**Jenny 2003**

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**Monkeyshines**

by leisurely59

Jenny waited in the short queue trying to assume an air of bored nonchalance. She was unsuccessful as always but no one watching her was interested in her mental state anyway. When she paid for her ticket the attendant was so focused on her proud breasts that he was barely aware of the transaction at all. The pink halter she wore covered her chest completely except for the hint of a ripe curve at her sides and the outlines of her spectacular nipples. Jenny thought of it as being quite modest and liked the way it showed off what she considered one of her best features, a well-toned back. Being Jenny, the thought that the vulnerable knots at nape of her neck and middle of her back drove males of all ages mad to pluck never occurred to her.

The bulky purse hanging from her shoulder bumped heavily against her hip as she pushed through the turnstile. An errant breeze opened the gap of her wrap around skirt and revealed much more of her shapely thigh than Jenny had intended. She quickly clutched the skirt closed but dropped the contraband filled purse to the ground with a solid thump. Guiltily, Jenny glanced behind as she bent to collect her bag. The suddenly attentive guard was admiring the lush curves of her bum but she was sure he suspected her errand. Blushing hotly at the attention, Jenny grabbed up her things and scurried off with a rapid-fire rattle from her high heels.

Jenny’s top struggled to contain the rapidly heaving breasts as she took deep breaths and tried to calm herself. Her pulse gradually returned to normal as she walked toward her target. It was a brilliant autumn day in the middle of the week. Children were in school and adults mostly at work. The zoo seemed almost deserted. Jenny approached the primate enclosures with a rising sense of optimism. All the sounds of human activity were agreeably distant. Scanning the area Jenny confirmed she was alone.

“This is going to work”, she thought mistakenly.

Jenny loved to watch the orangutans. The interactions within their group fascinated her but one thing had always offended her sense of fair play. When the apes got special treats from the staff the biggest and oldest always got the lions share. Eventually, softhearted Jenny had hatched a plan to give the smaller animals a bigger share. Glancing nervously around, she worked the zipper of her bag and reached inside for a handful of veterinary approved monkey treats. The simple plan was to toss them quickly and widely enough that everyone would get an equal amount.

At first the plan seemed to be working. The goodies scattered across the ground drew the apes to the front of the enclosure with Big Herb the dominant male directly in front of her. The eager jostling reminded Jenny of some of the Scout events she had inadvertently attended. She suppressed a shiver brought on by those memories and continued her work. The only flaw was the number of treats that were hitting the thick bars and dropping outside the cage. Hairy orange arms reached through the gaps and gathered what they could but even the ape’s long arms couldn’t reach the majority. Rows of brown eyes looked up at Jenny pleadingly. With the best of intentions Jenny took the first step of the “Jenny Sequence”, that series of decisions that took an embarrassing situation and made it mortifying.

Lithe and athletic, Jenny had no problem clambering on to the fence even while wearing skirt and heels. The slick leather soles didn’t furnish much traction on the rounded metal crossbars but as long as she was careful that shouldn’t be a problem. Cautiously, she spread her legs to shoulder width and leaned far forward. A swirling autumn breeze pressed the flimsy skirt tightly to her luscious bottom and teasingly flipped the hem. Absent-mindedly she smoothed it back in place. The sun warmed top rail pressed against her legs and prevented her toppling forward. With her hand just inches from the cage this was as close as Jenny had ever been to her favorites. From this distance they looked less like cuddly toys and their wild nature was much more evident. Their eyes were bright with intelligence as they watched Jenny work. She was practically dropping the crackers in their eager hands and the apes were noisy with appreciation.

Big Herb had been watching the handfuls of snacks swing right and left past his position with interest. When Jenny paused to let the crowd quiet down his shaggy orange arm shot out and his powerful callused hand closed around her wrist. Jenny gave a surprised “eep” as she was drawn inexorably forward and her free arm windmilled wildly. The strap of her purse slid from her shoulder to her wrist just as she managed to grab a handhold. Herb had stopped pulling and was carefully selecting his first treat from the captured horde. Jenny assessed her situation while Herb nibbled the treats delicately from her hand one at a time. Until he released her she wasn’t going anywhere. She could scream for help, of course, but explaining her compromising would be difficult. Once Big Herb finished the yummies surely he would lose interest and release her arm so Jenny decided to stand pat for the moment.

The others had watched with lively curiosity. A pair of medium sized juveniles ambled over to investigate the purse that was dangling just outside the bars. Jenny hissed an ineffective “shoo” at the two as they grab the bag and dragged it through the opening. In desperation Jenny let go of her handhold and tried to jerk the bag away from the apes. The youngsters thought a game of tug-of-war was a fine idea and tumbled and shrieked playfully as they easily thwarted Jenny’s every attempt to retrieve her keys, money and ID. Unfortunately for Jenny, the only results of her efforts were negative. The first consequence was the purse strap had become tightly twisted around her wrist so that now both of her arms were trapped until the apes released her. In addition, her feet had slipped forward on the fence and the cross bar had become jammed between the ultra high heels and the front half of her shoes. Jenny couldn’t have been more completely restrained if she were in a medieval pillory.

While the primates were capturing Jenny’s attention in front the afternoon breeze had grown in strength. The filmy material of the skirt had been lifted higher and higher on her firm thighs with each passing moment. Finally, an extra mischievous puff rolled the light cloth up and over her upturned bottom and left her sheer white panties glowing in the afternoon sun. Jenny gave a yelp of chagrin when she realized her ass was on public display. Unable to think of a more effective solution, Jenny began shifting her weight back and forth and shaking her hips to try to scoot her skirt back into position. As usual for her the attempt to retrieve her modesty just made the situation worse but the security camera tape of her sensuous wriggling would be a tremendous hit at the next zoo staff Christmas party.

Unknown to Jenny the dangling end of her skirt tie was caught between her leg and the fence. Each sway of her hips gave the trapped end a gentle tug and gradually loosened the knot holding her waistband closed. Jenny was unaware of her peril until the knot opened with a gentle “pop” and the clothing fell away with a silky whisper. The errant breeze lifted it across the gap where the ever-alert orangutans gathered it in. A large group chased gleefully around the enclosure until it was utterly destroyed. The two apes gripping her purse had discovered the bag had an inside and were busy pulling each item out for a thorough examination. Big Herb had finished the treats from Jenny’s hand but was maintaining his grip on her wrist as he watched the others frolic with the rapidly disintegrating skirt.

Jenny whispered, “Let go, Herb. Let go. Please, let go. Treats all gone. You can let go, now!” repeatedly.

He ignored her pleading with the studied deafness of a naughty three-year-old. Then without warning Big Herb reached out and snatched the flimsy neatly from Jenny’s body. Pleased by his new toy Big Herb broke into a simian grin and released her arm. Happily, he draped the ruined top over his head for an impromptu hat. His victim was shocked speechless as her full breasts were suddenly exposed. Irrelevantly, her first thought was the pink clashed horribly with his orange fur but she reflexively covered her breasts as best she could with her free hand. Hopefully, she looked over to see if the purse-snatchers might be ready to let her other hand go.

“Ow”, cried Jenny as a sharp poke with a cane tip made her ass cheeks jiggle delightfully and a querulous voice demanded, “Young lady, what are you doing to those animals?”

Jenny blushed a brilliant red from her hairline to the top of her chest. She twisted her neck and tried to peer through the hedge of her fallen hair. A gnomish old man in shabby tweeds stood behind her and continued his questioning; “Don’t you know feeding the apes is not permitted?”

Each word was accompanied by a painful jab at her increasingly tender bottom. He seemed oblivious to her near nakedness, which made him very old, indeed. Desperate to escape his assault Jenny blurted out; “I’m stuck and can’t get down.”

Her tormentor paused and with a sudden change of heart said; “There, there, my dear. Don’t worry. We’ll have you loose in a jiffy.”

Reversing his cane he hooked the waistband of her knickers and began pulling mightily. The orangutans holding her purse gripped their prize more tightly gibbered excitedly. The fragile stitching of the dainty panties failed almost instantly under the strain. The scrap of material vanished from Jenny’s body as if it had evaporated.

The unexpected loss of resistance tumbled the surprised octogenarian but the change of tension allowed Jenny’s captive wrist to slip free. Naked except for her heels, Jenny fell backwards and landed on top of her would be rescuer. With profuse, albeit incoherent, apologies Jenny sprang to her feet. The tweedy gentleman goggled up at the magnificent breasts looming over him as if seeing her nudity for the first time.

Giving it up as a bad job, Jenny abandoned her property and her explanations and sprinted for the hoped for safety of her vehicle. Whistles, catcalls, and shouts of surprise tracked her bouncy progress through the zoo.

Later the local evening news included an interview with an eyewitness during their report on the nude protest of an unknown animal rights activist. With his eyes still slightly bulging, the elderly man waved the remains of Jenny’s knickers in the air and vowed to turn them over to the police for DNA analysis. Decrying the current lawlessness, he volunteered several times to oversee her community service when she was captured.

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**Jenny and Lana Vs. Oliver Rushnel Get Yer Own Back!!**

by Outlaw

“Boys and Girls! Welcome to get your own back!! The Funkiest game show around!”

The cheerful dark skinned presenter roared.

“Let’s meet today’s contestants…”

As the presenter started yelling out names Jenny started to feel the butterflies in her stomach grow, how had she got into this? She simply prayed nothing would go wrong now…

Two weeks prior…

Jenny was chatting quietly to Lana out in the front garden of Lana’s English Spring house. Both ladies had decided it would be nice to take a quiet couple of weeks away from the hustle and bustle of city life. Now that talked quietly and watched the children play cricket in the field just across the road.

Jenny wore a light summer dress, the skirt of which fell just below her knee and billowed happily in the gentle wind. For those of you who don’t know, Jenny had a gorgeous figure, kept in tiptop shape by a lot of running for cover. Her long legs disappeared beneath the breezy material of the skirt.

At her waist the dress became body hugging and snapped to her form like magnet to metal, the waist curved lusciously in then out again to the most admired pair in the world. Jenny had 38dd breasts and they were flawless, as most North American men were aware. The dress hugged close to her firm and pert boobs then halted, showing more cleavage than usual, but the dress continued in the form of two sturdy looking straps.

Her slender and soft neck drew perfect lines to her, sharply defined features and her big innocent blue eyes and long flowing blonde hair. Her soft red lips parted as she took another pull on the straw in her drink.

Beside her was the only vision as lovely as Jenny. Lana.

She was slightly taller than Jenny. But nonetheless, just as full. Lana wore a sexy skirt that billowed from her hips in a seductive and taunting manner. Her luxurious long legs were barely perceptible beneath the translucent material. Above the skirt barely containing the revered 38d breasts was a crop top with short sleeves.

Lana had paler skin than Jenny making her look possibly more innocent, her sexy neck led to a perfect face, green eyes following the game before her. Lana had medium bobbed black hair, which made her sand out just as much as Jenny golden locks.

Both women were a sublime vision of the greatest wet dream fantasies, and right now most of the male (and some female) crowd members were focused on the women dreaming those fantasies.

Suddenly the cricket ball made a rude appearance into Jenny and Lana’s conversation, mashing Lana’s rose garden as it did. It didn’t take long for the scout of boys to come up to the garden, adults in tow, and ask for the ball back. All eyes had one fixed position to stare.

“Miss can we get the ball back?” Said a decidedly American and female voice.

It belonged to Kirsty Bayner a tough talking, will try it for laughs type girl. S

he and her friends in the scout group had come over to England for the annual Adventure and Boy Scouts pudding war. Kirsty leaned on one hip as she sneered at the two perfect forms before her.

 “No!” Jenny said abruptly, “You destroyed our rose bed. We’re are going to keep the ball.”

This was uncharacteristic of Jenny’s normally timid behaviour. Kirsty stared at the buxom blonde with ice-cold eyes. But before she could answer Snotty Oliver Rushnel interrupted.

“Aww come on, it’s not that bad. We’re sorry. Please.”

“Ok, but don’t let it happen again.” Said Jenny, now sweet as ever.

The crowd left the two women with lingering glances and went back to the game.

Lana turned to Jenny. “You were a little hard on them weren’t you?”

Jenny blushed. “Well, kids should apologise for making mistakes.”

Out on the field Oliver grimaced. “That bitch making us apologise.”

“Yeah, don’t worry I got an idea. What’s that program you guys like to watch?” Said the ever-confident Kirsty.

“Get your own back.” Oliver replied as the plan dawned on him. He nodded and made an evil face.

It wasn’t long before the ball landed near Jenny and Lana again, just outside Lana’s gate. The crowd once again came running and started yelling for them to throw the ball back. Jenny and Lana smiled and stepped out of the garden to pick up the ball.

“Hey Lady, you the blonde! You up for a challenge?” Oliver yelled to Jenny.

Jenny hesitated. “Um, sure.”

“If you can land the near me, we’ll buy you an new rose bush. If you can’t you have to come on TV with us!”

Jenny thought it over and decided it didn’t sound to bad a deal.

“Ok.” She yelled back and got ready to throw.

The entire crowd watched, as Jenny sighted her target. A car came whipping down the road at that very moment, and stormed past Jenny, it kicked up a mighty wind launching the skirt of the summer dress up Jenny’s thighs to her soft, flat stomach. Bright yellow cotton panties revealed to the now roaring with pleasure crowd Jenny simply dropped the ball.

Lana rushed to Jenny’s aid and snatched the skirt in her hands and yanked it down. Unfortunately in her haste missed the skirt and knocked Jenny off her feet.

Jenny fell onto her bum, her skirt over her head and Lana fell face first between Jenny’s spread legs, her own skirt riding up over her bum revealing a sexy pink lace pair of panties.

Both women were frozen in this sexy display for a heart beat. Then regained composure and ran for the house.

Three days later Oliver and his scout group appeared on Lana’s doorstep to inform Jenny she would be his opponent on a TV game show called Get your own back.

Present day…

Jenny had managed to see an episode of get your own back, which is possibly why she was so nervous. It was a basic twelve to fifteen year olds show, were kids in that age group challenged adults that had done them amusing wrongs would compete against them.

The winning kids got some prizes and the satisfaction of beating the adult. A series of three random games were what Jenny would have to go through, and win, in order to avoid being beaten by a dumb kid on TV.

Suddenly the smiley presenter yelled Jenny’s name and she walked cautiously out onto the stage.

Jenny did have a wild card however, Lana sat in the crowd, and Jenny spied her out as soon as she could. Lana would do what she could to rig or interfere in the games so Jenny was assured victory. Lana waved at Jenny, causing her voluptuous mounds to bounce and bob.

Horny fifteen year olds surrounded her and they did not miss this private showing. Lana wore a pair of black, tight, three quarter length trousers and anklets. Covering her swaying breasts was a black tank top. Lana smiled and gave Jenny the thumbs up.

Jenny smiled weakly in return she could feel the hot lights upon her and the evil stare of the camera. As she walked out, all the boys in the audience gasped.

Jenny wore a pair of the customary boiler suits in red. And all in one uniform that would be unflattering on anyone accept one of two ladies. Jenny’s suit had been delivered to her a bit to small and it hugged her pert and smackable bum very closely. Her breasts were another story, the suit buttoned up at the front and Jenny’s unbelievable breasts were pushing against it and her bra for all they were worth. For jenny only had her sexy underwear on underneath the suit as her clothes would not fit.

She smiled at the happy presenter as she finally arrived to the biggest cheer ever.

“Well you’re certainly a popular one aren’t you? What’s your name?” The presenter beamed at her.

 “Jenny.” Jenny quietly replied.

 “Well we hear you’ve been grabbing Oliver’s balls and playing with them yourself. And even smacking his wicket around.” The presenter said, happy in his ignorance.

“Wha?!.” Jenny mumbled, but was carted off as the presenter announced the first game.

The Shark pit

The presenter was once again smiling to the nearest camera. He had a big friendly smile that was able to put people at ease, even Jenny, that why he was a children’s TV presenter, jenny supposed.

This was the first match up and Jenny was still nervous, she scanned the audience partially hidden by the bright lights. It was nearly all children; in fact with the exception of Lana, it was all children!

Jenny continued her scrutiny of the crowd, her eyes squinting under the hot lights; she finally came to rest on a huge group of kids occupying the front two rows. Boy Scouts!

Her heart thumped against her chest a rose to block her throat the entire crowd were boy scouts, not a single girl. The corner of her mouth twitched, not just Boy Scouts, she recognised some from her hometown.

One she was sure was involved in the kite incident, and at least three from the train incident. They held a banner up she read it and her heart began to beat faster in her gorgeous chest.

“GO OLLY RUSHNELL!”

It read. Jenny gulped, every time she was around boy scouts something awful and embarrassing happened, the time they had locked her in a wooden display brace and stolen her clothes only to sell them off brought a surge of blood to her face.

Jenny scanned for Lana, knowing she needed some support, but Lana wasn’t there. Jenny started to panic, her big, blue, come to me eyes darted over the crowd. Then she remembered; Lana was trying to help fix the games so Jenny wouldn’t suffer in the final round. Jenny forced her breathing to slow and her face drew its normal colour again.

“Ok boys and girls its time to get your own back!” The presenter happily yelled.

Suddenly the cameras were on Jenny and the three other contestants, Oliver, and another boy and his father. The father hadn’t missed Jenny’s sexy bosom and had been enjoying staring when she had begun to breath hard and fast. Now his attention was directed to the cameras.

