs put on it, the fact was not lost on the boy across the aisle. A whispered “jeeeze” escaped his lips as his eyes drank in the creamy skin at the top of her breasts, pressed together in a deep cleavage that extended well down to mid-breast before terminating in the white lace of her bra. He thought he might actually lose it right there as her chest heaved and wobbled for what seemed liked hours as she searched for the pillow. Fortunately for him the pillow had slipped back to the feet of the person behind her.

 “Oh dear..” Jenny said as she stood up and shuffled into the aisle, turning with her back to the boy and bending over so that her head was practically on her seat, her fingers fumbling under it for the pillow.

After having squirmed around in an airline seat for over an hour, Jenny’s white linen skirt (already short by most standards) had wrinkled accordion-like and ridden up to expose the bottom two inches of her soft, round cheeks. With the lacy top of her thigh high stockings ending a couple more inches below the crease of her cheeks and thighs, and her white thong panties disappearing between those jiggling globes, the boy across the aisle was frozen in time with eyes like saucers and his jaw on his chest. Once it sank in that this was an opportunity he would kick himself for missing, Vol. 5, issue 3 slid to the floor as his hands moved like lightning for the small camera in his top pocket.

Jenny barely registered the bright flash behind her as she minced back and forth on her heels, each buttock rising and falling in turn as she wiggled her behind in the boy’s face. He snapped off at least three shots that he would carry with him long into his college years before the plane lurched up and down from some outside turbulence. He dropped the camera and clutched his armrests to steady himself, his eyes never leaving the blonde’s curvy behind which bounced along with the disruption.

Jenny had pulled herself up to a half bend and was waving her arms around in circles trying to balance herself when she all of a sudden felt herself falling backward. With seconds to think, and in great danger of excruciating pain (despite the momentary pleasure) from Jenny sitting on his erection, the quick thinking lad let go of the armrests and cupped both hands face up on either side of his protruding bulge. Jenny dutifully sat her behind right down in those waiting palms and he felt his fingers constrict as he got his first handfuls of bottom cheek from the sexiest woman he had ever seen. He felt a little material from her skirt (and even less from her thong), but mostly felt bare skin...soft and pliant... which he fondled in sexual ecstasy.

“OH MY GOD!” Jenny squealed as her hands went to her mouth and her eyes became big and round.

Not only could she feel her bottom being squeezed by eager fingers but she was especially cognizant of a sharp pointed thing stuck firmly between her cheeks at a particularly sensitive spot. And what was more disconcerting was how she was rising and falling on it, causing her to to whisper little “oh!”s as she felt it poke into her.

She thought this was the movement of the plane and was clueless to the fact that the lad’s hips were bucking up and down involuntarily. Not only had another button on her blouse given way, spreading her blouse open to expose the entire tops of her breasts, but as her right leg draped over the boy’s aisle armrest, her left stuck straight out in the aisle and bounced at the knee with each of his thrusts, sending the sexy pointed toe of her heel skyward.

As her bottom came down hard in his lap and another “oh!” escaped her lips, her leg shot up like a metronome counting the beat. The boys eyes couldn’t make up their mind whether to take in her bouncing bosom or the white lace panties covering her pubic mound, as her skirt slid up further exposing a sight he only dreamed of.

While most of the men along the aisle were enjoying the show immensely, the female flight attendant was horrified that one of her passengers was out of her seat during the turbulence and was tossed about, which could have led to a nasty lawsuit and her dismissal if discovered. She unstrapped her own seatbelt and grabbed seatback after seatback, balancing herself as only an experienced stew could, as she quickly made her way to the hapless blonde. She offered a further enticing sight to the men along the aisle as her bottom swayed back and forth in her incredibly tight skirt. One could almost hear the threads along the seam at the back of her skirt groan as her buttocks rose and fell.

“Oh dear! Let me help you Miss, please, just take my hands..” she offered as she reached the kicking blonde, bouncing in the boy’s lap with a bit more enthusiasm than the actual turbulence indicated. Jenny did as she was told and with the attendants help, as well as the hands of the boy behind her, she was pulled to an upright position.

The boy’s hands refused to leave her bare, exposed bottom, however, and he held on like a mountain climber at a 500 foot drop. They finally did though, as his eyes rolled back in his head and a whoosh of air escaped his lips. He had became the first scout in his troop back home to become a member of the “Mile High Club”, even if it was without a willing partner. He mused during the rest of the ride to Phoenix if they might give merit badges for such a feat of sexual prowess.

Simultaneously, the effort to pull the busty blonde to an upright position was more than the flight attendant’s skirt could take and a very audible ripping sound ensued, followed by her hands flying rearward to feel that, yes indeed, her panty-encased bottom was well and truly exposed to the entire passenger section behind her.

“AAAAIYYYYY!!” she screamed and, trying to cover herself in vain, rushed toward the rear of the cabin.

As luck would have it, she only experienced one quick pinch to her rear from a Scottish gentleman named Stephen in the last seat of the last row before escaping into the curtained area and safety. Jenny, having quickly glanced at the stewardess’ name tag called out after her as she straightened her skirt, ignoring the leering glances at her bra exposed bosom sitting so proud and upright.

“OH, Phyllis! I’m SO sorry!! Thanks for helping anyway..” her voiced trailed off as she sat herself back down in her seat.

A deep rosy blush infused her cheeks as she glanced down and noticed her breasts jutting forth from her blouse in the lacy, white bra, and she hurriedly pulled the blouse together and buttoned it up as she looked around and noticed every male eye in the cabin on her.

“My GOD! How embarrassing for that poor stewardess!” Jenny thought, as John smiled over at his wife and her beautiful innocent face, cheeks almost flushed as red as her lipstick and gorgeous blue eyes as wide as saucers.

It was warm in Phoenix when John and Jenny Hamilton exited the breezeway into the airport concourse. They didn’t have to wait at a baggage carousel because they were only staying three days and John had packed for them both in carry-on luggage.

Jenny wasn’t terribly pleased with this fact because, no matter where they were going, she preferred to be prepared clothing-wise. She knew she could pick up makeup and toiletries anywhere but it was sometimes difficult to find clothes that had the right fit for such a voluptuous figure. But John had told her to relax, that where they were going it was very informal and there was no need to worry about appearances. To emphasis the point he stopped at an airport gift shop and purchased two cowboy hats for the pair of them, a white one for Jenny and a black one for himself.

Jenny held it on with her hand and carried her purse and small suitcase in her other hand and wiggled after John in her short white skirt and jacket, the heels of her strappy white pumps clicking along the linoleum of the concourse.

John hailed a taxi out front and they piled in as he slipped a piece of paper with an address to the driver. He motioned to his lips with one finger and gave a wink, and the driver smiled and nodded back, catching on that he was to remain quiet about their destination. Jenny straightened her skirt and crossed her legs, settling in for the ride to wherever, and looked out the window at the shimmering heat coming off the streets and exotic palms and cacti dotting the yards whizzing by. She was really enthralled with the beautiful, sculptured mountains all around her and marveled at the shades of lavender and orange streaking through them. But it looked so dry and forbidding in a way as well, and it was with a little hesitancy that she noticed they were leaving the outskirts of the town and heading off into the desert.

Five minutes out from there destination John slipped a white hanky from his pocket and talked Jenny into letting him blindfold her, and she giggled nervously and pleaded with him to tell her where they were going the rest of the way. When the car came to a stop he jumped out and tossed both bags on the ground and reached in to help his wife maneuver out of the backseat.

Leaving one foot still in the cab and tentatively pointing the toe of her shoe around outside to find where the ground was she inadvertently spread her legs wide and exposed her hose tops and flimsy panties to the crowd that had gathered for her arrival. A soft whistle came forth from one of the gathered men as Jenny stretched her long legs out of the cab and, holding her hat to the top of her head, teetered to a standing position, still blindfolded. With her other hand in John’s for balance, her chest was thrust forward provocatively and her bottom jutted out in back to compensate.

When John untied and removed the blindfold she blinked rapidly under the brilliant sunshine. As her eyes became accustomed to the light she saw before her a large, older woman in western attire with a big smile in a browned, leathery face. She stood surrounded by at least fifteen men that looked to Jenny as if they had stepped out of a John Wayne movie. If these weren’t real cowboys, they were the best actors Jenny had ever seen. Behind the woman was a large, two-story ranch house with a long, knotty pine sign hanging from the second floor balcony which read, BLUE CACTUS DUDE RANCH in letters burned into it.

She stood there in shock for a moment until the woman came forth and said, “I’ll bet that was a shock, weren’t it dearie?!! You look like I looked when my ol’ man drug me out here 20 years ago and told me we was gonna live here!” she chortled good naturedly.

“My name’s Gladys Perkins, Mrs. Hamilton, and welcome to the Blue Cactus..” she said as she pumped Jenny’s hand, and with another hand gently to her back propelled her towards the wooden steps leading up to screened double-doors on the wooden porch and into the shade the second story balcony overhang provided.

“My! Aren’t you just the prettiest thing we’ve ever seen around here!” she effused as she prattled on about how darling Jenny looked in that hat and how she wished she had the legs to wear such a short skirt, and on and on.. as John retrieved the suitcases as followed her into the air-conditioned foyer.

After signing in and being led off to the “bunkhouse” guest accommodations, Jenny found herself in another world. It seemed as if she was transported into a cowboy movie and everything around her reeked of the old west in the 1800’s. There was a big, four-poster bed with a canopy and and a wooden armoire against the wall. The antique dresser had a large, circular beveled mirror and a wash basin set in the corner had a stack of towels and porcelain pitcher full of cold, clear water. She was warming to the atmosphere considerably and gave John a big hug and thanked him for such a wonderful, and interesting, surprise!

“I thought you might like it, you have to admit it is a far cry from our usual vacations, isn’t it? He beamed at her approval.

“Oh I just love it John! Everything is just so cute and authentic, I just want to take a picture of all this for my scrapbook as soon as I freshen up..’ Jenny looked around curiously..`where exactly would I do that John?”

“Well Jen, you were right about the authenticity thing around here, they have gas lanterns and outdoor plumbing to go along with the decor, so you’ll have to go out back to actually work a handpump to draw water for a bath...” he giggled with amusement.

“Really??? Why that is amazing!” said Jenny and she undressed and slipped into a big terrycloth bathrobe that was left on the bed for her, and slid her feet into a pair of slippers she found on the floor beneath it.

John gathered up her city clothes and explained to her that he would drop them off at the office to be sent into Phoenix for laundering and from here on out they were going to dress “western” style. Jenny giggled at the thought and jokingly plopped her cowboy hat on her head and gave him a “sure as shootin’, partner!” as he closed the door behind him.

When John had left Jenny looked around and found another door which led outside and, just as he said, there was a big red hand pump out there with a large wooden bucket underneath it. Further away from it was your typical wooden outhouse with a half moon carved in the door and even further a large wooden tub about the size of a hot tub.

Forgetting to take her hat off Jenny pranced out towards the “outdoor plumbing” and “oohed” and “ahhed” over it like a little school girl. She tried the pump a few times but, not knowing how to prime it, got nothing out of it. She looked in the outhouse, and was pleasantly surprised that the exterior was just all show and that very clean and modern fixtures were inside. When she brushed her hand through the water of the tub she was shocked to feel how warm and silky it was! She felt like Goldilocks discovering everything had been laid out for her and no invitation was necessary. So she made her way back to the room and filled her cowboy hat full of shampoo and bar soap and hand towels, draped a large bath towel over her shoulder and went back out to the tub for a long, luxurious bath in the open air. At the moment she felt she was one of the luckiest women around to have such a thoughtful, fun-loving husband to keep her life interesting and full of surprises.

She did notice, however, that there were no steps leading up to the top of the tub. She would just have to swing a leg over and climb in like they must have done in the old days! She looked around and saw that she was alone and slipped her robe off and draped it and her bath towel over a lone post with a metal ring hanging from the top. Then she floated her shampoo bottle and soap on the water’s surface and using the hand towel to grip the edge of the tub, swung her leg over and into the warm, vibrant water. As soon as she was in she submerged herself and came back out with her face pointing upward to draw her wet, blonde hair back slickly from her forehead. Jenny thoroughly enjoyed her “western” bath and was actually sorry to leave the tub after about 15 minutes, but noticed her fingers and toes were getting all pruney.

At that moment Jenny heard the thudding of hooves from around the corner of the building and was surprised and delighted when a darling little calf came trotting around the corner and came to a skidding stop. He looked at Jenny curiously and slowly ambled towards the tub.

“Well hi there cutey! Jenny laughed “did you get lost from your mommy?”

The calf seemed to respond to Jenny’s friendly voice and came as close as it could and still be within running distance if the human reached too close. In a kind of nervous movement the calf rubbed it’s body against the post holding Jenny’s towel and robe, causing them to fall off into the dirt. Much to her chagrin, he then noticed the white cloth at his feet and nosed his head underneath it to sniff at the interesting odors there.

“Oh! No! Please don’t do that little cow!” Jenny said, her voice edged in panic.

And the calf responded to the voice by lifting his head, realizing he was blind, and running around in circles with Jenny’s towel and robe getting tangled all about his head and legs. He did manage to free his legs some though, and proceeded to trot off in an erratic path out into the desert.

“Little Cow! Little Cow! Please come back!” Jenny was shouting as she heard more hoof thudding nearby and was definitely worried about someone seeing her.

With a few “ohmygods” under her breath Jenny threw a leg over the edge of the tub and slipped her feet into the slippers. All she had left, besides her hands, to cover herself with was her cowboy hat and she bent to pick it up just as five riders came around the corner of the building in a cloud of dust. Their horses came skidding to a stop and dust billowed up from it, but it was not so thick as to obscure their view of Jenny’s shapely backside, bent over as she was. It was round and pink and gorgeous. Jenny made a crouching run around the other side of the tub from the men and was hoping they hadn’t seen her as she held the hat to her breasts. The men had just grinned at her efforts and winked at each other to play along with her miscalculation.

“I know that calf must be around here somewhere Jack..where’dya think it went?” one cowboy said with a big grin.

“Hard to say, really..could be anywhere around here. I think we ought to get down and search them bushes over there on foot to make sure it ain’t hidin’ out there..what ya’ say? he said as he winked at the others and slid out of the saddle.

The others followed him down from their horses and huddled for a moment, whispering a plan between them. After they had decided on what to do they began speaking loudly to each other in mock serious voices, debating on the whereabouts of the errant calf. But three of the men headed off towards the back door of the guest cabin while the other two came around either side of the large wooden tub Jenny was hiding behind.

“OHMYGOD!” she screeched as their boots came into view in the dirt where she was crouching.

