**Jenny 2011**

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**Jenny and Ashley goes swimming**

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Jenny sat at home, sweating like crazy in the summer heat on this unusual sunny Saturday. She only wore her normal white bra and panties, and was lying on her towel on the grass in her own backyard. Even in the shadow the heat was intense. Jenny was struck with the heat when she woke up, and decided to go outside and enjoy the nice day. The sun was too strong for her to sunbathe, so she went straight under the bushes in her backyard and into the shadows. She started out in her knee length summer dress and ankle socks, but she was down to her underwear and barefoot in no time.

After running out of things to do to cool herself down, she began thinking about other possibilities. Taking off her underwear was not an option, even in domestic environments. She picked up her phone and dialed her best friend Ashley's number.

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Ashley was enjoying the sunny day in her hammock. Wearing only a white string bikini, she was licking as much sun as possible. Suddenly her cell phone rang from the grass, and Ashley jumped out of the hammock to get it. "Oh, it's Jenny..." Ashley thought for herself. These two women had some stories together. Ashley didn't really like Jenny, but Jenny considered Ashley her best friend. Even though Ashley didn't like Jenny, she enjoyed putting Jenny in embarrassing situations. Unfortunately, many of those events also ended up badly for Ashley, but she was always determined to try to embarrass Jenny over and over again.

Jenny suggested that they went swimming at the lake one mile away from where they lived to cool down in the hot sun. Ashley didn't hesitate when she agreed to come, but that was only because she needed to cool down. And besides... Maybe she could have a little fun at Jenny's expense at the same time?

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Jenny didn't bring a lot of things. She brought her bikini, which she had on when she left home, underneath the summer dress she had worn earlier. She only packed a beach towel and some sunscreen in her bag, and took off to the lake.

Ashley and Jenny met each other in the town on the half way to the lake, and immediately started talking about the incredibly hot weather this Saturday. It surely had to be a heat record in their area, and they both agreed that it would be so good to cool down in the lake. Jenny thought about how refreshing the water would feel on her. Ashley was thinking about something completely different...

When they arrived, they noticed that they were seemingly completely alone. Jenny spread her towel out on the grass, and pulled the summer dress over her head and off, revealing a quite normal white bikini. It was pretty obvious that Jenny didn't want to show to much skin, modest as she was. Ashley wore a little more revealing red bikini, as she wanted to get as much sun as possible on this beautiful day.

After rubbing their smooth skins with sunscreen, they licked a little sun before heading towards the water to cool down. As they was standing with the water right over their breasts, Ashley suggested to Jenny that she wanted to see who was the fastest swimmer. "Yeah, of course!" Jenny said with a huge smile.

Jenny got ahead quite early, with Ashley just behind her, just as planned. Ashley, evil as always, got her hands into Jenny's bikini bottoms, and started to pull as hard as she could. Jenny, to busy swimming for the win over Ashley, didn't notice that she was swimming right out of her bikini bottoms! As Jenny won the race, she turned back to Ashley, noticing that Ashley was holding up some bikini bottoms, and by the looks of them, it wasn't Ashley's. Her hands went straight between her legs...and she got her confirmation: She was bottomless!

"Hey, give that back!" Jenny yelled to Ashley.

"No way, you have to get them yourself!" Ashley yelled back with an evil smile. Ashley started to swim away from Jenny, but Jenny got a grip on Ashley's bikini bottoms, and ripped them off completely. "Oops!" Jenny said, as she realized that she had ruined Ashley's bikini bottoms. "That was a big mistake, Jenny. You ruined my bikini bottoms, so now I'm going to use yours instead" Ashley said, as she put Jenny's bikini bottoms under the water, and slid them onto herself. Jenny stood there in shock. "You can't do this to me! Are you just going to leave me bottomless?" Jenny asked. "You lost your bottoms, and ruined mine. This is the price you have to pay, dear" Ashley said, and started to walk out of the water.

