**Jenny 2005**

Jenny at the Spa by Brummie

Jenny the Product Tester by Brummie

For Queen and Country by Brummie

The Body Double by Brummie

Jenny and Suki by Brummie

Jenny Learns Her Lesson by Brummie

Jenny The Fashion Victim by Brummie

Do Svidanya by Brummie

Working Late or One Possible Explanation by Leisurely59

Kisses For Charity by Biker

Jenny and Camping with Scout Troop #666 El Diablos y Leisurely59

**Jenny at the Spa**

by Brummie

Jenny was determined to really enjoy her stay at the Spa. John had surprised her the previous week when he’d told her he had booked them a week's worth of health treatments at the Manor, especially as they had been having some money troubles recently. The first day had been a gentle introduction to the amenities, a meeting to introduce the people in each group and their instructors followed by a good night's sleep. The sight of Jenny in her usual light summer dress, her long graceful legs encased in nylon, the curve of her backside and the gentle bounce of her incredible chest as she walked, caused a huge stir. The instructors had gone into a huddle and they seemed to be making some sort of draw. The second day would be entirely different for them all, but mostly for Jenny.

After a light breakfast they found they had been placed in different groups so they split up and Jenny went to her first activity.

The morning was given over to swimming. Jenny was shocked when she opened her bag to get her sensible one piece bathing suit, only to find John had surreptitiously replaced it with something only a man would buy for a woman. She'd seen more material in a handkerchief! Sighing, she stripped naked, donned the bikini, trying to cram as much tit flesh into the tiny cups as possible, and went out to the pool. She carefully climbed down the ladder into the water, if she'd dived in the bikini top would have been around her ankles in seconds, and started to swim lengths. The session went well, apart from the couple of times the lifeguard on duty had dragged her spluttering from the water, claiming he thought she had been drowning.

Eventually the session finished, so she got changed and went to meet John for lunch. He seemed a little worried, so Jenny didn't have the heart to scold him for swapping her bathing costume. Instead she told him about being dragged from the water by the lifeguard. Apparently his method had been to grip both her arms and pull her out of the water. Jenny wouldn't have minded this if her bikini top hadn't finished up under her chin, exposing her wetly glistening, bouncing melons to the whole group. Twice.

"The second time he was getting ready to give me heart massage," said Jenny pouting. "Probably followed by mouth to mouth and the Heimlich maneuver."

This gave John pause for thought. The first two would have been good, but a lifeguard giving the Heimlich to a wet and topless Jenny would have been an awesome sight.

They parted company again and Jenny went to a short lecture on healthy eating and exercise. The group were also informed that they would all be called to a medical examination at some time that day.

The next activity was to be a vigorous work out in the gym. The changing room wasn't proving to be Jenny's favorite place as, again, she felt in her bag for the leotard she had brought only to find another one of John's "presents". The one he'd chosen was half the size of her old one. As she put it on, she found it stretched ominously over all her curves. The back plunged down, only just stopping short of her butt, and the sides were cut far higher than she felt comfortable with. It goes without saying that the front was fighting a losing battle to contain her breasts, which threatened to spill out over the top.

Both Jenny's male trainers greatly admired the sight of Jenny in the skintight leotard, bending and stretching as she used the various pieces of equipment. They seemed to be doing their best to make Jenny's tits bounce around as much as possible, or to place Jenny in any position that showed off her soft round buttocks to the maximum.

The rear view of Jenny on an exercise bike would get a rise from a statue, but the front view was something else. The bike she was on had low handle bars, which meant both boobs hung down, creating a massive cleavage and the peddling motion caused a jiggling which brought the whole group to a standstill. She blushed to her toes when she realized why all the men staring at her.

Jenny was next moved to a small trampoline. Luckily one or other of the young instructors was always on hand to catch poor Jenny when she fell off. Unsurprisingly, a hand would quite often find its way to a soft squishy bit of flesh. She tried to bounce as little as possible, but the trainers had other ideas. Working as a team they each seized one of Jenny's hands and started to pull her down harder, making her bounce back all the higher. The higher she went, the higher her tits went until, inevitably, they flew out of the top of her leotard. The trainers didn't seem to notice and kept a topless Jenny bouncing for at least 30 seconds. It was only her screams that made them let go, so she could stuff her bosom back into her top.

Toward the end of the gym session a severe looking lady dressed as a nurse approached Jenny and, in a terse voice, told her she was to come for her medical now. She was in her mid thirties with a good figure, with pulled back hair and dark rimmed glasses. She led Jenny to a small office and, after taking her blood pressure (elevated due to her embarrassment), and a few other general medical checks, instructed her to strip naked.

"Please bend over that low padded stool. I need to perform an internal exam."

"Here we go again!" thought Jenny.

She waited apprehensively with her ass sticking up in the air for the inevitable insertion. She jerked as a finger covered with a cold cream was pushed between her cheeks and started to rub back and forth. After a few seconds the finger delved into her anus and was gently worked around. A warm sensation started to pervade Jenny, as the nurse switched her attentions to her vagina. This received the same treatment, only with a extra finger added for good measure.

The internal exam seemed to last longer than Jenny would have thought necessary but, eventually, the nurse extracted her fingers from Jenny's pussy and told her to stand in front of a large mirror on the wall. She then informed her that the last procedure was a palpitation test to check for lumps in her breasts. She moved to stand close behind Jenny pressing her bosom into her back and brought her hands round outside Jenny's arms, placing them on her stomach. Then she slowly stroked up Jenny's abdomen until she reached her giant tits. At first she simply cupped the breasts as if weighing them while looking into the mirror. She then proceeded to squeeze each mound, pulling them this way and that. Particular attention was paid to the large brown areolas and nipples, which were tweaked, pulled and twisted frequently. They quickly became hard and erect from the manhandling they were receiving.

This was certainly the most thorough check over Jenny's breasts had ever received and she'd had a few. She couldn't go to her doctor without him insisting that he check her for lumps.

"Better safe than sorry, y'know,"' he'd say as he pummeled her tits.

Jenny trusted the nice old man so much that, at his suggestion, she now sat on his lap as he did the exam. Not the sharpest tool in the box, our Jen. The last time she'd only gone to have her ears syringed. Her last breast exam had been the most unusual, as she'd been at the dentist at the time. Jenny was really very happy that so many nice people seemed so concerned for her health. She probably wouldn’t have felt so happy if she'd known that she was standing in front of a two way mirror, her naked body being ogled by her two young trainers, while her mammaries were molested by a bull dyke lesbian posing as a nurse.

"Are we done yet?" said Jenny, after a couple of minutes having her tits mauled. The nurse jumped, as she'd fallen into a dream like state as she worked on the most perfect set of tits, on one of the most beautiful women she'd ever had the chance of interfering with. Thankfully Jenny was the kind of girl who could be persuaded that the word "gullible" wasn’t in the dictionary.

"Yes, all finished," said the nurse and gave Jenny's rump a sharp spank. "You can go now."

The probing of her pussy and ass, and the fondling of her tits, had given Jenny a very warm, and moist feeling, made obvious by her hugely engorged and pointed nipples, which caused the guests she passed much consternation, as Jenny raced back to the room dressed in her tiny skintight leotard. She hoped John was there and in the mood to ease her aroused condition. Basically she was in need of a good seeing to. Unfortunately, as soon as she entered the door, John threw a robe to her, telling her he knew she’d had a hard day so he'd booked the massage room in two minutes time.

John had made her strip off her leotard, so Jenny was naked under the robe as they headed toward the designated room. John had told her he’d only booked the room so he would be giving Jenny the massage himself. As they made their way a distinguish silver haired middle aged man in a robe looked up from the paper he was reading and nodded to John.

"Who's that?" asked Jenny.

"Oh, that was Peter. I met him and his friends Brian, Chris and Bridget earlier, while you were exercising. We passed the time while you were enjoying yourself bouncing round the gym."

The massage room was white and antiseptic, with a small table to the side holding a selection of bottles of scented oils and some fluffy white towels. The massage table itself was in the middle of the room under a large neon light. The main body of the table was covered with a crisp, clean, white sheet. At one end it had a curious oval padded ring attached.

"OK darling. Let's have your robe off," said John.

"Are you sure we're alone here?" said Jenny, "and nobody can burst in."

"Look," said John. "I'll lock the door so you can relax." John moved to the door and rattled the key in the lock. "There we're safe now. No intruders."

Satisfied, Jenny opened her robe revealing the sight that John, or any other man or woman who had seen it, never grew tired of. The perfectly luscious breasts bounced gently as the rest of Jenny's body was uncovered, especially her long silky thighs with her clean-shaven pussy between. John had convinced his wife that a naked pubis made wearing bikinis much more practical, but mostly because it had become one of the highlights of his life when Jenny allowed him to perform the shaving, as it always ended with him eating her newly naked cunt until she came.

Jenny lay down on the table face up.

"Let's make this a little more exciting shall we?" said John kissing Jenny passionately. He took the toweling belt from his robe and tied it round Jenny's head as a blindfold. "Just lie back love. I'll go and get some oil and we’ll start."

Lying back Jenny found her head settled neatly into the padded oval and proved quite comfortable.

John took a while selecting an oil to use but, eventually, a wet splash hit Jenny's right thigh followed by the left. Then hands slowly smoothed the oil into the skin of her legs, especially her wonderful upper thighs, and then moved up over her hips and onto her tummy. Another splash and few minute of massage on her stomach muscles, then the hands continued their travels up her body bypassing Jenny's tits and on to her shoulders.

The massage felt wonderful as the aches and pains were ironed out. Jenny was now in limbo between the earlier arousal and the comfort given by the magic fingers. Inevitably the hands soon reversed direction and headed to her chest. Jenny quickly came alive as her breasts were seized by the oily hands and gripped firmly. There followed much kneading and molding of each of her massive mammaries. They were gently but firmly pushed up, down and around as the glistening oil was worked into her globes. The hands gripped the outsides of her mounds, pushed them together and rolled them against each other, as the hands moved in opposite directions. Many minutes of stroking, shaking, pushing, pulling, patting, pumping, pummeling, twisting, tweaking and gentle slapping finished when each nipple was gripped firmly between a finger and thumb and stretched upward. Jenny arched her back as each breast was shaken so they slapped together. (Note: The last trick is a male fantasy and should only be tried on a real girl while wearing a cricket box as it can result in severely bruised testicles. Trust me)

Her now rock hard and pointy nipples were given a final twist and released to spring back onto her chest. After a few seconds hands were placed on Jenny's hips. Gradually they circled round her pussy mound building the tension. Pressure was applied to the inside of each thigh until the outside of her ankles were resting on the table and her knees were pointing east and west. Her pussy opened up like a flower and a greasy hand flowed down her stomach and over her pubis. A gentle circular rubbing motion soon drew moans from her lips until a switch brought both oily hands in to begin manipulating Jenny's pussy lips driving her into a frenzy. The massage of her outer lips ended when two fingers invaded her bald vagina, pushing as deep as possible before, with a slight upward pressure, being dragged back out, grazing over Jenny's G-spot. It only took half a dozen repetitions to make her swollen clit pop up from its hiding place where it was immediately captured by a pair of lips and softly sucked.

Her hands gripped the sides of the table as her hips started to rotate and lift. She was now breathing hard as she rapidly climbed towards a climax. She was pushed over the edge as the attack on her clitoris was multiplied when a tongue was dragged slowly across it. Her hips lifted and she screamed so loud John wondered if he was going to have to add a gag to the blindfold. Her orgasm hit her hard. Her newly relaxed muscles tightening once again as her hips bounced up and down. The fingers kept pumping, the lips sucking, and the tongue licking, trying keep her at the pinnacle of ecstasy for as long as possible. It was fully 20 seconds before Jenny's muscles relaxed and her hips slumped back down onto the tabletop.

Jenny lay panting and spent on the table for a minute before she raised her arms intending to remove the blindfold but her wrists were grabbed and John whispered in her ear, "Not yet darling, there's more to come. Turn over now."

"Oh God!" thought Jenny, "Surely there can’t be more."

Jenny slowly rolled, over reversing her position so her breasts were squashed into the table and her face rested in the oval. If she could have seen past the blindfold, she would have been staring at the floor.

More oil was poured onto Jenny's slender back and hands now stroked up and down kneading her muscles, until she purred with contentment. Inevitably the hands headed south and came to two of the prettiest cheeks known to man. Another liberal application of oil and it was off to the races as both cheeks received a thorough massage. Suddenly a stinging slap landed sharply on her left buttock. Automatically her left hand reached back to cover her cheek only to be seized and held in the small of her back.

'SLAP'.

Another landed on her right cheek. Automatically the right hand reached back only to be captured and held with the left. With her hands forced behind her back, a further five spanks were administered to each jiggling peach like buttock, giving her six of the best on each side. It was one of Jenny's most embarrassing secrets she'd never shared with John that a good hard spanking really turned her on. (Note: Un-surprisingly this is rarely the case with real women. See previous Cricket box note for likely outcome).

Her hands were freed and the hands returned to massaging the now pink, glowing, oil covered, glistening cheeks of her arse. Each cheek was pulled apart then pushed together, until one set of fingers began to delve into her ass crack. A long rub starting at the base of her spine continuing over her anus and down between her legs right to her pussy lips, then back again. On the sixth of these, the fingers stopped at her rectum and started rubbing it round and round. The greasy finger couldn't be stopped as the pressure forced open Jenny's sphincter and plunged in. Jenny felt the finger may have been the longest she’d ever had inserted into her body and it felt like it had about eight knuckles. Slowly the digit was pushed in and out, while twisting and turning. Gradually the speed increased until Jenny's hips were again bouncing up and down on the table, as she built toward another orgasm.

The finger was removed as quickly as it had arrived and Jenny was just about to complain to her husband that he'd left her high and dry, when a hand was placed on the back of her head. Gentle but firm pressure forced her face down into the padded oval. Simultaneously, the unmistakable shape of an erect penis head nudged against Jenny's mouth. Since her Nightnurse adventure Jenny had become used to giving John a "Gob job", as he insisted on calling it, so willingly opened up. The penis surged forward between her soft pink lips, into her warm mouth, and stopped. Jenny sucked softly and used her tongue to lick the underside of the head. It wasn't long before the dick started slowly moving back and forth in her face. For the next few minutes Jenny did her best in the unusual position to give as much pleasure to her husband as she could, sucking and using her tongue with all the skill she had could muster. Inevitably the thrusting quickened and a load of sperm was deposited over her tongue and into the back of her throat. It didn't seem too ladylike to spit it out, so Jenny swallowed the lot. (Note Any one who thinks the amount a guy ejaculates can be measured in mouthfuls obviously don't know where the popular beat combo of the 1960's "The Loving Spoonful" got their name. Probably quite a small spoon as well, come to think of it.)

As the dick popped out of Jenny’s mouth, her ankles were seized and her legs pulled round 90 degrees, so she was now facing across the massage table, her huge tits hanging down on one side and her legs on the other. John forced himself between them spreading them wide, before sinking his rock hard dick as hard as he could into his wife's cunt. He reached forward and, grasping Jenny's arms, held them behind her back, using them as leverage and then subjected his wife to the hardest, most intense fucking, she'd had since he'd banged the shit out of her five times on their wedding night. John was giving a pretty good impression of a woodpecker until Jenny reached boiling point once again. The spasm in her vaginal muscles gripped his member and he joined her, grunting and groaning in a shattering climax. After pumping his spoonful into his wife, John fell forward across Jenny's back, holding her down on the table, trapping her arms, and preventing her from releasing the blindfold. He lay breathing hard, his eyes closed, trying to get his breath back.

John turned his head and opened his eyes to see Brian, Chris and Bridget using towels to wipe the oil from their hands. Peter was using one to clean his dick. He quickly pulled on his trousers and, giving John a lascivious wink, led the group silently from the room.

Peter had been very pleased when John had asked to join in their card game that morning. Every one had spotted Jenny the day before and they had been discussing ways of getting to know the couple. As the poker game progressed, it became obvious that John's gambling addiction had not gone away and soon, although he was losing steadily, he couldn't help himself. By lunchtime he was well down and, coupled with their money worries, this explained why he had seemed pre-occupied at lunch. By the middle of the afternoon he was heavily in debt to all the other players. Then Peter had suggested a little scheme so that John, or more accurately Jenny, could pay off his debt. At first John had been indignant at the suggestion, but he gradually came round after imagining how it would be, if four complete strangers could molest his wife’s body, with her unwitting co-operation, while he enjoyed the sight and paid off his gambling debt. A win-win situation he thought, as long as the blindfold stayed in place. Eventually John had agreed, although he had stipulated that no one fucked his wife but him. All heart this guy. They'd quickly worked out the plan, as Brian was keen to get his hands on Jenny's big wobbly tits, while Chris was happy to take her delectable ass. This left Bridget to sample the taste of her sweet pussy and Peter had to be content with using her mouth, poor chap.

John thought he'd got a good deal, but the poor slob had never really stood a chance. Especially with all the other players working together as a team to make sure he lost.

Peter had seen the look in John's eyes during the card game and he knew he'd be back for more. Presumably Jenny now thought John was one of the world’s greatest masseuses and might be up for a repeat session. If so Peter though he might like to try her ass this time. That spanking looked like a lot of fun, but he wasn’t sure he’d be able to stop at 6 per cheek. If she didn’t go for that, hopefully they could come up with a new ploy, so that Jenny could be persuaded to unwittingly co-operate once again in her own ravishment. Perhaps something involving an authority figure like a policeman. After all Jenny had seemed quite prepared to obey a nurse without question, as Bridget had found out earlier, when she'd ‘borrowed’ the nurses uniform.

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**Jenny the Product Tester**

by Brummie

Jenny and John decided that, as there money worries were still with them Jenny should try to find a little job to supplement their income. A big problem as Jenny had the IQ of a rocking horse and no work experience, but she got the evening paper and began reading the small ads.

There seemed a great many people seeking girls for 'modeling' assignments but Jenny dismissed them, as she thought her shyness would be a problem to her showing herself off. She eventually came across an add for part time 'Product testers'. John explained that the job required a team of people to give their opinions on a variety of new products before they were committed to being sold to the public. Sort of Market research. Jenny thought she could do that and was thrilled when she was accepted for the post.

On Jenny's first day she joined a group of five other 'testers' and spent the morning tasting, smelling or trying out different products and then giving her reasons for liking or disliking them. Lunch was taken in the canteen and, as usual, Jenny's appearance caused quite a stir. Today she had worn one of her light summer dresses that showed off her figure perfectly. Jenny was still not aware of the effect her dress choices had on men (and women, some of whom envied her and some of whom hated her).

The dress was tight at the hips, showing off her fantastic derriere. The hem revealed her fine slender calves and sometimes, outdoors, it would billow up revealing her nylon clad knees, sometimes her thighs and, every once in a while, deep joy, high enough to expose a stocking top. But the main focus for attention was her magnificent chest.

Large, high and firm, it was wonderful at rest but it really came into its own when Jenny was on the move. People stopped to watch as she walked down the street, admiring her bouncing twins and, if Jenny could ever be persuaded to break into a jog, traffic came to a halt. Her nipples and large brown aeolas were also extraordinarily sensitive and seemed to spring to attention at the slightest opportunity. Her low cut dresses were very popular with her male co-workers, who often tried to walk closely past her when she was sitting down.

On a couple of occasions she had bent down in front of a male teammate and, unknowingly, revealed a vertigo inducing valley of soft pink flesh, only to stand and saunter off oblivious to the strangulated expression and the expanding trouser bursting bulge that she had caused.

The body was topped by a main of long blonde hair, framing a sweet, sexy, innocent face. (Innocent? She's had more things up her arse than Liberace and been naked in public more times than Lassie the fucking Wonder dog, who writes this crap!).

It was here that Giles Stern, the Head of the Product Testing teams, first spied Jenny. He was tall, in his late forties with black hair and a goatee beard that many thought gave him the dangerous, devilish look, which he cultivated. He was an arrogant man and aloof with staff. He also thought he was God's gift to women and, as soon as he spotted Jenny, he made a beeline for her. Over the following days he took any chance he could to approach Jenny and launch into a boorish speech extolling his own virtues, fully expecting her to fall into his arms. Jenny wasn't interested; she loved John and told Giles so. He seemed to take no notice and kept pestering her any chance he got.

It all came to a head late one day as Jenny was heading home. She had stopped at the water cooler and was bending to fill her cup. Giles came up behind her and pinched her bum hard. Jenny shrieked and turning round slapped his face with a real humdinger. Giles staggered back shocked then recovering pulled himself up to his full height and started forward. Jenny cowered; sure he was

going to strike her when out of a nearby door the rest of her Product team emerged. Seeing them, Giles hesitated. As they swept past Jenny joined the group and headed for the exit. Giles Stern stood glowering at their retreating backs, watching them go while rubbing his cheek. Under his breath he rasped, "Just you wait, girl! I'll make you regret that, see if I don't."

Jenny had a rotten night, sick with worry.

"You don't go slapping the boss and keep your job," she thought.

So, when she next arrived for work she was surprised when no one chided her; She wasn't called in and sacked. No one mentioned a thing!

"Perhaps Mr. Stern was so ashamed of himself, he won't sack me," she hoped.

A week passed before Jenny again saw Mr. Stern. He was some way off, unloading a cardboard box from of the boot of his car. He didn't see her as he went into the office. Jenny went to her normal work place and the day continued as usual. At about 2 O'clock her supervisor came to her and said they were short handed in one of the teams so she'd been re-assigned and was to report to room 101. Room 101 was the subject of much discussion amongst the staff as it had the title of 'Special Projects' on the door and very few people were ever allowed in. This was quite a feather in Jenny's cap and she felt very pleased with herself.

When she arrived there was a team of five women she hadn't seen before but this time headed up by two supervisors. Mrs. Frog and Miss Gris. They called Jenny forward and introduced her to the team, who sat and looked at her expectantly. Appraising her.

Jenny had worn one of her prettiest summer dresses that day and looked even more stunning than usual.

"OK team, we're testing clothes today but our usual model hasn't turned up so Jenny has agreed to stand in."

This was news to Jenny.

"I don't know how to model," she whined.

"Don't be a silly, you wear what we tell you and we'll show you what to do," said Mrs. Frog. "OK Jenny go into the next room and change into the first outfit. You'll find it on the table in there."

Off she went and came back in another summer dress that she paraded round. The team studied, felt and checked it out. Jenny was asked various questions about the feel and comfort of it which she answered as best she could.

After the first few dresses Jenny was next handed a half-slip with matching bra and panties from a cardboard box.

"Oh yes we test clothes of all sorts here," Miss Gris told her when she queried the underclothes. "Now get changed quick girl, we haven't got all day and there's still more to get through. You're being well paid for this job, don't make me have to report you."

Jenny knew that if she did get reported she would certainly lose her job after the run in with Mr. Stern and she couldn't afford that. Jenny got changed quickly. She had to strip naked to swap into the new lingerie and she tried to hide as much of herself as she could from Miss Griss, who she had seen studying her body as she changed.

Jenny showed no misgivings when the bra fitted surprisingly well (Rocking Horse remember). Out she went again in front of the team who approached as usual and began running their hands over the material and commenting on the quality.

After modeling several more variations of underwear the next change was a different style again. This time an even smaller matching bra and panty set, which Jenny would have hesitated to wear in front of her husband, let alone seven strangers. The half-cup lacy see-through bra only just covered her nipples and the panties were nothing more than two triangles connected by string. Jenny was mortified and was just about to object when Miss Griss gave her a sharp look and said, "Come on girl! You've not got anything we haven't all got. We're all girls here, now get changed and get out there."

Jenny stood nervously in front of the team who stared open mouthed and drooling at the near naked vision of loveliness encased in the tiny lace combination. Only Mrs. Frog and Miss Griss came to her this time. They commented on the fit and Jenny said, "Yes, it's quite comfortable if a little chilly."

Then Mrs. Frog dipped two of her fingers into the front of the bra cup to feel the material between her fingers and thumb. She seemed oblivious to the fact that Jenny's nipple was trapped between her fingers and was being squeezed between them while being teased, as the thumb rubbed the material back and forth.

"Er..Mrs. Frog you've get my..."

"Quiet!"snapped Mrs. Frog. "Can't you see I'm working here?"

Chastised, Jenny pouted and meekly remained silent. Mrs. Frog turned to Miss Griss while continuing to rub both the bra and Jenny's flesh and chatted for a few seconds Jenny meanwhile fidgeted as her sensitive areola and nipple became more and more aroused. Miss Griss saw what was happening and, as Jenny had been instructed to remain silent, decided to join the fun with the other bra cup. The two of them then spent a couple of minutes testing and commenting on the material while Jenny's nipples were squeezed and rubbed. By the time they stopped the results of their ministrations were poking sharply through the front of the bra and Jenny's face had taken on a decidedly pink flush.

"Now for the panties. The fit looks OK. Do they feel comfortable to you girl?" Asked Mrs. Frog.

"Oh Yes," ' said Jenny breathily.

"Let's see shall we? Spread your legs girl."

Jenny moved her legs three inches wider.

"No, no, this wide," said Mrs. Frog, kicking her foot until Jenny's ankles were two feet apart.

Gripping the top of the front of the panties, she pulled up. The material dragged through Jenny's crotch over her pussy causing her to gasp. Miss Griss immediately saw this and moving behind Jenny and took hold of the rear of the panties. With a wink to Mrs. Frog she pulled up on the panties and dragged the material back between Jenny's legs, over her vagina and also her rectum this time. A tug of war then started, as first the front and then the back was pulled. The material of the panties continued to graze over Jenny's sensitive pussy and asshole as it sawed back and forward between her legs, all the time getting narrower and narrower.

Eventually the material was pulled snugly between Jenny's vaginal lips that now hung down either side. The thin line of the panties became so tight that it rubbed directly against Jenny's clitoris, which was pulled from its little hood and stimulated unmercifully. Jenny's eyes were closed and her breathing becoming laboured when the pulling stopped. Both supervisors stepped away and left Jenny with her legs wide apart and the panties bunched between her labia and the cheeks of her butt.

She realised they had stopped and opened her eyes to see everyone in the room smirking and staring at her. She flushed bright red, pulled the panties out of her vagina and was about to rush back to the changing room when Mrs. Frog grabbed her by her arm and stopped her.

Miss Griss brought the cardboard box out of the room and set it down.

"OK Jenny, just a couple more outfits to test."

The next bra was the smallest yet, quarter cup at most, and the panties nothing more than a thong. Miss Griss snapped the clasp on the bra Jenny was wearing and whipped it off before she had a chance to react. She automatically covered her bare bosom, which drew a frown from Mrs. Frog.

"Look don't make this difficult, put your arms down now, girl," she ordered.

Jenny slowly complied and exposed her heavy globes to the entire team. They'd all suspected that they were spectacular but now they had the proof. They seemed to Jenny to be staring hungrily at her body. She felt quite disconcerted at the attention. Her nipples and areolas were still dark and erect and pointed straight out from the round loveliness of Jenny's huge breasts.

Mrs. Frog then wrapped the bra around Jenny's waist and threading her arms through raised it until it rested directly beneath Jenny's tits. The bra was so small that it left three quarters of Jenny's breasts uncovered. (That's why they call it quarter cup dopey. Who writes this crap?)

While Jenny stared, astounded at her exposed bosom, Miss Griss stepped behind her and pulled down her panties. Jenny shrieked and her arms flew to cover her naked shaven pussy from view.

"Look girl, this is the last warning. Stop getting in the way or I'll put a rope on you."

Feeling small and alone Jenny slowly moved her arms away so the entire team got its first look at her naked shaven pussy. It was still red and excited from the panty tug of war and looked slightly moist. The team seemed even more eager and strained forward to get a better view. Miss Griss grabbed her ankle and lifted her leg to help her into the panties. The more obvious effect of this for Jenny, was that her pussy was now fully exposed and starting to open up before the audience. The panties were raised up her legs, until they snuggled between her legs and with a smirk Miss Griss gave then an extra hitch, jamming them tight into Jenny's crotch. Her swollen and excited pussy lips were now outlined and obvious through the thin material.

Mrs. Frog moved behind Jenny and said "Now team, as you can see, this model leaves the wearer almost completely exposed."

Jenny shuddered at being reminded of the amount of breast flesh she had on display. Miss Frog then reached round Jenny and placed her hands beneath her big round boobs and started to bounce them up and down, while explaining to the team that the bra offered uplift, without hindering access to the majority of the wearer's bosom. She demonstrated even further by tweaking and twirling Jenny's nipples. Jenny shuddered at the stimulation; the team shuddered at the sight. If there'd been some starting blocks they'd have been in them.

"Turn sideways girl," said Mrs. Frog.

Jenny turned through 90 degrees and Mrs. Frog pointed out how Jenny's mammaries were now held

up by the bra and practically being presented to her partner. She nodded to Miss Gris who moved forward and grasped Jenny's tits, gave them a teasing squeeze and her nipples a sharp upward pull. Jenny pulled back from the assault on her nipples but she was held by Mrs. Frog.

"Right, turn again girl."

Jenny nervously turned and faced away from the team, exposing her luscious derriere to their lustful gaze. Mrs. Frog explained that the thong design offered no coverage what so ever and almost total access at the back. She reached down and took a hand full of Jenny's butt, gripping it hard. She pushed on Jenny's shoulders and bent her forward.

"As you can see no protection at all"

SMACK....She spanked Jenny's left cheek...SLAP...Miss Griss followed suit with the other.

"Ouch!" Jenny squealed, jumping up and covering her bum with her hands.

"OK team, your turn."

It might as well have been a race because all five of them leapt forward, trying to be the first to get their hands on the merchandise. Jenny found herself surrounded as each team member wanted to touch the scraps of material Jenny was wearing. Jenny tried to fend off as many probing hands as she could but, as one hand was pushed away from her bottom, another grasped her breast and squeezed. She pushed the tit squeezer away as another set of fingers stroked her pussy. Jenny was able to keep most of the hands away until one woman grabbed her wrists and, saying "Is there enough freedom is movement in this dear," dragged her arms upward over her head.

The others saw this and, given a free hand, used them to grasp every part of Jenny they could. Two hands grasped her left boob, two hands her right, someone had seized each of her buttocks and another pushed down the front of the panties. The woman holding her arms kept up the pressure as the others squeezed and fondled Jenny's mammaries and bottom. The hand down her panties cupped her mound and gently ran a finger through her hairless pussy lips. Jenny groaned. She was being forcibly aroused again. She was just about to close her eyes and give herself over to the sensations when Mrs. Frog stepped in.

"Ok team, playtime's over!"

Jenny was released and she flopped down.

"Stand up straight girl!" snapped Mrs. Frog. "Right, let's get to the last few items. This is one of the more exotic combinations we get asked to test now and again, and consists of a few more parts than usual. I'm sure you're going to find this one very interesting team."

The first items produced from the box appeared to be four flat strips of material with buckles. Jenny stood in an erotic daze as her arms were grabbed and stretched out sideways. The first two panels were wrapped around her wrists like cuffs and buckled up tight.

"OK? Not too tight?"

"Err..., Well ..,"

"Good then we'll continue," interrupted Mrs. Frog.

The next two went around Jenny's arms just above her elbows, again tight, but not cutting off the circulation. Jenny noticed that all the cuffs had small rings attached and also some sort of locking clips. What sort of a weirdo wears underwear like this, thought Jenny?

The next two items were dark nylons, which the two supervisors helped Jenny into, accompanied by much stroking of her calves, and lithe supple thighs. A black lace suspender belt, which they attached, and a pair of shiny black high-heeled pumps for her feet were added. Then another pair of cloth cuffs were wrapped around Jenny's ankles. Suddenly Jenny's quarter cup bra was unclipped and unceremoniously dragged off. She automatically clasped her arms over her naked bosom.

"Right that's the last straw," said Mrs. Frog crossly.

She strode behind Jenny and, grabbing both wrists, pulled them together behind Jenny's back.... Snap....one of the locks was used to connect the two cuffs at Jenny's wrists, locking them together.... ..Snap.... the elbow cuffs were joined.

"And while I'm here, we'll just have these shall we?" Mrs. Frog said as, with a flourish, she grabbed the back of Jenny's thong and ripped it from her body.

She now stood naked in front of the team with her arms restrained behind her back. Her elbows being pulled together had emphasized her magnificent breasts even more. They showed some evidence of red finger marks and were now totally unprotected and exposed to everyone. Her damp and bare pussy also showed the evidence of her stimulated condition.

"Well team, what do you think of that?"

"She looks like a slut," snapped one of the women nastily.

Jenny was appalled. In her own mind she had always thought of herself as a good girl. The public nudity had always been accidental (or arranged by her husband or best friend Ashley) and no fault of hers. The numerous penetrations of her ass and vagina, or the facials she had taken, had either been for good medical reasons or perpetrated on her when she had been handcuffed, tied, shackled or generally restrained in some way or on one occasion drugged. To be called a slut was unfair. She felt humiliated and close to tears. In her shocked state she didn't notice Miss Griss take the opportunity to kneel down and click the ankle cuffs together.

Next came a bra, in black again, which looked like it was wet.

"Some sort of rubber," said Mrs. Frog when asked by a team member.

The strapless bra was then fitted around Jenny's chest, with much tugging and pulling. It wasn't really built for a girl of Jenny's proportions and it took a lot of pushing and pulling, lifting and separating, squeezing and shoving to position her mammaries just right before stretching it enough to clip it closed at the back. The bra had one more surprise in store. It had holes cut in the front, right in the middle of each cup, and they were directly positioned over Jenny's nipples, which poked through a little.

A look passed between them and Mrs. Frog moved behind her and gripped Jenny's upper arms. Miss Griss then seized each nipple between a finger and thumb and, while Jenny was held still, spent the next minute pulling and twisting, until she was satisfied the whole of Jenny's big swollen areolas were pulled right through. Repeated teasing of her nipples had kept them fully erect and they pointed straight out at the team.

The last item was a pair of panties in the same wet look material. They joined at the sides with velcro so, even though Jenny's legs were shackled, they could be fitted and joined together each side of her waist. Jenny was surprised because they almost completely covered her buttocks. Nothing like the tiny scraps of material she had been forced to wear up to then.

"Anything else in there to test, Miss Griss?" said Mrs. Frog.

"Well there's just these," she said, holding up a couple of straps with buckles.

Moving behind Jenny Miss Griss buckled a leather blindfold round her forehead before pulling it down till it covered her eyes.

"Can you see anything, girl?"

"No," replied Jenny her voice trembling.

This was taking on a more ominous feeling that she tended to get around boy scouts.

"Are we done yet?"

"Nearly, just this last little item, open wide."

Jenny felt a round object pressed against her mouth and, realizing it was a gag, compressed her lips together shaking her head.

"Oh dear," said Miss Griss, "Mrs. Frog if you will."

Mrs. Frog grabbed a handful of hair behind Jenny's head and pulled back and down. Her head snapped back, her mouth flew open, and Miss Griss pressed the rubber ball home then buckled it up behind Jenny's head. Perfect teamwork. It was as if they'd done this before.

The two supervisors moved apart and Jenny stood in front of the team having voluntarily (mostly) allowed her-self to be restrained, blindfolded, gagged and dressed in rubber bra and pants, stockings, suspender belt and high heels. A dream in bondage that could have come straight from a top quality porn movie.

Jenny waited apprehensively, fully expecting and, maybe secretly hoping for, the same rush of grasping, probing hands as before and to be given a through going over, particularly as there was no way she could defend herself now. She was amazed and somewhat relieved to hear Mrs. Frog say

"Well team, that about wraps it up for today, you can go now."

Jenny listened as the other members collected their things and headed out. The door closed and Jenny waited expectantly for her restraints to be removed. She was frantic to get out of these disgusting fetish clothes quickly, as she wanted to get home to John so he could do something about this itch she felt between her legs. Nothing happened. Jenny waited.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned. What was wrong. What were they waiting for?

She heard the door open and Jenny listened as the sound of footsteps slowly approached her.

"Thank you ladies. You've completed phase one of my plan admirably."

 Suddenly the blindfold was snatched from her head and, blinking in the light, she looked up into an unmistakable cruel smiling face.

"Well, well, Mrs. Richards," said Giles Stern. "We meet again." (Shouldn't he be stroking a fluffy white cat at this point?).

Giles Stern stared down into the eyes of Jenny Richards hoping to see the fear he liked to inspire in women. All he saw was a slight nervousness. Jenny was becoming resigned to this sort of thing. She wondered if other women ended up handcuffed or tied-up half as often as she seemed to.

Not satisfied with what he saw Stern began to speak.

"Your first mistake, Mrs. Richards, was rejecting me when I could have offered you so much. (Fancies himself doesn't he. Arrogant sod). Your second was striking me. But your biggest mistake was to strike the Lord High Grand Master of the Whips and Chains Society." (Him again if you hadn't twigged).

This didn't really have the desired effect on Jenny that he'd hoped for. If you'd mentioned Sadomasochism to Jenny she'd probably think it was running in the 3.30 at Kempton.

"Now you will pay for your actions," he continued. "Ladies, if you will complete her preparations,

we'll move on to phase two."

Jenny watched him move to the other side of the room, collecting a straight-backed wooden chair on the way. He carefully placed it in just the required position and removed his jacket. After placing it on the chair back he turned to stare at Jenny as he rolled up his shirtsleeves.

She was in the hands of Mrs. Payne and her partner Miss Bynder. The cuffs at her wrists and elbows were unclipped but, before she could struggle out of their grasp, her arms were bent up until her left wrist cuff could be joined to her right elbow cuff and vice versa. Jenny found her arms were held even more immobile but now crossing the middle of her back.

Stern sat down and gestured to the ladies. Standing on either side of Jenny, they seized one of her nipples each, which were protruding at least two inches from the holes in the rubber bra she had been forced into, and started leading her towards her fate.

Jenny's ankles were still hobbled together so she was forced to take fast little steps to save herself from falling. She was led to stand at the side of Stern, when Miss Bynder gave her a push. She would have screamed but for the rubber ball in her mouth. As she toppled Mrs. Payne, who had moved to the other side of Stern, caught her and Jenny was slowly lowered across Stern's lap.

Miss Bynder reached up from Jenny's ankles and gripped two tabs on either side of Jenny's rubber panties. Jenny had hoped that they would provide her with some protection from what she knew was inevitably coming. With a jerk Miss Bynder ripped the two Velcro panels aside exposing Jenny's ass to the air and leaving her in just a rubber thong. Once Stern had maneuvered her body to the perfect position both ladies knelt down. Mrs. Payne took hold of a fistful of Jenny's hair, while Miss Bynder gripped her ankles, making sure that no matter how much she bucked and writhed she couldn't dislodge herself from Stern's lap.

"Right ladies. Let's begin phase two of the punishment shall we," said Stern ominously.

Stern gazed down at possibly the eighth wonder of the modern world. Jenny was blessed with a picture perfect peach-shaped posterior (blimey alliteration, been at the dictionary have we). Giles Stern flexed his fingers like a pianist getting ready for a recital. Well he intended to play a tune on Jenny but he wasn't going to be using a piano, that's for sure. He didn't immediately start waling away at the nearest piece of flesh. In his arrogance Stern considered himself to be an artist. A connoisseur of the art. Any loutish brute could administer pain he thought. His preferred method was to take his time, slowly extracting the maximum of satisfaction from each blow. He wanted his victim to become sexually excited as well as receive punishment. The combining of the two was part of his plan.