Jenny immediately stood up and clasped the cowboy hat to her private parts, her breasts bouncing with the sudden movement. She held that hat to her crotch with both hands and took off for the bunkhouse, her arms forcing her large boobs together to jump in unison with her every step. Hoots and whistles of appreciation came from all around her as she came up against one, and then another, cowboy baring her way to safety.

The beautiful naked blonde turned and ran this way and that, always running into another cowboy standing in front of her. Her pink, bare behind wobbled enthusiastically and seemed to be blushing as brilliantly as her face cheeks. Every once and a while she felt a swat on her rump and she squealed and jump, her naked breasts bobbing up and down.

Jenny finally squeezed by a cowboy and found a clear path to the door and they were treated to a great view of her retreating rear end, as it wiggled away with all she had. As a last minute thought she realized what they were seeing and whipped the hat around to her rump , trying to cover it with one hand as she furiously opened the door and slipped inside to the laughter and clapping of her appreciative audience.

“Where have you been Jenny?” John said with a grin as he lay prone on the bed.

Jenny explained how the calf had ran off with her robe but was too embarrassed to tell John about her cowboy audience exiting the tub, as if he couldn’t tell from the faint pink hand print on her curvy rear end as she bent over her suitcase.

It was with growing concern that Jenny examined the clothes John had packed for her. Except for a load of sexy panties and stockings, he had only provided her with high heeled shoes, and a frilly, pink spaghetti-strapped sundress with a full skirt. It was only when she dug down in the bottom of the suitcase that she found a pair of cutoff levis and a couple of white shoulder-strapped T-shirts. But where were the bras? He hadn’t packed a single bra and Jenny frantically dug through the clothes, hoping she was wrong about that.

When she confronted John about this he just said he hadn’t really had time to think things through sufficiently and that he was terribly sorry and hoped she’d forgive him. She melted at the puppy dog look he gave her and decided she would just make the best of it, despite her misgivings.

So she put on her pink sundress and a pair of lacy white panties with a matching garter belt and hooked up some sheer beige stockings to it and slipped on the pink high heels which he had managed to match to her dress. You’d think he would have at least brought one pair of pantyhose?.. she mused as they strolled over to the main house in the cool evening.

There they partook of a wonderful country dinner with their charming hostess and a few of the hired hands. Despite the occasional glance at the ample cleavage Jenny was showing and the prominence of her jutting nipples against the cloth of her dress, she relaxed considerably and began enjoying herself. After two or three glasses of wine each, she and John were getting pretty drowsy from their busy day of travel and adventure, and walked arm in arm back to the bunkhouse where they slept soundly to a chorus of crickets outside their window.

It wasn’t until the morning that Jenny realized the full extent of her clothing troubles. After being awoke by a crowing rooster that sounded like it was auditioning for a role in Aida and the clanging of a breakfast bell from out in the yard somewhere, John told her they were off for a morning ride after breakfast. Then he slipped on his clothes and mentioned nonchalantly that it was going to be a hot day and he was glad he had taken the liberty to cut off the legs of her levis for her. He was sure she would thank him for it later. Then he took off for the main house leaving Jenny to get dressed in something she could reasonably ride a horse in.

She found that the white T-shirts fit after a fashion, maybe a little bit tight, and she definitely didn’t like the way they exposed the tops and sides of her breasts, but she would live with that. She slid on a pair of white thong underwear and then oozed herself into the cutoffs John had altered. When she felt behind her and realized he had cut them way too high up the back, right across the back pockets in fact, she blushed despite the fact she was alone. She was sure half of her butt (and she was right!) was hanging out the back and she tugged them down as best she could in back as she slipped into the pink heels. She couldn’t possibly ride a horse in high heels, she thought, tucking her blonde mane into her white cowboy hat and heading for the door.

Although it was true that those shoes were not for riding, they did have other benefits. At least for the assembled cowhands that sat around the periphery of the main yard and had the good fortune of watching Jenny walk to the main house. Her teetering steps in the heels, as she held her hat on with one hand and waved her other around for balance, was comical and sexy at the same time. Her breasts bobbed up and down with each mincing step and she blushed so coyly hearing their appreciative whistles.

The brilliance of her tight, white T-shirt in the morning sun was startling, and the only eyes not glued to her heaving chest beneath it were glued to her jiggling buns. The thin strip of denim material between her legs seemed to slide further between her bottom cheeks as she walked and the back of her levis had risen to three quarters of the way up her round, pink rump. She was a vision of sexuality. And by the time she had reached the porch most of the men had followed her in a group to watch her bared bottom wiggle up the steps. John met her at the door with a big grin and winked at the cowboys. He gave her fanny a friendly slap as she passed by him through the doors, causing her to shriek and hop, and her audience to bellow in laughter and appreciation.

Gladys met Jenny as she entered the foyer and told her how lovely she looked, but that she certainly couldn’t go riding in those shoes. She ushered her into the dining area where breakfast was all laid out and disappeared into the recesses of her house to get Jenny a pair of riding boots. When she returned she held forth a pair of long black boots of the type that English riders wear with jodhpurs. She explained that she thought these were the only pair she had that might fit Jenny’s little feet and set them beside her chair. They ate a large country breakfast, topped off with cups of strong, dark coffee, and Jenny slipped off her pink high heels and struggled into the high black riding boots.

Gladys clapped the back of a rangy older cowhand next to her as she stood up from the table and told the Hamiltons that Harvey would show them where the horse barn was, and that she was sure that he could pick out some nice, gentle horses for them. Her smile and encouragement warmed Jenny to the idea of actually riding a horse (something she had never done before) and she clomped out the front door with the other riders and bounced her beautiful assets down the steps and across the yard to the barn. An entourage of leering cowhands trailed behind her, watching her enticing bottom wiggle back and forth in the very brief shorts.

Harvey walked in the horse barn and led out two horses, which were already saddled and bridled and ready to go. A dark maned quarter horse mare with a creamy beige coat was presented to John and he was encouraged to walk around her and pet her a lot so that she became used to his touch and smell. Harvey called this buckskin horse Sweetheart. Jenny was introduced to a jet black gelding with short front legs and a gray muzzle, which Harvey explained was a gentle old horse named Midnight that they had used as a cutting horse in his younger years. He told her he was trustworthy and surefooted on the trail.

Jenny patted Midnight on the nose and his ears perked up as he caught a whiff of biscuit on her fingers from breakfast. He poked his nose at her bosom and her boobs jiggled. Then without warning his lips curled around the top of her T-shirt and he grabbed hold of the front with his teeth and pulled back, stretching it out a foot from her bare breasts. Jenny shrieked as he let go just as suddenly and her shirt flipped back at her, but now the top edge hung just above her nipples, and showed the brown tops of her aureoles. Jenny clutched the the top of the shirt and pulled it up as best she could as a blush spread across her face. A murmur of approval and a wolf whistle came from her surrounding admirers.

Just then a young boy came running up from across the yard and told John that he had some important phone call back at the house, that had to do with some contract or another. John cursed and slapped his head, remembering out loud how he had forgotten all about explaining that paperwork to his client this morning. He apologized to Jenny for missing the ride, but he really could foresee that he would be on the phone for quite a while, and why didn’t she just go on with the others, he would meet her for lunch later. She pouted and stamped her foot and said “oh darn!”, but in the end was kissed and waved to and left in the hands of her riding partners.

A big, handsome cowboy named Jack stepped forward and asked Jenny if he could help her up into the saddle. She smiled shyly and said that would be a great help as she had no idea what to do. So he explained that she first wanted to reach up and hold the saddle horn with both her hands. He cautioned her to grip it tight and not let go for anything, and her face became serious with a scowl of concentration as she grasped the horn tightly. He then put his left hand behind her left thigh and helped her raise her leg to set the toe of her boot in the stirrup. He told her to shove it in there good so that the heel of her boot locked onto the bottom stirrup rung. He then instructed her to give a few hops on her other foot to get momentum, and when she was ready to swing her leg up and over the back of the horse to the other side, pulling herself up with all she had. He told her he would make sure she got a boost from him, which elicited sniggers from the surrounding cowhands, but Jenny didn’t notice.

As she began her little hops he used both hands to cup her bare bottom cheeks below her cutoffs and “assisted” Jenny’s up and down movement with enthusiasm, kneading her round bottom in his hands as she hopped. Her breasts bounced with the effort and threatened to leave the top of her shirt, but she finally threw her leg up to try and swing it onto the other side of the horse.

But poor Jenny hadn’t the upper body strength to pull herself up sufficiently and while she did get her upper body to the other side of the saddle her right leg slid back down to join the one caught in the stirrup. She lay across the saddle, clutching the saddle blanket protruding out from under the saddle on the other side, with her breasts popped free of her shirt from the gravity she placed on them. They lay, round and pale, against the side of the saddle and she squealed as she looked down at them. She was, however, in no position to let go of the blanket and rectify the situation, and she offered a tantalizing view from the other side of the horse as well.

With her cutoffs practically disappearing into her butt crease, she appeared to be bare assed from that view, which she accentuated by squirming and wiggling and kicking her legs back and forth. The whole assemblage was laughing and whistling at the exposed blonde, her abundant charms spread over the saddle of the small black horse.

Harvey took the reins off Midnight’s neck and began walking the horse over to the rest of the horses tied to the hitching rail outside the barn. Jenny’s admirers followed along on either side assuring her everything would be just fine and giving her friendly pats on her bouncing, pink rump as they did so.

When they reached the other horses, a few men stepped forward to help Jenny get herself upright. They did this by alternately picking up and pulling her right leg toward the rear of the horse (spreading her legs most provocatively) and sliding it over the horse’s rump, while cupping both of her creamy breasts and picking them (and her) upward and toward the front of the horse. They could have used her shoulders instead but what would be the fun in that?

They distracted her from all this fondling (more than a few hands “guided” her bottom cheeks into the saddle as well) by telling her to grab onto the saddle horn, and slide those boots all the way into the stirrups, and other important sounding stuff to Jenny. It was only when she looked down and saw her bare breasts wobbling in the sunlight with the gentle swaying walk of the gelding that she realized she was so exposed.

“Oh dear!!” she cooed as she finally freed a hand from the saddle horn and pulled her top up to cover herself.

“We’re gonna take it nice and easy for you Miss, just a little walk to a spring up that canyon and then back.”said Harvey as he held on to Jenny’s reins from his horse, which was beside and a little ahead of her as they left the yard.

Jenny held firmly onto the saddle horn as the little horse swayed and pitched under her. A small horse with short legs creates a less fluid, smooth ride for the rider and, as those little legs chug up and down, it seems even a simple walk is quite bumpy. No doubt this was exactly what the men who saddled the horse had in mind. Now these same men rode along beside the beautiful blonde in the big, white cowboy hat.

Jenny had her share of admirers from behind as well, of course, as her tantalizingly round bottom was only half covered by her very short denim cut-offs. Above the saddle you could see at least three inches of bare skin on each cheek when seated, and more when she bounced. And boy, was she bouncing! If the fact that she was already on a horse that could set a normal rider bobbing wasn’t enough, Jenny had no experience riding. It takes a certain amount of practice to find a horse’s rhythm and glide along with it, so that you can have a riding experience that doesn’t leave you butt sore. But Jenny couldn’t seem to get the hang of it and that little horse was sending her up and out of the saddle with each step. Of course what goes up invariably must come down, so it was that sound, the sound of Jenny’s bare behind slapping down on the hard, smooth saddle, that accompanied the riders up the canyon. Up and down, splat and jiggle, that strip of denim holding the front to the back of her shorts was working deep into the space between and Jenny wasn’t terribly comfortable with that. She blushed every time she thought about the view of her from behind as well and she gave a little “darn him!” under her breath at her husband and his snipping of her pant legs.

From the front Jenny’s breasts were doing an unbelievable dance. Because her arms were pressing them together as she grasped the saddle horn, her cleavage was even more prominent. They both heaved up and down independent of Jenny’s bouncing, and in response to it at the same time. The constant movement inside her T-shirt had caused enough friction to stimulate her large nipples to rigidity. The four or five cowboys that rode ahead and to the side of Jenny were mesmerized and grinning like fools at her bobbing bosom. A few were even salivating, and none were without a raging erection. She didn’t notice this of course, she was too worried about that denim strip that seemed to want to crawl inside her and the fact that her boobs were going to bounce right out of the T-shirt at any minute! They continued on at this happy pace for a bit.

After about five minutes of enjoying Jenny’s charms on the horse, the riders seemed to slow down as the trail widened before the canyon. Harvey turned to Jenny briefly and gave her a wink and a smile. All of a sudden he kicked his horse and both his and hers took off at a trot. The others rode along all around her and watched the show. A trotting horse really gives the rider more of an up and down rhythm to contend with and, of course, Jenny had no ability at all in gliding with the accelerated movement. She was bouncing a good six to eight inches out of that saddle and coming down hard, her bottom slapping the seat at a rapid pace and beginning to get a pink, rosy glow. But it was up front that most of the riders were enjoying, as Jenny’s breasts decided that they weren’t going to stay within that T-shirt any longer. They bounded out of their white enclosure by the third trot, and her big bare boobs looked glorious in the bright sun. The juicy red nipples stood out hard and swollen from the pink-brown circle of her aureole, and although they were large they were round and firm, soft and pale and vibrant.

Oh yeah, and also they were moving. They were bouncing in a huge up and down movement Jenny could do nothing about.

“Nooooooooooo!!!!!” Jenny called ahead of her, after she shrieked when her breasts jumped out of her shirt..

”Stttttttoooooooooooooppppppppp!!!!!!!! her voice echoed up the canyon.

But Harvey was only going to stop when he had to, which was a little ways ahead as the trail narrowed to ascend the canyon at it’s opening. Meanwhile, Jenny was putting on a terrific show for the cowboys. They were whooping and hollering and laughing and whistling, but most of all, staring..bug-eyed and horny! They couldn’t believe how big and juicy those naked breasts looked, and how fetchingly they bobbed up and down. Each one just wanted their face as close as possible to them. And at the top of her beautiful, smooth thigh her hips flared out to hold a deliciously round bottom. Now barely covered at all, and taking on a pinkness from the saddle slaps, her rump was a round, protruding set of globes, with the smoothest skin over the softest muscles. And it got to jiggling in a most succulent way. Their thoughts went to little bites or squeezes of that great looking behind, as if it were a fruit from heaven. Jenny’s cute look of panic was priceless and her entire face was red with embarrassment, but there was nothing she could do about her body being on display to all these men as she bounced up and down in the saddle.

