**Jenny 2002**

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**Dispatcher Jenny**

by TrackJim

Jenny was enjoying her new job. She felt safe and secure. Except for the somewhat short skirt she knew she looked good in her new dark blue guard uniform as she sat in the air security dispatcher’s office. Behind her the security offices were like a police station with two small holding cells, an interview room and an open squad area with a few desks for the other officers.

The dispatcher’s office sat at the very front of the security offices facing the public through a bullet-proof pane of glass. The only door to her room was through the back wall into the squad room. Her job was to handle the phones and radio as well as use the computer to check on people at the request on the other guards. As she sat facing the public the radio and phone were on the desktop in front of her. Her legs and short skirt were hidden from view of the crowds passing through the terminal.

Her first two weeks of work passed quickly. This smaller suburban airport did not have the intensity of the large airports, but there were some incidents to keep things from getting boring. Jenny was very relieved none of those incidents involved problems with her clothes.

“Maybe my luck has changed.”

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The sun shone brightly in an almost cloudless sky. Jenny could only see a small patch of that blue sky through a terminal skylight from her place behind the dispatcher’s window. There was crowds in the terminal as people rushed about for the holiday weekend. With the increase in the number of people it was inevitable there would be more loonies too.

“Officer Burke to Dispatch. Over.”

Jenny cleared her throat and answered. “This is Dispatch. Go ahead, Officer Burke. Over.”

“I am bringing in a woman who refused to submit to the new body scanners. Over.”

“Why aren’t the scanner guards taking care of her. Over.”

“Dispatch, she is belligerent and believed intoxicated. There is no female scanner guard available at the moment. Rules state a female officer must always be present whenever a female is taken into custody. You are the only one available just now. Over.”

“Understand. Dispatch out.”

“Officer Burke out.”

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It was several minutes before the burly officer dragging a struggling women appeared. Jenny buzzed them into the squad room.

“Now, sit down, shut up and be nice,” yelled Officer Burke.

He was clearly the worse for wear. His uniform was wrinkled with a torn shirt pocket and his normally neatly combed hair was in disarray.

The woman wore a sleek silk pantsuit which showed not signs of a struggle except for a missing button at the neck and the cuffs on her wrists.. Her short dark hair still looked good.

“Expensive outfit,” thought Jenny.

“Jenny, come here. This woman needs to be searched,” bellowed Burke. “Take her back into one of the interview rooms and make sure she isn’t concealing weapons or goods.”

Jenny blushed as she realized what was being demanded of her. “I’ve never done that before.”

“You had the basic training for an inspection. I’ll wait a few minutes while you review the manual, but she has to be searched and only you can do it.”

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A few minutes later Jenny followed Burke and the woman into an inspection room. Burke sat the woman in a plastic chair and removed her cuffs. Throwing the cuffs on the table he spoke to the woman.

“Now, don’t give Officer Jenny any problems. I’ll be in the squad room and can come at a moments notice. Jenny will conduct the search and you better co-operate.”

The woman had cooled down but still looked defiant while Jenny was having a hard time keeping a cool professional expression on her face. Jenny sat across the table from the woman.

“Okay. The book says you have to remove one item at a time and put it on the table for my inspection. “Let’s start with your jacket.”

The woman remained in her chair, removed her jacket and placed it on the table. Jenny checked the pockets and found only a company ID in the breast pocket.

Finding nothing illegal she said, “Okay, now the blouse. In case you are worried about being watched by the camera, I’ll hang your jacket in front of the lens. See?”

The woman watched as Jenny stood and covered the lens. Jenny missed the mischievous look on the woman’s face. She unbuttoned her blouse as Jenny returned to her own seat. As the dark blouse opened a frilly bra came into view.

“You certainly have nice things,” Jenny commented as the woman’s full breasts were barely held by the flimsy looking garment.

“This is expensive silk,” indicating the jacket, “and your bra is just like one my husband bought for me, but I almost never wear outside our home.”

Jenny blushed as she remembered that last night she had wore that naughty bra.

The woman’s smile grew even as her own face reddened.

“I like things that fell good next to my body. By the way, my name’s Carla.”

Jenny found no hidden items in the pocketless blouse. Envisioning herself in a similar situation, Jenny had to force the words from her mouth.

“I’m sorry to have to do this, but I need another piece of clothing.”

Carla hesitated then reached behind her back. It only took a second and Carla's bra was on the table.

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Officer Burke listened to the intercom in the squad room. The rules said he could not watch, but there was no rule against listening. Besides, if there was any trouble, he would hear it and take care of it in an instant. He had not counted on the conversation between the woman and Jenny bringing such graphic images to his mind’s eye. He could not resist the temptation. He stepped into the dispatcher’s office and turned on the camera for the interview room. Just as he had suspected from the conversation, the camera’s view was blocked.

Suddenly the dispatcher’s radio blurred. “All available officers report to Concourse Two. A protest is underway.”

“Officer Burke here. I am at the station and needed to supervise a detainee. Over.”

“The situation doesn’t look good. Get over here ASAP. Out.”

Officer Burke only hesitated briefly before heading for the trouble.

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Unaware of the Burke’s departure Jenny proceeded to inspect Carla’s clothes. Jenny was blushing much more than the now naked Carla sitting at the table.

“Carla, I really don’t want to do this, but it’s procedure. Stand facing the wall and spread you legs. I’ll be as quick as possible.”

The snap of latex gloves punctuated Jenny words as Carla did as she was told. Jenny approached the spread-eagled nude feeling as though she was the one about to be inspected. She bend over and did not even see the kick to her jaw.

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Jenny drifted back to consciousness. She was seated on a plastic chair like the ones in the inspection rooms. It felt cold and hard against her skin.

“My skin?”

Jenny tried to open her eyes, but the blindfold only let in a faint glimmer of light. Jenny tried to put her arms up to remove the blindfold. Only then did she notice the fell of cold steel around her wrists….wrists locked behind her back to a metal tube of the chair. Panic and embarrassment attacked her mind as she struggled in vain. Air brushed across her body, all of her body, as she realized she was completely without clothes. Tears dampened her blindfold and she bit her lip in anguish.

“Where am I?”

--

The protest was really nothing, just a bunch of PETA fanatics protesting the use of leather on the seats in first class sections of planes.

“What a bunch of nuts?” thought Burke as he walked toward the station. The protesters had been dispersed after some yelling and a show of force. No one was even taken into custody.

A crowd was gathering around the front of the station immediately in front of the dispatcher’s window.

“What now?”

Shouldering through the crowd he found the cause of the congestion. A very naked Jenny was seated in the dispatcher’s window. The chair was up on the console and a blindfolded Jenny was struggling in the chair. Her struggles brought “OOHS” and “AHHS” from the mostly male crowd. The few females in the area were dragging their hapless spouses away from Jenny’s voluptuous display.

Burke dug out his keys and rushed to Jenny’s aid. Grasping Jenny and her chair he safely struggled them to the floor. He then slid both into the squad room and out of sight of the crowd. He rushed back into the dispatcher’s office and hit the intercom switch to the speaker outside the dispatcher’s office.

“There’s nothing more to see here. Please disperse.”

The crowd groaned and then started to thin. Burke rushed back into the squad room. He took one long look at the gorgeous naked Jenny and filed the image away for late night mental viewing. He untied the black panties which were Jenny’s blindfold and stepped back.

“EEK!”

Jenny screeched as she looked down and saw she was as naked as she felt, not even able to cover any part of her body with her hands still in cuffs behind her back. Burke’s hands shook as he unlocked the cuffs from Jenny’s squirming wrists. Her hands immediately did a desperate dance across her body, unsuccessfully trying to cover everything exposed, but there was too much exposed feminine flesh for only two hands and arms. Burke did not rush as he pulled the only blanket from a locker.

“Here, use this.”

Jenny stood, revealing a glorious bottom to the already wide-eyed Burke. Jenny quickly wrapped the blanket over her shoulders and pulled it closed in front. She did not realize her firm bottom was left uncovered. Burke stood and watched until Jenny found her words.

“I need clothes.”

“Did you bring any extra?”

“No, I wore my uniform to work.”

“I’ve got nothing. You can wear the blanket and drive home.”

“I took the bus.”

“Call you husband to come get you.”

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An hour later Jenny’s husband arrived, but why didn’t he bring some of her clothes with him.

Ah, but that’s another story.

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**Jenny the Shredder**

by AOM

Detectives Cumber and Fritz looked at the woman across the conference table, a blonde-haired voluptuous woman who seemed to be bursting out of her clothes; her blouse buttons were under pressure from what looked like significantly large boobs and, when she had walked into the room, her short skirt seemed to have issues with staying on her hips --- both detectives shook their heads... it was just their imagination.

The two detectives were part of an investigation of a large accounting firm that had shredded many documents relating to a large corporation that had just gone bankrupt. The investigation was large, involving the FBI and police and the two detectives had been assigned to interview some of the accounting firm's employees who had done the actual shredding. The interviews were tedious and had turned up no new evidence, since the employees were just low level drones or temporary workers who knew absolutely nothing about what was going on; however Cumber and Fritz were looking forward to interviewing one woman, a temporary employee who had a very interesting story. The detectives were actually working under an FBI agent, but the humiliation was far outweighed by the chance to interview this particular employee.

The two detectives conducted the interviews in a conference room at the accounting firm's offices.

"Miss...?" He looked at his notes.

"Mrs, actually. Jenny is fine, you can call me Jenny. Do we have to do this?"

Detective Cumber looked at the woman. She was wearing a short sleeved white blouse that, as has been noted, seemed to be unusually tight, and a short and rather wispy skirt - it may have been his imagination, but the buttons seemed to small for the button holes. Her clothing seemed inappropriate for this office environment and also did not seem to fit her... interesting.

He smiled, "Yes, we need the whole story, this is a very serious issue - you've seen the Congressional hearings?" Jenny nodded, "Tell us from the start."

Jenny swallowed and blushed. She was aware of the FBI/Police investigation and had asked her friend, Ashley, to make sure she did not have one of her "accidents" - Ashley had convinced Jenny to dress really nicely ("you want to impress those cops, right?") and checked and double-checked her clothes and lingerie to make sure there were no bad seams, or elastic about to break, or faulty hooks, or... her mind reeled as she thought of the possibilities. Memories of the incident came flooding back. Jenny blushed again.

"Well, I was employed by a temp agency and they gave me a job here. One day last year my supervisor brought me to a room and pointed at pile of boxes, they were full of documents..."

"What type of documents?"

"I don't know, I didn't read them..." Jenny shrugged, "just documents."

The detectives motioned her to continue, "there was a big paper shredder in the room and I was told to shred the documents... so I did it," Jenny shrugged again.

"How often did you do this?"

"Ummm, it was my first time. I was a temp... it was, like, my third day; I just did what they told me to do."

"But shredding all those documents... didn't that seem unusual?"

"No!" Jenny was getting a bit upset now, "what do I know about accounting? I just did what they told me to do!"

"That's not the whole story, is it?" Detective Cumber said, frowning. "The Police report says a lot more."

"Well..." Jenny stammered and looked down at the table, "...ummm... basically it is, yes."

"Basically?" He said, waving the Police report, "we need the whole story."

"But it's so embarrassing." Jenny seemed on the verge of crying.

Detective Fritz, playing the good cop, spoke in a calm, pleasant voice, "Jenny, we have to hear the whole story in your words. We are police detectives... you can speak freely to us."

"OK...."

As Jenny composed herself the detectives looked fascinated as the too-small buttons of her blouse worked themselves fractionally open each time she breathed. Yes, there was definitely a white bra underneath. The detectives glanced at each other.

"I started shredding the documents and after a while got into a good rhythm. The problem was I was wearing a rather light skirt..."

The detectives had seen the remains of the clothes, "yes, they were not normal office wear."

"I had a dinner planned with my husband after work, so I dressed for that. I was, in fact, dressed a lot like today."

"Stand up, Jenny"

Jenny stood up, feeling a bit exposed, as the detectives looked at her clothes. The detectives noted that, strangely, her skirt and blouse buttons did seem too small and seemed to be under strain... Jenny was wearing stockings or pantyhose.

"You are very pretty, Jenny." Jenny blushed, "do you dress like this a lot?"

"My friend Ashley insists on it..."

"Ashley?"

"She's my best friend, she helps me with my clothes."

"In what way?"

Jenny blushed, yet again, "I have a problem... I tend to lose my clothes a lot, they just fall off me... it is the bane of my life," both detectives gulped, "Ashley is so nice, she helps by checking all my seams, fixes broken elastic and buttons..."

"...and she prepared your clothes today?"

The detectives were staring at Jenny's blouse, the small buttons had worked their way into the buttonholes. Jenny seemed unaware that her skirt was about to fall off and her blouse pop open. Both detective were now noticeably sweating.

"Yes," Jenny nodded, "she did a good job."

"Indeed. Please sit down, Jenny." Jenny sat down and continued the story.

"...as I said, I was wearing a light skirt. I had worked up a nice rhythm and was getting some good exercise as I shifted all those piles of paper, as I spun around the hem at the back of my skirt caught in the shredder," Jenny paused, and looked at the detectives who were silent, listening raptly, "the shredder caught my skirt and started shredding it. I was scared that it would shred my... backside... so I tore the skirt buttons and jumped away..."

"I bet those buttons came apart easily..."

Jenny bit her lip, "yes..."

"So what were you wearing... I need it for the record."

Jenny looked embarrassed as she said, "I was wearing only my blouse, plus panties and stockings..."

"A garter belt, maybe?"

"No. Anyway I leaned forward to try to stop the shredder and pull my skirt out before it was completely shredded when the front of my blouse got caught in the blades. It jerked me forward, tearing off the bottom two buttons," Jenny looked at the detectives, "you have to understand I was in a panic, thinking that I would be pulled into the blades..."

"Jenny, was the shredder that powerful?"

"Yes! It was some sort of souped-up industrial model... it was scary! So, in a panic I tore my buttons open and sort of spun around to get out of my blouse. The shredder now had that as well."

"So," Detective Fritz gulped, "so, you were now standing in your underwear? What else was in the room?"

"Yes, I was in my underwear... the room was empty except for me, the shredder, a couple of photocopiers and some office supplies."

Jenny paused, and at a nod from the detectives, who were now both sweating and staring at her blouse buttons which were continuing to work themselves open, continued. "So I leaned forward again, this time planning to shut the shredder off when..." Jenny paused, and went almost beet red.

"Yes, Jenny.... 'when'? When what?" It was almost a plea.

"Ummm.... you see... as I bent over the shredder the clasp on the front of my bra broke."

"Say, what?"

"It happens a lot."

"A lot? How could that be?"

"I don't know, I have a lot of accidents where I lose my clothes, but my boobs are really large and firm," the detectives glanced at each other, "and my bras don't seem to be able to contain them."

"Jenny, surely that's the purpose of a bra, to hold your... ahh... boobs? Why not get 'industrial strength' bras?"

He hesitated a smile at Jenny, who smiled back. Cumber's own wife had really large boobs, and large industrial strength bras... but... he didn't want to think about it, it almost made him cry.

"Ummm.... Ashley thinks they look sexier," at a look from the detectives she continued hastily, "sexier for my husband!"

"...and Ashley makes sure your bras are 'fixed' after each time they break?"

"Of course! She's really a great friend."

Detective Cumber covered his mouth and muttered to his partner, "...we really have to meet this Ashley broad," he turned to Jenny, "continue the story."

Jenny hesitated for a few seconds, breathed heavily once (causing her bottom blouse button to open) and continued, "my bra popped open as I bent over the shredder, one cup immediately was caught in the blades and almost without thinking I spun around and let the shredder pull it off my body..." She looked at the detectives, "I didn't want the shredder to cut my boobs, did I!?"

Detective Cumber coughed and said, "definitely not, my dear. What happened next?"

"This is so embarrassing. Someone opened the door to the room and I panicked... I always panic when this happens. I ran screaming out of the room, through the office and looked for somewhere to hide. Everyone was looking at me. I tried to cover myself up and finally the elevator opened, I just jumped into it."

"That was not a good move, was it Jenny?"

"Nooo, it wasn't," Jenny blushed again, and looked down at the table, "it was stupid. I was so panicked I was almost hyperventilating; when I came to my senses I realized the elevator was about to land at the ground floor. The door opened, and I just... ummm, panicked again, and ran screaming out of the elevator..."

"...and onto Main Street where you were picked up by a squad car." After about 10 minutes, though.

"Yes... someone gave me a jacket to put on and I sat at the police station waiting for my husband to turn up with clothes."

The photos of Jenny, almost naked except for a police jacket with her long stockinged legs had been circulating around the precinct for months - they were a popular pin-up item.

Detectives Cumber and Fritz looked at Jenny. The stress of telling her story had a significant effect on her clothes, all her Ashley-prepared buttons of the blouse were pulled back into the button holes, and probably the same was happening to her skirt. They were good family men, pillars of the community, but they needed to see what would happen... at least until that FBI agent returned.

"Jenny, please stand up again."

The next events happened so quickly that it took some time for the detectives to piece them together. Jenny stood up. The detectives noted that her skirt buttons and the catch seemed to also be coming undone. Suddenly the door opened.

FBI Agent Dana Scully was intensely bored and just wanted to get back home to DC and her baby. She had somehow become roped into the paper-shredding scandal and was assigned to helping a couple of detectives investigate the events on the day the documents were shredded. She had been interviewing a couple of executives, who were obviously lying. The two detectives, horny bastards that they were, had insisted on interviewing a female employee who had been caught almost naked running through town. Dana really hated the two detectives and hated the job; only that morning she had told the detectives, "if you screw up I'll report you - just do the interviews properly."

Dana walked through the office, glancing ironically at the people she passed, and walked into the conference room to check on Cumber and Fritz. She was faced with a blonde woman, who seemed to be dressed inappropriately. The woman spun around as Dana entered the room and the rapid movement caused her skirt to become undone and fall to the floor. Dana's eyes opened wide. The same movement also caused her blouse to become undone - in fact it burst open because the woman's bra popped open, flinging huge boobs into the air. If Dana had had her service revolver on her she would have drawn it.

Jenny reacted to her sudden near nudity by panicking. She screamed ran to the office door, slamming into Agent Scully and propelling her with an "ooof!" into the wall, Jenny fell towards the floor. Jenny grasped at Dana, to stop her fall, somehow grabbed Dana's crisp white blouse by the collar and, as she slid to the floor, the momentum and force helped her peel the blouse and jacket off Dana's upper body. At the same time the friction caused Jenny's blouse and bra slid up and over her head.

Jenny, as she slid further down Dana, next caught hold of waistband of the skirt, which held for a fraction of a second before giving way; Jenny pulled Dana's skirt, panties, blouse and jacket to the floor. Dana overbalanced and fell to the floor with a thud, knocking the air out of her. Jenny, still in a panic and now dressed only in panties and stockings (this time with a garter belt), leaped to her feet, looked around and scooped up all the clothes she could find (which included hers and Dana's) and ran screaming out of the room.

The detectives recovered, Cumber spoke to Fritz, "you follow the blonde..." he glanced at the near nude FBI agent, "I'll make sure she's OK."

Fritz left the room to see Jenny running towards the elevators, leaving a trail of clothes as she ran, a blouse here, skirt there, another blouse, a jacket, a shoe... the elevator opened and she simply ran into it. The elevator's occupants looked in shock at the panicked, almost nude blonde woman. The last glimpse Fritz had of Jenny, as the elevator door closed, was as she realised the only item of clothing she had left was Dana's panties. He could hear the scream as the elevator descended to the lobby. He smiled, pulled out a cell phone, and arranged for Jenny to be picked up by a squad car.

Meanwhile, Cumber watched as Agent Scully recovered and slowly stood up. She shook her head and looked around, "what happened?"

Cumber was silent for a moment, didn't she realize she had just lost her clothes? The FBI agent had her same ironic and superior attitude... but was dressed only in bra, stockings and shoes. Cumber smiled, "that Jenny woman panicked, we'll pick her up."

Dana Scully was angry, "What the hell were you two doing?? If that woman chooses to file ANY sort of charges I'll make sure your heads are served up on a platter."

Cumber listened, at the same time staring at Scully; the black bra was rather conservative but for a thirty-something year old mother she had a killer body. He looked between her legs and smiled, her hair was not naturally that red after all.

Scully shook her head again, she felt a little groggy - the Jenny woman really had knocked the air out of her and it was colder than she remembered. In reality, Dana was also disturbed by that woman's antics, the idea of being nude in public affected her strongly - after a couple of unfortunate incidents in college she knew that being stripped in public would probably give her a fast, and almost uncontrollable, orgasm... she was glad it didn't happen to her. She kept up her clean-cut conservative image for a reason.

She pointed a finger at Cumber "You two had better shape up. I've got to get back to my interviews."

She walked out of the room, in her anger ignoring the gaping faces of the people she passed.

As he watched her perfect ass disappear Cumber smiled and looked to the side of the room - he was so glad they had videotaped the interview. He then wondered about the security tapes...

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**Jenny’s Big Day**

by ?

Jenny was excited. In her hand she held the letter – her personal invitation, signed by the mayor of the town himself, to be the recipient of a special honor in aid of the money she’d brought in to various charities through her various escapades.

For the occasion Jenny had selected a brand new dress of a hot-pink silk and rayon blend. It fit well, although not too snugly, over her curves, with a bottom hem that ended just above her knees. The bodice was held up by thin spaghetti straps and allowed just a hint of cleavage to show. Even so, Jenny had gone through all her bras and realized that not even her smallest bra could have been concealed, so reluctantly she’d been forced to go without. At least the skirt wasn’t tight enough to show her panty lines, much to her relief. A pair of matching pink high-heeled pumps and a wide-brimmed straw hat completed the outfit.

Jenny was just coming out of her house when she was met by her friend Ashley. Normally she couldn’t be quite sure about Ashley, but ever since she’d heard about the invitation she’d seemed especially nice, even offering to escort her to the ceremony since her husband was out of town.

“Wow, Jenny, don’t you look great,” said Ashley, “It’s such a nice day, I thought we might walk to the ceremony.”

It was indeed a beautiful summer day, although quite windy. In the interest of community spirit, the mayor had decided to move the ceremony outside to the town square, and as the two women approached the park they could see people setting up a speaker’s platform on the green.

A sudden gust caught Jenny’s straw hat and lifted it off her head.

“Oh my goodness!” she exclaimed, watching it blow away in the wind.

The town square was a large green space, criss-crossed by diagonal white paths meeting in the center at a large public fountain. People were already starting to gather at the speaker’s platform, picking out their seats and settling in.

The two women continued to stroll leisurely down the cross path. As they neared the public fountain, however, Ashley bumped Jenny hard, sending the hapless blonde toppling into the water.

With a squeal Jenny picked herself up and stood up in the knee-deep water, trying to regain her footing. The pink rayon had plastered itself against her body, showing a very distinctive panty line. Even worse, her nipples had hardened instantly in the cold water, and stood out prominently against the bodice of the dress. Immediately every male bystander rushed forward to help her out of the fountain.

“Now look!” she cried out in dismay. “I’m drenched!”

Ashley batted her eyes, feigning innocence.

“Oh my goodness!” she exclaimed. “I didn’t see you there!”

Back on dry land, Jenny stood there, trying to wring out her dress. Water dripped down her body in rivulets.

“What am I going to do?” she wailed. “I have to give that speech in a couple of hours!”

“Come on,” said Ashley, leading her into the public ladies’ room. “I just happened to bring my hair dryer with me.”

Ashley reached into her voluminous bag, produced the hair dryer, and plugged it into the wall. As Jenny stood there shivering, Ashley aimed the instrument straight at her front, moving it up and down. Every time she aimed it down she would move it a little lower, so that before long she was aiming it right between her legs. Jenny squealed as the hot air shot right up between her thighs and hit the crotch of her panties.

“Oh, sorry!” said Ashley. “Didn’t mean to do that!”

After a while, she had the dress, if not completely dry, at least to a reasonable level of dampness.

“That’ll have to do,” she said. “It’s warm and breezy enough outside, though. You’ll be dry in no time.”

“Thanks!” Jenny said brightly. She was glad Ashley was so nice to her.

Ashley helped Jenny to compose herself again and they headed back out to the assembly area. There was still plenty of time before the ceremony, so Jenny took found an empty chair and sat down. Pretty soon the city councilmen were filing onto the platform, followed by the mayor. Jenny settled in for what looked to be a long boring afternoon. At least her dress seemed to be drying nicely.

The mayor began to speak, praising the efforts and contributions of the volunteers of the city. Jenny squirmed in her seat. For some reason her dress had started to pinch. It definitely hadn’t felt this uncomfortable when she put it on this morning. In a moment of horrified clarity she remembered that the dress had come with explicit instructions for “dry clean only”, and that the accident in the fountain was now resulting in rapid shrinkage! Jenny fought off her rising panic. The dress was definitely starting to feel tighter and tighter. What was worse, the hemline had risen noticeably up her thighs.

It was at that point where the mayor announced her name and invited her up onto the platform. Jenny stood unsteadily on her high-heeled pumps, trying to keep her balance. The dress by now was so tight that walking was difficult, and she had to hike the skirt up her hips in order to mount the steps to the platform, offering the spectators in the front rows a glimpse of her white bikini panties on the way up.

The mayor was waiting for her behind the podium. He shook her hand amid audience applause. Jenny was hoping he would make some room behind the podium for her, to afford her a little bit of shelter, but no such luck. There was a microphone on a stand already set up for her.

Realizing the bottom of her dress was still hiked halfway up her ass, she quickly yanked it down again, perhaps a little too hard. A shoulder strap snapped, and the bodice fell open, revealing one round white breast. She quickly whirled around to cover herself back up, only to feel the breeze against the back of her thighs as the bottom rose up again.

By now the audience was tittering audibly. Slowly Jenny straightened up, adjusted her skirt carefully, and turned around to face the crowd again, one hand holding up her bodice to keep it from slipping.

“Uh… ahem,” she began into the microphone.

She took a deep breath – and felt the side of the dress suddenly give way as a seam split open under her armpit. Shock made her exhale sharply. Bad idea – that meant she had to breathe in again. She did – slowly this time.

“Thank you” – breath – “for inviting me” – breath – “today,” she started again.

That was it. Short, shallow breaths. No sudden movements. She could do this. All she had to do was give her five-minute acceptance speech, and then it would all be over.

And yet she could feel the dress growing tighter still. Despite her efforts to control her breathing and keep her movements to a minimum, she could feel the side seam unraveling a stitch with every breath, every word. Indeed, it seemed the more aware of this she became, the more agitated she felt, and the harder it was to keep still. She found herself bending forward bit by bit, trying to keep her bosom covered as well as the front of her panties with the ever-shrinking material, all but giving up hope of shielding her barely covered bottom from the eyes of those on the platform behind her.

The speech seemed to take forever. Now even the slightest movement was now causing the dress to unravel further. Stretched to its limit, the other strap snapped in two, causing the material to retract even further from Jenny’s breasts. In spite of her best efforts to keep covered, there was now barely enough material to cover her nipples, and the tops of her areoles were already beginning to show. Worse yet, she realized that the material had also started to split along the widest curve of her hip, and she tried to camouflage it with her free hand.