Miss Bynder watched her boss begin in his usual style. She had seen him perfect it over the last few years as he'd practiced on various women at the Whip and Chains Society dungeon, where she and Mrs. Payne were Stern's best dominatrices.

His first act was to bend his head and place a feather light kiss on Jenny's left cheek. Then he continued by stroking Jenny's backside and thighs above her stocking tops, starting to build the tension. Jenny knew it was coming but Stern kept her on tenterhooks, as he still softly caressed her sculptured, yielding, globular hemispheres. Jenny was trembling in anticipation awaiting the first strike. Stern raised his right hand and, with the memory of Jenny's slap to his cheek giving extra impetuous to his arm, crashed the first blow down on her right buttock cheek.

"Mmmmmmmm," groaned Jenny through her gag.

She expected the slaps to rain down now but Stern did nothing. He waited, gauging the effect of his blow. Watching the slowly growing red mark on Jenny's flesh. A perfect five-fingered handprint rapidly appeared on Jenny's arse. He returned to slowly stroking her thighs, as Jenny absorbed the impact. Stern didn't use tools. He thought paddles, canes and crops to be impersonal. He preferred a more 'hands on' method. All the more exciting to feel the effect of flesh on flesh. He felt the heat in Jenny's butt start to grow. He felt his own member start to grow.

Slowly the redness spread, as Stern's blows covered the whole of Jenny's bottom and thighs. Each blow carefully targeted. Jenny moaned and groaned at each impact, as Stern continued spanking her.

SLAP!.

Her left cheek rippled at the impact. Stern varied the time between each spank. His member grew. Once he spent two minutes just gently stroking Jenny's ass and stocking clad legs, tempting her to hope the torment was over, before crashing a particularly stinging slap to the inside of her left thigh. Jenny could feel a bulge pressing into her stomach.

"Either he's pleased to see me or he's got a canoe in his pocket," she thought. (Lord Flashheart rules, Woof!) "Mmmmmm," groaned Jenny as, eventually, with an extra hard swipe he delivered the final slashing blow to her right buttock cheek. In the half hour he had been spanking her, he had only delivered twenty blows, but they were twenty corkers.

Stern sat back. Phase two was now complete. Just phase three to go and Jenny's punishment would be complete.

It should be explained at this point. In the tiny, self-absorbed mind of Giles Stern every women desired him. He was the boss and women were there to do his bidding. In actuality the opposite was true outside of the Society. Inside he was in his own world. It had taken him a week to set-up the scheme to punish Jenny for her 'crimes' - booking the 'Special Projects' room they were in, for the afternoon; securing the various pieces of underwear Jenny had been coerced into wearing; collecting the fetish gear that now adorned her body; and arranging for the five women in the team plus his two lieutenants to attend.

Phase one of Jenny's punishment was to pay her back for snubbing his advances. The team of seven women had been instructed to publicly expose Jenny, humiliate her and bring her as close to orgasm as possible without letting her climax. Then bind her in readiness for the next step.

In Stern's mind Jenny was humiliated but, while not relishing the nudity or exposure, she had twice been erotically stimulated to with-in an ace of coming, so, in her mind, a fair swap.

Phase two was for the slap to his face. Stern had returned the blow twenty fold. He thought Jenny's almost constant moaning was in torment, but we know that, in reality, Jenny secretly got quite turned on by a good spanking (See Jenny at the Spa). Stern may have been a small-minded, arrogant misogynist, but by Christ, the guy could spank for England. Jenny had been moaning with growing erotic excitement and she wished Stern had carried on warming her ass and not stopped when he did.

Phase three was, to Stern's twisted mind, the most insidious part of his plan. Jenny's slap to his face was as nothing compared to the slap to his dignity and so required special retribution. In Stern's world he could change the way someone thought and, so, he was hoping to turn Jenny to the dark side of S & M. (One day you will call me master, Obewan). He thought he could connect pain and sexual excitement in her mind and lead her to become one of his harem in the Society. (What a twat, I'm beginning to hate this guy and I invented the fucker. Don't worry folks he gets his comeuppance at the end). Unfortunately for him if you mentioned psychological domination or submissiveness to Jenny she would probably think they were running second and third to Sadomasochism in that race at Kempton, so the chance of his plan working was zero.

Jenny's breathing had slowed. The spanking had started her up the climb to orgasm but the pause for me to explain all this stuff to you, the reader, had allowed her to rest and calm herself.

"OK, start phase three ladies. Bring her back to the boil," commanded Stern.

Miss Bynder was a superb dominatrix but she also had one other attribute much prized by her clients. She possessed a tongue of prodigious length and dexterity. She could nearly reach her own eye with it. She released the clip holding Jenny's ankles together and gently prized her legs apart. Moving forward between them she reached up to Jenny's blushing pink ass and moved the thong from between her cheeks and to the side. Then with a hand prizing apart each cheek she extended her prehensile tongue as far as she could and prepared to strike.

Mrs. Payne meanwhile had reached for the clasp at Jenny's back. She released it and the stretched bra sprang apart and shot off like a released rubber band. Turning on her back, she raised Jenny slightly and wormed her way under her shoulders until Jenny's head rested between her breasts. This meant that her head rested between Jenny's tits and for a second she thought she'd gone deaf.

Jenny's breasts were a sight to behold. The rubber bra had compressed the flesh but extended the nipples, so that they looked like two German First World War helmets. Two round domes with two-inch purple spikes rising from the middle. Mrs. Payne waited, ready for what she knew was coming.

Jenny's body suddenly stiffened and started to rise. Mrs. Payne grabbed the huge globular tits before

her and pressed them together.

The cause of Jenny's reaction was the invasion of her asshole by the four-inch tongue of Miss Bynder, who had driven forward and penetrated Jenny's butt. Back and forth she plunged her tongue in and out, while holding on to her Jenny's bucking body. Mrs. Payne pressed Jenny's tits together harder until the extended nipples touched. She then opened her lips wide and stuffed as much of the

nipples, areolas and tit flesh as she could into her mouth. Gently bringing her teeth together she began to softly gnaw on Jenny's areolas.

Giles Stern watched carefully as his lieutenants worked on Jenny's body. His plan required that the girls only brought her back up just short of orgasm. The next step would push her over into his world. It only took thirty seconds of his girls' attentions to build Jenny back up again.

"Stop!" ordered Stern.

Mrs. Payne froze and stopped worrying Jenny's tits, but remained with them stuffed in her mouth. Miss Bynder withdrew her tongue from Jenny's asshole and sat back on her haunches. Stern produced an efficient looking vibrator from his pocket. He gently inserted it into Jenny's, now very well lubricated, vagina and replaced the thong to keep it in place.

"OK girls lets do it," he said. "Here's your reward for crossing me Mrs. Richards!" On the final word he flicked the switch on the vibrator, which hummed busily into life. Jenny's body jerked as she felt the effect deep in her pussy. At the same time Mrs. Payne renewed her attack on Jenny's tits, now massaging them with her hands, as well as chewing on the areolas in her mouth. Her tongue joined the attack lashing back and forth over Jenny's captive nipples.

Stern and Miss Bynder joined forces and, like rail workers driving a spike, started to rain down fast, hard, alternate slaps on Jenny's buttocks.

Stern SLAP left.

Miss Bynder SLAP right.

SLAP left.

SLAP right, left, right, left, right.

It took less than ten seconds for the combined assault on all of Jenny's senses to drive her over the top into a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Mmmmmmmm."

 The burning of her ass cheeks, the deep vibration in her cunt and the stimulation of her breasts combined to push her into the biggest explosion of pure pleasure her body had ever endured. The spanking, vibrating and tit mauling continued keeping her at the apex of exquisite pain and pleasure. Her moans filled the air as the mind numbing bliss continued to pervade her whole body.

Gradually her climax subsided and the assault halted. Jenny's sweat covered, limp body shivered with aftershocks as Stern switched off the vibrator and slowly extracted it from her pussy. The room was silent for many seconds. The only sound the rasping of Jenny's breath as she breathed through her nose.

"On the table with her please ladies,"' said Stern.

Jenny was lifted from Stern's lap and half dragged half carried to an office desk nearby. They laid her dazed body face up on the table with her ass on the edge. Her bound arms made her unmoving upper body bow, forcing her red and excited boobs toward the ceiling. Mrs. Payne then pulled the Velcro sides of the rubber panties Jenny was wearing and snatched then away.

"Right Mrs. Richards. You've had your pleasure, now it's my turn. Spread her girls!" He commanded.

They seized an ankle each and dragged Jenny's legs in opposite directions. Stern had unzipped himself and dragged out his dick. He approached the unresponsive form, looking down at her wide-open pussy, readying himself for the final act in his plan. His final act of domination. He would prove his superiority and turn poor Jenny into his submissive slave.

The room filled with a cacophony of noise as the Fire Alarm blazed into life. Stern stood stunned with his dick in his hand. What the hell was going on? Did he have time to complete his grand scheme? His balls were ready to explode. He was so near it would only take seconds but he hesitated, caught between his desire to prove his ultimate mastery over the girl who humiliated him and his need for flight. His basic cowardice kicked in and he turned and ran for the door, leaving Jenny and the girls to their fate. (What a swine. I'm really mad now, I'm going to stick it to this asshole real good by the end, you see if I don't).

Luckily the girls were made of sterner stuff. They lifted Jenny up and freed her arms. Then, slapping her face gently to revive her somewhat, they led her out into the corridor. They didn't want to be seen leading a naked blonde out of the building, there would be too many questions, so they pushed a still dazed Jenny in the direction of the front door, turned and legged it toward the rear of the building.

Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air. The running women rounded a corner to find Giles Stern writhing on the floor clutching his groin. He'd been running and, at the same time, trying to stuff his still erect member back in his pants, while groaning with a severe case of blue balls. He thought he had accomplished it and savagely dragged his zipper skyward, only to find his dick still in the way. The teeth had chewed through an inch of flesh before stopping. (There. Told you I get the bastard. But wait, there's more). Both girls, remembering how he'd fled and left them, ran past him laughing.

Meanwhile Jenny was staggering down the corridor toward the exit. She reached up and undid the buckles behind her head and spat the gag from her mouth. Seeing the front doors she headed toward them just as the building sprinklers activated. The water cascaded down on poor Jenny although the cold liquid hitting her scarlet bottom felt quite nice.

The talk in the canteen for the next two weeks would be dominated by everyone's first impressions when they saw the blonde with the big hooters (as she was known to most of the men) emerge into the light. What had she been doing, and more importantly, who had she been doing it with, when the fire drill had interrupted them. The rumors would spread and were given even more credence when Giles Stern didn't return to work, even after 2 weeks off sick.

As Jenny exited the building, she saw all the other people who had responded to the fire drill and gave a little scream. This had the exact opposite effect to the one she wanted, as every one of the hundred or so heads swung round to stare at the source of the noise. They all saw Jenny's magnificent naked body, in nothing more than black stockings and suspenders, dripping wet, glistening in the sunlight. If one of the women from her original team hadn't rushed up and thrown a coat round her, there would have been a riot.

Jenny was driven home and, luckily, John was still out at work, so she had time to recover and prepare herself without having to explain to him why she was returning from work practically naked. After a long hot bath she would greet John as if nothing had happened. Jenny assumed that if she had had to tell him about her ordeal he would have gone looking for Stern and beaten the crap out of him. (Of course we know he might also have shaken him by the hand but Jenny didn't know that). She also thought she was fortunate that John didn't comment when she spent the whole evening standing up. She'd looked at herself in the mirror and thought "The last time I saw an arse that red it was attached to the back of a baboon").

Later that night Jenny lay on her side in bed, staring at the face of her peacefully sleeping husband, mulling over the events of the day. On the down side she'd been stripped, displayed, soaked, and humiliated in public. But on the other hand she'd been masturbated to within an ace of climax, twice, spanked by a master of the art, and forced to endure the greatest orgasmic pleasure her body had ever experienced. So just another ordinary day in Jenny world then.

She remembered when she had returned home. She had quickly discarded the few items she was still wearing before scrubbing herself to get rid of the odd rubber smell. Later she'd thrown the shoes, stockings and suspender belt in the trash but after some thought she kept the other items.

The six cloth cuffs that had been secured around her wrists, upper arms and ankles were now hidden at the bottom of her underwear drawer.

"Perhaps I'll model them for John one day," she thought impishly, "if he's good that is."

Jenny had only closed her eyes for a couple of minutes when her lips bent in a small smile. She'd just remembered it was John's birthday in a couple of weeks, lucky man. With a contented purr she drifted off to sleep the sleep of the innocent and of the incredibly sexually sated.

Epilogue

Jenny didn't know it but she wasn't the last person to leave the company building that day. That honour had gone to Mr. Albert Black, a security guard. Albert usually worked the front desk, greeting and checking employees and visitors into the building each morning. He would often see Jenny and the twins bouncing merrily towards him at the start of the working day. He, like all the

male employees, had instantly fallen in lust with her and this was only helped by Jenny's sweet beaming smile and cheery "Hello" each morning.

On the fateful day Albert had been asked to do some overtime in the control room and to monitor the security CCTV cameras. Imagine his delight when the first image he saw from the newly installed high-definition camera in room 101 was Jenny dressed in only a slip. He'd immediately whacked (pun intended) a new tape in the video machine and set it going. He was even more amazed when Jenny kept disappearing and re-appearing in ever-smaller items of underwear and it wasn't long before he was busily playing with his joystick. (and another pun intended). He zoomed in and out trying to catch as much detail as he could and he was lucky to be filming a close up of Jenny's backside when she was bent over and double handed by the two supervisors. (There's few frames he'll be playing in slo-mo for years to come). He became somewhat concerned when Jenny was restrained and fondled by five of the women but, hey, he's a guy so he let them have their fun. His Joystick was being given a real work out by now. (As is mine actually, please forgive the wobbly writing. Oh the old ones are the best).

He was surprised when Giles Stern entered the room. Just like practically every other person in the company Albert hated Giles Stern. No one should be able to talk to him like that and he'd sworn that one day he'd get even. He grew even more concerned as the scene played out and Jenny was spanked and brought to orgasm but it was only when it became clear that Stern was about to commit the ultimate violation of Albert's dream girl that he hit the Fire alarm. He watched as they all left the building and then went to make sure Jenny was safe. He watched as she staggered out of the front door into the light before returning to the control room.

He left work later that day, whistling a merry tune, with a padded envelope in his pocket. The tape was going to keep him warm during many a long winter's night he was sure. The other reason for his happiness was the fact that he'd made sure to get as many clear shots of the face of Giles Stern on the tape as possible. In a short while he'd write an anonymous letter to Mr. Stern demanding a small fortune to keep the tape from being sent to the cops or published on the net. Albert Black would get his wish. He'd get his revenge on Giles Stern. He'd bleed the bastard dry before he was finished.

Two weeks later Giles Stern sat on his sofa in his tiny apartment stony faced and deeply depressed. He had received a letter from work telling him he'd been sacked for gross breach of security procedures when it was discovered he'd signed in seven unknown females without authorization. He could still remember the laughter of the nurses when he'd staggered into the outpatients with his dick, deflated and bleeding copiously, trapped in the teeth of his fly zipper. He'd nearly screamed the place down when a ham-fisted doctor hadn't bothered with anesthetic when freeing his member and inserting sixteen stitches. He had also, after his lieutenants had told how he had fled leaving them to burn, been black balled from the Whips and Chains Society. In a normal club this involves members placing either a white ball, for acceptance, or a black ball, for rejection, in a bag and if any of the balls are found to be black the application is refused. In an S & M club they tended to take a more literal view of black balling so Giles Stern's groin injuries were even worse than they had been. The final straw was the padded envelope lying by his side. It had arrived that morning. His life was in tatters. All this trouble because he'd pinched a girl's bum. Giles Stern had never felt so alone in his life.

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**For Queen and Country**

by Brummie

Chapter 1

Jenny Richards was unemployed again. She had decided to leave her last job after being seen naked in just stockings and suspenders by the entire staff. (You'd probably have decided the same, especially if you're a bloke). (See Jenny the Product Tester, never hurts to advertise).

She had been looking through the small ads for a while when she came upon one that wanted 'Adventurous People for an adventurous opportunity' with just a phone number. She called and had a stimulating conversation with an answering machine before leaving her details. She was eventually called for an interview and lo and behold Jenny had been accepted as a trainee for MI5, The British Secret Service. (Look it's a fucking story all right. Don't start)

John was so surprised that it was so easy to get in that he gave up his boring job, applied as well and was also accepted. The fact that they were husband and wife wasn't considered a barrier in fact the 'Firm', as it was known colloquially, seemed to think that this might be an advantage on some occasions.

The training began and went well. John became particularly adept at picking locks whilst Jenny's forte seemed to be in distracting the men and annoying the women. The only problem was that as ex-army and Air Force chaps mostly staffed the Service the atmosphere was quite macho. Women had their uses but the men thought they did the real work. This led to some of the men treating the women with less respect than they should have and they would often play tricks on them.

About five weeks into the training Jenny was just finishing her lunch when she was approached by two youngish men who introduced themselves as James and Roger. The ID cards, that they proffered, both said 'Armourer'.

"Mrs. Richards?" said James.

"That's me," said Jenny. "How can I help?"

"We've had a report that you haven't been fitted for a sidearm yet. Is that correct?"

"Yes," said Jenny.

"Well, regulations state that all staff members must be fitted with a holster and gun. Well, no time like the present, will you follow us please,"said Roger. "May we call you Jenny?"

Jenny followed them to a small office where she sat down. James and Roger talked for a few seconds in hushed tones before producing a standard shoulder holster. Jenny had chosen a pretty white blouse to wear that day with large ruffs and puffy sleeves. They gave it to Jenny to try but not surprisingly her enormous breasts just got in the way.

"Hmmm," said James. "This could be a problem. I'm awfully sorry Jenny, but if we can't find a way to fit you for a holster, you won't be allowed to graduate from the Service."

Jenny was crushed.

"Surely there's a way," she said, almost pleading.

"Hmmm," said Roger. "We could try a western style I suppose, but that blouse will get in the way. You'll have to remove it I'm afraid."

Jenny was taken aback but she was determined to serve her country.

"Well if it's the only way," she said and, rising, removed her shirt.

She sat down again as both men stood staring at her upper body in just her bra. She wore a very pretty white lace one today that only just managed to contain her bountiful breasts. Roger produced another set of straps and tried to fit this new holster only to be thwarted again.

"This really is a poser Jenny," said James.

Again they went into a conference in low voices until Jenny finally caught the statement

"She's not that patriotic."

"What do they mean not patriotic," she thought indignantly. "I would do anything for my country."

"Gentlemen, what's the problem'? '

"Well Mrs. Richards," said Roger, "we only have one more option, the cross your heart holster, but it's one that we hesitate to try."

"Don't be silly," said Jenny. "I insist we give it a go. I'm not going to be drummed out of the service by a bloody holster."

Well all right, but I'm very sorry to say you're going to have to remove your bra," Roger said, his voice trembling slightly.

Jenny blanched, taken aback.

"See, I told you she wasn't!" said James.

Even more indignant now Jenny said "Well alright then, if it's the only way!"

She stood and, as she removed her bra, she thought to herself, "the things I do for Queen and Country."

Jenny stood with her arms across her chest waiting.

James said, "I'm sorry Jenny but we can't fit the holster with your arms there."

Jenny sighed and slowly lowered her arms to her sides. Both men stood transfixed at the sight of the

best looking pair of breasts either of them had ever seen. Large, high, firm and spherical with huge light brown areolas and sticky out nipples.

"Ahem," coughed Jenny.

Both men jumped and James said "Ah yes, sorry Jenny, sit down please. Roger, if you're ready."

Roger produced a number of new straps. The first was placed over Jenny's left shoulder, crossed between her breasts and under her right armpit, then buckled at the back. The second strap the opposite. The third went across her chest just above her breasts and under her armpits again. The last strap was quickly thrown over her head, placed across her back, brought round the front, and buckled tightly beneath her boobs. It was only after all this was completed that Jenny commented, "Are you sure that last one should have gone round the outside of my arms? I can't move them now."

Roger looked surprised.

"I'm dreadfully sorry Jenny I'll fix it now. James, I can't see what I'm doing, would you be so good?"

With a nod James stood behind Jenny and said "I'm awfully sorry about this Mrs. Richards. I'll just need to help my partner."

So saying he reached round Jenny and softly cupped a breast in each hand and, pressing them together so she couldn't see past them, lifted them up a couple of inches. Jenny gasped and said, "Is that really necessary?"

"I'm sorry Jenny," said James, "but if we can't fit you, you'll be dismissed. Regulations you know."

"Well alright then I suppose, but be as quick as you can please," replied Jenny.

Roger reached under Jenny's breasts and began to tinker with the buckle. After ten seconds he commented, 'Tricky little devil seems to be stuck."

James, meanwhile, was still holding Jenny's breasts, which he imperceptibly began to squeeze. He made idle chatter, trying to distract Jenny, as he gradually increased the rhythmical squeezing. After twenty seconds he commented, "Jenny, I'm awfully sorry about this, can I say, though, that these are the finest breasts I've ever held. You must be very proud of them."

"Er..Thank you," said Jenny. "Can you hurry up down there."

"Especially these," said James as he slowly dragged a thumb across each nipple. Jenny gasped again at the pleasurable sensations that coursed through her breasts. James continued to gently squeeze her breasts and circled his thumb around her areolas. Jenny's nipples showed their patriotism by very quickly standing to attention and saluting.

Roger seemed exasperated that he couldn't fix the buckle and looked up. He absentmindedly placed his hands on top of Jenny's breasts. She now had four hands gently squeezing her boobs.

"I'm sorry Jenny the buckle just won't shift. We may have to try some grease or, even tastier, I mean better, some butter."

Jenny's face was starting to become flushed when the office door burst open and a man wearing a chef's hat (presumably because he was a chef) entered.

"What the bloody hell's going on here!" he bellowed. James and Roger dropped Jenny's tits like they were hot potatoes and they bolted for the door.

"Damn it," thought James. "Another ten minutes and we could have been using the thigh holster trick on her. We'd have had that bimbos skirt around her waist and her knickers round her ankles. Who knows how far we could have got."

The chef, meanwhile, helped unbuckle Jenny and then physically threw her out of the office.

"Don't let me catch you in here again," he said. "Next time I'll tell the Catering Manager what you've been doing in his office."

Jenny stood clutching her blouse and bra in the corridor. It took a couple of seconds for her to realize that half a dozen people were staring at her topless state and, with a shriek, she covered her bosom with the shirt and ran to the Ladies toilet to re-dress herself.

Later that week John and Jenny were called in to see Commander Holt, the head of the Special Projects department.

"We've got a job we think you two could be used for," he said. "A top-secret formula for a new fuel derivative has been stolen. We have reason to believe that it's in the house of Miss Larue. Now Miss Larue is a distant relation of the royals, so we can't just burst in mob handed and turn the place over. We need something more covert," he said.

'We have discovered that Miss Larue is expecting two new members of her household staff to arrive soon, a maid and a butler. There seems to be a high turnover of staff, particularly maids. We intend to replace them with you two. The job is a simple one really. You go in and, as quietly as possible, search the house. There's no rush, as it takes time to sell on this sort of merchandise. You are not to take any undue risks so, as long as you're not caught, you should be safe."

"Apart from Miss Larue, the house is occupied by a gardener called Kurt and his twin brother, Gunter, a driver. We suspect they are also her bodyguards and they handle any dirty work she requires. The only other servant is a cook. Miss Larue's father also lives in the house but we don't believe either the cook or he is involved in his daughter's schemes. Well, will you accept the mission?"

John and Jenny exchanged glances and simultaneously answered, "Yes, Sir!"

Over the following week John was trained to butle and Jenny as a maid. It had been decided that they would not go in as a married couple. It was explained that, in the unlikely eventuality that one of their covers was blown, their relationship to the other couldn't be used to make them talk.

Chapter 2

John, under the pseudonym 'John Forbes' was interviewed on the Monday. He sailed through and was hired immediately. It was therefore he who answered the door when Jenny arrived the next day. In his best clipped English accent he asked who was calling and said he'd inform the mistress she was here. Jenny earned a dark look when she joined in the game and said grandly, "Thank you my man."

John had a shock when he saw Jenny. The controller had picked out the clothes she would wear at the interview and, knowing Miss Larue's leanings, he'd dressed Jenny in a very low cut blouse and short skirt. Not the sort of thing Jenny was comfortable wearing. The skirt was slashed up the side and gave an enticing flash of slender toned thigh at every movement. The blouse had gone down particularly well with the cab driver who'd brought Jenny. He had deliberately held her change just out of reach, so she had to bend to push her head though the offside cab window, giving him a view straight down her blouse at her huge soft pink cleavage.

John showed Jenny into the morning room where Miss Larue was waiting. She rose and greeted her. Miss Larue was a stunningly beautiful woman in her mid thirties with a dark complexion and a chest that nearly rivaled Jenny's (In case you hadn't guessed I likes 'em big). Miss Larue was very attentive and hands on. She took any opportunity to touch Jenny's arm as they chatted. The interview didn't go to well. It soon became apparent to Miss Larue that Jenny wasn't very experienced at being a maid. Still she had other attributes.

"Well lets see what you look like in uniform. If you're ready, you can change in the next room."

Jenny went through to find a black and white maid's uniform on the table. She stripped down and started to put it on. First, the plain white cotton panties, which were a snug fit, then the black stockings and suspender belt. The bra was fairly low cut and it became obvious why when she put on the dress. Although the fit was all right, she found the bodice was low cut leaving a large amount of her bosom on display and the skirt was so short it only just dropped below the level of her stocking tops. Standing, everything was fine but, if she had to bend down, then all sorts of things were going to be on display. She'd just have to be very careful.

This being Jenny's first mission she didn't want to blow it so, even if Miss Larue had asked her to work in the back half of a pantomime horse, she'd have had to agree. She looked at herself in the mirror and was reminded of the bimbos who were chased around on the Benny Hill Show generally getting goosed or loosing their clothes. (Here's hoping).

Jenny returned to the Morning room and, when Miss Larue saw her, her eyes lit up.

"My God Jenny, you look good enough to eat!" she said.

In that one moment the job was sealed. Miss Larue seemed to eye Jenny almost hungrily.

"Give me a twirl," she said and Jenny very carefully turned full circle.

Miss Larue rose and approached her. Standing a few inches taller than Jenny, she had a perfect view

of her bust and she spent a couple of minutes fussing over the fit of the dress, running her hands over the sleeves, hips and then caused Jenny's eye's to open wide when she, seemingly innocently, stoked a hand down her derriere and gave it a squeeze.

"Just perfect dear. I hope you'll enjoy your stay with us," she said. "Please come to me if you have any problems. I'll always do my best to make you feel happy. I'm sure you'll fit right in here," she said. "One thing I must tell you though. Through my bedroom is a Study. It's my sanctum and nobody is allowed in under any circumstances. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss," said Jenny.

"OK. You can start your duties now. Off you go."

Jenny performed her maid's duties all that day until the evening meal was to be served. The first course was soup, so Jenny took a small tureen to the table to serve each person. There were only two this evening and this was the first time Jenny had seen Miss Larue's father. He was a tall, painfully thin man with gray hair and aged about 65. He sat at one end of the table with Miss Larue at the other.

Serving Mr. Larue first, she stood by his side carefully ladling the soup from the tureen into his bowl. Jenny was well aware that as she bent forward more of her bosom was displayed and she could see Mr. Larue surreptitiously looking down her dress every chance he got. As she ladled the second lot of soup into his bowl she felt a hand placed on the back of her stocking clad leg. It quickly started to stroke up and down.

"Oh God. What do I do now?" she thought. "I can't slap him or kick up a fuss, I'll get chucked out."

With a flash of inspiration Jenny slowly poured the third ladle of soup straight into Mr. Larue's lap. He leapt up as he felt the hot liquid in his crotch.

"Yow! Watch where you're pouring that you stupid girl," he screamed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry sir. Here, let me get you a napkin," she said innocently.

"Never mind father," said Miss Larue. "Sit down and eat your soup. 'Jenny, serve mine now please."

Jenny took the tureen to the other end of the table and started to serve Miss Larue. This time she felt a hand stroking up and down her other leg.

"Bloody hell," she thought, "now what. I can't pour soup over them both."

Jenny finished serving Miss Larue and stepped away.

"Will there be anything else madam?" she asked.

Miss Larue smiled broadly at her and said, "No thank you. That's just fine.. for now."

"Christ," thought Jenny, "What a family. I've only been here a day and I've been goosed by the Father and his daughter already. The things I do for Queen and Country."

From that point on a pattern was set. Whenever Miss Larue dinned alone, or with her father, she would slowly stroke Jenny's nearest stocking clad leg whenever she came to serve each course. Old Man Larue left her alone and treated her warily, especially when she had a soup ladle or any sharp implement in her hand, but he still did his best to stare down her dress, at her soft pink quivering breasts.

Over the next couple of days Jenny took any opportunity she could to search the house. Looking behind paintings for hidden safes or in draws and cupboards. She and John were ninety nine percent certain that the papers would be in the study behind Miss Larue's bedroom, but it would be stupid if they were hidden in plain sight in some other part of the house and they hadn't checked. They bided their time, waiting for a chance to get into the study.

Jenny's worst nightmare happened one afternoon. She was going through some papers in the Library when a voice said, "And what do you think you are doing, young lady?"

Miss Larue's father had caught her reading some of his daughter's correspondence.

"I'm going to tell my daughter that you are poking your nose into her business."

He turned to go. Jenny could see the mission disappearing in front of her eyes.

"Wait, please sir! Don't do that. I'll be sacked and I need this job."

Mr. Larue turned and looked at Jenny steadily. "Do you now'," he said. "Well, I'll think about it. We'll talk about this some other time."

Jenny was feeling sick with worry. Would he tell on her? Was her first mission a failure? Even worse, if he informed on her, would Miss Larue think she was looking for the formula and not just snooping and set the twins on her. That could be really dangerous to her health.

She was pre-occupied for most of the afternoon, so much so that, as she finished polishing some spoons, she turned round and bumped head on into Miss Larue. It was like two pairs of zeppelins crashing into each other.

"Oh, sorry madam," she said and was just going to step away when Miss Larue seized her arms and pressed her even closer.

"Don't worry yourself my dear," said Miss Larue. "You've been looking a little down. Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?"

"Er..no, no thank you madam. I'm sure I'll be OK soon."

Miss Larue gently stroked her face and said, 'Look Jenny. I'll make this plain for you. I noticed that you didn't pull away when I touched you at dinner. I'm very sensitive to girls and I could make you forget all your troubles, if you let me."

Jenny might have the brains of a hat stand but Miss Larue's meaning was not lost even on her. She pulled away stammering, "Oh.. er.. No.. Thank you madam. I'll be fine."

"All right Jenny but you know where my room is if you change your mind," she said and walked away.

"Blimey," thought Jenny, "they're all bloody sex mad in this house." (Oh goody).

Later that evening Jenny was in to her room. She had stripped naked and was doing some bending and stretching exercises. (Can I just recommend to the reader at this time that they take a couple of minutes and quietly sit and contemplate the full ramifications of that last sentence).

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OK, on with the story.

There was a knock at the door so Jenny quickly wrapped herself in a robe and opened it. Miss Larue's father stood there.

"Follow me girl," he said tersely and started off down the corridor.

"Oh hell," thought Jenny. "What does the old fart want now?"

She closed her door and went after him. Just as she caught up to him, he turned and entered one of the larger bathrooms. Jenny followed him in and, once she'd passed through the door, he bolted it.

"What can I do for you Sir?" Jenny said.

"Well, girl. You can remove that robe," said the old man.

"What?" exclaimed Jenny.

"Listen girl. Either I tell my daughter you were snooping through her letters or you lose the robe. Now, which is it going to be?"

Jenny's face betrayed the conflicting emotions she felt, as she turned over the alternatives in her mind. Eventually she arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the old man held all the aces and she was in his power for now. She slowly untied her belt and slowly opened the robe uncovering her bosom but keeping the lower half closed, hoping that would be enough to satisfy the old man.

He stared at her magnificent mammaries for a few seconds before saying, "I said take it off. Don't make me say it again."

Jenny hesitated and then, shucking the robe from her shoulders, allowed it to slip to the floor, while keeping her hands crossed in front of her pussy. Again he looked her over for a few seconds before saying, "Hands!"

Jenny slowly and reluctantly moved her hands to her sides. A small frisson passed through her lower belly as she stood with her head bowed, feeling the old man's eyes burning into her hairless slit.

"Turn round," he said.

Jenny turned, presenting him with a clear view of her perfect peach like buttocks.

He examined her butt for a while and then said, "Right, into the shower."

"What? said Jenny.

"I said into the shower."

Jenny slowly entered the large shower cubicle and turned, to find he had dropped his robe and followed her in. The cubicle was easily big enough to take two people; in fact it could probably take

six if they were very close friends. Old man Larue was now dressed in only a pair of shorts, leaving the rest of his wrinkled body naked.

"Turn round," he instructed Jenny.

She turned to face away from, him then he said, "Now, left hand on the wall."

Jenny placed her left palm on the wall of the shower.

"Higher," he ordered.

She moved it up six inches.

"Now the right on the opposite side," he said.

She put her other hand on the glass on the outside of the shower. The old man gathered Jenny's hair and gripped it in one hand. He whispered, "Move the hands and I tell. Understand!" giving her hair a tug.

"Yes, I understand," she said quietly.

With a nod he pushed Jenny's hair over her shoulder, leaving her back completely exposed.

Taking the showerhead, he ran the water until it turned a comfortable lukewarm, and then began to play it across Jenny's shoulders and down her back. He was careful not to miss a spot, making sure her entire back, bottom and legs were dripping wet. Then, placing the showerhead back into its holster, he took up a bottle of shower gel and squeezed it onto her skin. With gentle motions, he washed Jenny's long slender back, stroking and caressing her skin. She soon became covered with soapy bubbles. The hands moved lower and, after another spurt of gel, began washing her beautiful bottom cheeks.

After three lifetimes of massaging her butt, he continued down her left leg, slowly washing and caressing her thigh, then lower to her calf. Eventually he lifted her left foot and washed and massaged that. Jenny's foot was released and placed back down at the edge of the shower stall. The hands then started again at the top of her right thigh, smoothing and washing their way to her right foot. That was replaced at the right edge of the shower' leaving Jenny spread-eagled in a star shape, with the whole back of her body covered with soapy bubbles.

During the washing, Jenny's mood had gradually turned from exasperation at being in the old man's power to a contented erotic haze. By the time the old man finished the sensual massage of her back, bottom and legs, her head hung down. She was breathing slowly and deeply, and she was lost in the warm gentle sensations.

Old man Larue stood and pressed close to Jenny's back. He pulled her hair over her shoulder to hang down her back, then cupped his hand gently round her throat. He pulled back until Jenny's head was resting on his shoulder and she was looking up at the ceiling. By craning his head forward he could look down the front of her body. Of course her huge breasts hid the majority of it but he could see enough.

He again took up the showerhead and started to cover her front with the warm water. The water sprayed her from the neck down, squirting into all the nooks and crannies until she was completely soaked. Jenny's soporific mood was suddenly broken as the old man flicked a switch on the showerhead and the gentle spray became a needle jet. Jenny gasped as he played the needles of water around her breast. Circling around, gradually zeroing in on the apex. The force of the water was great enough to move her flesh around on its own. The gasp became a groan as the sharp jets of water hit her areola and nipple. After teasing one breast for a minute, he switched and repeated the process on the other. Jenny began to writhe and wiggle as the water stimulated her mammaries.

The needle spray headed south and, after stopping off to tease her belly button, moved on. The excitement grew in Jenny. She could feel the jet moving slowly down and knew exactly where it was heading. An explosion of pleasure hit her naked pussy as the water slammed home.

"Mmmmmm," She moaned into his ear.

The spray continued to torment her pussy lips until he switched the water off, leaving her on the edge of release.

After squeezing large globs of gel from the bottle on to her breasts, he used both hands to massage her tits, squishing and squashing them, molding and mashing them, building up the soapy lather as he caressed her flesh. His favorite trick was to squeeze the base of her breast between his fingers and thumb and pull out from her body. The breast gradually slipped between his fingers until they were left holding only the nipple, which was pulled right out, before finally slipping out of his grasp, allowing the tit to spring back into shape.

Half a dozen of these and Jenny's breath was soon coming in short gasps. His hands moved down and began to wash her lovely flat stomach, before his left continued on to smoothly stroke over her pussy mound. The massaging of Jenny had brought her to the edge and it only took thirty seconds of his boney fingers rubbing across her clitoris, and dipping into her pussy now and then, to push her over the edge into a body wracking orgasm.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned long and hard.

Old man Larue used his right hand to fish his penis out of his shorts and, with a quick couple of pulls, he joined Jenny in a climax, spraying his seed over her back and buttocks.

Jenny was left standing spread-eagled in the shower, gasping for breath, as old man Larue put on his robe and left the bathroom. Realizing he had gone, she sat down on a small ledge in the shower to recover. After a few minutes she washed off the soap and stickiness from her body, climbed out of the shower, and put on her robe. As she left the bathroom she thought to herself, "God, the things I

do for Queen and Country."

Chapter 3

A couple of fruitless searching days later, just after lunchtime, Jenny was in her room cleaning herself up and changing in to a clean uniform. She had been in the larder when old man Larue had cornered her. Luckily they were disturbed before he could do too much. They were ushered out of the kitchen with sheepish expressions on their faces by a disgusted cook. Old man Larue's hands and mouth were covered with jam. Jenny had both breasts hanging out of her top, one tit covered with preserve and the other still shiny with saliva.

After she finished changing she walked along the corridor toward Madam's bedroom. As she was passing a broom cupboard the door opened and a hand emerged from the darkness. It pulled her inside. A strong arm encircled her trapping her arms and, before she could scream, a hand was clapped over her mouth. Jenny was breathing hard through her nose, ready to struggle, when a familiar voice whispered in her ear.

"It's all right dear! It's just me."

John had not had the chance to be alone with his wife for many days now. They had agreed it would be too risky for either of them to be caught in the other's bedrooms. He had spotted Madam caressing his wife and this only served to emphasize his feelings of depravation and frustration.

Twenty minutes later a very flushed Jenny emerged from the cupboard, stuffing her left tit back into her top and pulling her panties back across to cover her pussy. She signalled the all clear to John and, with a quick kiss, trotted along to the nearest bathroom, to repair her lipstick, which was smeared all over her face (and nipples she found out later) and comb her hair, which looked like she'd arrived for work on a motorbike.

At last an opportunity presented itself for John to search the study behind Madam's bedroom. It was the cook's day off, Miss Larue had been driven away by Gunter to an appointment and Kurt had taken Old man Larue to have a wound stitched. He'd made the mistake of goosing Jenny while she was bending over. She'd shrieked, whirled round, and nearly castrated him with the carving knife she was holding.

"You keep watch darling and I'll try and get in the study to search it," said John.

He would need time to use his lock picking skills to open the study door and time to find the stolen formula. Jenny stood at the bedroom door, alternately watching John and the front door. After ten minutes he succeeded in cracking the lock and disappeared inside. Jenny was so intent on watching the front, she was surprised when Miss Larue appeared on the landing coming from the direction of the back door. Jenny only had time to warn John, who had no alternative other than to close the study door and hide inside.