They finally reached the canyon mouth and Harvey slowed the horses to a walk so that they could cool down. Jenny risked falling off and released the saddle horn long enough to stuff her boobs back in her shirt and was heard whispering “ohmygodohmygodohmygod” over and over to herself. She even attempted to pull her shorts back down on her rear a little but stopped short of actually digging out the thong and denim strip from her shorts as she noticed she was surrounded by grinning cowboys.

“Here ya go Miss, ridin can be thirsty bidness ya’know” said the one next to her and he handed Jenny a metal canteen with a cloth blanket-like covering on it’s two round sides. The horses had come to a stop and all the men seemed to have pulled up ahead of Jenny and were sitting sideways in the saddle to look back at her.

“Why, thank you.” Jenny said and, with some effort, unscrewed the metal cap which fell to the side, hanging from it’s little metal chain.

Jenny then tipped the canteen back along with her head to get a sip, because it only seemed to be about a third full. She kept leaning back until she finally felt water in her mouth and had a strange feeling at her breasts at the same time.

“Oh dang, forgot that was the one with the leak Missy.” apologized the cowboy as he took the canteen back.

But he didn’t look very sorry. Jenny looked down and saw where he was looking and squealed. The canteen had a convenient hole drilled into it below the drinking spout, which had sprayed the front of Jenny’s T-shirt. It had wet both breasts down to the nipples and had effectively made her shirt transparent. Now that she had her boobs in her shirt, they may as well be on the outside for what she showed. She folded her arms across her breasts and blushed deeply.

“Well, we best get goin..” said Harvey and lurched Jenny’s horse forward hard enough that she immediately grabbed the saddle horn with her hands so as not to fall off.

The riders ascended that beautiful canyon with the most enticing blushing blonde in all Arizona. Long, curvy, smooth legs above those black boots. A proud pink rump, round and jiggly, sticking out the back of very brief shorts. And to top it off, two perfectly round, large boobs in a very wet white T-shirt that exposed them, hard nipples and all, to any who wished to look. Set all these adorable body parts in motion and add to the mix that the blonde had no way to cover herself and you get the picture.

Jenny thought the eyes of the men would bore into her as they rode and felt the flush of embarrassment creep down her neck to her wet boobs. She thought their ride would never end. But it did, at a spring area with a little pool of water for the horses, one lone palm, and surrounded by cactus and boulders. The canyon walls rose up steeply on either side. All the riders got down and a couple came forth to help Jenny down as well.

Her legs were grabbed and moved and she found herself in that position again of laying across a saddle. But this time she felt two or three pairs of hands guiding the back of her thighs and bottom cheeks as she slid down the side of the horse and her feet finally found purchase. She covered her wet breasts as best she could and went with the other riders to sit on the rocks around the pool as the horses drank.

The men began to talk to Jenny about riding and how well they thought she had done, despite the fact that she wasn’t wearing riding clothes. One of Jenny’s hands went back behind her to rub her bottom as she listened. She was holding her T-shirt out from her body as far as she could to not show anything but her adorable cleavage, and the hot sun was actually drying the shirt as she sat there.

That's when Jenny looked down and saw the little lizard zoom over her boot. This caused her to lurch back and she felt herself sliding back off the slick rock she had chose to sit on.

“OW!” Jenny exclaimed as she felt the sting on her behind, but she slid a little further and she felt more stinging up her bottom and even on to her back. The men leaped forward and grabbed her arms and quickly pulled her up to a standing position. But the stinging didn’t stop and Jenny kept saying “ow! ow! ow!” and hopped from foot to foot.

The men turned her around and found out why, she had leaned against a cactus as she slid and had embedded the thorns in her shirt and shorts, along with numerous places on her backside. She looked like a pin cushion.

“Good Christ Miss! You have that cholla stuck all over you back there!” Harvey exclaimed, but soon curbed his panic and spoke to Jenny in a soothing way and explained what had to be done.

She cringed amid her hops and squeals, but nodded her head in agreement to what Harvey was suggesting. The simple fact was plain enough, that her clothes were inundated with thorns and could no way be safely kept on without more of them finding skin to go into. So as the men gently pulled the T-shirt out as far as possible in back, Harvey used his sharp buck knife and slipped it right up the front of Jenny’s shirt as he pulled it away from her breasts, and then let go.

It whipped off her and the cowboys tossed it in the desert. Sliding her jeans down her legs was not a good idea as well so one cowboy with heavy work gloves grabbed the bottom of her shorts in the back and pulled them out as far as he could too. Harvey was kneeling behind Jenny and slit both the denim strip and the white thong panty as it was pulled out enough to safely do so. Then Jenny undid the buttons in front and Harvey slit them down the rest of the way and she finally had her thorny clothes off.

She used one hand to cover her curly blonde pubic hair and the other to cover a nipple, and tried to use her arm to cover the other nipple, but couldn’t. Here she was again, naked except for a pair of boots in front of a crowd of men. Wearing a silly cowboy hat even. Her body flushed with redness as her embarrassment even overcame the pain she was in.

Some of the men seemed to be actually looking over her situation behind her seriously, but most were just standing around with their hands in their pockets, staring at the luscious naked blonde standing in front of them. The men behind her asked her to bend forward a little and she did as she was told. Her breast flowed out over the top of her arm and her bottom stuck up and out enticingly with the arch in her back. She didn’t know what they were doing back there, but most of the cowboys migrated behind her to see. They asked her to bend over a little further, and she did, hearing their whispered voices behind her.

While they had no intention of trying to remove the barbed thorns out of Jenny’s rump ( there were only five, and two in her lower back) they were having a great time getting the blonde to get into suggestive postures for them while pretending to access the situation. Although her legs were tight together, they had gotten her bent over far enough that her sweet pink lips had popped out the back between her thighs. The natural curve of this beauty’s legs and butt, and how her waist pinched in and then smoothed out again in a slope to her shoulders was amazing. And her behind was so round and pink and smooth, stretched taunt and aching to be fondled, with her deliciously pouty labia below it.. well, no fewer than two thirds of them had a firm hold of themselves as she wiggled her butt back and forth, stepping on and off each foot, murmuring little ow’s! and ouches! as the cactus stung her tender bottom.

“Well, I can’t see as how we could get any of those out without it hurtin like hell.” Harvey finally said, and he told Jenny she could stand up now, amid groans from the few who would have had her stand like that all day.

“I’m sorry Miss, even if we put something on you I’m afraid it would just wiggle those thorns in deeper, so you’re gonna have to stayed nekkid a little longer..” he trailed off as his eyes strayed down her chest to her sex. “But I have an idea how we can get you back to the ranch without you havin ta’ sit a horse.” He said as he came out of the reverie he was enjoying.

And with that he strolled over to his saddle and pulled a roll of what looked like suede leather off the back. But when he untied it Jenny saw it was really a sheep skin and still had the wool on the other side, puffy and soft and about two inches thick.

Harvey explained to Jenny what he had in mind and she thought it at least offered her some cover for her exposed parts, so she agreed. They all mounted again and this time Harvey stretched his rope from the saddle horn around the back of his saddle and then threw it over to a rider beside him who left it hanging slack between them but pulled it around the back of his saddle and around his horn as well. Then he tossed Harvey the end of the rope and, leaving the same amount of slack between them with this second strand, tied it if on his saddle horn.

Jenny then lay the sheep skin over the two hanging strands of parallel rope and lay face down on this homemade hammock. Jenny was hoping she would be able to cover her breasts as well as her pubes but the arrangement made that difficult as the front rope almost had to cross her body below them to balance her well enough, and she found she had to hold on to the rope on either side with both hands as well to keep from falling. So her beautiful bare bosom hug over the front of this makeshift stretcher like the prow of a boat. The other rope she tried to keep on the top of her thighs so her legs could stick straight out the back and she could keep them together. She knew she would be exposing her bare bottom to everyone all the way back (and now she discovered, her boobs as well), but she was hoping that was all.

The cowboys had the ride of their lives, they could ride forward and watch Jenny blush as she saw them staring at her bouncing breasts which, due to being between two horses, developed a side to side sway that was almost as embarrassing as the up and down bounce when they jumped out of her shirt. Then they could ride behind and look at those beautiful naked thighs and that wiggling pink bottom. But they were in for a treat because it didn’t stay like that all the way back.

The rear rope kept sliding forward so that it reached the crease in Jenny’s hips where she normally bends. This would cause her legs to drop and the toes of her boots would drag on the ground. She would then furiously wiggle back and forth to ease the rope back down to her upper thighs, in the process she would flail her legs all about, invariably separating them for extended periods of time as she attempted to climb back on her hammock. This happened repeatedly and they would shout encouragement to Jenny and whistle and hoot, and she would wiggle and blush, as she had a general idea that she was showing everything to anyone who was behind her.

On occasion the hammock-carrying rider next to Harvey would lean over while Jenny was struggling to climb back on and slide his hand between her legs and down to her upper thigh in front and pull up to help her get back on. Not only was he brushing past her labia as he did so, but when he pulled her up she was in such an exaggerated posture, with her bottom stuck high in the air and her legs spread that she knew from the sharp whistles and hoots they were seeing everything she had!

“OH MY GOD! THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!!”

Jenny’s mind screamed as she endured the most humiliating horseback ride of her life.

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**Jenny's Toga Dilemma**

By TrackJim

"Come on, Jenny. It'll be fun."

John knew Jenny would have a good time, if she could just let go of her fear of embarrassment. Since the events of the fashion show it had been difficult to get Jenny out of the house. When she did leave she had insisted on wearing pants and heavy-duty shirts. With her fabulous figure and face, she remained the center of attention, but even then she constantly checked her clothes. She really needed to relax.

"You know you always love Bill and Kathy's parties."

"Well....", Jenny said as she mulled it over.

Bill and Kathy were really nice people. She felt a bit guilty that she had passed on the last two party invitations. Their parties were always fun with lots of interesting people.

"Okay, but why a toga party?"

"It's their party and they wanted to do something different. Look, dear, we can go out right now and buy something you'll be comfortable in."

"Okay. I do need to do some shopping."

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John and Jenny had visited several shops in the mall, but none had anything remotely toga-like. It was then they spotted a new store between the B. Daltons and The Nature Store - The Pleasure Chest. John stared at the mannequins in the store windows dressed in their long flowing lingerie. Even Jenny looked appreciatively at the ankle-length silk gown of creamy white. It was certainly elegant, but bare back cut and wrap-around styling brought a chill to her spine. Such as gown would be tempting fate.

"Dear, I think you'd look fabulous in that gown."

"John, it IS nice, but just too revealing for me."

"Are you kidding? That gown is perfect for you. It'll accent your figure perfectly. You'll be the hit of the party."

"That is what I'm afraid of", Jenny thought even as John prodded her into the store.

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It was the night of the party. Jenny stared at the image in her vanity's mirror. She wore the ankle-length gown and leather sandals. John had been right; the gown was perfect for her. The creamy white of the luxurious material contrasted nicely with her deeply tanned body. The gown was wrapped around her as the mannequin had worn it. Her left shoulder was completely uncovered. A wide strip of material was thrown over her right shoulder and formed a waist-length cape. With the addition of a couple of 'security' buttons, it hung in place without showing anything naughty. In addition the cape covered most of her bare back, especially her lower back. However, Jenny had not found a single bra she could wear with the gown. John had innocently stated that a bra was just not appropriate with the gown, but that was Jenny's fear. Without a bra she felt sure she was REALLY tempting the fates.

John knew his work was cut out for him. He commented repeatedly on how nice Jenny looked in the gown. He had not even thought of tampering with the gown. As much as he wanted to show Jenny off, another embarrassing mishap could result in Jenny wearing a suit of armor whenever she left the house. Besides, this gown DID really show her off without showing too much.

"Come on. If you don't go, you'll have to make another excuse to Bill and Kathy. They're going to think you don't like them anymore."

Jenny and John were having a great time. John had found two bronze wristbands with ornate swirls and tiny fake jewels. With the addition of gold painted head wreath and his knee-length toga he looked the part of a Roman Senator.

Bill and Kathy had gambled on the weather and won. The warm spring day had become a lovely evening. The festive party lanterns gave just enough light to keep the evening shadows at bay. Bill was doing a fine job as a disk jockey. Several couples danced on the wide hardwood deck to his music. John had urged Jenny to dance to slower tunes. She had loosened up as leaned her warm body to his as they swayed. His hands hugged her bare back under the cape. With a will of their own his hands slowly dropped lower. When they reached the edge of the gown at the base of her back they paused.

John was all too aware where his hands rested. He waited for Jenny to stiffen and pull away, but she did not. If anything she hugged him more tightly to her. John glanced around but found no one paying undue attention to them. He became aware the cape was masking the actions of his hands. Dare he?

Yes!

John's fingers slipped under the material. Inch by inch they moved lower until his hands cupped Jenny's firm behind. Only then did Jenny giggle.

"John, that's enough ... until we get home."

John smiled back and started to withdraw his hands. Suddenly his hand stopped holding her and she felt the back of her dress pull tight.

"I'm not kidding, mister!"

"Jenny, I'm stuck."

"WHAT?"

"Shush", John whispered. "My wristbands are caught in your dress."

Jenny gulped. As the song ended the dance area cleared. Bill announced a break. John and Jenny felt self-conscious as they remained standing by themselves.

Jenny was getting embarrassed as she felt John struggle with his wristbands and her dress. His actions were getting frantic and then she heard something with which she was all too familiar.

RrrriIIPPP!

The sound thundered in Jenny's ears. She spied around but no one was looking at her except John. He looked at her sheepishly even as he pulled at the strips of white cloth hanging from his wristbands. Jenny slowly reached behind her and found the back of her dress torn open down to her thighs.

The only things hiding Jenny's firm bottom were her cape and the white thong. The thong had been the only clean white underwear she had available. Even the more conservative pink panties had left a shadow through the white gown -- and it had left a panty line. When she had been dressing she had kicked herself for not thinking ahead and trapping her into wearing the more daring thong. The way it crawled into her, the thong covered very little of her blushing posterior.

It took John only an instant to see the red blush flood Jenny's face. He knew he had to act quickly or she would lock herself in their house for a long time. He put aside his own desires to see her shown. He stuffed the strips of torn material under a table before standing behind Jenny's back. He hoped to shield from the eyes of the other guests as he herded her towards the front door.

"Sorry, but I've got a splitting headache."

John made the excuse. He wanted to make it as easy as possible for Jenny, but even as he shuffled Jenny out the door the situation he was OH-SO tempted NOT to let it pass.

"Jenny, you better wait here while I get the car."

They had been forced to park in the next block. Jenny gave John a desperate look as he left her standing near the curb.