Jenny stood in the water, covering her front with both hands, even though she still was quite well covered by the water. The only thing she had to do, was to walk up from the water, run to her towel and cover herself with it. Could that be so hard? For Jenny, the notoriously embarrassed woman, it was. She decided to give it a minute of thinking before doing anything about it. She turned her back angrily towards Ashley, and crouched down so the water covered her all the way up to her neck.

After giving it a minute's consideration, she decided to go for it. She closed her eyes, got up, turned and started to run. She opened her eyes when the water reached her knees, and immediately let out a yelp when she realized what met her eyes. All of the things on the ground were gone. Gone, with Ashley, who was walking away with everything - even Jenny's towel! Jenny immediately ran back to where the water covered her to her breasts.

So there she was. In the water, wearing only a bikini top, with one hand covering her trimmed bush, and the other trying to cover her butt as best as possible under water. Now what?! She didn't have a choice now, she had to get out of the water at some point. She decided to check if no one was watching her, and then go up from the water on the side, where some trees were. She hid behind a tree, still covering both the front and the back with each hand. While she was peeking from the tree, she didn't notice her bikini top being caught on a branch behind her.

Jenny decided that she had to make her way home, even in this state. There was no other possibility, other than to hope Ashley would come back with her stuff. Just when she was thinking about this, she noticed that three guys made their way down to the lake. She decided to run to another tree for better cover, but didn't get far before she was pulled back hard, and down to the ground. Then she heard something fall into the water far away, and realized that she now not only was bottomless - she was naked from top to toe!

"Did you hear that?" she heard a male voice say after she hit the ground. Jenny got to up and ran to the closest and biggest tree she could find to hide from the three males. "Yeah, I heard a noice, but I don't see anything". She was stuck in a dilemma. She could hide behind the tree and stay out of sight from the guys, or she could risk being seen if she tried to run away.

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Ashley, still carrying all of Jenny's things, was watching all of this from behind another tree, about 30 yards away from Jenny. She was laughing her butt off and struggled to keep quiet so she wouldn't get noticed. It just couldn't go wrong. Ashley had planned to get Jenny bottomless, but she managed to lose her top all by herself in typical Jenny style. Now that she had Jenny completely naked, she had to make this even more fun.

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Jenny had one hand over her crotch and one hand over her breasts, and was feeling the hot sun over her entire naked body. She was thinking about what she was going to do, just when she saw a towel five yards away. Finally! She could cover up! She tried to grab it, but it jumped away from her. She tried again, but everytime she tried, the towel just moved away. Then the towel moved fast, and Jenny started to run without thinking about the consequences. She managed to grab the towel, but when she did, she had got all the way from the trees and back to the lake - right in front of the three guys! They were just standing there with their jaws hanging. Jenny, who now had the towel in one hand with her back turned to them, finally just realized that her bare ass was on display for the guys. She yelped and immediately pulled the towel around her, screaming "don't look!" in the process. The guys could just not make a sound as they just stook there in shock when Jenny started to run away from the lake in just her towel.

She approached the town in her towel, which covered her most intimate parts decently. Even though she realized that a towel as her only clothing embarrassed her, it was much better than going around naked.

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Ashley was happy with this. Now she had tricked Jenny to taking the trip through the town to make her way home in her towel. This opened up for more public humilations for her friend. And she knew Jenny. She knew that she didn't have to force the humiliations, because with Jenny, they just came by as a natural thing.

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Jenny walked into the town with a red face. It was a hot Saturday, which meant that the streets were crowded with people trying to enjoy the good weather. She heard some whistles and then someone asking her if she actually had something under the towel. The towel reached her down to mid-thighs and covered the main parts of her breasts, but showed a lot of cleavage too. Every now and then, the towel flipped at the bottom, showing some of the side of her butt cheeks, but still not enough to completely reveal if she was naked or not. Though, she was barefoot, which often indicates to missing some clothes.

She felt so embarrassed just walking in the town with the towel. She clinged to it with all she got and walked as fast as she could without anything falling off. So fast actually, that she got the attention of a dog who wanted to play. The dog started to run in circles around Jenny, barking with joy. Jenny panicked and told the dog to go away as she started to run. The dog ran after Jenny, grabbing a hold of her towel and started to pull. Jenny immediatelly realized that her towel was coming off if she didn't stop running. She stopped, and got a better hold of her towel.