“I have – always – believed – in – public – service…”

By now poor Jenny was standing on her tiptoes, legs squeezed together and shoulders hunched over, trying to make herself as small as possible to keep up with her rapidly diminishing dress. The split in the skirt widened gradually, until it reached the bottom hem, and despite her best efforts to keep it together the breeze blew open a loose flap of skirt, offering the audience tantalizing glimpses of her panty-clad hip. After what seemed like an eternity the speech was finished, and Jenny looked forward to slipping back into the relative anonymity of the crowd.

“Why don’t you take a bow now, Jenny?” the mayor said, taking her by the elbow.

Jenny tried frantically to pull her arm away from him, to keep herself covered, all to no avail. Without the anchor of her arm to keep it in place, the filmy material stretched over her chest fell away. The crowd cheered at the sight of her naked breasts bobbing up and down in distress.

Jenny managed to snatch her arm back and pull her top back up, but by then the dress had shrunk so much that the sudden action caused the side seam to split open completely. Her expensive dress, now little more than a rag, flapped open in the breeze.

The hapless blonde now made a final, desperate grab for the dress, but overbalanced on her high heels and stumbled forward. Just then a sudden gust of wind ripped the tattered dress completely away from her body and sent her tottering toward the front of the platform. With a cry of despair she saw the scrap of pink silk dancing away over the treetops.

Another blast of wind caught her off balance and she pitched forward off the platform, arms flailing for leverage.

Trying to help, the mayor reached out for her, but succeeded only in grabbing onto the back of her panties. Unfortunately, the momentum of the fall, as well as the weight of her body, was too much for the frail garment. With a loud ripping sound the thin fabric tore away, sending Jenny crashing off the platform and leaving the poor mayor with a bit of nylon and lace in his hand and an embarrassed look on his face, much to the delight of the assembled press.

Head spinning but otherwise unhurt, Jenny staggered to her feet on the ground below. One of her shoes had come off and she felt around, irrationally, with her bare toes trying to find it. Suddenly she was blinded by the glare of a dozen flashbulbs all popping at once. For the first time she looked down and realized that her dress and panties, everything was gone save for one shoe left on her foot.

Oh no, she thought to herself. Not again!

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**Jenny's Ostrich Dance**

by Gin and Bob

Preface:

Ashley was totally pissed that Jenny had beat her out of appearing in the talent show and vowed revenge! She called on several of her friends to help her out when it came time to Jenny’s singing performance.

At the Theater:

Jenny stood on stage holding the mic and singing for all she was worth. The crowd was enchanted by her voice and her beautiful figure, even the women were mesmerized by her body encased in her tight fitting evening gown. Most of the women, if not all, were also jealous of her wonderful figure and secretly hated her for it.

Ashley, in the shadows of the wing to stage right was standing ready holding the rope. Then she saw the thin rope lower behind the unsuspecting Jenny and her heart beat faster.

"OK you big-titted bitch, I've waited a long time for this and now you are going to get yours!", she thought to herself.

Natalie lowered the rope all the way down to the hem of Jenny's beautiful gown and with great skill, hooked it onto the dress. Jenny suspected nothing as Natalie gave Ashley the go ahead to "let 'er rip" quite literally.

Just as Jenny hit the high note at the climax of her song, Ashley gave the rope a mighty pull and watched laughingly as Jenny's dress rose quickly above her knees! Jenny, although extremely surprised, continued singing and began frantically tugging at her dress to keep it down. The audience gasped is surprise and many people began to laugh and whistle.

"That dumb bitch is still trying to sing" thought Ashley as she reached up to the rope again for another hard tug. "Well, lets see how long she can keep that up".

Ashley gave the rope another hard pull and this time Jenny's dress rose right up to her waist exposing her beautiful soft blond bush to the entire audience! The whole auditorium erupted into a loud cheer and applause. EVERYONE began whistling, cheering clapping and laughing at the sight of this beautiful young reluctant stripper fighting to keep her clothes on, especially the women. They were in hysterics and many of them were busily taking pictures of the comical event unfolding before them as this too beautiful young bitch with the huge tits was fighting to stay clothed.

When Jenny knew her bush was exposed to the crowd and the sudden eruption of laughter and cheers hit her ears, she forgot about singing and dropped the mike.

She let out a loud scream which was clearly audible over the gleeful roar of the audience and began to panic as she fought with the dress! Natalie, who had climbed down from the catwalk above the stage after she had hooked Jenny's dress, gave Sue the go ahead to start the special music they had selected for the occasion. Sue popped in the tape and turned up the volume.

Suddenly, above the laughter and roars of the packed house, "Stars and Stripes Forever" blared out over the speakers! It was perfect music for the scene before them and only added to the comedy show on this 4th of July weekend!

Ashley was in hysterics along with the entire audience and everyone back stage in the wings. All of the other performers and stage hands were watching as Jenny tried in vain to pull the gown back down over her exposed pussy and could hardly stand up they were laughing so hard!

Ashley looked at Kate standing next to her and mockingly asked "Shall I?".

Kate laughingly yelled back over the roar of the crowd "Go ahead!".

Ashley then gave her rope another hard yank and watched as the gown quickly rose above the helpless Jenny's huge firm tits! It was funny as hell! The gown brought Jenny's tits up with it and when they could reach no further, the huge jugs bounced back down incredibly with great force sending yet another explosion of laughter from the audience and the back stage gang! Flash bulbs were going off and the noise of the cheers and laughter was deafening! Jenny continued to scream and fight in vain with the dress.

Poor Jenny was in a total panic! Now not only was her neatly trimmed pussy exposed to the horrible audience but her huge bouncing tits were as well. Jenny still fought with the dress and was trying to pull it back down but Ashley would have none of that!

She held onto the rope fighting Jenny for the dress but not pulling it up more either. She had Jenny there with the gown up under her arms and making her stand on tip toes in front of the happy crowd! Jenny continued to try and pull the dress down and cover her mammoth tits and bush but couldn't do it all. She continued to scream as loud as she could and was very audible over the laughter and jeers of the howling audience as they watched this beautiful young woman putting on a comedy show they would never forget. Her tits were bouncing around so much that they were putting on a show of their own!

Finally Natalie asked Ashley if she could do the honors. Ashley said "Sure!" and gave the rope to Natalie who firmly gripped it. N

Natalie looked at Ashley and yelled, "HERE'S WHERE WE START THE SHOW!" and gave one last hard tug on the rope and with a loud "RRRRRIIIIIIIIP!" relieved Jenny of her evening gown completely!

The audience went wild with even more laughter as every man, woman and child in the theater erupted at the sight of the completely naked and very embarrassed woman on the stage before them. Jenny stood frozen on stage with arms down to the side and looking up at her dress hanging from the hook a few feet above her. She stood frozen like that for several moments before panic set in and began screaming hysterically and trying to cover up with her hands! Her panic and screaming only seemed to add to hysterics of the audience as she screamed and tried in vain to cover with only her hands. Ashley and the back stage gang were about to fall over they were also laughing so hard.

Staring wide-eyed out at the 1500 hysterical people in the theater, Jenny continued to scream and began shooting her hands all over her body in a comical attempt to cover up. Her hands went from her huge jugs to her neatly trimmed bush back to her naked ass and back up to her tits! She crouched over with one arm over her big firm tits and one hand over her pussy with her leg raised, but none of this seemed to help. Ashley, Natalie, Sue, the Legal Lady and the Banker Babe were all taking in the sight of Jenny naked on stage! They were laughing uncontrollably at the comedy show unfolding! Pointing and laughing with the rest of the performers and stage crew in the wings, Ashley and Kate got out their cameras and started snapping away at poor Jenny! The video recorder continued to record the hysterical show!

Jenny was frozen in panic now and just stood there on stage screaming and trying to cover her naked body from the happy stares of the gleeful crowd. As "Stars and Stripes Forever" continued to blast, the entire audience began clapping in time with the music as did everyone back-stage!

"Oh John!", laughed the 92 year old woman in the 27th row center isle as she held her husband's arm. "This is the best anniversary present I could have had! I haven't laughed so much in years!"

"Thank you honey!" he laughed back. "But I wasn't expecting anything like this! I didn't know anything like this would be in the show!"

"I don't think that young woman expected anything like this either from the looks of her! She's having a time up there and I can tell you that she's not acting!", the old woman yelled back.

Then she sat back into her seat and continued to enjoy the show and laugh hysterically as she clapped to the music!

Amidst the roar of the packed house, the loud music and thousands of camera flashes, Jenny finally threw herself down onto the stage floor on her stomach and huge tits in another comical attempt to hide from the eyes of the audience. This brought even more laughter from the crowd, if that was possible, as Natalie, Ashley, Kate and the rest of the gang burst into another loud fit of hysterics!

Naked Jenny then began to flop around on stage and wriggle on her big tits in her panicked state. Then she began pounding her first onto the stage floor and screaming "HELP! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! STOP LAUGHING AT ME!"

"She sure has a talent for stating the obvious laughed Natalie", and took another picture!

As Jenny flopped around on stage, Ashley looked through the curtains of the wing and gave the scouts the go ahead. Suddenly, there was a barrage of rotten fruit and eggs being hurled at the stage! Jenny, while on her stomach, received several rotten tomatoes in the face and an egg hit her square on her head sending the goo all over her beautiful hair! One scout stood up and lobbed a large tomato where it hit Jenny right between her huge tits as they were pressed out onto the floor! It didn't splatter but just stuck there nestled into her vast cleavage! It was hard to imagine how the laughter and hooting could have gotten any louder, but seeing this, all 1500 people in the crowd and all of the back-stage gang let out their loudest roar of laughter yet!

It was a mad house! The deafening laughter, cheers, hoots, whistles and camera flashes from the audience, "Stars and Stripes Forever" blasting with everyone clapping in time and everyone back-stage howling at Jenny as she screamed and wormed around on stage!

"THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!", screamed Jenny. "SOMEBODY GIVE MY DRESS BACK! HELP! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED!"

Natalie yelled to Ashley over the roar of the crowd "Lets have some fun with her!". Then she lowered the dress, which was still hanging on the hook and rope.

It fell right before Jenny who was still flopping on the stage floor. She reached out to grab it but Natalie's quick reflexes yanked it up just in time! Natalie did it twice more before Jenny finally stood up to make a grab for it!

"That's either the dumbest woman I've ever seen or she is just to panicked to think to just run off the stage!", yelled Natalie.

"I think it's a bit of both!", laughed Ashley as she watched Jenny and clapped with the music!

Jenny finally stood up on her high heels facing the howling audience. Natalie had her dress just out of reach and holding her big tits in one arm, Jenny jumped up to grab the elusive garment. As she jumped Natalie kept jerking the dress up out of reach making poor naked and humiliated Jenny look like she was on a pogo stick as she kept leaping into the air after her dress!

Jenny finally let go of her boobs and tried it with both hands! The crowd LOVED it! Her huge firm tits were flying all over the place, bouncing up and down and banging into each other! Natalie kept teasing poor Jenny like this for several minutes laughing hysterically at the show she was putting on! The tomato was still lodged firmly between her bouncing boobs!

"Look at her big boobies bounce mommy! Ha! Ha! She has big boobies!", laughed a young girl sitting in the 9th row to her mother as she pointed at Jenny.

"That young women is having a fit trying to get her dress back isn't she?!", her mother yelled back to her daughter over the roar of the crowd as she watched and laughed uncontrollably.

The scouts on the first row were still hitting her with pea shooters as Jenny continued to jump for the dress and make those beautiful tits bounce. They were hitting her in her tits, on her ass and trying to hit her beautifully trimmed pussy. Many succeeded! Every time one would hit, Jenny would let out a loud squeal and try to swat it away! All the while with the tomato still stuck between her huge hard tits! Ashley, Natalie and the rest were leaning on each other for support they were laughing so hard!

Jenny finally tripped and fell right on her ass on the stage floor! She was of course facing the audience and sitting on her butt with her legs spread wide she gave all 1500 people a perfect shot of her exposed pussy crowned with the golden triangle as she froze wide-eyed staring out at the packed auditorium!

"Wow! That's an increasable shot!" yelled a young 15 year old boy to his 16 year old girlfriend as he snapped another picture.

"You can look but don't touch!" the girl yelled back jokingly slapping the back of his head in mock consternation.

"You just keep taking pictures while I enjoy the show! This bitch is making a complete spectacle of herself! I'm glad that's not me! Whoever decided to do this to her must have been really pissed!", she laughed leaning forward to get a better look.

Of course Jenny could hear none of the personal conversations taking place about her "performance" from up on the stage. Even if she could she was too busy trying to cope with her situation to care.

Quickly rolling over from her exposed sitting position and onto her hands and knees, she finally decided to try and crawl under the curtains. This left her firm smooth ass sticking right out at the audience and also gave all 1500 people there a beautiful rear view of her tight hairless and smiling pussy lips framed by trim thighs!

With tits and tomato swinging, she inched her way to the curtains but not before several scouts with their pea shooter ran up to the front of the stage and gave her several bulls eye shots right in that wonderful slit! Jenny screamed with fear and embarrassment and with each hit, shot a hand back in a vain attempt to cover her pussy and shield it from the assaulting little stinging peas!

Ashley, Natalie and the rest were not about to let the show end so soon however and had planned for this very thing! Running back to where Jenny was trying to crawl under the curtain, Roxanne grabbed a large bucket of ice water and waited for Jenny to get near the curtain.

When Jenny was about 5 feet from it, Roxanne threw open the curtain, exposing herself to the audience, and let Jenny have it! Jenny let out an ear piercing scream as the ice cold water drenched her entire body! The crowd let out another loud burst of cheers and laughter as their reluctant stripper was now soaking wet! Jenny's nipples immediately hardened in the cold water and were visibly erect even as far back as the 10th row!

Jenny then jumped to her feet and finally tried to run off of the well lighted stage into the left wing! However, the Legal Lady, Roxanne AND the Banker Babe were ready for her!

Just as Jenny made it to the wing hugging her bouncing tits and covering her blonde bush, the three women stepped forward in front of the rest of the 20 or so people there, grabbed her, spun her around and gave her a hard slap on her naked ass! Jenny screamed and this sent her running to the other wing! She was just as unlucky on this attempt when Natalie and Kate, Ashley ducked behind the curtain so as not to be seen by Jenny, pushed the screaming naked girl back out onto the stage in front of the howling audience again!

Jenny flew backwards to the middle of the stage and fell right on her ass and rolling over started to flop around on her tits and stomach again!

"HELP! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! GIVE MY DRESS BACK! STOP LAUGHING AT ME YOU JERKS!", she continued to scream at the top of her lungs as she faced the howling crowd while flopping around on the stage floor!

"This is just too funny!", yelled Natalie to everyone.

"I've got something of a plan myself to humiliate her even further!", she said to Ashley reaching into a bag and pulling out a pair of hand cuffs, a cow bell, a large ostrich feather and a can of some white powder.

Ashley's eye grew wide and she said to Natalie, "What made you think to bring those!?"

"Just had an idea that I might need them!", she laughed back. "I've got to do it now while she's like that on the floor!"

And with those words, Natalie sprinted out onto the stage to where Jenny was worming around, screaming and pounding her fists leaving an aw struck but smiling Ashley in the wings.

Natalie didn't waist any time!

She quickly stood astride Jenny, who didn't even notice her there, and reaching down slapped the cuffs onto Jenny's left wrist. Jenny was taken completely by surprise but was too shocked to react! Natalie then pulled the cuffed arm behind her back and with great force did the same to Jenny's right arm! Natalie then, with great skill, secured Jenny's arms firmly behind her back!

"What are you doing!", screamed Jenny as she struggled with the cuffs and strained her head around to see who her assailant was.

"Just shut up you big titted cow and hold still!", Natalie yelled back.

Then she took the black and white Ostrich feather and firmly planted it straight into Jenny's ass!

"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooow!", Jenny screamed at the shock of the big feather being stuck in her ass with a good coating of Crazy Glue!

With Jenny laying on the floor it stood straight up! The audience loved it. They all knew that this pretty young girl with the long dark hair was going to further the naked girl's embarrassment and howled their approval!

Then Natalie grabbed the cow bell and quickly place it around Jenny's neck! With that accomplished, Natalie grabbed Jenny by the arms and began to make her stand up!

"No!", screamed Jenny.

But it was too late. Natalie already had the completely naked Jenny standing up on stage in front of over 1500 hysterical people. Natalie looked out over the packed howling house with Jenny struggling and screaming in front of her holding her there. Then she took the can containing the white powder and, while still holding the struggling Jenny, threw it all over her pussy and rubbed it in!

"Well this is where I leave you!", she yelled in her ear and ran back to Ashley leaving poor helpless Jenny standing naked in front of the audience with her hands cuffed securely behind her back, a cow bell clanking around her neck, an Ostrich feather sticking out of her ass like a tail on a large, funny looking bird and a large dose of Acme Atomic Itching Powder (TM) coating her beautiful pussy mound! Ashley and the rest of the gang were slapping their knees and howling at what Natalie had just done. They all gave Natalie a high-five!

Jenny didn't know what to do! These horrible people had her trapped on the stage and she couldn't run off! Now she was left cuffed and couldn't even cover herself. Then it hit her like an atomic blast! The itching powder Natalie had powdered her pussy with took effect! It felt like a thousand ants were crawling all over the delicate lips! Her eyes grew wide and she stopped in her tracks! With her hands behind her she could not scratch of course. She had to do something fast; it was driving her crazy!

The only thing poor naked and itching Jenny could do was to use her legs to try and relieve the horrible itching sensation! With eyes bugging out she stopped screaming her indignations at the audience and her situation and began lifting one knee up, then the other in a futile effort to scratch her pussy! She was hopping around on stage trying to stop the itching as beast she could but was getting little relief. People howled and hooted, laughed and cheered as Jenny did her hysterical dance around the stage hopping on one foot then the other!

With her hands cuffed behind her and the Ostrich feather wagging in her ass, she looked like a cross between a naked woman and some type of funny bird strutting around doing a comical mating dance! Her elbows stuck out looking like two bird wings as she "flapped" them trying to get loose! She was also trying to shake the stubborn feather out of her ass. After she would do several hops, she would stick out her firm smooth ass and wag it back and forth trying to dislodge the object! Every time she did, the big feather would swish and sway and wag with her shaking ass! The audience howled at her every time she did it. Everyone knew what she was trying to do and guffawed and her repeated failed attempts to shake out the Ostrich feather! To all in the audience she looked like a chicken clucking and strutting as she bent over raising her knees and letting her huge tits hang and swing along with her cow bell then sticking out her ass and wagging her feather as she flapped her "wings"!

Ashley never laughed so hard in her life! Of all the stripping she had done to Jenny this was the best and funniest and had to be the most humiliating to Jenny!

"What was that powder you hit her pussy with!?", she yelled to Natalie.

When Natalie told her, Ashley yelled back "You're a genius!", and kissed her on the cheek.

Then she looked back at Jenny still doing her naked bird dance, leaning over, hopping from foot to foot and making those big firm tits bounce and swing with her new cow bell gonging all the way and flapping her "wings"! Ashley couldn't believe it; Jenny was actually keeping time with her "dancing" to Stars and Stripes Forever" and with the audience's clapping sending her big jugs into bouncing fits! Ashley took many more photos as did Natalie and everybody there!

"Look honey!", the old woman yelled to her husband as she pointed at Jenny doing her "Ostrich Dance". "That girl looks just like a big Ostrich hopping around like that! That's got to be the most humiliating thing! She looks absolutely ridiculous! I don't think she can get that feather out!", she laughed out loud!

"Look mom!", the little girl yelled. "That naked lady is dancing with a feather in her butt! She looks like a big bird! Why did that girl stick a feather in her butt!?" she laughed.

"I think that she just wanted to make her look real funny, honey!", her mother laughed back snapping a picture. "Look at the funny lady trying to shake out the big feather! Doesn't she look like a ridiculous Ostrich!?"

Try as she might, Jenny couldn't stop the itching or get rid of the feather. There was only one option left! Through the theater! She didn't like it at all but she just had to get away from this nightmare!

Jenny ran to the front of the stage, big tits bouncing happily, cow bell ringing and tail feather swishing about and began to try and climb down off of it. This was VERY difficult being cuffed like she was. She knelt down quickly and laid on her stomach. Then she wriggled her ass and legs off the front of the stage! This, of course, gave everyone, especially the scouts in the front row a perfect close up of her delicious pussy which she was inadvertently spreading for the entire crowd!

Jenny thought that she had almost made it until she became stuck! With her upper half lying on the stage and her lower half hanging off of it, she began to panic even more! Writhing and squirming, she began kicking her legs all over the place! This gave the howling audience glimpses of her tight little pussy slit, especially when she spread her legs wide! The large feather in her ass was fanning from side to side with her rapid squirming movements!

The scouts were not about to let this opportunity get passed up! Two of them jumped up and each grabbed a leg! The two scouts then pulled Jenny's kicking legs wide apart as she screamed in protest! A third scout ran up between Jenny's legs and, kneeling down so as not to obstruct to audience's view, began to rub her right on her clit!

"This is going to be good!", yelled the 16 year old to her boyfriend. "Be sure to get a shot when she cums!"

"Oh my!", laughed the old woman to her husband. "I've never seen anything quite like this! I think I'm going to pee in my pants if this gets any funnier!"

"What are they doing to the naked lady now mommy?!", laughed the young girl to her mother.

"Well, honey!", she laughed back. "Those are boy scouts and they are just trying to help that girl find the little man in her canoe!"

Her daughter just looked at her mother quizzically and began pointing and laughing at Jenny again.

Jenny thought she was going to die of shame and embarrassment! Of all the stripping she had endured this was the worst! It was bad enough to get stripped by accident, but to be stripped on purpose, in public and on a stage with a packed theater was the worst! She was already the center of attention to begin with! The final embarrassment was to be stripped deliberately by several other women!

And now this! Stuck hanging off the stage with the stop light shinning right up her legs, hands cuffed behind her back, a cow bell around her neck and a big feather sticking straight out of her butt! And to top it all off, those horrible scouts masturbating her as almost 2000 men, women and children watched with glee and howled mercilessly!

As she fought with the scouts she knew what was about to come despite her fighting the feeling! Still kicking and screaming, she felt the first waves of an enormous orgasm building! The scout's finger delicately flicked her little sensitive clit back and forth. At least it relieved some of the itching. Jenny began to shake and quiver and the entire audience suddenly became very quiet and Sue turned down the music playing over the loud speakers! You could hear a pin drop!

Then it happened! Jenny let out a loud moan, much against her will, and began to buck her beautiful ass up and down very rapidly! She couldn't stop herself much as she tried! Her whole body jiggled a quaked and it looked like she was having epileptic spasms! The theater had wonderful acoustics and the entire audience heard Jenny's involuntary moans and gasps. They watched as she bucked and jiggled her firm ass on the edge of the stage!

"AHHHHH! OOOOHHHHH! NNNNNNOOOOOOO!", Jenny screamed out as the orgasm rushed through her quivering body! The ostrich feather shook and quivered along with her!

Then all hell broke loose! The entire 1500 in the crowd let out a deafening cheer! Camera flashes were shot by the thousands and Ashley just looked wide eye and didn't say a word!

Natalie, on the other hand, let out a loud cheer of her own and laughed uproariously!

"Now that's what I call humiliation!", she yelled and snapped another picture.

Sue turned "Stars and Stripes Forever" back up and continued on with the show!

Jenny couldn't believe what she had done. She lay half on and half off of the stage, the loud cheers and laughter of the crowd ringing in her ears, and just collapsed from exhaustion with her hands cuffed behind her back and with a wide eyed dazed look on her face. But she wasn't about to get any rest just yet!

"Let's help her down!", yelled one of the scouts.

And they pulled Jenny off the stage by her legs, tits squeaking on the wooden stage floor! They let poor Jenny fall to the floor right on her sweet naked ass causing everyone in the first few rows to stand up to get a better look!

Jenny looked up to find herself surrounded by two dozen of the horrifying uniforms and let out another loud scream! Several had video cameras with glaring lights aimed at her. Fumbling to get to her feet, several of the scouts tried to "help" the young woman up but mainly "helping" her up by her firm tits and smooth ass! Jenny continued to scream and once she got to her feet made a break for it!

Running in her high heels between the stage and the front row, she made it to the center isle with several stop lights trained on her naked form. Her big tits were bouncing and swinging wildly with her big tomato still stuck between them, much to the delight of the crowd as all the people there stood up to watch her exit.

Turning to run up the isle Jenny was greeted with hoots and shouts. Most of the comments were about her big bouncing tits and firm ass. She heard several about her trimmed pussy.

Jenny streaked up the isle! She looked both beautiful and ridiculous at the same time. Huge bouncing tits, shapely pumping ass, long beautiful legs. But also there was the big bell flying around her neck and ringing loudly between her tits and that Ostrich feather "tail" Natalie decided to give her, not to mention her cuffed hands held behind her back! All that made poor screaming Jenny look like a ridiculous spectacle which is exactly what the girls had in mind!

As Jenny ran screaming up the isle, bell clanging and feather swishing wildly back and forth with the movement of her little ass, she tripped and fell right into the lap of the 16 year old girl. Jenny began fumbling around trying to get back up.

She looked up into the laughing girl's eyes and screamed, "HELP ME! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF! I'M NAKED!".

The hysterical girl just kept laughing at poor Jenny and snapped a close up picture of her face in her lap!

"That's a great expression girly!", she yelled to Jenny as she was laying across her lap on her back with her tits sticking straight up! "Let me get one of your pussy!".

She snapped another of Jenny's wriggling blonde pussy, hair and all!

Just then her young boyfriend reached out and grabbed one of Jenny's big firm tits in his hand! He then gave jenny a good squeeze and vigorous shake! The young girl howled with laughter and took another picture of her boyfriend's hand violently shaking the huge tit around as the naked girl herself looked down, screaming with here eyes about to pop out of their sockets!

Then the young lad plucked out the tomato from her tits and yelled "Looky! A souvenir!".

Jenny screamed again and struggling, finally made it back to her feet!

The girl gave Jenny a very hard slap on her ass and she continued her comical run to the back of the Ritz Theater!

Ashley, Natalie, Sue, Roxanne and everybody back-stage were now looking from behind the curtains. They guffawed as they saw Jenny's feathered ass pumping furiously up the isle! They could see the feather flying about and hear the bell ringing as well as Jenny's screams of humiliation and embarrassment!

"I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED!", she screamed while running very fast. "THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF! HELP! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF!"

Those in front of her were treated to the sight of her beautiful full breasts swinging and bouncing wildly with the rhythm of her run! Also, her finely trimmed bush was a big treat as well! Everyone was still clapping in time with the loud music and she was not even one tenth of the way to the doors!

Then the itching sensation overwhelmed her again! She began doing her "Ostrich Dance" again, much to the delight of the crowd! Raising one knee then the other, she began hopping around in the isle in the middle of the theater. She also began shaking the Feathered "tail" around in another futile attempt the shake it out! People all around were laughing, pointing, hooting and jeering at her as she looked like a large funny chicken strutting around! She needed relief fast and any way she could get it! So she ran up to one of the seats next to the isle where the old woman was seated and straddled the back of it wit her legs!

The old women looked at her wide-eyed and jaw dropping to the floor!

"Good lord girl! Don't you have any shame!?", she laughed at Jenny watching the spectacle before her!

"It itches! It Itches!", cried Jenny looking all around at all the people laughing at her.

"Let me scratch it!", the old woman's husband yelled out just before his wife slapped his hand away.