A cool breeze lifted Jenny's cape and raised goose bumps to her body. She grabbed the cape and held it tightly across her bottom. She glanced fearfully at the sky and saw it being filled with clouds that obscured the moon and stars. A cold drop struck her nose. A moment later it was joined by a dozen more. Already the raindrops were darkening her gown as the material became soaked and adhered to her flesh. A cacophony of voices erupted behind her. The party's guest were being forced inside by the rain. The house became over crowded and some party guests were deciding to depart. With her rain-soaked gown becoming transparent Jenny was growing anxious.

John had not returned when Jenny heard the front door slam and footsteps approached from the house. Gripped by embarrassment she looked desperately for a hiding place. The only things she saw were two rows of evergreen shrubs. On impulse she drove into the dense shrubs. As Jenny's passed through the shrubs the needles snagged and then tangled in the thin material of her gown. By the time she came to a stop her gown hung in pieces on the branches and twigs of the evergreens. She knelt behind the shrubs in only her white thong panties. She pulled on the remnants of her gown but she only succeeded in ripping it into even smaller pieces.

Jenny was desperate. The cool rain continued to fall covering her in its liquid sheen. She clutched hugged her arms to her chest, but failed to realize her rain drenched thong become all but invisible.

Thankfully, no one was near when she spotted John driving toward her. She could see him turning his head as he approached slowly. Jenny realized he would not see her in her hiding place. He might drive passed her or, even worse, park the car again and return on foot. She took a deep breath and made a decision.

John was driving very slowly. Jenny was no where in sight as he approached Bill and Kathy's house when the vision appeared from the evergreens. A drenched Jenny vaulted from the evergreens and ran to the side of the car. John's mouth hung open at the erotic vision as she pulled at the locked passenger door. After five seconds (an eternity to Jenny) John unlocked the door. Jenny jumped into the passenger seat and scooted down as far as possible.

"Drive!"

John took the long way home.

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**Jenny Strips Herself**

by Patrick

So, Jenny thought to herself, she was finally graduated from the police academy, and had only a week or two's worth of desk duty to get thru before being assigned to a veteran officer for training as a patrolwoman. Should be a snap, she thought, it was a lot like being a secretary, and she'd certainly done THAT before! She was glad to be out of the academy; even if her sole mishap had been her too-baggy sweatpants coming down during a self-defense class - that type of environment - the handcuffing practice, frisking, etc. etc. had led to a LOT of body contact, and Jenny wasn't to sure all of it had been unintentional on the part of her classmates and instructors - in fact, Jenny felt she had been used for demonstration purposes almost every DAY! The only apprehension she felt now was that apparently, her uniform measurements had been recorded incorrectly - her blouse and trousers were exceptionally tight and restrictive.

She had made this known to her commander, who had had her refitted, and replacement uniforms were on the way. She was glad, in fact, that she WASN'T yet out on the streets in this situation - she shuddered at the possibilities that opened to her; Lord knows, she had certainly been the victim of PLENTY of misfortune in the clothing accident department! She was a little bored, and scanned the bustling office she was seated in.

It was a slow day, and Jenny was beginning to get drowsy; perhaps this was the reason her guard was let down, and she made a characteristic error on her part.... She noticed a loose thread protruding from the seam beneath the zipper flap in her trousers, and her mind went back to something her husband had said about how in his Army days, if a sergeant had seen loose threads on your uniform, you were given demerits, and "Kitchen Police" duty.

Of course, Jenny had a lot of pride in her appearance, and she didn't want anyone thinking any different, so she pinched the offending thread between her fingers, and yanked on it. OH, NOOOOOOOO!, she thought in horror, as the seam parted easily from her efforts.

The thread had apparently been integral to the strength of the stitching there. Her pastel yellow rayon bikini panties poked out at her now bugging eyes. She glanced around the room to see if anyone was watching her - she suddenly felt TERRIBLY self-conscious. No one seemed to be paying her any mind. Jenny looked back down, and found, amazingly, that the hole was now an inch or two even DEEPER! It was because the pants were so tight, and under strain , she reasoned.

What could she DO?, she thought, near frantic with panic now.

As she observed her dilemma, she SAW the seam spread silently another quarter inch down! She rummaged thru her desk drawer, and finally found one - a safety pin! She checked to make sure that she was still unobserved, then reached down to attempt the desired repairs, if even only temporarily, until she could properly address the damage from the security of the ladies room.

NO! NO! NO!NO! she cursed inwardly; - her efforts to pinch together the gaping fabric in order to pin it only served to place more strain on the material, and the seam tore suddenly, decisively both up AND down in a heart-stopping instant.

Surveying the damage, Jenny was dismayed to see a wide, yawning hole from about her mid-zipper area, down to the four-way seam intersection between her legs. Even as she looked on in shock and disappointment, the stitching CONTINUED to slip silently, incrementally apart. Now, the seams leading down her inner thighs were separating, and the rear seam between her hips was beginning to creep open in an upward migration - her seat would be exposed if THAT seam got any worse! Even the SLIGHTEST movement, fidget, or flexing of her muscles made matters worse - the pants were just TOO tight!!!

Well, she thought, I just can't SIT here while my uniform comes apart - I'd better take SOME kind of action! So, she decided to cover herself with a casually (!!!) grasped clipboard, and make a hasty exit to the locker room, where she had a change of clothes. Good! Still no one watching! She rose suddenly - too suddenly - and of course, seams widened in all directions.

Still, she had hope, and stepped off with determination; clipboard placed as strategically as possible under the circumstances. She could hear a faint SNIK.SWNIKK..SNIK.. with every step, and quickened her pace.

GOSH! It was a long way to the locker room from here, she thought. She prayed she could reach safety even as she thought she could feel a draft on her behind. Quick glance back as she moved - yep! Panties on display there now, too! She was speedwalking like an Olympic athlete, and now her fellow officers began to look her way, and some began to laugh and comment.

Jenny broke into a jog, and her trousers catastrophically failed - she might just as well have been only wearing her panties now. A button now followed the first, second and third that had already gone unnoticed by Jenny as they had popped off her bulging blouse - she was putting too much strain on THAT garment, too, with her vigorous movements. Matching lace bra that barely restrained her beautiful bust could now be seen , complete with their jouncing cargo.

Too panicked now, Jenny bumped into a desk she passed, and the corner broke the string side of her panties, which promptly SNAPPED free, and revealed her lush blond thatch, and clenching, bouncing hips. Running, all the blouse buttons let go, the material parted open and flapped behind her, and last, but certainly not least, first one, and then the other breast both jumped out of her bra. OH, well, Jenny thought, better pick up a newspaper on the way home - it looked as if she'd be job hunting again tomorrow! Maybe Ashley could help..........

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**Jenny's Play Day**

by ?

Ashley and Jenny were having lunch together at the Inn on the Green. Ashley had invited Jenny for a reason.

"Jenny, have I ever told you about my community drama group?"

"Yes, you have. I am surprised, though. You've never struck me as the acting type."

"No,no. I don't do any acting. I'm the director, and the producer, and the set designer. Basically, I'm in charge of most everything. It's not easy, but I do so love being in charge. Issuing orders and having everybody obey. I get such a charge out of it. It's almost as good as sex."

"Wow! I never found the theater so exciting."

"Oh it can be, it can be. In fact, that's one of the reasons I invited you here today. You see, I'm getting up an original production and I'm having a little difficulty getting a female lead. They seem to be somewhat intimidated by the responsibility."

"I don't understand,Ash, what has that to do with me?"

"Well, you've acted before. I know you enjoy it, and I was hoping I could persuade you to trod the boards again."

It was true that Jenny had acted before, and she really did harbor a desire to do more. But her experiences on stage had all seemed to go wrong somehow. They usually ended with a very embarrassing close. Or more accurately, no clothes! However, Jenny found the offer tempting.

"I don't know. I never seem to have much luck with acting."

"Nonsense, Jenny, I've seen you on stage many times. And every time you've made quite an impression on your audience."

Yes, thought Ashley, when you saw Jenny on stage. You usually saw all of her. Every inch. Without a stitch. Something Ashley herself had helped arrange, more than once. And if I can persuade her, this time will be no different.

"You really think so? I do try to give it my all. And it is nice to hear that I've succeeded."

Her all? Yes all her clothes!

"Few who've seen, will ever forget you, Jenny. Take my word for it."

"What is the play about?"

"It's a medieval setting. There's this wealthy Lord who is rather overbearing. He's cruel to his people and overtaxes them to the point where they have little hope left. But he's married to this beautiful woman and she has a good heart. She sees what her husband's actions are doing to the people and she can stand it no longer. She decides to try and reform him, to persuade him that for his own good he must change. But this only hardens him. He doesn't like his wife telling him he's wrong, taking the side of the peasants against him. So he plots a way to thwart her and make her subservient once more to him and to give up being the people's champion. He sets her a challenge that he imagines she couldn't possibly accept, figuring that will end her rebelliousness. But she is made of sterner stuff than he thought. She accepts his challenge and succeeds, thereby helping the people and changing his ways."

"Gosh! That does sound exciting. Why wouldn't the women in your troupe want to play her? I'd die for a meaty role like that!"

"Wellll!!! I didn't tell you everything about the role. There is one thing about it that seems to frighten off a lot of them. It's just a small thing but not many care to do it."

"What is it? What scares them off?"

"You see, Jenny, our troupe performs outdoors. Right here, as a matter of fact, in this park. There's an amphitheater where we work."

"Oh I've seen it! I've been there a number of times. How marvellous! I've always wondered what it would be like to act out of doors?"

"There's nothing like it. You can interact with your audience so much better. And there's greater scope for your productions. You're not confined by space as you are in a theater. But it's this aspect that has the women concerned. You see in this play, you have to do something you don't do everyday. Something some women would even be terrified to do."

"What on earth do they have to do that's so frightening?"

Ashley hesitated as if wondering how best to answer.

"You'd have to ride a horse. Just for the closing scene. No more than that. But it seems a lot are not comfortable with that."

"Is that all?? My Lord! I thought it must have been something dreadful. Why would they object to that? I love riding horses."

"Yes, but you'd have to ride bareback."

"I love riding bareback. It's so natural."

Bareback? Natural? Jenny, how ever did you guess?

"Well, then, will you do it? I'm kind of stuck and you'd really be helping me out!"

"What are friends for? I'd love to Ashley, and I'm honoured that you'd think of me for this part in your play."

"Truth be told, Jenny, when I wrote it, I had you in mind. I couldn't imagine anyone else playing this part! You would make it come alive, seem so real. Almost like actually being there."

"What's the play called?"

"Uh! It's...ummm....uhhh....it's ....it's called....Lady Godiva!"

"Lady Godiva? That name seems familiar somehow. I can't imagine why. It must be because it's such an unusual name."

"Perhaps I'd mentioned I was writing it at some time to you."

"Yes, that's probably it. You know, Ash, I think I can really show them something in this role. She sounds like a woman people would flock to see. The exposure wouldn't hurt me either. I mean if I decide I'd like to try more acting."

"Don't worry,dear, you'll get lots of exposure in this role. And I'll bet we'll get a full house to see it. We'll give them what they want, and they'll go home satisfied."

Ashley couldn't believe her luck! It was easier than she had imagined. The bimbo agreed with no hesitation! When she asked the title, Ashley thought the jig was up. She'd be indignant and refuse. But she didn't even know who Lady Godiva was!! Sometimes it's just too easy.

Jenny was so excited about getting the lead role in the play that she couldn't wait to tell her husband John. No sooner was he through the door than she told all to him.

"Honey, you'll never guess what happened to me today."

John's mind positively raced with speculative scenarios. What did I miss this time? Damn, it seems I'm always in the wrong place at the wrong time these days and have to hear of her nude exploits second-hand!

"What happened now? Tell me all about it. It'll help you to get over it. Don't leave anything out, no matter how trivial it may seem to you!"

Jenny thought how lucky she was to have a husband that was so interested in her life and so supportive. It was such a comfort. Especially when she would have those unfortunate accidents with her clothes. He would always insist that she unburden herself completely and furnish every minor detail. Sometimes he'd want to hear it several times. He took such an interest. Plus, their sex was always more passionate after such events, she assumed it was John's way of showing her how much she was loved!

"No, this was a good thing that happened. Not one of.....those.....incidents."

"Oh! Well, in that case, what's for dinner? I'm starving."

"John, I didn't tell you yet!"

"Oh, right, sorry! What did you want to tell me?"

"You'll never guess. I had lunch with Ashley today. And she offered me the lead role in the play her community group players are doing."

"Ashley wants you to be in a play?"

"Not just in it. She wants me to star. The lead role, she insisted that I play the lead role! She said she wrote it with me in mind for the starring female!"

"Really? Ashley did? She wrote it? And she insists that you be the star? What is this play called?"

"Lady Godiva! Doesn't that sound elegant?"

"Lady Godiva!?!? And you agreed?"

"Of course! She said the other women were intimidated by the role because of something they'd have to do and many were reluctant to do."

"Did she tell you what this something is?"

"Of course she did, silly. She explained that because her play is performed outside that the female lead would have to do something very daring. She'd have to ride a horse!!"

"Ride a horse? Is that it? Did she tell you how you were to ride this horse?"

"Bareback. At least I think she said it was to be bareback. I'm pretty sure she said bareback. But I'm not worried. I love riding horses. Riding one bareback doesn't scare me!"

Bareback!! Yes and barefront, baretop, and barebottom!! Bare everything if he knew Ashley!! This is one play he wasn't going to miss!! He was getting stiff just thinking about it.

"Well you know this is quite a commitment you've made. I'm proud of you for wanting to help out a friend. Things unforeseen sometimes come up in these productions, things that may cause us to feel we can't do them. But it's important at such times to test our limits, to accept new challenges, to do things that we fear so it will help us to grow in character. We should never refuse these challenges, no matter how much they frighten us!"

"Gosh, I never thought of it that way. But I think you're so right, we should challenge ourselves. Of course, in this case, I've already got a leg up. I enjoy riding horses!"

Yes, thought John, and I can't wait to see you riding this one!

Ashley picked up Jenny in her car next day and drove her out into the countryside.

"Jenny, keep an eye out for Billingsgate Road. It should be around here. Katherine gave me the directions over the phone and I hope I got them right."

"Have you never been to her place before? If she's to supply the horse for our play, how did you find her?"

"At my Riding Academy. Katherine is also a member. She raises, trains, and sells mounts to most of it's members. She has some of the finest show horses around. Ah, good! Here it is. Now she said it wasn't far from the main road. It is surrounded by cedar rail fencing. It has a large sign at the front entrance with the name "Glenvale Farms" on it."