"Is there a problem, Madam?" enquired Jenny.

"Yes, damn car broke down! I've left Gunter to wait for the breakdown service. I managed to get a lift back."

She then strode into her bedroom and took off her coat. Jenny was becoming anxious. She had to distract her in some way to give John a chance to escape. But how?

"Thank you Jenny. That will be all for now. I think I'll get on with some paper work while the car's out of commission."

"Are you sure there's nothing I can do for you Madam?" Jenny said, thinking fast.

"No," said Miss Larue, as she turned toward the study. "You can go now."

Jenny was frantic. What could she do?

"Erm..Er..Madam..Er.." she said eruditely.

"Well, what is it girl? Speak up," demanded Miss Larue.

"Er..Well..Er.." Jenny stammered unable to think of anything but John.

Miss Larue waited impatiently, looked at her then, slowly smiled. She thought she knew why Jenny was so nervous and tongue-tied. She walked over to her and said 'So you've decided to take me up on my offer, have you?"

"Which offer would that be Madam' said Jenny unsurely.

"Don't play coy with me girl. You know what I mean. Your curiosity has got the better of you hasn't it?"

"Oh Christ," thought Jenny. "She thinks I'm interested in her."

Seeing Jenny hesitate, Miss Larue pushed the point

"Make up your mind Jenny. Either stay or leave me to my work."

Jenny thought like lightning but couldn''t see any other way to distract Miss Larue. The last thing she wanted was to make out with another woman but she'd inadvertently fallen into Miss Larue's web.

"Well..Er..Perhaps we could..Er.."

Miss Larue decided to take charge. She thought Jenny obviously wanted to try it but needed to be helped to make up her mind. She stepped close to her and gently took her head into her hands. Then, turning Jenny's face upward, planted a soft kiss on her lips.

"Madam!" exclaimed Jenny, drawing back.

"Well, what's it to be girl. Do we carry on or not?"

Jenny was stumped. She couldn't see any other choice. She had to distract this woman and give John an opportunity to escape undetected.

It seemed to Miss Larue that Jenny suddenly came to a decision.

"Yes please Madam," she said in a small, quiet, voice.

Miss Larue relaxed. She had been waiting, tensely herself, hoping the spectacularly beautiful and buxom maid would fall under her spell, just like most of the other maids had, and now she had her almost begging for her to demonstrate her skills on her.

Again Miss Larue held Jenny's head and gave her another, slightly more ardent, kiss. She didn't press too hard, she didn't want to scare the timid girl off. She would kick herself if she became too insistent too early on and scared this prize away. She'd have to leave all the battery-operated contraptions in the bedside table for now. There was no surer way to scare off an unsure and timid new girl by coming at her while wearing a 12 inch black strap-on. She believed she was coaxing Jenny to stay whereas, ironically, Jenny actually couldn't afford to leave for John's sake.

The soft kiss became more passionate and Miss Larue gently pushed her tongue forward, pressing between Jenny's lips. Jenny tensed, but maintained the kiss until eventually they were both sucking on each other's mouths. Miss Larue gently began to caress Jenny's back and then down to her butt. The kiss was becoming more fervent with each passing second. It was almost enough to take Jenny's breath away.

Miss Larue broke the lip lock and, looking deeply into Jenny's eyes, moved her hands to the back of Jenny's neck and started to pull down the zipper on her black, maid's uniform. Slowly the zip descended as Jenny stood like a rabbit caught in the car headlights. The dress dropped to her ankles leaving her in the uniform black bra, panties, stockings and suspenders. Planting soft little kisses on Jenny's face, Miss Larue released the bra clasp and, ever so slowly, pulled it from Jenny's shoulders. Jenny instinctively covered herself but Miss Larue took her wrists and gently moved her arms aside. Dropping the bra to the floor, she stood and admired Jenny's enormous, globe like mammaries with the large light brown areolas and nipples. Jenny stood trembling as Miss Larue's hands softly caressed her breasts.

She took Jenny's hands and moved then upward.

"Cup your breasts for me, my dear," she said.

Jenny cupped her own mammaries.

"Now hold them up for me."

Jenny pressed her tits higher until the nipples were at shoulder level. She watched, mesmerized,as Miss Larue opened her mouth and extended her tongue. With painful slowness she inched forward until her tongue found Jenny's nipple. Looking deeply into Jenny's eyes, she tenderly circled her tongue around and around, teasing Jenny's areola and nipple. It swelled and became erect almost immediately. She switched to the other breast and repeated the torment. Opening her mouth wide, she engulfed the apex of Jenny's tit, using her lips and tongue to stimulate the breast. Switching between tits, she continued until Jenny started to moan quietly.

Miss Larue knelt before Jenny, gripped the sides of her panties and pulled them over her hips and down her legs. She stopped as she got a first look at Jenny's stunning hairless pussy lips. Placing her hands on Jenny's bottom, she leant forward and placed a kiss on her mound, before pulling Jenny down to the floor. She laid her down and, kneeling at her ankles, split them apart, and moved forward between them. Miss Larue kissed her way up Jenny's thigh until she came to the junction. Jenny looked down her body between her breasts as Miss Larue zeroed in on her defenseless, shaven vagina.

She gasped as Miss Larue's fingers spread her naked pussy lips and her tongue invaded her depths. The room was silent save for the sounds of Jenny's rasping breath and the wet slurping noises caused by Miss Larue working on her vagina.

She insinuated her hands beneath Jenny's butt and lifted until her hips were a foot off the ground. Jenny's pussy was now displayed prominently and even more exposed, if that were possible. She dived in again and continued the oral stimulation. The danger of the situation, the unusual experience and the skills of Miss Larue, combined to drive Jenny quickly up the hill towards climax. It only took a few minutes and, as soon as the lips and tongue contacted her clitoris, she shuddered, groaned and crashed over into orgasm.

John, meanwhile, was still in the study. He had managed to find the briefcase containing the stolen formula and he was looking through the keyhole trying to discern what was happening and what the strange noises were.

Jenny lay, panting for breath, as Miss Larue removed her clothes, revealing her own fantastic body. She was tall and tanned, with breasts only a little smaller than Jenny's mammoth globes. She knelt by Jenny's head, bent down and kissed her, before cocking her leg over her and placeing her knees either side of Jenny's shoulders, so they were facing in opposite directions.

"Your turn to serve me now my dear," she said and slowly lowered her hips.

Jenny stared, hypnotized, at the pussy approaching her face. Recognizing the inevitable she thought to herself, "The things I do for Queen and Country."

John decided to risk it and quietly slipped the Study door open. He could see Miss Larue kneeling with her back to him. Her head was thrown back in the grip of indescribable pleasure. He silently crept forward and suddenly realized that a naked Miss Larue had her hips jammed on top of the face of his wife. Jenny was busily plunging her tongue in to the depths of Miss Larue and occasionally using her lips to gently suck on her extended and erect clit. John stood stunned for a minute before Jenny opened her eyes and saw him.

They both looked at each other shocked, John with the briefcase in his hand and Jenny with Miss Larue's clit between her lips. After a few seconds Miss Larue asked, "Why have you stopped dear? You were doing so well."

She started to turn and Jenny, quick as a flash, did the only thing she could. She reached forward and pushed Miss Larue down, until her head was buried in her crotch. Immediately Miss Larue attacked Jenny's pussy with fingers, lips and tongue.

John stood for another few seconds, watching Miss Larue perform on his wife's vagina, before holding up the briefcase and tapping his watch to indicate to Jenny that he had found the formula and to give him as much time as she could to allow him to escape. Jenny watched John leave before resuming her assault on Miss Larue's pussy. They strived together in the sixty-nine position.

The next hour passed in a haze of erotic licking, stroking and probing. Jenny gave as good as she got in an attempt to keep Miss Larue occupied. She was glad of her body's suppleness, especially the time when her ankles ended up behind her ears. Miss Larue's skills and Jenny's enthusiasm brought them both to the heights of pleasure time and again. On one occasion, using a trick Miss Rue said she had learnt in Bangkok, called the Butterfly Kiss. Jenny thought her head would explode the first time Miss Larue used it on her. Eventually Miss Larue was worn down by Jenny's enthusiasm and she fell into a shallow doze on the large double bed they had moved to. Jenny gathered her clothes and slipped out and back to her room.

Chapter 4.

An hour later, Jenny silently opened her bedroom door and sneaked a look out. She couldn't see anyone so, quickly scooping up her suitcase, she moved out onto the landing. Her footsteps sounded thunderous in her nervous state as she walked quickly along the corridor and down the stairs heading toward the front door.

She turned the handle and opened it. She would have stepped through had the twins, Kurt and Gunter, not been blocking her way. Turning quickly she came face to face with Miss Larue and the snub nosed revolver she was pointing at Jenny's stomach.

"Going somewhere, dear?" she said.

Before Jenny could reply, both of her arms were seized from behind.

"I think we need to ask you a few questions. Bring her!" said Miss Larue ominously.

John arrived at headquarters in London without incident. He passed through the security procedures and went to report to his controller to be debriefed. He hadn't heard from Jenny yet and was beginning to become concerned for her safety. He carried the briefcase containing the stolen formula, so he thought they'd made a success of their first mission.

Back in the mansion Jenny had been dragged down to the basement by the twins. (Blimey. That must have brought tears to her eyes). Miss Larue watched as they stripped the clothes from her body, tied her hands together, and laid her on her back on a large wooden table. Her tied hands were secured over her head and then both ankles tied to the corner legs at the other end of the table. Jenny

struggled but the knots were tied with typical German efficiency.

Miss Larue then began to rummage through Jenny's bag. She soon found a picture of Jenny hugging 'Forbes' the butler. (Looks like the security of the Realm is safe with Jenny on the job). Miss Larue seemed particularly interested in a mobile phone she found. One of the numbers she saw was for a 'John Richards'.

Slowly moving to the side of Jenny's table, Miss Larue sat on the edge and studied her closely.

"I went to my study and found the door unlocked so I checked and the briefcase is gone. Where's my formula?" she demanded.

Jenny stared back at her defiantly, but remained silent. Miss Larue placed her hand on Jenny's naked stomach and gently stroked up until her hand rested on her right breast. She seized the nipple and twisted it viciously. Jenny grimaced but still remained silent, resolutely staring back in her eyes.

"'We could break you girl. Kurt and Gunter enjoy that sort of thing and they've had a lot of practice."

Jenny glanced over at the grinning faces of the two Germans then back to the woman.

"But that would take time, which is one thing we don't have. So we'll have to use Plan B. You can't give me my formula, but I know a man who can." Rising, she turned to the twins and said, "OK boys, do your stuff!"

Kurt and Gunter stooped, taking two implements from under the table and, grinning, showed them to Jenny. Her eyes opened wide as she gasped, "No! You can't! Not that, please not that!"

Miss Larue, sat quietly smoking a cigarette and watched as they used the two large feathers. The giggling started straight away. The feathers were stroked over just about every sensitive spot on Jenny's body. It wasn't long before the laughter turned to groaning, then pleading and then to screaming. Eventually Miss Larue picked up the mobile phone she haf taken from Jenny's bag and dialled a number.

John was sitting in the office at MI5 when his phone rang. The little screen showed it was Jenny calling so he answered with "Hello darling. Everything worked out OK then?"

A different voice to the one he was expecting answered, "No it didn't John, and I don't think your wife would think so either. I want my formula and you're going to bring it to me," said Miss Larue.

"I don't know what you're taking about Miss Larue," answered John, guardedly.

"Well let's see if I can explain it more clearly, shall we?"

With that she moved toward the table and held up the phone. The twins were still tormenting Jenny.

"Oh God! Please stop! I'll tell you anything. Please no more. I can't take any more!" she screamed.

After a few more seconds, Miss Larue signalled the twins and they stopped. Jenny stopped yelling and rested back on the table, gulping huge breaths of air.

"Well Mr. Richards. Do I get my formula?" Miss Larue demanded.

With a voice as cold as the grave John answered, "Where do we swap?"

"'I think somewhere nice and public, where lots of people can get hurt if any shooting starts," said Miss Larue. "Let's say the south corner of Trafalgar Square, one hour. Don't be late," and disconnected the line.

Turning back toward the twins she said, "Well we've got ten minutes to spare, continue what you were doing boys. Make sure our little birdie appreciates the error of her ways."

Both twins raised their feathers, smiled slowly, and advanced on poor Jenny. There was one particular bit they hadn't tried yet.

Fifty minutes later, John was standing at the South corner of Trafalgar Square beneath a huge bored looking statue of a lion. He was more agitated than he had ever been in his life, but he fought to remain calm. Jenny was depending on him.

After five minutes a voice said, "Mr. Forbes, or do you prefer Richards?" asked Miss Larue.

John stared malevolently at her, waiting. She reached out and he passed over the briefcase. She turned to go when John demanded, "Where's my wife?"

Miss Larue turned and signalled across the square, "She's just over there Mr. Richards. Be seeing you."

Across the other side of the square, about a hundred yards away, Jenny was sitting on a bench. A twin sat either side of her. She seemed to have her arms round their shoulders and she was covered with a blanket. At the signal the twins rose and turned to walk away. As Kurt passed, he grasped the corner of the blanket and dragged it behind him.

Jenny was left sitting totally naked on the bench. Her arms, which seemed to be around the twins, were in fact tied along the top of the seat. Her ankles, stretched three feet apart, were secured to the front legs at each end of the bench. It took about two seconds for the first Japanese tourist to notice the naked blonde with the huge hooters sitting in plain sight and another two seconds for his camera to be raised.

At the signal John had started racing across the square. He moved faster than he thought possible but there was at least half a dozen cameras flashing away when he reached Jenny. He barged his way through them and started to quickly free his wife. John finally released Jenny and wrapped her in his coat. Unfortunately it was only a short jacket and Jenny had an uncomfortable five minutes walking back to the car followed by hundreds of tourists all taking photos of her bare bum.

Epilogue.

Jenny sat in the front passenger seat as John drove them home. She turned and said, "Well I sure blew our first mission didn't I? The villains got away and took the formula as well. It couldn't have ended any worse."

John sighed and looked quickly at his wife. "Actually darling," he said, "The Boss has asked me to congratulate you on a job well done."

"What?" exclaimed Jenny, "How can that be?"

"Well," said John. "I replaced the formula with that recipe you tried last Easter; you remember the one you served just before the entire family went down with galloping diarrhea."

"Oh yes, that one," said Jenny guiltily.

"If they put that in their engines, the only place they'll be going fast is to the crapper. Also, I slipped a homing device into the case and the 'Firm' are tracking them as we speak. They're going to pick them up as soon as they meet their contact and we'll get them, Miss Larue and her gang as well. So you see the mission was a huge success, and we're a success as well."

"John, you're a marvel,"said Jenny. "You deserve a great big reward."

Jenny thought to herself, "Yes a big reward, and I'll make sure you get it tonight darling." "I wonder,"' she mused, "how he'll react when I serve him his dinner wearing that maid's uniform I kept."

In her mind's eye she pictured the scene. She approaches wearing the tiny black dress with the plunging neckline and the short skirt, over stockings and suspenders. She bends deeply to serve him and he catches sight of her hanging boobs and naked thighs above the stocking tops. He leaps up, clears everything from the table top with one sweep of his arm, throws her onto the table and rogers her senseless.

"Hmmmmm, yes," thought Jenny, "that should do it. I'll have to teach him the butterfly kiss as soon as I can though. He'll really like that one."

"Of course, he may not always be in the mood," Jenny chuckled to herself, "but whenever that happens, I'll just have to remind him of the time he watched while I licked and sucked on Miss Larue's pussy. He'll have a hard-on like a milk bottle in seconds. The only thing remaining then is to find out where I can get one of those feathers that the twins used on me in the basement."

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**The Body Double**

by Brummie

Chapter 1.

Jenny and John walked down a corridor in the headquarters building of MI5. Jenny wasn't sure she wanted to go but John had persuaded her. They were heading to a new training class that Jenny had told John about. It wasn't on the curriculum so John was intrigued. Lucy, one of the other women who worked within the service, had told Jenny over lunch about the class.

"'It's a special one, only for especially good agents, so naturally you're invited," she'd said.

This appealed to Jenny's vanity. She and John had, more by luck than judgment, made a success of their last mission (See For Queen and Country). Jenny was full of herself and now thought she was as good as qualified as an agent.

The class turned out to be teaching the art of escapology. It was explained to her by Debbie, the buxom brunette, and Suki, the elfin faced Japanese girl, that agents, just like on TV and film, were always getting themselves into tight spots and knowing how to escape from different sorts of restraints was vital for a top agent. Jenny's legendary naivety kicked in and she fell for it hook, line and sinker.

At the first lesson she met the other class members. Three guys she didn't know. They spent the first twenty minutes tying each other up with ropes and the last ten minutes everyone tying up Jenny. She had more rope on her than the Titanic.

Jenny didn't tell John about the second class. She had spent the entire lesson successfully escaping every time she was bound. It was ten minutes from the end when Jack said, "I know, let's make this a bit more interesting. Jenny, how about a wager?"

"'What sort of wager?"' she said.

"Well," he said, "I think I can tie you up with six inches of string and you wont be able to escape."

She was beginning to think this escapology lark was easy, so it was agreed if she won, by either getting free or just by standing up, they'd buy her lunch. But for every minute she failed to escape, she'd pay a small forfeit.

"Don't worry! We'll think of something," William had said.

Jack produced the tiny length of string and asked Jenny to put her arms behind her back. He then crossed her thumbs and tied them together. She was then lowered to the floor and turned on to her front. Jack removed her shoes and bent her left leg until her ankle lay across the back of her right knee. Then, bending her right leg up towards her bum trapping her left ankle, he pressed down and looped her tied thumbs over her right foot. As soon as he let go, her right leg tried to spring outward but was trapped by her thumbs. Jenny lay hogtied with six inches of twine.

This was a new one to Jenny and she wriggled around but couldn't free herself.

"One minute," said William. "First forfeit."

After a pause Suki came forward. She started at the top and began undoing the buttons on Jenny's blouse. As she objected Suki pushed it back over her shoulders and down her arms as far as she could. Jenny's cheeks blushed and she resumed her struggles. This had just taken a more ominous turn. Only six paragraphs and she was topless again except for her lacy white bra.

"That's two minutes," said William, excitement growing in his voice.

Debbie, this time, reached for Jenny and pulled down the zip at the back of her tight black skirt and tugged it down her thighs revealing her white cotton panties stretched across her butt. More wiggling and grunting ensued but still no luck.

"Three minutes," William almost shouted with glee.

This time Suki and Lucy took hold of Jenny's shoulders and rocked her upright so she was resting on her knees. Her shoulders were forced back by her arms still being attached to her right ankle and her breasts now pointed up to the ceiling.

"Forfeit three," said Lucy

She hesitated, studying Jenny's helpless bound body. Then she hooked her finger into the right hand cup of Jenny's bra and pulled down until her tit popped out.

"'Hey!" yelled Jenny.

"Only four minutes to go before the end of the lesson, dear," said Debbie. "Better hurry and get free."

Jenny renewed her struggles in her new position, her naked right tit waving around, but to no avail.

"Four minutes," yelled William. "Next forfeit."

Jenny looked pleadingly at Suki but she showed no mercy. She pulled down and the other tit popped into view. Jenny was shocked. How did she get herself into these situations? Here she was again, breasts exposed, in front of three girls and three guys.

They all stared at Jenny's bound body. Her breasts were magnificent. Huge white globes of perfection tipped by large light brown areolas and proud nipples.

"Well. only one forfeit left Jenny, if you catch my drift," said Lucy.

Jenny's panties were the only garment left and the implication was obvious. She began to franticly struggle to free herself. This had the twin effect of making the knot get tighter and tighter and to make her breasts jiggle and slosh around violently, keeping all six of her classmates highly entertained.

"Next forfeit," screamed William, almost bouncing up and down in his chair.

Jenny was horrified. She was about to have her shaven, hairless pussy exposed yet again until Jack said, "Wait. Let's save the grand unveiling."

Jenny sighed with relief. Had she been saved from the ultimate embarrassment?

"Girls, I think Jenny deserves a reward for being such a good sport. Please show her your appreciation," he continued.

"What sort of reward?" said Jenny cautiously.

"Oh just a little something us girls have wanted to do to you for a while," said Suki.

Jenny waited, trembling, strangely excited, wondering what the three girls had planned for her.

Debbie, who was standing behind Jenny, reached down, gently took her head in her hands and turned her face upwards. She then dived in and began giving Jenny a full on French kiss. She sucked voraciously until her tongue invaded Jenny's mouth, as she mashed their lips together.

"Mmmmm," moaned Jenny, as their tongues became intertwined.

With her mouth occupied Jenny wasn't able to object when the other two girls seized a large spherical breast each and began massaging them, each using both hands. After half a minute of moulding, stroking and tweaking they both lowered their faces and sucked each of Jenny's large nipples and areolas into the warm wetness of their mouths.

They all spent the rest of the minute orally stimulating Jenny. When they released her, both her nipples were red, well chewed, and hugely erect. Her chest rose and fell as she sucked in deep lungfulls of air. The first thing she heard was William bellowing, "Final forfeit."

"Oh God. No!" she thought.

The 'reward' the girls had given her had taken her mind off escaping and another minute had passed. She watched as the Japanese girl advanced on her smiling wickedly.

Suki reached for the front of Jenny's panties and pulled the waistband out a couple of inches. She looked into Jenny's pleading eyes before glancing straight down at her slit. Seeing Jenny's naked shaven pussy she looked back up at her, a calculating look in her eyes. They knew Jenny was painfully shy but her hairless pussy showed she had an unexpected, maybe naughty, side to her nature. The slender, dark haired oriental wondered if Jenny would like to take this farther than they had thought. Perhaps she could be tempted into a solo lesson with just the two of them.

"Guys," she said. "You're REALLY going to enjoy this."

Lucy and Suki both grabbed the side of Jenny's panties and were just about to strip them from her when a mobile phone rang. Jack answered and said, "We've been rumbled, someone's coming. Let's get out of here."

Jenny was left bound, aroused and panting.

The door opened, a janitor strolled in and immediately spotted the tied up, mostly naked and very well endowed blonde.

"'Hello, Hello, what have we got here then?" he said grinning broadly.

Jenny promised herself she'd get back at that Janitor for not releasing her straight away. Just why would a janitor be carrying a digital camera anyway. She and John entered the classroom for the third lesson. The other people looked at John uncertainly when Jenny introduced him as her husband, but he didn't seem to be there to chide them for molesting his wife, so they carried on with the lesson as normal. Everyone got tied up as usual and they each tried to escape from the different methods of restraint. Towards the end of the lesson John said, "I'd like to see how good Jenny is at escaping. Can I try?"

"OK," they said, intrigued as to what would happen now.

John stood in front of Jenny and looked into her eyes.

"Do you trust me?" he said quietly.

"Of course I do darling," replied Jenny shyly, wondering what he had in mind.

"Then take off your dress," said John. "We don't want to get it dirty on this dusty floor, do we?"

Jenny looked back at him as a little thrill tightened her belly. She blushed and slowly unzipped the back of the summer dress she had worn that day and stepped out of it.

She stood there, beautiful and demure in white bra, panties and holdup stockings, her long blonde hair cascading down across her shoulders. John held out his hand and a length of white nylon rope was passed to him. He moved behind Jenny and, without being asked, she brought her wrists together behind her back. John quickly tied Jenny's arms at wrist and elbow, and then secured her legs round her ankles and knees. He circled her, admiring the white rope binding her body, stroking her at various points. Then he kissed her quickly on the lips before lowering her to the floor. He turned her onto her front and, bending her legs up, bound her wrists to her ankles. A last rope was tied round her waist, pulled down at the front and passed between her legs and then up to her wrists.

"There, try to get out of that dear," said John, as he sat down with the other six to watch.

Jenny started to struggle then hesitated. She wriggled about and again stopped. Once more she strove to release herself and once more she stopped.

"Something the matter dear?" said John.

"Er..no..just testing the ropes," said Jenny.

She struggled again and yet again she stopped her face becoming flushed.

"Er.." she gasped, "could you help me here. I don't think I can get free of this one."

John rose and walked over to Jenny. He stooped down and studied the rope running between her legs. The movement of Jenny trying to free herself had forced the rope between her pussy lips and was rubbing her most sensitive spot through her panties. John grasped Jenny's wrists and pulled upward.

"Aaaarrggg!" moaned Jenny as the rope between her legs tightened and dragged its way deeper between her pussy lips.

A couple more pulls and Jenny was writhing around groaning.

"Here you go, guys and gals. Come and see how this one works," said John.

Jenny was left sweating and soaking wet, as every one of her classmates took turns tugging on her wrists, pulling the rope back and forth through her pussy. The girls seemed particularly interested in this method of bondage.

"OK. School's out," said John eventually and grudgingly they all filed out.

John knelt down and turned Jenny over, supporting her shoulders with his left arm.

"Quick," said Jenny. "Untie me, I need you."

"Yes, I know darling," he said, stroking the hair from her face, before leaning downward to start deeply kissing his bound wife.

His right hand gripped the rope running between her legs and began to give it quick tugs. Jenny's body jolted and she moaned into John's mouth. It only took a couple of minutes of stimulation before Jenny's roped body jerked and stiffened as John forced her to erupt in a mind blowing orgasm.

Chapter 2.

Some days later John and Jenny were called in to meet Commander Holt, the head of 'Special Operations'.

"We have a job for you," he started without preamble. "Various secret devices are being stolen and smuggled out of the country and we don't know how. The only clue we've been able to come up with is that the thefts always coincide with the visit of a film crew to the vicinity. We've decided on

a covert investigation of the Film Company and personnel. Now, John, we've managed to get you in as a scene/prop shifter. Jenny due to your lack of any useful skills, the best we could do was to get you a job as a Body Double to the film's female star."

Jenny looked at him blankly. She had no idea what a Body Double did but didn't want to look stupid so kept quiet.

"Are you OK with doing that sort of thing Jenny?" said Holt.

"Oh yes," she replied. "'I'm sure I can do that."

"OK, you go to work on the film set and see if you can spot anything out of the ordinary and, while you're not working, tail a few of the personnel to see if they do anything suspicious."

Later she asked John what a Body Double did and he told her she would be a sort of stand in who took the stars' place when they were lighting a scene or didn't need the stars face on screen. That's why they call it a Body Double, because you only see the body. John thought to himself, "This could have entertaining possibilities."

They started work later that week. John went off to join the rest of the technical crew while Jenny was taken to be introduced, first to the Director, Charles Wellington, and then to the female star of the movie. Melody Starling was a fading starlet who was reduced to making crappy little 'Sex and Scream' B movies like this one. She was still beautiful but only after an hour in make-up. She immediately took a dislike to Jenny with her perfect figure and complexion, which seemed to require no effort, while she had to sweat in the gym and spend thousands on cosmetic surgery and make-up.

For the first few days Jenny was called on, as John had said, to do little more than stand around while a scene that Melody was to do was lighted, or get filmed running in the distance or away from the camera. She had time to meet and chat to some of the other actors and crew. One of the people she met was Frankie. He was sometimes an actor; sometimes a crewmember and sometimes he worked on the special effects. Jenny was fascinated because Frankie was only three foot six inches tall. Dwarves he explained earned a good living in film these days. They were in great demand for the fantasy and Sci-fi films and also for working inside some of the mechanical monsters seen in so many modern films. Jenny liked Frankie and they had lunch together occasionally. Frankie liked Jenny. She was possibly the most beautiful and sexy woman he had ever met.

Today Jenny was watching as Melody acted out scenes with the other actors. One of these was Daniel Swan. A six-foot, Adonis of a man with the brains of a piñata. He couldn't act or remember lines but he looked fabulous, his body a picture of sun bronzed masculinity. The current scene was to take place in a shower. Melody was wearing a funny shirt that covered only her front while Daniel was in shorts. They said their lines face to face while the camera filmed Melody from behind and from the waist up, so it looked like they were both naked in the shower. Then she started to turn and the Director yelled, "CUT! DOUBLE ON SET."

Jenny trotted forward to find out what she was needed for.

"OK, Jenny get your gear off and get in,"said the director.

"'What?" said Jenny.

"Lose the clothes and get in the shower for the front shot," he said.

"What! You want me topless in the shower with him?" she asked.

"Well, that's your what you were hired for. Now get 'em off we're waiting."

Jenny looked over at John who could only shrug. Jenny realized she had to follow instructions or loose her job and hinder the mission. As her face turned red, she slowly unbuttoned her shirt and dropped it on a nearby box, and then her skirt followed. An audible sigh ran around the set as every crew member watched Jenny stripping. She unclasped her bra and, dropping it, covered herself with her arms. Climbing into the shower she stood facing Daniel Swan in just a small pair of panties.

"WATER BOY!" shouted the Director.

John wandered over with a bottle of water, which he sprayed all over Jenny, wetting her hair and back. Then he said, "Turn round please."

He also quietly whispered, "Jenny, follow any instructions you're given otherwise you may be fired."

He then sprayed her front as best he could with her arms over her breasts.

"Move your arms please,"said John smiling.

Jenny frowned at him and resignedly dropped her hands. She gasped as John tipped far more water than was necessary over her bosom, the cold liquid making her areolas crinkly nicely.

"Right," said the Director. "Jenny, face Daniel and slowly turn your back on him. Daniel you know your part. OK, ACTION!"

With the camera in close up on her upper body, Jenny slowly turned till her wet and dripping breasts filled the frame. Daniel's hands, that were laid on her shoulders, gently stroked down and grabbed her tits. He stared to maul her breasts like a schoolboy on his first date.

"CUT!" shouted the director.

"Bloody right!" thought Jenny. "I'm going to belt this geezer if he tries that again."

John gave Jenny a warning frown. The director walked over and put his arm round Jenny's shoulders while she covered herself.

'"Look Jenny," 'he said, for the first time quietly. "Daniel may be the big macho hero in the film but he's really a shirt lifter."

"What?" said Jenny not understanding.

"He's a fruit, a left hooker, a brown hatter, he bats for the other side."

"Er..What?" she said again intelligently.

"Jenny, he's gay, he's homosexual, he's never been with a woman in his life."

"Oh," said Jenny, finally realizing what he meant.

"You're going to have to guide him, show him how to caress you, show him where to put his hands."

"Oh God," thought Jenny. "I've done it again. I'm nearly naked in front of a film crew of twenty strangers and I have to show a poofter how to manhandle my breasts. How do I get myself into these situations?"

"WATER BOY!" shouted the Director. John trotted over and soaked Jenny's breasts until they were dripping and the scene began again. This time Jenny turned and, as Daniels hands came down, she held them and moved them over and around her breasts. For the next ten minutes she showed him how she liked to be touched, how to hold and squeeze her flesh, how to tweak and pull on her nipples while every member of the crew watched spellbound and dribbling.

He was a quick learner and soon Jenny was wriggling and fidgeting as she became aroused. Her breathing quickened, her face flushed and her nipples and areolas darkened and grew. It was then that she felt the large hard object nestling between her butt cheeks.

"What's that?" she whispered to Daniel.

"Jenny," he breathed, "it's the first time I've ever felt this with a woman. You're a marvel. I think you may have straightened me out. I'm not gay anymore." (His wife of ten years and four children would have been very surprised to hear that he was gay).

Jenny felt strangely pleased with herself. The scene continued and Daniel pressed closer and closer to Jenny's back. His hands still grasped and fondled her breasts, his erection becoming harder and harder. Eventually is left hand slipped down and held her hips, his right gripped her left tit really hard and, with a couple of jerks, he groaned into her ear.

"CUT!" yelled the Director.

He was ecstatic. He'd got a fantastic scene. Far better than he'd expected, seeing as how Jenny was so shy. He'd realized, when they met that, even though she'd signed on as a Body Double, she wasn't used to nudity. He'd devised his 'Daniel's a poof' plan to get her to co-operate and take an active part in the sex scene. Under normal circumstances she'd have run a mile but his ploy had resulted in her willingly allowing, in fact, positively encouraging, a stranger to massage her fabulous big breasts while being filmed.

"NEXT SCENE! Thank you Jenny. That's all for now," said Charles.

Jenny stood in an erotic haze. She was aroused beyond belief. She'd been stroked and caressed by an Adonis to whom she'd taught all the moves she most enjoyed when having her breasts touched. She looked round and spotted John. Not caring that she was practically naked, or bothered by the leering looks of the crew, she ran to him, the twins bouncing alarmingly.

To the rest of the crew it looked like she'd just selected one of them at random. They didn't know he was her husband. Jenny practically dragged him to the nearest trailer and pushed him inside. She followed him in and locked the door. The crew watched as the springs on the trailer bounced up and down. The lucky son of a gun was getting the shagging of a lifetime they thought, if the moans and screams were anything to go by.

Half an hour later, John emerged from the trailer, covered with sweat and disheveled, to a round of applause from the crew. Jenny sauntered out looking cool, with a very satisfied look on her face. Sometime later John collected his winnings from the sweepstake that the crew had started to see who could be the first one to nail the blonde bimbo with the big jugs.

Melody Starling looked on and saw the admiring glances Jenny was getting from all the men, (and some of the women), and her jealousy only grew. The men used to look at her like that. The following morning Melody noticed that all of the crew seemed unusually clean and tidy. Many were wearing decent clothes and not just the normal jeans and T-shirts and most of the men had combed their hair. She watched as Jenny passed and everyone greeted her heartily. "Morning Jenny," they'd chorus.

They had all taken the trouble to find out her name. Up till then she had just been known to most of them as the blonde with the big bazookas. If she was going to get horny again and select one of the crew at random to ease her tensions they wanted the next one chosen to be them. Even a couple of the women had spruced themselves up. "Well you never know," they'd thought. Melody saw all this and was nearly beside herself with envy.

Chapter 3.

Both John and Jenny had been keeping their eyes open for any unusual occurrences, or for any strange behavior, but no luck yet. At lunch that day, Jenny was walking to find an empty table with her tray of soup and sandwiches. Melody saw her coming and, as she passed, couldn't contain herself any longer. She stuck out a foot to trip Jenny. It had the desired effect of making Jenny fall but in the process her tray went skyward and the soup crashed down all over Melody. She screamed blue murder and stormed off saying she was going to get the Director to sack Jenny for being so clumsy.

John spotted what had happened and raced to intercept Melody. He had to come up with a scheme quickly or Jenny's part of the mission was finished. Before she'd gone a hundred yards John caught up to her and begged her to stop.

"If you'll listen, I've got a better idea, Miss Starling. I think this would be an even sweeter revenge."

She stopped and they spent the next few minutes whispering like a couple of conspirators. John had quickly devised a plan that would allow the film star to think she had got one up on Jenny, while allowing her to keep her job. Melody's mood gradually lightened and she eventually left John with a

broad smile on her face. She obviously liked the scheme but John seriously doubted if Jenny would.

Some time later Jenny was on the set. She could see Melody speaking earnestly to the Director. They were due to do a scene next that involved a big fight between Melody's character and her husband in the film. The fight was due to end when she slapped his face and stormed off. Melody was persuading the Director to make a slight alteration to the ending. Eventually he agreed and they both spoke to Raul Gonzales, the actor who was to play her husband. He seemed quite keen on the change.

Both Melody and Jenny where dressed identically in blouse and black sweat pants or leggings so that Jenny could step in to take her place when required. The scene started and the row developed with much shouting and swearing. Apparently Daniel had been playing Melody's lover and her husband had discovered this. The scene drew toward its climax when Melody slapped Raul but, instead of allowing her to storm out, he grabbed her and, flopping down on the sofa, dragged her over his knee. His right hand hooked into the waistband of Melody's leggings and began to draw them down.

"CUT!" shouted the Director. "DOUBLE ON SET!"

Jenny apprehensively walked forward. She could see Melody had a beaming, excited smile on her face.

"OK, over you go," said the director.

"What, o..o..over his knee you mean?" stammered Jenny.

"Yes, of course. You're the stunt bum in this scene," he replied.

Slowly Jenny approached a grinning Raul who patted his thighs and said "Hope you enjoy this as much as I'm going to."

Jenny slowly knelt and draped herself over Raul's knees. He hooked his right hand in the waistband of her black leggings ready for the scene to re-start. The cameraman moved in closely focusing on Jenny's backside.

"OK, ACTION!" shouted the Director.

Raul immediately pulled with his right hand and dragged Jenny's leggings down to her knees, leaving her backside naked apart from her white cotton panties. Jenny's perfect, panty covered, butt cheeks were exposed to the air and the watching crew.

Raul said his line.

"So you like slapping people do you? Well, let's see how you like it, you tramp!"

He raised his right hand and brought it down on Jenny's butt.

Slap....Slap....Slap....

The first three were quite light. Raul was going to enjoy spanking Jenny, but he knew that sound effects could be added later to accentuate the volume. Jenny was thinking to herself."I've gone and done it again. I'm getting my butt spanked by a stranger in front of a crowd of more strangers."

The number of people who had come to watch the scene was increasing by the second. The crew, extras and actors had started gathering as the word got round that the big titted blonde was getting stripped again.

The light spanking continued for a couple of minutes. Melody saw this and wasn't happy. She didn't want a light spanking. That wasn't good enough for her. She again spoke urgently into the Director's ear and he got up and told the actors that the scene was going to go slightly differently.

"I've decided that Melody will do the voice over from off camera. Raul you just follow her directions."

He also made a silent gesture to Raul, who understood his meaning. Melody stood beside the camera out of shot and nodded to the director who shouted "ACTION!"

Raul raised his hand and again began lightly spanking Jenny's upturned and, by now, slightly pink bottom. Melody started off as if she hated the spanking shouting "OUCH! Let me up, you bastard! Stop that, Stop that!"

After a couple of minutes she stopped shouting and swearing and changed her tone. She started to moan, pretending that she was starting to like the stinging sensations.

Raul then followed the Directors gestured instruction, gripped the legs of Jenny's white cotton panties and pulled them together. This effectively turned them into a thong and left both of her cheeks completely naked and unprotected. With a tug he pulled the panties up into Jenny's crack. Raul hesitated as he stared down at the most perfect pair of jiggling, plump, cheeks he'd ever seen. He gently ran his hand over her flesh, stroking the slightly warm skin. The entire crew silently went 'phwaaarr' on seeing Jenny's naked arse.

The spanking resumed. After another few minutes Melody said "Harder! Spank me harder!"

Raul looked surprised but the director nodded so he gave the next shot some extra oomph.

SLAP

"Ow!" said Jenny.

"Harder!" yelled Melody.

SLAP

"Harder!" she shouted. "Hit me harder!"

SLAP....SLAP....SLAP....

Jenny was writhing around now, kicking her legs. Raul grasped her outside arm and held it in the small of her back, keeping her pinned across his lap. Her butt was turning red and the spanking was really beginning to sting.

"Harder. Harder. Harder!" screamed Melody.

Raul could hardly hit any harder but did his best.

SLAP....SLAP....SLAP....

"Give it to me, harder!"

SLAP....SLAP....SLAP....

"Harder, you bastard!" shouted Melody.

"CUT!" shouted the Director.

Raul's descending hand stopped just in time.

"That's enough. Everyone take five."

Melody was breathing hard. She was ecstatic. She had felt an erotic thrill from getting Jenny spanked so hard. She'd given that bitch her comeuppance. Teach her to be so young and popular.

Raul helped Jenny to stand up and looked at her glowing butt.

"'Jenny, I'm sorry," he said. "I got a bit carried away there, you should get the nurse to put some cream on that."