Jenny couldn't hold it back, the itching was too much! So she began "humping" the back of the seat and rubbing her itching pussy up and down on it! The rough fabric felt sooooooooo good and it momentarily brought some relief. As she "humped" the back of the seat her big jugs bounced up and down with her rhythm.

The old woman and her husband laughed widely as their heads nodded up and down looking at the bouncing tits! The old woman raised her camera and shot another picture!

Then, while Jenny was still "humping" the chair, a boy about 12 years old ran up behind and gave her a hard pinch on her naked ass. Jenny let out a loud scream and began her run back up the isle!

As Jenny ran, people simultaneously began to throw things at her. She was pelted with popcorn, milk duds and hand fulls of ice! Mostly it was the women and teenage girls in the audience who were getting off doing this to humiliate the screaming naked girl even further!

All those young women greeted her with loud boos and jeers as she ran past them! "BOO! GO ON HOME!", the girls yelled and laughed at her!

"GET OUT OF HERE YOU BIG TITTED COW! YOU SUCK OSTRICH GIRL!"

Half way to the doors a 13 year old girl stuck her foot out and tripped Jenny in the center of the isle! She landed with a thud on her stomach and tits with her ostrich feather sticking straight up like a flag pole!

All the people around her pointed and laughed at the spectacle!

The young girl then ran out and began spanking Jenny on her naked ass as she continued to scream in protest!

"SOMEBODY STOP HER!", she screamed. "HELP! SOMEBODY GET HER OFF OF ME! STOP SPANKING ME YOU LITTLE BRAT!"

Nobody stopped the little brat.

Everyone was too busy cheering her on as they pointed and laughed at the odd looking Ostrich laying on the floor and squirming to get up! People were taking many photos of this spectacle for their scrap books. The girl's mother howled at the sight as she snapped another picture of her daughter spanking the Ostrich Lady.

Jenny finally made it back to her feet as the young girl was still spanking her ass. With one last hard slap, Jenny was running again with her large feather wagging like a dogs tail!

Finally making it to the doors with the spot light still shinning on her, she pushed the doors open with her shoulder and ran from the theater which was still in an uproar of laughter and hysterics. Running in a total panic, she ran by the ladies room only thinking to get out of the theater all together and headed straight into the lobby!

Several dozen people stood in silence with jaws dropped as a young beautiful naked lady ran through the lobby totally naked in high heels with a bell tied around her neck and a large Ostrich feather wagging out of her ass! Several of the women laughed and giggled at the sight as Jenny streaked by and ran up to the velvet rope in the lobby. Jenny straddled the rope and began to rub her violently itching pussy over it! Those in the lobby began to howl and guffaw at Jenny! She didn't care. The rope brought some relief from the itching which was all she cared about at this point! Now those in the lobby were surrounding her as they howled and pointed at the girl "masturbating" herself on the rope! Finally getting all the relief she could, the naked "Ostrich" lady ran out of the doors into the open street in broad daylight screaming all the way!

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!", she screamed running down the street as her bell gonged between her bouncing breasts.

"I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF!

Jenny's eyes were wide with panic and her face was beat red with humiliation and embarrassment. What was she going to do out here in the middle of the crowded city totally naked with her hands firmly held behind her?!

All up and down the side walk people began pointing and laughing hysterically at the naked lady running down the street, soaking wet and covered with egg and tomato, feather and all! Stopping at a small tree on the side walk, she began to "hump" that too to get some more relief as the crowd of about 50 people around her laughed and pointed!

"HA! HA! HA! HA!", laughed a young woman in the crowd. "She looks like a big chicken! Look and her tits! This is the wildest thing!", and reaching out, pinched Jenny's humping rear.

Jenny didn't care about the howling crowd around her just now. The relief to her poor itching pussy was all she could think of. As Jenny scratched her little pussy against the rough tree trunk, it looked to everybody around her like she was masturbating herself on the side walk! As all the people pointed and laughed, Jenny continued to scratch making her Ostrich feather wave up and down and her cow bell ring around her neck!

"OOOOOOOOHHHHH! IT ITCHES! IT ITCHES!" yelled Jenny as she pumped her pussy on the tree trunk. It was hysterical and all of the men and women pointed and laughed at the naked "Ostrich Lady" before them while those with cameras shot photo after photo!

Finally finishing her scratching, Jenny looked around at all the people surrounding her. Wide eyed, she screamed and tried to make a break for it! But no one would let her pass! People kept pushing her back and grabbing at her ass and big tits! With her hands tied behind her she could do nothing! Men and women were grabbing and pinching her ass and boobs as they pointed and laughed at the ridiculous looking "Ostrich Lady"!

"Help me!", screamed Jenny. "They ripped my dress off! I'm naked!"

"Hey! Nice feather!", yelled the young woman. "Shake those tits bitch!". And she reached out and grabbed one of Jenny's huge bouncing tits and gave it a good squeeze and shake! This sent a burst of laughter from the surrounding gang as Jenny let out a loud scream with eyes almost popping out of her head!

Another hand reached out and gave Jenny a good pinch on her left ass cheek. Jenny let out a high pitched squeak and clenched her cheeks up! Everyone was enjoying the show and all were laughing at "Ostrich Lady" running around naked on the side walk!

The discomfort of the feather in her ass was too much and again she tried in vain the wag it out of her ass! The entire crowd burst into laughter when they saw Jenny stick her butt out and shake her ass from side to side wagging the feather just like a dog's tail!

"SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!" she screamed. "GET THIS FEATHER OUT OF ME! PLEASE!"

Nobody helped poor Jenny. The men and women were having too much fun watching her shake her ass and bounce her big tits.

"Wag your tail for us girly!" yelled the young women and reaching out, she grabbed the giant feather and shook it vigorously, much to the crowd's amusement.

Finally Jenny broke through the wall of laughing spectators and ran, leaving the howling crowd behind and giving many more people a good show!

The last anyone saw of Jenny was her naked ass pumping up the street with her big feather wagging about. They could hear her screams and cow bell gonging as she disappeared down the street. The last Jenny heard of the crowd were the cheers and screams of laughter as she ran down the street.

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**Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 1**

by The General

Jenny stood at the edge of the gym as she surveyed her class. It was her first day as the new 7th grade gym teacher and she had no idea that there would be so many students!

Over 150 students stared back at her, waiting for her to announce todays activity. Jenny was suddenly very conscious of how little she was wearing. Somehow Ashley had managed to shrink all of her clothes when she had washed them for Jenny last week! That left Jenny with the choice of borrowing some of Ashley's clothes or just making do.

Unfortunately, Ashley's clothes were just too revealing for Jenny, so she decided to make do with her own. But it got worse. Using the pictures of Jenny naked, the paperboy had blackmailed Jenny into giving him all of her underwear, and Ashley's didn't have a chance of fitting!

So there Jenny was, and she was stunning! Even wearing her longest skirt, as she was today, Jenny's legs felt exposed. And they were. The skirt, which zipped up in the back, was small enough to fit many of her students! It was super-short, barely covering her butt, and was skin tight, encasing her beautiful ass like a second skin, making it hard to even walk and leaving no doubts about whether she was wearing panties or not. It didn't help that Ashley had borrowed her 3 inch heels, leaving her with only her 5 inch heels to wear. The view was just as good on top. Jenny's blouse now several sizes too small, and each button was strained keeping her ample 40DD bust covered.

Jenny's nipples hardened as she thought more about how exposed she was. Luckily her nice dress jacket hadn't need to be washed and Jenny felt better knowing that at least her breasts weren't on display.

Jenny trembled as she read her agenda for the day; wrestling was just the kind of activity she had hoped to avoid dressed like this. But Jenny told herself that she was teaching the children of tomorrow and decided to go on.

Jenny stepped forward and took a deep breath, "All right students, today we will continue where your last teacher left off. She left me a note, it says 'G Champ vs Teach', can anyone tell me what that means?"

Two of the larger boys stepped forward. "That means that the girls champion from our wrestling tournament is going to wrestle you today, Ms. Jenny!"

"But I don’t know how to wrestle," Jenny protested as the two boys guided her towards the wresting room and the rest of her students moved to the other end of the Gym where a Big screen TV was set up.

"And why are the other students watching TV?"

"Because they all wouldn't fit into this room, so there are cameras in the room that relay everything to the TV out there. Also, this way we can videotape all of the matches to examine our techniques. There is your opponent, could I have your jacket please? Jackets aren't allowed in the wrestling room and neither are shoes, I'll need those also," said one of the boys who Jenny identified as Andy from roll call.

"And wrestling is easy! Just hold Ashley's shoulders against the mat for 3 seconds. It should be easy, she is much smaller than you," said Joey, who Jenny had now also identified.

Jenny had now seen Ashley. Ashley was very small and must have weighed only 80 or so pounds. Jenny was so astonished that Ashley had beaten all the other girls, many of whom must be twice Ashley's size, that she didn't even protest as Joey and Andy took off her shoes, then her jacket. By the time she remembered her bra less state her jacket was nowhere to be found.

"And what about my clothes! I cant wrestle like this!"

Jenny blushed at that, realizing she shouldn't be doing ANYTHING dressed the way she was. Even just standing here exposed more of her than she liked. She crossed her arms over her chest hoping to cover her the fact that her enormous breasts were almost bursting out of the blouse and her nipples were poking through again.

"Nonsense, you'll be fine!" Replied Andy.

He and Joey had reviewed the wrestling tapes and found that Ashley's amazing winning streak was due to a string of accidents involving her competitors clothing, none of which could be proved of course.

He gave Jenny a slap on the ass and pushed her into the ring.

The slap shocked Jenny more than anything else, causing her to take a sudden deep breath. This was more than her strained blouse could take, and as one every button on her blouse popped off. Horrified, Jenny stood staring at her exposed chest for a few seconds allowing everyone to see her enormous globes. Then she tried to pull her blouse closed in the front, only to hear a loud rip as the back of her blouse ripped open. Joey and Andy trotted over and grabbed one half of the blouse each, pull them out of Jenny's grasp.

"That’s all right Ms. Jenny, this would only have gotten in the way," say Joey, staring at Jenny's huge breasts as she tried futilely to cover them with her hands. Yeah, in the way of our view, he thought to himself.

"Ah, an exhibitionist," said Ashley in a mischievous tone of voice. "In that case, let me help you with your skirt."

"No!" Jenny nearly screamed. "I am not an exhibitionist!"

But Ashley disregarded Jenny's protests and grabbed her skirt. Like a deer in headlights, Jenny froze, unable to do anything but plead. Finding the skirt too tight to pull off, Ashley searched around the back until she found the zipper, then pulled it down and threw the skirt against the wall, where it was promptly sucked into a nearby air vent.

Being stripped by a 7th grader, and in front of her entire class was too much for Jenny, and combined with the fondling of her but as Ashley was searching for the zipper she noticed that Jenny was quivering and wet down below. Noticing this Ashley saw another possibility.

Signaling to Joey, who had gone back to controlling the cameras after taking Jenny's blouse, to zoom in, Ashley faced Jenny.

"So, not only are you and exhibitionist, but a naughty girl too! You need to be punished Ms. Jenny!"

Seeing that she had no control over the situation, Jenny pleaded with Ashley, then Joey and Andy, all to no avail.

The two boys brought a pole from a volleyball net over to Jenny, then held her as Ashley used line tape to secure her hands and feet to the pole, holding her with her but facing away from the pole and the pole stuck snugly between her breasts where the cold made he nipples harden even more and pressed hard against her pussy as well, which to Jenny's mounting horror made her body even more excited.

Then her horror grew even more as her students lined up at the door to the wrestling room and one by one each got five minutes of time to do anything they liked to their gorgeous teacher. After nearly an hour of spankings, fondling, and forced masturbation, Class ended and the students left.

Jenny pleaded, then screamed at them not to leave her like this, she even threatened to give them detention. But Joey, Andy, and Ashley held a tape in front of Jenny's face and said:

"This tape says you wont! We recorded the whole thing, and we think that some things will have to change! We hope you liked today, cause tomorrow may be just as fun!!"

With that they left, leaving Jenny to be found by the maintenance worker who kindly let Jenny go, though not before having a little fun with her and taking a couple dozen digital pictures for his website!

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**Jenny and the Uniform Debate**

by The General

Jenny was feeling much better today. After her humiliation the previous day at the hands of her gym class, Jenny had gone out and bought some new clothes, as well as some new underwear. Today she was fully covered and confident.

As Jenny walked into the Gym, to of her students, Sarah and Judy, stood up and walked over to her. To Jenny's surprise, instead of their gym clothes, the two girls were wearing their school uniform. Jenny, a stickler for the rules, demanded to know why the girls were not dressed correctly.

Sarah answered. "Well Ms. Jenny, there is an all-school assembly today. Judy and I will be part of a debate over the school uniform and the whole school will be watching."

"That is wonderful!" Jenny exclaimed.

"I'm glad you like it, Ms. Jenny," said Judy. "Because you are going to be helping us. Though I think your outfit is a little inappropriate."

Jenny turned to look at her reflection is a window. She was wearing a blue skirt that ended just above her knee and a white blouse. Underneath she had on a white industrial strength bra and a pair of white panties. She knew that without the jacket that she had left in her office her blouse was a tiny bit revealing and also that her skirt was probably a little too tight, but she liked to look sexy as well as proper.

"I am not improperly dressed!" Jenny retorted. "If anything you are, especially you Sarah!"

Sarah was turning into a very beautiful young woman. The blonde was 5'6", with long legs, wide hips, and a tight ass. Up above she was even more impressive, with a set of 36C breasts jutting out prominently above her 22 inch waist. Sarah knew she was a looker and dressed accordingly, with short skirts and tight blouses.

Jenny walked around to behind Sarah, looking at her tiny grey skirt which encased the girl's quivering buttocks. "I mean, what size is this skirt?" Jenny reached down into Sarah's skirt and pulled out the tag.

"What was this, the smallest pair you could find, Sarah?" Jenny stood up, forgetting that she was still holding onto Sarah's tag. With a snap, the catch at the top of Sarah's zipper broke, and, with nothing left to hold the skirt's zipper in place, it began a quick journey downwards until, an instant later, Sarah's skirt came off in Jenny's hand, revealing that Sarah hadn't worn any panties. When Sarah realized that her skirt had come off, revealing her naked pussy and ass, Sarah gasped in shock, creating just enough pressure to defeat the strength of her blouse buttons as one by one they burst off, until there were only four buttons left, all of them bellow her breasts. Without the buttons, there was nothing left to restrain Sarah's large breasts, and with her next breath, they too were displayed for all to see.

Blushing with embarrassment, Sarah whispered, "Don't move, Ms. Jenny," before running to the locker room, breasts and buttocks jiggling the whole way.

A minute later, Sarah appeared, dressed once again in a school uniform, with her ruined blouse in one hand and a video camera in the other. As she entered the room the entire class started applauding her.

Embarrassed, Sarah nonetheless spoke. "Thank you, but you haven't seen anything yet. Ms. Jenny, When we said you were going to help, we meant that you would help us display the school uniform to the debate judges. This uniform I am now wearing was to be yours, but, since it is no longer available, you will have to use my old uniform." With that Sarah handed Jenny her blouse and handed the video camera to a boy in the front row of the class.

"There is no way I am wearing these clothes!" exclaimed Jenny as she held up the uniform. "I would be totally exposed!"

"Oh, you wear the uniform, or we'll tell the principle that you undressed one of your students!" replied Judy. With that, Judy grabbed the back of Jenny's blouse and pulled. With a loud ripping sound the blouse burst open in front, displaying her bra as her enormous 40DD breasts bounced furiously, trying to escape their white prisons.

As with the previous day, Jenny froze. All she could do was plead as Judy finished removing the now ruined blouse from her unmoving body.

"Well, well, Ms. Jenny over here isn't even trying to cover up! In fact," Sarah continued to speak to the camera as she examined Jenny's bra, through which her erect nipples were easily visible. "I think that she is enjoying this!"

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**Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 2**

by The General

Her first 2 days as a Gym teacher had been horribly embarrassing For Jenny, the only reason she had come back at all was because of the blackmail her students had on her, there was probably enough tape of her naked to get her fired and some jail time if she wasn’t careful. This meant she had to do exactly what her students demanded, and that was to keep doing her job.

Luckily for Jenny the students had calmed down, some had even apologised, this set Jennies mind at ease, thinking they had just been “hazing” her because she was a new teacher and that she was off the hook, little did she know how wrong she was!

When she pulled into the parking lot on Friday She had no reason to think that her bad luck might be returning. As she entered her office she didn’t notice anything amiss but had she paid more attention she would have noticed the stack of equipment in the corner was unusually high, this was due to the 7th grade girl hiding under it, she had been sitting there for almost an hour after she and her friend Judy had snuck in while a Janitor was cleaning.

Satisfied that everything was normal Jenny began preparing for her pre-class shower before changing into her Gym uniform. Sara watched with Glee as Jenny began to strip right in front of the air duct they had hidden a camera in. First Jenny's Jacket came off, then her white button down blouse was off and her huge natural tits were exposed while encased in a heavy duty, yet slightly revealing white bra.

The amount of cleavage exposed was unbelievable. Jenny wasted no time in undressing, in no time she was standing naked and putting her clothes in one of the lockers in her office and wrapping a towel around herself. Today she would have to shower in the boys end of the locker room, the reason being the girls shower room was being re-tiled, so there would be no girls gym today.

Being as Jenny was at school early the boys locker room was still locked and the only other way in was through her adjoining office which was connected to both locker rooms by 2 doors and hall ways. SO she was assured of privacy, just to be safe she checked both doors as she entered the room, satisfied no one was in the locker room and both doors were locked she slipped into the shower, it wasn’t strange to be in the boys locker room anymore because she had to check it each morning and night to make sure nothing was damaged or missing, but showering in their showers was another thing all together. Never the less she went right ahead.

Back in her office Sara and Judy had come out of hiding and began their mischief, Judy ran to the boys locker room and after only a moments pause to make sure the showers were running she slipped inside, she quickly made her way over to the showers and found Jenny's Towel and wash cloth, these she grabbed then watched her gorgeous teacher bathing herself, Finally Judy saw what she was waiting for, Jenny lathered up her hair, when her face was covered in foam Judy shut off the main water tap and ran to the main locker room door and unlocked it, the usual half dozen football players were lounging around waiting for the locker room to open, all they heard was a click and they saw the door swing open and a white bra hanging on the wall behind the door. They all looked at each other and ran into the locker room.

Sara on the other hand had been changing Jenny's wardrobe a bit, she stole all of Jennies cloths and replaced them with a white thong, white cheer leader skirt, and a flimsy white tank top that was about 4 sizes to small for Jenny.

Back in the showers Jenny stumbled around in confusion, the water has suddenly been shut off and she couldn’t see where she was going, she fumbled around for he towel but to no avail, she tried wiping the soap from her eyes but it kept streaming in and stinging her eyes. Suddenly she heard voices, her body went rigid and her nipples began to harden. Those voices were DEFINATLY male. She began to panic and slipped on the floor and landed spread eagle on her back.

This is the first site the boys got of their gym teacher, Jenny spread eagled on her back in the middle of the shower room floor covered in shampoo foam. All of them were stopped dead in their tracks, jaws agape taking in every detail, from her prominent breasts and hard nipples to her neatly trimmed blonde bush. In no time flat they were on her, one on each arm and leg with a few other grips and the other 2 just grabbing her for the joy of it. Jenny let out a shriek as all of a sudden she was covered in hands, in no time at all she was bound on her back to a bench with her legs spread, the boys debating what they should do, one of them found the camera Judy Had left out in the open for them to find and started taking pictures. The others were busy “exploring” Jennies possibilities.

Jenny on the other hand had become highly aroused and couldn’t decline their touch, the ecstasy was to much and she wanted more.

One boy got up and ran to his locker and returned with shaving cream and a razor, the other boys seeing this began to back away and let him do is work, the camera man continued documenting while he neatly exposed Jenny even more. All Jenny could do was moan with pleasure as he gave her pubes more attention then ever before, in no time at all she was as hairless below the waste as the day she was born.

The boys spent another 10 minutes groping and caressing Jennies entire body, she had orgasm after orgasm, finally she was exhausted and passed out. When this happened the boys untied her and carried her into her office, seeing her new wardrobe laid out on a chair they decided to dress her too, making sure to hike the thong up her ass crack for good measure, then they left her propped up on her desk with her legs spread apart and a perfect view up her skirt for anyone who happened to come in.

Boy was the principle in for a surprise when He came to check on her, asleep on the Job and wearing clothes sized for some of her students, and obviously going bra less today, of course Jenny wouldn’t be able to remember the events preceding her arrival on the desk asleep, she would just assume she had fallen asleep, the boys had toweled her off and even combed her hair to hide what really took place!

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**Jenny meets Lana**

by Lost Q

Jenny tapped the keys on her keyboard slowly this time, ever since her husband had set off for Elbonia on a diplomatic business trip she had been feeling lonely.

Ashley, had been so much happier since she met Leon, the conversation they had on the phone yesterday had lasted nearly an hour. Ever since Leon walked by Jenny to speak to Ashley in the night club, Ashley had been a great friend and less cloth losing incidents had occurred. Strange? Jenny thought, maybe Leon was a good luck charm for her too.

Jenny turned her interest to the computer monitor again, she was in a chat room on something called MSN, she had gone into the romance room for fun, plus she couldn’t easily embarrass herself when no one could see her. As she was typing a reply to a query from a guy called ‘B\_Biker’ another window cell on her computer opened up, it read ‘whisper from Big\_Jon’, he asked:

‘Hi Jenny, ASL?’ as is always, this was Jenny’s first time so she didn’t know what that meant, her top of the line new computer still baffled her at times, she had been playing with the WEBCAM earlier in the morning and had nearly crashed the computer.

‘ASL? What’s that?’ Jenny typed back.

‘Age sex and location.’ Was the instant reply.

Jenny made an ‘Oh’ with her mouth and giggled, she typed in her response and went back to the main room. Soon Big Jon called back.

‘Ca. Me too, What r u doing?’ Was written in the whisper box.

‘Talking in the chat room.’ Was the innocent response.

Big Jon’s reply came a little later, ‘You new at this?’

‘Yes.’ Jenny said honestly.

‘Hmm, cool. Want to cyber?’

Jenny read the last call from Big Jon, she had no idea what he meant and told him as much. After she typed to Big Jon another whisper box popped up.

‘Hi.’ It said.

Jenny pulled an amused face and typed, ‘hi’ in response.

‘I’m Lana. Your bio says your in Ca.’ Lana wrote.

Jenny smiled, this was what Jenny had hoped for to meet a new friend, Big Jon seemed okay but Jenny had a feeling about him and not a good one. Jenny wrote back.

‘Yes, I’m bored so I’m meeting people on the Internet.’

Jenny pressed the send and looked out the window of the ground level study, her husband didn’t like her using this room, but what he didn’t know. Their new house had an extensive back garden but little in the way of a front lawn, the sidewalk passed directly in front of the house. It was in a cul-de-sac and sometimes kids would play in the big circle of road in the middle of the houses. She could easily make out at least five twelve year olds kicking a football around.

‘Trust me, just do what I say.’ Big Jon sent a message.

‘Ok.’ Jenny replied.

‘Yeah, I understand it can get lonely being a housewife, why don’t you get a job?’ Lana wrote.

‘I do, but the office I work at is being fumigated and they gave us the week off.’ Jenny sent back to Lana.

‘What are you wearing?’ Big Jon wrote.

Jenny paused, why did he want to know? Oh well, its not like he could see her, she looked down to her voluptuous 38cc breasts rising and falling with her breathing.

‘I’m wearing a T-shirt and knee length pencil skirt.’ Jenny typed back to him.

‘I’m just bored at least you have a man, my fiancé is a pain at times. Do you have a web cam?’ Lana sent to Jenny.

‘My husbands wonderful, I really love him. Yes I do.’ Jenny replied to Lana.

‘Upload to me and I’ll upload to you and we can talk properly.’ Lana wrote.

Jenny thought that was a wonderful idea, but she wasn’t sure how to do that exactly.

‘That would be great. I’ll upload to you now.’ Jenny replied.

‘Okay, but give me five minutes I have to sort out something I’m cooking.’ Lana wrote. Jenny said she would wait, but decided to send her web cam to Lana now and save time. (Lose the smirks)

Jenny opened the camera programme and turned it on, all she had to do was click on Lana’s name. As she hovered the mouse over Lana one of the kids in the street fell and made a huge row, Jenny turned to look as she clicked. Standing up Jenny, who had always had a soft spot for kids, leaned out her window and called to the kids.

“Are you okay?”

The kids waved back and said everything was fine, but they all noticed the blonde babes heaving bust. They had to get a better look.

Jenny turned back to the computer it said that the uplink had been successful.

Big Jon’s whisper box reappeared, ‘Take off your skirt sexy.’ It read.

Jenny’s stomach twisted, how dare he, she wanted to reply with something nasty, but Big Jon sent a message again.

‘It’s all in the spirit of fun babe, its not like I can see you.’

Jenny agreed with that and she had been planning to change for her afternoon shopping spree. She stood and slowly undid the zip that ran down her hip, half way down the skirt the zip could go no further and the skirt slid gently from around her bottom and hips and to her bare feet, revealing her satin ivory low cut panties.

Jenny felt a little uncomfortable but no one could see and she was in her own house.

She sat back down, on Big Jon’s whisper box it now read, ‘Now take off your T-shirt.’

Jenny gasped but typed that she would, she held the opposite sides of the t-shirt with her hands and pulled it up over her head, she wasn’t wearing a bra so her gorgeous perfect sphere breasts appeared from beneath the shirt.

Then Jenny realised Lana would be seeing this, in a fluster she checked the connection box, and nearly screamed, it said, Connection to Big\_Jon successful.

Jenny’s heart leaped into her throat this sick pervert had been watching her take her clothes off. She ended the connection and nearly started crying.

At her front door there was a loud bang, then the sound of a child crying reached her ears. Jumping up, Jenny forgot about her unclothed state and ran for the front door, yanking it open she stepped outside. Only when the “Holy shit.” Sounded from the children who had been playing football but had wanted to lure the blonde babe outside more, Jenny realised she was only in her panties. She wrapped both arms around her ample breasts and try to cover up.

The boy who had knocked on the door and pretended to cry, was laying on his back by the front door originally hoping to see up the babes skirt, he was now confronted by the satin panties clad booty of the babe.

He acted quickly as she covered her wondrous breasts he reached up and grabbed her panties by either hip and pulled down. His fellow football players cheered when the perfectly shaved, blonde pubic hair appeared, Jenny had shaved it into a neat vertical rectangle on her husbands request but even he hadn’t seen it yet, these five twelve year olds were the first to see her new pussy style.

Jenny turned to run as she began crying, but tripped on her panties, the boy slid them off her ankles as she crawled back inside. The boys all cheered and took turns in sniffing the blonde babes sexy underwear.

Jenny crawled back to her computer, Lana had sent a message.

‘Do you want to meet?’ Jenny had to get other the past events so she decided it would be nice to meet Lana. They agreed a time and Jenny turned off her computer and went to get dressed.

Big Jon grinned dirtily, he saved it, those magnificent breasts popping out from beneath the t-shirt and the skirt falling. His work mates would enjoy watching ‘Jenny’ strip off. He played the recording again as he pumped his fist.