A big crowd had gathered around the struggling Jenny and the dog to watch the action. They watched as Jenny held on to her towel for dear life, and the dog, who pulled playfully. Though, it did come off or open up. Not until the dog shifted the pulling point. When the dog started to pull at the front of the towel, Jenny shifted her hands to hold on to the towel at the front.

Suddenly she heard all the people starting to laugh. She didn't really understand why, because when she looked down, she still held on to her towel to cover her front. And then she realized what had happend. "Wow, nice ass!" she heard a man say. She turned around, and saw that her entire backside was exposed! Everyone got a great view of her butt as she was fighting for a towel with a dog, which was only covering her front, with no chance of covering her beautiful, naked ass. If she let go of the towel with one of her hands, she would expose her front too.

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Ashley was watching all of it from the massive crowd. Every now and then she would get a full bare assed shot of Jenny with her camera, when she struggled round and around with the dog for the towel. She thought Jenny actually would win the fight with the dog when the most amazing thing happened - the towel was ripping! She could see the towel rip at the top where Jenny was holding on, and it was just inches away from ripping in two.

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Jenny thought she had it now. Only seconds until she could cover up her already lost modesty. Only some more hard pulls to go, she thought. And then it happened. The towel ripped, and the dog ran away with 95 percent of it. The crowd was silenced at first, but then erupted into laughter. Jenny stood there, trying to cover up as best as she could, with some inches of usueless towel in her hands. She tried to cover her breasts with both hands, then went down to her trimmed bush to cover with both hands, and even tried to cover her butt with both hands. She really couldn't decide what to cover, and ended up just running the distance back home, butt naked.

When she eventually got to her house, she sighed with relief - until she found out that her keys was in her bag...

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**Jenny’s Shopping Mall Emergency**

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“I know now that I never knew anything until I met you.” It was sappy dialogue but that didn’t keep the ladies in the movie theater audience from being enraptured by it. It was the kind of ‘serious’ romance that women would so often afterward refer to as ‘a beautiful story’ while any nearby men might roll their eyes. Jenny herself was trying and failing to hold back a few tears. Her friend Ashley of course, was unmoved.

Speaking of being unmoved, do to her fascination with the film, Jenny had barely even shifted in her seat. So she was unaware of the sticky situation she had fallen into. She and Ashley had arrived a few minutes into the movie and couldn’t see a thing when they entered the dark theater. The spectacularly stacked blonde, displaying typical Jenny luck, managed to find the worst seat in the theater to place her beautiful bum. It wasn’t that it was uncomfortable that made it so bad. It was that there was a fairly large, partially melted piece of caramel candy on it that Jenny managed not to notice. It was just soft enough that she could sit on it and think that she just had lumpy chair. After a long two hours of sitting on that tacky thing though, it spread out a bit and stuck fast to both the seat it was on and to her pants.

It wasn’t until the movie was over and the credits were rolling that Jenny knew she was in trouble. Still quietly smiling at the tearfully happy ending of her chick flick, she leaned forward a bit and realized that it was a bit difficult to do. Ashley was already standing up, waiting for her ‘friend’ impatiently. She couldn’t believe she had wasted nearly two hours of her life on this tripe. “Jenny! Come on.”

“Ashley!,” she whispered. “My pants are stuck!”

“What? Your pants are stuck?” She’d said it loudly in order to attract as much attention a she could. She managed to look concerned for Jenny as she said it even though she was already smiling inside at seeing the voluptuous blonde trapped in yet another ‘Jenny situation.’

“Ashley! Be quiet!” But it was too late. Women in the audience that were alone didn’t care. The men that had accompanied their wives and girlfriends were showing mild curiosity but about half were either already on their way out or were being hustled along by their women. The ones that moved slower or were still sitting were in for a treat.

“What am I going to do?,” Jenny whispered

“Let me give you a hand,” Ashley said mischieviously. She took ahold of each of Jenny’s wrists and started to pull.