The game was simple, the kids had to grabbed a sponge of their colour dunk it in a vat of water then deposit it in the tights snapped over the lower half of the suits Jenny and the Father wore. The adults had to try and block the kids from getting to the water, and then avoid having the sponges stuffed down the tights. Simple.

Jenny felt ludicrous. Standing there in her red, rather tight, boiler suit with a pair of ladies natural colour pantyhose pulled up over her lower half. She had managed to stuff her suit into them neatly so there was little gather around her waist but she still felt silly.

Without warning the presenter roared, “COMMENCE!” And the two kids were off like bullets. The father also reacted quickly but by the time Jenny had started Olly already had a sponge and was half way to wetting it. She threw her hands up like she was blocking a basketball player, she wasn’t allowed to grab the kid just get in the way, so Jenny stretched her arms out.

The only effect this had was to put strain on the poppers holding her suit closed across her magnificent and hefty breasts. Olly stumbled momentarily when he saw the two massive mounds of joy thrust towards him, but shook his head and continued.

Lana cursed again, she was not happy with her current predicament, she had managed to slip away from the audience and make it up high into the rafters. She was currently crawling on all fours over a gangway over looking the studio. At the end of the walkway was a control box she had discovered; by pressing herself against a fat, sweating security guard controlled certain effects for the colourful set below. Lana arrived at the controls and popped up behind them smiling, they were all carefully labelled this would be easy.

Lana was so consumed with studying the control box that she hadn’t noticed she had been followed to the rafters. Kirsty and two other girls in the Adventure scouts group had spotted her and followed. Now Kirsty wore an evil and vindictive grin, she would get both these women back, she just wasn’t sure how. Then it struck her, a flash of inspiration. Her evil grin became an evil smile.

Jenny was not fairing well in the game, she was back away from Olly as fast as she could, but the scrawny, greasy haired, pimpled-faced little geek was tenacious. She spun around to run for it and he grabbed a handful of her suit and the pantyhose and pulled on her. He wasn’t strong but it stopped Jenny in her tracks because she was all too aware her suit poppers were straining to contain her beautiful body as it was. Olly yanked her tights back and stuffed the soaking wet sponge down them, he was sure to press the sponge and exhume some of the water on her bum. They had arranged for it to be freezing cold, that would teach her.

Jenny’s eyes bulged when the freezing cold water soaked through her panties to her bum, she even felt a trickle of the ice cold liquid run down between her firm, peachy bum cheeks. Jenny squealed when she felt her nipples harden at the sensation. She wasn’t enjoying this. So focused on the freezing trickle was she, that Jenny failed to notice the poppers securing the suit together at her famous, and so desired crotch snap open, revealing the hint of pink silk.

Up on the walkway Lana had seen Jenny’s plight and prepared to help out. She had found a lever that would activate a big foam bomb and drop it on the father, hopefully knocking him down and allowing the boy to score more points. She pulled back on the lever without waiting any longer. The bomb dropped but halted just at her side, Lana frowned at it, what was wrong?

She leaned over the rails to try and pull on the cord that pulled the bomb back up. As she did this she did not see a small hand grab the bottom of her top and snag it on the wiring around the bomb. Lana leaned back satisfied nothing was wrong and pulled the lever again. The bomb whooshed downwards; Lana smiled, it would work. Suddenly a sharp tug threaten to pull Lana off her feet, her smile vanished as she heard a familiar sound. Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii…iiiiii…iii…ii…iiiiip. She knew it was the stitching on her shirt. She twisted around to snatch at the offending tear, but the sudden movement was all that was needed. RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!

Her face went white as her beautiful, bouncing breast clad only in the black sheer with lace pattern bra bobbed into full sight. Had any man seen this view he would have heaved a huge sigh of satisfaction. The bra was straight black, but the cups were sheer with lace flowers over the nipples, Lana squealed in shock and fright.

‘Not again!’ she thought, ‘Not NOW!’

Olly hadn’t missed it, the poppers at the hot, steaming babes pussy had popped open! He was delighted, but he knew he had to be quick, time was running out. He grabbed two sponges, illegal in game but worth it. He charged past Jenny and knocked her over, an accident, but now to his advantage.

Splashing the sponges into freezing water he waited. Jenny cursed under her breath and picked herself up, Olly squeezed both sponges into one hand and yanked them from the water and charged at Jenny. He squeezed the soaking sponges on her breasts first, she yelped and her hands shot out to the side in surprise. The Oliver Rushnel pulled the tights as far open as possible and, in slow motion, pressed the sponges to Jenny’s crotch to his delight the hole was big enough and both dripping wet, freezing cold sponges were stuffed inside Jenny’s suit, but it didn’t stop there, to his surprise and everlasting delight the sponges found there way into Jenny’s silk panties and right on to the beloved love spot; Jenny’s succulent pussy.

Jenny felt the two freezing sponges hit her well-shaved pubic hair and kiss her inside as Olly squeezed. She screamed just as the buzzer sounded masking her icy shock.

As the presenter came bounding up to Jenny, her face slowly went from ‘blood chilled from face by frozen sponges being squeezed into my pussy’ to ‘utter embarrassment if anyone notices’.

“So let’s see how Olly did shall we?” And the presenter started pulling sponges from her tights counting them as he went.

“Gosh there cold! Four, five.” Then he stopped.

“Oh wait. I see another one.” And he pulled one of the sponges sticking from Jenny’s suit out, dragging it against her now soaking sex, Jenny shuddered with pleasure, then went even redder.

Completely oblivious the presenter plunged his hand into Jenny’s suit and retrieved the other, another wave of pleasure, and then even redder. The whole time this had been going on, the camera was focused elsewhere, Jenny’s soaking mounds heaving quickly; and the wet material hugging her shape perfectly, and her rock hard nipples poking through.

Oliver Rushnel grinned, that had gone very well.

The gauntlet

The second game was now prepared, and up in the rafters Lana was feeling the cool air caress her pert and wondrous breasts, this was making her nipples incredibly hard and in turn making it difficult to concentrate. Below her Jenny was now wearing a giant foam sumo diaper and being inserted between two inflatable walls, standing on a blow up floor. Much like a bouncy castle tunnel without the roof.

Lana knew she had to do something to help Jenny this time. She looked at the control panel, her only hope and noticed a key that controlled the lights. Following the path of the most powerful spotlight in the studio, she discovered it was aiming directly where Olly would run; she could use it to put him off!!

Yes. Jenny squirmed in the foam sumo diaper it was incredibly uncomfortable and she felt even more ridiculous than before. Her sexy, curvaceous butt was still clammy from the soaking, and the wet material at the chest of the suit was still hugging her breasts. She was thankful that nothing had gone wrong in that game, she hadn’t lost any clothing, but still it had been embarrassing. And Jenny wasn’t sure if that boy had done it on purpose, it certainly seemed that way. The presenter turned to the contestants and yelled, “Start!” And they were off again.

Olly came bounding towards her, he would have to push past her to get to the big foam puzzle pieces, then back past her to piece them together. Jenny licked her lips; she was ready this time, no more freezing cold water to surprise her. Olly hopped onto the tunnel and charged at Jenny. Jenny charged back.

Lana was watching the action below, maybe Jenny wouldn’t need her help after all. Jenny and the boy scout had charged at each other, Jenny looked like she would win, until at the last moment the boy scout bounced off the wall and around her. Lana knew she would have to help, she turned to the control panel and found the right switch and waited until the boy was looking the right way, and she flicked it on.

Nothing. She tried again, nothing. Lana threw her hand over the control panel, causing her breasts to wobble in an incredible seductive manner. The key was missing. Lana crouched down and began feeling around on the metal grate floor. Nothing, then between the grates she saw it hanging off a rafter. Lana leaned off the side of the walkway and stretched, she couldn’t reach. Lana realised with a gulp she would have to climb down to reach.

Lana cocked a long, well toned leg over the side and the other followed, as she swung towards the key her breasts swung with the bra, any man would have messed his pants, but she was safe no one knew she was there. Lana steadied herself and launched a hand at the key, snatching it and throwing it back onto the walkway, and then she looked down. A good thirty-foot drop. She gulped and began to panic. Lana hauled her self up so quickly she never noticed her trousers snag on the rafter.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!!

The seam of the trousers either side of her hips tore cleanly and her trousers fluttered off to snag on a distant light fitting. Lana was now hanging thirty-foot over at least a hundred perverted boy scouts and seven cameras, not to mention the all male camera crew, in her bra and panties.

A sexy sheer with lace black bra, And even sexier matching panties. They were black and were basically two sexy sheer ‘V’ panels with a tiny bit of satin tied on either hip. The lace flowers covered her sweet, tender sex, but her firm bubble butt had no lace, simply sheer and very see through.

Lana’s panic accelerated and she nearly jumped onto the walkway and immediately hugged her legs to her fantastic chest. She was not going to move. In the shadows Kirsty and her two friends were trying so hard not to laugh out loud, they had had nothing to do with that.

Jenny was starting to get worried, Lana hadn’t helped and the kid was almost finished with his puzzle. He had the last piece and only she stood in the way. She gritted her teeth and awaited the rush. Olly came at her at full speed, as they slammed together Olly put his hands in front of him. With his speed and Jenny’s bad equilibrium on the bouncy castle floor, he was able to bowl her over. But his hands found a wet target. Both two very happy hands squeezed Jenny’s voluptuous breasts; Olly could even feel two rock hard nipples. His little hard on pushed against his boiler suit, my god those breasts were perfect.

Jenny squealed beneath him, her eyes firmly shut from the hit. She hadn’t noticed his groping yet so he took the opportunity to rub his crotch against hers and it felt unbelievable. Then he jumped up and made for the far end of the tunnel, but Jenny managed to grab him and used his momentum to pull herself up. She stood with her back to him facing the audience, eyes still tightly shut. Then Olly realised she hadn’t grabbed him; his cuff was snagged on her collar. He pulled with all his energy. Pop. He began to run. Pop, pop. He freed himself and charged. Pop, pop, pop, pop.

Jenny could feel the strain on her chest, the first pop she missed, even the next two. But when the last four went she noticed, because the upper half of her suit feel limp and draped on her shoulders, she open her eyes in time to see the contorted faces of the cheering boy scouts, as her top fell down.

There was a HUGE roar as Jenny’s bra came into full-unimpeded view, right in front of camera three. It was a sexy as fuck light pink sheer nylon bra with two satin patches over her hard pointing out nipples. The straps were quite thick and had a small lace flower pattern on them.

Jenny screeched and dropped down to cover her breasts, fortunately her arms hadn’t slipped out so she hastily pulled the top back on. And blushed so hard she felt a warm flush down over her breasts and to her pussy.

“Well we weren’t expecting that were we boys and girls!!” The presenter roared.

Jenny sob silently in the darkened recessed of the studio, that had been so embarrassing, she didn’t know if she could continue. She gritted her teeth, she couldn’t let this boy beat her that would be just as humiliating.

Up in the Rafters Lana had begun to panic being nearly naked in such a compromising situation had her nerves on edge, what if someone came up here to check on something?! She was so embarrassed just at the thought of someone seeing her like this again! She blushed and made her decision…

Hand gliders

Jenny was getting worried, Olly had won both games so far and Lana hadn’t yet interfered. Jenny had to admit she was worried about Lana; her friend wouldn’t let her down unless she was in an even worse situation.

Just as Jenny was pondering this, and her recent on screen underwear modelling (blush), a giant foam bomb landed on the presenter off to the left. He yelled comically as the big fake weapon bounced off his head and the audience all laughed. Jenny was giggling at him, glad that attention was off her, when she spied the little black top laid neatly over the top of the bomb, and a fresh surge of panic washed over her, hadn’t Lana been wearing a black top?

Lana could not believe this was happening again, she was so embarrassed her entire body was glowing red despite there being no one to see her. Lana continued to hug her legs feeling very disappointed in herself, she glanced down to the stage below and got a fresh surge of vertigo.

She scanned the walkway, usually there was a harness with a safety rope to wear, and maybe it would cover her panties whilst protecting her from a fall. To her delight she saw one, she scrambled over to it wiggling her bum in such an inviting manner any man would, well you get the idea… Lana snatched up the harness and clicked it around her waist, her delight disappeared, only around the waist no cover at all. She noticed the rope was rubberised which meant that if she fell it wouldn’t snap her in half.

Relieved for having some safety, if no cover (ain’t that easy!), she went back to work. Sheepishly at first but when she reminded herself Jenny needed her and no one was around to see, she became braver and strode around sexy sheer and lace underwear on full display. She figured she would be able to grab a suit like Jenny’s and wear that to get home, plus she still had her underwear.

Jenny was becoming more and more nervous as the details on this penultimate game became apparent. She was being strapped onto the underside of a foam plane, the straps went over her legs and arms and she had to bars to hold onto. She was thankful that whilst she felt silly, she did not look as foolish as the children did. Both Olly and the boy were dressed in a big cotton wool cloud; only their arms and heads were visible over the poof of white. Olly wasn’t too happy about it but knew it couldn’t be helped. The idea was simple the kids charge at the adults and try to snatch the flags hanging off the plane. The adults could swing the plane this way and that making it harder for the kids to grab anything. Olly smiled, easy enough the father was obviously stronger than Jenny; he could win this easily.

“CHOCKS AWAY!!” Yelled the presenter and they were off again.

Up in the rafters Lana had managed to find the strings that Jenny’s plane was hooked up to, they had emergency controls to help stop the swing if it became erratic. Lana knew she could use these to help Jenny.

In the shadows behind her the girls were all still enjoying the woman’s embarrassment.

“Well,” Kirsty whispered. “If she wants to be naked then we should help her out.”

With that the three expert climbers (come on go with it!) made their way towards their prey.

Jenny was astonished at how well she was doing; so far Olly hadn’t managed to grab a single flag. Every time he got near she was able to skilfully pull the plane out of the way. Although; the plane was sometimes going in directions she didn’t choose. Of course, Lana was helping somehow. Jenny smiled sweetly and started enjoying the ride.

Olly however, was becoming frustrated, how could this woman move the plane so quickly and accurately. He kept snatching at the flags but they were just out of reach, he glared at the hot blonde as she smiled sweetly and whooshed past him, then he noticed a couple of things that weren’t out of his reach. His evil grin returned.

Lana was pleased she was doing well no hiccups so far, then she felt a tugging on her bra and she and her heart froze. Almost to scared to look down she crept a hand down her left shoulder strap then slowly over her delectable and juicy breast only to discover that the bridge of material stretched between her plentiful breasts was snagged on the wire pulley system connected to Jenny’s plane, if there were a sudden jolt whilst she was still snagged! It didn’t bare thinking about; she released the controls and began fiddling with the bra.

Below Lana’s frustrated efforts to unhook herself from the pulley, Jenny herself became worried. The plane had stopped, and Olly was charging towards her. Jenny tried to swing but it was to no avail she had no momentum and it would take a few seconds to build it up. Olly charged straight down the middle and raised his hand into the air grabbing the cleavage of the hot blonde.

Above Lana saw Olly on his attack run and knew she had to do something, swinging Jenny would hurt the sexy black bra but that little brat yanking a flag off might. Lana grabbed the controls and pulled on them just a fraction too late.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!!!

POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP!!!!!!

Lana’s bra stretched her breasts teasingly hanging on to cover then the bra straps all gave and fired the bra across the rafters. Her gorgeous 38d breasts bounced out of their coverings, pink (suckable) nipples firm as diamonds pointing to the sky. Lana screamed.

But Lana’s scream was masked but Jenny’s who was now out of control, she was swinging wildly over the audience’s heads, over the camera crew. But that was the worst part her suit had been pulled completely undone that sexy pink sheer nylon and satin bra strained to keep her bountiful, bouncing breasts in control.

But now her sexy and very tight (like tiger!) silk thong was in view. It was a simple thong a high French cut, which meant it sat high on Jenny’s lusciously curved hips, but the centre cut low down her tummy to the promised land. In the same pink as the bra, the view had the entire crowd on its feet hands stretched into the air desperate for the faintest stroke of Jenny’s skin or sexy underwear. The roar was unbelievably deafening, Jenny struggled and struggled but could not get a hand to cover her up. She watched wide-eyed as hands stretched and stroked across her body.

‘Oh my god’ Jenny thought. ‘What if someone hooks my bra? Or my THONG!!’ She began to sob and clenched her eyes closed.

Up on the cat walk Lana struggled to pull Jenny under control and cover her magnificent breasts with just one arm, she finally had to let both swing free, the cool air circulating around and playing with her free nipples. She finally pulled Jenny under control and rushed to another, darkened, walkway to cover and hide in.

As soon as Jenny stopped two burly old men came and helped Jenny down. Unfortunately they tripped and one ended up with both alluring breasts in his squeezing hands and the other with his stroking fingers on the front of her silk thong. Jenny squealed blushed and ran. She got no more than three steps before she bounced off the presenter.

“Miss, please stay. I know that was embarrassing, but we can edit it out. Besides it’s the last game and it’s a question round.”

His cheerful demeanour calmed Jenny down and she agreed, at least she had won that one.

Final Round

They had lied to her. Jenny squirmed in the chair she could not believe her bad luck. Her breathing had quickened and her heart was pounding in her chest so hard she could feel every beat against her breasts.

They had lied.