Jenny admired herself in the mirror, wearing a long (slightly too tight) skirt of that material with the foamy feel to it, her favourite short sleeved loose fitting top which covered her nicely, and a strong, if lacy, under wire bra and matching panties, in a sweeet satin pink (oops too many E’s).

Outside the sun had begun to shine brightly and the day was warming up, after her brief (and best forgotten) episode on the net, she and Lana had agreed to meet at their local mall. It had turned out that Lana lived barely two miles from Jenny’s house and the mall was right in the middle.

Jenny happily walked to her car (she would have skipped but bounce was a problem), in the centre of the cal-de-sac the five boys saw her and started laughing again. Jenny glanced hatefully over to them, as she did she noticed a small flag on one of the kids garden, they were playing with water guns on this hot day, and the flag represented home base.

Jenny almost felt warm, when she realised her panties were the flag. She huffed and got into her car. Pulling out she headed over an interstate, which was backed up, to get to the mall and pulled into one of the enormous car parks they had surrounding the massive complex, Jenny parked beside a large coach and got out, locked her car and started toward where she and Lana had agreed to meet.

In the centre of the mall was a small podium where bands would display whatever music talent they had. Around it were small benches, to watch and listen from, Lana would be waiting there. Jenny arrived at the podium and walked around it once she quickly spotted the flower Lana was holding and sidled up to introduce herself.

“Hi? Can I help?” Lana said, she had a soft luxurious voice.

“I’m Jenny are you Lana?” Jenny asked in her bubbly and happy tone.

“Jenny!” Lana leaped up and embraced the buxom blonde, who noticed that Lana was not small herself. Jenny felt slightly embarrassed when she realised where they two were connecting.

Jenny stepped back and held Lana by the hands like old friends as she took her new friend in. Lana was boarding on six foot tall and had long shapely legs, her tummy was perfectly flat (in fact Jenny thought Lana may curve in slightly [in that sexy way{trust me!}] ).

As Jenny scanned up she realised that Lana too had humongous breasts, they were easily as large, firm, ample, pert, soft and wondrous (eh hem) as her own. Lana had beautifully shaped arms and a sexy long neck leading to an unbelievably perfect face. She was much like Jenny except, Lana’s eyes where a deep green and she had shoulder length black hair with a slight hint of red in it.

Lana was wearing and rather small crop top, which strained at her perfect masses, a long flowing summer skirt, and a small cool coloured Jacket. She looked a vision. In fact when they embraced again, the men watching the podium stopped to watch these two visions of unbelievable beauty press themselves up against each other. (There are enough breasts here to choke the army!)

“Jenny, oh wow you are gorgeous.” Lana chirped.

“Oh my gosh, what about you? You look absolutely fabulous. (zheewooom).” Jenny chirped back.

They then set off, a small group of men slowly walking behind, making as if to head somewhere but really following the fine, fine, pair of butts walking their way around the mall. (yeah we’ve all done it!)

Everything seemed to be going fine for a short while, Jenny and Lana found out they both had the same bra size and excited several men and horny young teenagers hanging out near the lingerie section as they each choose each other a bra and tried it on. Jenny and Lana got along famously. When they decided to stop to get coffee.

A group of (you guessed it) Boy Scouts were trooping around the shopping mall with a small box with a slit through the top. Their Scout Group were in the mall doing questionnaires, this particular four had noticed the two unbelievable babes wondering around hugging, and had decided to play a game. They had saved a box from one of the nearby stores, cut a hole in the top and were pretending to take donations for the OGODYME foundation. They had collected enough cents to make the box sound authentic (these guys are good). And the four trooped up to Jenny and Lana.

“Hey Miss, wanna give a donation?” Said the first boy.

“Oh sure why not.” Jenny said innocently and retrieved her purse.

Lana followed suit and both women got some loose coinage from their purses. Neither woman noticed that the group of four Scouts had arranged themselves so that the front two were hiding the two behind them, for they had the strings attached to the bottom of the box.

The coffee stall the ladies had decided to sit at was an open bar style one. It was situated on a raised platform which was in the main centre. Tables and chairs were set up all around the bar, and Jenny and Lana sat next to one of the railings that ran the edge of the platform. The two boys with the strings had their backs to the railing for a speedy getaway, and some customers had noticed that something was amiss when they saw the two string pulls and a small group of about ten men had started ordering a lot of coffee.

When Lana finally dropped her last coin in the two boys pulled their strings in unison spilling the collected money all over the floor at Jenny and Lana’s feet.

“Don’t worry miss we’ll pick it up.” The two rear boys said as the front two moved closer to Jenny and Lana to cover their partners in crime.

“Gee lady you got a lovely necklace.” Boy Scout two said to Lana, who flustered informing him that her knew friend Jenny had bought it for her. Whilst the first two scouts kept the women busy at their feet the other two boys began pinning the skirts to the floor with extra strength push in self drilling nails and pretending to gather the coins. Many of the onlookers saw the boys doing this and settled back to watch the show.

One of the boys pulled something from his pocket and placed it by the women’s feet, then jumped up suddenly.

“BIG FREAKY SPIDER!” He yelled and the boys all dove over the railing and to the lower floor (its only a short way). Once down there Scout four readied his camera.

Jenny and Lana reacted simultaneously both jumping up from their seats. Jenny felt the tug on her skirt too late as the waist tore at its seams. RRIPPP. Jenny gasped suddenly.

Lana reacted by jumping away, her skirt, even flimsier than Jenny’s, went RIPPP, clean off.

Both women stood clutching their hands to their chest wearing only their tops, theirs shoes and their panties. The men almost cheered out loud, one guy spit up his coffee when he saw Jenny’s sexy pink lace satin high thigh panties, then saw Lana’s deep maroon silk thong (both women wore expensive underwear.).

Jenny suddenly realised she was missing her skirt in front of an ever growing crowd, she squealed and made to pick up her skirt. Lana was not far behind as she went down to collect her own skirt. As they dropped they saw the spider again and both freaked out.

Jenny made a run for the stairs off the platform as she did her loose shirt caught over the railing, when she heard the much dreaded (and loved) RRIIPPP! Jenny’s pink lace bra spilled into view with a cheer. Lana followed Jenny, and past her just as Jenny’s shirt ripped Jenny reached out to grab the first thing in her reach to stop from falling, Lana’s crop top.

RRRRIIPPP.

Lana’s luscious breasts spilled from beneath the top, her small pert round little nipples belying her shock from beneath her maroon see through bra. With her arms pulled back by Jenny clutching her top, Lana couldn’t cover up and all the men (now standing) got a perfect look at her bra clad spheres. Jenny pulled herself up and both women dashed for the nearest exit in hope to get to a car and relative safety.

As they ran both women tried to cover what they could, they came to the multi-door exit and tried to push through one that an old man, whose heart started again at the sight of two gorgeous women in just their underwear, had just come through. Much to the old mans delight both women bounced off of him as they past. Lana bounced hard and her bra caught on the exit door.

RRRIPPP, bob, bob!

Her perfect, well tanned, 38cc breasts appeared to the sun.

A group of skateboarders saw the beautiful spheres appear from the sexy bra (being collected by the old man) and cheered. Lana fell from the pull of her bra snapping away from her breasts and lunged forward only to catch Jenny’s bra. The added weight of Lana snapped the shoulder straps of Jenny’s bra and it slid down her body with Lana. The skaters cheered again and a large group of people hoping to enter the mall saw Jenny’s large, milky, soft, pert round breasts appear as if from nowhere.

“Holy shit Dad, that woman’s glub wubs are juicy than Sarah’s!” A teenager in the crowd shouted.

“Nooo!” Jenny and Lana cried together.

Both women were back on their feet and racing into the car park, both trying to cover their exquisite bosoms and hide their panties. Many of the people they rushed by started to follow, an join the men from the coffee bar, a large crowd of hard onlookers followed the women at a rush across the parking lot.

It was then that both Jenny and Lana realised that their car keys and sundry items were back at the coffee bar. They couldn’t go back, they were only just ahead of the pervert brigade following them. Jenny and Lana exchanged frightened glances and kept running.

They ran hard over a road, with no cars fortunately, and carried on, their fans followed. The crowd was beginning to gain when both women slipped on a downward wooded bank and vanished into the trees. Jenny and Lana both slipped down the dry soft chips that gathered at the bottom of the verge.

Jenny emerged first, victoriously still wearing her panties. She stood up and saw a stream of cars moving at barely thirty miles an hour, the interstate. One car honked when he saw Jenny, but kept going, when Lana emerged she slipped forward and grabbed out one last time, on to Jenny’s panties.

RRRIPPPPPPPP!!!

One car skidded to a sudden halt and a pile up began at the sight of Jenny’s neatly trimmed beautifully blonde bush and perfect creamy skin. Jenny chirped a scream and tried to cover her soft love mound on view to all only to reveal her perfect breasts. HONK!!!

Lana stood next to Jenny and forgot to cover her own voluptuous spheres. HONK!!!

Both women screamed and tried to scrabble back up the bank, when they heard the lecherous cheers from above, Jenny realised her sex was on full view to the cars below. Squealing she turned to cover up and slid down the bank. Jenny knew what she had to do and cover as best she could charged into the honking cars, several of the drivers and riders had got out of their vehicles, one even got to slap Jenny’s bum as she thundered by.

Lana saw what Jenny was doing and began to follow. She still had her thong and covering her breasts with both arms wasn’t too bad. She dodged in and out of the cars quickly staring straight ahead.

RRRRIIIIPPPPPP!!!

Lana stumbled as her panties, snagged on a car hood ornament (a Jaguar), ripped away from her body, four pairs of hands helped her up coping feels at her clean shaven pussy and groping her arse and breasts. She ran with tears forming in her eyes, and joined Jenny at the other side of the road.

Risking a glance back Jenny and Lana saw two men with their trousers and underwear down jacking off in their direction, one squirted quickly and even hit Jenny and Lana’s legs. Screaming the women ran hard for Jenny’s house.

They arrived incredibly tired at the small wood that lined the entrance to Jenny’s cul-de-sac. She had a spare key hidden on her porch and they could both get dressed and go and retrieve the minor loss of lipstick and money, and keys, from the mall. They would wait in the relative protection of the trees until it got darker.

When the dark finally came Jenny and Lana crept from the trees and lightly stepped towards Jenny’s house. They were near the centre of the cul-de-sac when Jenny noticed the Jenny’s satin panties flag, was still flying. Stealing all the bravery she could Jenny decided to get her panties back. Lana not knowing which of the mighty houses was Jenny’s followed her.

Jenny gulped hard and released her boobs to reach out over the bushes for the panties, but they were attached to the stick fast. Jenny gulped the last of her courage and reached out with her other arm revealing her entire beautiful 38cc, perfect stomach, and neatly trimmed pussy to the cool night wind. But she could not free the panties. Seeing her friends plight Lana reached out revealing her perfectly tanned, smooth skinned, 38cc breasts, incredible stomach, and beautiful shaven pussy to the world. Butt naked both of them tried to free the panties, eventually they came free and both women landed with a small ‘Oww’ on the floor.

Then they struck, the five boys, joined by six other friends appeared from behind the bushes, what greeted them was a sight of two gorgeous naked women. One the blonde babe from the cul-de-sac, and another hot black haired babe. Both women sat on their perfect rears, arms down by their sides, and knees up, legs spread. The eleven boys' eyes grew wide. The sexes of two unbelievably fucking sexy, well built, hot babes were staring back at them.

Click, flash, and whirr. The camera went.

Both women screamed, then even louder when the supermegatotalultra soakers appeared. The boys took one woman each, five shots aimed directly at Lana and Jenny’s sexes. The cold water hit their hot mounds with a splash and both women, screamed (with some enjoyment). They jumped up and Lana followed Jenny to her house, the boys followed all the way across the cul-de-sac.

Soaking the women as they went. Jenny arrived at her door and bent down to get the key, only to get shot in her revealed sex once more, she jumped up in shock. Lana joined Jenny at the door and tried to block the oncoming water whilst Jenny got the key. It wasn’t there! Jenny screamed again, she’d lent it to Ashley so she could let herself in, in the morning.

Jenny and Lana hugged pressing their lustful naked forms together, their mighty breasts compressed against each others as the boys, still firing the soakers, advanced groping, feeling hands out…

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**Jenny and Lana Ride the Orient Express**

by Lost Q

The sun hung bright and warm overhead, shining through a bright blue sky down onto Jenny and Lana. They had arrived at the Taxi stop in Thailand, they were both inanely excited today they would get on board the Oriental Express, and take a wonderful trip through Singapore up into Malaysia.

Jenny and Lana had become good friends since they had first met two months ago over the net and the mall ‘incident’ had occurred. The month after had been difficult for the both of them as they had to suffer an entire months ban from the mall, and several photographs had appeared in the local paper. Both of the beautiful women still blushed at the thought of what happened after they had got back to Jenny’s and the price they had to pay to the boys to get into the house.

Jenny’s husband had been unable to make this trip, he had far to many other responsibilities but Jenny didn’t mind, she had hoped this could be just her and Lana. Jenny’s husband had agreed that Lana would be an excellent travel partner, especially when he meet Lana, her dress caught in the door and tore away from her body, his eyes had nearly bulged from his head.

Jenny and Lana were joking happily to each other as they boarded the taxi to their train. The taxi driver could hardly believe his luck, one unbelievably gorgeous blonde with heaving breasts followed by an equally incredibly well endowed babe with jet black hair, sitting in the back seat of his taxi. Both women had perfectly smooth creamy skin, although Lana was beginning to tan in the sun. Lana leaned towards the driver and blinked two beautifully innocent green eyes at her phrase book.

“Um… Oriental Express por favor.” Jenny threw a confused look at Lana when she said this.

“Lana, that’s Spanish isn’t it?” Jenny said sweetly, her bright blue eyes looking a little worried.

“Oh shoot. I grabbed the wrong one. That may explain why that pilot insisted I sit in his lap.”

Lana closed the phrase book to look at the cover. The sleeve clearly said Thai phrase book. Removing the sleeve, however, showed that the phrase book was indeed Spanish.

“How’d that happen?” Lana said confused.

“It’s ok ladies, I know English. Your heading to the orient express no problem.” The driver said, not once taking his eyes of the leaning, and straining cleavage of Lana.

The taxi took off and both women pulled cameras from their respective bags and began taking photos of everything they passed. As they passed a particularly beautiful statue Jenny asked the driver to slow down and wound down the electric window. Jenny just about managed to fit her entire upper body out of the window, her breasts were in the way at first but she managed. Lana decided she wanted a picture too and asked the driver to open the sun roof so she could stand through it. The driver was rather eager to agree.

The eyes turned as a taxi with two beautiful women drove past. There were already wolf whistles and shouts. Jenny was dressed in a conservative pair of loose flared summer trousers, light in both colour and material. Her light pink top was ‘V’ neck thin sweater top, whilst it was enough to provide good modesty protection, she could only wear a bra beneath it as it was too warm any other way. Sleeves rolled up she was snapping away at everything they passed.

Lana was a little braver than Jenny, she wore a blue silk skirt, which was very loose to stop it from making her sweat, and had a beautiful dragon motif heading up the left leg. On top she wore a vest top which was grey and quite tight (straining is a better way of putting it!). So to save modesty a little she wore a white shirt tied at her waist. Both women were smiling happily at the sites, when almost simultaneously they needed to change their films.

Jenny began to slide back into the taxi as Lana began to crouch down. Lana’s bum bumped Jenny’s back and the blonde was thrown against the closing window. The lower part of Jenny’s, slightly short, pink top snagged on the edge of the retreating window. The pink top began to rise dangerously, Jenny panicked and began to struggle, only to lose her footing and her legs shot out from under her dropping her waist far enough to fully reveal a beautiful pink satin and lace bra.

Lana bounced against Jenny and she slipped through the Sun roof. Her vest top snagged on the lip of the sun roof and rose straight over her head, pinning her arms over her head. Her ample 36 DD bra clad breasts dropped instantly into view. Her bra was a small satin red number which glistened in the sun.

The shouts soon became cheers as the admiring throng realised what had happened, the beautiful blonde had her pink bra clad breasts pressed up against the window and on the inside another hot babe had her arms trapped over her head by her top revealing a saucy red bra.

Inside the car despite the pleas the driver continued on slowly, completely amazed by his luck, the dark haired babes, breasts where so close he was able to squeeze them every so often, even lick them!

Eventually, the taxi arrived at the train station, after taking the scenic route, and the driver released Jenny and Lana from their predicaments. Both Jenny and Lana refused to pay the driver after what he had done, but he smiled at them and pointed at the in car camera, normally used to film the faces of anyone who tried to run without paying a fee. This time, however, it would provide the payment for them. Fuming and bright red both women stalked off to the station.

Jenny adjusted her sweater over her 36 DD’s again as the two women waited to board.

Looking down the train, it was an exquisite sight (most of the men boarding were thinking!). The train was a classic and well cared for steam engine. It was a clean dark green and had the third most interesting stack in the general vicinity. The carriages were ornate and religiously cleaned, and looked wonderful. Towards the front were the passenger carriages and the rear the cabins, separating the two were the luncheon carriages. Steam was already beginning to float up from the stack and boarding went without incident, much to our disappointment. However, whilst taking photos of the train at the station Lana could have sworn she saw a familiar looking uniformed boy. Shrugging and boarding the train she joined Jenny in their cabin.

It was really beautiful, an area for them to sit and enjoy the ride and through a small connecting door was a bedroom with two ornate beds. They both chatted excitedly as they unpacked. After settling in they decided to enjoy the start of the ride at the very front of the train (Hehehe). They exited their cabin and made their way forward, as they did the neighbouring cabin opened then closed suddenly. After the two babes passed, it open again, revealing a rather happy group of four boy scouts.

As they travelled through the passenger carriages all male, and some female, eyes followed every little bounce and the sexy swing of hips. Jenny and Lana arrived at the very front of the carriage only to discover the seats were all taken, but the entire carriage appeared to be full of men, but two were more than happy to relinquish their seats to the two most incredible pairs they had ever seen.

The Oriental Express, soon started up and they were on their way. Everyone was mostly enjoying the view outside the train, the incredible scenery was a match for most things. However, in the front carriage, all eyes were enjoying the show Jenny and Lana were mindlessly putting on for the other passengers. So excited were they that Lana had taken off her shirt, and she and Jenny were bouncing around the carriage and even leaning over the happy smiles of other passengers.

“Is this fantastic!” Lana said to Jenny.

“Oh its wonderful, it makes the taxi ride with my breasts pressed up against the window seem like it never happened.”

When Jenny said this, all ears pricked up as well.

After lunch the longest leg of the journey began, and the scouts had waited for this part to make their move. They were now free to travel the train, and four of them decided to have their fun. Getting a piece of paper, they began collecting signatures on it, telling the people they were signing a little petition to let the four of them see the engine.

They used this excuse to get into the front carriages, they were beginning to think they wouldn’t find the two babes, they had been told about from friends across seas. But when they entered the front carriage, bingo. Sitting happily chatting to one another were the two babes. They made a little show of getting other signatures leading up to the women. Then they arrived at them. Gulping the lead scout, smiled weakly.

“Hello, miss and miss. We’re getting signatures to go see the engine and if we get two more we can take two other people with us. Would you please sign.”

All four boys pulled puppy dog faces and despite their hesitation around scouts both Jenny and Lana, decided it couldn’t hurt and signed.

“Hey, thanks.”

The scouts made to leave, then a thought seemed to catch them.

“Hey would you two like to come see the engine with us? It’ll be fun and it’s only through there.”

He pointed at the entrance to the engine as he spoke. The thought of being able to see the engine at work was to good an offer for Jenny and Lana to pass up and they figured scouts overseas had to be nicer than the ones back home.

So they agreed.

After showing the petition to a member of staff and slipping him half of their holiday money the scouts and Jenny and Lana stepped out onto the main engine. Lana had to grabbed onto her skirt as in the high wind it whipped up to her thighs quickly, and the boy scouts immediately knew it was money well spent and readied their video camera.

Whilst the drivers paid full and complete attention on the two hapless women, the scouts got to work. Two left to go back to the carriage and get ready, the other two waited until the women were completely immersed in the engine.

The first scout grabbed a metal hook, used to hang cleaning rags on, and slyly attached it to Jenny’s jumper it was easy due the fact it was knitwear. Scout two had noticed Lana had let go of her skirt in the relative wind protection of the engine. He took the very tip carefully and snagged it on the bucket hook. The drivers had both seen this, but strangely enough decided not to do anything.

The drivers then showed Jenny and Lana the braking lever, they both huddled close to it unaware of the snagged clothing, Jenny reached out and put her hand on it. Both scouts licked their fingers and pinched some firm, round and sexy bum each. Lana and Jenny both jumped at the same time, Jenny knocked the braked and the train began to screech in the sudden braking.

Apart from a few spilled drinks, the brake bothered no one, except in the engine. Jenny was thrown forward into one of the driver and her top had no intention of trying to support her weight, straining and stretched as it was anyway. The sound Jenny fears and all else loves.

RRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

Her pink top, split directly between her breasts and her bra fell into view. The top pulled her arms back, then slipped straight off them. The driver cupped his hands to catch Jenny, only to have her mountainous breasts meet his hands, he nearly had an orgasm.

Lana shot forward as Jenny did, her snagged skirt, which rose up, pulled her from her feet and the one button holding it on her did not even try. It popped and the skirt slipped away from her with a silky ‘THWIP’ sound, her pert and curvaceous panties clad bottom was on show for all to see. A sexy pair of red panties, satin at the front, but very see though over the bum.

The co-driver was knocked off his feet and had Lana sprawled on top of him wiggling her hips in shock, he did orgasm. The scouts could hardly contain themselves, the first grabbed Lana’s butt and the second grabbed Jenny’s breasts with the driver.

Jenny and Lana both screamed and jumped to their feet with lightning speed. Seeing their respective states of undress, Lana tried to cover her low cut panties and Jenny put a hand on each soot covered breast. They both began to run as best they could from the engine.

Arriving at the door they realised they couldn’t run through the carriages like this, to many people would see them, again! There was only one other option, over the top. Jenny and Lana looked to each other, knowing what the other was thinking. They saw a small ladder leading to the roof of the carriage and swallowing their pride uncovered themselves and climbed. The scouts caught up to them just as Lana began climbing, a hearty smack on her sexy rump seemed warranted.

Once on top of the carriage Jenny and Lana laid down on their fronts (plenty of suspension!) and began crawling across. They were halfway across when a long, sudden, turn came up on the tracks. Lana squealed as her hands slipped under her and she slid towards the side of the carriage. Jenny turned at the squeal and was in time to grab Lana’s legs. Lana’s upper half swung off the carriage and she was hanging in front of a passenger window. She clamped her hands over her mouth so not to wake the sleeping man behind the window. The man was a rather big fat leering man and snoozing quietly to himself.

But when another passenger yelled “Holy shit, hot babe in front of the window!” He woke instantly. He looked at her and noticed the massive heaving breasts. He opened the window and yelled.

“Here let me help you.”

Taking a firm grasp on Lana’s breasts he tried to help her in the window, pulling her down far enough to reveal her red satin panties to the entire carriage.

“You’ve got nothing covering your underwear!”

With that he tried harder to get her in.

On top of the carriage, Jenny showed a surprising amount of strength to pull her best friend back up to the top.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!

Lana landed with her face in Jenny’s bosom, without her vest top. The man below held the tattered remains of the hot jet black haired babes top.

In only her red satin bra and panties, Lana followed Jenny across the carriage. They arrived at the end and listened the door below them was being banged. So eager were the men to see them they were blocking the door. Jenny and Lana knew they would have to jump. Lana decided to go first and as she stood she still tried to cover herself, up and down. Taking three steps back she skipped up to the gap and jumped over. Landing with a thump she was ok. She turned around and gestured for Jenny to follow.

Jenny stood and jumped straight off, as she did the door below her burst open and threw off her concentration, she didn’t make it. But she managed to grab the next carriage and began hauling herself up with Lana’s help.

Disbelief stopped the men in their tracks, then excitement as Jenny’s loose summer flares caught on the door handle of the next carriage.

Lana found some sudden resistance to helping Jenny up and began pulling harder. Jenny’s eye’s became wide with realisation.

“Wait, Lana don’t!!!!” Jenny squeaked. Too late.

RIIIP, RIIIIIIIP, RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!

The trousers, tore at the waist, then the bum, then dropped straight off.

Jenny’s light pink panties clad bottom was there for the wide staring eyes of the men to take in all its tight glory. Her panties were high hipped and low cut. A little ‘V’ of lace started at the waist of the panties and pointed down, revealing more of her bum cleavage then Jenny would have liked.

A huge cheer erupted from the crowd of men.

With one last big effort Lana pulled Jenny up and Jenny landed between the spread legs of Lana, and the fell on top of each other, lips connected. Another huge cheer. Jenny and Lana blushed even more furiously and began across the next carriage.

They got across this one without too much trouble. But they realised they couldn’t carry on like this. Deciding they were close enough to run and they did still have their underwear they began to climb down. No ladder this time so they turned around and on hands and knees began to lower themselves.

They were both almost down when they both felt a challenge to their progress. Both bras had caught on the small rail running around the top of the carriages. A sudden bump from the tracks and both women lost their foot holds and swung free. They were hung up on their bras, and their breasts threatened to drop out into view.

Getting frantic Jenny started to claw at the snag in the hope of freeing them. Suddenly the door began to bang, the men had caught up.

“No, no, no. Come on!” Lana whimpered as she and Jenny fought with the snag.

“Aww, please. Come on.” Jenny was close to tears.

The door burst open and a collective gasp was released, the front three men’s jaws fell to the ground. Jenny and Lana struggled even harder to free themselves, their breasts slipped closer to freedom. Eyes grew bigger with each inch.

HALLELUIAH!!!!!!!!!! Slop, slop, slop, slop.

“Oh god please no!!!! Not again!” Jenny squealed.

“Please don’t!” Lana screamed, to no avail the bras weren’t going to listen.

Both women’s beautiful, round, soft, creamy, spheres dropped into view. Jenny’s perfectly round and naughty pink nipples standing rock hard for the men to see. Lana’s darker nipples so inviting it was unbelievable. Both pairs of monumental breasts, were so welcoming and begged to be caressed, Jenny and Lana desperately tried to cover their wondrous globes, but their arms were held high by the bras.

Before anyone could get close, Jenny did something she could not recall having ever done. She undid her bra clasp and fell from her bra. A huge cheer. Then Lana snapped with a ‘TWANG’ and she fell on Jenny again in a sixty nine position. Jenny had had her mouth open for a scream but found it full of Lana’s secret place ;). Lana found her lips on the front of Jenny’s soft panties. The single loudest cheer you’ll ever hear.

Both women scrambled to their feet and charged for the door to the next carriage. They bolted inside to whistles and cheers and some shocked gasps. Blushing from their faces to their soft, slim, perfectly toned stomachs, both women ran. They got through into the next carriage only to be confronted by an old man going back to his seat after using the toilet. Jenny bumped into him and landed on him her free gorgeously sexy breasts, found their way into the face of the old man.

A young woman stood up at this sight and began waving her finger at Jenny. Her body not as curvy as our two favourite babes, but she was still really hot, and also the very strict leader of the scout group.

Lana, slightly behind Jenny, didn’t see her friend getting up off an ecstatic old man before it was two late. Lana knocked the apologising Jenny down face first into the hard crouch of the old man. Lana reached out for the first thing.