Jenny pointed.

"There it is."

It was a most impressive establishment. All the fields were white board fenced. The driveway was a cobblestone circular pattern. The main house was two stories with large white pillars outlining a portico with a balcony overhead. The stables were set well back but were equally impressive. All brown brick with three cupolas on the roof. There was both an indoor and an outdoor training ring. All in all this place said money and success! Katherine must have been watching for them because she immediately emerged from the front door to welcome them.

"Glad to see you've made it. I don't always give the best directions and I was afraid I might have got you lost."

"Your directions were fine, Katherine. We had no trouble at all. Katherine allow me to introduce the star of my play, this is Jenny."

Katherine found herself catching her breath. This woman was gorgeous! It had been some time since she'd seen another quite so beautiful. Katherine felt an instant attraction.

"Jenny, how very nice to meet you. So you're the one who will be riding my horse. Have you ridden much?"

"Oh, yes. I love to ride horses. This is a beautiful place you have here. Do you run it alone or with your husband?"

"Husband? No, I'm not married. Far too busy to be bothered with that. Men are alright in their place, and their place here is in the bunkhouse not the main house."

She laughed.

"No I'm in charge here and they know it. Would you like a little tour? We can saunter down to the paddock and I'll introduce you to your mount for the play."

"Yes, please. I'd love to see more and I can't wait to meet my horse."

"Good, then come with me."

Jenny was very impressed. She had never seen a place quite like Katherine's before. So big, so clean, so well-managed. She was very interested in everything and would poke her head in doorways and climb fences trying to see it all. Katherine was walking with Ashley and the two were deep in conversation, all the while keeping their eyes fixated on Jenny.

"Well, Kath, I've explained to you what I'll need. Do you have one that fits the bill?"

"You know, Ashley, when I first met you, you seemed so normal. I had no idea you had such a wicked streak. I think that's what attracted me to you, when I found out you did. When I discovered it was you who got Millicent Westerbrook drunk at the "Hunt Ball" and left her naked in the horse stall with that rogue stallion. Well, I must say, I was impressed. Why ever did you do that, by the way?"

"That bitch wanted to replace me as Chairperson of the Academy. And if the rumours were correct, she slept with just about every member of the Board. Male and female."

"Did you object to her sleeping with the women board members?"

"No, of course not! I would have done the same if I'd needed to. But the chance to stop Millie presented itself, so I didn't need to. Her reputation was ruined and I stayed in the chair. Everything worked out in the end."

"Ruined?? You mean her reputation was made!"

They both laughed at this.

"You don't suppose it really did anything with Millicent, do you? I mean, is that even possible?"

"I heard yes. But I never could confirm it. I would have loved to have stayed and witnessed it. But I couldn't afford to be seen anywhere near the stables that night. So I missed out. I often have fun imagining the look on that cunt's face when she woke up and realized where she was and what was happening to her! Even her firmest supporters abandoned her after they found her like that."

"Well one thing's for sure. If anything did happen, Millicent Westerbrook can never again be accused of being a tight-ass!"

More laughter.

"You aren't planning to do anything like that to this Jenny are you? She seems such a sweetie. Or am I wrong?"

"No, not anything that rough. And , yes, Jenny isn't a bitch. But just look at her. She has that drop-dead gorgeous body and she doesn't even realize it. She just saunters through life getting whatever she wants from whomever and without so much as a thought in her head! It's just so unfair, with her around I have a hard time getting noticed and they fall over her and she doesn't even try! She can be so infuriating!!"

Katherine took a closer look. A much closer look. Ashley was right, Jenny was drop-dead gorgeous. Shoulder-length blonde hair done up in a pony-tail at the moment. Blue eyes. A face men would die for. And a body beyond belief! She was wearing white cotton shorts with a man's white dress shirt, the ends of which were tied together beneath her breasts. And what breasts!! Katherine estimated them to be at least 38c maybe even d. They jutted straight out in a very pleasing fashion. Katherine could make out a white lace half-bra beneath. Katherine had a practiced eye for these things. Jenny's bare mid-riff she guessed at 24. And those cotton covered hips were probably 36.Jenny's ensemble was completed with white ankle socks and white tennis shoes. All in all a delightful package that just begged to be unwrapped!

"Does she know what your play is about? Should I keep quiet or is she fine with it?"

"I've told her the broad outline. The minor details I'll save til later."

"Minor details!! You mean she doesn't have any idea what is involved in her role?"

"She asked what the play was about and I told her. I also had to tell her it's title"Lady Godiva" and would you believe it, she didn't even recognize it!!"

"You're kidding! But what are you going to do when she reads the script? She'll know all about it then!"

"I've prepared a special script for her. She won't know anything til our full dress rehearsal. And I've even got that covered. So I think I should be okay. If not, I'll just get her husband John to work on her."

"He husband!?!? You mean he's in on this too?"

"No, He didn't know anything about it. But I know that once he learns what I've planned for his darling wife, he'll be eager to help in any way he can."

"Seems like poor Jenny is surrounded. Doesn't sound like she has much of a chance. I'm glad you included me in your plans, this is something I think I'm going to enjoy. I have the perfect horse for you and all it's going to cost you is our original agreement and a ticket to your play. Front row, of course!"

"Done!"

They both laughed.

Jenny ran ahead to the paddock area and climbed the fence, looking at the horses.

"Which one is it? Which one do I get to ride?"

Ashley and Katherine caught up.

"Not there. Your horse is in the corral over there."

They all went over to the corral. Jenny climbed up and saw a tall, black horse contentedly walking circles.

"Why is he all alone here? He looks lonely."

"Don't worry about him, Jenny. We just put him here so you could inspect him."

"He's beautiful! I can hardly wait to ride him. Here boy, come here."

She put out her hand to pat him but he instantly shied away, snorting.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing, dear, he's just a little shy. He's usually with the other horses or in a show ring. He's fine when there's a crowd to play to. He's well-trained. He will be fine once he gets to know you. You shouldn't have any problems with him."

"Gosh, I hope not. I'd hate to lose control of him in a crowded park."

Ashley spoke up.

"Don't worry. Katherine is an excellent horse trainer and she wouldn't give us an animal we couldn't handle. Right, Kath?"

"I can assure you he'll do everything he's supposed to without fail. He's just what you need for this play. You'll see, there will be no complaints about his performance. With you on his back, Jenny, the audience will see a matched pair."

She didn't say a matched pair of what!

"Oh, I hope so! What's his name?"

"Midnight."

"What a beautiful name. It fits him like a glove."

"Yes, I think so, too. Well now that you've seen your acting partner, would you like to see more of the place?"

"Yes, please!"

Katherine took Ashley and Jenny in her jeep through the lanes of her property. Jenny was very impressed with everything she saw. The tour ended back in the paddock area.

"Now I'd like you two to see my pride and joy, my indoor training ring. It's where I train all the new riders."

Katherine looked knowingly at Ashley. Ashley wondered what she was up to but followed her lead.

"That sounds interesting. We'd like to, wouldn't we, Jenny?"

"Yes, please!"

Jenny was very impressed. The ring was all enclosed. It had a gate that lead directly outside through which horse and rider entered and left. The show ring was surrounded by tall boarding. There was seating along both sides. There was an arm attached to a motor mounted to the ceiling like a one-bladed fan. From which hung a cable, a harness was at it's bottom end.

"What is that cable thingie for?"

"That, Jenny, is for beginners and for riders learning new styles and tricks. We train all sorts here. We attach it to their waist so if they should fall from their mount, they remain suspended and don't hit the ground. It helps to overcome their fear of falling."

"What a good idea!"

"The arm at the top is motorized and turns as the rider circles the ring, it tighten and loosens the cable. There is a man at the master control at all times to ensure the rider never falls. Would you like to see it in operation?"

"Yes, please!"

"Would you be willing to try it, Jenny? I could bring in a horse if you'd like or we could demonstrate it without, whichever you prefer."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that! I thought you'd bring in somebody to demonstrate it."

Ashley caught Katherine's look and immediately understood her role.

"C'mon, Jen, you'll be safely on the ground. It's only a harness, what harm could there be in that?"

"Gosh, Ash, I don't know. I'm not exactly dressed for it."

Ashley and Katherine looked at each other and smiled at her words. Not exactly dressed for it? That' s exactly what we intend! Katherine took Jenny by the hand and led her into the ring.

"You'll be fine dear. I'm afraid there isn't anyone available at the moment to be our demonstrator. How you're dressed is of no consequence. I'll simply put it on you and work the controls so you can get some idea as to what it's like. Nothing can go wrong!"

No, I intend everything should go just right, for me! Jenny felt reassured. Katherine put the belt around Jenny's waist and cinched it tight, very tight!

"OOOHH!! That's awfully tight, Katherine. Does it have to be that tight?"

"We don't want you slipping out of it. The tighter the better! There! Perfect! Now, Ashley, I want you to be the spotter. Just stand beside Jenny, holding the guide rope,and see to it she's okay. If she gets into difficulty, it's up to you to take the appropriate measures. You do understand, don't you, Ashley? I'll go up to the judge's platform and work the controls."

Ashley understood completely.

"Don't worry, Katherine, I'll take care of things down here!"

Katherine winked at Ashley , then climbed to the judge's platform and took up the controls. She turned on the loudspeakers so she could be heard.

"Alright, Jenny, I'm just going to tighten the cable first. Raise your hand when you feel it's tight. Raise both arms if you feel it's too tight."

Katherine pressed the control lever, the motor kicked in and the cable was raised onto a spool at the end of the arm.. Jennny could feel it getting tighter and felt nervous. Jenny felt it was too tight and raised both her arms, which shifted her center of gravity and she nearly toppled forward. Katherine eased off and Jenny regained her feet.

"Gosh, Ashley, this thing is tippy. You've really got to be careful!"

"Don't worry, Jenny, I'm right here."

Ashley smiled. Katherine, you're a very clever girl!!

"Alright, Jenny, now I'm going to raise you off your feet. Don't worry, you will be suspended in mid-air but you are in absolutely no danger. It's to show you what it feels like. Okay, here we go!"

Katherine pushed the lever and Jenny felt herself going up. She became alarmed and again raised her hands but this only caused her to topple completely forward off her feet, leaving her suspended in mid-air.

"HELP, Ashley!! I can't get down!"

"Relax, Jenny, you're alright. I've got you. That's what the guide rope is for."

"I'm not sure I like this!"

Katherine lowered her, and Jenny stood up again.

"Now, Jenny, that was from a static position. I'd like you to trot around the ring as if you were riding a horse and I'll show you what it's like in motion. Okay?"

"Well, okay, I suppose. It does take some getting used to."

"Ashley, you can stand in the middle of the ring and control her lateral motion with the guide rope. Here we go!"

Jenny slowly started jogging around the ring. Katherine raised her up off her feet, then lowered her again. She kept doing this til Jenny was more comfortable and relaxed.

"Now, Jenny, just one final thing. So far you've only been raised a little bit above the floor. Had you been on horseback, you would have been much higher. So now I'm going to raise you to a height that would accurately reflect what it would be with an actual horse. Just so you can see what it really would be like. Ready? Here we go!"

"I'm not so sure about this. Maybe I'd better not! OH! OH MY!!"

Before Jenny could object, Katherine hit the button and Jenny zoomed up in the air.

"NO,NO,NO!! I don't like this! Get me down!"

Ashley nearly laughed out loud as she watched Jenny fly upward.

"I've got you, Jen, I've got you!"

"Ashley!! Tell her to get me down!"

Suddenly Jenny went even higher. Katherine's voice took on an air of concern.

"OH, dear!! Just one moment. I seem to be having a little problem. There seems to be a glitch somewhere."

Katherine was enjoying this. Now what should I do to her? She began to work the controls back and forth, causing Jenny to quickly lower then just as quickly rise again.

"I don't understand this! It's never done this before!"

Poor Jenny was jerking up and down and flipping back and forth. One minute she was upright and the next her world was upside down.

"OH! ASHLEY!! Do something! Get me down! PLEASE!!"

Ashley wanted in on this.

"Jenny, maybe I can work it free with the guide rope!"

Ashley pulled and released the rope causing Jenny to swing wildly back and forth.

"NO! STOP! ASHLEY, YOU"RE GETTING ME DIZZY!!"

This gave Ashley an idea.

"Katherine, try to lower her again! Maybe if I can get a hold on her I can pull her down!"

Katherine wasn't sure what Ashley had in mind but she'd do her part.

"Alright, I'll give it a try!"

She lowered her prey. Ashley ran forward and grabbed Jenny by her hips. Katherine then raised Jenny back up, with Ashley hanging from the waistband of Jenny's shorts.

"OH! Ashley LET GO!!! My shorts are slipping!"

"I'm not letting go!! We're up too high!!"

Actually, Ashley knew she could let go and drop to the ground with no difficulty but she had other plans. She could feel Jenny's shorts continue to slip down, so she wriggled back and forth to aid in their descent.

"ASHLEY!! DON"T MOVE!! You're pulling my pants down!"

Good,thought Ashley, just what I had in mind. Katherine was quick to see what Ashley's game was and assisted by jerking the cable rapidly up and down. This proved too much for Jenny's shorts, the button popped like a bullet and the zipper separated. The shorts quickly descended to Jenny's ankles with Ashley still attached. Ashley made certain she snagged Jenny's panties on the way down. They didn't stop at her ankles but slipped right on by, falling to the floor clutched tightly in Ashley's hands.

"OH! MY GOD!! ASHLEY!! DO SOMETHING! OH! MY GOD!!"

This is fun, thought Ashley, I hope Katherine is enjoying it too.

"Hang on, Jenny, I'll try to grab your ankles and see if I can pull you down!"

Ashley jumped up and swiped at Jenny's feet. She managed to knock both of Jenny's sneakers off her feet.

"Ashley that isn't working! Try something else! Hurry, please!!"

This time Ashley snagged Jenny's left sock and pulled it off.

"Jenny, I can't quite get a hold. I'll try again, just hold on."

She succeeded in removing the right sock. Now Jenny was completely nude from the waist down. Jenny couldn't believe it was happening to her again, and in front of a complete stranger. Ashley was ecstatic. Katherine was thoroughly enjoying this beautiful blonde's predicament. A true blonde, I see. Katherine practically salivated at the thought of getting her tongue on that delightful pussy. And an ass to die for! I have something that would fit it perfectly. Imagine having those slender, long legs wrapped around you. Ashley saw an opportunity to complete her plan.

"Jenny, put your arms above your head!"

"Above my head!?!? Why? What good will that do?"

"It'll shift you so your head and arms hang down. If I can get hold of your arms, maybe I can pull you to the ground."