The reason for Jenny’s rapidly growing panic was evident from one glance around her. She sat in a chair that rested upon a sloped track; running parallel to her was the father in the same situation. Her nerves were further displaced by a huge circular tank before both adults, and the tracks beneath both chairs disappearing ominously into green and yellow slime. The ooze before her seemed to have bits in it and there were milky white blobs floating around in it too. Jenny pulled herself as far back in her seat as possible, she was disgusted by the notion that she may very well end up in that gunge.

The presenter arrived at the gunk tank with the two children and they took their places beside two levers flanking each adult. Jenny watched Olly climb to his lever with a horrified look on her face. Her eyes pleaded with him ‘please don’t do this’ but it fell on deaf ears. Beside her the father was far more comfortable, he seem almost relaxed. The whole situation was knotting Jenny up inside so bad she felt like she needed to pee.

The question round was simple; the kids answer a question right and they get to pull their adult up a notch. Four questions, four chances. In Olly’s case only three as he had won the physical rounds.

“So Olly won the heats. So we take Miss Jenny up a notch!” The presenter roared with delight, and Jenny’s chair backed up the track one notch.

Jenny gulped, fighting her nerves. Lana had better have a plan.

Lana had no clue what she could do to help. Jenny was on her own for this one.

Lana sat on the walkway going over the tank watching the spectacle below. Nothing she could do.

Behind her were the three girls; Kirsty’ devious mind was formulating her last act of revenge. She was so pleased how this had turned out, although she had to admit that this woman had a fantastic body.

The dark haired ladies breasts were so perfect, and those hard little pink nipples she just wanted to bite them. Kirsty stopped herself and shook her head, she realised she actually wanted to see Lana completely naked, she even wanted to brush her fingers over the no doubt well shaved pubic hair, and kiss up the inside of the woman’s thighs and taste her… Kirsty grimaced, she felt funny.

“What is the capitol of Spain? Olly.” The presenter finally asked his first question.

“Madrid.” Olly answered confidently.

The presenter and crowd cheered as Jenny went up.

“Boy. What is the chemical abbreviation NA used for?” The presenter asked.

“Not applicable?” Said the boy, and the crowd cheered again to Jenny’s surprise.

“Olly. What do bees make?” Jenny was sure the presenter was smiling at her.

“Honey.” Jenny went up a notch.

“Boy answer this or Olly could win and Jenny will be in the slime.”

An ‘Ewww’ erupted from the crowd. “Nice and easy, take your time. What is the meaning of existence?”

“Be buggered if I know.” Another cheer, and the father was rubbing his hands together and trying to get a better view in his seat.

“Olly answer this and you’ve won. Who is commander in chief of America?”

 “The president.” The loudest cheer exploded from the crowd and Jenny lost control of her nerves. She panicked and started pleading with Olly, with anyone.

“Please little boy, I’ll do anything. Don’t do this please; I’m so sorry for whatever I’ve done to upset you. Olly please, PLEASE!”

But Olly didn’t care he pulled the lever down and Jenny’s chair went shooting towards the gunk. As she did she heard an all to familiar and heart stopping sound.

 RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Her suit had snagged on the track at the top and tore completely from her lush, tantalising body. Her gorgeous boobs clad in the sheer nylon and satin bra was once again exposed for all to see. Her silk pink thong on view for all in the crowd, and behind the cameras. In the control booth they were zooming in.

Jenny squealed in shock and despair, why always her? The green and yellow slime came rushing towards her; the chair came to the end of its run and tipped.

But Jenny remained in her seat. At least her bra held her there snagged onto the soft material of the seat. The bridge between her breasts strained to hold on as her entire weight was placed on it. Suddenly Jenny realised her luck and snatched her hands behind her to hold on to the chair. She got it; she had the back of the chair in her hands holding her away from the ooze. That was all her bra needed, her movement pushed her breasts out further and as if in slow motion and the songs of the gods had begun the bra snapped.

The two mighty 38dd cups flew aside and the firm; milky skin of Jenny’s full-bodied breasts came in to hushed view. Her deep pink nipples standing ashamedly to attention; pointing to the crowd. They were delicate, tender and so inviting.

“Fuck me, those are gorgeous.” The presenter mumbled over the speakers into the hushed awe and reverence.

Jenny held herself for a moment and then just shrieked. Her face went bright, burning red and she flung her arms across the wondrous chest just as the almighty cheer lifted from the crowd. Jenny hovered momentarily, and then plunged head first into the gunge; her gaping mouth gulping down a mouthful, only to discover it was CUSTARD! With colouring, and some white stuff. She splayed about in the sudden cold of the custard gunge, she rose and sunk like a bobbing apple any thought of covering her breasts gone.

She rose up and everyone watched with silent perversion as the custard dripped from her nipples, or trailed down her cleavage, over her tummy and into her thong. When she sunk again she rolled revealing her thong to the audience and her stiflingly hot arse. The two perfect peaches rose in the sludge and the shape of her pussy lips could be seen under the matted silk thong.

Lana could stand it no longer and she stood to leave in search of some clothes. She turned and was confronted by a hot looking teenager.

The girl had long dark hair with streaks of red and blonde in it, her face was very pretty but held in a constant cocky look. Her pale blue eyes bore into the heavenly breasts at her eye level. Lana was suddenly shocked and tried to cover herself.

 “So it’s you…” Lana started but was muffled as the teenager grabbed her head and thrust her tongue into Lana’s mouth. The beautiful young woman was caught so off guard she dropped her arms, and a roving, soft hand traced down into the sexy black panties. Lana’s eyes bulged in desperate shock as the finger entered her.

My god this kid is fingering me!! And it’s a GIRL!!!!!!! Lana’s mind screamed at her.

Kirsty withdrew her tongue, their saliva leaving a bridge between them. Lana was paralysed with shock.

“I’ll see you and your friend again. But I wanna keep these as a souvenir.” Kirsty indicated the panties by pulling on the waistband.

Then in a sudden motion bent down to her knees and whipped the panties down to Lana’s ankles, Kirsty’s desire over took her mind and she licked the hot pussy before her. Lana was now standing naked in a TV studio, her lush neatly shaven pubic hair was on display for a coming out lesbian. Lana freaked out. She tried to step backwards away from the probing tongue only to trip on the panties. She fell over the edge.

Screaming as she hurtled toward the tank of gunge she remembered the harness the rubber rope. It would pull her back out of view, in a moment of bravery she decided to grab Jenny and save her from the torment.

The crowd cheered at the stunning display, the hot blonde was in only her thong thrashing about in the slime. And in a heartbeat it got better, they all glanced up when they heard a scream, but the hot body of a dark haired foxy babe BUTT naked coming into view was unexpected.

Many of the kids made a mess in their trousers when they saw the perfectly rounded 38d breasts come into view. Many more messed themselves when it was revealed she had a sexily shaved pussy, that was as tantalising as it was unreachable.

Lana grabbed Jenny’s flailing arms and hauled her out of the gunge.

SHHHHHHHLLLLLLOOOOOOP!!!!!!

Jenny’s thong couldn’t handle the weight of the slime and slipped delicately off as she was hauled from the tank.

Lana’s plan also backfired the added weight halted the rope in it ascent. They now hovered over the gunk tank both completely stark frigging naked.

Jenny’s fabulously, neatly shaved blonde bush on show to the audience, and the cameras. And above that wonder her massive heavy breasts trickled and dripped with coloured custard. Above her Lana’s hot perfect breasts stretched to hold Jenny and her sex haven neatly shaved and dark black. And above her the rope snapped.

Both naked hotties plunged into the tank of custard and were dunked up to their hair. The father couldn’t stand it anymore, his throbbing hard on was so painful, he reached over and pushed his own lever, as he hurtled to the gunk and the two hottest babes in the history of the world. He stripped his suit and dived in after them also butt naked with a throbbing cock.

He landed on Lana who threw her hands up to protect herself, only to be pushed under the slime. Jenny had frantically begun searching for her panties and was on her hands and knees facing away from the father. His lips were lucky enough to kiss hers and his tongue lashed out with pleasure.

Beneath him Lana had grabbed the easiest thing to pull her self up with, her mistake as she brought her face directly in the firing line of his cock. She released it in disgust and only then realised that the hot white goop running down her face was not custard. She screamed as he hit her three more times.

Jenny’s eyes bulged and she had to bite her lip for just as he came the father thrust his tongue deep into her. Her pleasure at the intrusion was frightening to her. She screamed and leapt from the tank, Lana was right behind her and the both sprinted away, powered by unearthly embarrassment and terror. Their breasts bobbing freely perky nipples crying for attention. Some of the crowd followed them but most were already wasted.

Jenny and Lana rushed from the studio and blitzed for the car park, the wolf whistles and gasps of disgust went unnoticed.

Trying desperately to cover themselves they arrived at their car.

“Keys. Oh Christ everything is back in there and they’re coming!!” Jenny balled.

“Wait!” Lana screeched and disappeared down to the tyre rim and jumped up again. “Emergency keys, I forget my bag a lot!” With that they jumped in the car and drove off. Stopping for nothing.

2 days later

Jenny sat on a chair at the picnic table in Lana’s garden, she still had not shifted the red from her face the whole ordeal was still embarrassing her. That morning they had received their clothes, although Lana’s and Jenny’s panties were missing they didn’t say why, and a note informing them that the show would not be taken to editing and the film destroyed. Much to both women’s relief.

Jenny turned to her paper and flipped it to the front page. She spat her coffee out when she saw the photograph. The father from the game show had been arrested and the picture of him was when they retrieved him from the tank still butt naked. The caption read arrested for date rape… man says it was worth it… As she studied the picture she saw the young scout girl, long dark hair and cocky grin.

Jenny’s eyes nearly fell from their sockets when she saw the girl had her and Lana’s panties hanging from her hands. Lana joined Jenny at the table and saw the photograph too. Both women began to glow a brighter red…

In the quite of his personal cinema the bright cheerful presenter leaned back in his seat. Eight of his best friends all sat around him quietly chatting about what they were about to see. The presenter mused happily to himself, those kids had had a great idea bringing that blonde onto the show. He started the reel and waited.

“This better be worth the money we paid.” Said one friend off to the left.

“It sure is.” Said the presenter. “And remember tell your friends or work colleagues for a slightly higher price they get to see too.”

The room went silent, then in awe and as one the friends whispered “Whoa, that blonde is HOT!!” And on screen Jenny seemed to blush as she appeared on an unscreened episode of ‘Get Your Own back’, trying to beat Oliver Rushnel.

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**Carry on Camping!**

By ?

A couple of days away from her prankster ‘friend’, Ashley was what Jenny needed. What better way to enjoy her spring break and forget all her troubles than to hike out into the country, pitch a tent for the night, and relax in the peace and quiet, miles from anywhere.

All was going well throughout the afternoon, even if the sun had gone in and the sky was turning a little dark. Jenny found a suitable clearing in the woods and, with only a minimum of scrabbling about, erected her tent. No sooner had she achieved this than it started to rain! Jenny crawled inside the tent and listened to the heavy splattering on the canvas above her. After a while, the noise seemed to stop and Jenny poked her head out of the tent to assess the situation. She wasn't quite prepared for what she saw - it was snowing! and heavily too. A fearsome wind was whistling all around the forest and snow was beginning to drift against her tent.

"I thought it was supposed to be Spring!" shouted Jenny - with no one around to hear her.

It was time for Jenny to get into some warmer clothes. She slipped out of her shorts and sweater. Being done too happy with her situation, Jenny expressed this by tossing her garments carelessly aside. Bad move. They landed just outside the door of the tent and were immediately picked up by the wind and carried off into the wilderness to adorn some treetop or other. Jenny was past caring - she reached into her rucksack for some jeans and a thick jumper - at least she had come prepared.

YEEOOWWCCCH! Something very painful happen to Jenny's fingers and she whipped them quickly out of the rucksack to find a lethal looking mouse-trap attached to them. As she removed it from her throbbing fingers she saw the note attached to it - Love from Ashley - her scream was carried away on the wind!

Inside the note was more writing - "Dear Jenny, Hope you enjoy your time away. You've obviously found my 'going away present'. Oh, I also helped you pack your rucksack. Happy Tramping! Love, Ash."

"What does she mean?" gasped Jenny, who distinctly remembered packing her own rucksack. She began to sob as she scrabbled through her belongings. All she could find was heaps and heaps of sexy underwear!

"Please don't let this be happening!" blubbered Jenny "I'm going to freeze to death out here!".

Right at the bottom of the sack she did manage to find the skinniest of T-shirts bearing the words 'Bimbo' across the bosom area, and a very short tight skirt.

"Oh, thanks a lot, Ashley!....I'll be fine in these!"

Jenny moaned sarcastically as she got dressed, her anger beginning to take over from her fear. She wasn't going to freeze to death staying here all night. She was going to walk to the nearest road, get a lift back to civilisation (she was, after all, perfectly attired for hitch-hiking!) and then strangle her friend horrors whilst she slept! With that, Jenny marched purposefully out into the snow.

It was not long before Jenny had completely lost her bearings. The wind and snow had calmed down but the going was tough even though she was still wearing her walking boots; the visibility was poor in the snow; but most of all, she was freezing to death in her skimpy outfit!

Jenny's teeth were chattering, she had goose bumps on her goose bumps, and the nipples on her 34DD hooters were swollen and hard. She hugged her arms around her self but was beginning to despair of ever getting out of this crazy situation alive. It was then that she saw a light in a clearing ahead of her - it was a camp fire! She tried to run towards it but her legs wouldn't work properly, she began to lose balance as she pitched forward and she hit the deck - sinking face first into the snow. This was probably the most efficient way of making progress, as there was a gentle slope all the way down to the campsite. The now barely conscious Jenny began to slide forward, picking up speed as she went but ploughing deeper into the snow as well.

The troop of Boy Scouts were sitting around their campfire when they heard a whooshing noise behind them. They all turned round to see an object the size of a person sliding towards them, tunnelling into the snow as it went. They arose from the log they had been sitting on waited for the object to come to a halt. It did this by crashing into the log! A very muffled "Ouch!" alerted them to the fact that the object was a person, in fact it sounded like a member of the fairer sex!

The Scouts began to shovel the snow from around the poor girl and were eventually able to haul her to her feet. They could hardly believe their eyes. They asked Jenny if she was alright but her teeth were chattering too hard to answer.

One lad looked quizzically at her T-shirt - "I should think you are a Bimbo for being out in the weather dressed like that!".

Jenny would have dearly loved to explain her predicament but was in no fit state to do so. When she did manage to speak it was only two words and then in a very faltering manner.

"Beat.....Me". She managed, through chattering teeth.

"I beg your pardon?" replied the scout who had spoken to her.

"I'm.....freezing...to.....death." bleated Jenny, picking up momentum

"Strip....me.....and.....beat....me...with....sticks". Jenny knew that this was the only was to get warm. She had been on the receiving end of a few spankings but this was the first time she had begged for one! She was now craving the glowing warmth that such a beating produced. The Scouts lost no time in obeying her instructions. They were camping in a Birch grove so the branches that they gathered were perfect. The peeled off Jenny's sodden garments and set to work.

Jenny could feel nothing at first. Blows rained down on her buttocks, legs, tummy, breasts, arms, and back but she was too cold to register any sensation. The Scouts were all working up a sweat by the time Jenny began to tingle. She slowly turned from blue to white to pink to red. She could now feel warm blood circulating around her body. She asked the boys to stop but they didn't seem to hear her, so enthusiastic they were in their task! Jenny was yelling at the top of her voice before they finally got the message that she was warm enough now thank you very much!

Jenny was given a blanket and a hot mug of tea. She now felt like she was in Heaven and spent the next few hours laughing and joking and telling ghost stories around the camp fire with the Scouts. She managed to dry her underwear over the fire but discarded the T-shirt and Skirt that Ashley had "kindly" supplied her with. Anyway, her new friends had promised her a tent for the night and some new clothes in the morning. She said her good nights and retired to bed. She slept soundly and soon it was morning.

As Jenny emerged from the tent she was greeted with wolf-whistles and cat-calls. She had kept her walking boots on but her new outfit was a sight to behold - she was wearing a spare scouts uniform - grey flannel shorts and a thin green sweater.

Being the shape that she was, Jenny looked a little odd. The shorts were designed to fit a young boy, and whilst Jenny definitely had the waist, her hips and buttocks were straining at the seams - there was not a fraction of space left inside the shorts, she had even considered discarding her panties to make a looser fit but if the stretched fabric did rip she did not want to be left bare. The sweater too was impossibly tight - her breasts pushed the material to its absolute limit, the bottom of the sweater didn't quite reach the top of the shorts either, leaving a good few inches of smooth midriff on display.

Jenny did a twirl and even gave the scouts a bit of a jiggle! She was feeling happy that she had been rescued, the sun was out and the snow had all but melted.

Slowly though, she began to realise what sort of looks she was getting. She told herself to remember that these were young men full of hormones - and that usually meant trouble for her! Jenny quickly offered to cook breakfast for everyone. As she cooked and served the porridge it helped slightly to take her mind off the fact that she quite definitely was being stared at!

Soon it was time to pack up and head for home. As Jenny had completely lost her way, the scouts were only too eager to let her join them on the hike back to civilisation.

As they set off, Jenny decided she would deliberately remain at the back of the party. That way, no one would be able to ogle her curvaceous backside whilst she walked - the last thing she wanted to do was give them any encouragement.