The scout leader had earlier decided to change into a low cut summer dress. Lana’s hand found the ‘C’ cup cleavage and tore dress away as she fell. The scouts leader shrieked she wasn’t wearing any underwear at all. Two hard dark nipples appeared on soft looking breasts and her pussy was clean shaven. She turned to fast and fell onto the laps of three happy scouts, she wouldn’t get up for a while.

Lana had tripped over Jenny and began to stand, the thrashing foot of the being felt up scout leader, hooked onto Lana’s panties however.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

They tore away and the entire carriage went silent. Lana’s perfect, silky, shaved into a tiny triangle, dark black pubic hair came immediately into view. She stood there for a moment before her brain caught up.

“OH MY GOD NOOO! DON’T LOOK!!!”

She screamed, they cheered, and Lana tried to cover her entire self, with no success. Lana just ran for the exit. Jenny had managed to apologise her way off, the now wet?, crotch of the old man and chased after Lana forgetting to cover her breasts. The bobbing as she skipped over the old man was so hypnotic everyone fell silent again.

Jenny nearly caught Lana when the toilet door opened in front of her, she tried to dodge and was successful in only catching her panties on the snub lock. She kept going however and was yanked down to her feet her panties slipped up to her knees. The person leaving the toilet tried to close it to let her past, pulling the panties free of Jenny’s ankles. Jenny screamed.

“NO NOT AGAIN!!!!” Jenny covered her pussy before anyone could see and ran.

The last carriage to cross was the food cart. Both women huddled between the closed doors, totally and completely naked apart from their sandals. Jenny squealed to herself.

“We have to just run. Ok.” Jenny said.

“What about climbing again?” Lana asked, but knew there was no way up.

They edged the door open slowly, and peeked inside. Jenny scanned the carriage, it was empty, apart from one sleeping aging over weight man! Everyone was off doing ‘other things’.

At last a bit of luck, if they could just get to their room there’d be no problem. Jenny and Lana both removed their shoes, and tip toed in. They made it up to the sleeping man and very slowly snuck past him. He snorted but didn’t wake. Lana scanned in front of the and saw several cream pies laid out on a table, possibly for a party later on. Just as the passed the sleeping man, they struck.

The two other scouts appeared from behind the large table with the pies and aiming the camera at them, grabbed the nearest pies and threw them. The pies splattered all over the horny bodies of the young sex-pots. Jenny and Lana squealed as the cold pies slopped down their bodies. One caught Jenny just above and between her breasts, the white cream left sexy trails as it slipped down over her incredible breasts and tweaked her nipples as the foil plate dropped from her. Lana got one directly in her unprotected pussy she screamed as the force of the hit, squirted some cream inside her.

So far Jenny had succeeded in hiding her most special place (for us!). The scouts had noticed this and both picked up a large cream pie each and lobbed both at her face. Jenny raised both her hands to protect her face but wasn’t fast enough and took both pies in the face. Disorientated she spun around and bounced on the table the fat man sat behind.

She fell face first onto it and crawled a little way forward, then stood to clear the cream from her eyes. The fat man was very much awake and staring directly at Jenny’s perfect blonde bush, neatly trimmed into a sexy rectangle, the blonde pubes glistened in the sun. He longed to have that pussy pressed up against his face, but his honour made him maintain the ladies complete privacy.

Clearing the cream Jenny realised where she was and what the man was looking at, she screamed and lost balance as she tried to cover herself. The fat man had slipped slightly beneath the table to get a better view, but he was shocked beyond stiff, when Jenny fell and dropped her knees either side of his head and present her open love to his face, he couldn’t stop himself from firing his tongue in to Jenny even though he tried.

Jenny squealed and jumped off him and began to run. Lana’s entire front was slopping with cream as the scouts had focused on her whilst the man had some fun.

Two pies remained.

Jenny took Lana by the hand and the began to run, but they slipped to their hands and knees because of the cream on the floor. The scouts had been hoping for this, the one place not hit, that had to be hit!

The scouts both walked up to the women crawling away and swung their arms back and placed the last pies directly on the hot lips of Jenny and Lana’s sex.

Both women, stopped and pulled shocked and maybe a little turned on faces. They screamed so loudly, the scouts covered their ears.

Jenny and Lana, crawled away to the cabins. Arriving at theirs they slid the door back and dived inside. Once in they closed the door and caught their breath.

“Phew, that was horrible.” Jenny squealed hugging her body nearly crying, and trying to slide the cream off. “I’m not going to be able to show my face out there.”

“Um, Jen? What's this?” Lana said and picked up a photograph. It was a photo of the tow of them, completely naked in front of Jenny’s house, water guns aimed at them. On the back was written, ‘these stupid babes are coming your way guys!’

Lana squeaked as Jenny picked up a pair of scout shorts. Oh no, they had gone in the wrong room in the rush. The door was kicked open and three water guns and a camera appeared.

“Hi babes. Time to pay the toll.” The three scouts fired, whilst the other filmed it all…

Two weeks later, Jenny and Lana had come home and were quietly getting over the embarrassment. They had not stopped blushing for the rest of their trip, but had managed to thoroughly enjoy it in the end, once the scouts had left. They both sat on Jenny’s sofa and were chatting when a noise from outside caused them to look out the window.

The boys from the cul-de-sac were dressed in their uniforms and the lead one was waving a stick, whilst his friends took money from about twenty other kids. Jenny and Lana could just hear what he was saying.

“That’s right, boys and… Well, boys. These are the two fine, fine, big boobed, tight bummed, sexy pussy babes from the video we showed yesterday, from the Oriental Express trip the Thailand unit took. And now for your viewing pleasure, the real thing.”

Jenny and Lana began to duck behind the sofa when Jenny realised they’d left the front door open to let air through the warm house! But that’s a story for next time…

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**Slapstick Jenny**

by ?

“It was so nice of Ashley to give up this job for me!” thought Jenny as she sat in the dressing room of the television studio.

She had gotten the call shortly after Ashley had returned from her own audition for the show. Ashley had told her that the part she had been offered was one she had to turn down, but she had enthusiastically sold the producers of the show on hiring her friend Jenny.

As Ashley put it, “Jenny, you were born to play this part!”

Jenny had hurriedly dressed and gotten down to the studio and met with the producers of the show “Uncle Wacky’s World of Mayhem” with excited anticipation. She could see herself finding her way into a career in show business!

She had arrived dressed in her favorite business attire, which accentuated every curve of her luscious body without being too revealing. Somehow, and for once in her life, she had made it to the studio without any embarrassing mishaps. Perhaps her luck was going to turn around at last. When she walked in the door of the Executive Producer’s office he had immediately dropped to his knees in front of her and begged her to take the part!

He explained that it was a role in one of the sketches they were taping to be shown later in the season. She wouldn’t have to follow a script as it was a silent sketch and the Director could give her the cues without fear of compromising the sound. She had immediately said yes and they had her sign a contract right then and there.

Now, here she was in her dressing room (Her dressing room!) having had her makeup applied by a very nice man who complimented her on her skin tones and beautiful features all through the session. He did seem to spend an awful lot of time preparing her face but when she looked in the mirror she had to admit that she had never looked prettier.

Her large, innocent eyes peered out of a face with just the right hint of color in the cheeks, and just the right shade of red lipstick on her full lips. Her thick, blonde hair had been pulled back into a bun which was held in place by a beautiful, gold clasp. As he had done her hair, the makeup man had chuckled slightly and assured her that it was most important that her hair be done in such a way as to allow clear access to her face. She couldn’t help but wonder what he meant by that, finally figuring that he meant they needed good light on her face for her camera close-ups.

She had to admit to herself that the costume they had chosen didn’t seem appropriate for the role of a teacher at a Boy’s School but as she was new to show business she wouldn’t argue. Truth to tell, she felt like a million dollars in the outfit she was wearing!

Her underwear was all of silk, which Jenny had never bothered with much, preferring the reliability of her cotton undies. The bra lifted her massive breasts up, making a wonderfully full cleavage, which peeked out from under the tight, red sweater. So tight, it had taken three minutes just to get it on!

The panties were so light on her full, round bottom that it felt like she wasn’t wearing any at all. They had put her in suspenders and fine silk stockings that caressed her thighs ever so softly. Somehow, they had found a pair of four-inch high heels that fit her feet perfectly and had finished her costume off with one of the tightest, black miniskirts Jenny had ever worn. It seemed like the skirt was a bit short for the role of a schoolteacher since the tops of her stockings and a few inches of creamy thigh showed just below the hemline. Here again, she had to defer to the wishes of the producers.

As she waited for her call, she kept repeating to herself, “Do whatever the Director tells you, do whatever the Director tells you, do whatever the Director tells you!” until an assistant knocked on the door and called her to the set. It was Showtime!

There were six members of Uncle Wacky’s World of Mayhem and when Jenny made it to the set they were already in their places.

It looked like any classroom in any school anywhere with three rows of two desks each, an aisle separating the two desks. There was a teacher’s desk at the front before a large blackboard with basic math problems drawn on in chalk. The only thing that seemed out of place to Jenny was the presence of a table, which held 20 of the largest cream pies she had ever seen in her life. When she asked the Director about it, he said, “Oh, don’t worry about those, they’re for use in another sketch. They aren’t even real they’re made of shaving cream! Just props! Ha!”

The members of Uncle Wackys were all dressed as schoolboys and when they saw Jenny in her costume, they had to collectively pick their jaws off the floor. Each turned to the Executive Producer sitting off camera and gave him the Thumbs Up! sign. Jenny took this as her official seal of approval and felt that finally she may have found her true calling!

The Director explained her movements, “Now Jenny, all you have to do at first is walk towards the teacher’s desk in front between the rows of students and as you move, I’ll let you know what to do! Can you follow that?”

“Yes, I think I can,” said Jenny who was beginning to feel a little nervous now that it was almost time to begin taping her first television role.

“Please don’t be nervous, Jenny, I know you’re just the girl for this sketch!” the Director reassured her.

He turned to the Wackys and said, “She’s perfect, isn’t she boys?”

All the members of Uncle Wackys grinned at her and said in unison, “Oh, yeah, she’ll do perfectly!”

Then with an authoritative, “Quiet! OK, lets make magic!” the Director escorted her to her starting point, just off camera.

“OK, Jenny, begin walking! Roll tape!” the Director yelled and things were underway.

Jenny strode confidently forward into camera range, noticing that three of the four cameras were following her every move. She walked forward sensing one camera following every jiggle of her boobs, one pointed squarely at her bouncing butt, and one at her lovely face. The other camera was shooting the reactions of the various members of Uncle Wackys as they responded to her walk.

Jenny’s walk was something to behold! Her long legs moved effortlessly forward, her bouncing buttocks strained against the fabric of her miniskirt, and her breasts begged for release from the sweater and the silk bra. As she moved closer to the students she felt confident that she had finally made it to the big time!

Then, as she passed the first row of desks, it happened. It was a sensation she was quite familiar with. The two Wackys sitting in the back row of desks had unmistakably reached out and pinched both her ass cheeks! She gave a slight jump of surprise that caused her buttocks to wiggle suggestively under the miniskirt, and her breasts to jiggle even more under the sweater.

The Director called out, “Don’t worry about that, Jenny, you’re doing fine! Keep moving!”

So, repeating to herself once more, “Do everything the Director tells you to!” Jenny continued on into the set.

Passing the second row, she was, again, greeted with a familiar sensation as the Wackys on each side of her reached out and slapped the ass cheek presented to them as she passed!

This caused that familiar ripple of motion as the impact of hands on cheeks caused her buttocks to jiggle violently, all the way down into her thighs. She couldn’t remember ever having been slapped on the fanny so hard!

“Great, Jenny! Fantastic! Just keep moving!” called out the Director.

A little apprehensively, Jenny approached the front row of desks. The two Wackys sitting there beamed up at her angelically, and she was beginning to feel like she could get through this first part of the sketch safely when she suddenly found she couldn’t move!

The worst part of it was that the reason she couldn’t move was that each Wacky had reached under her skirt and was holding firmly to her ass cheeks! The camera assigned to get shots of her posterior was closely watching as the hands snaked around under her skirt, fondling her buttocks, squeezing and caressing every inch of luscious ass flesh.

Unfortunately for Jenny, the presence of those hands meant that she couldn’t move forward or backward as those same hands were firmly placed between her buttocks and the fabric of her skirt! If she had moved, the camera would have seen much more than Jenny wanted to show!

She had just about resigned herself to staying there when the hand on her right cheek deftly slipped itself under her panties and gently but firmly probed the crack of her ass. This caused her to let out a squeal of protest and she jumped forward, not caring now what happened to her skirt. The camera assigned to her face dutifully taped the expression of indignity she felt as she turned around to face the class. Fortunately for Jenny, her escape from the probing hands didn’t cause her skirt to rip or ride up over her hips.

“Thank goodness for small favors!” she thought to herself.

“Fantastic!” shouted the Director, “Now, Jenny, there’s a piece of chalk on the floor just in front of the desk. Would you pick it up, please?”

Jenny has a way of picking things up off the floor that has to be seen to be believed. For some reason, she has never learned that when she picks something up, it’s much more decorous to do so without bending at the waist leaving her legs straight and never, never, with one’s back to anyone! In the tight miniskirt she had on at the moment, it caused a gasp to escape from the mouths of every man on the set.

Her hips flared as she bent to pick up the piece of chalk, her buttocks spread slightly making her rounded cheeks even rounder, and the fabric of the miniskirt, already under a great deal of stress, was taxed to even further limits. The flimsy, silk panties just peeked out from under the hem of her miniskirt. Her legs in the silk stockings seemed to go on forever. Nothing any man there had ever seen could compare to the sight of Jenny bending over to pick up that piece of chalk! It was a sight each man swore he would remember to his last breath.

As she grabbed the chalk, Jenny felt something new to her experience as one of the Wackys, she thought it may have been the one on her left in the front row, expertly bounced a spitball off her partly exposed left buttock. The slight sting of the weapon and the wet mark it left on her ass caused Jenny to again jump up, in complete shock that anything like this could be happening.

“Oh, no, not again!” thought Jenny, “What have I gotten myself into now?”

“Wonderful, Jenny, now turn and face the class!”

Jenny, figuring it was still better to do everything the Director told her, turned her attention to the front of the class.

As soon as she did, she regretted it. The Wacky in the last row on the right had a fishing rod and quite easily snagged the hem of her miniskirt with a hook. When he pulled back on the rod, the skirt, figuring it had had enough stress for one day and that life as a rag was preferable even over covering a fine rump like Jenny’s, gave way with a loud Riiiiiiip!, and left Jenny in her silk panties, suspenders, and stockings. The sweater, seeing what had happened to the skirt, immediately surrendered when the hook grabbed hold, and Jenny was left with no covering at all but her flimsy underthings.

She knew from past experience this wouldn’t last long, and she was right as first her bra was popped off, leaving her breasts swaying in the warm air of the studio, and then her panties followed. The suspenders were next, giving way with a slight twang as they were released from around her slim waist and lost their hold on her stockings, which sagged down around her ankles, making it impossible to move in her four-inch heels without tripping over them.

“Jenny, you are incredible!” shouted the Director, “Now, don’t move!”

Jenny closed her eyes in humiliation, knowing that, once again, no matter how hard she tried not to, she was naked in front of a roomful of complete strangers. And, to make matters worse, it was all being caught on videotape and would be shown to the world! Surely it couldn’t get any worse than this!

And that was when the first shaving cream pie hit her squarely in the face.

A sense of detachment came over her after her face was engulfed in the cream. She still felt the deep sting of humiliation at being caught naked. Hell, that was a feeling that fit her like an old shoe, but at the same time she felt as if she was sitting back, watching it all happen.

Strange analyses popped into her mind, even as the cream pies accurately landed in her face and on her head. For instance, she could see why they would use shaving cream as opposed to real whipped cream. Her face and head were totally covered in the thick cream and it didn’t seem like it was ever going to fall off. It wasn’t melting and the cream continued to build up on her face and head as the pies kept coming.

Indeed, there was so much cream covering her lovely features and finely coiffed hairdo that she had trouble hearing the Directors commands and was only able to breathe because she could blow out through her nostrils and leave herself air holes.

As far as the Director, all she could hear of him was shouts of, “Lay it on her, boys!” so she figured her part was simply to stand and take it.

It was remarkable to her how all the pies they threw seemed to find their mark so well. Each pie had hit her right between the eyes or landed on the top of her head! Did they practice this or was it a god given talent?

At the same time, of course, her modesty had her trying to cover her breasts and nicely trimmed bush, as well as protect the crack of her lovely ass from the camera she sensed had crept behind her. When the pies finally stopped coming and her face and head was buried under a gigantic mound of shaving cream, Jenny was sure the whole thing must be over, and that’s when the hands began roving over her naked body.

“Oh, shit, what now?” Jenny wondered, “Will this ever end?”

Three members of Uncle Wackys had come to the front of the set each taking a part of her to explore. Her breasts were so large that the Wackys assigned to fondle them were able to use both hands on a single breast. By this time, some of the shaving cream had dropped off the top of her head onto her boobies and they used this as a lubricant to further make her breasts do all those wonderful, squishy things breasts can do when you play with them! As the hands slid the cream over her nipples, she let out an involuntary shudder, feeling them stiffen under the probing she was getting.

Her ass had, apparently, been assigned to only one Wacky, and he was in heaven! Let those fools up front play with those breasts, beautiful as they were, he thought. This was the most perfect hiney in all existence! He rubbed, he spanked, he pinched, he squeezed, and he even leaned over and gently kissed each cheek in turn. He pressed Jenny’s cheeks together, making her crack seem like it was twice as deep, and he spread her cheeks out, opening her to scrutiny she usually left to her gynecologist. He felt he could safely say he had now done everything he wanted to in this life.

She wasn’t sure where the other three Wackys had gotten to, but then felt herself being borne aloft by all six members of the troupe. She detected the missing three as two grasped her inner thighs and one lifted her up by hoisting her with his hands between her legs of all places! She appreciated the fact that his hand gave her a little bit of covering, but that middle finger was in a highly inappropriate place!

The ones who had been fondling her breasts supported her back while at the same time pressing her breasts together so they jutted proudly towards the ceiling. And, of course, her ass worshipper had her butt cheeks firmly in each hand, holding on for dear life.

Having no idea where they were taking her, Jenny was sure the sketch must be over when she was deposited on the top of a sliding board that had been wheeled onto the set even as the pies had been finding their marks. At the bottom of the slide was a huge tub that the set decorators had filled to the top with more shaving cream. When she was put on the slide, Jenny didn’t stay in place long, and she made a quick, straight and true slide, right down into the tub, finding herself totally smothered in more cream than she ever thought to find in one place!

She was barely able to hear as the Director yelled, “Cut! Beautiful! Great work everybody!”

Thinking the ordeal was finally over, and thanking the powers that be that at least all this shaving cream would cover her, Jenny sat up, and cleared enough of the shaving cream from her face that she could see and breathe more easily.

The Director was beaming down at her saying, “Jenny, you’re the best girl we’ve ever had on the show!”

She kicked off her heels and was able to work her way out of the stockings so that at least she could walk. She stood up, still confident that the shaving cream would protect her, finally, from any roving eyes and strode off the set.

Unfortunately, she didn’t realize that when she stood, all that was covered was the front of her nude body and a camera had been assigned specifically to follow as she walked to her dressing room. The front of her body was covered and protected by a thick layer of shaving cream. The back of her body, including of course, her pert derriere exposed for all to see.

Later on, in the editing room, the Editor superimposed the words The End on her swaying, wiggling ass.

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**Jenny's Revenge**

by ?

Chapter One – In which our heroine plots her revenge on her friend Ashley with the help of her former adversaries, the Boy Scouts.

“Miss Jenny?”

“EEEK! Please not here, not now! Oh, HELP MEEEE!”

Jenny knew it was silly to be afraid of all Boy Scouts, but there had been so many incidents involving those adolescent creatures in their khaki uniforms and evil, cherubic faces that she couldn’t help it! Ever since she and Lana had returned from their adventure in Thailand (How had those boys found cream pies in Thailand of all places?) just the thought of Boy Scouts made her shudder.

“No, Miss Jenny, I don’t want to hurt you!” said the young lad standing at her door, “We’re having a Boy Scout Jamboree in a couple of weeks and we need help with some of the booths we’re going to use to raise money. Someone suggested we ask if you’d like to help.”

Jenny did still have a weak spot for children, and failed to notice that the boy was paying more attention to her slightly open robe and the generous cleavage her breasts presented than he was to her face. She figured that maybe it’d be a way of showing there were no grudges held for all the indignities of the past.

“Come on in and we can talk about it,” Jenny said, “What did you say your name was?”

“Davey, Ma’am! Some of the older Scouts said you’d be the one to come to for what we had in mind.”

Jenny led the young Scout into her living room, and he followed like a lovestruck kitten, mesmerized by the swishing of her generous bottom, lovingly outlined by her silk robe. She sat down on the couch and motioned him to sit in the chair opposite her. He sat and got a nice glimpse of her smooth, creamy thighs as she adjusted the robe under her. She had just stepped out of the shower and had yet to put on her clothes for the day.

“Now, tell me, Davey, what kind of booth would you like me to work in?”

“Well, Ma’am, I’ve been put in charge of finding volunteers to sit in our Pie Booth. We’d collect money from people who would pay to throw pies at the volunteer’s faces! ”

Jenny hesitated. “P-pie B-booth?” Memories of Thailand and of those horrible members of Uncle Wacky’s World of Slapstick came instantly to Jenny’s mind.

“Oh, don’t be concerned, Miss Jenny, we heard all about that experience you had in Thailand! We have no intention of asking you to go through something like that. That was truly a dark day for Scouting all over the world!”

He had, of course, seen all the video of Jenny and Lana’s adventure on the Orient Express. Not to mention Jenny’s appearance on Uncle Wacky’s World of Slapstick! He had both on one video and he watched it a lot! Often alone (heehee)! They had plans for this pie booth and it involved Jenny in a big way!

He continued, “No, we wouldn’t even think of asking you to be in the Pie Booth. We were hoping you might know someone who would be willing to help us out?”

Now Jenny has been the brunt of many a practical joke, most of them quite cruel and all of them involving the loss of her clothes. More often than not, these practical jokes were the brainchild of her friend Ashley. Jenny did not have a cruel bone in her luscious body, and would never have thought of doing anything to hurt Ashley, but when the Scout made his proposal, she couldn’t resist cooking up a scheme of her own!

“Davey, I can provide you with the perfect person to volunteer at your pie booth, but you’re going to have to do something for me. Can you keep a secret?”

“Yes, Ma’am! I’m a Boy Scout, we’re trained to keep secrets!”

“Well, Davey,” Jenny leaned closer, almost giving the young Scout a heart attack as her robe opened even more, showing him more boob flesh than he thought possible for one woman to have, “I have this friend named Ashley. I think she’d be the perfect person to put in your pie booth but we’re going to have a little fun with her at the same time! Can you and your friends do that for me? I guarantee you won’t be disappointed!”

“Absolutely! What do we have to do?”

“OK, Davey, here’s what I want…”

And the two of them spent quite a long time discussing Jenny’s plans for her friend Ashley. Davey did have a bit of a problem standing up after they finished seeing as how he had caught more than one glimpse of Jenny’s sweet, suckable nipples under the robe, but with a bit of effort he was able to squeeze his erect pecker into a safe place.

“Davey, if you and the rest of the Scouts can pull this off, it’ll be the best thing to happen to me in a long time!”

“Don’t’ worry, Miss Jenny, we’ll take care of everything!”

“That’s so good to hear, Davey! Bye for now!” Jenny called, turning to go back in her house after showing him to the porch.

She failed to notice that Davey had planted his feet on the bottom hem of her robe. When she turned to go back inside, as she walked away the robe slipped gracefully off her shoulders, down her waist, past her hips and landed in a silky puddle at her feet.

“Yipe!” shrieked Jenny as she turned to retrieve the robe, “How did that happen?!?!”

“So sorry, Miss Jenny!” Davey replied, reaching down and handing her the robe.

The sight of the twin globes of her bare buttocks had caused temporary blindness on his part, and when he reached out to hand her the robe, he handed it to her left breast instead, getting a good handful when he let go of the robe. He wasn’t sorry at all, but left full of apologies. To make sure she knew he was sincere he averted his gaze, which didn’t matter much since the sight of her naked form was etched into his memory forever.

“We’ll get right on the plans, Miss Jenny! Again, I’m so sorry about the robe! I won’t tell a soul!”

‘Yeah, right!’ he thought, ‘Scouts are dependable, but not to that extent!’

Davey hurried down the street, eager to tell the guys about his visit with Jenny and eager to get home to change his now slightly damp underwear!

Chapter Two – In which Ashley volunteers to assist the Boy Scouts only to find herself in a difficult situation.

Ashley wasn’t sure why Jenny would call on her to assist at the Boy Scout Jamboree.

Considering Jenny’s past dealings with Boy Scouts and the local troop in particular, there had to be something up. At the same time, they had given Ashley invaluable help in the past whenever she had needed them in getting Jenny out in public and out of her clothes, so surely there was no way they’d turn on Ashley. She was, however, prepared to be on her guard, and was also confident that if something did come up, she could easily find a way to turn the situation around and get Jenny involved in any practical joke as the victim rather than the perpetrator!

As it was a wonderfully bright, sunny Spring day, Ashley had chosen to wear a light, floral pattern sundress. Since it was the first day she’d be out in the sun this year, the dress had spaghetti straps over her creamy shoulders to maximize her sun before bathing suit season. Her full breasts were covered by a strapless bra, which pushed them together making a delightful cleavage that rode proudly under the front of her dress, peeking out at the top. Her breasts bounced slightly under the dress as she strode forward, causing many a man she passed to stop and take a second look!

Down below, she had chosen a light, wispy pair of panties that rode high on her hips. They were so thin as to be almost transparent and the air she felt when the breeze would lift slightly under her skirt was delightful. Her hips swayed as she walked and her fanny bounced along under the dress, inviting those who passed her to follow and enjoy a moment of vicarious bliss at the thought of seeing it devoid of clothing. Sandals with three-inch heels complimented her outfit and gave her legs a nice lift making them seem even longer and shapelier. Her thick, shoulder length hair was pulled back in a ponytail.

According to Jenny, the Boy Scouts wanted all volunteers to enter through the back behind the exhibits, and so that was where Ashley came on the scene. Apparently she was a very important part of the whole show as there were six boys waiting for her when she came in through the gate. As soon as they saw her, all six boys snapped to their feet, almost like soldiers coming to attention at the sight of a superior officer.

‘I just might enjoy this day’, thought Ashley. ‘I’ve always enjoyed having men under my command!’

Ashley knew many of these boys, as they had been co-conspirators so often in the past, so she walked up to Davey and said, “Here I am, what is it you need me to do, Davey?”

“Miss Ashley, if you can come this way, we’ll show you to your place!”

Two of the Scouts grabbed her hands and began to pull her towards the back of one booth as the others crowded around behind her, urging her along to their destination. Every once in a while, Ashley could feel a hand surreptitiously brushing against her butt as they walked. She was about to say something when they stopped behind one exhibit. It consisted of an eight foot by twelve foot plywood wall with two holes cut in the front just above waist level. Nothing gave a clue as to what was to go on here so Ashley turned to the Scouts.

“Well, if this is my post, what do I do now?”