“WAIT! ASHLEY! DON’T! THIS ISN’T WORKING!” Her pleas didn’t help her at all though. As Ashley tugged and tugged, Jenny was freed but at a great cost. With a resounding rip, Jenny was standing but the seat of her pants remained where they had been. “OH!” Her tight fitting shorts now had a great hole in the back and due to her thong panties underneath, quite a bit of her luscious buns had been bared. She glanced around hoping that no one was looking. Everyone was looking. “Oh! Oh! OH! Ashley! Lend me your jacket!”

It would have been long enough to cover that hole in Jenny’s pants almost completely if Ashely had been willing to part with it. “No way! This is a ninety dollar jacket! There’s no way I’m letting you wear it, the way your clothes are always getting torn.”

“But everyone can see my butt!” And everyone was seeing her butt. Everyone in fact, was staring. The sudden flush of embarrassment sent Jenny scurrying until she could put her back to the wall.

“This way!,” Ashley said with annoyance. She grabbed Jenny’s arm and pulled her along until they were out. “Come on, come on, we’ll get you a new pair of shorts. I’ll even buy.”

“But Ashley, I can’t walk through a crowded mall with a hole in my pants! Ashley? Ashley!” Following her cold hearted friend, Jenny trotted along, at first having trouble keeping up, then wishing that Ashley would move faster. Once they were commited to their little walk, Ashley slowed down to a very casual pace and Jenny practically bounced up and down with every step. People behind her were openly staring, pointing, commenting about the lovely sight. It seemed to take forever, but eventually they were in the nearest clothing store.

A very exuberant, somewhat weaselly looking sales clerk approached, “How are we ladies? Oh my!,” he suddenly noticed the partial lack of pants on the lovely Jenny. “It seems you’ve had a bit of a problem. That is a lovely ass you have though.”

“Wh-What? Hey! You can’t say that!” And she scampered off to the dressing rooms, Ashley already having promised to pick something out for her while she took cover.

Ashley, partially stifling a guffaw told the happy salesman, “You just keep noticing and complimenting her. I’m paying and the more she blushes, the more I’ll spend here when I come back tomorrow.”

Smirking conspiratorially, the bespectacled and bow tied little man replied, “So that’s the way it is? Well miss, I work on comission and if you promise to come back to make a substantial purchase tomorrow, then I can promise you an enjoyable show today.” He really didn’t know if Ashley would keep her word, but this would be fun anyway. “For starters, let me point you in the direction of something nice and appropriate for your friend.”

His taste in Jenny apparel was dead on. Ashley smiled wide and evil as she accepted it. “I’ll just take this to her.”

In the dressing room the naively stunned Jenny protested, “Ashley! I can’t wear this!”

“Come on Jenny, it’s on sale. It’s only until we get home.”

“But!”

“No buts! Just try it on. I’ve seen you in swimwear this revealing.”

“But this isn’t the beach!” Jenny didn’t know what to do. To make matters worse, Ashley was helping her out of her top. “But Ashley!”

“It’s cheap and you’ll look great!” The one sided argument ensued but eventually Jenny was dressed in the clothes picked out for her, a narrow tube top and a pair of shorts that were so high cut that a substantial portion of her cheeks were bare. Jenny didn’t feel much more comfortable in this than she had in the torn shorts. All this outfit seemed to be was a bright pink highlight of of her body, far too little of her skin concealed for comfort. She followed Ashley out of the dressing room timidly. Along with the salesman who had chosen the outfit there were two other store employees and several customers all waiting at his suggestion to see what would happen.

Jenny was horrified to have an audience. She was about to rush right back to the dressing room but Ashley took her hand and guided her out. With an odd little grin under his little mustache the happy salesman urged her toward the register with a little pat to one butt cheek. “I knew it would be perfect for you! You look magnificent!”

“But, but, but!”