The disappointed boys grumbled amongst themselves when they realised that Jenny was depriving them of their view. They had not gone very far before reaching a particularly dense section of the forest. Ahead of them a sturdy branch blocked the path. The scouts were able to duck under quite easily and carry on walking. As Jenny approached the branch she thought she would have to crawl, or limbo, under as she was somewhat taller than the boys and the branch was chest-height to her.

However, two boys directly ahead of her grabbed hold of the branch and began to pull it back from the path so that she could walk through - they struggled against the force of it but eventually managed to clear the way.

Jenny smiled sweetly "You didn't have to go to that trouble but thank you anyway" she said, beginning to relax again in the company of the boys.

Jenny started to walk past but unfortunately, when she reached the point where the branch had been, somehow the scouts managed to lose their grip on the branch! It went twanging back to its original position - a position which was at that moment occupied by Jenny's firm young breasts.

With a force similar to a vicious swing of a baseball bat, her boobs were completely flattened against her. She was also thrown off her feet and sent flying through the air to land, in a sitting position, with a bone-shaking thump on the forest floor.

The boys quickly gathered round and, trying to hide their smirks, apologised for their clumsiness whilst asking if she was alright. Jenny did not seem to respond. She was sitting bolt upright but her eyes were crossed and it looked as if she were about to pass out. It was only when a couple of lads rushed forward offering to "rub them better" that she came to her senses.

"Get away from me!" she snapped angrily "I'm alright, I don't need any help!".

Jenny certainly did not feel alright - after the initial shock and numbness her tits were beginning to throb like mad, it felt like they were ready to burst out of her ridiculously clingy sweater. Her bottom lip began to tremble as she stumbled to her feet.

"I've decided I'm going to walk at the front!" she exclaimed and started off along the path. This was partly so that a similar 'accident' wouldn't happen again but also so that she could hide the tears of pain and humiliation that were beginning to roll down her cheeks. The scouts all gave the thumbs up to each other and then set their collective gaze on Jenny's wiggling arse as she forged ahead.

After about ten minutes of this delicious spectacle, it all became too much for one poor lad and he could resist temptation no longer. He took a catapult from out of his pocket and stooped to pick up a large pebble. Loading his ammunition he pulled back the elastic as far as it would go and took aim at the inviting target. Whoosh! the stone shot through the air and connected hard with Jenny's rear-end, making a very satisfying "thwacking" sound before bouncing off.

The unsuspecting brunette shrieked in pain and alarm, both her hands instinctively coming round to clasp the injured area. Unfortunately, this sudden movement disrupted the momentum of her stride and she stumbled. Pitching forward, Jenny didn't seem to have time to bring her arms back round to break her fall. It was her throbbing boobs which were the first to thud onto the forest floor, closely followed by the rest of her body! As the ground was still wet from the snow, her landing was accompanied by loud GLOP!

Again, Jenny lay motionless for a while, emitting a low pitched groaning noise, slightly muffled by a mouthful of mud. Meanwhile, the scout who had fired the catapult was looking up into the tree above where Jenny lay. He could not believe his eyes - this was a once in a lifetime opportunity, he could never forgive himself if he passed it by!

Hanging from a branch, about ten feet directly above the girl's protruding derriere, was a bees nest. As the lad took aim with his catapult, he knew what he was doing was extremely cruel - the poor bees would have to build themselves a new home - but he knew he had to do it anyway! The pebble hit the nest at exactly the right spot, causing it to break at the top and plummet down from the branch.

Jenny was just beginning to gather some wits when she felt a heavy thud on her bottom. This was closely followed by the sensation of something very warm and sticky soaking rapidly through the material of her shorts and knickers and beginning to spread across her inner thighs as well. Without getting up she turned her head to see what had happened. Her backside was covered in honey - large lumps of waxy honeycomb also adorned her and were in the process of sliding off to fall on the ground around her. It was only then that she registered the swarm of bees that were beginning to buzz angrily around the honey-soaked region of her body!

Jenny was on her feet and moving fast by the time the first sting dug into her flesh. This sting was followed by another; then another; then another. Within the next few seconds this had multiplied to somewhere near a hundred. Jenny's only thought was to run for the nearby river - about fifty yards away - and immerse herself where the bees couldn't follow.

Although she was close to setting a new land speed record, the run felt like an eternity, sting upon sting piercing her honey covered throbbing bottom until she was delirious with pain and shrieking at the top of her voice. By the time she flung herself full length into the shallow stream she almost unconscious - soon regaining her senses though as she surfaced, coughing and spluttering, for she had gone under open-mouthed. Jenny quickly gulped in some air (not quick enough to stop one angry bee from stinging her on the nose though!) and went back under - this time for as long as she could possibly manage.

For the boys who had watched her, the sprint had gone far too quick. Jenny's bouncing breasts, flecks of mud flying off of them, had been quite a sight as she raced for the water and it was all over too soon. Compensation was to be found in the sight that now met their eyes as Jenny came up for badly needed air, her lungs were ready to burst - certainly if the tightness of her sweater was anything to go by!

The bees had gone now and Jenny started to wade towards the bank. Water was cascading off her as she clambered on to dry land. Her hair was plastered to her face, her already tight outfit had now darkened several shades and had basically become part of her skin, and her boots made a lovely squelching noise with each step.

The scouts were making no effort to hide their mirth by now, in fact they were all pointing at her and aching with laughter. Any sympathy they showed was clearly a mockery and there were the inevitable suggestions of "shall we rub it better?"

"Anyone comes Anywhere near me and I shall scream the forest down" she seethed angrily.

She was trying to hide any fear in her voice because the pain in her swollen backside was beyond belief and she knew that the slightest touch to that area would bring unbearable agony. Her badly bruised tits now felt like a minor inconvenience.

"You adopt that tone with us and you will get a spanking!" warned one of the older boys who seemed to have picked up on her fear.

This remark left Jenny quaking in her boots and she quickly bit her lip to hold back an involuntary sob of despair.

"I'm sorry" bleated the poor blonde girl "I didn't mean to annoy you."

Another scout then told her to shut up and get moving again - she had been slowing them down all morning. Jenny was reluctant to follow this instruction because it would put her ravished bottom on display again, but the threat of a full blown spanking was enough to send her forging off ahead once more.

The scouts followed behind her, giggling between themselves and quite obviously planning what might next befall their unfortunate female companion.........

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**Smoke and Mirrors**

by leisurely59

Jenny ended her call from Ashley feeling a familiar sense of trepidation. So many of their outings ended in inexplicable disaster but once again she hadn’t been able to say “no” to her friend’s proposal.

Possibly she had agreed to dinner and a show because John was gone on an unscheduled business trip and she was at loose ends for the evening. Besides Jenny was sure she had seen Scouts in the neighborhood earlier and maybe discretion was the better part of valor.

Ashley had been cagey about details of the show but did say it was a truly “eye-popping” magic act.

Glancing at the clock she saw there was just enough time to get ready and dashed upstairs to pick out her clothes and grab a quick shower.

Jenny had finished her shower and stood in front of the mirror doing her make-up. The fluffy bath towel she was wrapped in rose above her cheeks when she leaned forward. It was a glorious sight wasted by the lack of an audience. With a few quick dabs of completely unnecessary war paint, Jenny strode briskly into her bedroom to get dressed but paused to check no unexpected eyes were on her and only then, discarded the protective towel. Her clothes were laid out and she wanted to be dressed to forestall any style “suggestions” from Ashley.

Quickly she shimmied up her panties, prim white in color but sexy thong in style. Next she wrestled her breasts into the restraint of a matching strapless bra. Strictly speaking the bra was rendered unnecessary by the top she had selected but Jenny was determined to take no chances. The top was a confection of deep crimson brocade and dark leather strapping. Although the bustier exposed the top third of her chest it was solidly stitched and extensively boned. This garment would never shift or fail a critical moment and it had the additional advantage of being closed by both a strong zipper AND solid buckles. Nothing short of supernatural forces could defeat this top.

Brief doubt flickered in Jenny’s eyes at the sight of her soft flesh cresting slightly above the cups but since she planned to wear a jacket over she shook off her misgiving. Jenny slipped into a micro-suede skirt that hugged her curves and ended an inch below her top. For shoes she had her latest footwear acquisition, a pair of above the knee boots made from soft as butter Italian leather and sporting four-inch heels. Last of all, Jenny shrugged on her biker’s jacket. Specially tailored for her the leather garment faithfully followed every breath-taking curve providing a dangerous distraction to any motorists in its vicinity.

Impatient knocking announced Ashley’s arrival but Jenny took the time to quickly evaluate her appearance. An edgier than usual woman looked back at her from the full-length mirror but the clothes fit her properly and exposed a minimal amount of flesh; just a discrete V of cleavage, a narrow gap between top and skirt to show off her trim tummy and a little bit of shapely thigh above her boot top. Smiling and optimistic, Jenny flounced from the room and jiggled down the stairs.

Ashley felt a flash of irritation when the door swung open and she saw Jenny was ready to go. She had arrived early in hopes of selecting an “appropriate” outfit for the evening but hid her disappointment as the women hugged hello. Ashley consoled herself with the thought that in the end it really wouldn’t make any difference. The jealous brunette had dressed herself in a sexy skintight outfit of severe black but she was convinced that all eyes would be unfairly focused on the blond yet again.

A wide-eyed bicyclist seconded her point by colliding with some bins while watching Jenny fold herself into Ashley’s tiny convertible.

Jenny tried to coax more information from her companion during the drive but Ashley only smiled and said she didn’t want to ruin the surprise. Besides the hooting horns of passing trucks made conversation difficult.

Night had fallen before Ashley whipped the vehicle into a space and shut off the engine. She checked her watch with satisfaction. They were right on time and everything was going smoothly. The striking pair attracted a good deal of attention as they followed a steady stream of people down a set of steps and into the venue.

Using a combination of bribery, sexual favors and a secret accomplice Ashley had secured them a place in the front row. While waiting to be seated Jenny realized the room was oppressively overheated. Halfway to their table perspiration was beading on her skin and by the time she was seated a trickle had begun the plunge into her ample cleavage. Jenny sighed in frustration but bowed to the inevitable and slipped out of her jacket to forestall heat stroke.

Conversations at neighboring tables subsided and the waiters became ever present but otherwise the two women were able to enjoy their meals in peace. Ashley kept urging drinks on a resisting Jenny who became tipsier than she liked to be but still much less drunk than Ashley had wanted her. Ashley on the other hand had indulged a great deal in trying to get her friend smashed. All in all, Jenny was grateful when show time dimmed the lights and slowed the pace of drinking.

Creepy music composed of mainly minor keys and sub-sonic tones announced the start of the entertainment. A narrow spotlight lit a hooded figure sitting cross-legged in mid-air. The magician lifted his right hand and green smoke boiled from his palm. Sparks flashed in its interior and lit the swirling coils like a miniature thunderstorm. When it reached four feet in height it stopped expanding and hovered in place. With an identical gesture of his left hand, the magician produced another cloud in a deep purple. Briefly the pair flanked their master then at his word and gesture soared out into the audience. Dodging through the crowd they left behind them a trail of oh’s and ah’s and an occasional scream.

Jenny yelped with surprise as one, the green, swooped along her bare shoulders and left behind an electric tingle where it touched her. Ashley had decided to rest her eyes and was curled up snoring on Jenny’s jacket. From the stage the magician spoke again and his creations zoomed obediently to him. The smokes whirled around his hands in a Technicolor vortex then disappeared with a flash and a double boom. The magician tossed back his hood and smiled at the applauding audience.

Jenny was trying to rouse Ashley or at least tug her friend’s skirt down and tuck her breasts back inside her low blouse. Annoyed by the shapely blonde’s lack of attention the magician decided to modify his act for her “benefit”. From the edge of the stage he called for three volunteers and quickly selected two beefy men and a surprised Jenny. Her neighbors urged her on the stage before she could decline or even recover her jacket. Embarrassed at being the focus of so many eyes, Jenny mumbled her replies as the magician bantered with his three helpers.

He announced his next illusion would be a technique used by Egyptian embalmers to ease the processing of mummies. Placing Jenny between his other two helpers the magician had her fold her arms on her chest Nefertiti-style. Using two conjured scarves he loosely bound Jenny’s wrists while chanting something that at least sounded like an ancient Egyptian incantation. The ends of the scarves he handed to the helpers who were flanking his lovely assistant.

“On my signal, gentleman. One, two, three, PULL!”

As the men heaved Jenny felt a strong jerk then her hands were free. The audience roared with laughter. Jenny was mortified to see a white strapless bra disturbingly similar to her own knotted between the two scarves and hanging in full view of the crowd. Although she didn’t quite believe it was hers the idea some people might think it had been magically snatched off her body was horrible. Jenny’s bright pink face only encouraged louder and longer applause. When the noise died down the magician thanked his male helpers and shooed them off the stage. He detained Jenny with a grip on her elbow she was some how unable to shake off.

A pair of stagehands rolled a large box from the wings. It was similar to the classic saw-a-woman-in-half apparatus except it was oriented vertically and besides the end caps, completely transparent.

Interested in spite of herself, Jenny forgot to escape when the magician released her arm. Deftly he opened the box and smoothly guided her inside. Years of practice enabled him to lock her in place before it occurred to her to un-volunteer. At this point most of the men and many of the women would have been happy simply to admire Jenny’s captured body and enjoyed the sensual quiver brought on by her nervous breathing. Several 360-degree turns of the box displayed Jenny’s body from all sides and allowed an expectant hush to fall. As it turned the box filled with smoke until only a vague suggestion of her form was visible.

From one of his assistants, the magician accepted a six foot ebony spear. Jenny watched the wickedly barbed head nervously as it approached. A sudden lunge drove the point through the box and out other side with a loud bang. Jenny flinched at the sound and closed her eyes but it looked to the audience that she was reacting to the spear’s passage. The crowd gasped then began to titter nervously. Smoke trails leaked from the entrance and exit holes but what had elicited the giggles was the pair of prim white thong panties dangling from the lance point.

Whispered arguments broke out between the credulous and sophisticated about ringers and sleight of hand. Some people thought the smoke in the box had dissipated slightly. Her vision limited by the solid end cap, Jenny was happily ignorant of the source of the crowd’s amusement.

The room quieted when the magician picked up another spear. Again he lunged with his full weight behind the weapon and drove it through the box and from her reaction, seemingly, Jenny also. There was a long intake of breath by the audience then loud cheering. Fixed to the end was a pennant of suede that might be a skirt. More smoke was leaking at the new punctures and the smoke inside WAS noticeable thinner. True believers argued violently with skeptics about the reality of the ultra-feminine silhouette crossed by two dark bars but even the skeptics held their breath when the magician picked up a third spear.

Carrying the spear over his shoulder at a jaunty angle, the magician walked in a slow circle around Jenny’s box. Smoke continued to leak from the sides as he turned the apparatus one leisurely revolution. The audience waited in absolute silence. Jenny was having trouble catching her breath as the tension grew moment by moment. Taking careful aim the magician drew back his arm and drove the spear through the box. The crowd moaned as the weapon penetrated and burst from the other side with a familiar looking bustier swaying gently from its tip.

Scattered applause began while the magician quickly freed the three spears and tossed them off stage. The hanging clothing dropped to the floor as each shaft was withdrawn. He gave Jenny’s box one last turn before he faced her toward the room and opened the apparatus. The remaining smoke rose into the air and blurred Jenny’s vision as she stepped on the stage naked except for her tall boots. Gallantly the illusionist steadied her with an arm around her waist.

Still unaware of her vanished modesty she was confused by the riotous reaction of the audience to what seemed to her a fairly ordinary magic trick. Suddenly, Jenny realized his hand was gently stroking her BARE hip and the silk material of his sleeve was pressed to her BARE back and his shirt was brushing against her BARE ribs. With elaborate casualness she rolled her eyes downward then froze in the pert glare of her twin headlights. The crowd thundered on with the paralyzed woman glowing redder by the second. Finally, the spell broke when the magician turned to thank her.

Long legs churning Jenny bolted for the wings to be met by the request for her signature on a liability waiver in exchange for clothes. John stood proudly at the back of the room and basked in the public admiration of his lovely wife. A disheveled Ashley slid inconspicuously to the floor to be discovered several hours later by an appreciative cleaning crew. The audience spent the rest of the evening in heated discussion of whether or not the magnificent blond had been a plant. The film people packed their gear and agreed that, fake or not, the sequence would be the high point of their television special.

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**Jenny and the Boys School**

by Bernanke41

After her problems as both a gym and sex education teacher, Jenny set out to regain her dignity while attempting to remain in the teaching field. Not only did she love dealing with children, (no matter how many times it seemed to blow up in her face), but she desperately needed the money. She was determined to gain attention for her teaching skills, not just for her pretty face and gorgeous body.

Jenny finally landed a job as an aid at the Springwood Boys Middle School. This she felt was a great opportunity in that it was a well funded school, and if she were able to somehow land a full-time position she would be in great shape. Because of this, Jenny dealt with the marginal tasks she was asked to complete such as making copies and fetching coffee without complaint.

She did it all with a smile on her face, trying not to ruffle any feathers. The boys in the school all loved her as well, though she didn’t realize that they felt this way due to the fact that she was the only pretty young woman they saw all day, and not for her prowess as a teacher or for her pleasant demeanor.

Because many of the teachers were older, clueless and protected by tenure, the students had less and less respect for their authority. They cut classes, stayed at recess for longer than was permitted, and hung out in the bathrooms.