"UPSIDE DOWN!?!? I don't like the sound of that! Isn't there some other way?"

"Well if there is, I can't think of it. Maybe I'll just have to go get some of the men to help!"

"NO!! ASHLEY, NO!! Not them!! Alright, alright, I'll give it a try! Anything but that!!"

The idea of anybody else seeing her in this condition panicked Jenny. Katherine was bad enough, but letting MEN see her like this would be too much. She was willing to try anything to avoid that!! Hesitantly she raised her arms and could feel herself shifting forward. Suddenly, without warning, she flipped over with her arms up and now pointing at the ground. Jenny didn't like this turn of events at all!

"ASHLEY! DO SOMETHING QUICK! The blood is going to my head and I'm getting quite dizzy."

Jenny tried lowering her arms; or more correctly, raising them; to right herself but discovered that her inversion couldn't be reversed. She was upside down and would have to stay that way until somebody got her down.

"ASHLEY!! I CAN"T TURN MYSELF UP!! GET ME DOWN QUICKLY OR I'M GOING TO FAINT!!"

Jenny was trapped upside down and feeling increasingly light-headed. Ashley couldn't believe her luck. Now for the final act!!

"Jenny, I think if I could just pull hard enough, I may be able to loosen the cable and get you down. It's worth a try. I'm going to try and jump up and catch the belt, then hopefully, our combined weight will set it free."

"Anything, Ashley, anything. Just hurry please. I'm getting very dizzy!"

Ashley looked up at Katherine and nodded. Katherine could sense what was planned. Katherine quickly lowered Jenny, Ashley jumped and caught the belt and held on. Katherine then quickly raised the two back up. Ashley was facing two superb boobs.

"Got it!! Now I'll jiggle it and see if I can get it free."

She could hear Jenny's muffled voice coming from near her own breasts.

"OH! Please hurry! I can't stand it much longer!!"

Ashley jiggled back and forth.

"It doesn't seem to be moving. I'll try again."

This time Ashley really thrust herself to and fro.

"JENNY!! I"M SLIPPING! I CAN"T HOLD ON!!"

Ashley let herself slide down Jenny, making certain to catch hold of the white shirt. Jenny could feel Ashley sliding down and felt her shirt tighten.

"ASHLEY!! OH, MY GOD!! My shirt! You've caught yourself on my shirt!"

"I can't help it, I'm slipping! I can't hold on!!"

Jenny knew it was going to happen again. She was slowly losing her clothes and couldn't prevent it. How do I get myself into these situations? I'm going to end up naked again!! She was right, of course, Ashley would see to that. Ashley slowly descended down Jenny's chest, dragging the shirt with her. She reached Jenny's bra and feigned grasping to hold on, caught the sides and dragged it down with her, too.

"JENNY! I"M FALLING! I CAN"T HOLD ON ANYMORE!"

Jenny was momentarily blinded as her shirt and bra covered her face, but only momentarily. Ashley again fell to the floor clutching the hapless woman's clothing. Success!! Jenny was now suspended from the ceiling in a harness completely nude!! Jenny was so light-headed from the blood going to her head that she didn't even bother to try and cover up. The entire scene was starting to swirl in front of her eyes.

Katherine could hardly believe her eyes. Look at those tits!! How she'd love to fondle them. Squeeze them , bite them , suck on them, they'd be a real mouthful. Too bad my agreement with Ashley only included the stripping of Jenny, if she'd known what the girl was like, she'd have insisted on more. Much more!! Pity!! But now it was time to give the hired help their bonus. Whenever Katherine had a pretty female guest visit, part of the fun was in letting her help have a good look at each of them. Completely, totally! Stark naked! It helped to maintain employee loyalty. They should enjoy this one, she was quite a looker.

Ashley looked up at Jenny, hanging upside down, naked as the day she was born. I have to admit I enjoyed this one, she thought, it worked out so well! Katherine spoke up.

"I'm afraid I can't fix it. The controls aren't responding. We're going to have to get help! Ashley, you stay with Jenny while I go get the men to help get her down."

Even in her state, Jenny understood what that meant. THE MEN!?!? NO! NOT THEM! PLEASE! NOT LIKE THIS! Ashley just smiled to herself in anticipation of what was coming.

"ASHLEY!! Please, isn't there another way? I can't be seen like this by her hired hands! Get something to cover me! Anything, please! I couldn't stand that!!"

Ashley had no intention of robbing the men of a complete view of this trapped naked beauty. Jenny's humiliation merely added to Ashley's pleasure, it was almost as good as sex.

"You're up too high, Jenny! Even if I had something, I couldn't reach you! Don't worry, they'll have you down in no time. Then you can get dressed again."

"OH! ASHLEY! PLEASE, NO!!"

"I'm sorry, if there was another way, I'd do it."

Katherine went to her foreman and informed him that the men would be needed in the show ring, all the men! The foreman knew what that meant and quickly called them together. They entered through the gate and were greeted by a sight none would soon forget.

Miss Katherine had outdone herself this time!

This one was incredible!!

The men stood around a moment to appreciate what was being shown them. They took it all in, every delightful part. Her arms were hanging down, her golden pony-tail, too. Her breasts, big beautiful, firm breasts were jutting straight out, crested by equally big and beautiful nipples. Her gold-haired snatch was on view because her legs were akimbo.

Jenny was so dizzy that she was no longer aware of her state. She couldn't conceal anything from the men's eager eyes. Her creamy, white ass was greatly admired and desired. The men murmured amongst themselves, never once taking their eyes off this vision of female beauty.

"Miss Katherine has caught a real beauty this time! SHEEEIT, look, she's blonde all over!"

"Holy Goddamn!! Would ya look at the rack on her!?!"

"I will in a moment. Right now I'm looking at the sweetest ass I've seen in a long time!!"

"I'd love to stick my prick up that pussy! Fuck!! It looks tight!!"

"And that ass!! I'd pump on that til she starts bayin' at the moon!"

"Just imagine havin' them legs over yer shoulder!"

"I'm gonna get me a real good feel of this one, that's fer damn sure!!"

"You and me both!"

Katherine let them enjoy themselves for a while but felt it was now time for action. Ashley could hear the comments being made and enjoyed them all. She only wished Jenny could, too, because it would add to her degradation. Katherine looked from Jenny to her foreman.

"Miguel, there seems to be something wrong with the harness. It won't respond to the controls. We tried to get the poor girl down ourselves, but failed. Our efforts ended in her rather unfortunate situation, as you can see. Perhaps the men could do something!?!?"

Miguel understood her meaning. Help yourselves! Enjoy! Enjoy! But get her down when you're finished! He also knew that she wanted the men to put on a good show for her, she did so enjoy watching the men work on her 'guests'! The men eagerly set to work!

"Ashley, perhaps we'd better get out of the road and let the men see what they can do. We can go to the platform just in case they need someone at the controls."

Ashley understood that the view of the proceedings would be better from up there. The thought of being left in the hands of these men panicked Jenny.

"ASHLEY!! DON"T LEAVE ME!! DON"T GO!!"

Ashley was eager to see what they were going to do to her.

"We aren't going anywhere, Jenny. We can't do anything down here so we may be able to help by working the controls. Don't worry, these men know what they're doing."

"OH, ASHLEY! OH, MY GOD!!"

The men went about their business like seasoned professionals, and considering the number of 'guests' Katherine had invited over the years, they were.

Jenny couldn't keep track of everything that was being done to her. Hands were everywhere, groping, pinching, feeling, petting, probing. It was just too much! She was turned right side up and before she knew it, she was upside down again. Fingers mysteriously found their way into places where they oughtn't to be. She could feel them in her pussy and before she could complain, they were just as quickly removed, only to reappear in her ass. Hands caressed her inner thighs. Someone tugged at her pussy hairs. Her butt was pinched and patted and probed by any number of the men. Her breasts were mangled, mashed, and massaged. Then they were pinched, pulled , and pawed. Her legs were spread wide and her gold-haired pussy put on display for everyone to see. Numerous hands and fingers probed it's depths, no sooner was one removed than another took it's place. All the while they maintained the illusion of being there just to help get her down.

Everyone made certain that there wasn't an inch of this gorgeous beauty that was left untouched! Jenny had never felt more vulnerable in her life. She wanted to complain but she thought that the men were obviously just doing whatever they had to in order to get her safely down. But why weren't they more careful where they grabbed or touched? And why did fingers keep popping into places where they shouldn't be? It was all so humiliating and what's worse, Jenny could feel herself beginning to react physically to their actions. If they didn't get her down soon, there's no telling what may happen.

Jenny could feel herself losing the battle to control her body! But they didn't let up, they hadn't had a woman this magnificent in a while and they wanted to make the most of the opportunity given them. Jenny was terrified, her body was reacting on it's own. Those damn hands and fingers were too much! She could feel it coming and was powerless to prevent it. Her heart-rate increased, her breathing shallowed, she began to perspire as the heat in her loins increased. PLEASE! Get me down before it's too late! Why don't they hurry? Why do they keep touching me like that? Why can't I get myself under control? Somebody, please help me, I can't stop it any more!! It finally proved to be too much for her, she could feel her juices starting to flow and ceased to care. It felt good! It just felt so good!

The men recognized their victory when it came, or rather when she came!! They were satisfied, Jenny had proved to be a great afternoon's entertainment. They slowly lowered her to the floor.

Ashley and Katherine both were speechless by what they had just witnessed. Katherine couldn't help herself, she opened the front of her jeans and set to work relieving herself not caring if anyone saw her. Ashley had always enjoyed seeing Jenny stripped and humiliated but this time it was different. This was indescribable! All those men! They were all over the blonde beauty, hands and fingers touching her everywhere! It was the most exciting thing Ashley had ever seen! She actually found herself wishing that it was her and not Jenny being probed by all those hands. She would never, never, never forget this day!!

Ashley's reaction was so intense that she had no need of relief, she had come several times just watching them. Her panties were sopping wet, and she needed to sit down. Katherine had revived enough to help by lowering Jenny when her men were through. Katherine finally managed to speak.

"Excellent! Excellent job, men! You managed to get her down. Thank you so much for a job well done. We'll take it from here! You may return to your duties."

The men filed out with very satisfied looks on their faces. None would ever forget this day, Jenny would remained fixed in all their memories.

Jenny suddenly realized what she'd done. OH, MY GOD!! I came in front of everybody!! THOSE MEN!! What must they think of me? They must know, it was so obvious! OH, MY GOD!! Let me get dressed and get out of here before I die of shame!!

"Ashley! Help me get out of this. OH! ASHLEY!! I'm so embarrassed! Get me my clothes and let's go home!"

Ashley could barely walk from being so excited.

"Of course I'll help you!"

Ashley grabbed hold of the harness and tried to loosen it. Katherine hadn't lowered it enough and it wouldn't undo.

"Katherine, I'm having difficulty undoing the harness. It needs to be lowered a little more. Could you try and let it down a bit more?"

Katherine hated that her day's excitement was over, she wished it could continue. She couldn't remember when she had last enjoyed a 'guest' as much. What a shame it had to end! Oh, well! Then an idea came to her and she smiled, a very evil smile.

"Just a moment and I'll see what I can do."

Katherine hit the controls and Jenny went sharply upwards to the ceiling again. Jenny was surprised and horrified!

"OOOHH!! WHAT"S GOING ON?? ASHLEY!! HELP!! GET ME DOWN!!!"

Ashley, too, was caught by surprise and looked toward Katherine quizzically. Katherine feigned surprise.

"OH, MY GOD!! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!! ASHLEY! QUICK! Get the men back here! They're going to have to do it all over again!"

Ashley smiled. Jenny screamed in horror.

"NO! NO!! NOT THAT!! PLEASE, NOT THAT!!"

Ashley opened the gate and went out to find them.

Jenny was worn out. Being suspended upside down for any length of time will do that to you. But having your person violated by a large group of men, not once but twice, really tires a girl out. Jenny knew they meant well and were only doing their best to help her, but that was one experience she wished never to go through again. EVER!! The memory of hanging in the air totally naked with all those hands in all her places was truly humiliating, she would go scarlet just thinking about it.

Ashley helped Jenny to get dressed. It had been one of the best days ever for Ashley but now it was time to go. She had honoured her agreement with Katherine and had enjoyed it as much as Kath did. Katherine had gathered up Jenny's clothes and handed them to Ashley as she helped dress Jenny. Jenny took her shirt.

"Ashley, where's my bra? I don't see it here."

Ashley imagined she knew exactly where it was. One of the men had a souvenir.

"I don't see it. But at least you still have your shirt, so that's okay. You can get home without it. I'll tie it up for you."

All the buttons were missing from it so she tied it as tightly as she could, but with a special type of knot. It still hung loose and her boobs could be clearly seen. Jenny was appalled.

"Ashley, I don't know. The knot is tight but the top is awfully open. Katherine, do you have some pins or something?"

"I may, but I'm not sure where."

Ashley had no intention of letting Jenny cover anything up.

"We don't have time. We need to get back. You'll be safe in the car. We're running awfully late because of your accident."

Jenny felt guilty and said no more. Ashley handed her the white cotton shorts. Jenny took them and looked inside, then at the ground around her.

"Ashley! My panties! They're not here! Where did they go?"

All three searched but without success.

"Well, don't worry about it. You have your shorts so no one will know you aren't wearing them."

"My, God! Ashley, you know I would never go out without a pair on! I can't imagine what became of them. Or my bra."

Jenny had to be careful. Her shorts didn't have a button and the zipper kept wanting to undo. Jenny had to watch how she moved or they would slip, showing more of her than she liked. Especially since she had somehow lost her panties.

Once Jenny was dressed as best as the remnants of her clothes allowed, they went back to Ashley's car. They passed a few of the men and Jenny hung her head in shame, she couldn't bring herself to look at any of them knowing how much of her they'd already seen....and touched!!

They said their goodbyes to Katherine who promised to deliver the horse whenever it was needed. She told Jenny that she couldn't wait to see her in the play and would be sure to be right down front so she wouldn't miss a thing.

As the car pulled out the front gate, Katherine reached into her pocket and withdrew two pieces of cloth. A white, lacy half-bra and a pair of white thong panties. She felt the material in her hands and stroked them against her cheek. She would treasure these and every time she looked at them, she would be reminded of the best afternoon she'd ever had!

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**Jenny Delivers a Package**

by Sean89

Jenny walked down the busy street, long blonde ponytail and shapely rump bouncing along behind her. Walking past storefront windows and rows of parking meters, many a boyfriend and husband took an appreciative look at this vision of blonde shapeliness, only to meet daggers in the eyes of wives and girlfriends when they turned back around.