And that’s right where everyone was staring as she walked across the room. She was all too conscious of the stares and it was about to get far worse. “It’s just too bad that your underwear sticks out a bit here,” he pointed at the sides of the short’s low, low waistline where Jenny’s thong was just a bit visible. He noticed that it had snaps there and he stifled a grin at the thought of what he would do about that. “Now if you’d step close to the register, I’ve got to scan the prices on these items.” He looked closely around the little tube top. “Hm. It’s inside your top.” The man’s self control was remarkable. He acted as though it were the most natural thing in the world when he deftly popped her top down to get to the price tag. Jenny of course yelped, wide eyed as her remarkable breasts met the public. That top had outlined the gorgeous curve of her bosom so well that it had already attracted a number of covert and even direct stares. So it was a very happy group of shoppers that caught a glimpse, but a very revealing, very enticing glimpse of her boobs before her hands grabbed ahold of them to keep them from view. She was so stunned and embarrassed that she didn’t even know what to say to the silly little man that had turned her top inside out. After just a second or two of looking behind her though, he stepped in front of her and said, not quite crossly, “Now, don’t get in the way miss.” Looking for that errant price tag, the man gently guided her hands away from her breasts, putting them on display not for a moment, but for a good long look.

Jenny was about to complain but Ashely, trying not to let her humor show, said, “He’s just doing his job Jenny. Hold still.”

“But, but, but!”

“No, boobs,” Ashley retorted, “and it’s not as though you haven’t put those things on display a hundred times before.”

“That’s not the point!,” Jenny whined but she grew squeamishly silent when the sales clerk checked under her breasts, lifting them, one after the other.

“Here it is!,” he said with satisfaction, still holding her left breast up to get to it. With his other hand he took the scanner and after a few deliberately botched attempts, managed to get the price off of her top. Wide eyes and lecherous grins were on every side now. “I’m sorry about that inconvenience miss,” he said as he put her top back in place. To make certain it would stay in place, he adjusted it a moment or two, hands on her boobs.

Jenny finally had a sour and angry look now but she was still a bit too flustered to know exactly what she wanted to say. He gently urged her to turn which she did. “Now,” he said matter of factly, “lets get those shorts rung up.”

“What?”

He pulled them down far enough that her thong clad ass was bared. A murmuring of approval sounded from everyone. Seeing that Jenny was about to finally act in her own defense, the sales clerk decided to go for broke. As though he were doing her a favor, he said, “Let’s solve that underwear exposure problem for you.” With skill honed from years of working with women’s clothes, the funny looking little man popped the snaps on both sides of Jenny’s thong and had it off of her. Jenny made the appearance of a scream, but it was a silent gesture of sheer panic. Bad enough that so many people around had gotten such a good look at her tits and ass, now her blonde bush was bare! It was too much for her and she started to trot off making funny little squealing sounds as she tried to pull the tight little shorts up as she went. This was a colossal error in judgment since the store’s alarm went off as soon as she hit the door. Still too terrified at her public nakedness to think straight, she kept going.

“Well, that’ll bring security,” the sales clerk said. “In the meantime, what kind of price would anyone pay here for the lovely lady’s panties?” He held them up and the bidding started.

Jenny’s rush from the store did not go unnoticed and, maintaining her Jenny luck, a trio of security guards were near enough to notice her and follow. “Miss! Stop right there!” They caught up quickly, two of them taking her by the arms. Jenny wasn’t sure what to think now. She bit her lip nervously and stared sheepishly at the stern faces of the mall cops. Two were men, the third a woman who noticed almost instantly, “Security device! Did you pay for these miss?”

“Uh, well not exactly.”

“You either did or you didn’t.”

An uncomfortable discussion determined nothing other than the fact that Jenny had run from a store wearing clothes that weren’t hers that had yet to be paid for. She looked around hopelessly for Ashley, knowing that her friend would help her. Ashley was near enough to watch the action with her devious, satisfied smile, but she had no intention of aiding the hapless Jenny. So the unlucky blonde had to fend for herself. “I’m sure that if we go back to the store the man there can explain it to you.”

“Lady, we’ve got to take you to our station first.”

“Wait a second,” said a suddenly bright eyed mall cop, “maybe we should check to see if she has anything else stolen on her, you know, search her.”

“Good idea!,” the other two stated.