The Director hearing that shouted, "NURSE!"

A young girl carrying a small medical bag rushed over and, seeing Jenny's cherry red butt, tutted, and took out a tin of ointment.

"Bend over that table, please," she said.

Jenny still had her leggings round her knees, so she waddled over to the indicated table and bent over until her elbows rested on it.

The nurse unscrewed the top of the tin and was just about to apply the cream when someone took the tin out of her hand. The electrician put his finger to her lips to indicate she should remain silent. He knelt down, and scooping out a huge dollop of cream, he slapped it on Jenny's bottom.

"Aaaarrrr," moaned Jenny, as the cooling cream hit her red and smarting skin.

The man continued lovingly massaging the cream into Jenny's bum, until someone tapped him on the shoulder and took his place. It wasn't until the fourth member of the crew was rubbing cream into Jenny's butt cheeks that she looked back and spotted the queue of smirking men lined up behind her. She looked down into the laughing face of the carpenter who, his hands covered with cream, was currently fondling her backside.

"Hey! What gives you guys?" she yelled and sprang up pulling her leggings back over her rump.

Jenny became even more popular that day and Melody was nearly spitting feathers.

Chapter 4.

The mission wasn't making any progress. John and Jenny had observed everybody they could and had started trailing people after work. This led to an embarrassing incident for Jenny, when she followed a group of the crew into a Lap Dancing club. She got a very rude surprise inside when one of the women danced around in front of her. She seemed to think Jenny was a lesbian and tried to do all sorts of inappropriate things to her body. She had to beat a hasty retreat or, in another minute, she'd have been under the table and probably under the dancer as well.

Back on the set things didn't seem to improve for Jenny. Melody took every opportunity to change the script to put her in strange and embarrassing positions. For one scene she was stood completely naked and pounded with custard and cream pies. The whole crew got a go, including Frankie. Most of them aimed for a double top but he aimed slightly lower than the others and scored a bull's eye.

On another occasion she was locked topless in a freezer room. Melody glued the lock so, by the time Jenny was freed, she was frozen to the core and her tits had turned blue. It took ten minutes of vigorous rubbing to get them warm again. It was a couple of the female crewmembers who gave the thawing massage as they'd won the race to get to Jenny before any of the others. For a while it looked like the women would have to beat the men off with a stick.

It was lucky for Jenny that the Director didn't agree to all of Melody's schemes. It was only him that saved her from being dropped into a tank of electric eels, dragged behind a running horse or being covered with honey and staked out naked on an anthill, although, he did think a bit longer about the last one before refusing.

One day Jenny had spent nearly the whole of the morning topless in a vat of freezing cold baked beans, constantly being told to dip herself under the surface. Time and again the camera lovingly filmed her enormous breasts slowly emerging from the gloop, dripping beans and sauce, her nipples standing to attention due to the coldness.

That evening Jenny and John decided she should tail Charles Wellington, the Director. She followed him to the car park of an apartment building where he met another man. She heard him say, "OK, give it to me and I'll get it disguised as a prop and take it with us when we go."

She was going to try to get closer when Frankie appeared behind her and said, in a loud voice, "Hello Jenny. Fancy seeing you here."

The director and his companion whirled round and spotted them both.

Remaining calm, she said, "Oh. Hello Frankie. Yes fancy."

The Director walked over.

"Hello Mr. Wellington, small world isn't it," she said.

"Yes," he agreed, "It is. Jenny let me introduce Mr. Bloc, a friend of mine. We're just going for a drink. Come and join us. I insist. You as well Frankie."

Jenny followed him uncertainly to one of the apartments. Frankie had no reason to be suspicious and came along happily. They were given small gins and Charles Wellington proposed a toast.

"Here's to a great film," he said and they all downed their drinks.

Jenny awoke from the drugged sleep sometime later. The apartment was now cold, unlit and empty. Wellington and Bloc had gone and left her and Frankie. Unfortunately before they left they'd stripped them both naked and tied them together. (You get up in the morning, go to work, spend half a day in a vat of baked beans, trail your boss, get drugged and wind up tied to a naked dwarf. Don't you wish you had a pound for every time that's happened to you?). The pair were tied face to face. Well not exactly face to face. More like Face to chest, as Frankie was only three and a half feet tall.

Their arms were tied around each other while Jenny's legs were tied together at knees and ankles. Frankie's legs were wrapped around Jenny's legs and secured behind them. They lay on their side looking like a loving couple hugging each other.

He was still asleep as Jenny looked around assessing the situation. His head was resting on the softest of pillows, her left tit, and his left ear was being kept warm by her other tit. Suddenly Frankie groaned and opened his eyes. His first view was of the middle of Jenny's chest. He turned his head slowly and rubbed his nose across her left breast her turned it the other way and rubbed it against the other one.

"'Er..Jenny is that you? I've got a very restricted view here." he said in a muffled voice.

"Yes it's me Frankie. Don't worry they've gone, but they wanted the maximum time so they've left us tied together like this."

"Pardon," said the dwarf.

Frankie was silent for a few seconds examining the situation in his naughty little mind. He was bound to the most beautiful girl he'd ever laid eyes on and they were both stark bollock naked. He said a short prayer of thanks to the dwarf gods.

"Now," he thought, "if I could just stay here for the rest of my life, I'll die a very happy man."

He was extremely disappointed when Jenny said "I've had a little training at escaping, I'll try and get us free."

She began to strain and struggle to free them from the ropes binding them. Frankie stayed perfectly still as Jenny rubbed herself against him. As she moved, she gently massaged both his ears with her tits. At one point she rolled over on top of him and her breasts hung down, almost entirely encasing his head in tit flesh.

After a few minutes of squirming around, Jenny said "Er..Frankie. What's that I can feel?"

"Er..I'm so sorry Jenny. I can't help it with you wriggling and jiggling like that."

Frankie might have been a small fellow but he wasn't at the back of the queue when the cocks were handed out. He had tried to control himself, but he was only human. Jenny would have got an erection out of a corpse with the energetic gyrations she was performing. That girl in the Lap Dancing club was a rank amateur when compared to Jenny in full flow.

"Frankie!" she exclaimed.

Jenny's eyes opened wide with surprise, as his member grew and grew, forcing its way between her thighs, rubbing across her pussy. From the top it looked like she had a large purple sausage sticking up between her legs.

Jenny re-doubled her efforts to get free, which had an even more devastating effect on Frankie. His breathing grew ragged as his dick sawed back and forth between the tops of Jenny's legs. He may not have been inside her but the friction effect was much the same. Jenny was also beginning to feel an effect. Frankie's member was rubbing against her pussy which was rapidly opening and becoming moist. The dwarf's head was also rubbing on the insides of her tits every time she moved.

Frankie thought, "Oh well, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," and turned his head.

At the next opportunity he sucked one of Jenny's nipples into his hot little mouth. Jenny reacted by thrashing around even more which, in turn, only increased the stimulation they both felt. Frankie found that by clasping Jenny to him harder, he could force more of her tit into his mouth and he could control the pressure on his member by squeezing and releasing his thighs, which were wrapped around Jenny's legs. He began slowly thrusting with his hips. Every time Jenny stopped moving he bit down softly on her breast causing her to resume wriggling and writhing. He was controlling her movements, even though they were tied tightly together and she was on top.

"Oh Frankie, No," Jenny groaned.

"Oh Jenny, Yes!" Frankie moaned thrusting faster.

The rubbing and gyrating soon had the inevitable result. Frankie shouted and sprayed his seed up into the air, only for it to splash back down all over Jenny's bottom. The extra friction caused by Frankie's climax increased the pressure on Jenny's, now wide open, pussy lips and erect, exposed clitoris. Frankie's biting and sucking of her tit drove her over the edge as she joined him in a body wrenching orgasm.

They both slumped, spent and breathless. Frankie was lying on his back; his head still nestled between Jenny's breasts. It was a few minutes before they surfaced and it dawned on them that their bucking and jerking had loosened the bindings and they were able to free themselves. They quickly found their clothes and, while Frankie got dressed, Jenny wiped the saliva from her breast and the stickiness from her butt. She searched the flat and, finding the phone, got in touch with John and told him it was Charles Wellington who was smuggling the stolen property disguised as film props and to get in touch with the 'Firm' so they could intercept him.

She put the phone down and turned to look earnestly at Frankie.

"Listen Frankie, this is a bit embarrassing. Please don't tell anyone how we got caught and especially don't tell anyone how we got free. Will you do that for me?"

"Oh, all right," said Frankie, despondently.

Jenny returned to the Film set the next day to say good-bye to a few people. She also said goodbye to a grinning Frankie. As she was leaving the set the entire crew suddenly broke out into song.

She rushed away blushing furiously with the strains of 'Hi ho, Hi ho, it's off to work we go' ringing in her ears.

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**Jenny and Suki**

by Brummie

Chapter 1.

Jenny Richards was in a hurry. She'd been delayed at MI5 Headquarters and she

was rushing to reach the shop before it closed. There was a new lingerie store

on her way home she wanted to try. She reached the shop just before six and went in. The two assistants, Andrea and Petra, were not pleased when a customer entered just as they had thought they might get away on time for once.

Jenny headed to the underwear section, as she wanted a new bra to go with a

lovely evening dress she wanted to wear for her husband, John, that evening. As

she was browsing Andrea approached and asked if she could help. 'I need a really nice low cut bra' said Jenny. 'Certainly madam' she said 'What are your

measurements?' '38D' replied Jenny self-consciously. Her enormous boobs were

marvelous things but they caused her as much embarrassment as pleasure.

'No, no Madam, we'll need your new metric measurements, we have to sell

everything in metric these days. You know metres and centimeters. The European Community laws now mean we sell petrol in litres, straight bananas, sausages that actually have some meat in them and brassieres measured in centimeters.

'Oh, I don't know my metric measurements' said Jenny. 'Well we could measure

Madam' said the assistant. 'If you have the time?' 'I suppose that would be OK'

said Jenny holding her arms out sideways ready. The assistant thought for a

second and said 'we'll need to go into the back Madam. Please follow me'. She

led Jenny towards a door at the rear. The second assistant, Petra, watched them

go, closed and locked the front door and followed.

The room was a combination store and workroom. Boxes of clothes covered two

walls. There was also a worktable with a sewing machine, bolts of cloth and

various off cuts. 'Now Madam I'll just need you to slip off your blouse and bra'

said Andrea. 'What?' exclaimed Jenny. 'Is that absolutely necessary?' 'It is if

Madam wants a comfortable bra that fits properly. It's vital we get measurements as accurate as possible. Now we haven't got all day Madam. We're past our home time. Do you want us to carry on or not?' 'Well I suppose it's alright' said Jenny slowly starting to unbutton her blouse. Petra meanwhile had slipped into he room and watched as the blonde removed her shirt revealing a white lace bra struggling to contain an obviously impressive pair of breasts. Petra and Andrea had talked about this scheme in the past but never come across anyone naive enough to fall for it.

Jenny reluctantly unclipped her bra and drew it down her arms. She stood topless in front of the two assistants her arms folded across her bosom. 'We can't measure Madam with her arms there now can we?. Stretch them out sideways please' said Andrea. Jenny slowly extended her hands out and revealed her two beautiful breasts. The storeroom was unheated and her areolas crinkled in the cool air as she felt the assistants gaze on her flesh. Both assistants stared enraptured at Jenny's two enormous spherical tits. Firm and high, they were tipped by large pink areolas and very prominent nipples.

Using a soft tape Andrea measured across Jenny's shoulders and read out the

distance for Petra to write down. She measured above her breasts and below. Then right round making sure the tape passed over both nipples. Then Jenny looked on in surprise as she wrapped the tape around her left breast and measured the circumference. Andrea repeated this with the other tit. 'Now if Madam would stretch her arms straight up?' said Andrea. 'Why's that' queried Jenny. 'We need to take measurements to ensure the garment fits in all positions. Now if Madam would follow instructions we can complete this much quicker' said Andrea tersely. Feeling scolded Jenny raised her arms looking like someone was holding a gun on her. Her impressive breasts were raised slightly themselves as Andrea took more measurements especially the ones round Jenny's tits which seemed to take a lot of adjusting to get the tape in just the right place.

'Now Madam, place your hands behind your back and bend forward'. Jenny did as she was ordered and her breasts swung free and stretched toward the ground.

Andrea took another set of measurements, which Petra wrote down. 'Now Madam can you tell me if your nipples become excited and erect at all?' asked Andrea.

Blushing Jenny answered 'Er..Yes they do, usually at the most inappropriate

moments'. 'Well in that case we'll need another set of measurements' said

Andrea. 'If Madam would make them stand up'. 'What?' said Jenny. 'Madam we need to ascertain the nipple expansion coefficient. To do that we need to take

measurements with Madam's nipples extended to the full. It's very important for

us to supply Madam with a properly fitting bra'.

'Er..er..'. Jenny fidgeted hesitating. She had never been asked to excite

herself in front of a couple of strangers before. 'Would Madam require some

help?' said Andrea. 'Er..er' stammered Jenny. 'Petra please get the silk' said

Andrea taking charge as she moved to stand behind Jenny. 'Now. If Madam would stand up straight with her hands by her sides and just relax. We are experienced at this so Madam can feel safe in our hands'. 'Er..well alright I suppose' said Jenny. Petra had found a length of silk cloth about two feet long and six inches wide. Holding it at each end she approached Jenny. Andrea meanwhile reached round her, seized her breasts, and pushed them together hard until both nipples were about three inches apart. Jenny stood stunned as Petra then used the silk like a shoeshine boy and buffed the cloth across both of her breasts. The combination of the friction and Andrea's squeezing soon had the desired effect as both Jenny's areolas darkened and expanded and her nipples stood to attention. After a minute Petra stood back to admire her handy work. Both Jenny's cheeks and her breasts had turned pink. One with embarrassment and the other from the stimulation and excitement.

'Are they at their fullest length Madam?' said Andrea. 'W.w..well I think so'

said Jenny still dazed at the turn of events. 'We need to be absolutely sure

Madam is at maximum length to ensure we get the most accurate measurements.

Petra if you would, please'. At that Petra leant down on Jenny's right hand side

and Andrea took up position on Jenny's left. Petra held Jenny's left arm and

Andrea held her right as they opened their mouths and before she could object

sucked in great mouthfuls of Jenny's breasts. Both then sucked on Jenny's flesh

for all they were worth. Jenny was shocked as the two women accosted her breasts sucking like two demented vacuum cleaners. The pleasure coursed through Jenny's upper body as both assistants started to bite and gnaw on her areolas and assaulted her nipples with their tongues.

Jenny's breath started to become ragged as she became more and more aroused. A couple of minutes passed as the women attempted to excite and stimulate Jenny as much as they could. Their free hands joined the party and molded the parts of Jenny's breasts not being enveloped by the warm wetness of their mouths. The more aroused they could make Jenny the more likely she was to submit to the last part of their scheme which involved them completing stripping her out of her clothes and her joining them on the work table in a full blown lesbian love session.

Jenny was in an erotic haze as she felt the zipper on her skirt being lowered.

She suddenly snapped awake and realized what was going to happen. She started to struggle to free herself, which only made her breasts, which were still being sucked unmercifully feel even more pleasure. She groaned as she pushed both women away from her tits, which stretched farther, and farther before popping out of their sucking mouths. She grabbed her blouse and bra, pushed past the women, and raced for the door. Unlocking the front door she stumbled out into the street before looking round to make sure they hadn't followed her. She stood there, breathing heavily, her breasts pink and excited in the streetlights. It took a few seconds for her to realize the strange looks she was getting were due to her exposed naked upper body. She squealed in shock at her exposure and quickly dressed herself before rushing home.

Chapter 2.

Jenny was at lunch the next day with Suki the Japanese girl. She'd become

friends with her despite the fact that on their first meeting Suki had helped

tie Jenny up and she and two other girls had stripped and orally aroused her.

(See Jenny in The Body Double). Suki was completely enamored of Jenny and Jenny was constantly having to tell her off for taking any opportunity to touch her in the most inappropriate of places. Like the time they had ridden up in the lift together. Jenny had been carrying a stack of books when they'd entered the lift on the ground floor heading for the top floor. The lift stopped at the first and

a load of people got in until there was no more space available. As more and

more people entered Suki and Jenny moved farther and farther back. Suki was

pressed into the corner and as Jenny backed into her she surreptitiously lifted

the hem of Jenny's summer dress. Finally Jenny pressed back until her buttocks

met Suki's hands. Jenny had chosen to wear thong panties that day so the first

she knew about the situation was when the naked flash of her buttock cheeks met the waiting hands of Suki. Unable to move and still holding the stack of books Jenny endured five floors of Suki, her head resting on Jenny's shoulder,

massaging her butt cheeks in a lift full of people. She was relieved when the

top floor arrived as her thong panties had been lowered around the top of her

thighs and Suki's probing fingers were about to start insinuating themselves in

all sorts of inappropriate places. Jenny's embarrassment was complete when, as

she stepped from the lift, her panties fell the rest of the way to her ankles

and she had to ask Suki to pull them back up. Suki accomplished this eventually

but not before at least six people had wandered curiously past them.

After lunch they both headed down to the basement gymnasium. They were attending a Judo class. Jenny was one of the students and Suki, because of her Japanese heritage, the instructor. Jenny sweated through the class throwing and being thrown around the mat until Suki sent everyone to the showers but asked Jenny to stay behind. 'Jenny' Suki started in her stilted English and soft lilting

Japanese accent. 'You do rell with frowing but gloundwok need be bletter'.

(Whoa. Japanese embassy on the phone). Judo, to those who don't know, consists not only of throwing but groundwork where a contest can be won by holding an opponent down on the mat for thirty seconds.

'We plactice now, yes?' 'OK' said Jenny and grabbing Suki's lapels began

circling. Suki was by far the better Judo player and soon threw Jenny to the mat

and quickly turned her onto her front. She grabbed Jenny's arms and thrust them through her belt before using her left hand to twist it, binding Jenny's arms

behind her. She then rolled Jenny on to her back and squeezed her legs around

Jenny's legs. In a trice Jenny was trapped, lying on her back with her arms held

in her belt and her legs held by Suki's. Suki lay on Jenny's right, her left

hand holding Jenny's belt tight but with her right hand free.

Jenny struggled but couldn't free herself. Suki waited until Jenny realized she

was completely trapped before saying 'Suki rike Jenny. I ret gro if you kriss

me'. 'Kriss?' said Jenny. 'Kriss Kriss' said Suki and pecked Jenny on the lips.

'Oh kiss' said Jenny. 'Look Suki I can't do that now, let me go'. 'You no

kriss?' 'No' said Jenny firmly. Suki reached for Jenny's Judo trousers and

started to undo the string tie keeping them up. 'Suki' cried Jenny. 'Stop that'.

'You no kriss?' said Suki. 'Suki, please I can't' pleaded Jenny. 'No kriss, no

tlousers' said Suki. Jenny hesitated then had to say 'Oh alright just one then'.

Suki lowered her head and placed her lips on Jenny's. Jenny thought just a quick

kiss but Suki had other ideas. She started softly sucking Jenny's lips but

became more ardent as the seconds passed. 'Mmmm' said Jenny as Suki continued the kiss. 'Mmmm' she said again as she felt Suki's tongue insinuate itself between her lips. It wasn't long before Jenny felt the effect of being kissed so well and gave herself over to the feelings as their tongues became entwined

until she was kissing Suki as much as Suki was kissing her. After five minutes

of lip mashing, sucking and tongue hockey Suki's free hand began to explore the

front of Jenny's body adding to her stimulation. She stroked and squeezed

Jenny's breasts before returning to the front of her Judo trousers and dipping

in the top. 'Mmmmm' Jenny moaned as she felt Suki's hand heading over her

stomach toward her pussy.

'Ahem'. The loud cough interrupted their play. Suki and Jenny looked up at

Commander Holt. 'I'm here for my three o'clock lesson Suki, if you're not to

busy that is' he said sternly. Both girls jumped up guiltily. Unfortunately

Jenny's Judo trousers had been untied by Suki and fell straight to her ankles

leaving her in just her small panties in front of her boss. She squealed, and

quickly pulling up her trousers, fled to the changing room. .

Chapter 3.

Some weeks later Jenny was called in to see Commander Holt, the head of Special Operations. 'Jenny' he said 'I've got a job that you are uniquely qualified for.

We are looking for a villain. Horace Norton's his name. Horace 'The Horse'

Norton as he's known in the underworld. He's a Gangland boss who's gone missing.

We think he was tipped off that we were about to arrest him and he's gone

underground. We have a man who sometimes provides us with information so I'd like you to go along and talk to him. You are authorized to pay any price he

demands but we must have that information. Do you understand?' 'Yes sir' said

Jenny. 'Who's the informant? 'He's known as Oliver 'Oily' Harris. He runs a

small photographic studio in the cheap part of the city. You are to go along

straight away.

An hour later Jenny stood on a run down street. The studio was above a deserted and boarded up shop. She climbed the stairs and knocked on a dirty door badly in need of a coat of paint. A balding overweight man in his mid forties opened the door. The state of his hair explained his Oily nickname. 'Mr. Harris?' asked Jenny. 'Yes, come in my dear. What can I do for you' he replied. I'm here on behalf of the Firm' said Jenny. 'I understand you might be able to help us find

someone we're interested in who's gone missing. One Horace Norton'. Oily studied Jenny. His gaze traveled from her blonde hair framed beautiful face, down to her bulging chest and onward to the knees and calves visible below her hemline. 'I might know something if the price is right' he replied. 'I'm authorized to give you any amount you ask for, within reason of course' said Jenny. 'Amount?' said Oily. 'No I don't want money. 'Well what is it that you want Mr. Harris'. Oily Harris looked at Jenny and said 'I want you to pose for me'. 'What you want to take some pictures of me?' asked Jenny. 'Yes' said Oily. 'Some very special pictures for a very special client'. 'Well I don't see any problem with that

where would you like me to sit' said Jenny. 'I don't think you understand' said

Oily. 'The client likes pictures of big chested women...kitless'. 'Pardon?' 'Au

natural, my dear'. 'What, you want to photograph me without any clothes on?'

'Precisely' said Oily.

Jenny's cheeks reddened as she thought of what he wanted her to do. Commander Holt had impressed on her how important the information was. She was trapped by indecision. Taking her clothes off in front of this odious little man was bad enough but to be photographed for another mans gratification was disgusting. Eventually she decided she had to agree and shyly, told Oily she'd do it.

'OK my dear. We'll start fully clothed and gradually strip down. I'll warm up my

gear and be ready in a few minutes. Oily started turning on various lights and

loading cameras with film. 'OK lets do it' said Oily. You stand over there and

start posing. Jenny had no idea how to do this but Oily told her how to stand,

were to look and were to put her hands. Inevitably Oily directed Jenny to start

losing her clothes. 'OK, undo the top of your dress now' he ordered. Jenny

slowly pulled down the zipper and lowered the top of her summer dress to her

waist. Oily taking snaps all the time. 'Now all the way down' said Oily. 'Turn

your bum to me'. Jenny blushed as she lowered her dress over her butt revealing her lacy panties, suspender belt and stockings.

Oily had Jenny in all sorts of positions. He snapped her from the front and

back, with her on her knees, on her front and lying on her back. 'Right lets see

your tits Baby' he ordered. Jenny bowed her head as she slowly unclasped her

bra. 'Slowly Baby, slowly' said Oily as he snapped Jenny removing her bra. Even

though he was a seasoned pornographer he goggled as Jenny's breasts were

revealed. They were some of the finest he'd ever seen. The client would be very

grateful and pay through the nose for these snaps. Again Jenny was twisted and

turned into myriad positions, standing, lying and cupping her own boobs. 'Mould

those tits, Baby' ordered Oily. 'Pull your nips'. Jenny did as he told her until

her nipples stood up proud and erect.

Finally the words Jenny had been dreading came. 'OK, now the panties, Baby'. She slowly hooked her thumbs into her panties and started to push them over her hips. 'Slower Baby' ordered Oily as he snapped as fast as he could. Jenny

lowered her panties down her legs and exposed her naked shaven pussy lips. Oily stopped and marveled at the sight before him, then recovering he directed Jenny into even more outlandish positions all of them exposing her pussy to his

intrusive camera lens. 'Stroke it, Baby. Show me some pink'. 'What?' said Jenny.

'Pull your lips open Baby and finger yourself' ordered Oily. Jenny blushed

furiously and did as he commanded. Her clit was exposed and she rubbed and

stimulated herself. She soon felt moisture in her pussy. She couldn't believe

she was becoming aroused in front of this nasty little man.

Jenny was beginning to think there couldn't be anything more he could ask of her when Oily tossed a large red vibrator on to the bed she was posing on. 'What's this' asked Jenny naively. 'Just a little toy darling' said Oily. 'Pick it up

and suck on it a bit'. Jenny looked at it before pursing her lips and slowly

inserting the sharper end into her mouth. Oily snapped away before saying 'now

between the tits Baby'. Jenny frowned and pressing her tits together slid the

now wet and slippery plastic toy into her cleavage. After a few minutes of that

Oily said 'OK now down below darling'. 'What?' said Jenny. 'Stick it in your

pussy, Baby' ordered Oily. Jenny stared at him shocked before slowly lowering

the vibrator and placing the tip at the entrance to her moist pussy and pushed

it in an inch.

Oily snapped away until he said 'Deeper Baby, deeper'. Jenny blushed as she

spread her legs and pushed another couple of inches into her body. 'That's it

baby, in and out now, in and out'. Jenny slowly pushed and pulled the vibrator

in and out of her pussy as the lights flashed and Oily captured her shame on

film. Oily had made sure the vibrator had new batteries before he'd thrown it to

Jenny. 'OK Baby switch it on'. 'I don't want to' said Jenny 'don't make me do

that, please' she pleaded. 'Turn it on Baby or the deals off. No information'.

Jenny had no option. Oily held all the cards. Holt had thought he knew what Oily

would want when he'd sent Jenny to him and he was being proved right.

Jenny tentatively reached down and flicked the switch at the base of the big

plastic toy. It buzzed merrily into life inside her pussy and she immediately

groaned as the vibrations permeated her groin. Oily took photos as Jenny slowly

thrust the vibrator in and out of her pussy even though Oily hadn't told her to

do that this time. She moaned and groaned as the feelings built in her. She

gripped her own tits and nipples as she increased the pumping speed until

inevitably she peaked and orgasmed noisily. All the while her jerking and

bucking body being captured forever by Oily's camera.

Chapter 4.

Jenny returned to Headquarters and went in to see Commander Holt. 'So Jenny you got the info from Mr. Harris? 'Yes' said Jenny. 'How much did it cost us' asked Holt. 'Er.. ' Jenny couldn't tell her boss what she'd had to do. She thought

quickly and lied through her teeth. 'He..er..had an attack of conscience Sir,

and gave me the information for free'. Holt smiled. He was pretty certain he

knew what Oily had demanded of Jenny but if she wanted to lie about it he wasn't going to embarrass her even more. 'So what was he able to tell you?' 'He thinks Norton will have been taken to the 'Kleiner Clinic' said Jenny. 'He thinks it's used to give people who want to disappear new identities. Plastic surgery, that sort of thing'. 'Hmmm' said Holt. 'We've had our eye on that place but never

found any evidence. I think we need to get someone in there as soon as we can.

I'll let you know if we need you again. Thank you for now, Jenny and

congratulations on a job well done'.

One morning, some days later, Jenny was returning from the gadgets department when she was told to report to Commander Holt. She had agreed to help the elderly Professor Q test his latest invention. She'd spent the last hour helping him perfect the 'Homing Panties' he'd invented. She'd blushed pink when she had first put them on as they were almost completely see-through and it was only when he'd said that no signal was being received that he'd asked her to bend over the desk. He then lifted her skirt exposing her panty clad bottom and

started to make some adjustments. Jenny 'eek'ed and ooh'ed a couple of times

when his fingers inadvertently stroked or poked a sensitive spot but eventually

the old man let her up and asked her to return in a couple of days for more

testing. (If his heart could stand it he thought).

Jenny sat down in Commander Holt's office. 'We've managed to get you accepted at the Kleiner Clinic as a nurse Jenny' he began. 'I know you don't have much experience at nursing but we've provided a cover story that you're returning to work after a break studying a specialty and you'll be treated as a trainee for a while. It was short notice so the cover won't stand to close a scrutiny but you should be alright if you don't arouse any suspicion. You start in the morning'.

'OK thank you Sir' said Jenny and got up to leave. As she turned toward the door

Holt said 'By the way, have you been to see Professor Q this morning?' 'Yes Sir'

answered Jenny. 'Why?' 'Did he show you his invisibility spray?' he asked. 'Yes

he did, Sir. A fantastic invention. A spray that makes cloth invisible for an

hour. What will they think of next? Anything else Sir? 'No, that's all Jenny,

you can go now thank you'. Jenny turned back and Holt watched her perfect

undulating, apparently naked, derriere through the invisible material of her

dress and panties as see walked away from him. Another fifty minutes of exposure he calculated before sighing and returning to his work.

Jenny reported to the Clinic the next morning and began her trainee duties. All

the time she kept her eyes open trying to spot Horace among the patients but no one seemed to fit the description she'd been given. The only part of the

hospital she couldn't get into was the West Wing. It was only accessible through

one door and that had a card swipe security lock. She asked the other nurses

what lay beyond the mysterious door and learned they thought it catered for

celebrity clients, which explained the need for the security. She also asked the

Head Nurse who told her that it was a unit treating 'Sexual Dysfunction' so that

was why the celebrities demanded total privacy. Jenny thought quickly and said

'Sexual Dysfunction? That's the specialty I've been studying. Perhaps I could of

more use to the Clinic in that department than just making beds out here?' The

Head Nurse studied her and replied 'I'll tell Madam. Perhaps she will agree'.

'That's it then' Jenny thought. 'He's almost certainly in the West Wing'. Later

that day she found one of the nursing stations unoccupied and attempted to gain

access to the patient records. Horace Norton wouldn't be admitted under his own

name but she thought she might be able to identify him by a combination of his

body measurements. Height, weight, eye colour etc. Unfortunately the system was password protected so she couldn't hack in. It was her bad luck that the

computer recorded her efforts.

Sometime later Madam von Kleiner sat in her office listening to the Head Nurses

report. Madam Von Kleiner was a tall imposing; raven haired German who could

command the obedience of the strongest men with little more than a disdainful

look. 'One of the new intake tried to get at the West Wing patient records' the

Nurse was saying. A trainee Nurse Richards' she reported. 'Hmm' mused Von

Kleiner, well it could be just idle curiosity I suppose but we I'll have to

check. Give me her file. After a few minutes she said 'so she trained at St

Hertford did she? I know the Head of Operations there'. As Holt had said the

speed they had been forced to use to put together Jenny's cover meant that a

quick phone call was all it took to reveal her subterfuge. 'It seems our Nurse

Richards is a fake' said von Kleiner 'Do we know any more about her?' 'Well'

said the Head Nurse. 'As soon as I mentioned the units cover of a Sexual

Dysfunction unit she almost immediately said that was her specialty and that she wanted to be allowed to work in the West Wing'. 'I think that makes it quite

likely she's an MI5 agent. I think our operation here is finished. Please make

the preparations for our leaving. There's no rush, tomorrow lunchtime should be

early enough. If MI5 had any hard proof we'd have been under arrest by now.

Instead they are trying to sneak an agent in'. See smiled a wicked smile and

said. 'We have time to play with Nurse Jenny Richards a little. Head Nurse

Bloucher also grinned evilly when von Kleiner said 'I think it would be most

entertaining to introduce her to 'The Horse' before we leave. Please inform

Nurse Richards that she will be required to start work in the West wing tomorrow

morning'.

Chapter 5.

The following morning Head Nurse Bloucher met Jenny. 'Due to your experience

Madam would like you to help out in the West Wing. Follow me please. She led

Jenny through the locked door to the mysterious department and into a changing room. 'Please put on the uniform and meet me in room 14. We have a special job that you can help with'. She turned and left her to dress. Jenny noticed that the uniform was complete with black bra and black panties so stripped out of all her own clothes. The bra was very small and low cut and her breasts were squeezed tightly together giving her an enormous cleavage. The panties were also minuscule and provided a minimum of coverage. Jenny was beginning to get a bad feeling about this. The white suspender belt and white stockings didn't help but she was even more perturbed when the white dress provided only came down to her stocking tops and gaped open leaving her with half her chest on display. Her reflection in the full-length mirror showed a caricature of a nurse usually only seen on a dirty seaside postcard or on the stage of a strip club.

Jenny teetered alone the corridor on four-inch high heels, her breasts wobbling

invitingly, until she found room 14. It was a standard hospital private room

containing a single bed. She was surprised to find not only Head Nurse Bloucher

but Madam von Kleiner there as well. 'Nurse Richards I believe' said Madam von

Kleiner. 'Good of you to join us'. Nurse Bloucher, please carry on'. 'Right

Nurse Richards' said Head Nurse Bloucher 'Doctor has asked us to take a sperm

sample from the patient here. As you can see Mr. Smith can't provide it himself

so we'd like you to take it for us. It shouldn't be a problem for someone with

your specialized knowledge. So here's a syringe, please extract the semen

straight from the patient's testicles'. So saying Nurse Bloucher handed Jenny a

syringe with a huge six-inch needle. Jenny stared at it at a loss what to do.

Madam von Kleiner meanwhile had moved to the patient's side. Jenny turned to see a large male lying on the bed, easily six feet tall, his head swathed in

bandages. His hands were also completely encased which explained why he couldn't provide a sample himself. 'Here's your patient Mr. Smith. Nurse Richards' said von Kleiner as she whipped back the covering sheet.

Mr. Smith lay naked apart from his bandages and Jenny's eyes were immediately drawn to his genitals. She nearly gasped when she saw his penis. It was the biggest one Jenny had ever seen in her life and she'd seen a few. It lay like a small snake between his thighs over a pair of testacies the size of tennis

balls. Jenny stood mesmerized. 'Well Nurse Richards if you'd like to insert the

needle and draw a semen sample, we're waiting' said Nurse Bloucher. Jenny stood goggle eyed, Mr. Smith looked on even more goggle eyed both of them staring at the gleaming needle.

Seeing her hesitation Nurse bloucher said 'Perhaps you think another approach is called for in this case Nurse Richards?' 'Yes I do' said Jenny loudly exhaling

the breath she'd been holding. (But not nearly as loudly as Mr. Smith did).

'Perhaps with your greater experience you would recommend a more traditional

treatment such as ... Oh say the Bowden Technique'. 'Er... perhaps' said Jenny

carefully. 'OK then lets begin' said Nurse bloucher taking the needle from

Jenny. I will be very interested to study your technique'. 'If you would take

the patients member in your hand I'll get the receptacle to catch his emissions.

'Oh god' thought Jenny. 'She expects me to masturbate this monster to get the

sample. 'Come, come Nurse' said Madam von Kleiner. We haven't got all day'.

Jenny couldn't see any alternative so moved to Mr. Smith's side. He, meanwhile,

had quickly passed from abject terror at the sight of the needle to trembling

anticipation at the prospect of the Blonde nurse with the enormous breasts and

long supple stocking clad thighs handling his member.

Jenny reached out with her right hand and gently wrapped her fingers around the biggest cock she'd ever held. It felt like a large soft salami in her hand. She

began squeezing gently and moving her hand up and down. To the surprise of both Jenny and Mr. Smith the penis remained soft. Jenny continued to work on his member until it slowly started to react and harden. It grew and grew until it

stuck straight up at the ceiling. Jenny had to step back to save from being

poked in the eye. The slow reaction wasn't such a surprise to Nurse Bloucher who had earlier administered a special pill to Mr. Smith, which deadened ninety

percent of the sensations in his groin. Jenny was going to have to work harder

than she'd ever worked to get this sample.

After ten minutes of pulling, pushing with one hand and two Nurse Bloucher said.

'You don't seem to be having much luck Nurse Richards. Are you sure you've

practiced this technique before?' 'Yes' said Jenny flushing. 'I've never had

this problem before, exactly the opposite in fact'. 'OK then' said Nurse

Bloucher 'It's time for phase two. 'Phase two?' said Jenny. 'Yes, Phase two,

please start the oral stimulation. 'What?' exclaimed Jenny. 'Come on Nurse

Richards, get on with it' said Madam von Kleiner in her sternest voice. 'Oh no'

thought Jenny. 'They want me to suck this thing. I'm not even sure I can get my

mouth round it'. Resigned Jenny dipped down. Mr. Smith watched fascinated as the big titted blonde lowed her head, her mouth open wide, toward his cock. He

gasped as the warm, wet sensation engulfed his helmet. He was amazed he hadn't come yet but he marveled at his own control. He'd have thought this angel of loveliness would have been bathed in his semen by now but he wasn't going to argue. The longer he held out the longer the blonde would work on his cock.

Jenny sucked and sucked, using her lips and tongue as well as both her hands.

Even with so much of Jenny engulfing his cock there was still more of it

uncovered. After another ten minutes of slurping still no sample. Jenny was

using every trick and technique she'd ever learnt. Some of them would have her

husband howling in seconds but didn't seem to be working on Mr. Smith.

'Phase three I think' said Nurse Bloucher. 'What there's more' said Jenny

breathlessly. 'Oh yes, now up on the bed please, legs to the top, head to the

bottom' said Nurse Bloucher. With that Madam von Kleiner and Nurse Bloucher

boosted Jenny up on to the bed placing her so she was kneeling either side of

Mr. Smiths shoulders. Nurse Bloucher then pushed her shoulders down until her

head was back over the patients cock. 'OK continue the treatment Nurse Richards' she said. Jenny resumed sucking and wanking for all she was worth. With a nod to Madam von Kleiner Nurse Bloucher positioned herself beside Jenny's head and watched her service Mr. Smith. Madam von Kleiner stood beside Jenny's hips. Her spread knees had forced the stretched gusset covering her panty-clad pussy to hover, practically touching Mr. Smiths face. He stared up at the thin, and slightly wet, strip of lace that was all that stood between his lips and Jenny's pussy. Madam von Kleiner gently lowered the bandages covering his lower face and uncovered his mouth. Then she took a pair of small scissors and reached for Jenny's panties. Nurse Bloucher, seeing this, grabbed a fistful of Jenny's hair and held her head in place as Madam snipped through the black lace gusset of her panties. 'Mmmmm' groaned Jenny feeling the air on her pussy. It was all the sound she could make with Nurse Bloucher holding her down on the cock gagging her mouth. Mr. Smith wasted no time and extended his tongue started licking and sucking Jenny's moist pussy lips and clitoris. 'Mmmm' moaned Jenny. With Nurse bloucher now pushing Jenny up and down on his cock and Jenny's pussy in his mouth no pill in the world was going to keep Mr. Smith from exploding. It only took a minute and he unloaded the contents of his balls but not into the receptacle Jenny had expected. Nurse bloucher didn't relent. She held Jenny down as Mr. smith filled her mouth. The explosion of come in her face and the sucking lips on her pussy and clit combined to push Jenny over the edge as well and she exploded into orgasm.

Jenny lay on top of the patient gulping great breaths of air. 'Bloody hell she

thought, that guy came like a bloody horse'. It took a few seconds to register

as she slowly realized where Horace 'The Horse' Norton had got his nickname.