“Miss Ashley, if you could put your head through that hole, we have some boys on the other side who can help you get started,” Davey replied.

Ashley bent down to the hole and hesitantly pushed her head through. It wasn’t tight and she had no trouble fitting through the hole, but at the same time, if she’d had to get out in a hurry, it would have taken a bit of effort. As soon as her head was through the hole, she knew something was up as she felt a wooden stock being slipped over her neck in back, and heard a padlock being secured to hold it in place.

‘This can’t be good,’ she thought, and she was right.

There in front of her was what looked like every man in town, and they let out a hearty cheer when she appeared through the hole in the wall. Off to her right, she could see a Scout, she thought it might have been Brendan, taking money from the men assembled around her. On her left, at a long table, stood Michael who was assisting the men in choosing from a huge array of cream pies.

‘Uh, oh!’ thought Ashley, ‘I really don’t like the looks of this!’

She had reason to be suspicious when her attention was drawn to the front of the booth area where she saw Michael’s father carefully taking aim and releasing a banana cream pie which landed right in her face, splattering all over her lovely features! A loud cheer erupted from the men at the hit and the next man in line stepped up to the throwing area.

Ashley has always been one to keep her cool under any circumstance. But she found herself momentarily losing control when she was blinded and smothered by what felt like eight inches of pie filling, whipped cream, and crust.

The feeling didn’t last long, though, as our Ashley is a resourceful girl, and she was able to give herself some breathing room and even open an eye when the weight of the pie crust caused some of the cream to fall off her face. She was just able to shake her head enough that a lot of the rest of the pie fell off, as well. This didn’t last long, however, and another pie, chocolate pudding with heavy dollops of whipped cream this time, landed right on the button.

She had turned down every man in town at least once, mostly just to torture them, and now she figured they were out to get even. Apparently it didn’t matter that every man in town had his chance after she tired of torturing them!

While this was going on, Ashley was unable to see what was happening behind her, so she was taken completely by surprise when she felt another stock being closed around her hands, and leg irons being secured to her feet making it impossible to move from the spot. Her bent over position, she was sure, was giving the Scouts behind her a good look at her sweet rear.

‘Look all you want, you bastards, it’s as close as you’ll ever get!’ she thought.

The Scouts had other ideas since she was now, for all intents and purposes, their prisoner. They immediately went to work. As Mr. Broward, the local hardware store owner sent a vanilla cream pie to it’s target, his son Jeff was behind the wall, carefully cutting the straps to Ashley’s dress. He was so glad he’d remembered to bring his Scout Knife today! He’d even sharpened it just in case something like this came up. After all, the Scouts motto was Be Prepared!

As soon as the straps were cut, Jeff’s older brother Tom went to work on the buttons holding her dress up. This was actually kind of difficult for Tom, not so much the task itself as for the distraction of her breasts that were now only covered by the strapless bra. In her bent over state, her breasts seemed to reach out to him, swaying slightly at each pie impact, and her cleavage looked deep enough to get lost in! Tom couldn’t help but get in a little feel and his hand disappeared into the cleft between her breasts for a short moment.

Then duty took precedent, and he went to work. Taking each side of the top of Ashley’s dress, Tom gave a mighty yank and all the buttons popped off in quick succession! They popped off so loudly that the people manning the Popcorn Booth next door couldn’t understand how their machine could be popping corn while it was being cleaned! Fortunately, the Scouts had built a barrier on either side of their Pie Booth so no one was any the wiser as to what was going on.

After this, Ashley’s dress dropped to her feet leaving her bent over, her head in the hole in the wall, her face being smothered by cream pie after cream pie, and her bra and panty clad body displayed for all the eager Scouts in the back of the booth.

‘I hate men!” thought Ashley, “Men of all ages!”

The Scouts wasted no time. As much as they savored the appearance of Ashley in her silky underwear it was obvious that they could go as far as they wanted without problem. So, they took turns wielding Jeff’s Scout knife and slowly, slowly, slowwwwwwwwly cut through the strap of her bra. Everyone wanted a hand in helping Ashley out of her bra! Finally, with little fabric to hold it in place, and with the weight of Ashley’s gorgeous boobs pulling it ever closer to the ground, the bra gave way.

Ashley’s breasts spilled out of the falling bra. Even as their fathers cheered another direct pie hit in the front of the booth, the scouts gave out a cheer of their own at the sight of Ashley’s knockers. Taking turns again, they each had a good, long feel, running their hands over every inch of creamy breast flesh, tweaking her now erect nipples, rubbing, squeezing, pressing them together, and of course sucking and kissing every square inch! Jeff was a little shorter than the others, and he found that he could crawl under Ashley, sit up, and his head was totally covered by her breasts. He was having a little trouble breathing but figured if he had to go, this was the way to do it! He put his hands on the sides of each luscious boob and pressed them together, smothering himself in Ashley’s wondrous mammaries. His brother finally pulled him out of there when it became obvious he was losing consciousness.

Out front, the men were almost out of pies when Mr. Ezzell, the town baker, came up in his van, opened the back, and began handing out a van load of freshly made cream pies. By this time, the boys who had been in charge of the front of the booth had escaped to the back and the men were left to their own devices. Mr. Ezzell was so taken by the whole idea; he freely donated his entire stock of cream pies!

By this time, Ashley’s makeup, hair, and attitude were in a shambles. The whipped cream, filling, and pie crusts weren’t so bad, she’d had the opportunity to play with them in the past with various lovers, most notably that asshole baker. Every man in town had laid her so her body was used to the treatment it was getting in back. No, what pissed Ashley off was the fact that it was she and not Jenny caught in this humiliating situation!

The Boy Scouts were beginning to get tired of waiting in line to play with Ashley’s boobs and so some of them had taken to caressing her thighs. This, of course, led to their discovery of her sweet, round butt, which meant they had twice the play area they once had! Panties were new to them all, except in pictures, so Ashley’s took a lot of attention. They loved the feel of the fabric, which strained against Ashley’s bent over butt and how smooth it felt as they glided their hands over it. It was so good to slip their hands under the waist band and feel the bare flesh of Ashley’s fanny under their palms with the feel of her silky panties on top. Finally, they convinced themselves that the panties had to go! This time, however, they didn’t resort to Jeff’s knife. No, it just felt so much better to slide them off her hips, drag them down her long, smooth legs, and leave them at her feet.

Now that Ashley was naked, they had more to play with than they had ever hoped for in their lives! Her sweet butt was cradled, her breasts were suckled. She was spanked, she was squeezed, she was caressed, she was rubbed, fondled, felt up, and grabbed by every boy in the local troop!

One thought kept rolling over in Ashley’s mind as all this was going on, ‘Where the hell is Jenny? She should be somewhere nearby if she orchestrated this whole thing!’

Chapter Three – Jenny arrives, her clothes depart, her dignity follows.

Jenny waited outside the Jamboree in breathless anticipation. Ever since Davey had visited her and she had hatched the plot against Ashley, she had felt so wicked! Something, though, made her feel sorry for all that she knew Ashley was going through. She’d been there before, and she knew how it felt. Still, she suspected Ashley had been the one to pull some of the pranks she had been victim to, so it was time she found out what it was like, so there!

Jenny was dressed in her favorite Spring outfit. A white halter top with lace at the bodice and waist with denim short shorts to compliment. Her long legs were the focus of much attention wherever she went in this outfit, although, as always, she was unaware of the effect she had when she dressed that way. As she was in the halter, she too was wearing a strapless bra. Her 38 DD breasts really needed the support of a bra, otherwise she had a tendency to cause unfortunate accidents everywhere she went. She never could understand why she encountered so many fender benders during the springtime!

The shorts rode rather high on her generous hips, so she had put on a nice, white thong to keep her panties from showing. Just enough of her ass cheeks peeked out from under the shorts to cause even more trouble for the men who were caught looking at her swaying hips rather than concentrating on the road!

Running shoes and ankle socks completed her outfit. She had her long, thick, blonde locks in a ponytail, and had on her favorite shade of lipstick. Her wondrously innocent blue eyes were framed by the longest, most perfect eyelashes ever seen on a woman. If there had been a picture in the dictionary for the word beautiful, it would have been a picture of Jenny that day.

Davey had told her to wait ten minutes after she saw them take Ashley to the pie booth before coming over to get a look. At the appointed time, she headed to the back of the Jamboree and let herself in the gate. She had been shown where the pie booth would be set up and she had no trouble finding it. It was the one with the most scouts working in back!

When she rounded the corner to enter the booth, she was momentarily taken aback! It was almost like looking at herself in such a situation! With slightly smaller breasts, mind you, and apparently without a head, but still!

Ashley’s butt was red from the spanking and fondling she had gotten. Her breasts were pink from the hands that had rubbed and squeezed them and her nipples were swollen to twice their size from the sucking!

“What do you think, Miss Jenny?” Davey asked when she entered the booth, “Is this the revenge you were looking for?”

“Davey, I don’t know what to say!” Jenny replied.

“Would you like to have a go at her ass, Miss Jenny?”

Jenny had never done anything like that to anyone ever before, but she figured, why not, I’ve earned it, so she reached out, and with the flat palm of her hand, slapped Ashley hard on the left butt cheek. Ashley’s buttocks rippled from the effect of Jenny’s blow and kept jiggling and wiggling for a good second and a half afterwards.

“Ooh! That felt good!” Jenny exclaimed. So, she did it again. And again and again and again! Wow! It was such a release to spank the bare butt of her friend!

Ashley’s ass felt so tender under her hand, and the sting she felt when hand met butt couldn’t be half as bad as the sting Ashley must feel! The scouts stood by and marveled at Jenny’s ability to give out a spanking. However, their plans were still not complete so when Jenny paused to take a rest, Jeff approached her.

“Miss Jenny, would you like to see Miss Ashley getting cream pies thrown in her face?”

“Oh, Jeff, that would be delightful!” Jenny replied “Can you show me how to get to the front of the booth?”

“It’d be really hard to get up there from here as you’d have to go all the way around all the other booths. Plus, as you know, all the men in town were alerted to what was going to happen so there’s a big crowd out front. I think it’d be much easier for you to see if you stuck your head in that hole over there.”

Jeff pointed to a hole at the same height as the one Ashley was looking through. It seemed like it was far enough away from Ashley that any cream wouldn’t splatter her flying off a pie, so Jenny bent over and peeked through the hole.

Brendan and Michael were ready for just this occurrence and the stocks were around her neck and locked in place almost immediately. Her hands were similarly locked and her feet were cuffed before Jenny even had time to react!

The crowd of men, and by this time some of the women of the town, erupted into an even louder cheer!

No sooner had Jenny realized what was going on than a big, thick, chocolate cream pie slammed right into her lovely face! At the same time, Brendan and Michael went to work on her clothes and she was soon as naked as her friend was!

Now, there’s one phrase that has gone through Jenny’s mind more often than any other combination of words. Just four simple words, three with one syllable one with two. A phrase which had come to mean more in the way of dire situations for Jenny than any other. When Jenny felt the cream and chocolate filling engulfing her face, when she could feel her clothes falling around her feet cut into rags by Jeff’s scout knife, that old, familiar phrase fairly exploded into her brain, ‘Oh no, not again!’

The scouts had been in heaven ever since they had divested Ashley of her clothes. When Jenny’s thong landed at her feet, cut to shreds, they all paused briefly in total awe. When he saw what he had uncovered, Jeff promptly fainted. The sight of Jenny’s perfect, naked form would forever haunt his dreams!

They wasted no time in getting to work on Jenny. The boys left with Ashley’s almost as perfect form were very disappointed and negotiated a deal whereby they would take turns, to give everyone a chance to play with Jenny.

By now, Ashley was aware of Jenny’s presence and was able, through the cream that covered her from chin to forehead, to look over and smile at her.

“Well, Jenny, you got me! I assume this whole thing was your idea, right?”

“Oh, Ashley,” exclaimed Jenny, “If I’d known it’d turn out like this, I’d have never made you go through this!”

“Ah, don’t worry about it, Jen! In fact, I can’t think of anyone I’d rather share a special -(Oomph!) (Hey, another banana cream! Woo-hoo!)- Moment like this! Ow! Hey, watch those fingers back there!”

Davey called back in a muffled voice, “That’s not my finger!”

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**Jenny Teaches Sex Ed**

by The General

When Jenny strode into the classroom all activity stopped. The boys from first period had talked about their beautiful new sex-ed teacher, the one with 40DD breasts and the 22 inch waist. They spoke of her flowing blond tresses, her long slim legs, her wide hips and her luscious round ass. But no one had believed them. And they definitely didn't believe that she had ran into class naked on the way to her office, only to begin teaching class where they had forced further humiliations upon her!

Jenny could barely believe it either. She still didn’t understand how she had been assigned to a sex-ed class, much less a boy’s sex-ed class. She remembered the principle telling her that after her fiasco teaching GYM she would have to have a better reason to object than simply not wanting to teach sex-ed.

Even worse was how she had dressed for school today. The 28 year old teacher still couldn’t say no to Ashley, especially when she put so much work into Jenny’s outfits! But this was ridiculous. She thought back to the morning and the disastrous events that occurred during the bus ride.

Not knowing that Jenny had stopped teaching GYM, Ashley had insisted that Jenny restrain from wearing a bra, saying that Jenny would just change into her sports bra, and then there would just be more laundry to do. Jenny had tried to explain that she was teaching sex-ed, not GYM, and that she wouldn't be able to change, but Ashley hadn't let her finish. Ashley hurried her into the rest of her outfit.

Jenny didn't get a chance to even look at what she was wearing until after she had gotten onto the ride-on. Forced to hold onto a ceiling bar because of the lack of seats, Jenny finally looked at her outfit—and nearly fainted.

Jenny was dressed in a all silk business suit. Where Ashley had gotten it Jenny didn't know, but obviously it had been hard to come by because it wasn't in her size. In fact it wasn't even complete!

The suit didn't come with a jacket, which wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for to things.

First there was Jenny's bra less state.

Second was the fact that the blouse was for a woman with a size 28b chest--not a 40DD one!

Jenny's chest would have strained the blouse under normal conditions, but without a bra the blouse barely stood a chance. In between each pair of buttons was a section at least two square inches in area where the blouse had parted, allowing anyone who cared to look a excellent view of Jenny's flat stomach.

What was worse was that the top three buttons of the blouse were all gone, leaving the blouse gaping wide open down to just UNDERNEATH Jenny's breasts!

One wrong move and either or both of Jenny's breasts could pop out and Jenny wasn't sure she could get them back in.

Jenny's skirt was better but not much. The silk skirt was short, but at least it covered her thighs, stopping only just above the knee. The skirt was also incredibly tight, but Jenny was less concerned about that than what she discovered next. It was the slit on the side that worried her. It went all the way to the hem of her skirt, above even the top of her panties.

And her panties, Jenny gasped in shock as she realized that Ashley had dressed her in the smallest thong Jenny owned! The thong was invisible from the back and dug into her sex, causing, to Jenny's embarrassment, arousal which Jenny could barely hide.

To top it off, Ashley had given her a pair of five inch heels, which pushed her butt and chest out if she stood up straight!

James, who was sitting behind Jenny, smiled as he watched the beautiful woman in front of him twitch in shock, then mild arousal at the manner in which she was dressed. He recalled an incident where he and a few of his friends had handcuffed one of his friend's sister to a porch, then soaked and stripped her. Thinking of this made James bolder and he slipped his hand through the slit of the blonde's skirt taking hold of her thong.

Jenny looked back, startled, to find that the man sitting behind her had grabbed her thong. She was about to shout when the man shook hi head, no, while at the same time pulling Jenny’s panties down half an inch. Afraid of losing even the small protection of her thong, Jenny stayed quiet.

Then, taking hold of Jenny's skirt James pulled the thong quickly down Jenny's legs and pulled, snapping the waistband and putting the tiny item into his backpack.

Jenny still couldn't say anything, knowing that if she made any noise the man could pull down her skirt, revealing her to everyone on the bus. Jenny thought that she recognized the man; he looked like one of her brothers friends, one of the ones that had helped soak her with water guns and strip her naked while she was handcuffed to the porch. Of course this was over 10 years ago, but just the thought of this man stripping her as a teenager made Jenny feel weak and a little submissive.

James could feel Jenny slump as she realized he was in control of the situation. She was submitting to him! All he could see of Jenny was her long blond hair, tiny waist, her long legs, and her voluptuous ass. James wanted to see more. Especially he wanted to see the look on the woman’s face as he humiliated her on the bus. James wasn't a mean man, but something about the woman seemed to MAKE him want to strip her. If was like an aura of strippiness, if there was such a thing.

James took a firm grip of Jenny's blouse with his free hand. "Turn around so I can see the rest of you."

Slowly, trembling with fear, Jenny turned. James almost had a heart attack when he saw the enormous cleavage looming above him. James had wanted to see Jenny's face, but the enormous breasts obscured his view of anything above Jenny's shoulders.

"Squat down."

Jenny squatted, thrusting her luscious butt at the riders closer to the front of the bus, at the same time spreading her knees, revealing her bush to James.

James hands moved on their own. The hand holding Jenny's blouse let go, instead reaching into his backpack and bringing out a pair of scissors. James struck Jenny's blouse first, cutting through the shoulder seams, then cutting off all but the button just below Jenny's straining breasts.

The blouse was now held up entirely by the pressure of Jenny's huge tit against the one remaining button. Jenny's eyes began to tear up, but she still didn't make a sound. James then used the scissors to cut a second slit in jenny's skirt, on the opposite side and from the bottom all the way to the waist, just like the first.

James, deciding to deliver the final blow, put away the scissors and reached into Jenny's blouse bringing out first one breast then the other. Her blouse, devoid of support, fell to her waist. Jenny's hands flew up to cover her breasts on instinct. Though they were doing little good and covered only about a tenth of her assets, James decided they were covering to much.

He unbuttoned the remaining button of Jenny's blouse, then grabbed Jenny's hands and lifted them over her head. Gasps of delight came from all corners of the bus as they were allowed to glimpse Jenny's tits, her nipples standing firm and proud as a result of James handling of them.

Lifting Jenny to her feet by her wrists, he put her hands over the ceiling pole which Jenny had been holding and used Jenny's own blouse to tie them there, keeping Jenny from covering or escaping while also forcing her chest, along with all it entailed, out further.

The passengers on the bus began to get up, ignoring the posted warnings about getting up while the bus was moving. They had to see (and feel) the gorgeous blonde with only a skirt and heels. If the bus had an accident at least they would have gone out with their heads in the most beautiful cleavage in the world!

Now Jenny started to plead, but the passengers were all enjoying the show by now. And the show had become hands on, as first one, then many of the passengers waited in the aisle to get a chance to fondle the young woman.

While the other passengers amused themselves with Jenny's abundant chest, James focused his next efforts lower.

Grabbing both sides of Jenny's skirt, James pulled the tight covering down to Jenny's ankles, then lifting one foot at a time he pulled the skirt off her legs entirely.

The rest of the trip was a series of climaxes, one after another, as passengers fondled her nipples and penetrated her, some with their hands, some with their cocks.

When the bus finally got to the bus stop in front of the school, James untied Jenny. But to her surprise and dismay, he through her clothes out the bus window! Jenny raced towards the door of the bus, her body sweaty and swollen from the trip.

After getting off the bus and grabbing up her few remaining items of clothing, Jenny took stock of her situation. Across the street was about a dozen of the local college kids, all pointing at her and coming her way.

On her side of the street there was two elderly couples, one on each side and both coming towards her. Hoping that class had already started and the students would be out of the hall, Jenny ran as fast as a woman in pumps can run, headed toward the school.

She passed under the school motto; "Expose yourself to the world; Let it see how magnificent you are." Jenny turned down the hall leading to the teacher lounge, which had a changing room in it. Finding it locked and herself without a bathroom key, Jenny knew she would have to change in her office. But to get to her office she would need to go through her class room.

Still desperate and not quite thinking straight, Jenny didn't stop to put on her clothes in the hall, instead she gathered up her courage and ran, boobs bouncing and butt jiggling, through her classroom full of boys, and into her office.

Jenny knew that this was not a good way to start the first day of her new class. Jenny paced back and forth as she considered the situation, then she decided that she would have to put on the clothes that she had worn that morning and teach the class. She would have to be extra strict, for she already had trouble controlling her students (not to mention her own body) and she didn't need them getting ideas. She would...

Jenny never finished her thought, because just then she was blinded by a bright flash of light. When her eyes cleared she saw that her office curtains had been left open, and her entire class was staring at her through the floor to ceiling window. Many had digital cameras and two even had digital video cameras!

Jenny started for the window, intent only on getting there as fast as possible and closing the blinds.

Unfortunately she didn't see the door-stop in her path. Jenny's foot caught the offending object, causing her to lose her footing and stumble into the window. Her enormous breasts smashed against the glass, expanding to nearly the size of dinner plates as her nipples grew hard from contact with the cold window. More flashes went off and the two video cameras ran their lenses up and down Jenny's voluptuous body.

Long seconds later Jenny managed to push herself upright again. She reached up to grab the string that lowered the blinds, and tugged on the stubborn string for another dozen seconds, giving her students one last good look before she managed to lower the curtains.

In the classroom, Jenny's students worked furiously. They deleted every picture off their cameras except the shots of Jenny, giving themselves hundreds of shots more. Granted, many of them deleted pictures that went with projects, emails, and one set that was for the school newspaper. But these kids knew what was REALLY important; and besides, with any luck JENNY was going to be on the front page of the school newspaper.

The two students with video cameras relaxed, they had hours of film left. If (and when) Jenny exposed herself next, they would be ready. Already the class was doing more math than they had ever done in math class, calculating how much money they could make selling the photos and footage on the Internet before someone hacked their sites and began distributing it for free. (Eventually the photos and recordings would make over three and one half million dollars and spread to over 650 thousand homes across the world. One day of Jenny's life sent every single student in five of her classes through college and some through grad or med school.)

When Jenny re-entered the classroom, every student caught his breath. Jenny was dressed, but none of her students could tell if she was more or less exposed than she had been when she was naked!

The silk blouse strained to come together at the one remaining button, with disastrous results. Jenny's entire chest was exposed with the exception of maybe two square inches covering each nipple. The bottom of her breasts were uncovered, and her cleavage was revealed from the base of her neck to the bottom of her breast, with only one small white button to interrupt the line. And even her nipples were exposed, for though covered the blouse was white and very thin, allowing Jenny's rock hard nipples to poke their inch long heads into easy visibility.

Her skirt, though went all the way to her knees, revealed just as much as her blouse. It was incredibly tight, encasing her firm ass like a second skin. The two slits that ran all the ways the the waist of her skirt were pulled open with every step Jenny took. Jenny's four inch pumps only enhanced her exposure, forcing her to thrust her chest out and her butt behind, and keeping the slits on either side of her skirt open continuously. And no one who could see their own hands could miss the fact that Jenny was wearing neither a bra no panties.

Resigned to her exposure in front of her class, Jenny nonetheless wanted to keep her audience to a minimum. So Jenny wiggled her way to the door, still open from her abrupt entry. Jenny pushed the door and turned away, hoping to get as far away from that potential trap as possible. But it was this very move, the abrupt spin, that caused the left side of Jenny's blouse to be blown away from her body and become caught in the door.

In the typical Jenny fashion, Jenny didn't once think of opening the door, or even pulling on the blouse with her hands. Instead she tried to dislodge the garment with sharp movements of her torso, with the inevitable results. The last remaining button finally gave way, sailing across the room to land in the far corner.

Jenny's breasts, finally free of the constricting blouse, seemed to explode outward until they stood proudly, nipples erect, at attention, extending a full half foot from Jenny's chest. The sudden change of Jenny's center of balance was too much for Jenny, and with a loud rriiiipppp, the blouse gave way as Jenny fell, half naked, to the floor.

Jenny stood up, dazed, and stared at her heaving bosom for nearly a minute before the horrible realization that she was entirely topless sank in. With a scream, she crossed her arms in a vain attempt to contain her huge chest and tried to run for her office once again. The back section of Jenny's skirt, flapping behind her, caught upon a hook from one of her students' backpack, and once again with a loud tearing noise Jenny went down, only to rise again, entire naked except for her absurdly high pumps.

As before, Jenny was stunned, and thought she recovered more quickly, hundreds of photos and nearly half a minute of tape was taken up with Jenny's bouncing breasts, trembling buttocks, and her shocked expression of humiliation.

Jenny dashed into her office, slammed, and locked the door. Jenny plopped down in her rolling chair and tried to keep from crying. Desperate for help, Jenny called Ashley, but no one picked up the phone. Left with only one other person she could trust, Jenny dialed Lana's number.

Finally unable to restrain herself, Jenny sobbed out her story into the phone. Lana agreed to go to Jenny's house and get a change of clothes for Jenny.

When the bell rang Jenny's students reluctantly filed out of the room to be replaced by another groups of boys. The first group related their unbelievable experience and lent the new class the two video cameras in addition to the four video cameras that were included in this class' arsenal.

Twenty minutes later , the door to Jenny's classroom opened and in walked a vision of stunning beauty holding a shopping bag. Lana had a body that equalled Jenny's, a heart shaped face and long flowing black hair. With an audible whir nineteen cameras and six video cameras were turned on and aimed at the huge bosom attached to the stunning woman.

Unaware (of course) of the scrutiny that she was under, Lana sauntered to the door of Jenny's office, knocked, and was let in. A moment later, Lana exited the office and the lock clicked shut again. Lana leaned back against the wall next to the door of the office.

Lana, as usual, was dressed quite modestly, though still less than Jenny usually did before her "accidents". Her large, perfectly formed, round ass was tightly encased in a form fitting blue, button down skirt which extended to an inch or two above her knees. Her superb upper body was hidden by a tight tank top with a deep v-neck that showcased Lana's large 40E breasts and deep cleavage.

The fit of her outfit has forced Lana to resort to less than modest undergarments. Where an industrial strength bra might have served admirably, Lana instead wore a lace push-up bra a size too small and thin enough for her large nipples to be easily visible without any stimulation. Where she would normally wear a pair of cotton panties, today she wore none at all. Lacking support, Lana's boobs and buttocks strained the limits of her outfit. A pair of five and one half inch pumps completed the ensemble.

A series of flashes made Lana realize that her position against the wall was thrusting her large bosom out towards the the very appreciative class. Suddenly very self conscious, Lana stood up abruptly. What she didn't know was that her position had also gotten her tank top caught on a nail protruding from the wall.

With a loud rip, Lana and her top parted company. Lana stumbled forward towards the class, and each student she passed put down his camera and gave her something to remember him by, a slap on the ass or a firm squeeze on one of her bra clad breasts. Turning left and right, frantically trying to find the source of her torment, Lana stumbled into the center of the class. She had finally caught one of the boys red-handed and was about to give him a piece of her mind when another boy reached out, and instead of slapping her inviting buttocks, he grabbed it and squeezed.

With a squeal, Lana jumped forward, but the student's grip on her skirt was too strong, and series of snaps, the skirt's buttons, starting at the bottom, popped off. With a louder snap the fastener at the waist of the skirt flew open and the skirt came off, leaving Lana in only her tiny bra.

Trying desperately to cover herself, she tried to run to the safety of Jenny's office. Unfortunately, her pumps had other ideas, and just before she cleared the last desk, Lana tripped and fell. This was just too much for Lana's poor bra, and with a snap the clasp broke and her bra flew across the room.