Oblivious to this (as Jenny always was) she continued along her way. Being a very hot July day, Jenny was wearing a light summer dress (of course!), sleeveless, knee-length, beige in color, with a darker floral pattern all over it . Her shoes had a small heel and matched the color of her dress .

Under her right arm, Jenny carried a small brown cardboard box. Her husband had asked her to drop it off at a downtown office building while she ran errands today, and she had agreed, since she was going down there anyway .

Jenny found the office building and went through the sliding glass doors. As she entered the lobby, she saw some workmen moving around. There was scaffolding up against some of the walls, wires hanging down in places, the place looked a right mess .

Jenny took the package to the front desk.

"I have a package here for Mr. Reynolds.", she said.

"Oh, all right. If you'll wait a minute, I'll phone him and let him know it arrived." said the perky little secretary behind the desk .

"Thanks", replied Jenny, "If you don't mind my asking, what's going on here?"

"You mean all the mess? Oh, the ventilation and air conditioning systems are a complete disaster, these guys are trying to fix them...oops ! Hold on one minute, I've got a call..." , the secretary picked up the phone and motioned for Jenny to stay put for a second.

"Speak of the Devil!", the secretary said, "That was the foreman of the crew. They're going to be reversing the air flow thru the vent system with a lot of suction, so he warned us to keep everything away from the vents. Now hold on one second and I'll try to get a hold of Mr. Reynolds."

"O.K., thanks", replied Jenny, and she leaned against the wall next to the receptionist's desk while she waited. She heard a low hum coming from somewhere in the building. Must be that ventilation thing , she thought to herself.

Then Jenny noticed something odd. Her dress had gotten very, very, tight. Looking down, she saw an air vent just below her knee level, and her dress was being sucked into it! Gasping in surprise, Jenny found she couldn't move away from the wall because the suction was just too strong.

Suddenly, there was a new noise.

Ping ! Ping ! Ping !

Jenny realized it was the sound of the thread in her shoulder straps breaking. Before she could react, the top of her dress fell around her waist, and the whole dress moved that much further into the air vent. Jenny's breasts were now only covered by a strapless zebra-striped bra with white lace trim.

“Oh my God !", Jenny said aloud.

Torn (ha!) between the desire to cover up and the need to free herself, Jenny decided to free herself first. With the dress around her waist, she had a little more freedom of movement, so she turned against the wall and began pushing against it with all her might .

Her face was red with embarrassment and the strain of pushing against the wall. Arms shaking from the force she was exerting, Jenny felt a sudden release across her chest. Glancing downward, Jenny saw her now bare breast bouncing wildly, her large pink nipples growing erect now that they were exposed to the air.

"Oh no!", Jenny said.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw her bra, unable to take the strain any longer, had flown across the room and hooked on a scaffold.

Jenny was still straining against the wall when there was a loud RRRIIIP!! and the rest of Jenny's dress shot into the vent, revealing the fact that Jenny had covered her shapely posterior in panties that matched her bra.

Suddenly free from the offending air vent, Jenny fell over backwards and rolled across the lobby. When she stopped rolling,she opened her eyes and saw a workman in blue overalls smiling down at her. Jenny's face turned bright red again, and she sat up, covering her breasts.

"Here , let me help you ", said the considerate worker.

Putting his arms under hers (and getting a feel in, quite accidental, I assure you) he lifted her to a standing position, accompanied by another small ripping sound. The worker looked at his foot and saw a pair of torn zebra-striped panties under his boot. He then looked up at Jenny and saw she had her eyes closed with a pleading look on her face as her hands roamed around her round butt and lush blonde bush.

Jenny's eyes shot open and she looked at the worker with an expression of shock on her face. Blushing all the way to her feet, one arm across her chest and the other in front of her very private area, she backed away from the worker to the sliding doors. When they opened , she took off down the street like she was on fire.

Meanwhile, in the basement, a woman sat in front of a row of video monitors. Her right hand moved a switch from the "Reverse" to the "Stop" position.

"Stupid cow!", Ashley thought to herself as she left the monitoring room, "It was worth it giving the foreman 100 bucks for that !" She didn't notice her black skirt unravelling on the door frame...

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**Jenny Rides A Horse**

By Mustang\_Diamond

Jenny and her friend Ashley were on their way to a dinner party when Jenny’s Miata broke down.

“Oh no,” said Jenny. “We’re in the middle of nowhere.”

“Don’t panic,” said Ashley. “We’ll just hitch hike back to the last town.”

“But aren’t you worried about the way we’re dressed?” Jenny asked. Jenny was wearing a stretchy Lycra mini-dress that hugged every curve she had and then some. Regular readers of the Jenny adventures might think this uncharacteristic of our heroine, but it was a rather windy day and Jenny no longer wanted to risk wearing sundresses that had a tendency to act like a flag or get caught on something.

Recent experience with tight restrictive skirts made her swear them off as well. So, she had decided to try Lycra as a promising solution—it would stretch for mobility, and it wouldn’t fly up in the breeze. The only trouble with it was the fact that anything under it would show ugly bumps or lines. So Jenny was only wearing her only pair of hose without any seams. Being constructed without seams rendered them sheer-to-the-waist as well. And although Jenny was reluctant to wear them after her recent yachting trip, she was counting on her dress to prevent any public exposure.

When Jenny left her house, she was fairly confident in her choice of clothing—as confident as she gets anyway. But now, she was having second thoughts about hitchhiking in what might be construed as a suggestive, or even promiscuous, dress. And yet her shoes left her no option. She wasn’t about to walk in her high heels.

Jenny looked at Ashley and was a little relieved that her friend seemed to be dressed even worse for the current situation. Only a little, however, since she was well aware that Ashley would try anything while wearing almost anything. Like the time she climbed the ladder on that boat dressed in a tight miniskirt. She didn’t even seem to care when her stockings, garter belt and panties flashed into view. Sometimes Jenny thought she might even do things to intentionally flash her lingerie.

Even now Jenny could see the tops of her stockings as her leather miniskirt had ridden up during the ride. Jenny had even reminded her to be careful after she flashed her white panties and garters getting into the low slung Miata. Jenny certainly wouldn’t have worn white lingerie with a black miniskirt—well at least not by choice she thought as she remembered how she had been blackmailed into wearing a disturbingly similar outfit one time to the mall of all places. It still brought back embarrassing memories.

“Who me worry?” asked Ashley in a rhetorical way. “Look on the bright side for a change: we’re sure to get a ride dressed as we are.”

“I just hope we don’t get raped,” said Jenny.

Without any option, the ladies stood by their car and waited for a passing vehicle. When none came, Jenny was a little relieved. Until she realized they might have to walk. Apparently, they were on a road that was little traveled. Even Ashley wasn’t keen on walking in her high heels. A little calculation put their walking time well into the night. And neither of the ladies had brought along a coat or a change of clothes.

After a few more hours, Ashley said, “Well it looks like we can either spend the night in the car taking shifts until a car comes, or start walking.”

“I vote for sleeping in the car,” said Jenny. “We won’t make it back to town in these heels.”

“I guess your right,” said Ashley, uncharacteristically agreeing with her blonde friend. “Do you want the first sleeping shift?”

“Okay,” said Jenny, not wanting to argue.

So Jenny reclined in the passenger seat, while Ashley tried to stay awake to watch for any vehicles. At some point in the middle of the night, Jenny awoke thinking a car was coming. “Was that a car?” she asked her friend.

“What?” asked Ashley, obviously waking up. Apparently she had dozed off.

“Didn’t any cars pass us while I was asleep?” Jenny asked.

“I don’t think so.” Said Ashley.

The next morning, the ladies were realizing they were on a deserted highway and were unlikely to be rescued. But just then, they each heard something strange. “Sounds like horses.” Said Jenny.

They each got out of the car to look around. Jenny subconsciously tugging at her Lycra mini-dress. Sure enough two cowboys were approaching on horseback.

“Howdy Ma’ams.” Said the one.

“Car trouble?” asked the second.

“Yeah, it just quit.” Jenny said.

“Looks like you’ve been here a while.” Said the first. Jenny and Ashley looked each other over and saw it was rather apparent they had slept in their clothes. Each hoped they didn’t look as bad as the other.

“Don’t suspect you’ll get a ride from here. Hardly anybody travels this road.” Said the second cowboy.

“We could give you a lift back to town. We’re headed that way anyway.” Said the first. The men had appraised the ladies dresses and doubted they would want to climb on a horse. But they glanced at each other and each thought they should try to convince them otherwise.

“Couldn’t you just ask someone to send help?” asked Jenny. Even though she had never ridden a horse, she knew full well what climbing on a horse would entail. She wasn’t really afraid of horses—she’d always wanted to ride them—but not in a dress and high heels.

Even Ashley knew she couldn’t climb up onto a horse in her leather miniskirt. And once up there, she would have no mobility to straddle the saddle. But, there seamed to be no alternative. So moving over to one of the horses she said, “How can we get onto these horses dressed as we are?”

 “Just put your foot in the stirrup and I’ll help you up,” said one of the cowboys.

Ashley tried to lift her foot up to the saddle but her leather miniskirt stopped her. “Oh dear, I’m going to have to hike up my skirt, you don’t mind do you?” she said.

“No, we don’t mind.”

As she did, her stocking tops came into view. Jenny started to panic and couldn’t think of a way to object. As she watched, Ashley was hoisted aboard in front of her cowboy. In the saddle, Ashley’s skirt was forced up over her panties. Jenny started to think about her sheer hose and her lack of panties.

Ashley knew there was no way to cover her panties while in the saddle. She also remembered Jenny wasn't wearing any under her sheer pantyhose and turned around to watch.

Jenny was only half aware of Ashley's hosiery and panties because she was desperately trying to figure a way out of this latest predicament. She couldn't stall any longer though. As she lifted one high heel into the stirrup, she tried to pull at the hem to stretch it down her thighs. Her cowboy was amused by her obvious embarrassment. While he appreciated Ashley’s display, Jenny’s shyness intrigued him. Jenny’s valiant attempts to keep her dress from sliding up her thighs only prolonged the inevitable. To swing her leg over the saddle she had to let go of the dress for a moment. Holding onto the saddle horn she let out a little cry as her dress sprung up over her rear end. As soon as possible, she again grabbed the hem and tugged at it. As long as she kept a hold of it the material was stretchy enough to cover her.

Ashley was a little miffed. Here she was unable to do anything about covering her pink panties, not to mention her sexy stockings and garter, and the guys would rather watch Jenny struggle to keep herself covered. Sometimes she had to wonder about men.

“You all set, little woman?” asked Jenny’s cowboy.

“I guess so.” Replied Jenny.

As they started to ride, other problems became apparent. First, both ladies had to hold on and Jenny was having a hard time keeping a hold of her stretchy dress hem and the saddle horn. With each bounce her hem would shoot up and try as she might, there was no way to keep it in place.

As they went into a trot, the bouncing and jouncing in the saddle gave both ladies something else to worry about. Jenny’s bra less double-Cs were painfully bouncing with each stride, and she found she had to put one arm across her chest to keep them in check. This of course left her with only one hand on the saddle horn and one had short where her hem was concerned.

Ashley’s sexy push up bra wasn’t designed for athletics and wasn’t much use riding. It didn’t take too many bouncing strides to jostle her breasts right out of the low cut bra. Ashley found that she too needed to keep a hold of her breasts to keep them from bouncing painfully.

The cowboys must have been amused, because they picked up the pace. Hanging on it wasn’t long before Ashley’s bra straps slid off of her shoulders. For once in her life, Ashley was stricken with the realization that she could do nothing about them. She was used to letting them slip so she could adjust them to attract attention, but now she had to hold on and could feel her bra begin to slid down toward her thin waist.

Somewhere along the way, Ashley’s garter clips began to let go. One by one. By the time they arrived in town, her stockings had slid down her legs to pool around her ankles.

Their arrival caused quite a stir in the local populous. A crowd gathered to gawk at the two bedraggled ladies on horseback. Beet red the girls tried their best to sort out their clothing. Jenny tugging at her Lycra dress while Ashley tried to sort out her straps. Needless to say they weren’t too successful and realized they would have to climb down off the horses before they could make themselves respectable in public.

As Jenny was helped off her mount, her dress rode up over her luscious behind and the crowd took it all in. As Ashley slid over the saddle and onto the ground, one of her bra straps got caught on the saddle horn. The dainty front clasp burst open and the thin straps broke leaving the bra draped over the saddle.

With Jenny on the ground tugging her hem down, all eyes turned to watch Ashley bend over to pull up her stockings. With both hands tied up refastening her garters she couldn’t help it when her blouse opened up.

They found themselves in a small town. It wasn’t long before the local mechanic was contacted. Needless to say, he was more than happy to help out. So Jenny and Ashley were given directions (just around the corner) and they walked to the garage. Ashley tried to keep an arm across her chest and actually wished she had worn a camisole under her low cut blouse. Without a bra, her nipples were rather obvious, especially when they were erect.

Jenny kept tugging at her stretchy dress almost subconsciously as the two gals teetered along on their high heels.

At the garage, Cletus, the local mechanic, appraised the situation with a huge grin. Jenny checked her dress hem again and worried about Ashley’s missing bra. But Cletus was only regretting that he couldn’t take his motorcycle—the two of them just wouldn’t fit. But what an opportunity had their been just one. But, alas he thought, you just can’t have too much of this.

“Come on, we’ll go get your car with the tow truck,” Cletus declared.

Ashley went into her, oh-dear-my-skirt-is-too-tight routine, as she appraised the high cab of the truck. Cletus eagerly volunteered to assist her and Jenny watched nervously as her tight hem slid up her thighs. By the time Ashley made it up the steps and onto the seat, there was no mystery remaining about her lingerie. Cletus got a thorough view as she climbed, stopping at the critical moments for a boost or a steadying hand.

Cletus turned to Jenny and saw her blushing. “Don’t worry, I can give you a hand too.” He said to her.

“I think I can manage,” she replied, not wanting to encourage him to run his hands all over her as he had with Ashley.

“Well, I’ll just make sure you don’t slip and fall then.” He said, leaving Jenny no option other than to struggle up while he watched. No matter how hard she tried, her skirt wouldn’t stay down over her rear end. Jenny cringed whenever she needed two hands to climb and her skirt sprang up. She kept tugging it down whenever possible, but she knew Cletus was getting a nice show. She couldn’t stop thinking about how sheer her pantyhose was. ‘Almost there,’ she thought. ‘But how can I manage to climb over the doorsill?’