The worst part was that the administrators at Springwood did little to curtail this behavior, thus undermining their teachers’ credibility. Instead they kept everything as quiet as possible so as to not upset the parents and the alumni. Though these groups continued to pour the money in, experience told the headmaster Mr. Pemberthy that they did not respond well to their boys being berated or punished. So students at Springwood had more liberties than ever before.

One class that was continuing to spiral out of control had been Ms. Lincoln’s 7th grade class, to the point where Ms. Lincoln offered her resignation. She was a woman of nearly 60 years of age, and no longer needed the splitting headaches associated with teaching 20 mischievous boys.

So being the resourceful man that he was, Mr. Pemberthy had an idea that he thought would stimulate interest again among the students, as well as give the rest of the faculty a much needed thrill or two. He offered Ms. Lincoln’s job to the pure, innocent aid known to all as Jenny.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I’d love to! Thank you so much! I promise you that I’ll work hard and uphold the sanctity of this institution,” replied Jenny.

“Uh… I’m sure you will Jenny. Just sign this contract, and you’ll be a full-time member of our first-class staff,” offered Mr. Pemberthy. “Be sure to get here a half hour early tomorrow morning and to come see me before school begins.”

Jenny awoke the following morning as excited as could be. She was finally on her way to being taken seriously as a teacher. She dressed modestly as usual, wearing a neatly tailored gray pants suit, black pantyhose and modest heels. She wore her hair up as well.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy,” exclaimed Jenny, as she entered the front office.

“Hiya Jenny. You’re right on time. Don’t you look nice today. Why don’t you go in the other room and change into the uniform I have for you laying on the desk, and I’ll be along shortly,” said Mr. Pemberthy.

“UUUniform? But I’m already dressed? Can’t I just wear what I have on?”

“Sorry Jenny. Part of the contract you signed was the agreement to wear a uniform.”

“It was? I guess I didn’t read the whole thing,” replied Jenny, now convincing herself that wearing a uniform wasn’t the worst thing in the world.

But as she stepped into Mr. Pemberthy’s office, her thoughts changed immediately. There was no way she was going to wear what was laying on that table. All she saw was a tiny pink thong, black thigh-high stockings, pink opera gloves, black strappy heels, and some white nylon rope which she deciphered had been misplaced.

“Jenny, do you like your outfit? I picked it out myself,” said middle school president Mr. James upon entering the office.

“Um, not really Mr. James. I don’t understand why I have to wear this. All of the other teachers dress professionally. Why do I have to dress like a lap dancer?” asked Jenny.

“Just think of yourself as helping shape young minds, Jenny. We feel you’re the key to the future of this school, and the new direction that we’re headed in the new millennium. The other teachers don’t have your talent. This is a new program, and we want you to be at the center of it. Besides, you said you do need the money, and the job market doesn’t exactly provide too many alternatives. By signing the contract, you’ve agreed to do what is stated. Please don’t make this into a legal battle. Our institution is highly respected,” replied Mr. Pemberthy.

“But all I see is underwear on the table. Isn’t there a dress to go along with it? I don’t even see a bra!” complained Jenny.

“Unfortunately, that’s all there is. Why don’t you get changed. Class is going to begin soon,” answered Mr. James.

“The boys in Ms. Lincoln’s class have been disinterested in learning all year. We have been given carte blanche to do what is necessary to make learning a priority in this school. Right now hanging out in the bathroom and disrupting class has been the priority for most of our students. And until that changes, we’d like to continue to implement this program. Now, we’ll give you some privacy, and you just give us a holler when you’re done,” added Mr. Pemberthy.

With that, Jenny reluctantly began disrobing. This wasn’t exactly what she had in mind in her pursuit of teaching excellence, but for some reason Mr. Pemberthy and Mr. James had made her to feel important and part of a cause. And of course, her weakness for kids weighed on her mind.

“Mr. Pemberthy, I’m dressed, or at least wearing everything that was provided,” offered Jenny, clearly shaken at her near nakedness in front of the men. “Well, everything but this rope. I obviously didn’t think that was part of the uniform.”

“Oh, but it is Jenny,” said Mr. Pemberthy, nearly keeling over as he entered to find a stunning woman wearing nothing but a thong, opera gloves, stockings and heels. “The rope must be used to tie your arms. We don’t want you covering up. That could cause this whole program to fail, as well as you to lose your job. You wouldn’t want that to happen, would you?”

“Of course not. But isn’t there some other way? I mean, I promise I won’t cover up,” answered Jenny, now unknowingly covering both of her unclothed globes.

“But you’re hiding yourself right now! I’m afraid we’ll have to proceed as planned. But not to worry- we’re going to monitor the success of this program based on how it was initially worked up. Then we’ll make adjustments where applicable later. Now, let’s get you fixed up. School starts in 10 minutes.”

Jenny’s arms were then quickly bound tightly behind her at the wrist and elbow. Her flexibility allowed her elbows to touch behind her back, and in doing so further accented her full, soft breasts. She was now in ‘uniform’. After Mr. Pemberthy tied off the last knot, he allowed his hands to wander a bit over Jenny’s helpless body, but retreated before Jenny grew suspicious. She was too busy testing her bonds to notice anyway.

Mr. Pemberthy then took Jenny’s arm and lead her to her classroom. Students began to travel to their classes, when they dispersed to opposite sides of the hallway and stared at Jenny and Mr. Pemberthy, (actually only at Jenny), as the pair made their way down the corridor.

Boys immediately noticed Jenny’s sultry outfit, but also the fact that it appeared she had no arms as the ropes applied by Mr. Pemberthy served to pull them out of view behind her. A number of hands reached out from either side of Jenny and grabbed a handful of breast, thigh, or ass, thus causing Jenny to wince and Mr. Pemberthy to smile. He made no effort to reprimand anyone. He only wished he could do the same.

Finally, Jenny had reached her classroom, only to enter and find 20 boys seated and waiting to learn like they had never before.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I can’t do this,” whispered Jenny. “You saw those boys in the hall. They’re just going to try to touch me, and it’s going to interfere with the lesson.”

“Don’t worry Jenny. Just set aside some time at the end of the day for them to touch you.”

“But I don’t want them to touch me at all! I only want to teach!!”

“Jenny, relax. This is the opportunity you’ve always wanted. Now just let your leadership skills take over and you’ll be fine…”

Mr. Pemberthy then abruptly closed the door behind Jenny, and she was now forced to preside over a class of unruly boys while dressed in ridiculously little clothing and tied up…again.

“Nice tits teach,” yelled one boy.

“Boys, boys. Settle down. My name is Ms. Richards, and I’d like to be treated with the utmost respect, regardless of what I’m wearing,” scolded Jenny. “Can I please have a volunteer to come to the board and help me with today’s exercise?”

“Sure, I’ll help you. But first we thought you could come around and introduce yourself to us one at a time. We’d like to get off on the right foot after what happened with Ms. Lincoln,” stated a boy seated in the back wearing a baseball cap backwards, which was of course not part of the school’s dress code!

“What a lovely idea,” said Jenny, now figuring that maybe her situation wasn’t all that bad. “Why don’t each of you tell me something about yourself? Won’t that be fun? So what’s your name?” asked Jenny upon approaching the first boy’s desk.

“My name is Jeffrey, and I like to collect baseball cards. Ms. Richards, why are you all tied up?”

“Because your headmaster thought it would help you to learn. Let’s try to forget about that and focus on everyone getting to know each other. Unless, Jeffrey, you’d like to untie me?”

“Uh, I don’t think that would be a good idea, especially if the headmaster says it’s alright,” said Jeffrey.

“That’s what I figured.”

Jenny made her way to the next boy’s desk, and proceeded to lean against it, apparently growing tired of standing with her arms bound. His eyes widened to the point of nearly popping out, ogling every line of Jenny’s figure, which was now only inches from his seat.

“I’m Danny, and I like sports cars.”

As Danny finished his introduction, he intentionally separated the wobbly front right leg of his desk from the main structure. Jenny, seated against the back left corner, was unable to maintain her balance, and slid directly into Danny’s lap, as well as his outstretched hands! Ostensibly, she was now more than just dressed as a lap dancer.

All the other boys began cheering wildly, with Danny seizing the opportunity by running his fingers from Jenny’s shoulder down to her monstrous right breast. With Jenny still unable to recover, Danny continued to trace her stomach as well as the thin silk band that held her tiny pink thong in place. He then caressed her creamy white thighs, to the heavenly crevice where her stocking top and bare thigh met. He marveled at the smoothness of her skin, and at how curvaceous her body was. So curvy that if Jenny’s figure were a road, he figured that even the highest performing car he fancied would be unable to avoid plummeting off a cliff.

As Jenny grew more and more frustrated, the fire bell began to blare.

Jenny lamented as she couldn’t quite shift her weight to regain her balance with Danny’s hands still pawing away at her. Jenny screamed for Danny to release her, but he appeared to be content to perish in a blaze for the chance to touch her a little more.

A couple of boys seated in the back made their way to Danny’s chair to assist Jenny, but she found out their motivation was more out of desire to end Danny’s monopoly of Jenny. They helped Jenny to her feet while they felt her up and stroked her thong-clad ass.

Jenny then desperately tried to organize a straight line for the class to make their way out to the courtyard and out of harm’s way. But the class insisted on ‘ladies first’, asking Jenny to lead them outside.

Every student groped Jenny on her way to the front of the line. One student even wrapped her up at the waist to aid her in keeping her balance down the stairs with her arms still bound.

For this Jenny was grateful, until of course she descended a couple of stairs in advance of the boy and the flimsy material of her thong strained as he gripped her with his hand inside the waistband. It finally gave way and ripped apart, and as the doors to the courtyard were opened, the entire school was treated to a vision that they all thought had to be a dream.

Here was a buxom blonde with two visible hairdos, clad in only stockings, heels and gloves, with her arms tied inescapably behind her back, a distressed look on her face, accompanied by 20 giddy 7th graders- one of which still heroically guiding her to safety.

“Jenny, nicely done! This is the quickest this class has been organized in quite some time for a fire drill,” exclaimed Mr. Pemberthy. “I knew you could do it!”

“Fire drill? Fire drill? I humiliated myself in front of the entire school for a fire drill?” replied Jenny, still in shock over her predicament. “That’s it. I quit. Now if you’ll excuse me…”

“Ms. Richards, please don’t leave us!” said a melancholy Jeffrey, peering up into Jenny’s forgiving eyes. “We promise we’ll behave.”

“Oh, Jeffrey. I can’t say no to that face. Okay, I’ll stay…” answered Jenny, unable to finish her statement.

“Great! Jenny, this is great. We’ve got the local fire department coming in a few minutes, and I told them that you would volunteer and help them communicate fire safety techniques to the school,” interrupted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Why am I not surprised?” asked Jenny, conceivably having gained some measure of respect as a teacher through the unlikeliest of ways.

Now, if she could only get a similar measure of clothing, Jenny thought.

“Teachers, please take your students back inside to your respective classrooms. The fire department will be here soon, and a firefighter will be assigned to each class,” shouted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Mr. Pemberthy, perhaps I could get something else to wear before they get here? I don’t want the firemen to see me like this,” whispered Jenny.

“Jenny, don’t worry about that. Besides, I’m afraid I don’t have anything additional. I thought you’d at least be able to keep the brief amount of clothing I gave you on your body!”

“Well, for some reason that is always a problem for me. Do you think you could at least untie me? You tied my arms so tight, they are starting to go numb...”

“Ms. Richards, there you are! Let’s go back inside. C’mon, I’ll help you,” interrupted a fast approaching Jeffrey, now wrapping his right arm around Jenny’s torso and resting his hand across her toned stomach.

“Jenny, I’ll catch up to you later,” smiled Mr. Pemberthy as he walked off for some quiet time alone in his office.

“But, but…”

Jeffrey continued to lead Jenny back into the school, but stopped her abruptly as they reached the base of the stairs. This was the same dreaded staircase that earlier claimed Jenny’s last and only layer of protection from hundreds of pairs of prying eyes.

“Ms. Richards, be careful. Why don’t you go in front of me, and I’ll make sure you don’t lose your balance,” offered a sincere Jeffrey.

Jenny smiled in approval and began her journey by placing her black three-inch strappy heel on the concrete surface of the first stair. As a result, her long, lithe leg extended outward- revealing the feminine muscles in her right calf created from wearing heels so often. Jeffrey ogled the backs of her thighs, as they slowly yet confidently ascended stair by stair.

Jenny then paused two stairs from the top, and Jeffrey, being the caring boy he was, placed his left hand squarely on Jenny’s now bare ass which served to stabilize her body, (or so he rationalized to himself). Surprisingly, Jenny did not seem to mind, until of course Jeffrey’s hand slid down inside her right thigh, which she thought was initiated little in the way of helping her!

“I can manage there buster,” scolded Jenny, as she hurdled the final two stairs in rapid succession, leaving her breasts bouncing and swaying from side to side.

Jeffrey opened the door to the classroom, and in gentlemanly fashion allowed Jenny to pass through first. She was appalled as she found the rest of the boys either play fighting, tossing paper airplanes, or writing lewd phrases on the blackboard, one of which read, “Miss has got big tits.”

Jenny scrambled over to the blackboard with a forlorn look on her face. She nagged the boys to return to their seats, but they were more interested in staring at her than listening. Jenny struggled to grab for an eraser, but with her wrists tied together behind her, she only managed to knock it to the floor. She did, however, succeed in clutching a second eraser, but was unable to wipe away anything on the board because the tight ropes encircling her elbows severely limited her movement.

The boys laughed hysterically, which apparently provided them just enough entertainment to agree to return to their seats. Jenny angrily hobbled around her desk, propped herself up, and sat cross-legged in the hopes of hiding some of her nakedness. Although the boys sat mesmerized by her body, Jenny took solace in the fact that they remained calm.

“Excuse me, Miss? I’m Lieutenant Joe Douglas, from the Springwood Fire Department,” exclaimed a stocky, gray-bearded man slowly entering Jenny’s classroom. “I’m here to discuss fire safety with the boys. I was told you would be very helpful.”

“Hello Lt. Douglas. I’m Jenny Richards. I don’t know how much help I’ll be,…”

“Excuse me, Jenny? Can you come out to the hall for a moment,” asked Mr. Pemberthy, peeking his head into the room just behind Lt. Douglas. “I’ve got some good news.”

Jenny made her way out to the hallway, and was surprised to see that Mr. Pemberthy had found her some clothing, albeit not much. He unfurled a minuscule white apron that appeared only large enough for a six-year old. It looked more like something worn with a naughty French maid uniform than during home economics class. It covered her pussy, but did not extend south enough to even reach her stocking tops. It did nothing to cover her breasts, or for that matter her ass, unless you count the small knot Mr. Pemberthy tied in back to affix it to her body. In any case, Jenny accepted it and returned to the fire safety discussion.

“Okay boys. Let’s get started. It looks like you have a very nice teacher here,” stated Lt. Douglas, trying hard to focus on getting the boys’ attention and not on Jenny and her little apron. “Fires are chemical reactions involving rapid oxidation or burning of fuel. For fire to occur it needs three things- fuel, oxygen and big breasts, er, uh, I mean heat. A chain reaction can then take place when each of these elements is present. If they aren’t then the fire cannot take place, or it will be extinguished if it was previously burning. Yes, young man, you have a question?”

“So you’re saying that Ms. Richards’ breasts can start a fire?” asked one boy, resulting in chuckles amongst the class, and a dirty look from Jenny.

“How can that happen? Like when you reach out and squeeze them?” added another boy, as well as providing a ‘hands on’ illustration of his question by feeling her globes, sparking a mixture of arousal and disgust in Jenny.

“No, haha, you misunderstood me guys. Ms. Richards’ breasts can start fires, just not ones that burn down things,” replied Lt. Douglas.

“I beg your pardon? Lieutenant, I don’t think I like how this is going!” said Jenny. “Can we get back to talking about fires?”

“Sure, sure. Boys, let me skip ahead a bit and demonstrate to you a very important element in fire safety- the evacuation of elderly and disabled or injured people. Having a floor plan where you are aware of at least two ways out of a given room is of paramount importance. You’ll notice in this room we have the door, and since we are only on the second floor, a window escape is also an alternative.

Now Ms. Richards, since you are already in somewhat of a helpless position being all tied-up, I’d like you to volunteer. Now, if you’ll please sit on the desk like you were when I came in, we’ll get started.”

“Alright Lt. Douglas.”

“Now, boys, what you want to do is approach the person cautiously. Stay as low to the ground as possible, since smoke rises. It is usually dark as well, so you want to kind of feel around in front of you to make certain of your safety, like this.”

Lt. Douglas could not help himself, as he proceeded to fondle Jenny from head to toe. As she whimpered erotically and writhed against her ropes, he lifted her with one arm and slung her over his shoulder while supporting her weight with a large hand on her naked, upturned ass. He set her down near the door, (or safety as he called it), but not before he grabbed her innocent flesh a few more times.

The students enjoyed this tutorial, but roared in approval when Lt. Douglas suggested that each boy duplicate the technique he just explained. He understood that the boys would not be able to carry her individually, but advised that they should break into groups of two or three to complete the task successfully. This concept was not lost on Jenny.

“No they will not! I will not be subjected to any more of this humiliation. They’ll have to make do with what you showed them,” yelled Jenny.