Picking herself up off the floor, Lana made the final lunge to the office door.

"Jenny, let me in! Please!"

"I'm changing Lana! You wouldn't want my students to see me changing, would you?"

Knowing that there was no way Jenny's modesty would allow her to open the door before Jenny had changed, Lana suddenly remembered the class behind her. Slowly she turned around, still trying to cover her breasts and anus with her hands. To her surprise the two biggest boys in the class had snuck up behind her with rolls of industrial strength packing tape. When Lana turned around, each grabbed one arm and taped it to the door of Jenny's office. Both legs followed suit, and soon Lana was helpless, spreadeagled before a whole class bristling with cameras.

Then it got worse. It seemed every boy wanted to prove they had been there, and so each had their picture taken with Lana. But many of the buy had interesting ideas of how the picture should be taken. Each one would fondle Lana, having their picture taken with their handles on her breasts, her butt, even on her pussy. When Jenny finally opened the door and released Lana, Lana's breasts and butt were covered with hand marks and her pussy was dripping wet. And of course, the students got it all on film.

Jenny and Lana were not having a good day. Already Jenny had been stripped and humiliated twice, and Lana once. Right then both were inside Jenny's office changing into the ultra small outfits that Ashley had provided.

The boys from Jenny's third sex-ed class were going insane. They had all heard tales about the beautiful new blonde teacher with the huge breasts. They had heard rumors about her black haired friend with a matching set. They had the cameras from the previous class (now down to 11 cameras and 14 video cameras) and the students with the last classes video cameras had hooked one up to the projector and was showing Jenny and Lana being stripped by themselves, the furniture, and students. But neither of the two gorgeous women were there in the room. The boys could hear the strain of buttons and cloth as Jenny and Lana changed and could even hear some of their comments on how small and tight and revealing the clothing was. But they couldn't see anything and it was making them wild.

Which was why they could barely keep themselves from cheering when a exquisite red head entered the room. The few boys who already knew spread the knowledge that this was their new Principle, just hired yesterday. And she was a killer. But it got better. After seeing their new Principle, many of the students went on line, looking for naked photos or a porn site dedicated to this beautiful woman.

Instead they found her on a site dedicated to the stripping and humiliation of beautiful women. Their new Pricipal was a lesbian. A lesbian with a passion for stripping and humiliating hot women. A lesbian with a passion for stripping and humiliating hot women and she had come to JENNY'S CLASS! Once again the cameras came out.

Emma Prim was enjoying her new job as principle of Striperd High School. She had only been at the school for one day and already she had been hit on by three teachers and one student, and the student was female. Evidently word was already getting around among the students of her special inclination. But thought the girl was very pretty, Emma had her eye on another.

When Emma had come to Striperd for a tour of the school, she had left with two things on her mind. These were respectively, the breasts of the beautiful gym teacher and the ass of the beautiful gym teacher. Determined now to get the job, Emma worked hard and eliminated all of her competitors, trading on every favor she had. When she finally got the position and arrived in her official capacity, the first thing she heard was the stories about the hot gym teacher, Jenny, being stripped and spanked, dominated by her female students, and brought to orgasm by those same girls.

When she heard that Jenny had resigned as Gym teacher and instead was now teaching a boys sex ed class, Emma decided to step in. When she heard the stories of Jenny's morning humiliations and the introduction of Jenny's friend Lana into the picture, Emma decided to go down to Jenny's classroom right then and there, hoping to catch the two beauties in another exposing situation.

Instead, she arrived to a classroom devoid of beautiful teachers other than herself. The room was full of boys with cameras, and all were watching a movie very intently, moving for a better view, Emma realized that the movie was a recording of Jenny and Lana's morning exposures!

From what Emma could see from the recording, Jenny and Lana were incredibly well endowed. Emma herself was a 38DD-22-34, a little bit slimmer than Jenny or Lana and also with slightly smaller breasts. All the same, her body was more than enough to make most men (and many women) think twice.

Today Emma had dressed for work, not for play. She had chosen a modest office suit, but had made sure she picked a suit two sizes too small for her. She wore a expensive tailored jacket that fit perfectly, not revealing too much. She left that for her blouse and bra. She had picked a full lace bra, and a silk blouse, both of which were designed for a woman with 36C breasts, not 38DD's. The bra barely held her large bosom, and her blouse's deep v neck displayed her amazing cleavage when she took off her jacket. Both her lace panties and her 18 inch pull up skirt were designed to fit a 20 inch waist, not a 22 inch waist. Her skirt was taught across her wide hips, showing off her round ass. All the same, Emma knew she couldn't compare to how sexy Jenny and Lana had been dressed.

On the wall, the scene where Lana had lost her clothes was playing. Just as the lack of a real Jenny or Lana was driving the students crazy, the lack was also taking its toll on Emma. All this stripping and nudity and she couldn't get her hands on one single breast or leg! Emma was so horny she thought she would explode.

This explains her relief when the new teaching assistant, Cindy entered the room. Cindy was 22 and just out of college. She had been overjoyed when Jenny accepted her application for the position of teaching assistant, she loved kids. Jenny was overjoyed to have her, mainly because of Cindy's looks. With any luck Cindy would take the classes attention off Jenny and she might stop having so many accidents.

And Cindy was a looker, that was to be sure. She had a cute, heart shaped face and long brown hair held up in a ponytail. Her nubile young body was barely contained by her outfit. She was wearing a tiny t-shirt that might have fit Emma's 38DD's, but barely stretched around Cindy's enormous 44EE's. The t shirt's neck was a deep u shape, revealing all of her gigantic bosom above her nipples, including her deep cleavage. Cindy's 40E push-up bra didn't help any, neither concealing her pointy nipples or helping contain her ample chest. Her tiny 9 inch micro miniskirt strained around her large ass and wide 36 inch hips. Her tiny extra small thong was clearly visible through the skirt, its tiny 16 inch elastic band was already shot after being pulled up to her 22 inch waist. To complete the ensemble, Cindy wore a pair of six inch pumps. The pumps forced her breasts and buttocks out, straining her clothes even more.

Desperate for a woman's body after seeing Jenny and Lana stripped, Emma was nearly overwhelmed by Cindy. Not too overwhelmed, however, to slip a dissolvable pill into a cup of coffee and present it to Cindy. The pill had been developed by psychiatrists to help delve into the minds of their patients. Emma used them to humiliate good looking women. The pill hypnotized the victim for exactly one minute, though the effects of any orders lasted forever or until a set trigger was performed. Usually the trigger would be clapping hands. Emma didn't set triggers. Her orders lasted forever.

"Welcome, my name is Emma, I'm the new Principal. Here have some coffee; there's a pot all done and I cant stand the stuff myself! Take a seat here, we are watching a movie."

Emma pointed to a spot on Jenny's desk just next to where she was sitting, where Emma would have Cindy well within reach. Cindy was surprised by the kindness of a woman who was obviously her superior, so she drank all of the coffee and took the seat. She noticed an odd taste as she drank the coffee, but didn't want to insult Emma by complaining.

Emma spoke in a loud voice, "Cindy, you will become aroused whenever anyone touches you. You will become aroused by the humiliation of women, including yourself. You will also obey any order given by anyone as long as they state the order as follows: 'Cindy I order you to' and then the order. Any order I give is to be obeyed over anyone else's orders." The entire class heard Emma's orders.

Cindy was stunned. "What are you doing?"

"Relax hun, it's just an act. Its a lead in to a discussion I'm planning for the kids."

"Oh, ok, if its for the students it must be ok."

When she saw what the students were watching however, Cindy felt it would be wrong not to object to the humiliating video displaying the woman who had hired her. Cindy was about to speak when she felt an odd sensation. She could feel heat and wetness between her legs and her nipples had come erect.

What is happening, why is this movie making me aroused? Thats is a woman being stripped!

All the same, Cindy was slowly being aroused by Jenny and Lana's humiliations.

Emma saw that the arousal was taking its toll on Cindy. Her nipples poked through her tight t-shirt and bra, and her breasts jiggled as Cindy tried to find a position where she could be comfortable. Smiling, she got up and turned off the projector.

Instantly all eyes were on her, though only for a few seconds. Soon the students noticed the new woman sitting on Jenny's desk. In seconds cameras clicked to life and video cameras whirred to life, all pointed at the newcomer. Cindy didn't notice all the attention she was getting. All her attention was focused inward as she battled furiously against the urge to cum right there on the desk.

Emma gestured at Cindy. "As you can see, you have a new member of your teaching staff. Cindy will be Jenny's assistant. Now if you would focus your cameras and recording devices on Cindy, she will help me demonstrate a vitally important part of sex-ed. She will simply be herself, and I will use her to show you the art of non-consensual stripping and humiliation."

The class was stunned. They had expected the known dominatrix to attempt to strip Jenny or Lana of maybe their tops or skirts. They had never expected this!

Inside her private fog bank, Cindy heard Emma as if from very far away. Dimly, she connected what Emma was saying with her gesture in Cindy's direction. As the realization sunk in, Cindy's eyes widened in indignation.

"No, I'm not going to do that. That is wrong. I'm not like that!" Cindy exclaimed, released for the moment from her arousal by the pure shock of the Pincipal's statement. "I'm leaving."

"No, I don't think you will. Cindy, I order you to stay in the room until I say you can leave."

Predictably, Cindy tried to leave the room anyway. The cameras followed her as she walked to and opened the door. Then she stepped through the doorway; or tried to. Barely an inch away from the door her foot stopped. Trying again Cindy found that like Emma said, she couldn't leave the room.

"But I thought you said you didn't really hypnotize me!" Cindy protested.

"I lied. And now you have to do whatever I tell you. Cindy I order you to stand in the middle of the room."

And Cindy did. But when Cindy got there, a student spoke up. Before Emma could order Cindy to do anything, a boy from near the back of the room yelled out an order.

"Cindy, I order you to give me your bra!"

Without a counter order from Emma, Cindy was forced to do as the student commanded.

Cindy reached behind her back to unclip her bra. Doing this caused her breasts to push forward even more, straining her t-shirt to its limit. Then she unclipped the push up bra, releasing her excellent bosom from its confinement. Her nipples had become erect once more as her humiliation set off one of the commands and she began to become aroused. The combination of her posture, her larger than normal nipples, and the sudden release of her breasts was more than a match for her poor shirt, and with a loud rriiiippppp it virtually exploded, tearing on both sides along her shoulders and ribs, the two halves flung off her body as the t-shirt snapped back to its intended size.

In the background a student gives a cup of water to Emma. Absorbed by the busty secretary's humiliation, Emma doesn't even think and instinctively drains the cup. The student then whispered something to Emma and returned to watching Cindy.

In the meantime Cindy had finished removing her bra, as per the earlier command. She walked to the desk of the student who issued the command and bent down to give him the bra. Entirely uncovered, her breasts, wet from a constant stream of tears, hung down in front of the student's face. As would be expected, the student reached out and grabbed them. They were firm and soft at the same time, easily malleable yet not saggy in the least. The instinctive reaction of the student fulfilled the first command, and Cindy gasped as the boy massaged her tender nipples.

"Stop that! Please stop! I'm your teacher! Why are you doing this to me?" Cindy pleaded with the student.

Still bent over, Cindy presented her perfect butt directly to the student in back of her. He also reached out, taking each glorious buttock in one hand and squeezing.

Cindy felt her resolve falter and wetness began to seep out from between her thighs. But the student wasn't satisfied. Releasing one buttock, his hand soon returned with a pair of scissors. He used them only to cut through her waistband, unknowingly snipping the waistband of her thong as well.

Her micro mini stayed in place, held up by the immense pressure her large ass placed on it. her thong on the other hand slipped down her legs to fall un-noticed to the ground. Still not content the student reached again for her buttock, and tacking a hold of each, yanked sharply apart. With yet another rriiiippppp, the super tight miniskirt burst apart, flying directly into the student behind her face.

Seeing her victim devoid of coverings, Emma strode forward, a large marker in her hand.

Grinning maliciously, she drove it sharply into Cindy's tight vagina. Overcome at last, Cindy fell to the floor, twitching, as she orgasmed for the class and their cameras. After nearly tens minutes of orgasm, Cindy finally passed blissfully into unconsciousness.

With a smirk, Emma turned to the class. "Well, what do you think?"

"I think it isn't over yet, Ms. Principal! I saw how you used pills to hypnotize poor Cindy. While you were watching her I stole them from you and put one in the glass of water I gave you. Don't you remember? Oh yes, thats right, I ordered you not to remember. Well let me refresh your memory. I only gave you one order, that you must do whatever I say. My first order is this: take the two cups and give one to Jenny and one to Lana. Then tell them both that they must do whatever Darren tells them and then tell them to forget the last five minutes and stay in the office till I tell them to come out."

Meanwhile, when all this was going on, Jenny was having problems of her own.

When Lana had arrived at Jenny's house she was greeted by Ashley. She explained Jenny's problem. Ashley disappeared and returned a moment later with a bag of clothes. She said that she had picked out two of Jenny's favorite outfits and Jenny could choose which she wanted to wear. Of course she hadn't really. Ashley had quickly gone and made two of the sluttiest outfits she could from a stash that she kept around for when she wanted to make SURE that Jenny ended up naked. The stash consisted of clothes that didn't even fit Ashley's smaller frame and didn't have a chance of fitting Jenny. But Lana didn't know that...

And so there Jenny was. She had picked the larger of the two outfits, but it was still the lesser of two evils. First she tugged on the tiny thong panties. They were an adult X small, with a 16 inch waist. They didn't have a chance of fitting over Jenny's 22 inch waist, and to get there they would have to first go over her wide 36 inch hips. It was impossible. And yet somehow Jenny did it. After nearly five minutes of careful tugging, Jenny had gotten the thong up to her waist. Yet it was so tiny it might as well not even be there. And worse, the crotch of the thong dug deep into Jenny's ass, so deep it began to arouse her just by its presence!

With a sigh, Jenny took pair of scissors and cut the waistband saving herself precious minutes she would have wasted trying to take the thong off. The bra was a closer fit, but not by much. It was a half cup push up bra, which, though a bit more sexy than Jenny was used to, would have been fine if it had been in her size. Unfortunately it wasn't. Jenny spent almost another five minutes trying to clasp the 36B bra over her 40E breasts. The end result left her breasts looking even bigger than normal, with the bra only lifting her breasts up and out, and not even coming up to her nipples.

All the same, Jenny couldn't bring herself to part with the bra. This would soon come to haunt her as she tried on the sheer, button down vest that had come in the bag. It, like the bra, was made to fit a woman with 36B breasts, not 40E's. Though Jenny eventually managed to close the vest, it ended up being tighter even than the blouse she had worn on the bus. Jenny examined herself in her office mirror. The vest was filled to the bursting point. The push up bra, instead of confining her massive globes, enlarged them, straining the already deficient vest.

Her nipples, diamond hard from her embarrassment, could be seen poking through the thin fabric, and the deep v neck extended to below the base of Jenny's breasts, allowing full view of all of Jenny's magnificent cleavage.

The skirt was no better. It was a cotton pull up skirt, with a six inch slit on one side. This wouldn't have been so horrible if the skirt hadn't been only nine inches long, not even reaching the bottom of Jenny's perfect ass, leaving nearly two inches in view.. Add the fact that the skirt was so tight Jenny could hardly breathe and Jenny was a walking recipe for disaster.

After Jenny had finished putting on her new outfit she finally opened the door. To her surprise, she found Lana secured to the door, naked, as her class took photo after photo of the humiliated woman. Getting her scissors, Jenny quickly cut Lana free and helped her into the office.

Not concerned with Jenny's apologies, the only thing on Lana's mind was getting on some clothes. In the bag was the second outfit Ashley had sent. This was even smaller that Jenny's and didn't come with and undergarments, being that it was supposed to be worn with the bra and thong Jenny had tried on. The pull up skirt was just as tight as Jenny's, but even shorter. It was a micro mini, and it was only eight inches long, stopping nearly three inches above the bottom of the curve of her buttocks.. The top, a tank top similar to the one she had worn to the school only much smaller, was meant for a woman with 34B breasts, but the lack of buttons and the absence of the push-up bra made it just possible to fit Lana's 40E's into the tiny shirt.

Emma, secretly burning with fury at having been outsmarted by a child, approached the door to Jenny's office, and asked to come in. Hearing a request from her superior, Jenny opened the door and closed it quickly behind Emma, locking it in the same motion. Emma gave Jenny and Lana the drinks, marveling at how the outfits displayed the two women, making them look sexier than when they had been naked! After they had downed the liquid, she recited the command Darren had told her and left the office.

"Are you happy now? I did what you said. You have outsmarted your principal and your teachers. Now let me go." Emma was anxious to leave. She had an antidote in her car for the hypnosis pill, but it only worked if it was administered within two hours of the pill. She would need to take the antidote before noon, or she would remain under the control of this obnoxious youngster.

"No not yet. First, take off your jacket."

"What? I'm not doing that!" To Emma's dismay she found herself already taking the jacket off, revealing her large breasts in her tight blouse and bra.

"Now your blouse."

"You little..." But Emma was already complying, and soon her her boobs were restrained only by her bra, bouncing up and down as she breathed.

"Next the skirt."

Emma pulled down her skirt and slipped it over her ankles. Under the control of the pill she lacked her normal finesse, and she began to weep as she felt her tiny lace panties pulled down with it.

"And now the bra."

There Emma stood, totally naked except for a pair of 4 inch pumps which only served to emphasize the largeness of her breasts and the roundness of her ass. Her body quaked with embarrassment, her breasts bouncing wildly and her buttocks clenching and relaxing again and again.

"Now take Cindy and go get some long pieces of rope and some duct tape from the art shed."

It was Cindy, less one marker, who protested now. "But people will see us! The art shed is all the way on the other side of the school!"

Darren responded. "Cindy, you may put on Emma's skirt and blouse. Emma, you can wear your jacket, but nothing else."

Cindy pulled on the skirt and slipped on the blouse. When Cindy tried to button the blouse, however, she found that a blouse for a 36C bust fit even worse on a 44EE bust than on a 38DD one! Though she managed to fasten all the buttons, when she took a deep breath for a sigh of relief, her relief turned to horror as every single button burst off the garment and the back split from the collar to her waist.

Cindy and Emma left the room as a matching pair; Cindy's perfect breasts bobbing up and down as she tried to contain them with just her hands and Emma's perfect ass jiggling and tight pussy exposed to the world. By the time they returned with the rope and duct tape, both Cindy and Emma were covered with red hand prints on their breasts and butt respectively.

Darren then told the two of them to wait outside the door, but not to attempt to cover themselves or even protect themselves from further stripping or humiliation while out there.

Darren called Jenny and Lana into the classroom. The group of boys gasped when they saw the two women. Jenny and Lana's short skirts covered only parts of their gorgeous posteriors, leaving nearly half of their firm half moons easily visible. Jenny's vest bulged, her huge bosom straining the buttons, her tiny half cup bra already broken and discarded. Lana's tank top was several sizes to small and smashed her breasts against her chest, forming cleavage almost up to her chin. And from the lack of panty lines and the evidence of long puffy nipples, no student was unaware of their teacher and her friend's bra and pantyless state.

Darren turned to the class.

"All right, I think that we should disregard Ms. Prim's example of how the pill effects should be used. We should use them to learn, not to hurt. This is why I think Jenny and Lana should give us a lesson explaining the female anatomy. Lana, you are going to show the class the three major parts of female anatomy, the breasts, the pussy, and the ass. You will show us on Jenny, who you will strip as is necessary in order to show the class each part. Jenny, you must stay in the center of the room at all times. You may not run away from Lana. You are allowed and in fact encouraged to try and keep Lana from succeeding in her tasks.

"Lana would never do that to me," Jenny said confidently.

"I'm sorry Jenny, I have no choice," said Lana from behind Jenny.

When Jenny turned around, Lana announced that she would be exposing the breasts first. Then she reached out and unbuttoned the top two buttons of Jenny's vest, allowing her breasts to fall out.

"What are you doing?" Jenny screamed, stuffing her huge boobs back into the tiny shirt.

"Stop!"

She continued, as Lana grabbed a hold of each side of Jenny's vest and pulled, sending buttons flying in every direction and revealing her heavy breasts once again. She pull the vest off Jenny until it was around her wrists, then she twisted the vest and tied it off, trapping Jenny's hands behind her back and forcing her to thrust her bosom into the air. Her humiliation was evident in the redness of her face and the hardness of her nipples. Then with a yank, Lana ripped Jenny's short skirt, her last covering, from her body, displaying Jenny's pussy and ass to the class as requested.

"Lana, take Jenny, Cindy, and Ms. Prim out to in front of the school and tie them to the front columns. Then tie yourself to a column. Cindy and Ms. Prim are waiting outside the door."

Lana did as she was told. Soon all four of the gorgeous women were tied up in plain sight, all but Lana stark naked other than their sexy pumps and Lana as close to naked as possible while still legally being dressed. This of course lasted only until Darren and the rest of Jenny's class arrived and promptly removed all of her garments as well.

Darren, always looking out for his classmates and himself had one more idea of how to make money in addition to selling the pictures and videos. He put a sign in front of each lady:

Breasts: $5

Ass and pussy: $8

All fondling limited to one minute per payment.

A moment later, with a loud ring, school got out...

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**Ashley Strikes Back**

by ?

Jenny was in a total quandary. It seemed like no matter what she did, no matter where she went, no matter who she met, she always found herself divested of her clothes and dignity. Humiliation had become her middle name as surely as if her Mother had christened her with it at birth.

In her young life, she had learned that it was better for her if she avoided any contact with children, adolescents (Especially Boy Scouts!), teenagers, adults, dogs, cats, birds, fish (Eesh! That one still gave her shivers!), all other members of the mammalian and reptilian and avian kingdoms, office buildings, restaurants, sports arenas, public restrooms, churches, swimming pools, hospitals, schools, trains, planes, boats, automobiles, bicycles, motorcycles (Although that biker guy was kinda cute!), other countries, any dessert that included whipped cream as an ingredient, shaving cream (Even now, she shuddered whenever John shaved!), friends, enemies, strangers, and family. She was running out of things to do and places to go!

That was why, when she got the invitation to visit the local Old Folks Home and do social work with the elderly, she felt a nervous twitter inside. On the one hand, her innate kindness told her that it would be a wonderful opportunity to help people who needed it. On the other hand, she was convinced that now, no matter where she went, she was going to end up naked and embarrassed.

She finally decided there was really only one thing to do about it and that was to face her fears and go. Even if she had to wear a deep sea diving suit, she was determined to give those old people some comfort and help! As much as they needed loving attention, she needed someplace to go that she wouldn’t end up making a fool of herself. She was sure that working there would be as good for her as it would for the old folks.

She had decided to be as careful as possible in choosing her wardrobe for her first trip to the home. She had an old sweatshirt of her husband John’s that he had cut the bottom half off of which she paired with a nice, heavy, supportive bra. As with all her bras, it did nothing to hide the fact that she was very generously endowed! In this case, however, it didn’t show her nipples underneath whatever she wore. Her slim tummy showed invitingly from under the sweatshirt, and when she leaned too far, the shirt had a tendency to ride up over her bra, but she didn’t anticipate doing anything that would require such a maneuver so she figured it’d be OK just this once.

An old pair of jeans she used for working around the house covered a nice pair of conservative, full cut cotton panties. The jeans were ever so tight but not such that they showed off everything she had much to her satisfaction!

‘Maybe I should have been dressing like this years ago!’ she thought to herself.

Her running shoes and a pair of ankle socks finished off her dressing for the day. She got one of John’s sturdier belts to hold up her jeans, having to cut a hole for the belt hook halfway down to fit it around her slim waist. Thus attired, she felt ready to take on the world, and so she climbed into her car and headed off to her newfound life as a volunteer caregiver.

Meanwhile, at the old folks home, Ashley was still getting her preparations together. She had been thinking about this for weeks, and was determined that this time, she was gonna get Jenny and get her good! After the humiliation of the Boy Scout Jamboree nothing she could do would be too excessive. And, speaking of Boy Scouts, Ashley couldn’t forget how they had betrayed her by turning on her like they had. She could still feel the clumsy fondling of their adolescent hands on her body. It was time they were taught a lesson as well!

After checking to see that everything was ready, Ashley called Davey, the ringleader of the enemy scouts.

“Davey, I have it all arranged! You’re gonna have Jenny all to yourselves for as long as you want with no disturbances!”

“We’ll be there, Miss Ashley!” exclaimed Davey, “And thanks for not holding a grudge for what we did to you!”

“Oh, no problem, it’s all water under the bridge!” she replied thinking to herself, ‘…and now you’re gonna drown in it ya little twerp!’

Poor, poor Davey! He was either too young and inexperienced to know when he was being lied to or too overcome with a budding testosterone level to care. Ever since the Boy Scout Jamboree all he could think about was the wonderfully soft, silky feel of Jenny’s breasts in his hands and inside his mouth. The chance to play with that babe’s body again was more than he could conceive of happening in one lifetime! He would grow up to be a very successful owner of several topless clubs, all the lessons he learned as a Scout coming in handy, so to speak.

Davey got on the phone to Jeff and Michael, the first names in their phone pyramid. He got them to make the calls to the other guys, and soon, their entire troop was on its way to Morningwood Convalescent Center for another visit with bliss in the form of Jenny.

When Jenny arrived at the Home, she was invited into the director’s office for an interview. It was decided that since Jenny was in remarkable shape and since she had experience as a fitness instructor that she may be most useful in leading the community in their daily exercises.

Of course, the director was sitting at his desk with one thought and one thought in mind, namely getting Jenny into exercise tights and a sports bra and seeing how many of the old men she could send to the cardiac ward at once. Not to mention getting a good look himself!

He escorted Jenny down a hallway to the gymnasium. He showed her the women’s locker room and gave her a key to the locker containing the exercise therapist’s equipment, which consisted of the aforementioned tights and bra.

‘Oh, god, this is gonna be good! Where the hell did I leave that digital camera?’ he thought.

Jenny was a little nervous about this now. Tight clothing and she did not have a good history. Add to that the fact that she’d have to remove her bra and panties in order to get into them without leaving her underwear hanging out all over the place and she was beginning to get a feeling of imminent doom. But, since she still felt obligated to go through with this to the bitter end, she politely asked the director to leave so she could prepare.

He complied, but only as far as the broom closet separating the men’s and women’s locker rooms. He had a special viewing area set up for new exercise therapists and was about to take part in a moment of vicarious pleasure at the sight of Jenny’s voluptuous, naked body when he was overcome by fumes from an opened bottle of wax stripper and passed out. He awoke after all the brouhaha was over with a massive hangover and no memory of having had a drink. He had a vague memory of balloons in a bra and tights but couldn’t understand the connection. He was puzzled by this vision for months afterwards.

Now alone in the locker room, Jenny removed her clothes and put them in the locker. Since she did have her running shoes and ankle socks on, she figured she was ready for an exercise program, anyway, and a senior’s routine was fairly easy so she didn’t anticipate any problems. Good thing it didn’t require any bending or stretching, since when she put on the bra and tights, she found that they were two sizes too small and fit her like a coat of paint!

‘Oh, well,’ she thought, ‘it won’t be a long session and I’m sure the old folks won’t notice as they’re all close to blind anyway.’