'I've sucked off the very bloke I was searching for she thought. I've got to get

out of here and alert the Firm'. It was just as she made the connection that

Jenny's was grabbed by the two women and dragged off Horace Norton. He got off the bed and Jenny was quickly put in his place and her arms and legs tied to the bed frame. A bandage gag was added. 'Well Nurse Richards, if that's your name.

Thank you for the entertainment. I hope you enjoyed it as much as Horace did. We have to go no now'. With that they all left the room leaving Jenny tied to the

bed, her wet and glistening pussy on display to anyone who entered.

Jenny had been struggling to escape for ten minutes when the door opened and

Suki rushed in. She stood stunned as she saw Jenny as she'd seen her many times in her dreams. A tiny white nurses uniform, bound to a bed, her pussy exposed and available. 'Mmmmm, Mmmmm' groaned Jenny when Suki failed to release her immediately. Suki snapped out of her daze and quickly untied the gag in Jenny's mouth. 'Quick Suki, they're escaping, if we're quick we may just intercept them'. The rest of Jenny's bindings were cut and they raced toward the car park.

Jenny's husband, John, was there already and the three of them started to search the cars to see if they were in time. Suddenly an engine gunned into life, a van pulled out and accelerated toward John who stood in the middle of one of the lanes. He drew the gun he'd been issued with and calmly raised it aiming at the cab. 'Click'. The gun misfired and jammed. John stood trapped as the van bore down on him. Jenny screamed 'John' as the van gave no sign of slowing or

swerving. It was scant feet away when the flying body of Suki hit him, knocking

him out of the vans path. Suki rolled and dived out of the way as the truck sped

past. The speeding bumper just caught John's ankle as Madam von Kleiner, Nurse Bloucher and Horace Norton made their escape.

John lay groaning, clutching his lower leg. Suki and Jenny ran to him and helped

him back into the Clinic. Jenny's uniform got a few amused looks so she ran to

the changing room and put on her own clothes. When she got back a Doctor told

her John had a badly bruised ankle. They wanted him to stay the night and they'd probably release him in the morning. Jenny kissed John goodbye saying 'Suki saved your life. I hope you thanked her. I'll come and collect you in the

morning. Suki and I have to go and report to Holt. See you tomorrow love'.

Chapter 6.

As Suki was about to leave Headquarters that night a note was delivered to her.

'Room 403, Carlton Hotel, 8:00pm' it said. The note had no signature. Suki was

intrigued, so later that evening she rode up in the lift toward the fourth

floor. She knocked and waited expectantly. The door swung open and there stood Jenny in a white toweling bathrobe looking like she'd not long emerged from the shower. 'Come in. Suki' said Jenny.

'Jenny' said Suki. 'What's going on. Why have you asked me to come here'.

'Please sit down Suki' said Jenny. 'I wanted you to come here tonight so I could

thank you properly for saving my husbands life today. If you hadn't pushed him

out of the way of that van he would have been killed for sure. You risked your

own life to save John's. I want to show you how grateful I am.

Jenny slowly stood up and faced Suki. I have to collect John from the Clinic

tomorrow but, if you wish, for this one time only, I'm yours until the morning.

So saying Jenny released the robe and let it slide to the floor. She stood naked

and demure in front of Suki. Suki was stunned. She stared silently at Jenny's

naked body. She'd seen most of it at one time or another but this was the first

time she'd seen Jenny completely exposed. She slowly rose and taking Jenny's

face is her hands she planted a soft kiss on her lips.

The night was filled with soft moans and groans. Their hot sweating bodies

heaved and jerked against each other as they strove to give as much pleasure to

the other as they could. Time and again one of them reached the heights of

passion only to resume again after a few minutes rest.

Jenny lay staring at the ceiling in the early morning light. Suki lay beside her

quietly sleeping. The exertions had exhausted them both but Jenny couldn't

sleep. She was glad she'd made preparations for the night of passion. She'd

brought along various items she thought Suki would like. The six cloth cuffs

seemed to be her favorite and Jenny found they had really enhanced the

sensations when Suki had used them on her. The large red vibrator she'd sneaked out of Oily Harris's studio also worked for both of them. She'd have to get some new batteries though. They both gave as much joy as they received until Jenny used the Butterfly Kiss on her and Suki had to admit defeat after passing out from the exquisite pleasure.

The End

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**Jenny learns her lesson.**

By Bummie

Dear reader,

I intended this story to be quite mild at the start but the bloody thing took on

a life of it's own. No really.

Oh well. Better luck next time.

Chapter 1.

'Remove your robe please Agent Richards' ordered Professor Q. Jenny hesitated a second before slowly untying the toweling belt, opening the robe front and

shrugging it from her shoulders. She shivered and blushed as she felt the gaze

of the two men on her body. They were in the office of Commander Holt, the head of 'Special Operations'. Her discomfort was caused by the garments Professor Q had given her to wear for her latest mission. Holt gazed appreciatively at the tanned creamy flesh on display along with the flesh that was as good as on display. Jenny wore a short semi-transparent negligee with a matching pair of panties. Both men watched as Jenny, on command, turned slowly through one eighty degrees. Her long blonde hair hid most of her back. The panties were of the thong variety so the rear view revealed one of the most perfect backsides known to man. A beautiful pair of peach like hemispherical butt cheeks atop fantastic, long, athletic legs. Q had also placed some high-heeled stilettos on her feet, which tautened her calves and thighs emphasizing her beautiful legs. On completing the turn the view only improved. Her enormous high firm breasts rocked gently before settling back in place. The movement had rubbed jenny's large nipples against the silky negligee material and started to bring them to life. They darkened and extended pointing through the see-through lace. The panties also failed to hide the treasure snuggling at the top of her legs. Her hairless pussy seemed to wink at the two men as she moved.

The only other item Jenny as wearing was a large bejeweled clasp being used to

hold the two sides of the negligee together. This was the whole point of the

exercise. Jewelry had been going missing from buildings that had recently caught fire. All of them had been visited by a Fire Prevention officer before later

going up in flames. All of the robbery's had also taken place in the area served

by the same Fire Station and been attended by the same fire crews. The pattern

seemed to point to the officer working in cahoots with one of the firemen, the

officer casing the building and the fireman stealing items he identified. Jenny

was going to be put in just such a building and a fake fire started. It was

hoped that the fireman wouldn't be able to resist stealing Jenny's jewel and

then she could identify who was committing the thefts. She hadn't been told that

the jewel contained a homing device so she didn't need to be wearing it; it

could just have been left in plain sight to be picked up. Conversely it could

have been pinned to a flannelette nighty but if it had Holt and Q wouldn't be

now gazing at the nearly naked form of the sexiest body in the department.

Later that evening Jenny stood at the window on the second floor of a house in

the suburbs. Smoke billowed around her as she shouted and waved to attract

attention. The bright red fire engine had arrived and the firemen were unloading

their equipment. Jenny could see a ladder being wheeled towards the house. Just then a powerful jet of water was directed toward the burning building. It

traversed across until it reached her window and poured through the opening.

Jenny took the full force and received a through soaking. The firemen's ladder

thudded against the windowsill and seconds later a big burly fireman climbed up

and entered. He looked down at a coughing and wringing wet Jenny spotting the

jewel sparkling between her enormous and now plainly visible breasts. He wasn't

sure which was the better sight, the gleaming gem or the wet and bouncing

mammaries. He shook himself out of his reverie, grabbed Jenny, and lifted her

over his shoulder in a fireman's lift.

Cameras flashed as Jenny was carried down the ladder toward the ground. Her

position over the fireman's shoulder gave the gathered throng of onlookers a

perfect view of her splendid derriere and legs. The encasing panties, now wet

through, had become completely transparent and hid none of the treasures

beneath. On reaching the ground Jenny was lowered from the fireman's shoulder

and he quickly sped away to help his mates put out the fire. She stood dazed as

the cameras continued to flash. It took a few seconds for her to realize that

her gem had disappeared and the two halves of her negligee were spread apart

leaving her wet glistening bosom naked and exposed. She shrieked and clasped her

arms across her chest as a Policeman ran towards her and threw a coat round her shoulders. 'I've lost my charm' she said to him. 'Not from were I'm standing,

love' he replied smiling.

Chapter 2.

Back at HQ Holt had congratulated Jenny. Both firemen had been apprehended with the planted jewel on them. 'Now, your next job' said Holt. 'We've been asked to find a villain known as Fagin. He's called Fagin because he controls a gang of young thieves. The problem is that he appears and then seems able to disappear again. The Police have no clues and have asked for our help'. 'What do you want me to do' asked Jenny. 'Well, we need information so you're to try our usual informants. Here's the one I want you to try first' said Holt passing her a

piece of paper with an address on it. Jenny studied the address for a few

seconds. It seemed familiar. Suddenly she blanched as she realized it was the

Studio of Mr. Oliver 'Oily' Harris. Holt said 'I believe you managed to get some

info from Mr. Harris on a previous occasion, for free if I remember correctly,

so you should be familiar with his requirements. 'Yes' thought Jenny ruefully.

She had told Holt that Oily had had an attack of conscience after her last

visit. In fact, he only parted with the information after she had agreed to pose

for him. She slowly stripped off her clothes as he photographed her and she

blushed deeply as she recalled he had forced her to finish the session with a

mind blowing orgasm caused by the large buzzing red vibrator buried deep inside her pussy. 'Can't someone else take this one Sir?' asked Jenny. 'No I'm sorry Jenny. You're the best agent for the job, now off you go'.

Jenny was in a quandary. She knew Oily Harris would try it on again. She needed a scheme to stop him insisting on her degrading herself. She needed some method to get him to take the money for any information he could provide and not force her into submitting to his depraved demands like last time. At last Jenny decided to ask Suki to accompany her. She thought if two agents confronted Oily he wouldn't dare demand she strip off again.

Over lunch she confided in Suki what had happened on her last visit to Oily

Harris's studio. Suki smiled imagining the scene. Her feelings for Jenny had

become even stronger since they had spent the night together after she had saved the life of Jenny's husband, John. Their night of passion Jenny had rewarded her with was still fresh in her mind and she would give anything for a repeat. Suki agreed to accompany Jenny that afternoon. This situation had definite possibilities.

The two girls stood outside the familiar paint-peeling door. The same short

balding man Jenny remembered from her previous visit opened it. 'Well hello

again' he beamed. 'Brought a friend this time?' When they were inside Jenny said 'this is agent Namora, Mr. Harris. We need any information you have on a villain known as Fagin. Can you help us?' Oily studied both girls intently. Suki was a couple of inches shorter than Jenny. Her Japanese heritage giving her the usual long black hair and slightly slanted features. She was extremely pretty in her own right with a slim athletic body and small breasts. 'She could be stern when she wanted to' Oily thought to himself. The blonde hair of Jenny and the jet-black of Suki suggested an idea to his feral little mind.

'You know my terms' he said slowly. 'Listen Mr. Harris. I'm not prepared to do

that again for you. Now, do you have any information, and if so how much money do you want for it?' Oily persisted.' I want you to pose for me. My client was very pleased with the last set of prints and wants more'. 'I won't do it Mr.

Harris, and that's that'. They seemed to be at an impasse until Suki spoke.

'Jenny' she said (in a curiously western accent this time) 'please wait here and

let me speak to Mr. Harris. Perhaps I can find a solution to this'. She and Oily

moved off and spoke in whispers for a few minutes before returning. 'Well?' said

Jenny. 'We've come to an agreement said Oily as Suki moved behind Jenny.

Suddenly Suki grabbed her and she and Oily combined to wrestle her onto the

studio bed where they quickly tied her wrists and elbows her with some white

nylon rope. Jenny squealed and struggled but Suki was an expert at tying knots

as Jenny had experienced before. When her ankles and knees were also bound she realized she was trapped and lay still on the bed and watched as Suki rose and started to undress herself. Oily brought her a bag and she spilled out the

contents onto the bed. Jenny could see every item was black. Suki donned a

leather bra and bikini pants. There was also a mask, which Suki put on making

her look like a sexy bank robber. The addition of black stockings and high heels

completed the look. Suki stood staring down at Jenny dressed as the archetypal

dominatrix. The blonde demure Jenny and the stern black haired Suki had made

Oily think of a Dominant / Submissive scenario. He'd been astounded but ecstatic when Suki had suggested the self same idea even before he'd had the chance to suggest it himself. Suki seemed as eager to strip Jenny as he was.

'Suki, don't do this please' pleaded Jenny. 'Silence' screamed Suki already

playing the part she had agreed with Oily. He had made his preparations while

Suki had been dressing. He wasn't using a stills camera. He had set up a tripod

and had mounted a video camera on top. He was going to film this scene for the

client this time. 'You speak when I say so' said Suki in a loud mean voice

playing to the camera. She picked up a riding crop provided by Oily and

brandished it under Jenny's chin. Jenny remained silent, shocked and cowed by

Suki's dominant display.

For the next hour Suki tied, shackled, cuffed and roped Jenny into all sorts of

different positions using the restraints provided by Oily. Her pleading had

been quickly halted with the first of a variety of gags. With each position Suki

stroked, sucked, licked, tweaked and fondled any part of Jenny's body available,

making sure the video lens caught every sexy second of the action. She stripped

Jenny of a piece of clothing at each stage until she was left in only her nylon

stockings.

At one point Jenny's was on her knees, her wrists bound to her ankles. Suki

knelt on her right side and taking a fistful of hair roughly directed her to

look down her own naked body. She cupped Jenny's massive right breast and lifted it until it was six inches from her chin. Jenny then watched, fascinated,

aroused and slightly scared, as the black masked face descended. Suki opened her mouth and engulfed the already extended nipple and areolas. Oily zoomed in to capture Suki sucking lustily, drawing in more and more of Jenny's breast flesh.

Unseen by the cameras Suki swirled her tongue round and round the captive areola and nipple. After a minute Jenny jerked as Suki's sharp little teeth nipped her flesh. She drew back, the nipple still gripped in her teeth, and pulled as far

as the flesh would stretch before releasing it. She repeated this until Jenny

was moaning and jerking, her pussy moist, then switched sides and tormented

Jenny's other breast.

The riding crop slapped into Jenny's buttocks until they took on a pink hew.

Sometimes Suki just used her hand and spanked Jenny. She groped, probed and

smacked, keeping Jenny on the edge of arousal until by the end of the hour she

was desperate for release. Suki had Jenny face up on the bed when she removed

her current ball gag and straddling her face, pulled aside her bikini bottoms

and planted her pussy down on Jenny's mouth. 'Suck' ordered Suki who twisted

Jenny's nipple until she complied. It took only minutes of the sucking and

slurping before Suki tightened and peaked. Oily had taken the video camera off

the tripod and moved in for a close up of Jenny busily licking and tonguing

Suki's vagina. After Suki regained her breath she knelt by the side of Jenny's

recumbent body. Her left hand gripped one of Jenny's breasts while her right

stroked down her body until it reached her pussy mound. She inserted a finger

into Jenny's sopping wet pussy and began thrusting in and out. With Oily now

filming at the other end of Jenny focusing straight at her pussy, her left hand

gripped Jenny's breast hard. She added a second pumping finger, then a third and was just about to try a fourth when Jenny stiffened, gasped and climaxed

noisily.

Suki rose and said 'I'm just off to the loo. We'll discuss Fagin when I return.

Please release Jenny Mr. Harris'. 'OK' said Oily who watched with beady little

eyes as Suki closed the bathroom door. He'd spent the last hour watching the

girls enjoy each themselves and he was feeling aroused himself. He put down the video camera and approached Jenny's restrained and helpless body. She lay on the bed with her eyes closed gradually recovering from her orgasm. Oily knelt on the bed by her head and placed one hand over her mouth. His other extracted his penis and started to pump it. 'Mmmmm' Jenny moaned as Oily's cock grew to full size and hovered just above her face. Within a minute Oily jerked and came spraying his seed on to Jenny's face. Another three jerks produced another three eruptions of semen. As the last hit Jenny on the forehead the tripod crashed into the back of Oily's head knocking him to the floor, unconscious.

Oily Harris came to five minutes later. He was naked and kneeling on the bed his

face pressed into the mattress. Suki and Jenny between them had used his own

restraints to secure him. He struggled for a minute before realizing he was

trapped. 'Now Mr. Harris. We've paid your price, and more, so lets have the

information' said Suki. 'Let me go you bitch' shouted Oily. 'I'm telling you

nothing'. THWAP. The riding crop wielded by Jenny slashed across his fat hairy

buttocks. 'Aaarrrg' screamed Oily. THWAP, THWAP, THWAP. 'Alright, alright, I'll

tell you what I know. No one knows who Fagin is. All I know that he has a

sister. She's Headmistress at Fulford School for Girls'. THWAP. 'That's all I

know, I swear it' whined Oily. 'Alright Mr. Harris. We'll leave you now. Someone

is sure to find you eventually'. THWAP. Jenny wasn't satisfied. She wanted

revenge for the facial she'd endured. THWAP. 'Jenny! Leave him' ordered Suki.

'We've got what we came for.

They stood together on the pavement outside the studio. Jenny complained 'You

should have let me beat the shit out of the dirty little creep'. 'I'm sorry

Jenny. For tying you up and for allowing him to film us. Still you seemed to

enjoy it after a while. I know I certainly did. 'Yes' Jenny smiled in spite of

herself. 'Well I suppose we didn't do anything we haven't done before. Although

it's a bit suspicious that you're so good at being a dominatrix'. Suki blushed

before replying 'don't worry about Mr. Harris. He isn't going to profit from our

playtime. I pressed the delete key on the camera just before we left so he's got

no pictures at all'. Laughing and happy they strolled away together arm in arm.

Jenny's handbag was swinging over her shoulder. It contained the riding crop.

She was determined to find an opportunity to make Suki realize how it felt to be

bound, gagged and helpless as someone swatted your smarting butt. Sometime in the future the roles would be reversed. She wasn't to know that Suki's bag

actually contained the videotape. She would have the film to keep her memories

alive for some time to come.

Chapter 3.

Later that week Jenny stood outside the office door of Miss Francis Lampton;

Headmistress of Fulford School for Girls. She knocked and entered. Miss Lampton rose from behind her desk to greet her. 'Welcome Mrs. Richards'. She was a tall thin woman in her mid to late fifties. She sported a short, almost manly, haircut above a stern face well suited to the Head of a private girls school.

'Firstly, thank you for filling our vacancy at such short notice. Miss Valentine

was taken ill very suddenly so we were lucky you were available to fill in so

quickly'. Jenny knew the job had become free because the Firm had convinced Miss Valentine to go sick and for Jenny to be recommended by the Education

Department. 'I'm sure the girls will benefit from your Home Economic lessons'.

This was the only skill Jenny could muster that was taught in schools. She was a

complete dunce at most other subjects. She'd soon have been found out if she had tried to pass herself off as a math's or science teacher. 'Secondly we are going to have to decide where you can sleep. We have no rooms free so it's either a hotel in the nearest town or, if you don't mind, there's a spare bed in the sixth form dormitory. You'd be sleeping with seven of the girls but hopefully it would only be for a short time, until a room becomes available'.

Jenny watched Miss Lampton's prominent adams-apple bobble up and down as she talked before answering 'I'll take the dorm if you don't mind'. She wanted to

stay at the school, as it would be easier for her investigations. She looked

around the room hoping to see some photographs. It would seem more natural to ask about Miss Lamptons brother if she could see a family snap. Unfortunately

there were none. She would have to find another way to broach the subject. Miss Lampton led Jenny out into the corridor and took her to see the Deputy Head.

'Miss Jenkins will give you details of your classes and itinerary. Please enjoy

your stay with us. I'll probably see you at lunchtime'.

Later that evening Jenny braved the wind and rain of a storm that was brewing

and returned to the dormitory she had been shown earlier. She'd spent some time in the teachers' common room but Miss Lampard hadn't been there. Jenny's gentle probing of the other teachers had failed to turn up any facts about Miss

Lampard's family. She entered the dorm and the noisy chatter of the girls

gradually subsided into silence as they realized she was there. 'Hello girls'

she greeted them brightly. 'I'm Mrs. Richards your new Home Economics teacher'.

The seven girls who gazed back at her all looked about fifteen years old. They

were sitting on their beds most of them had already changed into their night

attire. Many of them seemed to favour pajamas. The conversations slowly started up again but the girls were still wary of the teacher in their midst. Jenny

moved to her bed and sorted out her wash bag and pajama case before heading to the bathroom to change. She finished brushing her teeth before opening her

pajama case to get her nightgown. Her hand emerged holding the lacy negligee and panties she'd worn for the fireman sting. 'Damn it' she thought 'I've picked up the wrong bloody case'.

'Oh well' she said to herself. 'We're all girls here. I'll just have to grin and

bare it'. Literally in some places. Jenny stripped down and drew the tiny lace

panties up her long legs then put her arms through the negligee and closed it as

best she could. Her bed was at the far end of the dorm away from the bathroom so she had to walk the entire length of the room. Conversation again stopped as she padded over the wooden floor. The girls in front of her gapped as they spied

Jenny's bouncing breasts barely covered by the lacy material. Her large dark

nipples and areolas plainly visible through the negligee. Some noticed there was

no tell tale darker patch showing through the front of her panties. She was

either a natural blonde or there was no hair to show through. As she passed them the girls were treated to the sight of her pearly white butt cheeks, wobbling, undulating and as good as completely naked.

The girls exchanged glances wondering at the situation and a meaningful look

passed between a couple of them. Jenny sat on her bed and was just about to get under the covers when one of the girls approached her. 'Mrs. Richards, can I

talk to you please? My names Victoria' said the girl. Jenny looked up at the

very pretty, but nervous girl who looked to be about fifteen years old. 'Of

course my dear, how can I help you'? 'Well' said Victoria. 'It's about boys,

Miss. They scare me'. 'Oh' said Jenny sympathizing. At the age of fifteen she'd

found boys to be nasty pushy little brats and it wasn't until she'd met John

that some of that mistrust had gone away. The boys at her school had made life

difficult for her especially when she'd blossomed into a busty beauty toward the

end of her days there. 'Yes, they always want to touch me and kiss me but I

don't know how.' said Victoria. 'Kissing is simple really, it comes with

practice'. 'But I don't know how Miss can you show me?' 'What' said Jenny 'You

want me to show you how to kiss someone?' 'Oh yes please Miss' said Victoria

beaming, will you please?' 'Well, I've kissed a few girls' thought Jenny. 'One

more wouldn't hurt I suppose'.

Victoria sat down next to Jenny and faced her pursing her lips as if ready to

kiss an Aunt. 'No, no' said Jenny. 'Relax your mouth and slightly open your

lips. Then gently touch them to mine, OK?' Victoria did as instructed and leant

forward until their lips met. Jenny then softly kissed Victoria. 'There' said

Jenny. 'It's that simple'. 'Oh Miss that's not how boys and girls kiss. I've

seen the older pupils at school dances. They're a lot more enthusiastic than

that. Lets do it properly this time' she insisted. Victoria again leant forward

and this time it was her doing the leading as she sucked on Jenny's lips. The

kiss lasted a lot longer as Victoria worked her lips vigorously against Jenny's.

Jenny's cheeks began to flush. Victoria really seemed to be learning the art of

kissing quite quickly she thought. Jenny broke the kiss and sat back breathless.

'Thank you Miss' said Victoria and moved away. Another girl immediately took her place. 'Chloe, Miss' she said 'Can you show me as well?' before seizing Jenny

and taking up where Victoria had left off. Jenny found herself under oral attack

again and she felt a tingling of arousal, as Chloe seemed able to show the

technique of a very well practiced kisser.

A third girl, 'Jane, Miss' took over after Chloe. Jenny found her lips being

ravaged again as yet another seemingly young girl showed a skill way beyond her years. Jane had been sucking for a few seconds when she insinuated her tongue into Jenny's mouth. Her hands held Jenny's head so she couldn't break away and she found herself being orally assaulted. The next girl 'Bethany, Miss' took over and dived straight in with her tongue. Jenny found herself drifting off

into an erotic haze as she was stimulated by each girl. Gradually Jenny allowed

herself to be lowered back until she was lying face up on the bed. Bethany was

still working her lips like a pro, mashing their lips together and entwining

their tongues. Gently she placed her hand on Jenny's bare stomach and stroked

her skin. Gradually, ever so softly, she stroked higher and higher. She soon

reached the mountain of Jenny's enormous left breast and slowly, ever so slowly,

began caressing it. Jenny moaned as she felt the hand squeeze her tit and a

finger began circling her nipple. The pleasurable touch suddenly jolted Jenny

back to alertness and she struggled to free herself from the girls embrace. 'No,

no, stop' gasped Jenny. 'That's enough. Please return to your beds girls it's

past your bedtime'. Bethany rose disappointed that Jenny had snapped out of her reverie and rejected her advances. 'Still' she thought 'she's not the smartest

teacher we've ever had. The girls and I should be able to have some fun with

this one'.

During the night the storm got worse. Lightning followed by rolling thunder

echoed near the school. Jenny was awakened when a small body crept under the

covers and into bed with her. 'I'm scared Miss' said the girl. 'Don't be afraid'

said Jenny clasping her to her ample bosom. Jenny slept fitfully. Her dreams

through the night were unusually erotic. The reason became apparent when she

woke. The young girl was still sleeping but instead of a thumb in her mouth her

was gently sucking on one of Jenny's nipples. She groaned as Jenny popped it

free of the soft pink lips. It was red and sharply erect. It was then that Jenny

felt the other reason for her dreams. The schoolgirl also had her hand buried

between Jenny's thighs cupping her pussy, a small finger buried in the warm

depths. Gently Jenny extracted her hand and shook the girl awake. 'Morning

sleepyhead' she greeted her. 'Time for classes, off you go'. Amber got out of

Jenny's bed and headed to the bathroom a broad smile on her face. It had been a well-executed plan. A couple of the other girls looked at her enviously. She'd

been the quickest and had beaten them to the teacher's bed after they'd also

hatched the same scheme.

Chapter 4.

Jenny spent the day teaching cooking skills to the first and second year girls.

Her investigations had so far failed to turn up any information on Miss Lamptons

brother. She had decided that she'd try to get a look at the school records.

Later that evening she'd entered the school secretary's office. It was a small

room which had two walls covered with files, a desk with a small computer and

three large filing cabinets. The only incongruity was a bag of golf clubs

leaning in the corner. She started with the filing cabinet draw marked K-P and

soon found the file for the Miss Lampard. She scanned through until she found a

personal form. The 'Next of kin' box was blank. 'Curious' thought Jenny surely

she'd have mentioned a brother.

Back in the dormitory the girls were huddled together making plans. 'We've got a job on for tonight and it can't be delayed' said Victoria. 'We're going to have

to distract her'.

The dorm was full of noisy chattering when Jenny returned. The girls were a lot

more confident around her now. They waited, seemingly innocently, for her to

return from getting changed. She hadn't had chance to replace her night attire

so she still wore the semi-transparent negligee and panties. Jenny noticed one

of the girls was wearing a blindfold and was groping round the dorm, her arms

outstretched, searching for the other girls. Victoria approached Jenny and said

'Miss, we're not sleepy yet would you like to join in our game. 'OK' said Jenny

glad that the girls seemed to be accepting her so well. 'We're playing Blind

mans bluff'. One of us is blindfolded and has to find one of the others. Then

they take over and so on'. 'Alright' said Jenny lets play. Jenny didn't have

much luck. She was swiftly backed into a corner and 'caught' by the blindfolded

girl. Not surprising as the blindfold was tied so the young girl could see quite

easily. 'You're it' shouted the girls merrily. The scarf they were using was

quickly tied round Jenny's head, this time in such a way that she definitely

couldn't see, and the girls scattered. Jenny listened carefully trying to hear

any movement before extending her arms out wide and walking forward.

As Jenny was being blindfolded Victoria and three other girls had gathered by

the door. 'Keep her occupied, we'll be as quick as we can' she said to Chloe

before they left the dorm. There were now only four girls in the room and Jenny

was still groping around without finding one of them. As she passed one of the

beds, Amber reached out and spanked her. 'Oh' said Jenny surprised. 'Come on

Miss, you can do better than that'. Jenny continued to stagger round bumping

into the furniture until Jane spanked her again. 'Ow'. 'Not very good at this

are you Miss' she said.

Jenny was beginning to tire of the game. She couldn't catch any of the girls and

her bottom was becoming rosy. She'd been spanked another ten times. She was

reaching up to remove the blindfold when she unexpectedly bumped into Chloe.

'Well done Miss' we'll have to reward you for winning. With that Jenny was

grabbed by the arms and led to her own bed. She was pushed down on her back and while two of the girls held her legs Chloe and amber used School neckties to

attach her wrists to the head of the bed frame. 'Hey, what are you doing' yelled

Jenny as she realized she was being restrained. The girls didn't reply. Instead

they moved down and the four of them held Jenny's kicking legs until each ankle

was tied to the corners of the bed frame.

The girls sat back and looked down at the stretched out, magnificent body of the

blindfolded, roped and struggling Jenny. Her breasts wobbled enticingly as she

tugged at her bindings. 'Girls, let me go' shouted Jenny. 'But Miss you haven't

had your reward yet' said Chloe as she leant down and grabbed the little lace

negligee. With a flourish she whipped it apart exposing Jenny's enormous

breasts. Jenny gasped as she felt her tits being bared. 'Are these real Miss?'

asked Chloe. 'Of course they are' said Jenny angrily. 'Now release me this

instant'. 'I don't think they are. I think we need to test them to be sure' said

Chloe. With that she reached out and gripped Jenny's left breast with both

hands. She began squeezing and fondling as Jenny gasped and complained. The

molding continued as the other girls watched. Jenny's complaints subsided as her breast was caressed. Her areolas darkened and her nipple sprang to life.

Chloe sat back and gestured to Bethany. She moved forward and started stroking Jenny's legs. Slowly massaging her thighs growing nearer and nearer to her pussy. Her place was taken by Amber who decided to silence Jenny completely by kissing her deeply and passionately. Jenny moaned as her mouth was invaded by Ambers tongue. The fourth girl, Jane, knelt between Jenny's bound legs and studied her pussy mound. At a signal from Chloe Jenny's hips were grabbed and lifted. Three pillows were pushed under her and when she was released here hips remained raised, her back arched, her pussy pointing straight up at Jane's face.

She extended a finger and pulled aside the panties. Jenny stiffened as she felt

her pussy being exposed realizing there could be only one reason for it. She

tensed, expectantly awaiting the first contact. Jane extended her tongue and

slowly, wetly, licked the entire length of Jenny's naked pussy. 'Mmmmm' groaned Jenny. It was the best she could do as Amber was still keeping her mouth occupied.

For the next thirty minutes the girls took turns teasing, caressing and fondling

all the different parts of Jenny's delectable body. They used hands, fingers,

tongues and lips to stroke, tweak, lick and suck on Jenny's nipples, lips and

pussy. They brought her up just short of orgasm before leaving her until she

cooled down. Time and again Jenny started to buck only to moan as the

stimulation stopped. Her breathing quickened. Her nipples and clit erected. The

girls were merciless in there teasing. Jenny never gave a thought to there being

less than seven girls in the room. Just when Jenny thought they couldn't reward

her any more they invented a new game.

Chloe sat on one side and Amber the other. Chloe gently slapped the outside of

Jenny's breast. They watched as it sloshed around before settling back into its

natural globular shape. Amber waited building the tension before repeating the

slap to the other tit. Chloe waited and slapped again slightly harder. Amber

slapped the other tit. The slight stinging sensation was quite pleasant to start

with but as the tit spanking continued her breasts turning pink. Chloe gripped a

nipple between her thumb and finger and after spending a few seconds twisting

and twirling it stretched it upward until Jenny's breast elongated to a point.

SLAP. She swung her other palm and whacked the captive tit. 'OW' Jenny

exclaimed. Amber joined in and Jenny's other tit was pulled upward. She looked

like she had two pointed cones on her chest. SLAP. Amber spanked her tit.

Chloe and Amber worked together alternating the slaps until at a signal they

drew back together and timed their strike. SLAP SLAP. Both breasts where hit at

the same time and slammed together before being released and rippling back into their round now pink shape. 'OW' screamed Jenny. 'That bloody hurt you fucking little bitches. Stop that now or I'll report you to the Headmistress'.

'Oh language Miss. I think you need to be punished' said Chloe. At a nod the

four girls, working in pairs, untied Jenny's ankles and lifted them to the top

of the bed before quickly retying them to the outside of the bed frame. Jenny

was now doubled up with the backs of her legs facing upward and her butt

sticking up. The girls all went to their lockers and returned with a foot long

wooden ruler each.

Outside, Victoria and the two other girls were returning from robbing a local

house. They were met by Miss Lampard who stopped them. 'I've had a phone call from Oily Harris' she told them. 'Apparently our new teacher is an agent for

MI5. Oily was mumbling something about stolen pictures. I wouldn't be surprised if it was him who put the feds onto us in the first place. Two timing bastard. Anyway we need a plan to deal with Mrs. Richards. We need a lever to keep her under control. It'd be best if she could be persuaded to leave and tell her bosses that there's nothing suspicious going on here. 'Why didn't we use Mimi' said Victoria. 'Yes, good idea. Run and fetch her would you'.

A minute later Victoria returned with a small dark girl. She was one of the

gangs most experienced operators. She was Eighteen years old but in pig tails, a

school uniform and no make-up she was so small and innocent looking she could

pass for twelve. Miss Lampard explained their dilemma and outlined the plan.

Mimi nodded happily, eager to play her part.

The group then quietly entered the dormitory. All was silent except for the

repeated grunts and slapping noises. They looked on amazed at the sight of the

doubled over body of Jenny, her thighs and bottom now pink, being spanked

alternately by three of the schoolgirls. She jerked and struggled trying to free

herself. Chloe had pushed a scrunched up pair of panties into Jenny's mouth and

was keeping them in place with her hand to stop the whole school hearing her

screamed obscenities. Miss Lampard watched mesmerized for fully five minutes.

Occasionally one of the girls would deliberately aim directly between Jenny's

butt cheeks and allow the light wooden rule to spank her glistening pussy lips.

This usually elicited an extra loud groan. Miss Lampard took the spare ruler not

being used by Chloe and joined the girls. She used her extra strength and

spanked the MI5 agent who threatened her operation even harder then the girls.

Eventually she silently signaling for them to stop. Jenny gradually calmed down

as she realized the beating had stopped and waited listening for any movement.

Her flesh from nearly her knees all the way to the top of her butt was now pink

and hot.

Miss Lampard signaled the girls to move away. Mimi climbed onto the bed and

knelt looking at Jenny's pink bum. She reached forward and began stroking her

warm butt cheeks, before diving in and starting to work her mouth on Jenny's

vagina. 'Mmmm' Jenny groaned when she felt the unexpected contact. Mimi sucked and licked and inserted her tongue into the wet pink depths, expertly bringing an already aroused Jenny back to the boil. Jenny started groaning and moaning as she built toward a climax. Suddenly her ankles were released and her legs sprang back onto the bed. Mimi kept licking and sucking. Jenny's breath was coming in shorter and shorter gasps. Victoria snatched the panties from her mouth. 'Yes, yes, don't stop' pleaded Jenny. Mimi worked harder, plunging her tongue deep into Jenny's pussy. In and out it delved. Jenny built higher and higher. Time for the big finish thought Mimi who took Jenny's clit between her lips and sucked for all she was worth, attacking the nub of flesh with her tongue as well. Chloe reached forward and released Jenny's wrists, which immediately

grabbed the back of Mimi's head and forced her face harder into her groin.

Jenny's back arched and the frustrations and stimulations of the last hour

released in one giant climax as she screamed out in orgasm.

Mimi released Jenny's hips, which rested back onto the bed. In the silence Miss

Lampard suddenly bellowed loudly 'WHAT THE DICKENS IS GOING ON HERE, MRS. RICHARDS'. Jenny jumped and reaching up dragged the blindfold from her eyes. All the girls had retreated to their beds and fainted sleep and only Miss Lampard stood by the side of the bed. Jenny stared at the smiling face of Mimi, her mouth coated with Jenny's pussy juices. 'Well Mrs. Richards. What is your

explanation for this behaviour?' 'I...I...they tied me up Headmistress' whined

Jenny. 'I see no evidence of restraint, Mrs. Richards'. Jenny looked around and

all the neckties they'd used to bind her had disappeared. 'They aroused me,

caressed me, forced me' she went on. 'What are you claiming these girls seduced you?' 'Well yes they did' said Jenny. 'What. Are you claiming this twelve year old girl forced you to commit these disgusting, depraved acts?' 'Tw..tw..twelve' said Jenny appalled. 'Yes. Twelve years old Mrs. Richards. I am disgusted by your shameful behaviour. I place you in a position of trust and I find you corrupting young girls. You have betrayed my faith in you' said Miss Lampard laying it on as thick as she could. 'You will report to my office first thing in the morning. We will discus your position here at Fulford and exactly how we are going to deal with this situation. Your attitude and answers will dictate

whether I will find it necessary to call in the Police. With that she pulled

Mimi off the bed and they both left.

Jenny lay on her bed trembling. She couldn't think straight. If Miss Lampard

called the Police she would arrested and it would be in all the papers. Her

friends would know. She would be sacked from the Firm. What would John say? She tossed and turned in the dark before eventually falling into a troubled sleep.

Chapter 5.

The next morning she sat outside the Headmistresses office. After making her

wait an hour she was called in. Miss Lampard sat behind her desk, a very stern

look on her face. 'Sit down Mrs. Richards. Now I want to impress on you how

serious this situation is. If I call the Police you would be prosecuted for

having sex with a minor and sent to prison. Do you want that?' 'No' said Jenny

in a small quiet voice. 'Well I think we can find an alternative if you are

prepared to co-operate. If you are willing to accept punishment from me I will

not inform the authorities'. Jenny felt a spark of hope. 'Oh yes Headmistress'

she said. 'Before you accept so readily I should inform you that your punishment

will be severe and painful. Do you still wish me to punish you?' Jenny hesitated

but thought nothing Miss Lampard could deal out could be as bad as been branded a child molester. 'Yes' said Jenny. 'Yes what?' 'Yes I want you to punish me Headmistress'.

Miss Lampard breathed out. She'd got her. Jenny was now in her control. She

could make her do anything she wanted from now on. 'Right Mrs. Richards. You

will report to this office every morning at 8:30am for punishment for the next

week. We will start now. Remove you skirt'.

Jenny flushed, but rose and unzipped her black skirt dropping it down to her

ankles before stepping out of it and putting it on a chair. She watched as Miss

Lampard moved to a cupboard and made a show of selecting just the right bamboo cane. She bent each one between her hands before settling on a mean looking black one. 'Now bend over my desk and grasp the opposite edge. You are to remain bent over no matter what. If you move I will start your punishment again. Do you understand?' 'I understand' said Jenny apprehensively wondering if she'd taken the right option. Miss Lampard stared at the perfect round derriere with the white cotton panties stretched across it. She put the cane down and placed her hands on Jenny's waist. Then stroking down she moved her hands down and under the material of her panties. Her hands both caressed Jenny's butt and legs and stripped her of her panties at the same time. She dragged them all the way to the floor leaving them pooled around her ankles. Taking up the switch she moved to the left. SWISH. The cane whistled through the air. SWISH. Jenny flinched but the bamboo still didn't contact her flesh. SWISH, SWISH. The tension built until SWISH THWAK and the whippy cane smacked into Jenny's buttocks. 'Aaarrgg' Jenny groaned. A pink line that appeared across her flesh now marred her white spherical cheeks. Jenny's cheeks rippled from the impact. Miss Lampard lifted the cane high preparing for the second stroke.