“Ms. Richards, I have to say that I’m a bit disappointed. Mr. Pemberthy told me that you’d do anything to help these kids. He said you were a special teacher. Now, why won’t you help us out?”

“Help you out? Help you out? This is only my first day as their regular teacher, and already I’ve been either naked, or nearly naked wearing one ridiculous outfit after another. I’ve been tied-up all day, and my arms are aching, but no one seems to care. Instead, every boy in this class, as well as you Lieutenant, has taken the opportunity to touch me. So, I ask you, don’t you think I’ve helped enough for one day?”

As Jenny fumed, Mr. Pemberthy returned to the room thanking Lt. Douglas and dismissing the class for the day. He had heard Jenny’s rant, and immediately yet reluctantly cut the ropes that held her arms so tightly behind her for the entire day.

Jenny was so relieved to regain use of her hands. He also offered her the business suit she had originally worn that morning, and consoled her for going through so much for the Springwood Boys School.

“Jenny, I really, truly appreciate everything you did today. Will you please continue with us tomorrow?” asked Mr. Pemberthy.

“Well….I guess so. I don’t really have much choice, but…” answered Jenny.

“Remember, come to my office a little early before school starts.”

“You mean I’m going to have to dress like this again? I’m going to be tied-up and all that?? I don’t think I want to go through this all over again!”

“Jenny, you did great today. And as they say, Rome wasn’t built in a day. I saw some real improvement in the class, which I attribute solely to your presence. I think we’re ahead of schedule. And I’ll try to make sure that the students and other men here don’t take liberties with you like they did today.”

“Okay, thanks Mr. Pemberthy. That does make me feel a lot better.”

“Oh, and Jenny,” continued Mr. Pemberthy as he began to depart. “I’d like you to start the day tomorrow with that fire evacuation technique that Lt. Douglas wanted the boys to try. See you bright and early!”

Jenny returned to Springwood after a very eventful first day. Stepping out from her car, Jenny fastened the top button of her black blazer before approaching the front of the building. Again she was dressed very professionally in a black pants suit, but Jenny had a feeling that wouldn’t last long.

Arriving a half-hour early per Mr. Pemberthy’s request, Jenny found a seat outside his office to wait for him. She was uneasy- she had hoped she wouldn’t be subjected to more of what she thought was humiliation even though she took the whole ordeal very well. She needed the work, but was forever unable to comprehend the oil-and-water characteristics that she carried with her and that were primarily the cause for her losing her clothing. Those qualities, of course, were her beauty and trusting attitude towards others.

“Why hello there Jenny. Good morning to you. Thanks for coming in early again. Why don’t you step inside? I’ve got something new for you to wear today,” stated Mr. Pemberthy, carrying an oversize mug filled with his morning coffee.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy. Great, I was hoping I wasn’t going to have to be dressed like that again. What is it?”

“It’s over on the table in the corner. Let me just send this email, and I’ll take a walk and let you get dressed.”

Jenny was again appalled at what Mr. Pemberthy expected her to wear in front of a class full of unruly boys. She saw a pair of black heels, white knee socks, and a red thong shaped like a heart in front. Before Jenny could protest, Mr. Pemberthy quickly exited expecting Jenny to slip into this ‘outfit’. Jenny did so reluctantly- she had done so the day before, so why not continue with what she started?

Mr. Pemberthy was extremely aroused as he caught his first glimpse of Jenny. She looked like a school girl with the knee socks, although sans plaid skirt and white blouse. He thought she looked better under the ‘less is more’ theory, and who in their right mind other than Jenny herself would argue that?

“Alright, I guess I’m off to my class. I’d like to get there before all the boys have a chance to ogle me,” said Jenny, her breasts bouncing every which way in her haste to leave Mr. Pemberthy’s office.

“Oh, Jenny. Wait a moment. Aren’t you forgetting something?” asked Mr. Pemberthy, holding a length of white rope in his hands.

“Oh please, not again. I promise I won’t cover up!”

“Jenny, you know the deal. Don’t make this harder than it has to be,” explained Mr. Pemberthy, as he strictly tied Jenny’s thin arms behind her. Her tiny forearms swayed from side to side trying to mitigate the effects of the knots, but to no avail. Mr. Pemberthy tried to convince her that her predicament wasn’t all that bad, but Jenny departed before he could finish. She didn’t want to hear it.

“Hi Ms. Richards. You look very nice today,” said Brian, looking up at his teacher as she negotiated her way into the classroom. “Can I give you a good morning hug?”

“Uh, I’d prefer that you didn’t, but only if you agree to be my assistant for the day helping me with the lesson and in writing on the board. Oh, and if you wouldn’t mind, please erase those naughty phrases you boys wrote about me yesterday.”

“Sure no problem,” answered Brian, as he expeditiously did as Jenny asked so he could enjoy his hug as soon as possible.

Jenny was startled though, as Brian wrapped his arms around her body, while simultaneously resting his head on Jenny’s ample chest. After a long embrace he slid his fingers down to Jenny’s ass, causing her to feverishly tap at his hands with her bound arms indicating she was not in approval. He obliged and fixed them on her smooth hips, while he started to gently nuzzle her nipples. Jenny let him continue for longer than he expected, but broke free of his clutches as the rest of the boys began filing into class.

“Good morning everyone. Brian here will be helping me today. Brian, why don’t you pull down that map of the United States and we can start with some geography,” asked Jenny.

“Okay, but Mr. Pemberthy told me to make sure that we started by practicing that fire safety technique from yesterday,” answered Brian as he flashed a sly smile. Not surprisingly, all of the boys were in agreement with Brian’s suggestion.

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. I’ll make you boys a deal. What, within reason, would you like to do that Ms. Lincoln wouldn’t let you?” offered Jenny.

“Well, for one, she wouldn’t let us go on our field trip to Safety Town. She said because we were bad and wouldn’t listen to her,” said Brian.

“Okay, then I’ll discuss with Mr. James and Mr. Pemberthy a reinstatement of that trip. Will that be agreeable to all of you?”

With that, the boys were satisfied, at least for the time being. Safety Town was something everyone had looked forward to, where they had the opportunity to operate cars the size of golf carts in a miniature city with lifelike roads and traffic signals. It was a controlled environment that stressed driving care and understanding of street signs, but all 12-year old boys were concerned about was being able to drive the little cars. If Jenny could make that happen for them, they would even pass up the chance to evacuate her delicious body from a make believe fire.

Day number two progressed nicely for Jenny. She had the class immersed in busy work for most of the day, so as to minimize her time standing in front of them with their prying eyes and curious hands. She figured her mention of a possible future trip to Safety Town combined with their outrageous behavior from the day before had served to calm them down. One of the boys even asked if she could come by his house after school to tutor him on her geography lesson! Jenny immediately agreed, thinking she was starting to get through to them.

On their way out, the boys handed in their written assignments. Jenny perused a couple of the papers, and was dismayed to see elaborate drawings of her body, and not the answers to the capitals of the 50 States as she had hoped. She saw Jason’s paper, (the one who had asked to be tutored), and although it mostly contained errors, Jenny realized a concerted effort on his part to complete the assignment.

“Well, hiya Jenny. How was your second day?” asked a wide-eyed Mr. Pemberthy.

“It actually went pretty well. I think I’m really reaching these kids,” said Jenny, moving towards Mr. Pemberthy to be freed from the ropes binding her arms.

“Any plans for tonight?”

“Yes. In fact, I’m just about to head over to tutor one of the students in my class. He’s really trying hard, but needs extra instruction.”

“Wait, you’re going to tutor right now? That’s great, but unfortunately you’re going to have to remain tied up and wearing what you have on. It’s technically still part of the school day, and that’s the policy we have in place,” said Mr. Pemberthy, as he tossed his scissors back into his desk.

“What?? How can that be? I can’t go dressed like this? I thought I’d be able to wear some regular clothes. And just how do you expect me to get there?”

“I’ll call you a cab. We have a car service for situations just like this. They are very good. And they’ll drop you back off at the school afterwards.”

“You’ve had to call cabs for teachers that are tied-up and wearing next to nothing?”

“Well, actually you’ll be the first under that heading, but we have the service for people with car trouble, or for teachers that are dropped off in the morning- that sort of thing. Why don’t you wait out in the front lobby, and I’ll call them right away.”

Now Jenny began to worry. She made a commitment to tutor Jason, but now she’d be going to a strange house dressed erotically to say the least. She tried to reassure herself thinking that maybe his parents will realize the hilarity of the situation, and untie her as soon as she gets there. But knowing Jenny’s luck, anything was possible.

“Uh, yeah, is there a Jenny Richardson here? I’m supposed to take her over to Sycamore and Redhook,” asked a portly gentleman wearing a tee shirt and baggy jeans that looked to be stained with spaghetti sauce.

“Yes, that’s me- Jenny Richards.”

“Well, heeelllo! I’m Gus, Gus Verplank. Why don’t you come with me? My cab’s right out front. Looks like you may need a hand,” added Gus as he cupped Jenny’s left ass cheek in helping her out the front door.

“Thanks, but I can manage without your hand on my behind.”

“Sorry babe. Listen, why don’t you sit up front, and I’ll belt you in. There are no functional seat belts in the back, and I don’t want you tumbling around back there! Let me just clear away some of this junk,” said Gus, as Jenny watched him empty the front bench seat of a plethora of unsightly and foul smelling items. As it was, an unpleasant odor still lingered, making Jenny all the more excited about this upcoming ride. “There you go. I think we’ll belt you in the middle seat here so I can make sure you’re okay,” continued Gus, as he stretched his soiled right hand around Jenny and affixed it across her right shoulder, just inches from her mountainous breast.

“Um, thanks, I guess. Will it be that long a ride?”

“Shouldn’t be. You know, I don’t have too many women like you in my cab. You’re very attractive. Can you tell me why you’re dressed like this?”

“It’s a long story. Would you mind watching the road? I’d feel a little safer,” asked Jenny, squirming against Gus’ hand and trying to deflect his attention from her chest.

Gus snapped out of his trance just in time as he slammed the breaks and came to a screeching halt- narrowly colliding with the car stopped at the light directly in front of him. As a reflex, he grabbed for anything he could, and since some things are larger than others, Jenny’s firm breasts were the selection. He pressed her body against his to prevent her from falling forward. Jenny screamed, and tried to wriggle free of his clutches. His hands left a remnant of what appeared to be chocolate on her flawless body.

“Let go of me! Look at what you did! You smeared chocolate all over me.”

“Oh, yeah sorry. I was eating a few chocolate bars before. Here, let me lick it off,” offered Gus, as he repositioned himself with his face in Jenny’s tits, and his left hand firmly planted on Jenny’s bare right knee, slowly drifting north up her thigh. As he continued to suck away at her breasts, his hand worked up toward her heart-shaped thong, causing Jenny to struggle even mightier.

“Get your hands off me you pervert,” said Jenny as she raised her right knee and buried it in Gus’ pudgy stomach, causing him to crumple accordion-style back into the driver’s seat. “Please just take me to the house!”

“Okay, okay. Calm down. It’s right here around the corner”, answered Gus, desperately trying to catch his breath as he pulled up right next to the driveway. He unbelted Jenny and assisted her out to the car- this time touching her only where and when was necessary. “I didn’t mean to get carried away like I did. I wanted to make sure I got all of the chocolate off of you. Listen, I’ll just wait out front here for you to be done. I was told you’d be here for an hour.”

“Let’s forget it. And don’t bother waiting for me. I’ll get another ride later.”

With that Gus sped off, leaving Jenny on the front stoop of Jason’s house. She knocked as best she could, and before long she was greeted by a beaming Jason.

“Oh, Miss Richards. Please come in. I didn’t expect you to still be dressed in your work clothes,” said a sarcastic Jason.

“Very funny. Are you parents home? I’d like to speak with them for a minute.”

“Umm, no they aren’t. They both work late tonight. I hope you don’t mind, but I invited a few of the other guys from class who needed some tutoring too. They’re all waiting in the kitchen.”

Jenny hobbled into Jason’s kitchen to find Kevin, Sammy and Danny sitting at the table engrossed in their textbooks. This befuddled Jenny as she targeted these boys as the problem kids that did little more than sit in the back of the class and enjoy the scenery.

“Oh, my, I didn’t expect all of you boys to be here. Sammy, I saw the paper you handed in, and all you did was doodle pictures of me! What would make me think you want to learn now?” asked an annoyed Jenny.

“Because I really want to go to Safety Town, and also want to do well in school. I can’t get into the stuff we do in class though,” answered Sammy. “It’s just too boring.”

“Well, I’m sorry you feel that way, but that’s the material we have to cover. And you’ll be expected to learn it like everyone else. Now, let’s get started.”

As Jenny began her discussion, she couldn’t help but notice the boys salivating at the way she bounced across the kitchen. Their eyes were focused directly and solely on her cleavage. She knew she had to do something fast before she wasted the entire hour.

“Okay, boys, listen to me. And look up here at my face,” pleaded Jenny. “Here’s what we’re…”

“Miss Richards, I’ve got an idea! How about we play a game where you can quiz us on the capitals, and if we get the right answers you can let us do stuff!” offered Jason.

“That sounds like a good idea, if that would make it more enjoyable for you. But what ‘stuff’ would you want to do?” asked a hesitant Jenny.

“How about you let us touch you for every question we get right?” said Kevin. “Wouldn’t that be fair?”

“Yeah, that’s a great idea!” agreed Sammy. “That’s like in that Adam Sandler movie ‘Billy Madison’, except Miss Richards is already naked!”

“Very funny,” scolded Jenny, silencing the boys’ laughter. “Actually, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I don’t think it would be fair at all- mostly because I saw your papers today, and they were miserable! But assuming we play, what if you get the answers wrong? What will you do for me?”

 “We could still touch you if you want,” giggled Danny, hoping that their motives matched hers.

“I don’t think so. How about you untie me, AND tell Mr. Pemberthy tomorrow that you don’t need me to be dressed like this anymore! I’d be willing to play if you’ll do that,” exclaimed Jenny, dreaming that she could get her way for a change.

The boys huddled up and nodded in agreement of Jenny’s demands. They felt the extra studying they did before Jenny arrived would pay off. Of course, they held hostage the whole class’ semester based on their knowledge of the capitals. Since Jenny became their teacher two days earlier, it had been pure heaven for all of them.

“Okay, let’s begin. I’ll ask each of you three questions,” explained Jenny, shivering at the thought of the game not going her way. “Now, Kevin, the first question is for you. What is the capital of Idaho?”

“Figures. Why do you have to give me the hard ones? I don’t know- Potato City?” said a facetious Kevin.

“Sorry, that’s incorrect. The correct answer is Boise”, answered a relieved Jenny. “Sammy, what is the capital of Montana?”

“Let’s see- Helena? Am I right? Is it Helena?” said Sammy, eagerly awaiting confirmation from Jenny.

“Why, yes! It is! I’m very proud of you Sammy!”

“Yeah, yeah, thanks. Now, you said we could touch you?” continued Sammy.

Jenny begrudgingly complied, and stood over Sammy telling him he could rub her legs for getting the right answer. She purposely began with what she thought were the harder capitals, but it was beginning to backfire on her. She underestimated the boys’ focus when given some extra motivation.

“Okay Sammy, that’s enough,” said an annoyed Jenny, trying to get back to the quiz. “Now, Danny, what is the capital of Wyoming?”

“That’s an easy one. It’s Cheyenne. My uncle lives there!” said a bold Danny.

“Wow, that’s right too! Very good. I can’t believe this. Danny, you can rub my legs just as Sammy did,” offered Jenny, now wondering to herself how one of her students could possibly have a relative living in Wyoming! She was convinced that nothing could go her way.

“Danny, I said only my legs,” scolded Jenny, as Danny could not contain himself from tweaking her nipples too. “Please, let’s play the game by the rules. You have to keep getting right answers! Now Jason, what’s the capital of Louisiana?”

“Lemme see. The Saints play in the Louisiana Superdome, so is it New Orleans?”

“No, I’m sorry, but that was a good try. It’s Baton Rouge. So now that’s two wrong and two right. Not too shabby. Kevin, back to you. What is the capital of Mississippi?” asked Jenny.

“Fuck, I don’t know that one either. You’re giving me all the hard ones!” said Kevin.

“Watch your language young man!! I’m not giving you anything tougher than I’m giving the others. And the correct answer is Jackson. Sammy, how about Nevada?”

“Nevada, Nevada. I think that’s Las Vegas, yeah it’s Las Vegas. Oh wait…it’s Carson City, ” said Sammy, correcting himself.

“Sorry Sammy. I’m going to have to accept your first answer of Las Vegas-which was incorrect. Carson City was right however,” said a frightened Jenny, attempting to get away unscathed.

“That’s not fair! I got the right answer,” cried Sammy.

“Alright fine. You’re right. You can touch my stomach,” said a deflated Jenny. “And just a little bit! Don’t get too comfortable!”

Jenny was starting to reevaluate her plans to introduce this game, as the boys had fared much better than she had anticipated. While Sammy readied himself, Jenny caught a glimpse of Danny and Jason looking on and warming up their hands, hoping to have the same opportunity as Sammy.

“Ahhh, okay,” said Jenny, wiggling free of Sammy’s embrace. “Now then, Danny, how about Phoenix?”

“That’s not a state! You tried to cheat again!” accused a pugnacious Danny.

“Oh, I apologize. I made a…” said a frazzled Jenny.