Jenny groaned inwardly. She didn’t know what would happen next but she knew she wouldn’t like it and there were enough people passing by that it would be that much more uncomfortable. No one stopped to watch, but everyone passed by slowly to get a better look at the commotion and the gorgeous, voluptuous blonde in the skimpy outfit.

Two of the security guards were arguing about who would get to search the ‘suspect’. “It was my idea!”

“I’ve got seniority!”

“What the hell does that mean?”

The lady guard interrupted loudly, “Hold on! We’ll just treat this fairly. It’ll be like a training experience. We’ll all search her. We’ll take turns to make certain that we’ve done it right.”

More than satisfied, the two male security guards agreed, but the woman went first. “Put your hands against the wall and spread your legs!” Jenny in a state of near disbelief, did as she was told. The lady security guard asked with a happy sneer, “You got anything else hidden on ya?”

“How could I hide anything in this outfit?” Then she had to stifle a squirm as the woman’s hands touched her hips and slid over her shorts, searching all around the sides, then the front. All of that was uncomfortable, but quick. Then those hands slid back to Jenny’s butt, caressing every bit of her cheeks, even the expanse of exposed skin that the tiny shorts didn’t cover. Jenny trembled at the thought that she was going to go through this two more times. Then her ass took two grabby squeezes that made her nearly jump in place. It only got worse when her top was searched. Starting with the back, saving that delectable front for last, the increasingly unsubtle hands of the smiling woman in uniform ran over the little pink tube top and ended up on those spectacular breasts. As Jenny groaned almost inaudibly, her big round tits were touched all over before they had to endure some blatantly grabby fondling. “All right Smith, I’m done. Your turn.”

Jenny endured two more pat downs as her emotions swung from embarrassment to fuming anger and back. After having been touched up by all three of the security guards, she was handcuffed and she thought that that part of her ordeal was over but, with a sinister smile, the lady guard decided, “I’m not entirely certain we did a good job there.” Jenny was held in place as her top was popped down, baring her boobs for all three guards’ vieing pleasure along with anyone nearby. A few hoots and a bit of applause accompanied that and Jenny turned scarlet. “Well, I guess there really wasn’t anything under there but you.” With that the woman mall cop put the top back up but just barely in place so that the upper edge of each areola showed.

“Check her shorts too,” some one watching suggested.

As though she were entirely professional, the woman guard said over her shoulder, “Hey, don’t tell me how to do my job!” She followed through on the comment though, kneeling down, out of the way so that everyone would get a good look, and yanked Jenny’s little shorts down. The thoroughly humiliated, busty blonde let out an adorable squawk as her blonde beaver was bared. “She’s good on this side. Turn her around.” Jenny couldn’t even manage a moan of indignation as her beautiful bum became the final part of the show. “Yep, it looks like these clothes really are all she tried to make off with.”

“I didn’t make off with anything! It’s all a misunderstanding!”

“Quiet you!,” a little slap to the butt silenced Jenny, then her shorts were pulled back up but kept low enough that a tuft of blonde bush showed.

Ashley smiled with satisfaction as she watched them walk the blushing blonde away. With a casual, happy walk Ashley returned to the store to pay for the outfit. She’d make her way to the security station to get Jenny free, but she wanted the blushing blonde to be walked the length of the mall in that skimpy outfit first.

The three guards took their sweet time getting there too. People might have enjoyed a glance or even an good look at a woman dressed like that but it was even worse this way. In handcuffs, escorted by mall security, everyone, absolutely everyone stared at her openly. Jenny shifted and fidgeted and stared at the floor and ceiling. The three security guards smiled the whole way. They even stopped at D’Lish Doughnuts to get themselves a well earned reward for the capture of this fugitive. All the while Jenny’s itty bitty outfit made her the eye candy of everyone around. Partway there that little top slipped a bit and one nipple showed.

When they reached the security station at least she was out of public view even if the three mall cops ogled her openly and copped a couple feels of her ass. Before their paperwork was even complete Ashley arrived. “You’re with her?,” one of the greedy guards said already imagining the imminent ‘search’ of the shoplifter’s lovely partner.

“I have a receipt for that outfit.”