Jenny left Miss Lampard's office. She headed to the nearest bathroom to repair

the ravages to her make-up caused by the tears that had run down her cheeks.

Miss Lampard had been true to her word when she'd said the punishment would be severe. Jenny's butt and thighs were smarting and criss-crossed by red and angry wealds. She was going to have to spend the day knickerless and standing up. She thought about the rest of her day. She was due to teach the younger girls for most of it but it was the last lesson she wasn't looking forward to. She was due to take the sixth form girls in her dorm and she was very apprehensive about what they would do.

Later that afternoon Jenny stood in the shower rinsing off the remains of the

custard, chocolate and other sauces from her body. The final lesson of the day

had turned out to be even worse than she had envisaged. It hadn't taken Victoria long to start. She was the strongest character and obviously the ringleader. She had ordered Jenny to strip and when she had objected threatened to tell her parents, one of whom was a copper (not really), what she'd done with Mimi.

Victoria and the rest of the girls had spent the lesson smearing Jenny's flesh

with any gloop they could find. They'd laid her on a desk and started with

custard and chocolate sauce and moved on to jam and treacle. Chloe and Amber had taken great care to massage the treacle into her breasts and then other girls

had licked it off. They'd then repeated the process with jam. They'd soon

spotted the red stripes on her bum and decided to help her out by rubbing her

cheeks with handfuls of freezing cold ice cream. Victoria had completed Jenny's

humiliation by holding her by fistfuls of hair and French kissing her

passionately as she was brought to orgasm. Chloe pumped three olive oil covered fingers in and out of her pussy while Amber had squeezed the contents of a full icing bag into her butt. It would take more than a shower to remove the results of that. Jenny was grateful that the junior girls had used all of the cucumbers and carrots in the earlier lessons.

Chapter 6.

Next morning Jenny reported for her punishment session yawning widely. She had been kept up half the night 'entertaining' the remaining two members of the

gang, Samantha and Tanya. The young girls seamed insatiable. Nothing like what Jenny was used to at home where, like most married women, she suffered from her husband pumping away for a couple of minutes on a Saturday night before rolling off her and falling asleep, snoring like a wounded buffalo. Her nipples and pussy were still sore. Her arsehole had been fingered more than Louis Armstrong's trumpet, her jaw ached and she was sure she had sprained her tongue.

Miss Lampard was sitting at her desk as usual and she smiled when Jenny entered and automatically removed her skirt and panties even before she was ordered to.

She rose, but this time fetched a straight-backed chair and placed it in front

of her desk. She sat down and gestured to Jenny. 'So it's a spanking this time'

thought Jenny. On the whole she found that infinitely preferable to the bamboo

cane. She'd been spanked many times. Many, many times. Many, many, many times (Thanks to Betty Marsden for that line. Younger readers, you should ask your Dad about 'Round the Horn'), and even though it hurt she derived some pleasure from it. She draped herself over the Headmistresses boney knees ready.

Miss Lampard laid her right hand on Jenny's butt and stroked slowly. The red

wealds had mostly disappeared overnight. The ice cream had actually helped. She gently parted Jenny's cheeks and gazed at her anus and naked pussy before

raising her hand and starting Jenny's punishment. Miss Lampard thought to

herself 'I'll teach you to come here you little bitch and try to destroy all

I've worked to build'. She spanked Jenny's butt at a steady pace switching sides

and taking in the tops of her thighs. Her butt cheeks rippled with each blow.

Her abused flesh soon turned pink again. The combination of the previous caning

and the venomous nature of Miss Lampard's smacks made this hurt more than any spanking Jenny had ever received. She was amazed that a wizened old biddy like Miss Lampard could generate so much power. It was after twenty smacks that Jenny began to become aware of something sticking into her hip. It hadn't been there when she'd lain over the Heads knees. As the spanking continued the protrusion grew more pronounced and poked more and more into her but the stinging pain in her bum drove it from her mind. Eventually Miss Lampard, almost out of breath, ordered Jenny to dress and leave. Her butt was an angry red and smarted something rotten. As she dressed, Miss Lampard remained seated and stared at her body intently.

As the door closed Jenny suddenly realized where she'd felt a protrusion like

that before. She had been forced over the knees of Giles Stern and the poking

object had been his penis. Suddenly the clues clicked into place in her mind.

The bobbing adams-apple, the lack of a next of kin on the staff form and the

protrusion she'd felt. Miss Francis Lampard was in fact MISTER Francis Lampard.

There was no sister. Fagin hid himself by taking on the persona of a

Headmistress of a girl's school. No wonder the police hadn't been able to find

him.

Jenny quickly bent down and looked through the keyhole. Her suspicions were

confirmed when she saw 'Miss' Lampard pumping away on 'her' very respectable

penis. The thrashing had obviously turned him on as well as Jenny and he was now spanking his own bishop. Jenny quickly ran to the secretary's office. Luckily it was unoccupied so she again raided the filing cabinets. She found records for

all the girls in the sixth form and Mimi as well. All the records showed the

girls were seventeen years old. Mimi's record card showed that she was a

postgraduate student and her date of birth proved she was eighteen and not

twelve. Jenny nearly fainted. They'd tricked her. She slumped down into the

secretaries chair close to tears of relief then quickly jumped back up as the

pain in her butt registered. That sealed it for Jenny. The girls must be Fagin's

gang. She quickly phoned the Firm and was told they'd send the Police straight

away. She realized that their hold over her was gone. Now she felt the relief

turning to ever increasing anger within her. They'd tried to use her.

The Police arrived within twenty minutes and arrested the whole gang. A search

of the school quickly turned up a cache of recently stolen loot. The only

surprise they got was when they found a pathetically sobbing Mr. Francis Lampard tied across his desk. He was wearing a dress, which was hiked up around his waist, and his buttocks were red and bleeding. Two bloodied and broken bamboo canes lay nearby. 'It's surprisingly easy to knock someone unconscious when you're blazingly angry and have a seven iron to hand' thought Jenny happily.

The end

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**Jenny the Fashion Victim**

Chapter 1.

The office smelled faintly of the old leather that covered the comfortable

armchairs. A thick pile Wilton carpet in deepest crimson helped deaden any stray

sound giving the room a feel of a silent library. The walls not behind books

were clad in highly polished oak panels. One of the larger bookcases hid an

alcove containing a fridge and well-stocked drinks cabinet.

Facing the desk, another wall was taken up by a state of the art communications

and video set-up that would have made NASA envious. The ninety inch back

projection video screen could show live pictures from any one of a set of

orbiting geo-stationary satellites. It allowed the occupant to talk to, and

usually see, anyone even in the most isolated parts of the world in coded

secrecy. The antique desk held, on the right, two telephones. One white for

everyday uses the other bright red. A laptop computer docking station, occupied

at present, sat in the middle with a single photograph on the right.

Commander James Holt CBE. Royal Navy (retired) reclined in his black leather

office chair. He was a tall, gray haired and distinguished man of the sort

typically turned out by the English public schools system. Most people passing

him in the street would have placed him on the board of a large bank or Stock

broking firm in the city. Few would have thought he was head of 'Special

Operations' for MI5, the British Secret Service.

His gaze dropped as the head of his penis disappeared between the softly sucking pink lips of Agent Jenny Richards. She smiled into his eyes as her tongue swirled around the big purple head. He closed his eyes, listened to the wet slurping noises, and concentrated on the pleasure emanating from his member.

Holt felt the pressure rising in his loins as Jenny's blonde head bobbed up and

down. Just as he thought he was going over the top she allowed him to pop out of her mouth. He watched as she stood and unzipped the back of her pink summer dress, dropping it to the floor, leaving her in the skimpiest of bras and

panties. Her high-heeled shoes only elongated her already long athletic legs

that were encased in shear black nylons. Stepping forward she straddled his lap.

Holt held his breath as she pulled aside her white lacy panties with one hand

and used the fingers of the other to spread her hairless pussy lips. Gradually

Jenny lowered her hips and impaled herself fully on his massive upturned rampant organ.

Gripping her hips he helped raise her body upward before pulling her down hard,

engulfing him again. She continued to rapidly rise and fall exposing him then

repeatedly burying him deep inside her body, his penis rubbing against her clit

as it grew red and erect. His hands reached up and pulled down the cups of her

bra, freeing her enormous breasts. He watched their hypnotic motion as they

bounce up and down before capturing them in his hands and roughly massaging

them. Her soft tit flesh could be molded into any shape he desired and he took

full advantage, mauling her yielding tender flesh harder and harder until she

moaned with the erotic stimulation. A thumb and forefinger cruelly pulled and

twisted each nipple to erectness before pulling her to him so he could plunge

her red and swollen areolas and nipples into his mouth. Their breathing became

laboured as the urgency grew. The erotic friction increased and they both

climbed toward fulfillment.

'Buzzzzzz'. Holt jolted back to alertness. 'Buzzzzzz'. Savagely he prodding the

flashing intercom button and enquired tersely 'Yes, what is it'. 'Agents

Richards and Namura to see you Sir' said his secretary. He tried to control his

breathing before replying 'ask them to wait a minute then send them in'.

Composing himself, he sat behind his desk making sure his still bulging groin

was out of sight. The daydream would have to keep for later. Maybe next time

Suki would be there as well.

The two MI5 agents entered the office and Holt motioned them to sit in the

chairs facing his desk. Jenny Richards was even more stunning in person than the image in his head. Her beautiful face was framed by long naturally blonde hair and two enormous breasts further enhanced her tall, slim athletic figure. He

remembered her toned and tanned thighs were topped by a derriere of peach like perfection and a naked and hairless pussy. Holt still carried the memory of her almost naked body from a previous meeting when she had been persuaded to model a tiny semi-transparent negligee and panties for Professor Q and himself. It seemed her beauty was only matched by her naivety. Still, she seemed to get the job done. Her record, so far, was unblemished although the debriefing reports showed a certain penchant for unconventional methods. They also showed she had an inability to keep her clothes on.

Agent Suki Namura was almost the antithesis of Jenny. She was also stunningly

pretty, in her own exotic oriental way, but conversely she had long black hair.

She was very slim and small breasted. She stood a couple of inches shorter then

Jenny. The difference also extended to their sexual orientation. Jenny was

married to John Richards who was also an Agent in the 'Firm'. Suki was almost

exclusively of the Sapphic persuasion. In the past Jenny had had some lesbian

experiences. Once she had been forced by circumstance into a passionate love

making session with an older, more experienced woman when protecting her husband from discovery during a mission. John knew of this episode but he wasn't aware of the times Jenny and Suki had shared a bed. Once Jenny had instigated a night of passion as a reward for Suki saving John's life, the other was when they had performed a Dominant/Submissive lesbian bondage scene, not wholly with Jenny's agreement, to satisfy the depraved lusts of the pornographer Oliver 'Oily' Harris. (And Suki's)

Jenny was always having to scold Suki who was constantly seeking opportunities

to caress or fondle Jenny's charms. The most recent occasion was in the Ladies

changing room. Jenny had been taking a shower when she'd got some soap in her eyes. She was naked and dripping and blindly feeling around for a towel when she had walked straight into Suki's arms. Jenny had been thoroughly aroused by Suki's stroking and probing fingers before she managed to break free. By the time she'd found a towel and cleared her vision Suki had left the changing room. She was almost sure it had been Suki's hands that had fondled her breasts, her lips that had sucked on her nipples and her fingers that had delved into her pussy but she felt a tingle of excitement when it occurred to her that she couldn't be certain. It just might have been someone else. She experienced the same tingle when over lunch Suki had denied ever being in the changing room. As well as playing with Jenny's body Suki also enjoyed playing with her head.

'Ladies, we have a new mission for you' started Holt. 'We have been asked to

investigate some industrial espionage at Victor's Secret'. 'That's the lingerie

and novelty underwear fashion house isn't it Sir' said Jenny. 'That is correct

Agent Richards. Some of the latest designs have been appearing in Hong Kong

stores even before they've been shown on the catwalk. You, Jenny, are going

undercover as one of models. Suki, Victor has suggested you can be a general

helper and what's called a checker. Your job, ladies, will be to try and

discover who the thief is'. Jenny's cheeks flushed and she frowned as she

thought of what she might be asked to wear. She'd seen some of the catwalk shows for Victor's Secret and it looked to her like little more than an excuse to get as many nearly naked girls as possible to parade in front of a crowd. Suki on

the other hand, smiled. She could see all sorts of possibilities for mischief

making. 'Scantily clad models equaled scantily clad Jenny' she thought.

Chapter 2.

Jenny and Suki report to the offices of the Victor's Secret Fashion House and

are taken to meet the owner and chief designer himself. Victor is a flamboyant

character who dresses in extravagantly bright colours, purples and pinks, and

often gets himself into the newspapers. A few seconds of lisping conversation is

all it takes for the girls to realise that the 'enfant terrible' of design is

also as bent as a corkscrew. He first introduces them to Philippe Lagrange, a

young but already, tall, dark and handsome French student. 'Philippe is here for

a week from the Paris College of Design'. Victor looked at him longingly. 'He's

doing a degree in Art and this is part of his course work'. 'Bon jour' said

Philippe as he shakes Jenny's hand. He stares into her eyes obviously attracted

to her. 'Ahem' coughed Suki after Philippe showed no sign of letting go. 'Oh.

Bon jour to you to Suki'. Victor is not going to have much luck with this one it

seems.

They discuss the thefts for a while but Victor can give them no further clues.

Philippe stayed for the conversation as Victor said this would give him a better

idea of the seamier side of the fashion business. Then he took them to meet the

rest of his team. Suki was handed over to Carol who was the Fashion Show co-

coordinator. She was responsible for the design and operation of the catwalk

shows. Jenny meanwhile is taken to the workroom to see Valerie, the seamstress.

The workroom is a hive of activity as the team tries to turn Victors designs

into garments that could be worn by the models.

'Strip off girl. Lets see what we've got to work with' said Valerie. Jenny

blushed as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse. She stopped undressing when she was down to her bra, panties and heels. Valerie and Victor looked her over with

professional detachment unlike some of the other guys in the room. 'Lot bigger

in the chest and butt than we are used to but she'll pass' said Valerie. 'We'll

have to let some of the tops out but we'll be able to fit her OK'. The first

catwalk show was due in a couple of days so Jenny is given instruction in how to

walk like a model and how to best show off the outfits to the assembled press

and invited audience.

Come the day of the show the backstage area is a scene of controlled chaos.

Jenny had been there for a couple of hours. She had had her hair washed and cut by a professional hair stylist and her face made up by a professional make-up artist. Her blonde looks had been enhanced by the gold flecked eye shadow and sparkly lipstick and she was looking more beautiful than ever as she went to

join her two dressers. Each model had their own changing area and two helpers.

Their job was to dress the model in the correct garments in the correct order

and ensure they were ready when it was their turn to go out on the catwalk.

Brenda was ready with the first outfit. Jenny's cheeks burned with embarrassment when she saw the lacy wisp of material she held up. Jackie, the other dresser, undid Jenny's toweling robe belt and drew it from her shoulders and off leaving her completely naked. They helped her into the black teddy; stockings and high heels then led her toward the catwalk entrance. Jenny saw that Suki was doing her job as a checker. She would quickly look over each model as they prepared to go on stage to ensure they were dressed properly, had the right outfit on and weren't wearing odd shoes. She smiled as she saw Jenny approach. 'Wow' she thought. The professional hair and make-up combined with the teddy made her mouth water. 'Come on Jenny, just a quick check'. Suki had her turn around in front of her so she could see the whole revealing effect. Just as Jenny was about to go through the curtain into the lights her eyes shot open with surprise as Suki squeezed her butt. 'Off you go Jen' she said and pushed her out onto the catwalk.

Her entrance is met with a blinding explosion of flashbulbs from the rows of

cameramen who photographed each model and outfit as they emerged. A ripple of interest sweeps through the crowd as they catch sight of Jenny. They had become used to the usual stick thin flat chested models and they are amazed when the buxom figure of Jenny bounced rhythmically along the runway. Jenny was blushing furiously. She felt naked and exposed (because she was nearly naked and exposed) as she strode along in front of the applauding crowd as she'd been taught.

Luckily the bright spotlights meant that the audience was in semi-darkness and

the loud booming music meant she almost felt in a world of her own.

The catwalk was about twenty yards long and featured a wider round area at the

end. From above it resembled a lollipop. Jenny turned at the end of the runway

so the crowd who had been ogling her front could now gaze at her retreating back view and her undulating buttocks. The clapping only got louder until she

disappeared backstage. Victor, who had been in the wings, noted the reaction

Jenny got from the crowd. She seemed to excite them more than any of the other girls. Jenny returned to her area backstage and Jackie immediately dragged the teddy from her body. Jenny gasped and quickly clasped her arms around herself trying to preserve some modesty. The models were used to the nudity but she still felt very uncomfortable. Throughout the rest of the show Jenny and the other models were stripped and dressed in a variety of different outfits. The other girls modeled the more exotic and unusual outfits. Jenny was grateful that she was only given the more normal outfits to wear. This still meant she was sent out in tiny wisps of lace and silk sometimes no bigger than a handkerchief.

Both Brenda and Jackie had been pleased when they were told they would have

Jenny to dress. Jenny innocently thought their roaming hands were the norm as

they pushing her breasts into to small bra cups, smoothed the lace or silk

material over her bottom and pussy or drew shear nylon stockings up her long

silky legs.

She never managed to get past Suki without a stroke, tweak, pat, pinch or

squeeze in one area of her body or another. Jenny found some of the underwear

quite shocking. The see-through teddy she modeled nearly caused a riot. Very few of the outfits seemed to provide any bottom coverage. 'Thongs must be in this year' she thought.

Towards the end of the show Suki buttonholed Victor and after a whispered

conversation he left smirking broadly. He quickly went over to one of the models

and after a few words came over to Jenny. 'Jenny, I have decided to grant you

the honour of wearing the final piece in the collection' he announced grandly.

'Jackie go over and collect it please'. Suki had given him the idea and after

hearing the applause every time Jenny made an appearance he knew her phenomenal body would guarantee maximum crowd excitement and press coverage.

Once more Jenny is stripped naked but this time before being given anything to

wear both dressers sprayed her body with golden glitter from aerosols cans. Her

thighs, breasts, shoulders and hair sparkled under the backstage lights. The

final outfit Victor has designed is all in snow white leather. After Jackie

makes sure the bum revealing thong panties are snuggly in place Jenny is helped into thigh length high-heeled boots. The dressers then wrap her in a Basque that is laced up tighter and tighter. Her waist is cinched down to sixteen inches and Jenny is glad they stop as breathing was becoming difficult. The Basque has no integral bra so leaves her magnificent breasts exposed. Two gloves that reach to the middle of her upper arms are pulled on. The final item is a stiff white choker with rings attached that is buckled around her throat.

While Jenny is being dressed Victor has been supervising two other models who

are dressed identically to Jenny except their outfits are in shiny jet-black.

Their much smaller breasts are just as exposed. Jenny is waiting expectantly for

a bra, when she is grabbed by the black clad models, Monique and Tasmyn, and

dragged protesting towards the stage. Suki is waiting and as they reach her

Jenny is spun round and quick as a flash Suki handcuffs her wrists behind her

back. Then she is turned to face Suki again who looks her over. 'Suki you bitch'

says Jenny 'You're bloody enjoying this'. 'Jenny you look fantastic' said Suki

her eyes shining. 'Just one final touch, hold her still girls'. With Jenny held

motionless Suki reaches up and seizes her nipples and twists and tweaks them

until Jenny gasps and they turn red, excited and more importantly become hugely erect. Then Monique and Tasmyn snap leads onto the rings on her choker and lead a reluctant Jenny out onto the catwalk.

The cameras flash again as they emerge but slowly the noisy crowd falls silent.

They are stunned by the sight of a handcuffed and bare breasted Jenny being lead around by two models dressed as dominatrix. Jenny's submissive position is not lost on the crowd as she is parade her up and down the catwalk. Gradually the applause starts to build and before long the crowd are cheering. On reaching the round area at the end of the runway Tasmyn spins Jenny so her back faces the audience. Her left hand takes hold of the short chain between Jenny's handcuffs and her right grabs a handful of her hair. Then she pulls up on the cuffs and pushes down on Jenny's head forcing her to bend forward. Monique teases the crowd by gripping and squeezing Jenny's buttocks in both her hands. Then Jenny's exposed bottom ripples as Monique lightly spanks her. The crowd goes wild and the cheering soon turns to screaming. The spotlights pick out Jenny and the glitter on the exposed parts of her flesh sparkles, adding to the reflection from the pure white leather she is wearing. Three times Jenny is paraded up and down the runway and three times she is spanked. The girls make sure everyone in the audience has been given a full view of Jenny's exposed charms until the noise can't get any louder. Even though the spanking had been quite light it had still turned her bottom a shade of pink. 'Just as well the panties don't have ties at the sides' she thought 'or I don't think I'd still be wearing them by now'. It is then that Victor emerges to take his bows. The girls move Jenny alongside him and, as he bows to the audience, she is again forced to bend forward so her tits hang down and swing around for the further entertainment of the crowd.

(Right time for some more plot. Not that you lot gives a toss of coarse).

After the show is over Suki reluctantly releases Jenny from the cuffs and she

stalks off still miffed at being exposed before the cheering crowd. As she was

one of the last on stage most of the other girls have already started the end of

show party in another room. In the relative quiet of the changing area Jenny is

the only one who spots Mi Li Chang, one of the other models, seemingly sneaking into Victors office. The party atmosphere is the perfect cover to search for any new designs that have not yet reached the finished stage. Jenny still in her white leather follows. She quietly peeks round the door and seeing Mi Li

searching through Victor's desk draws steps in and challenges her. Quick as a

flash Mi Li draws a small mean looking stiletto and charges at Jenny. Mi Li may

have been a model but she was brought up on the back streets of Hong Honk. She had early on become involved with the Triads and she had helped them to include clothing alongside car parts, CD's and DVD's in their repertoire of counterfeit goods.

She had no intension of being taken without a fight. Jenny had been training

hard with Suki but she was ill prepared for the unexpected attack. She backed

away as Mi Li advanced. Suddenly Jenny tripped and fell back. Mi Li dived on her

and as the knife descended Jenny threw up a hand to grasp her wrist. The knife

stopped short but the Chinese girl had the superior position and was able to use

her body weight to force the blade lower. Jenny watched as the glinting point

descended. Her arm began to tremble with the effort as her strength was

gradually used up. The blade was nearly touching her chest when there was a loud 'BOING'. Mi Li shuddered and relaxed. Her eyes closed, her head fell forward and she slowly rolled off Jenny to land on her back unconscious.

Jenny sobbed and her body trembled, now with released tension, as she realises

how close she had come to being stabbed. A pair of arms gathers her up and holds her until the trembling stops. She looks up into the dark, smoldering, eyes of young Philippe Lagrange before looking down at the incongruous sight of an

unconscious Mi Li and the large frying pan lying next to her that Philippe has

obviously used to knock her out. She looks up into the young handsome face and kisses him on the cheek. 'Thank you for saving my life Philippe'. Just then Suki bursts in and quickly takes charge of Mi Li using the same handcuffs on her

she'd just removed from Jenny who then explains to her what had transpired.

By now Monique and Tasmyn have reached the office door and heard what had

happened. Well if someone had just saved my life I think I'd give them a bigger

reward than that' she whispers to Tasmyn. 'I think it's about time we initiated

the new girl and I think we can kill two birds with one stone'. Philippe is

reluctantly persuaded to release the topless leather clad Jenny and sadly

returns to the party while Jenny goes to finish changing. Monique and Tasmyn

meanwhile quickly gather together some of the other girls. They are soon

jabbering excitedly and smiling as she explains what they can do. 'We'll have to

draw lots' says Tasmyn.

(Right enough of this plot crap. Back to the smut).

Chapter 3.

Monique came over to were Jenny was removing the white leather outfit prior to

putting on her own clothes. 'Jenny, what about the glitter, you're covered with

it. You can't go out like that' she says. 'Oh I didn't realise' says Jenny

quietly still very subdued by her ordeal. 'Look let me help' says Monique. Suki

has gone with Mi Li to the local police station so Jenny is grateful for someone

making the decisions for her and taking charge. She is emotionally drained and

somewhat dazed. Monique helps Jenny to remove the leather outfit before putting an arm round her shoulders and firmly, brooking no argument, leading her into a large communal shower. She then removes her own clothes and together the two naked women stand under the warm shower. Jenny closes her eyes as the warm water cascades over her head and body. Monique takes a bottle of shampoo and squirts a big dollop into her hands then reaches up and begins to wash the glitter from Jenny's hair. Jenny stands in the warm atmosphere as the French girl gently massages her scalp and then down to the bunched, tense, muscles of her neck and shoulders. The pleasant sensations soon have a soporific effect and she sinks even deeper into a dazed reverie.

A second naked model enters the shower and greets the two girls. 'Can I help?'

says Natalia the tall aristocratic looking Russian girl. She takes the shampoo

and begins washing Jenny's left arm. Jenny murmurs but soon quiets. Another girl enters. This time it's Deborah, a blonde American. She takes Jenny's right arm.

Jenny wonders what is going on but it feels so good she hasn't got the willpower

to object. Another two, Zoe and Nadia, join them, take a leg each, and are soon

slowly stroking up and down Jenny's long slender legs. Jenny now hardly reacts

to the new hands touching her. Their soap covered hands go from her feet all the way up to within an inch of her pussy, gently massaging Jenny's calves and

thighs. By now she is totally lost to the stroking sensations as all the girls

gently caress her soapy body.

The final three girls enter. Katya, Lori and Suzy. Katya kneels behind Jenny and

begins washing her long slender back. Each stroke down reaches lower and lower until she is massaging from Jenny's shoulders down to her buttocks. She strokes round and round softly molding her derriere. Lori and Suzy meanwhile stand at the front staring at Jenny's enormous breasts as they rise and fall with her increasingly heavy breathing. Earlier the girls had written each of Jenny's body parts on small pieces of paper. They'd then drawn lots to see who got to wash and caress each area of her body. There were groans from those who drew an arm but a whoop erupted from Lori when she drew out Jenny's right breast.

Two squirts of shampoo and Lori and Suzy gently began washing the two enormous mammaries. One each. Round and round they stroke. Wax on. Wax off. Wax on. Wax off. The pretense of washing doesn't last long as the pressure of both girls' hands grows. Jenny's tits are soon being gripped in each of her hands and pressed up and together. Jenny groaned as her breasts were massaged intensely.

Her flesh squeezed and molded. Lori's fingers gripped hard until flesh oozed

between her fingers. Then she uses the fingers on one hand to stroke the nipple

on Jenny's right breast making it harden and peak. Suzy follows suit pulling

even harder. Jenny started to react to the stimulation and began moving her arms to grasp the hands massaging her tits but Natalia and Deborah stopped her by holding on to her wrists. The four girls were no longer keeping up the pretense that they were washing Jenny's limbs. Their job was to hold her still if she tried to move or get away and allow the other girls to arouse and stimulate her.

After a couple of minutes of caressing Monique moves her hands round Jenny's

body and places them on her stomach. She ever so slowly caresses her wonderfully flat abdomen gradually working lower and lower. Jenny gasps as Monique's hand strokes down and over her bald pussy. The hands massaging her butt are pushing her hips forward so her pussy is begging to be cupped. She slowly circles her hand around stroking softly to start with but getting harder. Jenny jerks as a finger plunges into her juicy depths. The finger delves as deeply as it can, swirling around, inside the already wet and aroused pussy tunnel before pulling back. The pumping quickens in tune with Jenny's breathing. In and out. A second finger joins it and Jenny begins to climb toward an inevitable climax. The only sound is Jenny's gasping as the digits pump in and out of her pussy. Her breasts are still being massaged roughly. Pushed up, round and together before the fingers return to squeezing and twisting her now rock hard and erect nipples.

By now Jenny has eight pairs of hands stroking or holding her body. Suddenly all

stimulation stops. Jenny gasps even louder as she is left on the verge of

orgasm. This was the signal for Zoe and Nadia to let go of Jenny's legs, put on

a robe each and quickly leave the shower.

Monique moved close to her ear and whispered 'do you want us to carry on?' 'Oh

God yes' gasped Jenny. 'Well you have to do something for us. Would you do

that?' 'Yes, yes' she said panting. 'Philippe saved your life didn't he?'

'Hmmm'. 'Well we think he deserves a reward, don't you?' 'Hmmm' repeated Jenny.

'You'd like to reward him, wouldn't you?' 'Hmmm'. 'OK. Kneel down'. Jenny was

slowly lowered down until she knelt on a towel placed at her feet. Her knees

were forced as far apart as she could manage. Meanwhile the two girls who had

left returned with Philippe in tow. He is blindfolded and wears only his Calvin

Klein boxers. He's been told that the girls have a birthday present for him. It

is four months until his birthday but as soon as they'd started to take off his

shirt his objection had very quickly died in his throat. He is ushered forward

until, unknowingly, he stands in front of a kneeling and naked Jenny. The girls

lower his shorts and Nadia's soft fingers encircled his penis and begin stroking

him to a very respectable erection. Some of the girls note his impressive

endowment and coupled with his dark Latin good looks determine to check him out at a later date.

Monique knelt behind Jenny and waited. The other girls resumed caressing her

keeping her aroused and panting, gasping for release. When Philippe is ready

Monique places one finger under Jenny's nose and holds her chin between a finger and thumb of the other. 'Keep your eyes closed and open wide' she orders as she gently prizes Jenny's mouth open. Zoe pushes Philippe forward a step and Nadia, her hand grasping his member, guides him unerringly between Jenny's soft pink lips. 'Mmmm' objects Jenny but Monique's hand, now on the back of her head, prevents her from rejecting him. Monique whispers again 'He comes, then we'll finish you off, understand?' 'Hmmm' said Jenny nodding which gives Philippe a jolt of pleasure as his dick receives the benefit of her bobbing movement.

Monique starts Jenny off by pushing on the back of her head, forcing her

forward, and making Philippe's penis slid over her tongue and plunge deeply into

her sucking mouth. The dick remains buried deep or a couple of seconds before

Monique slowly pulls back dragging Jenny's lips almost to the tip. Another slow

push and the cock disappears again only to reappear seconds later. Jenny soon

gets into the rhythm. She works her tongue and lips, stimulating Philippe as

well as she knows how. Monique keeps pushing and pulling until she is sure Jenny will keep on servicing Philippe's organ she signals and Jenny's arms are

released. Immediately she grasps Philippe's dick with one hand, cradles his

testicules in the other, and really starts to work on him even more

energetically, giving him the benefit of every technique she has learned in her

short cock-sucking life. Monique meanwhile moves her right hand from Jenny's

head, reaches down, and begins stroking Jenny's, now wide spread, pussy lips

again. Her fingers plunge in and out before she grasps Jenny's clit and gently

twirls it between her soapy fingers.

Philippe is desperately trying to control himself. The blindfold means he has no

idea who is sucking him and frankly he doesn't care. The educated mouth is

driving him wild. He instinctively begins thrusting his hips forward driving

himself deeper and deeper into the warm wetness. At a signal from Monique, Zoe whips his blindfold off. Any semblance of control he had instantly disappears

when, blinking, he looks down and discovered he is buried to the hilt in the

mouth of Jenny Richards. With a groan he peaks and thrusts even farther forward.

Through Jenny's erotic haze she feels him seize and the head of his member grow within her mouth as he starts climaxing. Monique's left hand moves to Jenny's butt and she rubs around her anus with a soapy finger before thrusting as far into Jenny's butt as she can. Her right hand is now flying over Jenny's clit.

The soap joins with Jenny's own lubrication making the fingers even more

slippery. The combination of the stimulation of her pussy and tits, the finger

thrusting in and out of her butt and Philippe erupting in her mouth forces her

over the top and she surrenders her body to a mind shattering climax.

Jenny kneels exhausted in the shower. After a few seconds Monique whispers into her ear 'Welcome to the Sisterhood of Underwear Models, dear'.

The End

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**Dos Vedanya Jenny**

By Brummie and Badman

Hi Folks. I sent this little tale round on e-mail asking for help to complete

Chapter 4. Badman replied and with a few adjustments I've included his scene

here. Thanks Badman.

Chapter 1.

It was a glorious sunny day as the blonde strolled toward the front entrance of

MI5 headquarters at Thames House, Millbank in London. She was outwardly calm but this belied the tension she felt inside. She looked around covertly before mounting the steps and entering through the huge elaborate wooden doors. The old world charm of the exterior entrance quickly gave way to a more hi-tech interior of glass and stainless steel. She headed straight past the reception desk and down a non-descript corridor to a second innocuous looking doorway. The entrance led to a small room that contained a single desk, behind which sat a heavily bearded security guard. She nodded to him before walking towards a second doorway. On the other side she could see a second guard, strangely, also heavily bearded.

The second guard watched her as she stepped through the metal ringed portal. An insistent buzzing erupted as she passed through the metal detector. Both guards immediately perked up and took a closer interest. The second held out a hand and said 'Pass please'. She handed over her security card. He studied it before looking up to compare the face with the identity photograph. 'Agent Richards?'

'Yes' the blonde replied. 'Please remove any metal items and step through again'

said guard number two in a deep gruff voice. The buzzing erupted a second time.

'Step this way Agent Richards'. No 'Please' this time.

A door led into another small room this time with a table and chair and some

electronic looking equipment. There were two six inch yellow circles on the

floor about two feet apart and three feet from the wall. Two identical yellow

dots were painted on the wall, about six feet from the ground and again two feet

apart. 'Feet and hands on the dots, Agent Richards' ordered the guard. She

complied straight away. It didn't pay to mess with these people. They could

shoot you with near impunity if they had a reasonable cause for suspicion, and

refusing to follow orders came well within that definition.

The hot sunny day meant she was wearing a light blue floaty summer dress made from gauze like material. No stockings and the lightest of underwear. A pair of dark blue high heels, that elongated her legs and tightened her calves,

completed the ensemble. With her feet in the floor dots she leant forward and

'assumed the position'. The yellow circles were placed so that she was in a

slightly awkward position with her weight on her palms on the wall dots.

After a few seconds a pair of large hands, starting at her wrists, began to pat

her down. Slowly they proceeded down her left arm, over her shoulders and out

along the other arm. A pause then beginning at her shoulders both hands worked methodically down her back stopping just short of her butt. The hands moved forward around her waist and then started upward. It was only a short journey until they encountered the prominent bulge of a pair of enormous breasts. 'Don't move' the guard commanded as the hands kept going up and over her tits. The patting of her chest took longer than all the other body parts combined before he stepped back. Realising he'd stopped she made to push herself off the wall when a hand in the middle of her back stopped her. 'I didn't say you could move Agent. Remain still or else'.

As he stepped back she stayed looking forward at the plain gray wall so she

didn't see the second guard move forward to take his place. Starting at her left

ankle the second guard slowly drew both hands up the long naked leg. Ever so

slowly, massaging the calf, then the knee. Higher up he moved under the dress to her slender but muscularly athletic thigh. Minutes later he withdrew his hands

and lowered them to her right ankle. Even slower he proceeded up her right leg.

He felt her shiver as again he passed her hem and stroked up to her right thigh.

Minutes of careful checking followed. He turned to look at his partner who

nodded. He felt tense as he raised his hands higher over her right butt cheek.

When she failed to object, save for a soft intake of breath, he let out the

breath he'd been holding and carried on 'checking' her panty clad buttocks.

She'd worn a fairly sensible pair of white cotton that day and not the thongs

she sometimes wore, but they offered scant protection against this sort of close

quarter assault.

A minutes fumbling and he moved his left hand round her thigh and began checking the front. As his right hand explored down between her butt cheeks his left stroked over her pussy mound until they met in the middle. Her breathing became slightly heavier as he stroked and squeezed. The first guard tapped him on the shoulder and wagged his finger. Too much, to soon, and even someone as dumb as this blonde would smell a rat. 'Remain as you are Agent Richards' ordered Guard one. 'We will run the electronic check again and if there's nothing indicated then you can go'. They both smiled as they took two twelve-inch long shiny metal objects and began to run them up and down her arms. No sound came. Her shoulders and back no sound. Her legs, still nothing.

Guard one put his hand into his pocket and as they ran their rods over her chest

he pressed the buzzer he had secreted there. It had been he that had pushed the concealed button under his desk to activate the metal detector buzzer at the

opportune moment. Roger and James the 'armourers' had been cooking up this plan for ages. They had been interrupted in their exploration of the body of Jenny Richards once before and they'd been plotting ever since to finish what they'd started. She'd shown she was equally gullible and susceptible to authority so a little bribery of the Security Guards, a disguise so she wouldn't recognise

them, and they'd been in place as the blonde bimbo had approached the security

check point. A few seconds work with the buzzer and as soon as they'd

disappeared into the office the real guards had resumed their rightful place.

This time there would be less chance of an interruption to save her from their

tender mercies.

'Well Agent Richards it looks like you're concealing something from us'. 'I

don't know what it could be, surely you must be mistaken' she said. 'We don't

make mistakes Agent Richards. Now remove your dress' he ordered severely. 'What?

You can't do that' she cried. 'Remove it or we'll do it for you' said Roger

beginning to really enjoy the blonde's discomfort. 'But I'll be nearly naked'

she sobbed. 'That's the point Agent Richards. More difficult to conceal weapons

that way, now get your dress off'. 'Oh all right, but I strongly object to this

treatment'. 'Yer, yer, get 'em off blondie' said James dropping out of character

for a second. Roger shot him a warning look. The blue dress practically floated

to the ground leaving her in just her heels, panties and lacy white bra.

'Assume the position Agent Richards' ordered James who immediately stepped in

behind her spread body. His hands cupped her massive bra clad breasts or a few

seconds before beginning to squeeze them. A minute later he stepped away before she could feel the beginnings of his bulging erection pressing into her butt.

'Can't feel anything obvious' he said before running his rod over her chest

again. Not surprisingly the buzzing sounded again. 'Remove your bra Agent' said

James. Huffing indignantly she unclasped the bra and drew it off handing it to

him. This time he ran his rod over the bra and no buzz came. He moved it to her

now naked chest and 'Buzzzzzz'. 'Hello. This is strange, have to check this out'

he said as he took Rogers place. This time the hands contacted only naked flesh.

He cupped, molded and squeezed her breasts as long as he thought safe. By now both her cheeks and breasts were warm and flushed. Her nipples had become erect with all the man handling. He took the chance and tweaked her areolas and pulled her nipples a couple of times. Her breathing quickened and her head dropped until her long blonde hair covered his nefariously fondling hands

'OK nothing hidden here' he said. 'Just hips to check then'. Both men applied

their rods to her panty-clad loins and the buzzer practically went mad. 'Oh no'

she gasped as roger began checking her groin for hidden Atomic missiles, Tommy guns and the like. The massaging ended with another quick check with the rod and another loud buzzing. 'Remove the panties Agent Richards'. 'What. You can't be serious, this is ridiculous'. 'OBEY THE ORDER, Agent Richards' shouted James. To their surprise this seemed to have an almost magical effect. She immediately followed the instruction and bent to remove her panties, fully revealing her perfect plump peach like hemispheres and the shaved pussy lips that peaked out between them. Having stripped herself naked she quickly returned to leaning against the wall. Both men were amazed by her unquestioning compliance. They stared enraptured. They had dreamed of this moment but neither thought they'd ever lay eyes on such naked feminine beauty.