Little did she know that after Jeff had made his calls on the Boy Scouts phone tree he had called his grandfather at the home and all the old geezers were waiting for her, reading glasses, bi and trifocals cleaned and firmly in place! It seems Jeff had inherited his pervert genes from his grandfather and they had a lot more in common besides impossibly large ears.

When Jenny entered the gym she was mildly surprised to find it full of old men and not a single woman. The men had made a point of telling all the women at the home that exercise class for the day had been cancelled and that they were going in to watch the janitor clean the floor. This had apparently satisfied the old women of the home and they had all gone to Madge’s room to watch her Chippendale Dancers videos.

All the men of the home had been well informed of the rather unfortunate accidents that had a habit of befalling our Jenny and they were eagerly shoving each other out of the way to get to the front of the group when she entered. The home immediately came a heartbeat closer to losing every male resident when they saw Jenny in her exercise clothing!

As was stated previously, the tights and sports bra fit her like a second skin. When she walked to the front of the class, her breasts jiggled around under the bra like kittens under a blanket. Each sway and swivel of her breasts caused the material to rub against her nipples and they began to grow under the fabric. Her hips had that familiar swing that had mesmerized men wherever she went and her buttocks bounced invitingly under the tights. The tights themselves had molded to her ass so that every detail of her cheeks, every little dimple, every nuance of her deep crack was evident. Those who weren’t focused tightly on her nipples were equally rapt in their attention to her delicious posterior!

When she reached the front of the class, she called for everyone’s attention, although she shouldn’t have bothered since it appeared she already had it!

“OK, class, why don’t we start off with some arm raises, are we ready?”

Oh, they were ready, all right! When Jenny raised her arms over her head to begin, none of the members of the class followed suit. They knew what was about to happen, and sure enough, when Jenny’s outstretched hands met, the sports bra was under such strain that it finally popped off her breasts and up to her neck with a slight “thwup!” sound! A collective gasp sounded in the gymnasium, coming from the men and also from Jenny, herself.

Her breasts were pulled up over her face as the bra came loose and when it finally gave way, they flopped back into place, sagging slightly from their fall before jiggling invitingly in front of the leering faces of the male population of Morningwood. When her breasts finally stopped their provocative bounce, Mr. Daniels was heard to exclaim, “And now I can die a Happy Man!” Everyone agreed wholeheartedly.

For her part, Jenny was surprisingly unperturbed, but then she found, when she tried to wrestle the bra back over her breasts that it was going to be quite a job to get it on. Then much to her chagrin, the elastic around the bra gave up trying to stretch itself that far and popped loose. Jenny found that no matter what she did to try and cover her massive boobs with the material that without the elastic to hold it in place, all she could cover was the top of her breasts leaving her nipples and everything below uncovered!

Mr. Von Hollen, Jeff’s grandfather, was always one to take advantage of a situation and politely offered to help. Unfortunately for Jenny, his assistance consisted of his sidling up behind her, reaching around her body and cupping her breasts lovingly in his hands. Not too surprisingly, this caused quite an uproar in the other members of the class, all of whom volunteered to help.

Soon, Jenny found herself surrounded by the suddenly very energetic and eager to please males of the Morningwood Convalescent Center, all of whom where lucky enough to get a chance at “helping” Jenny by covering her breasts with their hands.

The closer they got to her, the more they crowded in, the more Jenny felt she was going to finally crack under all this strain. It had finally reached the point that she couldn’t take it anymore! It had to stop sometime, and maybe it was just as well it stopped here!

“All right, godamnit, if that’s what you want to see, let me give you a gooooood look!” she yelled.

Backing away from the very angry Jenny, the men were astonished and not altogether displeased when, instead of finding something to cover her breasts, Jenny pulled the remnants of the sports bra over her head and threw it in the nearest leering face.

Reaching behind herself, Jenny took the waistband of the tights in her hand and began to pull. The elastic around her waist soon snapped, and to make sure they all got what they wanted to get, she turned her back on her now rapt audience and slowly pulled the tights down over her butt. When her ass came into view, she stopped, leaving the tights covering her long legs and with her butt hanging out in the open air for all to see!

“Well, whattya think, ya perverts!” she exclaimed, “Is this ass enough for ya?”

Jenny’s obvious displeasure at what was happening, even though it was all at her own hand, was beginning to make the men nervous and a couple of the more timid souls actually ran for the door. Jenny wasn’t through, though.

“Where ya goin’ ya pansies! There’s more!” and with that, she bent over, grabbed the legs of the tights and pulled with all her might. The tights gave way starting at the crotch with a loud RIIIIIIPPPPP! And Jenny was soon standing in front of her class nude except for her shoes and socks.

She turned to face her now equally aroused and terrified class.

“OK, boys, who wants a shot at me first?”

She walked up to Mr. Von Hollen and grabbed him by the ears, shoving his face into her breasts, shaking them back and forth, smothering him in her massive mammaries. She pushed him away and went on to the next man. Our poor Jenny had finally reached the end of her rope! If she was gonna be naked to the world, she might as well see that the world suffered as much as she had, even as it pleasured in her nudity!

She worked her way through all the members of the class who hadn’t bolted at the sight of Mr. Von Hollen collapsing to the floor, gasping for breath. Most of them were convinced he had just suffered a heart attack, none realizing that even though he had never been so scared in his life, he wouldn’t have minded another go ‘round!

When Jenny had finished smothering the remainder of her class, she did just that! Only this time, since her class was all on it’s collective knees, she tried a different ploy. Standing with her back to each man in turn, she reached back and pressed their faces deep into the crack of her delectable ass, rubbing her bulbous cheeks over their faces with a nice slow grind of her hips. She didn’t stop until each man was at the point of passing out before moving on to the next.

When she had finished and everyone but she was collapsed on the floor exhausted by equal infusions of bliss and terror, Jenny called out, “Class dismissed!” and strode towards the door to the women’s locker room.

Ashley observed all this from the comfort of an office with a window overlooking the floor of the gymnasium.

“Holy Shit! I never thought I’d see this day! Jenny has finally gone nuts!” she exclaimed to herself. “No telling what she’s gonna do to those poor Boy Scouts!”

Ashley underestimated Jenny’s newfound sense of power since, by the time she got to the locker room, she felt as if her legs were going to give out from under her. She would be so relieved to get into her clothes and out of this madhouse!

Jenny couldn’t understand why the lights were out when she entered the locker room. The light in the shower gave her enough to find the locker containing her clothes and she was surprised when she found that the lock had been picked and was justifiably upset when she found that all her clothes had been stolen!

That could only mean one thing! “Miss Jenny?” BOY SCOUTS!!!!!!

“AGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!” Jenny screamed!

She tried to run for the door but Brendan and Michael were hiding under the seat in front of the locker and they were able to grab her ankles and hold her there for the other boys to come out from their hiding place in the shower. They were immediately all over her, not rough, not violent, but in that clumsy, pawing way that boys have that is so exciting to them and so annoying to the girls.

Hands were all over her body! She was touched and probed in places even her husband hadn’t found yet! Oddly, her skin felt alive under their caresses and she sensed herself, although humiliated and ashamed, becoming aroused at their touch. She was about a second away from surrendering to their hands when the door burst open and the lights came on.

“Just what is going on in here?!?!” a loud, commanding voice yelled.

It was the parents of each and every Scout present and none of those parents were happy!

“Boys, all of you are to be out of this building and in the cars outside in five seconds starting NOW!!!!!!!!!”

Considering they had to detach themselves from their respective iron grips on various parts of Jenny’s delectable body, that was no mean task.

Jeff had his hands full of both cheeks of Jenny’s ass. He couldn’t help himself, and as he pulled away he reached out and gave her left cheek a pinch and her right cheek a firm slap. The sound echoed through the locker room.

“Jeff! Consider yourself grounded for a year!” his mother yelled.

Jeff had to admit to himself that it was worth it, although hearing about all the other Boy Scout exploits over the next year secondhand was pure torture!

For his part, Davey had again latched onto Jenny’s left breast. He had been so taken with it during the Jamboree that he was sure his teeth marks were still on it. So, when his mother burst through the door, the sight of her son, mouth firmly suckling on Jenny’s left nipple, confronted her.

“Davey, mere words cannot describe what I have in store for you!”

Although his mother was angry, Davey spent many a night afterwards relating the story to his eager father who had newfound respect for his son after hearing the story the first time. From that day forward, Davey and his Father were more like buddies than Father and Son.

When all the boys had been extricated from their positions around Jenny, and she was left alone in the locker room, she thought she was going to faint dead away right then and there. Never again would she be able to show her face in town! Any woman who had not had a son in that room ravishing her delicious body would soon hear about it, and she knew she’d be getting more stares than if she were to walk downtown naked every day! She was sure life would be pure hell from now on!

She was able to find a small bath towel to cover herself with, although it was so small and flimsy that she was left with the choice of exposing her breasts or her luscious ass and pussy whenever she moved.

She finally decided to leave her boobs exposed even though it meant giving anyone who saw her while she walked home a good look at them. John had put a spare set of keys under the left wheel well of her car, so she thought if she could just get across the parking lot to her car, she may be able to get home safely. Once in the car, she could cover her boobs with the towel and leave her lower half-unclothed and nobody she saw while driving would be any the wiser. Maybe she could salvage the trip home, anyway.

It was not to be. Ashley was waiting in the gymnasium as soon as Jenny stepped out of the locker room. She had made a point of turning out the lights in the gym just as she had set up the lighting in the locker room, so when Jenny stepped out, she couldn’t see Ashley in waiting behind her.

“Oh, Jenn-eee!” Ashley called out.

Just as Jenny turned to give Ashley a piece of her mind (Who else would have done this?), Ashley hoisted the massive shaving cream pie she held and slammed it right into Jenny’s surprised face! Jenny was immediately engulfed in a thick layer of foamy cream, completely obliterating her features. Before Jenny could react, Ashley had moved behind her, securing her hands with a pair of handcuffs she had brought along.

Two more shaving cream pies, one on each side of Jenny’s head, and a third on the top of her head made Jenny look like a voluptuous statue with a fluffy, creamy head. Her hands bound, and her eyes, ears, mouth, and nose covered, Jenny wad completely helpless.

Ashley didn’t want Jenny to suffer too much, so she graciously opened Jenny’s nostrils so she could breathe. Other than that, she showed her no mercy as she now steered her captive down the hallway towards the bedroom area.

Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. O’Dell were best of friends. They greeted each other jovially every day when they awoke in their shared bedroom, introducing themselves to each other each and every day. Both were afflicted with senile dementia, but both were in perfect health, and were well taken care of by the Morningwood staff. Ashley threw open the door to their room, and shoved the helpless and quite naked Jenny inside, slamming the door before she made her escape out the side exit.

Mr. MacKenzie took one look at Jenny and immediately clambered under his bed, convinced that an alien monster with quite a nice body but the head of a cloud had come to take him away in her space vehicle, there to experiment on him in many barbaric and not quite nice ways.

Mr. O’Dell, on the other hand, thought the Venus De Milo had come to life and had come to visit him! He couldn’t quite understand why she had her head hidden by that fluffy stuff, but he figured it didn’t matter, as all the best parts were very visible! He waded in and when the Head Nurse finally got the door to their room opened, Ashley having thoughtfully locked it on her way out, she found Mr. MacKenzie cowering under his bed. Mr. O’Dell, in all his toothless, insane glory, was happily suckling on Jenny’s breasts while Jenny helplessly stood, her arms bound and her head still engulfed in what had to be three entire cans of shaving cream.

The nurse couldn’t help but laugh a little as Mr. O’Dell, with the beatific smile on his face, looked for all the world like a toothless, wrinkled, rather large baby suckling on his Mother. This was one the other nurses would never believe!

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**Ashley’s Wedding**

by ?

‘Heavenly Heights!’ thought Jenny, as she walked along the corridor towards Lana’s room ‘How on Earth had Ashley been able to get Heavenly Heights for her wedding?’

It had been a strange two weeks; firstly Ashley had suddenly announced that she and her long term boyfriend were finally going to get married, before which Ashley had never even mentioned the idea of getting married. Secondly, the date for the wedding was in only two weeks – Jenny thought this odd and maybe Ashley was in the club.

Thirdly, out of nowhere, they’d been able to reserve ‘Heavenly Heights’, one of the most prestigious hotel complexes in America, for not only the reception, but the ceremony as well. Jenny knew that the hotel was usually booked up for at least eighteen months in advance; she heard stories of film stars and foreign dignitaries being turned away; in short ‘Heavenly Heights’ was more exclusive and harder to get into than the White House.

Then, one day, Ashley had turned up at Jenny’s house, while Lana had been visiting, and asked if they would both agree to be her bridesmaids. Jenny had expected that Ashley would ask her, but had never even thought that Lana would be asked, because she was Jenny’s friend and had never really met Ashley much. However, Lana jumped at the chance. Ashley then told them that they were booked in for a fitting session for their dresses the following day and not to worry as everything was being paid for.

The next day, Jenny and Lana met Ashley at the wedding outfitters. Once they had announced themselves, they were ushered into a luxurious fitting room at the back. Three entire walls of the room were covered in mirrors, and the fourth was almost hidden from view by unbelievably lifelike mannequins that were dressed in an assortment of the wares that the outfitters offered.

It was at this point that Ashley had told them that they would all be wearing specially made to measure dresses, by a top designer. The designs had already been finalised and were being made as she spoke. All that was needed was certain measurements to allow the perfect fit. Three young women entered the room, and from their uniforms Jenny knew that they must be the fitters.

“Good morning ladies” said one of the fitters “If you could all just strip down to your panties and face that wall, we will be able to have this done in no time at all.”

Jenny flinched; she always did at the thought of taking her clothes off, or more usually having them removed in front of people – and that was another odd thing, she suddenly realised, normally both she and Lana were very unfortunate when it came to losing their clothes, like the time at the shopping mall and then again on the Orient Express, but since Ashley had first mention the wedding the mishaps had stopped, much to the relief of Jenny and Lana.

Jenny looked at the other two. Ashley without hesitation pulled her sweater over her head and placed it on a chair, then she unclipped her white cotton bra and letting her ample breasts bounce slightly as she placed it on top of her sweater. Ashley unzipped her denim skirt and let it fall to the ground, she stepped out of it and bent over to pick it up, in so doing she paraded her firm butt to the room.

Lana had followed Ashley’s lead and unbuttoned her jeans, slid them to her ankles and then stepped out of them. After placing her jeans on a chair, Lana unfastened the front of her cream blouse and took it off, revealing her 38CC breasts being contained only by a lacy white bra and a lot of luck. Lana undid the clasp of the bra and placed it with the rest of her clothes.

Jenny nervously undid the buttons of her summer dress and slipped it off. At this point she thought that she heard someone gasp and mutter something, but as she glanced around the room there was only the three attendants, Ashley, Lana and herself.

She faced the mirror once more and unfastened the clasp at the front of her pastel yellow bra. Pulling the cups from her impressive breasts, the 38DD orbs jiggled for a moment as she pulled the bra from her body.

Again she thought she heard a gasp, but not wanting to be silly she put it down to her general reluctance at being seen naked. Then she joined Lana and Ashley in front of the giant mirrors as the attendants went about their work, taking all the measurements for the dresses.

Apart from Jenny’s discomfort at undressing, the fitting session had gone smoothly and without incident.

Lana opened the door to her room “oh thank god it’s you, can you help me with these last few fasteners please” she said as Jenny entered.

Lana was stood in the middle of her room in her bridesmaids dress. As with Jenny’s dress, Ashley had opted for an old-fashioned style dress, but with a modern slant. Both Lana’s and Jenny’s outfits had Victorian style rigid bases, which flared out at least two foot in each direction. By contrast, the upper part of the dresses were very figure hugging and tremendously low cut. At first, both bridesmaids had been hesitant as they would not be able to wear a bra underneath, not even a strapless one.

Ashley had calmed them down by telling them that Gustav, the designer, had allowed for this and built support into the dresses, so they had nothing to worry about. In fact both women had been amazed how well supportive and protective the dresses were. After their final fitting they had realised that there was no way that the usual mishaps could happen to such a well make garment.

Along with the dresses, which were a lovely deep maroon colour, Ashley had provided colour-coordinated shoes, thong panties, stockings and suspender belts. And, as Jenny helped her friend to secure the last few clasps of her dress, they both looked and felt like princesses. All hey had to do now was collect the bride and take the elevator up to the roof garden for the ceremony.

“Come in!” called Ashley. Jenny and Lana entered the room to see Ashley already dressed in her bridal gown, which was of the same style as the bridesmaids’ dresses, but in white and had a veil attached to the floral hair band.

“Are you ready Ashley?” asked Jenny

“As ready as I ever will be” she answered, “How about you two, are you looking forward to today?”

“Of course we are” they both replied.

“Well, Come on then let’s get on with it” said Ashley, with a sly smirk on her face.

The three women walked slowly towards the elevator, this was because their dresses, although beautiful, were rather cumbersome and did not allow for rapid or unusual movements. This was not to much of a problem, Jenny had thought, they only needed to walk to the end of the corridor and then take the elevator up to the roof gardens, where the ceremony was due to take place. Nothing could possibly go wrong with that.

They finally reached the elevators, the first of which was temporarily out of service for routine maintenance, as the sign that hung across the doors and the barrier in front of made perfectly clear. Lana, therefore, called for the second elevator and within seconds all three of them were inside. Much to Jenny’s relief no-one’s clothes had inconveniently got trapped in the doors as they slid to.

No sooner had the doors shut, than Ashley’s husband to be appeared from around the corner in the corridor and quickly moved the sign and the barrier back to their proper location across the doors through which the three women had just passed. With a mischievous grin he then jumped into the working elevator and made the journey to the roof. ‘Boy this was going to be worth it’ he thought ‘All this planning is really going to pay off and give Ashley the wedding that she’ll never forget that she’s always wanted’

Jenny pressed the button for the roof gardens.

‘How lucky Ashley is, it’s a beautiful day and to be getting married with the whole cityscape as a backdrop. And then to be whisked away by helicopter!’.

The lights on the indicator panel began to move, fourth floor, fifth floor, sixth…

As the indicator was just leaving the twelfth floor, there was a sudden jerk and the elevator lurched to one side. This sent the three friends barrelling into each other. Then the lights went out. There was no movement, the elevator had stopped.

“What’s happened?” asked Jenny

“I don’t know” replied Ashley “But I’m going to kill whoever’s responsible if I’m late for my own wedding!”

“Don’t worry, we’ll just phone for help. We’ll be out of here in no time” said Lana, feeling her way in the dark to the access panel that contained the emergency phone. A small light came on as Lana opened the panel door, giving the women at least some light.

“Hello,” said Lana into the phone “yes we’re trapped in one of the elevator cars between the twelfth and thirteenth floors, is there anything that… …what do you mean? No it was the other one that had the maintenance signs on”

Jenny and Ashley glanced at each other worry was written across both their faces, for they had both been in far too many situations like this before, and they both knew the usual out come.

“Climb! We can’t climb anywhere!” exclaimed Lana, becoming more and more worried herself “we’re in wedding dresses, we can’t fit through the escape hatches! What! …Yeah in your dreams!” Lana slammed the handset down and turned to Jenny and Ashley.

“They say that someone switched the signs on the elevators and that part of the tracks on this one are being replaced, so they can’t move the carriage. If we want to get out we’re going to have to climb” Lana explained, nearly in tears.

“I am not missing my wedding!” Ashley repeated

“But” continued Lana “the escape hatches aren’t large enough to get through with these dresses on Ashley, we’d have to leave them here if we climb!”

“I don’t care” screamed Ashley, becoming more upset by the second. “I am not, under any circumstances missing my wedding!”

Jenny felt really sorry for her, and also shared Ashley’s sinking feeling at the thought of how they would have to escape.

“There’s more,” said Lana, not really wanting to upset Ashley further, but feeling she needed to say this. “There are only two exit points from the shaft. One in reception and one on the roof, either way some one is going to see us!”

“We’ll go for reception!” blurted Jenny.

“What?, Why?” asked Lana.

“I’m not missing my wedding!” sobbed Ashley.

“Well if we go up” Explained Jenny “we’ve got forty floor to climb and we’ll arrive at the wedding in nothing but our panties. But if we go down, we’ve only twelve floors to climb, and then three floors to run up and we can put our other clothes on. I know you won’t be able to wear your dream dress Ashley, but at least you will get to wear something!”

Both Lana and Ashley were quite amazed at Jenny’s reasoning, usually when she lost her clothes Jenny just screamed and ran away from where she had been stripped, and usually towards a large group of men. But Jenny had started to alter her view somewhat, after being stripped in public so often the idea of damage limitation had finally introduced itself to Jenny’s mind. Rather than just running with one hand over your bush and the other trying to keep your tits under control, so that people didn’t see too much; Jenny had reasoned that a couple of seconds worth of men ogling at your breasts was well worth it if it meant you could work out the shortest way to some clothing and therefore reduce the period of embarrassment.

Lana and Ashley agreed that Jenny’s suggestion was the best plan of action, and the three women crowded around the escape panel in the floor of the elevator. Between them they managed to remove the hatch and place it on the floor. Then they glanced into the shaft, it was quite well lit, but then anything would be after the elevator car that they were presently in. The access ladder was in easy reach and looked sturdy. The only problem was that one of the elevator tracks had fallen away from the shaft wall when the carriage had passed over it, and was blocking the centre of the escape hole.

“Damn!” said Jenny “we’ll never be able to squeeze past that track” no sooner than she had finished speaking, the carriage lurched again and falling several feet in the process.

This resulted in the piece of track being thrust up through the bottom of the elevator carriage. All three women dived out of the way, but unfortunately the track not only passed through the elevator floor but also managed to spear each of the dresses, pinning the large bottom halves of the dresses to the ceiling. Suddenly the elevator lights came back on, and unbeknown to any of the women several surveillance cameras began to record the proceedings.

Jenny struggled to move; all she could see was the front of her bridesmaid dress pushed up in front of her face. As she tried to turn to see the others, the fabric tightened and a now familiar sound filled the elevator.

RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!!

The dress gave way and Jenny fell forwards, now only in her panties, stockings and suspenders. She hit the floor and her left breast pressed up against one of the hidden cameras. Jenny Looked over to Ashley, who had been lifted clean off the floor and was dangling form the track, sobbing to herself. Lana had turned when her dress had been caught, her firm cheeks peeping out at either side of her thong.

Jenny jumped up and began to help Lana. She first uncoupled the fasteners on the back of Lana’s dress, so that her friend could slide the outfit over her head. Lana did this, but unbeknown to Jenny some of the fasteners latched on to Lana’s panties, and as she squirmed her way out of her dress there was another loud RRRIIIIPPPPP!! And her panties were left hanging from Lana’s outfit.

As Lana turned, the hidden cameras zoomed in on her neatly trimmed bush, which she was not trying to hide, being unaware of anyone watching. The two women then went to help Ashley. Lana held her up so that Jenny could unhook the back of her bridal gown. Once this was done they helped Ashley, still crying, slither out of the ruined dress.

Ashley, Jenny and Lana stood in the centre of the elevator, staring at the huge metal track that barred their escape down to reception and clothing. The cameras filmed every move of their breasts, butts and Lana’s bush.

“It looks like we don’t have much choice left” said Lana “ we’ll have to go up”

“We can’t” remarked Jenny “that’ll take us out into the wedding like this!”

The elevator shuddered again. Ashley just sobbed.

“We’ll have to do something, I don’t think this elevator is going to last much longer!” said Lana “Help me up to the other hatch, Jenny”.

Jenny did this by letting Lana sit on her shoulders. Lana unfastened the hatch and pushed it out of the way.

“Right I’m going to try and get up there, then I’ll haul you up Jen’ and then we can both lift Ashley up”

Lana pulled herself up through the hole, as she found her leverage points, her firm butt and trimmed bush hung in mid air, still being recorded by the hidden cameras.

Finally she disappeared from site and a moment later her head, arms and breast reappeared to help haul Jenny on to the roof of the elevator. Jenny reached up and took hold of Lana’s hands; Ashley cupped her hands to give Jenny a step up. In minutes Jenny’s feet were vanishing through the hole, but as they did her shoe caught the side trim knocking it out a bit.

Jenny then helped Lana to get Ashley out of the carriage. Lana dangled from the waist down to reach Ashley, while Jenny lay on the roof of the carriage holding Lana’s legs, the idea being that Jenny was to pull Lana up once Ashley was on the roof. Ashley caught hold of Lana’s arms and began to climb up her. Ashley’s head appeared through the hole, followed by her torso, but just at that point her panties caught on the dislodged trim.

“I’m stuck!” she said.

Jenny quickly hauled Lana back up, both of them now had thick black duct from the roof of the carriage all over their Breasts, legs and stomachs. But ignoring this for a moment the grabbed Ashley’s arms and pulled her on to the roof.

RRRIIIPPPPPP!!

Jenny stumbled backwards and came to rest sitting on the winding gear of the elevator Lana and Ashley stared down the hole to see Ashley’s thong panties floating back down to the floor of the elevator.

“What’s happened?” asked Jenny as she stood up.

RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!!!

Jenny completed the manoeuvre, but her panties had remained on the winding gear, where they had snagged on to the cable. All three of them stood by the hatch, wearing only their stockings and suspenders, and Ashley with her wedding veil as well. The cameras below captured the moment for prosperity.

“How many floors did you say it was?” asked Lana

“What before we can get out, or before we get humiliated?” asked Jenny

“Forty, which ever way” answered Ashley “But I’m still not going to miss my wedding”

Ashley’s husband-to-be, was sitting in his seat, on the front row of the congregation. He was of course responsible for his intended’s current misfortunes. He was a good friend with the manager of Heavenly Heights, which is how he’d be able to arrange everything. He was also owed a few favours from the company that maintained the elevators in the hotel, and being a stunt co-ordinator himself, safety was not an issue.

And then, there was Jenny’s husband, who enjoyed seeing his wife stripped whenever and wherever possible, asking him to be his best man was a stroke of genius and it also meant that he could get hold of as much video equipment as he wanted. The entire ceremony would be captured on film, as well as footage of the fitting sessions at the bridal outfitters from behind the two way mirrors, the goings on in the elevator and the shaft, which was also full of cameras.

Ashley really would never forget her wedding, he’d made sure of that.

“We’ re here, at last” said Jenny, as Lana and Ashley climb on to the narrow platform behind the maintenance door.

“Yeah but now what?” asked Lana “we can’t possibly go out there like this!”

Ashley opened the door and crept over to the bouquet table, Jenny and Lana followed.

Suddenly, one of Ashley’s mean streaks came on, she may not have planned this humiliation, but she was damned if she was going to let it pass – even if it did mean that she’d have to get married virtually naked.

“There is one thing for sure” she said “I am going to get married today, and you two are my bridesmaids, so get out there and do want your meant to be doing” with that she lowered her veil, and passed the two dumbfounded and uncovered bridesmaids their floral posies.

Then she yanked them to their feet and grabbing her own bouquet marched them towards the awaiting guests.

Lana and Jenny squirmed under the avid gaze of every man in the congregation as they walked towards the altar. The eight massive video screens didn’t help either, as they displayed shots of all three women as the walked  Some were close ups of their breasts; some of their butts and the others focused in on their trimmed bushes, which were trying to be hidden with the bridesmaids posies.

When Ashley arrived at the altar, she grinned at her fiancé and turned to the priest.

“Father is it possible to have the full ceremony with mass, instead of the abridged version?”

Jenny and Lana’s hearts began to sink.