“Too late,” interrupted Danny, now rising out of his chair and grabbing two handfuls of Jenny’s inviting tits. Her nipples grew very hard, as the constant handling of her body had finally worn her down.

Jason recognized that Jenny was not protesting Danny’s actions, and quickly took advantage by kneeling behind Jenny and caressing the backs of her feminine thighs. Kevin, who had been shut out up to this point joined in the fun as well by removing Jenny’s minuscule panties and exploring her trimmed mound and moist slit .

Sammy, who was exhausted from his earlier experience, was content to collapse into his seat and watch his buddies. As Jenny decided to surrender, she closed her eyes, but was instantly awakened by a loud slam of the door.

“Hey! What in God’s name is going on in here? Why is this woman undressed?” shouted Jason’s mother, as she strode into the kitchen carrying a bag of groceries, causing the boys to scatter in all directions from the helpless Jenny.

“Um, hi mom, this is our new teacher, Miss Richards. She just came by to tutor us…” said Jason.

“In what, human anatomy? This session is over. You’re in big trouble young man, and you’ve got a lot of explaining to do. Danny, Sammy, Kevin- I suggest you go home. And Miss, I don’t know why you’re all trussed up, but I don’t really care at this point. I want you out of my home. A car is waiting outside for you in the driveway to take you back to the school. I spoke with the driver a minute ago- I think he said his name was Gus?” said Jason’s mom, causing the tiny hairs on Jenny’s bound forearms to stand on end.

“But, but…” replied a struggling Jenny, as Danny, Sammy and Kevin escorted her out of the house and assisted her back into the stench that was Gus’ cab.

Weeks had now passed, and Jenny was becoming as comfortable as possible with her role at Springwood. Today, however would be different as the night before Mr. Pemberthy informed Jenny that she was finally permitted to be completely dressed.

Jenny figured it had to be as a result of the students’ scores on the last test which had skyrocketed when compared to those earned earlier in the semester. In any case, Jenny wasn’t about to argue the rationale.

Jenny’s glee caused discouragement amongst her twenty eager young students, (who again arrived promptly, a usual occurrence ever since she took over as their teacher), as they found her dressed in jeans, tennis shoes and an oversized sweater. She smiled as she witnessed their collective sigh.

“Now, now boys. You’ve had your fun. Can’t I be dressed for once?” contended Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy has requested that the whole class meet him in the lobby this morning, although I can’t imagine why. It seems that I’ve left some materials in the faculty room, so once I’ve retrieved them we can be on our way…”

The boys were beginning to get restless as Jenny had been gone for almost 10 minutes. Many of them were contemplating cutting class, especially since Jenny had a newfound clothing allowance! But as Jenny returned to class, every boy thanked his lucky stars that they stuck around for a few extra minutes.

This was because she was dressed very differently now. The jeans, tennis shoes and sweater had been deposited in a large shopping bag which she carried in her left hand- the jeans now crumpled and peeking out from the top of the bag. They were replaced by a satin lavender–colored thong, as well as a sexy pair of white, three-inch, open-toed sandals. That was it! Jenny had voluntarily gone topless for the class!

The boys greeted her with a series of whistles and shouts, as they were even more excited than usual due to her willingness to dress this way for them.

“Do you like this outfit better? I thought you would, but don’t get used to it! I’m only doing it because of your last test scores. I’m very proud of you all!” explained Jenny. “Boys, please proceed to the lobby. Sammy, Daniel, I’d like you to stay behind for a moment so that I might have a word with you. We’ll join the rest of the class shortly.”

A giddy bunch quickly filed out as Sammy and Daniel remained, staring with mouths agape at Jenny’s heaving breasts.

“Since you boys scored highest on the last test, I wanted to reward you for all of your hard work. Go into my shopping bag over there and I’m sure you’ll find something of interest,” offered Jenny.

The two quickly rifled through her bag, finding what Jenny was referring to immediately. They peered back at her with puzzled looks on their faces.

“Ms. Richards, all we see here is this bundle of rope. You really want us to tie you up with it?” asked Daniel.

“No, I’m going to use it to tie the two of you! Of course it’s to tie me with, silly! Don’t you want to?”

“Hell, yeah!” the boys shouted in unison. “It’s just that we didn’t expect you to let us do it,” continued Sammy.

“Well, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’m sort of used to it by now. As long as it’s just during class time, I guess it is alright,” answered Jenny, now clearly believing she was losing her mind. “Now let’s hurry up so that we don’t keep Mr. Pemberthy waiting.”

The boys nearly fainted, but were able to compose themselves enough to begin gathering the rope. Meanwhile, Jenny made some last minute adjustments to her thong and heels, (her only clothing) as well as her hair before her hands were immobilized for the day.

Sammy and Daniel made sure to concentrate the knots much like Mr. Pemberthy did, tying Jenny’s arms behind her in several areas both above and below her elbows in addition to her wrists. This caused her hands and arms to once again disappear from sight when she was viewed from straight on. Her soft breasts swayed while her hair covered her eyes as she tested her bonds. She surmised that they were even tighter and more restrictive than ever before, and thus had terrible trouble balancing her body.

“Boys, you will make sure I don’t fall, won’t you?” pleaded Jenny, basically inviting the boys to place their hands on her. “You made the ropes so tight, I don’t think I’ll be able to travel to the lobby on my own, especially with these heels being so difficult to walk in.”

“Sure Ms. Richards!” exclaimed Danny, as he approached her from behind placing both hands on either side of her tiny waist, aiding her through the doorway and out into the hall.

Several minutes later Mr. Pemberthy looked like he had been electrocuted upon seeing Jenny bound and topless making her way to the front of the building. Mr. Pemberthy asked that Jenny step into his office for a moment, but not before Sammy loosened his grip on her left breast that he had cupped for dear life. Jenny politely asked him to let go, and Sammy obeyed.

“Jenny, you do know that I didn’t require you to be dressed like this today, right?” asked Mr. Pemberthy. “Today is their trip to Safety Town, and you’re their only chaperone!”

“The trip is today! Then I can’t be dressed like this! No one told me about the trip!” replied a frantic Jenny.

“Didn’t you notice the students all dressed in jeans and sneakers today?” answered Mr. Pemberthy.

“Not really. They rarely follow the school dress code! How was I to know?” said Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy, you’ll have to untie me! I can’t go like this!”

“I’m sorry Jenny. You’ll have to work that out with the boys. I wasn’t involved in this one…” said Mr. Pemberthy as Sammy interrupted by poking his head in to alert them that the bus had arrived. “Oh, okay. Have a great time!”

As Jenny was escorted by Sammy and Daniel up the stairs and into the bus, she couldn’t help but realize her fate. Even when she voluntarily put herself in a position to be humiliated and embarrassed, there was always more to come. As if her predicament within the school wasn’t enough, now total strangers were going to see her this way.

Jenny took her seat in the fourth row between Sammy and Daniel, who rapidly became the envy of the rest of their classmates. To Jenny’s dismay, the bus was equipped with decrepit shocks, causing her to bounce uncontrollably with each pothole the bus encountered. Luckily for Jenny, the two made sure they held her in place by wrapping an arm around her waist while offering a second hand to strategically cover the breast nearest them.

As Jenny sat cross-legged, she studied Sammy and Daniel, and came to understand her role. She was the only woman among twenty hormone-crazed boys, which many women, (including Jenny at first), would view as a death sentence. Both boys were dressed in baggy cargo pants, sneakers and tee shirts, but Jenny only wore the barest of essentials. Her discomfort extended to her arms being horribly wrenched together behind her back, while the boys had complete use of their limbs as was currently demonstrated by four hands resting comfortably on her smooth, feminine, curvaceous body.

For some reason, after all of Jenny’s past experiences, she was able to deal with it. Maybe it was because after all was said and done, the students listened to her and genuinely tried in school. Or maybe it was because her being in a near-naked state wasn’t one hundred percent gratuitous. She wasn’t entirely sure. She was, however, sure that she would continue to toil at Springwood Boys School if she could make a difference.

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**Jenny and The Spider**

By Eltan

\*knock\* \*knock\*

Jenny bounded downstairs barefoot to see who was at the door, opening the door she was confronted by three grinning boy scouts, the one in front holding a large cardboard box

“Hello miss buy a box of cookies?” said the scout, Jenny’s immediate reaction in the presence of a boyscout was to scream “NOOO!” but remembering she was at home, and seeing the confused expressions on the boy’s faces, then calmed herself, “err I mean, no thank you boys”.

“Awwww please miss” moaned the lead scout, but Jenny couldn’t help the situation, she had no money on her, and knew she didn’t have any money inside

“I’m sorry boys, but I don’t have any money here right now, you see I’m here alone and my husband is out and” Jenny stopped herself, realizing she was rambling, “maybe next time boys”.

Jenny watched the boys faces droop, and started to turn back into the house, but quick as a flash, the lead boy had reached into the cardboard box (which only had 1 half-eaten box of cookies in it, the rest of the cardboard box’s contents composed of many other things that weren’t cookie related) and withdrew a glass jar, whipped off the lid and, leaning forward, emptied the contents on to the back of Jenny’s dress as she took a step back into the house then deftly replaced the jar in the box.

“Oh, miss..” one of the boys began, as Jenny was reaching out to shut the door “looks like you’ve got a spider on your dress there”.

Jenny froze in terror, arms clamped to her sides, she HATED spiders, and hurriedly stammered “c-c-c-ould one of you nice boys get rid of the thing for me?”, “Sure” piped up the lead boy, Micky “but come out side here so we can make sure it doesn’t run inside”.

Jenny complied, and taking slow backwards steps, being careful not to trip, backed onto her front lawn.

Now it was a warm summer’s day, and Jenny was dressed, mostly appropriately, in a loose flowing summer dress of pale yellow, and simple white cotton panties and a matching white bra, but all that was about to change.

Micky and the other boys, rushed over to Jenny’s position, Micky dumping his box behind Jenny on the grass, “Ohhhh getitoff getitoff getitoff” Jenny whimpered, “Right!” said Micky, as he dove into his box, rummaging around, coming back up with the scout’s most trusted tool, the swiss army knife.

“Hold her steady guys” Micky motioned to his friends, each boy took a hand and lifted Jenny’s arms up and away from her waist, “Now miss it’s very important you stay completely still, and you might want to close your eyes”

Jenny did exactly as she was told, putting faith in the little professionals, and Micky couldn’t believe his luck when darting around to Jenny’s side he saw that she had indeed closed her eyes.

Micky quickly grabbed his small pet spider, a quite harmless, garden variety spider, (but Micky knew that most girls couldn’t put the two words spider and harmless in the same sentence) and set it down on his arm, then sighting the panty line, Micky grabbed the material of Jenny’s dress just below her butt and cautiously looked at the back of Jenny’s head, showing no signs of movement. Then, using his swiss army knife, quickly as he could he cut a circle around the material of Jenny’s dress, letting what he had cut off fall to the ground.

Jenny felt a warm breeze across the back of her thighs, and opening her eyes to gaze at her dress, she saw her previously respectable knee length summer dress had turned into a cut-off at the thigh minidress, a slight breeze blew through, ruffling Jenny’s dress, showing the 3 boys glimpses of Jenny’s white panties, they could only grin in unison.

“Ummm, what in the world are you cutting my dress for?” Jenny queried, not doubting the boy’s abilities, but doubting how exposing her soft flesh had done anything to catch a repulsive spider.

“Darn, sorry miss, I was hoping to cut that bit of dress and the spider off together, but he moved too fast” said Micky, feigning frustration as he stamped a foot, then reaching up and letting his spider jump back onto Jenny’s dress “but we’ll get him”.

“O..ok” Jenny said uneasily, still more concerned with the spider than losing part of a good dress.

Micky slipped his swiss army knife back into one of the many pockets on his uniform

“Ok miss, I know how to get him for sure, just get down on the grass there”

Micky closed his eyes and uttered a quick prayer that she’d go along with it,

“Ok, if it’ll help” Jenny replied with a sigh, eager to get this over with.

Micky’s heart quickened and his grin grew, much like his friends

“Ok just kneel down on the grass there miss” Jenny knelt down, feeling the warm grass touch her knees “and put your hands out in front of you, down on all fours”.

 The other boys let go of her hands, and Jenny indeed went down on all fours.

Jenny’s brief dress, no longer able to cover her panty-clad butt, merely sat on her hips, exposing the entirety of her thighs and what little bum flesh was peeking out the sides of her panties. The other two boys stood back to admire the sight, and Micky once again took the spider back from Jenny’s dress, not believing that Jenny had still not checked to see if he was telling the truth about the whole ordeal.

Jenny couldn’t bare to look at the spider, what if it was one of those spitting ones! Again reminding herself of the urgency of concluding this business, Jenny pleaded as calmly as she could “Please, take it off”.

Micky loved her choice of words and almost bit his tongue after he said carelessly “I can’t wait”, rushing to reassure her Mick said “ummm please just hold still again miss, I’m pretty sure you jumped last time and that’s why we missed him”.

Micky shook his head to himself, but Jenny apologized! “Oh, wouldn’t you know it was my fault, I’m sorry boys, I’ll hold still this time”.

The boys moved to grab Jenny’s arms, but Micky waved them away, drew his knife and lifting the fabric of the dress off of the back of Jenny’s ass, cut a line straight up to the neck of the dress, as the entirety of the dress began to slip away from Jenny’s body, Micky took the few precious seconds to get out another “Be very still miss” then as carefully as he dared let the small spider land on Jenny’s bra strap, seeing that at least one leg was touching Jenny’s skin, Micky grabbed the vacating dress and whipped it away from Jenny’s body and tossed it aside.

Jenny didn’t know what was worse, the tiny, probably hairy legs tapping along her back near her bra strap, or the fact her dress was now gone, but Micky didn’t want to give Jenny time to come to conclusions “Oh would you believe it, he jumped! Must be one of those jumping spiders, rare in these parts” he nodded to his friends and waved a hand as if to say keep it going!

“Oh… yea! Definitely rare, only um… seen those in books” said one boy,

“Yea you um, wouldn’t want to give a spider like that a reason to panic or umm get… angry!” finished the other, they both cringed at their sorry excuses, but trusting Jenny ate up every word

“ohhhh” Jenny moaned, as quietly as she dared, thinking the spider might respond to sounds too.

Jenny now didn’t care she was on all fours on her front lawn in only a bra and panties, she might be in mortal danger! The boys were so busy drinking in the sight of Jenny’s body, only a bra covering her low hanging breasts, her trim midriff reflecting the afternoon sun, quivering occasionally, that they didn’t hear Jenny until the third time she said “Boys?”.

Micky broke away from staring and saw his spider had journeyed halfway across the bra strap and was leaving it altogether, thinking this façade was about to come to an end if Jenny saw the small spider, but he let things play out, something told him to let the spider go.

The spider reached the side of Jenny’s bra strap and continued until it hit a large cup, Jenny was staring straight forward and saw something small, brown and many-legged out of the corner of her eye

“ee\_” Jenny began the start of a scream but stopped and whipped her head up and to her left, clenching her eyes shut “oh god I can’t stand the sight of them” she whinged, an idea hit Micky then.

Darting back to his cardboard box Micky found what he was looking for, a black blindfold he’d turned up rummaging in the attic one day, amongst a magic kit that so many kids received and soon discarded at a young age. Bounding back over to Jenny he checked for the spider’s location, it had paused at the bottom of the cup containing Jenny’s right breast, “stay!” thought Micky, stuffing the blindfold into a pocket momentarily and putting his hands on Jenny’s shoulders.

“Jenny, I’m going to rock you upright, just push up with your hands and then sit your… bottom.. back on your legs”.

Micky wouldn’t have been surprised if any other girl he’d said to in this situation would have slapped him square in the face, but this wasn’t a situation anybody else would likely get into, and this girl obviously wasn’t like any other.

Jenny whimpered a little under her breath, and slowly as she could, rocked back, Micky’s hands guiding her as she went, until she felt the fabric of her panties touch the backs of her legs and her arms hung limp at her sides.

Micky took a deep breath and figured it probably best to tell Jenny what he was doing, in case she wanted to get up and kill him,

“Ok Jenny, I’m going to put a blindfold on you” Micky closed his own eyes and braced for the sting, but none came.

Jenny, unable to argue with the logic, that she couldn’t bear to look at spiders and that this boy would be so kind as to cover her eyes for her just to make her more comfortable, agreed “Oh..ok, erm.. thank you”.

Without hesitation, Micky wrapped the blindfold around Jenny’s head, tying it tight in one of the most secure knots a scout was taught, Jenny then seemed to relax slightly, as Micky and his two friends reviewed the appearance of the stunning blonde, her chest thrust forward, a white bra the only thing standing between the three onlooking boys and what they’d only dreamed of until now, her bare feet and legs now housed Jenny’s curved ass, covered in a brief pair of panties,

Micky knew of what was down there between her tanned legs, but had never seen, he stood and wondered for a moment, before getting back to the task at hand.

Jenny was relieved she wouldn’t see the spider anymore, but she still dreaded it’s revolting touch, and wanting to cover herself from anybody who was looking, which Jenny reasoned was probably everybody, but not wanting to risk a bite, her hands would come up instinctively, then she would throw them back down.

Micky watched Jenny’s fidgeting, then another idea struck him, rope!