They double-teamed her this time. Both moved forward and grabbed a butt cheek each. They squeezed and stroked her in unison. She remained silent, even when James bit the bullet and moved his other hand over her hip and stroked over her naked shaven pussy. They caressed and fondled her at will. She made no objection. She seemed resigned to her fate. Roger moved his second hand up to her breasts and began massaging them in turn. Squeezing her breast then pinching and pulling her nipple before swapping to its twin. James rubbed a finger round her clit before plunging it inside her warm moist depths. Within minutes her breathing was rasping and her body writhing. James added a second and a third finger. Roger inserted one slowly into her ass. They increased the rhythm, pumping faster and faster. Her hips pushed back against their fingers almost forcing them in deeper as she built toward climax. The pleasure grew. Faster, deeper, the fingers plunged until her body stiffened with the exquisite pleasure and she groaned long and loud in orgasm. She gradually relaxed but the ordeal wasn't over. The shiny rods were actually top of the range industrial strength vibrators. She screamed out in ecstasy, as they were inserted front and back.

Her body exploded in gut wrenching pain and pleasure as both buzzed into life

inside her. A few seconds of thrusting in and out was all it took to force her

over the edge again into a second muscle locking, shuddering, climax.

She leant against the wall spent and gasping, a thin sheen of sweat covering her

body, her head hanging down. Her body shivered with an aftershock as the devices were dragged out of her. Roger and James took her arms, led her to the table and laid her down on her back. Roger began undoing his zipper when there came an insistent knocking at the door. It was the signal they'd agreed. Someone was coming. They looked sadly at the naked spent blonde. 'Another time maybe' said James 'them we'll get to finish you off properly'. They left the office and stole away, but not before ejecting the video tape that had recorded the whole episode.

Chapter 2.

At precisely that moment Agent Jenny Richards was seated on the sofa in her

house.

She'd lain in bed that morning softly caressing her pussy through the lacy

panties she wore for sleeping. John had been away on a mission for the last

three weeks and she was feeling decidedly frustrated. She'd looked longingly at

the whirring, vibrating washing machine on more than one occasion. The

occasional fondling assaults by Suki only served to make matters worse. The

front door bell rang, and then rang again even longer, more insistently. Who

ever it was wasn't going to go away. Jenny rose and, checking there wasn't an

obvious wet patch showing, threw on a short lacy top to cover her enormous

braless breasts and went downstairs. She opened the door a crack and peered

round it at an elderly gray haired woman. 'Jenny Richards?' she enquired. 'Yes'

Jenny answered but before she could utter another word a huge black woman, who had been standing to the side out of sight, burst through the door and seized Jenny by the shoulders. The woman was huge, well muscled and at least four inches taller and five stone heavier then Jenny. She dragged her away from the door into the living room and throwing her onto the floor efficiently bound her arms behind her and her legs together with white nylon rope before heaving her onto the sofa.

While this was going on the old woman and a companion followed them into the

house. Closing the door, they entered the living room where the second woman,

her head covered by a scarf, closed the curtains so no one could see in. Then

they all gazed down at the roped blonde. 'What the bloody hell's going on'

shouted Jenny struggling with her bonds. 'Keep the noise down Agent Richards or I'll have Rosa gag you. Do you understand?' 'Yes' said Jenny surprised she'd

been called 'Agent'. 'Explain yourself' she said slowly, watching them, more

cautious now. 'I am Colonel Olga Vlad of the KGB' the gray haired woman began,

explaining the plot, 'and this is stage two of my master plan to infiltrate MI5.

This magnificent specimen is Rosa' she said pointing to the huge scowling black

woman. 'And how do you expect to get her into MI5' said Jenny. 'I don't. But I

do expect to get Agent Rostov inside' she said turning to the third woman who

reached up and removed her scarf and coat. Jenny stared up at her. She thought she was looking into a mirror. The woman was her exact double. Same face, same height, same blonde hair, same body even down to the enormous breasts. 'Good day, Agent Richards' she said. The voice a perfect match in pitch, intonation and accent. 'Go upstairs and select your clothes for today' ordered Vlad. 'Yes Colonel' replied Rostov.

She found Jenny's bedroom and started searching through the wardrobe picking out a pretty light blue summer dress in gauze like material and some dark blue high-heeled shoes. Just right for the warm summer day and just what Jenny would wear according to her KGB file. She crossed to a chest of draws and soon found the underwear. She was rummaging through the tiny thongs and lacy bras when she came across some unexpected items. A large red vibrator, which buzzed into life when she flicked the switch, was followed by some cloth cuffs, all with clips and rings for binding them together. Next came a snow white leather choker again with rings attached, then a whippy black riding crop. 'My god this woman's a sexual deviant. That certainly wasn't in the file' she said to herself as she drew out the final items. A shiny pair of handcuffs and a short chain with tiny, sharp toothed, alligator clips on each end. She blushed. Her upbringing in

Russia had never prepared her for these disgusting, decadent, western

perversions. Even her training in seduction by the KGB hadn't gone as far as

this deviancy.

Returning the items to the draw, she selected a sensible pair of white cotton

panties and a light lacy bra. She was pleased to confirm that her measurements

were the same as Jenny's when all the clothing she had selected fitted her

perfectly. Once dressed, she returned to the living room. Colonel Vlad was

revealing the rest of her ingenious plan. 'Rosa, you keep Agent Richards here

while I deliver Rostov to London. You will return this evening, Agent Rostov,

and we will review the day's work. You know your mission. Infiltrate MI5. Learn

as much as you can and don't give away your identity. You must stay in character and not give anyone cause to think you are not the real Agent'. Jenny gasped as the old lady gave her last order. 'If you have the opportunity, or as a last resort, kill Holt. He's been a thorn in our side for far to long. 'Rosa. I'll be

gone for about twenty minutes. You are not to 'play' with our hostage, do you

understand' she said slowly and insistently looking hard into Rosa's defiant

eyes. Rosa held her gaze for a few seconds before giving way. She pouted, and

reluctantly nodded. With that Vlad left the room. Rostov stared down at Jenny

for a few seconds before Vlad shouted from the hall 'OBEY THE ORDER'. Rostov

jerked and ran to join her.

Many months before, Colonel Vlad had dusted off an old staple plot of many a spy thriller and proposed trying to infiltrate a doppelganger into MI5. The

inspiration had come when she had spotted the new secretary to a fellow General.

She bore a striking resemblance to the picture of an MI5 agent whose file she

had been studying recently. The agent had come to the KGB's attention when she had helped to break-up the organisation of Madam Von Klein who they sometimes used. The General had been exceedingly reluctant to give up his new secretary.

He'd picked her out of the typing pool, not because of her secretarial skills

but because she was fantastically beautiful. When he'd promoted her to the

position of his personal assistant she'd soon realised which side her bread was

buttered on and had become his mistress as well as his assistant. Quite a normal

method of advancement for pretty girls in the Kremlin.

Svetlana Rostov was a reasonable copy of the MI5 agent but the differences were taken care of by a months stay in a KGB run clinic. The plastic surgeons worked to make her a perfect copy aided not only by the pictures taken covertly by their operatives but by a set of pictures obtained from a run down sleazy London photographic studio. These shots gave them access to every square centimeter of their subject's body, even the most intimate parts. The breasts had been a challenge but they'd laboured for weeks until she sported the same mammoth mammaries as the target.

The language and voice training had been the most difficult but constant and

intensive training had eventually given her the required English accent.

Svetlana had no instincts for the spying business. She wouldn't naturally do

those things sometimes required of an Agent so her KGB trainers used

physiological techniques to drill the instinct to obey into her. If she heard

the words 'Obey the order' she was psychologically compelled to follow any

instruction given to her.

The time came when Svetlana was ready and she stood in the office of Colonel

Vlad. The Colonel held up a photo beside her face and switched her gaze between the two comparing. After a minute she seemed satisfied. She selected a second picture and studied it intently. 'Strip' she ordered. Svetlana stood still

shocked. 'OBEY THE ORDER' shouted Vlad testing the physiological conditioning

and smiled happily as the girl immediately removed her dress and without a

second's hesitation also stripped off her underwear. Vlad slowly circled the

naked girl, who was standing to attention, studying her figure, occasionally

reaching out to stroke her finger tips over a piece of tender flesh. Eventually

she stopped in front of her. Her gaze dropped to the twin mammaries with their

perfect pink areolas and proud nipples. Her left hand reached up and cupped one

enormous breast. Svetlana stood perfectly still, the only indication that she

was being touched intimately was a slight narrowing of her eyes. A Thumb and

finger tweaked a nipple. Still no reaction. The pressure increased until a small

tear appeared at the corner of her eye but still she remained motionless. Vlad

relented and released the abused nipple but continued stroking it, teasing it.

'I'm sorry dear' she said stepping in closer, encircling the girl's shoulders

and pulling her forward. Their lips met and Vlad kissed her softly at first then

harder and harder until Svetlana snatched her head back gasping. Vlad angrily

grabbed a fist full of hair and looked daggers at the recalcitrant girl. She

slowly forced her head forward again until their lips met and the kiss resumed.

Svetlana realised her position and submitted to the inevitable. Their lovemaking

lasted many hours. Every orifice was repeatedly touched, caressed and probed

with tongue and fingers. She eventually staggered from the room breathless and

sore from their exertions, the Colonel, she left fast asleep on the cot in the

corner of the office, an obscene dildo still strapped around her boney hips

Chapter 3.

Colonel Vlad climbed into her car while Rostov opened the passenger door and

bent to place her bag inside. She yelped as the back of her dress was suddenly

hiked up and two boney hands seized her buttocks. She was trapped half in and

half out of the car door as the fingers massaged her plump fleshy cheeks through the white cotton panties. Vlad looked up at the shocked expression on the girls face and realised something was wrong. Quick as a flash she raced round the car to discover old Mr. Jamison, the next-door neighbour, molesting her agents butt.

A swift kick to the shins sent him packing. 'Pull yourself together Rostov. Now

lets go'. A flushed Agent Rostov climbed in to the car and they set off for MI5

headquarters.

Rosa stood at the window peering through a crack in the curtains. She watched

the Colonel and Agent Rostov reverse out of the driveway and turn toward London before drawing the curtains back together and turning towards Jenny. She stared at the bound form on the sofa. Slowly she crossed the room and sat at the opposite end of the sofa to Jenny. Minutes passed as she continued to gaze up and down the succulent naked flesh. The long slender thighs marred only by the white rope that was wound above her knees and round her ankles. The superbly flat stomach again with the rope tied round it securing Jenny's arms to her body and finally the huge jutting breasts, rope above, below and crossing between them, seeming to squeeze them out even farther than nature intended.

Rosa feared the Colonel who could have someone killed with a word and wouldn't normally disobey her but with every passing minute with her gone the urges she felt grew stronger. She rarely got the chance to 'play' these days and never with a beauty like the one now seated six feet away. The twin feelings within her warred against each other. The imperative to obey against the desire to 'play'. As the Colonels influence waned with each passing minute the desires

gained ground.

Jenny anxiously watched the huge black woman out of the corner of her eye, not

wanting to make eye contact. Vlad's last command to Rosa made her quiver. 'Don't 'play' with the hostage. What could that mean. Whatever it was she probably didn't want to find out. Jenny froze as Rosa shuffled six inches along the sofa.

She tried to move away but she quickly came up against the armrest at her end.

Rosa shuffled another six inches. The urges were winning. She couldn't control

herself. Another six inches then another until her left side was pressed up

against Jenny's right side trapping her in the corner of the sofa. Jenny

remained silent and frozen as a huge black hand reached up and began stroking

her long blonde hair. Rosa stroked gently before rubbing the strands between the fingers of her left hand. Rosa was smiling dreamily and murmuring to herself as she caressed the soft hair for a minute before taking a hand full and holding

Jenny's head still.

With her head held and her tied arms trapped behind her back there was nothing

she could to stop Rosa. Her massive right paw dropped to Jenny's naked thigh and stroked lightly up and down before gripping and squeezing the flesh. Jenny

shivered as the hand explored further. Over to the other thigh and after a

minute up her abdomen. The left hand suddenly snatched her head back so she was looking straight up. She felt Rosa gently draw aside her short lacy top exposing her huge spherical tits to her hot gaze. Rosa paused at such a beautiful sight.

Jenny's magnificent chest was the best she'd ever seen. Two perfect white

spheres topped by large pink areolas and prominent nipples. Light as a feather

she stroked round and round Jenny's right tit before switching to its twin.

Gradually the caressing grew and the pressure increased until Rosa was

vigorously massaging Jenny's breasts making her moan with fright and some

pleasure. She hadn't had sex for three weeks since she and John had made love

the night before he'd gone away on his mission and then once again the following morning when he'd unexpectedly thrown her over the kitchen table and taken her roughly from behind. Spoilt the bacon and eggs but she hadn't minded.

Suddenly Rosa ducked her head and sucked as much of Jenny's right breast into

her mouth as she could. She worked her thick lips for all she was worth, sucking

urgently on the peak and lashing her tongue over the now, red and erect nipple.

Jenny writhed on the sofa but remained trapped as the pleasure erupted from her tit. Rosa sucked and sucked before using her teeth to nip at the proud and

pointed nipple. Jenny moaned as the pleasure increased even more. She gripped

Jenny's other breast in her right hand twisting the erect nipple between her

thick rough thumb and fingers. Jenny had never cum simply by having her tits

played with but the three weeks of abstinence coupled with Rosa's furious

assault was driving her higher and higher. Rosa sucked harder and raised her

head extending the tit out until the pressure popped it out of her mouth. Jenny

groaned out loud as Rosa switched her sucking mouth to the other breast. She was giving it the same intense mauling treatment when the noise of a car pulling up on the drive stopped her. Her fear of the colonel took over and she released

Jenny's hair and drew her lacy top back together covering the evidence of her

assault and Jenny's arousal.

Colonel Vlad let herself in and after a quick look in the living room to check

on Jenny and Rosa, who was now sitting innocently across the room in an

armchair, nodded and went into the kitchen to make herself a coffee. She didn't

notice the dazed look on Jenny's face. She'd been aroused again and was in a

real state. Her pussy screamed out for release. The danger of the situation only

seemed to exacerbate her feelings. But with both Rosa and Vlad there she

couldn't do anything. She would just have to wait for an opportunity to escape.

There was no telling what her double was up to. She could be causing all sorts

of mayhem and even trying to kill Commander Holt, her boss in 'Special

Operations'.

Chapter 4.

Agent Rostov removed her dress for the second time that day as Professor Q

watched her appreciatively. He'd met her in the corridor and reminded her of her

promise to help him with his latest invention, the homing panties. He'd made

some improvements and had added a matching bra. The KGB agent decided swiftly that the Professor could provide valuable information for her masters so agreed to go with him. He helped her remove her bra and panties and she stood naked in the cool air of his basement workshop. From behind her he drew the bra up her arms. He seemingly innocently cupped her left breast in his boney hand helping to fit the bra cup in place. But not before he'd given it a couple of friendly squeezes. After ensuring it fitted perfectly he switched hands and treated himself to a handful of her other mammary. When she didn't object he took the chance and tweaked her nipple. She squealed in pretend girlish surprise at his forwardness. 'Oh Professor, you naughty boy' she sighed giggling. 'Hello' he thought. 'She seems different somehow. Not so shy or timid'. But still as naive he hoped. He knelt down behind her and with his cheek resting against one of hers threaded her feet into the specially prepared 'homing' panties. Stroking his hands up the outside of her legs pulling the panties up until they were snug between her thighs. He made sure by numerous adjustment of the material making sure to stroke over her buttocks then her pussy. She simply giggled and gently scolded him as he touched her. He became bolder until finally he went for broke and slipped a finger inside her pussy. He fully expected a sock on the jaw but the Russian girl gripped his wrist and pulled his finger even deeper. Shocked he remained still until she began moving his wrist, masturbating herself on his finger. He felt her juices begin to flow before she pulled him out, turned and knelt before him. Drawing his zipper down she scooped out his already rock hard cock. After couple of pumps she looked up into his astounded eyes and opened her mouth wide. He nearly had a coronary as his wrinkled old member was engulfed in the warm wet depths. She slowly sucked him in and swirled her tongue around the head. Then began bobbing her head back and forth. Professor Q's wife had died some years before and this was the first time he'd indulged in any sexual activity since then. He moaned and groaned as the pressure in his aged loins quickly grew. Just as he thought this is it the girl rose and lay back across his desk the invitation obvious. Professor Q moved between her splayed legs and sank his member deep into her wet and well prepared pussy. He used every ounce of experience he'd gained from forty years of marriage and easily made up for any lack of youthful vigour. He gently brought the girl he thought was Jenny Richards toward climax as he rigidly controlled himself. He caressed and stoked her body paying particular attention to her huge globular breasts and nipples.

Squeezing and tweaking a tit in each hand. In spite of the fact that Rostov was

cynically using her sex for her own ends the gentle love making of the old man

was a pleasant change. She had become used to the roughness of the General as he fucked her like a raging bull and the soft caresses of the professor were giving her increasing pleasure. He thrust into her slowly gradually building the

arousal in them both until with a burst of renewed energy he didn't know he

still possessed he launched himself into the vinegar strokes and simultaneously

brought their thrusting bodies to a gloriously warm and intense orgasm.

Professor Q lay sprawled across Rostov's body his head cushioned between her

breasts. Eventually she pushed him off her and sat him down in his office chair

where he immediately fell into a contented doze. Quietly Rostov began searching

through his desk, and then moved onto the filling cabinets. The old man snored

softly in a post coital haze. 'Lots of good stuff here' thought Rostov. 'The

colonel will be pleased'.

Back in suburbia Jenny Richards was still seated on the sofa in her own living

room. Her arms, still bound behind her back, were beginning to make her

shoulders ache. Rosa sat across the room, unknown thoughts swirling around her tiny brain. Colonel Vlad was using a mobile phone talking quietly in Russian.

Jenny blanched as she heard the words she had been dreading. 'I'm going out,

Rosa. I'll be about an hour. Remain here and guard the girl'. Rosa grunted and

nodded. She held the door as Vlad's car disappeared from sight. Closing it she

stood still with a dreamy expression on her face. A shiver of anticipation

passed through her body. The Colonel had forgotten to emphasise the 'No play'

order. There were no conflicting thoughts running around in her feral little

brain this time. She meant to make the most of her time alone with their

hostage.

Jenny looked up as Rosa returned to the living room. 'Now Rosa, remember what the nice Colonel said, no playing'. Rosa stared at her blankly then moved

forward. 'Rosa, no stop, Rosa, stop' Jenny pleaded. The huge black woman bent

and gripped Jenny's roped ankles and dragged them round until she lay long ways on the sofa. Then she knelt at her shoulders and spread the lacy top exposing her creamy breasts. Once again Jenny's heaving chest was molested. Rosa had never seen a better pair and was hugely enjoying mauling and sucking on them.

Jenny's pleadings quickly turned to gasping cries of pleasure as Rosa's tongue

lashed across her nipples. Her teeth biting down on the blood filled puffy

areolas. Jenny's body writhed as bolts of erotic pleasure shot through her

chest. Her eyes closed and she groaned as Rosa's hands and mouth worked her

flesh until her nipples extended to point.

Jenny moaned with disappointment as Rosa unexpectedly released her now reddened mammaries. She again seized her ankles but this time she moved them upward and round until Jenny lay with her back on the sofa seat and her legs bent up and over the back. Her position meant her head was draped over the front and her world was now upside-down. Rosa stepped back and unzipped her skirt dropping it to her ankles. It took a second for Jenny to realise what she was seeing. The well-muscled black legs stood astride Jenny's head and she gazed wide-eyed. 'Oh my God' she shrieked as she stared at the huge semi erect penis that dangled between them.

Svetlana Rostov decided that she'd earned a break and some lunch. The HQ canteen was out of the question; she didn't want to take the risk of meeting any of the real Jenny's friends, that could only lead to discovery, so she headed out of the building. She approached the security checkpoint cautiously and heaved a

sigh of relief when neither bearded guard was in sight. The young clean-shaven

man who followed her outside on to the street smiled. Without the beard and in a smart business suit Svetlana completely failed to recognise Roger. He followed

her as she wandered along the Strand toward the Embankment. She stared up

marveling at the 'London Eye'. 'Anyone who suggested putting up a bloody great

fairground Ferris wheel almost opposite the Kremlin', she thought, 'would end up

in the Lubianka'.

She wandered further, amazed at the crowds, the litter, the stench of the street

vendors burger stalls, the rats with wings...sorry pigeons. Everyone seemed in

such a hurry, rushing to unknown appointments. Roger watched as she hailed a

taxi and told the driver, 'British Library please'. He turned back toward HQ.

'She'll be back' he thought.

Svetlana spent a quiet hour in the reading room of the library. She found the

desk used by Karl Marx to write Das Kapital before he went on to wear a boot

polish mustache and make all those films with his brothers. Her lunch was

comprised of a sandwich that cost a Russian labourers weekly wage. She nibbled

it and thought over the day's events.

The thoughts still filled her head as she strolled leisurely back through the

main entrance of the MI5 building. She turned the corner to the security

checkpoint and jerked back to reality as she nearly walked straight into the

heavily bearded guard. She blanched and made to turn but his partner had

silently come up behind her and seized her by the upper arms. 'I am sorry Agent

Richards,' said Roger, 'but you will have to come with us. Now'.

Every nerve in her body screamed at her to run as she was frog-marched into the room with the yellow dots that had been the scene of her earlier ordeal. 'Agent Richards,' the guard addressed her. 'We have reason to believe that your

triggering the alarm earlier, may have been the result of a bug planted

somewhere on your person. Remove your clothes please'.

Roger and James had been watching the video they'd recorded of their earlier

attempt to molest 'Jenny' and they'd both been struck by the transformation in

their victim when Roger had shouted 'Obey the order'.

Svetlana realised they meant business and she couldn't see a way out without

making a fuss and drawing attention to herself. She'd have to co-operate with

them for now. She began slowly removing her dress slipping the straps from her

silky shoulders. The straps of her bra went with her dress, teasing the two men,

as she realized that keeping their attention was her only hope. She swayed her

hips a little, to accentuate the teasing, the tops of her breasts in full view,

just inches above her nipples, she stopped sliding off her bra and dress, and

kicked off her shoes instead. Her breasts both sprang free simultaneously, as

her dress dipped just a little lower, her hard nipples bouncing up and down,

drawing James and Roger's eyes like beacons. Reaching behind her back, and

leaning forward, she unclasped her bra, which fell to the ground, no longer

supported by her heavy breasts.

Svetlana smiled as she noticed the two bulges in the guards' uniforms, and

giggled. I think someone is enjoying his job too much'. She looked back and

forth at the two guards, who grinned wickedly. 'I'm afraid we are still going

to have to search you Agent Richards' James replied, with Roger adding, "The

panties as well." Svetlana winked at the two guards, and turned around, bent at

the hips, she reached down to the waistband of her panties, and pushed them down to her ankles. She remained that way for a moment, gazing at the two men from between her thighs. Every inch of her tender flesh exposed to their lustful eyes. Even the moist pink slit, and the rosy bud of her anus were clearly

visible.

She hoped the display would be good enough for them but she was dismayed when they started to strip themselves. 'Now look. This has gone far enough. I'm

leaving'. 'Agent Richards remain bending over, OBEY THE ORDER'. Svetlana's body locked rigid as the psychological imperative took command of her mind.

Both guards forgot themselves as they approached her, one moving behind her, one around front. Neither could get out of his uniform fast enough, as they held

Svetlana in her bent over position. Her mouth opened into a perfect "O" as one

erect cock was shoved between her hungry lips, and her hairless pussy was

already soaked for the cock that was slammed into her from behind, to the hilt.

Both guards thrusted mindlessly into her. Soon they established a rhythm as they pounded into the fabulous body of the blonde woman, who is unaccustomed to this sort of treatment. She did her best with the cock in her mouth. She had been trained extensively in the arts of seduction and one of her trainers had made her suck him off every day for a week before he declared her technique adequate.

Luckily both fake guards were incredibly excited by their own ploy. Roger's cock

was been sucked to death as Svetlana worked her lips and tongue around him.

James was in heaven as he smoothly slid in and out of her cunt. A couple of

minute's pistoning and all three of them erupted into climax.

Unfortunately, neither guard, nor Svetlana heard the supervisor, who was busily

searching for the two armourers who should have been at their post already.

'What the bloody hells going on here?' she shouted indignantly. James and Roger jumped and saluted their superior with their arms and their still erect cocks.

You two, get dressed and go to my office. I'll deal with you presently' she

ordered sneaking a look at their members.

Svetlana meanwhile had grabbed her dress and was clasping it, covering her

flushed body. 'Get dressed girl. I'll be informing your superior, Agent

Richards isn't it?' She nodded and started to dress in front of the openly

leering supervisor.

Chapter 5.

Antonio Cuaveras had been born twenty-five years earlier in a shantytown on the outskirts of Havana, Cuba. His, never seen, father had been killed almost at

the moment he'd been born while serving in the Cuban military. This had such a

powerful psychological effect on his mother that she determined to never let

Antonio enter the Armed Services. Unfortunately military service is compulsory

for males in Cuba so she took the obvious, to her, course and revealed to her

family and the neighbours that she had given birth to a baby girl before

disappearing into an even poorer part of Havana. Antonio grew up female. All his

clothes were dresses. His mother kept him away from school and taught him what little he knew herself. Antonio grew up unable to read or write his only

entertainment was fighting the other children round about. He was constantly at

war with himself and the local neighbourhood children who teased the girl who

looked so masculine. Fortunately Antonio, now named Rosa, was big enough to beat the crap out of any of the locals including the boys. Sex never reared its head as none of them would look twice at the muscular six-footer she's grown into. The constant need to shave didn't help either. One look at the five o'clock

shadow and any boy soon lost interest.

Not surprisingly, Antonio's confused upbringing caused him to develop a

schizophrenic personality. The dominant personality was Rosa who occupied his

mind for ninety-nine percent of the time. The real trouble started though, when

the Antonio personality forced it's way to the surface. Rosa became less and

less able to control him and soon local cats and dogs started turning up

mutilated, then some pigs. The first raped and murdered woman followed not long after. It rapidly became obvious to the Cuban police that they had a serial

rapist/murderer on their hands but Rosa's native cunning and the fact they were

looking for a man kept her at large for six months. Fourteen women fell victim

to Antonio before he made a fatal mistake and left his final victim for dead.

She survived and was able to give the police a description of a six-foot

muscular woman that could only fit Rosa.

Two weeks in the blackest hole in Havana men's prison followed by a quick trial

left Rosa on death row awaiting the hangman's noose. She was within hours of the sentence being carried out when her file crossed the desk of the local KGB

representative in the Cuban government. He read about her reign of terror and

mayhem but his interest was really pricked by the short psychological assessment that Rosa showed not the slightest sign of guilt or contrition. The KGB was always on the look out for a certain sort of person. Despite what the movies might say the ability to kill another person and feel no remorse or guilt was a rare quality. Even the best assassins eventually succumbed to the psychological pressure and crumbled under the guilt. Rosa showed a total disregard for any life but her own. Her only care was satisfying her urges. As far as the guilt went, it was Antonio who did the killing so she bore no responsibility and therefore felt no remorse.

Rosa was extracted from her prison cell to a clinic in Siberia and eventually

after much education and training released into the care of Colonel Vlad. Rosa's

proclivities and schizophrenia were kept under control with medication but

occasionally she was freed to 'play' with a target. Her successes allowed her

employers to tolerate her sexual practices. She released Antonio who killed on

order with no compunction and Rosa showed no sign of guilt or remorse.

The Antonio persona looked down at Jenny's bound trembling body. He was free of the restraint that had been placed on him. Now was his time to play, before his lusts sated, he would sink back into the depths of Rosa's mind to await his next victim. He knelt at her head and pressed down on her nose forcing her head back until her mouth gaped open. A quick thrust of his hips and the long black shaft slid between her lips. Jenny moaned as the cock penetrated her warm wet mouth.

Antonio softly stroked her exposed throat before he reached forward and gripped

a breast in each hand and, using them as hand holds, began slowly thrusting his

hips in and out. 'Mmmmm' moaned Jenny as her mouth was violated. His fingers

squeezed and mauled her tit flesh as he watched his huge black cock slide in and

out. Antonio closed his eyes and concentrated on the combined pleasure of the

feelings in his penis and the power he felt in having total control over his

victim.

Suddenly Antonio released her sore and throbbing tits and reached to grab her

legs. He drew them forward until Jenny was bent double and he trapped her bound ankles under his left armpit. He continued to piston in and out of her mouth while his right hand stroked up and down the backs of her thighs, fondling the tender soft white flesh. His fingers rubbed along her pussy still barely covered by her lacy panties until he seized them and with one heave ripped them from her body. His fingers returned to now massage her naked hairless pussy lips.

Jenny was becoming frantic. She was desperate to escape but no opportunity had presented itself yet. She'd been surreptitiously been working the ropes around her wrists but they were tied to well. Just then Antonio started to untie her ankles, then her knees. This was a start. Her legs were free but she couldn't

hope to overpower Rosa/Antonio from this undignified position. All she could do

was endure the disgusting molestation, the probing, fondling black hands, the

thrusting, now rock hard, black shaft, until a chance presented itself.

Antonio held an ankle in each hand and slowly began forcing her legs apart. With

his cock still rhythmically thrusting he watched her pussy lips gape wide open

until he could see the tender pink insides. She groaned, as her feet were forced

outward until they rested on opposite armrests. The tendons of her thighs

tightened as her legs were stretched out to point in opposite directions.

Antonio looked down at her fully open pussy, pink flesh and erect clitoris

obscenely displayed. Then striking like a snake he thrust his penis fully

forward and stabbed his extended tongue deep into the defenseless pussy while

keeping her legs pinned apart. Jenny moaned as best she could around the gagging cock as he plunged his long black tongue deep within her body and wriggled it about. She writhed and bucked as he struck again and again, penetrating as far as he could. The sexual stimulation, the bondage, the danger combined to force Jenny upward toward climax. Antonio licked her pussy long and hard his chin rasping over her clit. She was so close. Another few seconds and she would explode.

Yet again Antonio stopped suddenly, leaving Jenny gasping. He withdrew his

saliva-covered shaft from her mouth and pulled her legs round. He positioned her the right way up before forcing her legs wide again preparing her for the final violation. Fourteen women had been raped and murdered in Havana. He liked to time his orgasm for the exact moment his victims succumbed to his strangling hands around their throats. Jenny was in an erotic haze. She had been on the very edge of climax only to be denied again. She looked up at the huge black shaft as Antonio advanced on her. Just a couple of savage thrusts she thought and she'd be screaming in climax. Then a picture of the bloody corpse of Commander Holt entered her head and she snapped back to reality. Suki's marshal arts training and Jenny's desperation combined as Antonio stepped forward to meet Jenny's swinging right foot. Her foot thudded into his testicules and with a groan he collapsed to the floor clutching himself. Jenny rocked herself upright, leapt up and raced to the kitchen. A moments awkward fumbling in the knife draw and she extracted a sharp blade and cut the rope binding her wrists.

She ran back to the living room to see a moaning Antonio on his hands and knees.

A three yard run up and Jenny attempted to drop kick Antonio's already bruised

testicules into the next county. She's never been much good at football but a

healthy dose of anger seemed to give her all skill she needed. There was no

comical rolling of eyes or pathetic mulling moan. Antonio went out like a light.

The damage sufficient to ensure he never troubled a young woman again. Jenny

dressed upstairs before returning with the cloth cuffs and securing Antonio's

unconscious body. The phone lines had been cut and her mobile was nowhere to be found so in desperation she leapt into her car and raced away to MI5

headquarters.

Chapter 6.

At headquarters the real security guards were soon convinced that there was a

double when Jenny arrived and a search was instigated. The last order Colonel

Vlad had given Rostov was burnt into Jenny's mind. Using the lift, she raced

toward the top floor and Holts office.

On the top floor Rostov was emerging from an empty office when she sensed all

was not as it had been. Guards where searching further down the corridor. She

realised the game was up and her final order kicked in. Taking out a gun she had

stolen from Q's basement testing range, she headed away from the searchers and toward Holt's office. She had taken care of his secretary and was just entering unannounced when Jenny emerged from the lift and spotted her. The KGB agent, on seeing Holt seated behind his desk stepped inside and raised the gun, pointing it straight between his eyes. Commander Holt's eyes stared down the barrel at his own demise as her finger tightened on the trigger. Jenny slammed into her back knocking the gun out of her hand. Recovering quickly Rostov whirled round and wrestled Jenny to the floor of the office. Holt quickly seized the gun that had slid under his desk and stood pointing it at the maelstrom of blonde hair and long slender limbs writhing on his office carpet.

He was about to shout at the girls to freeze when it occurred to him that, as he

had the gun, the danger was past. Unfolding before him was one of his favourite

fantasies, Jenny in a catfight, with herself no less. He thought to himself

'Decisions, decisions, break up the fight or stand back and watch the dresses

riding up. The flashing tanned limbs, the white panties stretched across taut

buttocks as they strained against each other. Think I'll give it a couple of

hours thought'.

The women writhed about, clutching, grunting, hair pulling, each trying to

subdue the other. Neither was a natural fighter or a vicious personality so

there was no biting, scratching or eye gouging. It was more like a couple of

schoolgirls fighting than two secret agents. Rostov with presence of mind

realised that the plan had failed but there might be one slim chance for escape.

She began ripping at Jenny's dress. Snapping the shoulder straps, wrenching

apart the zipper and trying to rip it from Jenny's body. Jenny realised what was

happening and, unwittingly aiding Rostov's plan, returned the favour and began

tearing at her opponents dress. Soon both girls were down to their underwear.

Holt was having a great time. The girls seemed to be intent on stripping each

other. 'Perhaps another few minutes then' he thought. Suddenly Rostov wrestled

herself free and leapt up screaming at Holt. 'She's the one, she's the double,

shoot her, shoot her'. Her tone was so vehement that Holt raised the gun and

pointed it at the other Jenny.

Suki burst into the room. She was astonished on seeing two Jenny's and Holt just about to shoot one of them. 'Wait, Sir. Don't shoot, it may be the real one'.

Holt hesitated, looking from one Jenny to the other. They were identical now.

Both dressed in similar white lacy underwear. No one could tell which had been

wearing the light blue dress that would have identified the Russian agent. If

one of them hadn't shouted at him he wouldn't have been able to tell them apart.

He turned the gun and tried to cover both Jenny's. After a few seconds Suki said

'Sir, I may be able to help identify the real one'. She approached Holt and

whispered in his ear. He nodded and said 'OK agent Namura, carry on'. 'You two

stand here in front of the desk'. He motioned with the gun, keeping both

covered, until they stood six feet in front of the desk and about six feet

apart.

Suki and Holt regarded the two agents. Both were tall, blonde, athletic and

nearly naked. Both wore the flimsiest of bras and panties a nothing else. Much

to Holts delight both were still breathing hard after their exertions making

their huge chests that were barely contained in tiny lace bras heave up and

down. 'Name and number' ordered Suki pointing at Jenny number one. 'Agent Jenny Richards, 382436' snapped the blonde on the left. 'Now you'. 'Agent Jenny

Richards 382436' said the other. 'Well they both sound the same' said Suki.

'Test number two. She approached Jenny number one and taking her face in her

hands kissed her deeply. The kiss went on and on becoming more and more ardent until Suki broke off leaving Jenny number one gasping. Jenny number two watched as Suki approached her knowing what was coming. She puckered up as Suki grasped her and kissed her just as she had her twin.

A minute later Suki released Jenny two and stepped back. She knew without doubt who the real Jenny was. One had been timid and shy at first and only returned her kiss after she could no longer contain herself. The other was ardent from the start and was the obvious fake. Suki turned to Holt and was on the verge of telling him her findings when a wicked little thought entered her head.

'Er..Still not sure Sir. Need to go on to test number three'. 'Carry on Agent

Namura' said Holt now more then intrigued at the turn of events.

Suki moved behind Jenny number one and began stroking her shoulders and arms before suddenly unsnapping her bra. Jenny one's arms flew to grab her bra before it fell off. 'Arms down' ordered Holt pointing the gun meaningfully. Slowly

Jenny one lowered her arms and a smiling Suki drew the shoulder straps down her arms and threw the bra to the floor. Holt gazed longingly at his first ever

sight of Jenny's naked breasts. Large pink areolas and proud nipples tipped the

magnificent spheres. Suki reached round and gently cupped and lifted the twin

marvels. She caressed and squeezed both breasts until Jenny one started to

fidget as the feelings of arousal were fired up within her. She gasped as Suki

tweaked her already erect nipples, then gasped even more as she pinched and

pulled on them.

Suki released the tender flesh and turned toward Jenny two who was watching

intently. She stoically ensured Suki's hands molesting her body. Endured the

caressing, fondling and the final painful pinch. Holt watched mesmerized as Suki

did all the things he had dreamt about doing to those massive mammaries of agent Jenny Richards, twice. 'Well they both feel the same' said Suki smiling broadly. 'Only the last test to go'.

Jenny one watched apprehensively as Suki returned to stand in front of her,

smiling sweetly. She placed her thumbs in the sides of the agent's one remaining garment. The girl realising that she was about to lose her last item of

protection reached to grab her panties. Suki looked at her sternly until with a

resigned sigh she let go. After hesitating to build the tension, Suki slowly

drew the panties down to the ground. Jenny one blushed and closed her eyes at

being exposed in front of Commander Holt who had nearly fallen off the edge of

his desk where he'd perched himself. Suki knelt and studied the hairless pussy

before her eyes. She tapped Jenny's ankles until she'd spread her feet about

eighteen inches apart and then reached round and grabbed a butt cheek in each

hand. Suki spent a few seconds squeezing and fondling the soft plump cheeks

before leaning forward and wriggling her tongue between the naked pussy lips.

Jenny one grabbed the silky black haired head buried between her thighs but it

did no good as Suki began timing her moves, rhythmically pulling the hips

forward as she stabbed with her tongue, forcing herself deeper and deeper. The

pussy quickly became moist as Suki used all her skills to arouse the agent. By

the time she released her Jenny one could hardly stand. She was red cheeked and gasping and nearly orgasmed on the spot as Suki's rasping sandpaper tongue was finally dragged back right across her clitoris.

Suki looked up at her and licked her shiny juice covered lips. Holt was having

difficulty hiding the bulge in his trousers by this time as Suki moved in front

of Jenny two. She was wide-eyed and trembling at the prospect of Suki's

impending assault. She trembled even more as her panties were lowered and she felt Suki's hot breath on her exposed flesh. The hands seized her butt and

dragged her forward onto the advancing extended tongue. Suki attacked with even greater vigour until Jenny two was groaning out loud. Suki penetrated as deeply as she could, thrusting and probing in and out, before sucking her clit between her lips.

Jenny two moaned out loud. Suki sucked harder and harder on her clit until she

forced her over the edge into a bucking, muscle locking, climax. She would have

collapsed if Suki hadn't supported her. Holt showed his surprise when Suki

turned and indicated the sweating; gasping girl in her arms was the fake. Holt

adjusted his trousers, stood, and took the naked Russian agent by the arm.