“Oh,” they all three groaned

Ashley grinned without any evident malice even though she was feasting on the irony that Jenny clearly considered her a hero. She even apologized. “Oh, Ashley I’m so sorry for the trouble!”

“We’ll have to check this of course,” the lady guard said mischievously. She took the receipt and explained, “I’ll take this and ask the store. Of course, I’ll need to take the merchandise in question with me.”

Jenny moaned, “I have to walk all the way back like this?”

“No, you have to stay here until it’s confirmed.” The sinister security woman licked her lips a bit as she advanced to confiscate the clothes.

“Wait! No!” But handcuffed as she was and held in place by the other two, Jenny could only stare in horror as her shorts were pulled down yet again, this time all the way down her lovely legs and off of her body. “OoOoOH!”

She overheard the mutters of approval, “That’s some damn nice bush!” “I love her ass!”

Next her top was popped down and her breasts were free again. Slowly it was slid all the way down her waist. It struggled to get past her hips, then it too slipped down her legs and off of her, leaving the poor girl totally naked. “Don’t worry,” she heard her chief tormentor say, “I’ll be as quick as I can. Meanwhile, we’ll have to put you in our holding area.” Jenny was brought to a locked room inside of which were a few suddenly happy individuals that had been picked up for vandalism and skateboarding on mall property. As she shut and locked the door, the lady guard said, “Oops! I forgot to take her handcuffs off! Oh well, I’m sure she’ll be fine.”

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**The Dip’N Donut**

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After an eventful sophomore year, Jenny was home from college in suburban New York. Desperate for a job, Jenny searched high and low, but the best she could find was a job as a cashier at a Dip’N Donut off the interstate.

When Mr. Kelly, the general manager took one look at the busty young blonde, all smiles and bubbly energy, he knew he had to hire her. He knew he didn’t need any more cashiers; the joint was struggling to pay the bills as it was. But he also knew a hot young woman behind the register would inspire a certain loyalty among his clientele of truckers and commuters.

The Dip’N Donut uniform was simple; black Dickies slacks, a white and pink polo shirt, and a pink visor.

On Jenny’s first day on the job, she dressed in the ladies room with the polo shirt Mr. Kelly provided. Unfortunately, it was a size too small. The shirt didn’t even reach the waistband of her pants, and left her pale belly and bellybutton on continuous display.

The work slacks weren’t helping either. Jenny picked them up for cheap at a local discount store, and they fit well enough in the dressing room, but it seems a trip through the wash shrank them a bit. It took a mighty effort just to button them, and they rode her peach-colored panties up her tush and private spot relentlessly.

Jenny tied her hair into pigtails and inspected herself in the mirror. Despite the small shirt calling a bit too much attention to her well-developed chest, she thought she looked quite cute!

And the customers seemed to agree! By lunchtime, the Dip’N Donut had done more business than it usually did all day! Some men came back to the register two or three times, each visit sending Jenny reaching for napkins, bouncing to and fro, or bending over for more donuts.

Every time Jenny reached for the upper shelves, her shirt rode up, exposing her flat tummy, all the way up to her ribs. No matter how she tugged or pulled at the undersized shirt, it just could cover her modestly!

Every time she reached for the donuts on the bottom shelves (and they always seemed to want the donuts on the bottom shelf) she could either squat down, revealing the lacy trim of her panties and giving herself an intrusive wedgie. Or she could bend at the waist, not only making a lewd display of her behind, giving the occasional lucky gentleman a glimpse of her firm, youthful breasts, wrapped in her matching peach-colored bra.

Even though it was a sweltering June outside, Mr. Kelly kept the AC cranked. Her thin shirt and designer bra were ill-prepared to hide her taut nipples.

Aside from Mr. Kelly, the only other employee was Jessica, a tiny, demure little thing. She was intimidated by Jenny’s beauty, but soon warmed to her good-natured charm.

Jessica was too short to refill the ice dispenser at the soda fountain, and asked Jenny for assistance. It seemed simple enough; climb a few steps up the stepstool and dump a large bucket of ice into the hopper.