Jenny was faced with a dilemma and with Cletus watching from below, she didn’t want to hesitate to make a decision. She had to either get a boost as Ashley had to clear the sill, or put her knee on the sill and climb on over it. The problem of course was her hosiery. It would probably tear on the rough sill. But in the spit second decision she made, that was only a minor worry compared to Cletus’ hand on her nearly naked ass. Looking was bad enough, but touching…. Jenny shuddered as she quickly climbed over and tugged at her dress hem once on the seat. “Damn,” she said aloud as she saw the run.

By the time they got to the car, the run was bad. Jenny knew she would have to discard her pantyhose anyway, so she didn’t even think about it climbing down. She was almost on the ground before Cletus came around to ‘help.’ But Ashley took all the help he offered and then some embarrassing Jenny so much that she didn’t even notice the small tear at the hem of her dress where it had caught on the rough sill. ‘I swear she enjoys flashing,’ Jenny thought. Climbing up, Jenny’s dress had ridden up so that the sill tore her hose, but as she scrambled down one hand was initially holding her hem stretched down tight. So it had snagged on the sill and torn.

As Cletus worked on the car, Ashley pretended to be interested and let him show her what he was doing. Cletus, of course, was as happy showing her as she was showing him. While they were distracted, Jenny discretely stripped off her torn pantyhose and tossed them behind a bush.

Once Cletus had seen enough of Ashley, he told the girls that he had to tow the car back to his shop and fix it there. Jenny had figured this ordeal was nearly over, but now she would have to repeat her experience with the tow truck all over again. Except now she was completely naked under her dress. She fidgeted and worried about it as Ashley climbed up the ladder to the cab. Ashley’s display of lace didn’t even faze Jenny this time—she was too nervous.

As Jenny stepped up the ladder she kept one hand firmly on her hem and stretched it tight. As she did, her dress started unraveling. She was half way up before she realized what was happening to her dress. And by that time it was too late. Each time Jenny tried to tug at her dress to cover herself up a little, it got shorter and shorter. At first she tried to act as if it wasn’t happening, thinking to herself, ‘Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! This isn’t happening.’ But soon she was blurting it out loud. Ashley started laughing and Jenny said she didn’t find it funny.

Cletus offered her his western vest, but as she got out of the truck little remained of her dress. Cletus found it difficult to concentrate with the ladies so scantily dressed, but somehow he eventually fixed the car and Ashley drove them home while Jenny huddled in the passenger seat.

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**Jenny Croft**

by ?

Jenny blinked her eyes. She did not know where she was. She felt a little stiff. Her legs ached. She felt as if she had been spending hours standing. Puzzled she looked at the plastic guns in her hands. Where did these toys come from ? She let ’em drop to the ground. She curiously eyed the strange black leather gloves on her hands. She pulled them off and examined her hands but found nothing unusual. It was dark around her, early morning or night.

Right before her she recognised the wide hall of the shopping-mall. It was deserted. All the lights were turned off. Opposite she recognised the shop where her husband had bought his camera and VCR. She used to go shopping here.

Jenny dreamily bowed her head to examine herself and jumped in surprise as her head thrust against a pane right before her. She tumbled and almost fell over some small boxes lying on the floor. She leaned her naked arms against the cold pane. Naked arms ? Looking down herself she realised that she wore a tight green sleeveless latex-top that snug to her body. Her 38 DD breasts stretched the elastic material of the top and her nipples were pertly poking out.

She blushed - she had never dared to show off her ample chest that much. She investigated further. Attached to a simple plastic belt was a holster. It was fastened to her thighs as well. It was ridiculous. She had never owned a holster. The very idea of owning a weapon was completely absurd to her. Shaking her head she noticed that she wore tight beige latex shorts that were stretched to the maximum by her plump butt. It was much to short for her. It had ridden up her thighs and revealed her long shapely legs. Laced boots completed the ensemble. Never in her life had she worn such a revealing attire.

Jenny knew that those kinky clothes made of latex were for perverts only. Worst of all the pieces were much to small for her voluptuous figure. How did she get here ? Where did these clothes come from ? Where was she ? Last thing she remembered was kissing her husband goodnight and falling asleep. If this was a dream it was the strangest dream she ever had. She pinched herself.

“All right, so I am not sleeping. This is real."

She could not believe it. Suddenly the lights in the shopping-mall went on. Two guards were passing the pane. Jenny now realised, that she was standing in a shop window. To be exact, it was the shop window of the computer-shop. The guards stopped right before her. One of them aimed at her chest.

“Look at that Tomb-Raider-Bimbo. She’s just tits and ass, but my - what tits and ass !"

The other guard chuckled and said “oh yes, I’d sure like to fuck those melons and spurt my come all over her pretty face.”

Jenny blushed at theirs words. She tried not to move. Obviously they were taking her for a mannequin. As long as she did not move she was save. But the tight pinching latex top and bottom made it hard for her to stand still. Worst of all the straps of the plastic-holster cut into her soft skin. Its rugged material scratched terribly. She had to get rid of it, but quickly.

Making lewd remarks about her body the men disappeared from her view. To remove the holster Jenny started fumbling with the plastic-belt of her strange costume hastily. It seemed to be weld together. She just could not unfasten it. Jenny started to pull and tear with all her strength. Suddenly the belt broke and she violently ripped the latex-shorts in half.

Unbelievingly she stared down at her neatly trimmed blonde bush. Her pussy-hair was shining brightly against her deeply tanned skin. Her cousin Jackie lately had convinced her to do nude sunbathing in the back yard and her tan-lines had disappeared very quickly.

Trying to cover up Jenny quickly held the broken ends of the belt together tightly. The shorts had ripped open down to her crotch and she needed several attempts hide her pussy from view properly. In her distress she had not noticed yet that her abrupt motion had broken the tight latex-top on the back. Stretched to the max the tear slowly split open. Jenny watched in horror as the mall filled with clerks getting to work. She tried not to move, desperately holding the torn shorts together.

Her arms at her sides pressed her ample breasts together and made them appear even riper. She heard a woman’s voice exclaim “oh my - look at that new Lara-Croft-Mannequin. It looks quite daring !"

A crowd gathered around the computer-shop’s window and everybody admired the new mannequin. “Gosh, she’s sexy - I’ll get my camera before someone puts her away"- it was the clerk of the photo-shop. He motioned to his apprentice „”and you get the VCR" chuckling to himself “I will post this to my friends at SWOPPIX".

Jenny kept her eyes on the floor and concentrated on standing still. She did not realise what was happening in front of the shop window. A camera and a VCR were capturing her attire in detail.

The apprentice focused on the mannequins chest. He was amazed by the lively contours of her nipples under the stretched latex. The top finally tore completely and slowly slid down her arms. Before Jenny could react the latex piece no longer covered her breasts. The slack material hung loose from her elbows and her massive breasts pointed at the gasping spectators. The apprentice could not believe his luck. The fresh air on her chest told Jenny that something terrible must have happened. It was time to move. More and more clerks gathered round in front of the shop window.

The man with the camera was clicking away like mad. Jenny stepped back. A partition wall blocked her way. The crowd howled as they realised that the naked lady was real. The crowd thickened. Jenny looked up and saw nothing but faces pressed to the shop-window, only one step away. The floor was about three feet off the ground, to give customers a better view. She was almost completely exposed to the view of anyone who happened to pass. If she tried to cover her breasts she would have to reveal her pussy. And there were more and more people coming !

She had to find a way to get out of that shop window. The curved partition wall was held by two pillars at the sides of the shop window. There was just a small gap between the pane and each pillar. With a little luck she could press herself through the gap. The crowd was cheering as the voluptuous blonde pressed her 38DD breasts against the pane and carefully tried to move sideways through the small passage. The feeling of the cold pane against her naked skin send shivers through her body. She still clenched her hands around the belt trying to cover at least her crotch. Nonetheless each movement allowed a glimpse of her blonde bush.

The apprentice zoomed on her sex. If Jenny wanted to take the chance to escape through the small gap she could no longer hold her hands in front of her, she had to put them to her sides. Resigning she let the belt go. The latex-shorts, pulled down by the weight of the holster, dropped to the floor immediately. The crowd welcomed the sight of her blonde bush and her pink sex with roaring applause.

Jenny had to straddle her legs and press her groin against the pane to press her body as close to it as possible. Her pussy lips were parted and the mortified Jenny sensed the cold pane press against her clitoris. To her horror and utter humiliation she felt herself getting aroused by the cold caress. Desperately she pressed sideways. Her butt was just too plump, she could not get it through. She struggled hard and finally gained space by getting half of her back past the pillar that slid right between the valley of her cheeks parting them. Her legs and pussy-lips widened even more. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment and humiliation, but she could not avoid her breasts to swell, nipples getting hard and her breath to quicken. Her whole body started tingling.

Outside a party was going on. Jenny felt her heart sink and her legs weaken. She was stuck ! She could not move the least bit and each attempt only added to the stimulation of her erect breasts and clitoris. She almost fainted - she was unable to free herself and obscenely exposed to everyone. The whole front was pressed to the pane and the constant pressure on her most sensitive parts brought her on the brink of an orgasm.

Meanwhile the owner of the shop had arrived. He was unsure whether he should intervene or not. He could not figure out how that buxom blonde could have got into his shop-window. He enjoyed the sight of the trapped beauty. The blonde bombshell seemed to be close to breakdown.

Unnoticed by everyone he hurriedly opened the door to his shop and locked it behind him. In no time he removed the pillar that had trapped the blonde. The audience howled and moaned, but they were satisfied. They had seen it all. All of her. Jenny collapsed in the arms of the shop-owner and he was rewarded for his gallantry by the touch of her soft skin.

He suppressed the thought of taking advantage of the situation although he would have loved to let his hands roam over her opulent curves. He helped the dazed Jenny inside the office and sat her on a chair. He did not even have a blanket to cover her, so he inspected her limp naked body. When he realised that she was getting back to life he gently covered her with his jacket. He never asked her how she got into his shop-window. He finally found something to wear for Jenny. Ignoring the stares of the clerks that had gone to work he just guided her out of the mall and hailed a cab. The exhausted Jenny arrived home in a long snug T-shirt that had a busty armed woman printed on. She never found out how she got into the clothes of Lara Croft.

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**Jenny's A Guard**

by Smokies Gun

Finally a job where everything was safe for Jenny. Night work, a female partner and a drab, boring, uniform. It was a well paying job, doing security at a store, which was a front for a lab developing a new product for law enforcement. The researcher told Jenny and Rochelle that it was a stun type device, which was chemical based and render the victim frozen, unable to move, only able to think and feel. This would free up the officer to transport the victim with no risk and minimal damage. The antidote was a hormonal stimulant which return the victim to normal with no side effects. Of course, both guards were sworn to secrecy and Jenny, being the professional, loyal person she is, took it to heart.

Rochelle was nice but unknown to Jenny. The boss who hired them both was of course impressed with the rack on Jenny and her general beauty. Rochelle was no slouch either. She had beautiful, dirty blond hair, small up top, but she gave Jenny a run for her money in the butt and legs. He had drilled a peep hole in the locker room and hoped to catch a look at Jenny's 38DD's.

The job was a one month tour, in which a week was left. Jenny couldn't see her husband much as he worked 12 hour days and she was on 12 hour nights. She was looking forward to the end of this one, as she was getting pretty horny.

They would walk their beat through the working department store, as any really store has night guards, and monitor the cameras the rest of the time. From 6.00pm to 6.00am for 3 weeks,there wasn't a problem. “Easy money,” Rochelle would say. The big windows out front had mannequins dressed in spring and summer fashions, as all stores did now. As far as Jenny's husband knew, she was security at the store, no danger, no risk. Jenny could tell him nothing.

Jenny felt like a secret agent or something. There wasn't really much up and soon this gig would be over. What no one knew though, was that Rochelle was a double agent. She planned to steal the prototype, do a live test, and get it out of the store. She thought she would kill two birds with one stone. She called Jenny back to sportswear.

“Is there a problem?” asked Jenny.

“Something strange, man. Come'n look.” replied Rochelle.

As Jenny enter the swimwear section, she felt a prick in her bum and was immediately frozen.

“Wow, that was amazing,” thought Rochelle, “ now to get this stuff out of here, and what to do with her?”

She took off as poor Jenny mentally freaked. When Rochelle returned she had a bag of stuff from the store. She stripped Jenny naked.

“Holy shit girl, what a set of tits on you! Almost makes me wish I was gay!”

Then she proceeded to shave and wax off every hair on Jenny's body. Jenny wept inside as her beautiful blonde hair fell to the floor. Rochelle then greased up the prototype vial and stuck it in Jenny's bald pussy. With some play dough, she filled in Jenny's vagina and anus. She took a flesh coloured paint and covered Jenny's body so it looked like a mannequin's.

Putting on a red wig and drawing in some eyebrows, she closed the eyelids and dressed Jenny in a bikini. She put Jenny on a stand, sticking it into the play dough in Jenny's anus. Placing Jenny in the store window, Rochelle said “I'll be back for you tomorrow night.”

Rochelle cleaned up, wrote a resignation letter from Jenny, stating marital difficulties, and went back to her post to wait the end of the shift.

In the morning Mrs. Shaw called young Fred to her office and told him to get that big titted display out of her window or he was fired. Of course, Fred knew nothing and was surprised to find the beautiful, voluptuous Jenny doll in his display. He decided to take her home to his apartment and say no more to anyone.

That night Jenny's husband showed up at the store with the police and no one knew anything about any Jenny. (secrecy, great hey!)

What was Jenny into now?

Back at Fred's, he was ogling the naked Jenny doll on its stand, five beers down, wondering if the stand comes out. So he bent the movable Jenny mannequin into a doggy position over his bed and pulled the stand from Jenny's butt.

The stand had opened up Jenny's anus to a one inch wide hole. “Hmm!” as he probed the hole with his KY-jellied finger. It was soft, warm and tight!

“Maybe,” he thought and greased up his own pole.

Slowly he slipped into Jenny's rear. Though she could make know sound, she could feel the hot penis penetrate an area she wouldn't even allow her husband to touch. Fred was in heaven, as he reached up and start kneading the 38dd tits in front of him.

“Wow, the nipples feel real!” he thought.

Jenny couldn't help but become aroused, as Fred was really starting to pump. Then she remembered, hormonal stimulation was the key to her freedom.

“Come on young man,” she thought, “Stick it to me, Free me!” Just as she was on the edge of an anal orgasm, the door bell rang.

It was Fred's mom.

“Just a minute,” he said, as he returned Jenny to her stand and placed her in the closet. “I'll be back young lady, and maybe we can check out your pussy area when I do!!!”

“Oh No,” thought Jenny !!!