Svetlana looked up at him pleadingly. 'Please. Keep them away from me; give me a nice quiet prison cell. I've only been here five hours and I can't take anymore.

I've never cum so much in my life, I'm so tired'. She turned to look at the real

Jenny. 'How do you stand it. They never leave you alone. I've been molested non-stop'.

Jenny was shocked. She was of the opposite opinion. The final orgasm that Suki

had forced from Svetlana had been her fifth of the day while the real Jenny

hadn't reached climax for over three weeks. During the day she had been brought to the edge of release three times, twice by Rosa and just now by Suki, only to be left high and dry.

Suki quietly locked the door behind Holt and moved over to the trembling body of Jenny who was looking at the remnants of her dress, ripped to shreds and spread over the floor, her underwear also discarded. How did you know who the fake was?

Asked Jenny quietly. Suki embraced her naked body pressing their chests together until Jenny's breasts bulged upward. She whispered in her ear. 'Well she looked like you, she sounded like you, she felt like you, but her pussy didn't taste nearly as sweet as yours'. Jenny blushed and Suki stuck her wet little tongue in her ear until she pulled her head away from the tickling. Suki maneuvered her gradually backward until the back of her thighs bumped into the edge of Holt's desk. 'I saved your bacon again didn't I?' said Suki kissing Jenny on the lips.

'Suki!' exclaimed Jenny. 'Make love to me' said Suki. 'No. Stop it, Suki'.

Another kiss, deeper this time and Suki could feel Jenny's resolve weakening.

'Make love to me'. 'Please don't' pleaded Jenny feeling her arousal growing once

more. Suki kissed her more tenderly still, then more ardently, her hands gently

stroking up and down Jenny's back. She began lowering her down on to the

desktop. 'Obey the order' said Suki softly as Jenny finally gave in to the

inevitable and surrendered herself to Suki's skilful lips, wicked tongue and

stroking hands.

The end

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**WORKING LATE, or One Possible Explanation**

Jenny leaned back in her chair and stretched extravagantly. The tiny buttons of her blouse screamed in protest and fought valiantly to hold the thin silk together over her lush breasts. Her work was finished and she still had time to meet John for their night out. The outfit he had given her was short, low-cut and tight and Jenny blushed at the thought of appearing in public wearing it. It would be awful to be seen like that but the sex afterwards would be so good she didn’t have the willpower to say, “No”.

Jenny stood and laid the new clothes out on her desk. Her office had enormous windows into the corridor, which usually attracted the office men (and some of the more ambivalent women) like moths to the flame but with the staff all gone she could safely change in her office. The distracted blond had forgotten about the CCTV but Security was unlikely to complain. She quickly kicked out of her conservative 4-1/2 inch heels.

Still nervous despite her illusory privacy, she fumbled a little unzipping her pinstriped skirt but after a brief struggle was wiggling it over her full hips. The open lace of her knickers enhanced rather than hid the curves of her luscious cheeks and her other cheeks turned reflexively pink at the unveiling. Jenny plucked open the buttons of her shirt and shrugged it off her shoulders. It landed on the pile of discarded clothes with a silky whisper.

 Standing in the middle of her office dressed only in her undies, Jenny hesitated. Her arms twisted up between her shoulder blades and her fingers gripped the bra clasp irresolutely. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled and her heart thudded loud and fast in the after hours quiet. All the feelings of her many public embarrassments flooded from her memory and she broke out in a cold sweat. Then as suddenly as it arrived her panic subsided. Jenny drew a deep, chest lifting breath and gave a shaky laugh. She slipped out of the dainty bra and tossed it aside almost gaily.

 The shrill ring of the phone caught Jenny completely by surprise. Her leftover

adrenaline lifted her in the air and her long legs tried to dash several directions at once while her hands flew to cover her bouncing breasts. Her startled shriek rattled around the empty offices. The second ring froze her place like a deer in the headlights then with a disgusted roll of her eyes she picked up the handset.

 “Hello?”

 “Ah, Jenny. I’m glad I caught you.,” said her boss.

 Jenny was momentarily distracted by the pleasant fantasy of her attractive boss “catching” her in her present state but managed to respond in a somewhat coherent manner to his questions about her project.

 “That’s very good work, Jenny but the pressing reason I called is to have you accept an urgent delivery this evening. We must have it for an early meeting tomorrow. Please, sign for it and leave it on my desk.” He ordered politely.

 “But, sir, I was just leaving”, she objected.

 “Not to worry. It should be arriving shortly and then you may go. Thanks!” and he broke the connection without waiting for a reply. Sure enough as she replace the receiver the front door buzzer peeled. Jenny knew the regular messenger was both stupid and impatient and wouldn’t wait long for an answer. She definitely didn’t have time to get fully dressed, again. With a muttered curse, she slipped on her shoes and snatched up her blouse. Click clacking down the hall she fought her tangled shirt back on and buttoned up far enough to pass muster. Although she was showing a lot of cleavage it would have to do.

 Jenny opened the door and popped her head and shoulder around the edge. The messenger seemed taken aback at her sudden appearance but managed to sputter out, “Package for Mr. Bigger”. Generally, he just tossed the deliveries and dashed off to his next stop but tonight he was drawing the exchange out to the maximum. At first, he stared at the unrestrained jiggle of her breast and she blushed hotly when she realized her nipple was clearly visible through the thin material. Then he raised his gaze and looked politely past her right shoulder. Jenny smiled gratefully at him as she accepted the envelope and his clipboard. As usual, the naïve blond was misinterpreting the situation.

While he was averting his gaze from her chest, he was getting an eyeful of her scantily clad ass in the mirrored foyer wall behind her. It was possibly the best he had ever seen in life or in extensive cruising of the Web. Also, he was pleased to observe those legs did indeed go all the way up. When she dropped the pen and bent to retrieve it he felt his breath catch in his throat. Happily unaware of her exposure, Jenny passed back the pen and clipboard without understanding why his hands were shaking and his eyes were glazed over. “You look as if you may be coming down with something. You should go straight home and climb into bed,” she suggested sympathetically. With a last sweet smile she swung the door shut.

 Jenny almost ran down the hall with all her best bits jingling merrily but when she got to her boss’ office she found that the door locked. “Darn automatic locks” she muttered to herself as she set the package on his secretary’s desk and then headed back to her own office. Back at her own office she tried the doorknob without result. Despite the early warning and her own history, Jenny was honestly surprise that she’d locked herself out yet again. Pressing her face to the glass she could see her employee ID/keycard taunting her from the desk. The ironic achievement of having separated herself from her daywear,

club clothes and the emergency set in her bottom drawer was lost on the flummoxed blond. After kicking the door hard didn’t work she looked about for another possible solution.

 Jenny looked at the open transom light above her door speculatively. She’d probably break her neck if she tried to climb all the way in but maybe she could reach through and lift the latch from the inside. Gauging the distance from the top of the door to handle, she realized her arm wouldn’t quite reach. She needed a short stick or loop of rope to make to last few inches. Hopefully, she looked around but the bare hall offered nothing helpful.

With a sigh for the unfairness of it all, Jenny shrugged her shoulders and peeled out of her knickers. There was no time to waste. The clock was ticking and soon the cleaning staff would be arriving.

 Jen kicked off her shoes a started climbing. The door didn’t offer many secure

footholds. After clambering on the handle she grabbed the transom and pressed a bare foot to each side of the frame. An inch at a time she wriggled into the narrow opening. It took tremendous effort but finally she was balanced precariously on the top of the door.

With her legs spread wide for stability, Jenny carefully reached for the latch. Her bare breasts and left hand pressed on the cold glass as she tried to tease the waistband of her panties over the just out of reach hardware. Unfortunately, Jenny’s plan ran afoul of her top-heavy nature. Leaning in a bit farther, she suddenly felt herself falling. With arms flailing and legs kicking wildly she fought to regain her equilibrium but when she overcorrected the other direction gravity grabbed her by the ass and yanked her back into

the hall.

 “ Ow, ow, ow”, complained the luckless Jen as she rubbed her bum and head in equal measure. Naturally, she had dropped her knickers on the wrong side of the barrier and when her eyes swam back in focus she saw the transom had slammed shut behind her.

That she assumed was related to the rapidly growing lump on the back of her skull. “Plan B. Whatever that is” she thought but at that moment she heard the elevator arrive. With reflexes honed by long practice Jenny dived for the cover.

 The cleaning crew trooped off the lift and unlocked the first office. Jenny bit her lip and considered her options. For now one branch of the T-shaped corridor concealed her but as soon as they reached the intersection she would be completely exposed. The story would be all over the building before mid day tomorrow. She liked her job and didn’t want to give it up due to another public humiliation. Cautiously, the trapped woman peeped round the corner and while watching them advance up the hall she got an idea. All of the wastebaskets were being emptied into a giant rolling bin which because of its size it was left in the hall as they tidied each office. If she moved quickly then she could jump

inside, burrow under the rubbish and ride it to someplace where she could sneak a phone call to John or Ashley. It was an icky plan but the only option that presented itself.

 Jenny waited for her moment and when it came exploded out of the blocks like an Olympic sprinter. Falling into the pile of mostly paper, she quickly dug her way into hiding. She held deathly still as the cleaners added an additional layer to her cover. All she could do now was stay quiet and wait for them to finish their round.

 Despite the initial success of her plan, Jenny was less than happy with her situation.

The sharp edges of the papers either gnawed at her soft flesh or tickled in some extremely sensitive areas. The smell of somebody’s discarded Chinese lunch was making her stomach churn but worst of all there was a potent chemical odor, which was making her head swim. Her last fuzzy though was “Take shallow breathes, Jenny”.

 Jenny stood near the center of the bullfighting ring with her hands tied behind her back.

Her only clothing was a short tartan kilt. The sun was hot and the stands were packed with screaming fans chanting, “El Banana! El Banana!” and waving their Chiquitas in the air. All around her the ground was littered with discarded peels. In front of her was Mr. Bigger dressed as a matador complete with a cape but oddly, no shirt. Instead of a sword he carried a headmaster’s cane. Poor Jenny’s only weapons were the diamond hard tips of her rigid nipples. Mounted picadors circled the antagonists with their long lances pointed to the sky.

 “Come on, Jenny! Let’s give them a show”, Bigger urged then flipped his cape at her mockingly. Jenny thrust her chest at him and charged. He twisted easily out of her path with a swirl of his cape. Her feet pounded the dusty ground as she thundered past and she gave a bark of pain when his cane slashed across her bum. “Bigger is better”, he shouted as she turned for another pass. The crowd echoed him. His pants said, “Prepare to meet your fate, girl”.

 Jenny stopped short and complained, “Please, Mr. Bigger. Instruct your pants to be more respectful. I am a woman, not a girl!”

 “Don’t be absurd.” he explained “Pants don’t talk. That was my penis.” Her opponent then ripped open his trousers releasing his tool as proof. It stared at her with black reptilian eyes and whistled wolfishly. Horrified, Jenny made a desperate attack that nearly succeeded. It came so close one nipple tore a long ragged gap in Bigger’s jacket as he backpedaled frantically. Staggering off-balance he didn’t even attempt to use his cane but Jenny had a new problem. When she pressed her advantage the talking member brushed along her hip. Its velvety skin sent a jolt of erotic energy through her body so powerful that it rolled her eyes back in her head. She wobbled away on buckling knees as

she tried to regain her composure.

 Jenny never came closer to winning than that. Bigger easily thwarted each of her subsequent efforts with a swirl of his cape and a cut of his stick. When she did manage to dodge that she often brushed against his other “weapon” to the detriment of her concentration. Jenny’s head spun from the seesaw effects of pain and pleasure. Worse, with every pass the cock grew thicker and longer until the panting woman wondered how the matador could maintain his balance. The crowd, which had been roaring, was nearly silent as the action paused. Her chest heaved as she tried to suck in enough oxygen for one last exertion.

 Slippery with sweat, Jenny had freed her hands without her tormentor noticing. She knew if she could grab the penis by the ears and “bulldog” it that she could still win.

Carefully, she circled and gained a few steps toward her wary antagonist. With every ounce of her remaining strength she leapt toward her target. “Wait” she thought “they don’t have ears!” But it was too late.

 When she hesitated the billowing red cape dropped over her head. Like something living it tightened its grip on her voluptuous torso as she fought to throw it off. Soon her arms were pinned at her sides and it was squeezing the breath from her lungs. Staggering blindly, Jenny’s foot came down on one of the banana peels. The audience roared with laughter as her legs shot in the air and she landed chest first on the hard arena surface.

Winded but game Jenny tried without success to scrabble to her feet. The impact had driven her hard nipples deeply into the ground. She was hopelessly stuck.

 Bigger and his anatomy were arguing as they approached her. “But she’s been such a good sport and it will make for awkwardness at the office” her boss objected “Shad’dup, Willy! It’s too late to stop and besides everyone gets it in the end. Anyway, you don’t hear her complaining, do you?” it rationalized. When Jenny opened her mouth to speak a wad of cape forced its way inside and all she could manage was a faint grunt.

“All right, boys. Get her ready.”

 The picadors flipped her skirt above her waist and gripped her legs. Their sweaty callused hands forced them apart despite her strenuous resistance. Someone grabbed her ass and roughly spread the cheeks.

 “Raise it!” the penis ordered.

 Jenny was positioned on her knees with her rump pointed in the air.

 “Higher” it demanded.

 Jenny was extremely uncomfortable with her feet pointed to the sky and her face and breasts pressed to the ground.

 “More” it insisted.

 Jenny felt her nipples pulling free as the men hoisted her higher. She tried to warn them but they ignored the frantic moans leaking around her gag. A tremendous geyser shot from the ground and lifted the whole group in the air. Jenny and the cape separated when

they splashed back down. It flapped away like a giant red manta and she found herself floundering in a rapidly expanding lake of slippery pink goo. The picadors and horses were swimming away for all they were worth. Jenny started to follow suit when she saw Bigger’s trouser anaconda undulating in her direction while dragging its screaming “master” behind. The geyser burped to an end as the rising tide washed over the stands.

From somewhere under the lake came a deep ominous rumble and slowly, at first but with quickly increasing velocity, the liquid started to swirl around the ring. A gaping maw appeared at the center of the vortex as everything was swept irresistibly inward.

The sound of falling water filled Jenny’s ears as she plunged into space.

 It was pitch black and something was jabbing her sharply. Her head felt like it splitting and the nearby sound of rain drumming on a hard surface wasn’t helping. The familiar disgusting smell of her trash chariot told her where she was. Jenny slowly extended her arms. In the deserted service dock the heavy lid of the dumpster lifted. The disoriented blond poked her head above the lip of the container. Vague images of Spain added to her confusion. When she moved to climb out she discovered she had retained her grip on her shoes and in her other hand was clutched the item that had prodded her awake, an old but functional umbrella. Jenny put on her shoes and shimmied from her grubby refuge. Sheltering under her windfall, she sighed for small blessings.

 Jenny scanned the area anxiously but she was quite alone. Standing semi-naked in the pouring rain she was at a loss. Each of her plans so far had only moved her further from her clothes and safety. One more “plan” might end with her deported or taken by white slavers. Any policeman was liable to take her for a drunk and arrest her. In the after hours business district casual passers-by weren’t likely to help. Take advantage of her distress, yes. Help, no. “Where the hell was John?” she fretted.

 A dark vehicle swerved into the alley and caught Jenny in the cone of its headlights.

Still feeling the effects of the chemical fumes, penniless and dressed in less than the bare minimum of clothing, she had little choice but to stand her ground. The mystery vehicle rolled to a stop uncomfortably near. She could hear the slap of the wipers as she tried to peer past the glare. Fully expecting a minivan bulging with Scouts or Ashley dressed in the latest dominatrix gear, the sound of her husband’s voice was a welcome shock. “Why can’t we just have a nice evening out” he asked in mock exasperation but she knew the recitation of her story would excite him more than any romantic date. “At least, he would be excited once he stopped laughing” Jenny thought as she dashed for the shelter of the

car and the warmth of home.

The summer fete that had been planned since mid January was going well. The Vicar had press-ganged everyone in town into doing something for this event. Old ladies had been bullied into making tons of strawberry jam and the tables groaned with the wieght of cakes they'd made. Jenny too had been encouraged to take an active part in the event, but was at a loss for what to actually do for it. Her for losing her clothes in 20 seconds flat wasn't something you shouted about. Fortunetely Ashley had come up with a great suggestion... Great for Ashley, but perhaps not so for the shy Jenny.

"Why don't we set up a kisses for a Doller stall, we get to kiss gorgeous men all day long and they'll even pay US!"

"Us? You mean contribute to the resoration of the steeple fund." Jenny corrected her.

"Well, yeah that too." Ashley replied with her fingers crossed behind her back. Skimming off some of the profits from selling kisses would help pay for that latest hi tech camera phone she was after.

So on a hot sunny saturday, under a shaded stall Jenny, wearing a big white wide brimmed hat, frilly lace gloves and dressed in a white knee length dress with red polka dots, all finished off with red shoes. Ashley, meantime, wore a leather basque top, leather miniskrt, black stockings and black patent leather high heels (subtle she ain't!)

It started off quite well until Ashley got a major pout on (pun intended) because a certain ruggedly handsome biker paid Jenny $20 and gave her such a kiss it left her weak kneed and close to swooning (sorry, couldn't resist a cameo role for myself there and what a role it was! Yowzah!)

The morning progressd with Jenny and Ashley level pegging on the sale of kisses. They felt as long as their lipstick held out they were going to make a serious amount of cash. Several men came up to the stal with frosty looking wives in tow who dragged them away soon after the quick peck on the cheek was exchanged, however some men came back for more lingering smooch, without thier wives.

By 11am Ashley began cheating by offering a grope for a fiver, that grope being of Jennys shapely behind, much to Jennys surprise! Jenny soon put a stop to that so Ashley resorted to offering a hand up her miniskrit for 15 seconds for $20. The $100 she sold her knickers for somehow didn't quite make it into the collection tin.

At around lunchtime Jennys nerves were jolted by the late arrival of a scout troop setting up a tombola stall nearby. They were late due to a hold up on the road to the village (A good haul, including some classy jewelery which "Billy the fence" in the city could shift for them with only a 15% cut for himself. Being an ex scout himself he wouldn't rip them off)

Sooon business was booming for the scouts stall they acomplished this by dragging people to it with implied threats of physical violence if they didn't. One particularly cute little boy aged around 6 with nothing to do at their stall hesitantly wandered over the Jenny and Ashley's stall.

Craning his neck up to the blonde above him."Excuse me Ma'am." he said hesitantly to Jenny, "Can I have a, a, a kiss please."

Jenny looked down and saw the big eyed boy clutching an empty jam jar to his chest and sporting only one merit patch on his sleeve (for frog catching) her heart melted. "Sure little fella, what's your name then?"

"Damian." (insert Oh Fortuna from Carmina Burana music... OK it's the music they played on the Old Spice advert years ago. Remember it?)

Digging into his pocket for his money "How much will it cost me please?" said the cute little lad (You're weakening aren't you?)

Jenny replied "That'll be $1."

The big eyes brimmed with tears as he dipped into his pocket and offered only 37cents. "It's all I got." whimpered the little boy his chin starting to quiver. (Don't be fooled folks this is a scout don't forget, the most deceiving, malicious little creature on this planet. To put it into context. Hitler was a scout)

Jenny saw the distress this little angel was in and held out the collection tin for him to drop his money into. Then she gently took the boys ears in her lace gloves hands. The little boy looked up, puckered up and waited.

Jenny tipped his head dwon and planted a gentle kiss on the top of his head. (Picture that scene with Snow white and Dopey and you can see where I ripped it... er borrowed that idea from)

Sheer rage engulfed the little boy as the kiss landed. His hopes of getting his french kiss merit badge were dashed, instead this blonde bimbo was kissing him like, like... his Granny!! (god bless her senile old soul) However in front of his eyes was presented the perfect opportunity for a suitable revenge for this humilation.

Holding the jam jar near to Jenny's swooping neckline he tapped the bottom of the jar and out dropped Maggot his pet frog which hopped into the darkend cavity between Jenny ample breasts. At the first touch of this cold slimy amphibian against Jenny skin she dropped her hands from Damians (insert music again) and stood up frozen to the spot. Then Maggot moved, caught now in the bodice of Jenny's dress. With a shreik and a whoop Jenny vaulted the low wall of the stool and took off running, her arms flaying above her head and screaming "Get it out, get it out!" over and over.

Ashley broke from her clinch with a paying customer and turned to watch Jenny heading off towards the church hall. "Hmmm looks like I have to go help my friend. I'll be right back... ummm Claire isn't it? Or was it Karen? I'm sorry, I've forgotten which is who." The two brunettes with thier arms around each looked at Ashley and said "Don't be too long. We'll be waiting right here, Honey."

With that Ashley headed off after Jenny following the trail of chaos her passage had caused. Old lady Johnson was wiping the custard tart from her face and her husband was trying desperatly the contain the laughter threatening to burst forth from his hand covered mouth.

Father Abrahams sat in shock at the catch a duck stall hishands holding several small red buttons. The passing Jenny had been in the process of ripping open her bodice at the time.

On the bench beside the cake stall Mr Gladstone had had a stroke, while his friend Mr Kitchener wasn't able to reach the passing Jenny. (Ok it's an old joke but I just HAD to include it) Mr Gladstone would dine on the fact he was able to stroke the rushing Jenny's thigh for weeks.

Following the trail of buttons Ashley came across the gasping Jenny behind the church hall. The Frog, now freed from its warm dark place, was disappearing into the hedgerow behind her. Ashley asked what was wrong. Jenny explained what had happened while trying to gather together the top of her dress now. Her sheer white bra did little to cover the fullness of her ample bosom and the tight bodice top seemed to only accentuate rather than disguise the wonderful breasts. Clutching her top together Jenny said to Ashley that she was going home.

"Wait. You can't do that! The church steeple fund needs your support. People are depending on you." Ashley knew that emotional blackmail worked best on Jenny at times like this, she'd seen her go through all sorts of traumatic experiences simply because she wouldn't risk offending people by runing out.

Jenny stood with her dress held together by her gloved hands, her breasts heaving from her excersions while her resolve to leave crumbled as Ashley watched her. "OK I'll do it, but I'm going to give those horrid scouts a piece of my mind. Once and for all!" Jenny stamped an emphatic foot which almost tumbled her tits right out of her dress.

A determined Jenny strode back to the stalls on the village green, Ashley sauntered behind lost in the reverie of kissing Claire, or was it Karen?

At the scouts stall Jenny anger was high enough for her to forget her usual timidness. "Who's in charge here?" barked Jenny. A giant rose up from behind one of the tombolas and towered over Jenny. "Ulp, Who are y, you?"

The giant replied "Hugh Mungus. Pleased to meet you." he held out his hand to shake Jenny responded and was only one sheer bra covered breast fell out of the bodice back into the dress as she shook his hand.

"Jenny. Pleased to meet you t..." Remembering what she actually came here to do she mentally shook herself started again "Well Mr Mungus I...."

"Just one moment please Miss. Damian (insert that music) c'mere a moment will you laddie. Is this the lady who took you pet frog?"

"Yes." was the small boys timid reply.

(Hiya. Biker here again. You're softening again aren't you? You're imagining a doe eyed little boy who's lost his pet. Well here's another little factoid for you to remember what we're dealing with here. Heard the phrase; "Dib dib dib" course you have, but do you know what it means? Nope? Well it means "No mercy!" Ever wondered what "Ging gang gooley gooley wotcha ging gnag goo" means? You don't!? I'm shocked. It's actually ancient cimmerian for: "Crush your enemies, see the driven before and hear the lamentations of thier women." Kinda puts a boyscout into a whole new light doesn't it? Well don't be deceived, these things will show no mercy if you wander into thier woods, Little Red riding Hood was sold into the white slave trade after they nabbed her)

OK back to the story. Jenny is at the scouts stall and replied:

"Took? TOOK?! What do you mean took! tha', that.. Boy dropped his horrid toad down my dress!"

Hugh Mungus took the little boy under his arm and comforted him (try to imagine horns on the kid heads if it helps) "Are you suggesting that Damian lied? Or that he did it deliberatly?"

Jenny's resolve was shattered as Damian's tear streaked little face peeped out from behind Hugh Mungus's hip.

(OK I give up! Think what you like just don't come crying to me when you're trussed up ready for the bar-b-que. They're cannibals too you know)

Jenny could see she wasn't going to get any justice and with her confidence shattered she apologised and headed back to join Ashley at the kissing stall. Hugh Mungus watched her depart, patted the boy shoulder and said "Go and round up the troops Damian."

Oddly enough Ashley now began to lose customers to Jenny at the kissing stall, whether this had anything to do with Jenny's bodice constantly falling open and her gorgeous mammeries falling out every 5 seconds is open to conjecture but suffice to say Ashley was beginning to get mad. Mad enough to cheat again. With a glance at the scout stall and the gathering of the hoard a spiteful thought popped into her head. Breaking from her passionate clinch with Karen Ashley leaned over to Jenny and said; "Watch your back Darlin' those scouts are beginning to muster."

Jenny looked over towards the bunched scouts. As she watched Damian was handing out huge water pistols and he was looking menacingly towards Jenny, matter of fact they were ALL look menacingly towards Jenny.

Water pistols and Jenny in a white dress didn't mix at all, especially with what Jenny was wearing underneath the dress. So as cassually as she could jenny began to walk away from the stalls. The scouts soon spotted this and gathered en mass to follow her. Ashley too broke from yet another clinch with Claire and headed off after the scouts.

By now Jenny was getting justa tad panicky. Her pace increase.. as much as she could in the heels that is. The scouts too increase their own pace and soon a semi trot was taken up by all with Jenny bouncing almost out of her bodice once more. (insert Benny Hill theme tune here)

"Hide. I must find someplace to hide." Jenny muttered to herself like a mantra. A phone booth presented intself but was idsgarded as impratical. Perhaps that barn? Nope full of Bulls and Jenny had heard enough stories about Bull and red clothing (See Debs comic story)

Finally a brick built shed presented intself and Jenny like a moth to a flame headed towards it, the scouts in hot persuit with Ashley bringing up the rear and waht a rear she has!!

The only window the the building was a small fanlight about 4 foot from the ground. Jenny got the window open and tried to climb inside headfirst. All was going well until her bra caught on the window catch. DISASTER! Jenny tried backing out only to find she couldn't reach the ground. Frantic now she tried going forward using her arms to pull herself in. "Oh my god!" she thought "What must I look like from outside!"

I'll leave you to imagine the rest of the story but if you're wondering what Jenny looks like stuff with her top half in the window, legs flaying about frantically then see below.

This story had been used in conjunction with a model I'd made using DAS, it's a self hardening clay and pretty easy to work with so long as you're patient. I'd added the "making of" pix too.

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**Biker Jenny and Camping with Scout Troop #666,**

“El Diablos”

 “Ohmigawd, ohmigawd, ohmigawd!” Jenny wailed but for once, it was a happy mantra.

John had her pinned to their air mattress with her ankles to her ears and was “doing” her with contagious enthusiasm. The pleasure was about to drive Jenny out of her mind as the pair got bouncy in the privacy of the tent. With John grunting above her neither were paying attention to the night sounds outside. The gurgle of the nearby stream, the scree of passing bats and the stealthy footsteps of prowling imps all went unheeded. Whispering voices faded in the distance as the eavesdroppers slipped away through the woods.

 Later, Jenny woke in the predawn dark and smiled with satisfaction. When John had shown her the dress he insisted she wear she had been dumbfounded. It wasn’t really a dress at all but a short, semi-transparent, lavender nighty even if it did come with belt and shoes. Then he’d told her their car was in the shop and they’d be driving to the campsite in a rented convertible. Every driver who could see into their very low-slung vehicle had gotten an eyeful of Jenny’s voluptuous body. Their drive had been a constant barrage hooting horns and obscene gestures. Between the embarrassment and John’s constant and knowledgeable petting she’d been a quivering mass of firm pink flesh on arrival. Jenny sighed at her husband’s oddity but she had to admit the sex had been phenomenal.

 The covers spilled from her naked breasts when she sat up and felt around for her discarded clothes. She wanted a trip to the Ladies and all her “real” clothes were locked in the boot. Since John was snoring his post-coital coma snore she had no choice but to slip back into her tarty outfit or go in her all together. Walking down the path the hair on the back of her neck prickled. Jenny was grateful for the cover of night but wished the wind in the trees didn’t sound so much like footsteps stalking her.

 Inside the facilities she flipped the light switch without result. After clicking up and down several times and getting the same non-result she resigned herself and plunged into the pitch-black room while trying not to think about the normal grubbiness of a campground restroom. Jenny hurried as best she could to finish and be back to her tent before the other campers were stirring. Standing at the sink she thought of her warm bed and waiting lover. The sudden crinkling of her nipples could be blamed on the damp morning chill but the tingle between her legs was all about John. She shook some water from her hands and reached for a towel. Outside the sky was fading from black to indigo and she needed to hurry.

 Whether it was the distraction of her erotic musings or just her normal cluelessness Jenny was caught completely off guard when pair of hands grabbed her knickers and whisked them down her legs. With an “eep” of surprise she tried to turn and face her attacker but with the panties around her ankles she only managed to trip herself. Jenny hit the floor hard and the air whooshed from her lungs. Almost as quickly as she fell a pack of small bodies landed on her back and legs and drove out her little remaining breath.

Their combined weight was more than enough to trap her in place as someone yanked the knickers free. Shrill war whoops echoed from the cinder block walls as the thieves dashed for the door. Jenny leapt (and jiggled) to her feet and took off in hot pursuit.

 The knickernappers had a good lead as they scurried off down a hedge-bordered path but Jenny was well used to running under adverse conditions. The rhythmic bounce of her magnificent breasts hardly slowed her pace and the cool air caressing her bare bum simply spurred her on. Even running in high heels was something she had long experience with so she was rapidly closing the gap when they disappeared around a bend.

 Jenny pelted round the corner and skidded to a halt. No one was in sight but her panties lay on the ground just visible in the dim light. “They must have thrown them away to make their escape” she thought and nearly picked them up before she noticed the loop of rope surrounding the knickers. Jenny stood back and nibbled the end of her finger in indecision. She desperately wanted them back but was wary of the obvious trap.

Cautiously she bent to examine the snare. Either she could try a quick snatch to retrieve her property or she could beat a hasty retreat. Inevitably, Jenny made the wrong choice

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 With a hiss like the noise of a well-swung whip a sapling sprang upright and Jenny’s lassoed wrist was pulled in the air. The hem of her short shift rose well above her hips as she teetered on her tiptoes and cursed herself for an idiot. The rustle of movement in the underbrush made her yank frantically on her bound arm but before she could slip free Jenny was surrounded by the hunting party. They watched her impassively while she unsuccessfully tried to tug her skirt down to a more modest level. None of them were taller than her shoulder but their silence was unnerving.

 “Er, Hello, boys. I’m sorry if I interrupted your merit badge test” she suggested tentatively.

 One of them scooped up her knickers and stuffed them in his pack.

 “If you need those for your…ah….scavenger hunt be my guest” she invited nervously.

 One of the tallest Scouts approached and spoke, “We are the Clan of the Great Beast, Yellowhair”

 “I see” replied Jenny when plainly she did not “Do you suppose you could cut me down now?”

 He took a grip on her hair and dragged her face down to his level. “No” he answered and then a succession of actions took place so rapidly Jenny’s only reactions were instinctive. Someone with exceptionally horny fingers gave her ass a massive pinch and when she opened her mouth to scream the leader jammed her mouth full of a wadded scarf. When her free hand went to cover her poor throbbing bum it was captured, roped and hauled up next to the other wrist. A tall pole furnished with long ropes was pressed against her spine. Meanwhile the spokesman whipped his own scarf behind her neck and tied her gag in place. Overhead two Scouts shimmied along a handy tree branch and fastened their captive’s wrists to the pole. Others at ground level took the trailing ropes and began to circle Maypole Jenny on nimble cloven hooves. The tightly wound lines crisscrossed her luscious form and welded her inescapably to the pole. When they were done the rope ends were tied in a neat wrap around her ankles. Jenny squirmed delightfully but ineffectively as the Scouts lowered her to the ground. With commendable teamwork they hoisted her on their shoulders and eased through a gap in the hedge.

 Jenny could see the bright morning sky through gaps in the forest canopy but in the woods it was still twilight dim. Mist filled the low areas and the birds were making more than enough racket to cover the noise of their passage and Jenny’s well muffled protests of the curious hands, which were using this opportunity to explore her semi-naked body.

Distracted by the groping and unable to watch their route from her awkward position she was surprised when they entered a cave and plunged underground. A kink in the passage soon shut off the light from the entrance and the band slowed to a shuffle as they felt their way along. At the slower pace, the hands had more time to grope her and Jenny had to suppress a moan as her traitorous body reacted to the ceaseless touching. Trapped in the dark she found it difficult to ignore the sensations flooding her body and her control was beginning to crumble when she noticed the tunnel getting lighter and sounds of activity ahead.

 The Scouts stopped teasing her as they left the tunnel and entered a domed chamber lit with a strange mix of primitive torches and gas lanterns. The hunters laid her belly down on a large flat stone and quickly stripped off her bindings along with her remaining clothes. If her arms and legs hadn’t been numb Jenny would have tried to run then but they expertly fastened her in place long before she could recover. Bent over the rock table with her legs spread and tied to the base and her arms bound to the opposite corners the naked prisoner could only watch nervously as events unfolded.

 The capture team approached a group of Scouts sitting around a central fire. They halted outside the circle and their leader declared “We have hunted”

 “You are mighty hunters” the tallest of the seated Scouts replied. Despite her precarious situation Jenny rolled her eyes at the corny dialogue.

 “There is the screaming Yellowhair.” He said with a gesture and Jenny blushed to the roots of her hair when she realized how noisy she’d been in the tent.

 “She will be pleasing to the Great Beast. Join the circle”

 As the Scouts arranged themselves around the fire the “elder” stood and started speaking as a drummer beat a slow rhythm. “We are the Clan of the Great Beast. He brings us strength”

 “Strength, strength” the assembly chanted.

 “We honor the power of his mighty Horn”

 “Power, power”

 “Tonight the voice of the female, Yellowhair, will call his spirit to us. Her sacrifice will bring him amongst us” the elder intoned.

 Jenny’s head snapped up at the word “sacrifice” and she wriggled frantically to slip her bonds. The whole thing was getting way too Children-of-the-Corn for her taste. She twisted and bucked in an all out attempt to escape. Her toned body writhed on the cold hard surface as the circle chanted nonsense syllables to a tune, which sounded

suspiciously, like “Louie, Louie”. Exhausted by her efforts Jenny was still trying suck oxygen past her gag will the elder spoke again.

 “Prepare for the ritual” he ordered. A longish bundle was passed from Scout to Scout with each taking something as they handed it along but in the flickering light Jenny couldn’t make out what the objects were.

 “Salute the Horn of the Great Beast” he demanded. To Jenny’s horror, a forest of rattan canes rose in the air and clattered together as the Scouts waved them wildly. Any doubts about their purpose disappeared with the leader’s next sentence.

 “Now is the time of the Scourging”. Her whimper went unnoticed as the group eagerly sorted themselves into a line on her right and one on her left and graduated from smallest to largest. The elder moved in front of Jenny and addressed his followers. “The drum will give the cadence. One blow per beat and one blow per man. Alternate left and right.

Return to the end of the line for another turn. Hold nothing back.” He reached down and removed her gag. “Scream loud, Yellowhair, to bring the Beast. Your trial will continue until his Power moves us.” Jenny’s mouth was too dry to speak but she managed a very credible moan of fear. “Begin!” he shouted.

 Jenny yelped loudly when the first Scout struck her vulnerable ass but more from reflex than real pain. With her high level of adrenaline she had barely felt the slash and it was the same for the next few strikes. The long pauses between drumbeats were almost more excruciating than the actual whipping but she realized that would change quickly as the stronger Scouts got their turn. The Scouts egged each other on as they waited, mocking the weak and cheering the hard hits. Some of the bolder ones felt her up as they took a turn. The evil ones took special care to aim for her sensitive inner thighs. Jenny was feeling real pain and her first earnest scream was echoing round the room when there was a sudden interruption.

 Across from the tunnel the only other opening had been long sealed with a heavy timber barrier. Jenny and her tormentors stared transfixed as something on the other side smashed heavily into the wood. Dust flew in the air and they could hear gravel falling to the floor as the door slowly gave way. Someone screamed shrilly “It’s the Beast” as the leader of the Scouts shook off his paralysis and yelled “Form up, form up” and with much pushing got his trembling troops into a skirmish line facing the unknown menace.

The barrier blasted apart in a shower rusted nails and rotting wood and a dark humanoid shape sprang out of the blackness.

 “Bloody Scouts” it bellowed and charged their line. The impact tumbled Scouts in all directions and the rest of the Clan dissolved in panic. The Beast grabbed up a handful of dropped canes and started slashing any posterior that came within reach. The chaos swirled around the room knocking over lanterns and extinguishing torches as he chased his prey. The mob headed for the exit with the lucky ones merely pissing themselves. A logjam of “warriors” at the tunnel entrance furnished a plenitude of stationary targets for his fury. Eventually, the thunder of stampeding Scouts and the last “Wait up, fellas!” faded away.

 Jenny was alone with the Beast. She could hear its rasping breath as it moved toward her helplessly bound form. Its hunched body seemed enormous in the failing light of the sole surviving torch and her eyes were saucers as it approached then she blinked in astonishment as it said conversationally, “You wouldn’t believe the muck in that passage.

It is absolutely the filthiest place I have ever been.” He dropped his backpack to the floor.

“When I woke up and you were missing I assumed you’d gone to the little girl’s room.”

John continued as he tossed aside his grubby hat and pulled down the bandanna covering his lower face. “Then I heard the chanting coming from a sinkhole behind camp and just knew you’d be involved. So I grabbed some supplies and followed the sounds down the rabbit hole. And here we are.” During his explanation of his dramatic arrival, John had been peeling off his soiled spelunking clothes until he was as naked as his wife. He looked at the discards with distaste and commented, “We might as well burn these.” He knelt and began to rummage in his pack. “ I have clean for us both. I knew you wouldn’t be able to hold on to your knickers,” he said with a grin.

 “Uhm, Shouldn’t you cut me loose?” she suggested.

 “All in good time.” He replied “Ah, here we are, the first aid kit. First we care for the wounded.” John affected a casual attitude as he walk past to inspect her throbbing bum but with her head at waist level Jenny could scarcely miss seeing his growing erection.

 “ Aahhh!” she exclaimed as he coated her tortured flesh with some sort of lotion. The cool liquid brought almost instant relief to her burning welts.

 “Ooooohh!” she moaned as her husband’s fingers switched from soothing her injuries to teasing her exposed sex. Jenny’s ultra responsive body shivered with desire.

 “Second” he declared “We reward the knight errant that rescued the damsel in distress.”

 “You, sir, are no true knight. You are a beast” Jenny giggled but thrust her hips back in invitation.

 Jenny moaned again as John slid slowly into her. She savored the weight of him as he reached the bottom of his stroke and paused to caress her smooth curves. Jen thought being between a rock and a hard place had never felt so good. John gripped her hips and thrust rhythmically. Jenny felt her climax building as the in and out got longer, faster and harder.

 “Well, in that case” he panted “Third, we release the power of the Horn.”

 “Ohmigawd! ohmigawd!, ohmigawd!” Jenny wailed….