He sent one of his friends into the house to get to the garage and locate rope, he couldn’t believe his luck when a length of sturdy rope was handed to him, now Micky’s hands shook fully, he knew what he had to do, but all laws of common sense and reality crowded into his mind, filling him with self-doubt, but he shook the thoughts away.

Taking a deep breath, Micky explained in as stern a tone as he could muster what would happen next to the hopefully willing, Jenny.

“Jenny, you keep moving your hands, if I’m going to get the spider, you have got to stop moving!”,

Jenny just knew that she was to blame that this had dragged on as long as it had, and even hung her head a little, muttering “I’m sorry, I.. I just can’t help it”.

Micky didn’t pause, but continued with his plan “Well look, I’m going to have to tie your hands, or we’ll be here all day”,

Jenny’s mouth opened to protest, but knowing that as a trained scout, this boy was trained to deal with dangerous animals in dangerous situations, Jenny simply nodded her accord.

Micky couldn’t contain himself, now that Jenny was blindfolded, he jumped in the air, as did his friends, thankful that fate had delivered them all to this wonderful day.

Returning to earth, Micky took the rope and bound Jenny’s hands in the most sophisticated and secure knot he could manage, the rough material rubbing against her wrists made Jenny squirm a little, but Micky scolded her “Still please” and Jenny obliged, sitting back and letting the boy do what he did best.

Finding he had ample rope left over, Micky cut off the excess with his knife, and bringing Jenny’s elbows in together behind her back, bound them together, Micky, expecting a kick in the groin for his troubles if it was any other girl, worked frantically, and was finished in seconds, being top of his class in knot-tying was coming in use today!

Micky stood back to review the knots, while his friends darted into Jenny’s house, Micky, not caring, watched Jenny’s heaving bosom, her breasts thrust out even further with her elbows bound behind her in the middle of her back, her chest rising and falling with each breath.

Micky’s friends returned dragging two fold-out chairs from Jenny’s house, and sat themselves down to watch their leader and today, their hero, do his thing.

“They’re not too tight are they miss?” Micky asked, not truly concerned for the beauty that wouldn’t buy his cookies, but wanting to convey that image.

Jenny squirmed in her bounds, they were indeed tight, but not uncomfortable, and Jenny was more concerned with her exposed chest, but allayed her selfish concerns

“No they’re fine thanks, but please, the spider”, this boy was going out of her way to help her after she had so heartlessly initially turned him and his darling friends away she reminded herself, her exposed body would have to remain that way.

Micky grinned, “Yes of course, the spider”, miraculously the spider had retained it’s position on Jenny’s right bra cup, and Micky put out a finger and the spider leapt back to Micky’s waiting hand, then, very carefully, Micky hovered his hand right above Jenny’s heaving cleavage and upturned his palm, the spider dropping to land on soft breast flesh.

Jenny jerked her body under the spider’s touch “erk!”, and Micky gasped, expecting his pet to launch into the air, but the spider held fast to her chest, and with the movement under it, the spider began running circles over Jenny’s partially exposed breasts.

Jenny fought back the scream, instead replacing it with series of words “getitoff ohmygod getitoff getitoffffffff!”

Micky drew his knife, “Of course!” and deftly lifted each shoulder strap of Jenny’s bra and severed it, then cut her bra in the middle, then dropped the blade to the grass and circled around behind Jenny, yanking the bra off her by the strap, letting it land on the grass, his friend’s jaws dropped, but Micky returned to Jenny’s front and maintained a focus, mentally blanking out the sight before him, to locate the spider, below a breast, then with some air blown in it’s direction, Micky encouraged the spider as it ran as fast as it legs could carry it, down Jenny’s stomach, around her navel and ended up on the waistband of her panties.

Micky snatched the spider up, put it on his arm then reviewed the fruits of his labours.

Jenny’s bare breasts finished their bounce as Micky returned his gaze to Jenny’s inviting chest, feeling something surge down below, Micky saw the bulge in his pants, then he could have sworn that Jenny’s nipples grew in length, much like his the bulge in his pants grew at the sight.

Micky knew he was excited by the sight, and understood the very natural reaction in his pants, but he wondered why Jenny’s nipples grew stiff and taut, her bottom lip started to quiver and her legs pushed hard together, when she was sitting topless in front of strangers on her front lawn, did this excite her?

Jenny wanted to clamp her hands onto her breasts, and run inside screaming, spider bite be damned, but Jenny’s common sense took hold, and she remained still, trying to suppress the stirrings in between her legs and all over her chest.

Micky put the thoughts aside for another time, and looked to the spider on his arm, running circles around his arm, he could have kissed the spider then, but he remembered his priorities and returned to the task at hand.

“Miss, you probably felt it, the spider, it darted down to.. your…. panties” Micky said, as he returned his gaze longingly to Jenny’s breasts, how he wanted to touch them!

“Y-yes I felt the d-damn thing” said Jenny, fighting with her inner urges “pleeeeease get rid of the thing”.

“Gladly!” replied Micky, taking the knife back up from the grass, he thought about how to do this.

“Jenny, can you very slowly, sit up so that you’re kneeling?” asked Micky, all caution and fear thrown to the wind, she was enjoying this and Micky now felt the urge to make her happier.

Jenny raised her ass, legs still quivering and assumed a kneeling position. Micky pulled back the waistband of Jenny’s panties from her backside, peering down at the curve of her ass that stared invitingly back at him, without a second thought, Micky put his hands on Jenny’s hips, Jenny jerked her ass back at his touch, further curving her already curvy figure, and Micky lowered the panties down her legs ever so slowly, revealing each precious inch of forbidden flesh over what he made a tantalizingly long 15 seconds, before letting the panties slip to Jenny’s knees, severing them and ripping them from her body, then letting his spider hop down onto Jenny’s exposed ass.

Jenny shuddered, the spider ran all over her exposed rear, which she reasoned she could have covered if her hands weren’t bound at the elbow, then Jenny squeaked most audibly “Eeeeee” as the spider crept down to her asshole then darted away, running all the way around to her pussy, and running rings around it, Jenny hated the spider, but the feelings it evoked made her body sing out in praise, as she let out a low moaning “OOOOooooohhhhh”.

Micky reviewed Jenny’s beautifully curved behind as the other boys came down from their chairs to stare at Jenny’s bush, Micky couldn’t help himself any longer, and reached out to stroke a finger over a rounded bun as Jenny was in the throes of spider-induced ecstasy, and didn’t even notice.

Micky smiled, and moved around front to join his two friends looking at Jenny’s (blonde!) pussy, “Wow…” uttered Micky, he had never seen anything like it, and the golden hairs of Jenny’s bush glistened in the sunlight, “Wet?” Micky asked himself. Jenny barely could raise a defense now “T…The sssp…spider..oohhhh”, as the spider raced around her lower regions.

But Micky had other ideas, blowing at the spider when it paused for a momentary breather on a round, quivering buttock, he chased it up Jenny’s back, around her breasts, to the ends of each nipple, much to Jenny’s ‘objections’ “no..” she whispered.

Micky chased the spider to her back, all the way down and in between the cleft between her buns then he let the spider roam of it’s own free will as he headed inside Jenny’s house.

Micky returned with some items which he set down next to Jenny, then saw that most of Jenny’s body was now glistening, the combination of the summer sun beating down on her body, the spider setting off reactions and the arousal that Jenny felt had made Jenny quite a sight.

Her body sparkled with a light sheen of sweat, the sun was baking her neglected (pale) areas a red which was receding into a browny gold and in between Jenny’s legs was positively soaked with her ‘suppressed’ emotions.

Putting his hand out, Micky lifted the spider off of Jenny’s belly, and Jenny’s breathing slowed slightly,

“Miss, I’m sorry, I didn’t catch the spider in time, but I have to ask you, do you feel a tingling ALL over your body?”

Jenny was tingling all over her body a hundred times over “y..yes” she managed.

“Well I don’t want to alarm you but the spider may have bitten you, or as you might not know, it could have uhhh… shed hairs, which could be dangerous you see, but don’t worry, I have the remedy here with me!”

Micky himself doubted his explanation of events, but he knew this beautiful lady better.

“Oh… thank heavens!” Jenny said through laboured breaths, this beautiful boy would go to any end to help her, Jenny smiled “please… hurry, do what you have to”. Micky sighed contentedly at her grateful, perfect white smile, it made the spectacle even more magnificent, “Sure thing miss!”

Micky stood before Jenny’s chest with a large pitcher of milk, her nipples strained hard from her breasts invitingly, her head lay resting on one shoulder, the blindfold secured. Micky nodded to himself and let a slow stream of milk coat Jenny’s chest, Jenny arched her back at the feeling of the cold milk hitting her sensitive nipples, throwing her head back and moaning

“OOHHHhhhh GOD” then moving it from left to right, Micky made sure each of Jenny’s breasts got a thorough coating of white creamy milk, then poured a generous quantity between her breasts, which trickled down her belly and over her hot pussy then going behind Jenny, poured the remainder over her buns which clenched tightly at the cold sensation.

Jenny’s body quivered when the last drops had left the pitcher, the heat returned to her body, and she found herself almost wishing that cold stream of whatever it was kept coming. Micky tossed the pitcher to one side, then picked up a large squeeze bottle of honey in his shaky hands

“OK miss, I’ll need you to bring your legs around in front of you” the kneeling Jenny complied, and first sat her bottom down on some cool, milk covered grass, then pushed her legs forward from under her and extended them out, feeling more spilt milk and grass sticking to her legs and butt as she shifted.

“That’s good miss” said Micky to his blindfolded belle “now if you could just lie flat on your back…”

Jenny nodded and carefully lowered her back onto the grass, lying on her bound hands, and felt an all over warmth as the sun bathed her glorious form in it’s rays.

Jenny could have nodded off to sleep there, but a warm, gooey substance hit her in between her breasts presently and Jenny opened her mouth in an O to let out an elongated “ooooohhhhh!”.

One of the two previously seated boys was up now, standing over Jenny and squeezing hard on a plastic bottle of honey aimed squarely at Jenny’s chest, as directed by Micky.

Micky didn’t even pause to explain what he was about to do to Jenny as he watched the honey coat Jenny’s melons, then tentatively reached out with both hands and clamped them onto Jenny’s breasts, much to Jenny’s confusion.

“eeeEEEE!” squeaked Jenny as the boy’s smaller hands clamped onto her sensitive, honey-coated boobs, squeezing their delectable mass as Jenny almost jumped off the ground.

Micky let his urges take over, as he squeezed Jenny’s breasts together, watching the honey squelch over the top of her bust and run down the sides of Jenny to the grass below, pulling her nipples, pinching them, pushing her breasts this way and that as the honey continued to stream down onto Jenny’s globes from above, “that’s enough” said Micky to the boy with the honey, who didn’t hear at first, then shrugged his shoulders and let the honey squeeze bottle drop to his side, too entranced to move.

Micky knew that this was pushing his luck, Micky knew that this could prove disastrous, but he licked his lips and leant forward, put a hand on either side of Jenny to steady himself, and before he had time to second guess himself, Jenny’s honey-glistening nipple was in his mouth.

Jenny felt warm air blasting a nipple, then the next thing she knew, something warm and wet was presumably eating her breast! Jenny jogged the possibilities through her mind, along with overwhelming thoughts of arousal, and then she knew! It must have been the boy, bravely sucking poison from a bite the spider had given her!

“Oooooohhhhh y-you’re so skilled for your age” complimented Jenny through a series of squeaks, moans and whimpers, referring to the scout’s ‘survival’ skills.

Micky’s eyes widened, and he knew that this lady was enjoying this as much as he was, maybe even more as he gorged himself on Jenny’s boob flesh.

He drew back for a moment to catch his breath, then descended to Jenny’s 2nd nipple, giving it a similar treatment to the first, as he nibbled on her nipples, orbited her areola and sucked on her breast for many more minutes, Jenny’s urges took over and she bucked her back and cried out her approval, slamming her butt up and down on the grass, clamping her legs together to try and contain her urges, then a semblance of reasoning returned to Jenny

“have…you….got it….all?” Jenny managed, Micky rocked back from Jenny’s form, a mixture of saliva, honey and milk now covering Jenny’s heaving chest and erect nipples.

 “Oh um… yeah.. sort of” replied Micky, licking his lips, and motioning for his friend to bring the honey back to Jenny, then pointing to her belly, streaks of honey already lining it.

The honey traced lines down Jenny’s taut belly, to her knees, and back up to her pussy, Jenny squished her legs together harder still, honey squelching out from between her legs, but Micky’s hands came in once again, and it was all Jenny could do to bite her lip as the hands rubbed the honey across her belly, down her legs and into her thighs, then back up to her glistening pussy.

Micky paused as his hands hovered above Jenny’s clit, then he pushed Jenny’s legs apart, the warm air on her pussy causing Jenny to go into little convulsions, Micky watched as some honey trickled down into Jenny’s pubic hair, and she thrust her pelvis into the air, held it there for at least several seconds squealing all the while, then let her rump descend back to earth with a little thud, as she gasped for breath.

Micky decided to leave that very sensitive area for the time being, and hoisting one of Jenny’s legs up, rolled her over, as the honey descended down from above and hit her other soft globes, the honey descending into the cleft between her buns, Jenny clenched them together and again a squelch was heard as the honey squeezed up and out, and glided down the expanse of her butt. Micky slapped his hands onto Jenny’s buns, the clap was quite audible, so was Jenny’s yelp, honey splashed back onto Micky’s scout uniform, but Micky wasn’t concerned, and if Jenny was, she wasn’t voicing her concerns.

Micky went to work massaging Jenny’s soft bum, pinching it when he had the chance, admiring Jenny’s cute squeaks every time he did, one of the other boys had produced a camera and took the opportunity to snap a few photos.

Then Micky decided as much as he was enjoying this, it was time for the grand finale! Micky rolled Jenny onto her back, now her front and back covered with the mixture of grass, honey and milk, Jenny ground her butt into the ground, her body was crying out for more attention, as Jenny struggled in her mind to remain in some semblance of control.

Micky hopped up and over to his two mates, and they had a small huddle as Micky pointed to some things that he had brought out earlier that were sitting on the grass with the discarded pitcher and mostly empty squeeze honey bottle.

And then, all at once, it happened.

Micky uttered “Kneel” and felt quite superior at that moment, as the two other boys ‘helped’ Jenny get upright and onto her knees, as Micky got into position behind Jenny with his knife, one other boy picked up two clothes pegs, one in either hand and stood in front of Jenny’s heaving chest, poised to strike, and the third boy picked up a spatula and positioned it over Jenny’s prone, red rump.

Jenny felt fuzzy all over, and all she wanted to do was break free from the bonds that held her and finish what the boys couldn’t, she struggled, but this only heightened her arousal, as her body screamed out for satisfaction, moisture trickled down between her legs, her nipples stood firm and erect and her breaths came short and quick, as all thoughts of the spider, the boys, decency and decorum left Jenny’s mind, and only the overwhelming thought of sexual pleasure remained.

“ONE” Micky ordered, and the two clothes pegs clamped down on Jenny’s nipples, the boy gave them a playful tug for good measure, as Jenny managed a “Ahhhhh!” and arched her back, pointing her stressed nipples skyward, the boy continued to tighten and tug, loosen and pull on the clothes pegs as Micky yelled “TWO”.

The second boy brought his spatula down in a short arc, spanking Jenny’s inviting buns, “Ooh! Ooh!” Jenny replied as each of her buns received a good spanking, again and again and again.

Micky watched for a good minute, saw the sweat beading all over Jenny’s body, hearing her groans and squeaks becoming more urgent, more strained, more needful.

Micky watched as she struggled against the binds at her back as frantically as she had, and then yelled “THREEEEE” as he sliced the rope, the spatula came down in the hardest spank the boy could manage, and the pegs were squeezed as hard as they could be squeezed, then all three boys dove for cover as Jenny’s free hands whipped around to her pussy.

The boys watched her from behind as Jenny went to work, one hand massaged a breast and the other disappeared between her legs, Jenny’s moaning now heightening to screams of ecstasy, as she bucked up and down on her own hand, and then all at once, it was over.

Jenny eased backwards onto the lawn and fainted into a contented slumber, the boys crossed back to her and stood over her, a smile splayed across her face, “What a performance” Micky grinned, his friends returning the grin, then darting off at Micky’s command, one of the boys returning with a hose and the other returning with some large towels.

They washed her down quickly with the hose, removed the clothes pegs, toweled her off, wrapped her up in the remaining towels, hosed away the remaining mess on the lawn, put what leftover honey there was in Micky’s box, returned the pitcher and spatula inside, and set off running.

The sun was low in the afternoon sky as John returned home, pulling the car up to a halt in the drive, then he noticed the toweled figure on the lawn. Initially fearing the worst, John dashed over, to find that it was indeed Jenny, but she was sleeping soundly, and smiling, John couldn’t help but smile back

“Another adventure eh Jenny?” John mused, as he heaved the sleeping beauty up over his shoulder, his hand resting protectively on her rump. John proceeded to the front door, and fumbled for the keys with his free hand, leaning against the door to make things easier, but the door swung open, and John was lucky to get a foot in front of him and maintain his balance.

“What have you been doing today anyway?” John said to the snoozing Jenny as he shut the door behind him, corners of the towels catching in it, then slipping from Jenny’s body, to leave her nude once again,

John laughed out aloud that Jenny could even strip herself in her sleep, then headed upstairs with his precious cargo, his hand resting over Jenny’s bare rump.