Jessica held the stepstool as Jenny climbed up, precariously balancing the bucket of sloshing ice. The entire dining room was silent, every eye on her, somehow anticipating what surely must come next.

Jenny hoisted the bucket up high and began to lose her balance! She wobbled and swayed, crying out in distress! Jessica grabbed Jenny by the thighs and squeezed, trying to steady the blonde…

“No no no! I-I’m TICKLISH! Eeek!” It was too late. Jessica’s well-meaning gesture sent Jenny into spasms, dropping the bucket. Ice and melt water washed over Jenny’s body and she tumbled down on top of Jessica.

Jenny scrambled to her feet, mortified she may have hurt Jessica.

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry! I’m such a klutz! Are you okay?”

Jessica pulled herself up, still dazed. “I’m okay. I shouldn’t have—“

Jessica fell silent, mesmerized by the same spell now compelling every eyeball in the place; Jenny in a wet shirt. The wet material almost vanished, revealing every single detail and lacy frill of her bra. It was glued to her like a second skin, sucking right up under her round, defiant breasts, culminating in her rock-hard nipples.

It was a long, delicious moment before Jenny relished what everyone was staring at. She cupped her breasts, squealing in humiliation and ran for the ladies room.

When Jenny emerged an hour later, she seemed more sheepish and embarrassed than when she ran in, for one simple fact; she was no longer wearing panties!

All that icy water ran right down her pants, soaking her undies completely. In the privacy of the locked backroom, Jenny stripped off her pants and panties, giving her underwear a good wringing to help dry them faster.

Unfortunately, all that wringing stretched her panties out. When Jenny slipped her panties back on, they just slid down her legs, plopping on the cold floor. All she could do was slide on her work pants and stuff her panties into her back pocket.

Thin protection though they may have been, Jenny’s panties stopped her tight pants from riding up too far. Now, with nothing but her bare flesh against the tight pants, they squirmed and squeezed into her most private places. The mirror confirmed her fear; she was sporting a shameless camel toe.

At long last, Jenny emerged form the bathroom, arms demurely crossed over her impressive chest and perky nipples. She was dismayed to see many of the same customers were still here, waiting for her encore.

Shameful over her vulgar display, she begged Mr. Kelly to let her work drive thru instead. He reluctantly agreed, her big blue eyes impossible to deny.

Drive thru was easy enough. The only tricky part was actually handing the customers their purchases. The larger trucks that came through forced Jenny to reach way up high on her tippy toes. Her clingy shirt rode up with every reach, displaying her tummy and the small of her back.

Her pants continued to ride up and slip deeper and deeper into her. It was making her all fidgety and antsy. She was shaving trouble focusing on anything but that constant pressure and rubbing.

Jenny glanced around… Jessica was busy with customers up front. Mr. Kelly was busy in the stock room. No one in the drive thru… this was her chance.

She thrust her right hand down the front of her pants, and tried to push her fly and inseam out of her naughty place. It was moist down there… surely just water leftover from the ice accident?

The relief from the pressure was instant and gratifying. Jenny pulled her hand free—and heard an distinct “pop”. She just blew the button off the front of her pants!

The pants yawned open, holding only by the friction of the zipper. Jenny’s heart jumped in her throat at the sight oh her own neatly trimmed blond muff peeking out into the daylight.

Her mind raced… “what do I do? What do I do?!”

DING! Someone pulled into the drive thru. Jenny took the order in a state of shock. Luckily it wasn’t one of those trucks. Just a little Mini Cooper.

Jenny carefully gathered the order, keeping her tush facing towards the front and the dining room. Four coffees, one decaf, two creams, three sugars…

Jenny leaned out the drive thru window with four coffees in a cardboard rack. The customer was an older woman, more interested in her cell phone call than accepting the coffees. Plus she pulled in too far from the window.

Jenny leaned out further and further… She could feel her pants slide down just a little. She was anxiously wondering if her butt crack was starting to show, when--

Her sneaker slipped on the tile floor! Jenny fell forward, her legs flying up into the air! It was only by spreading her legs that she stopped herself from falling out the window completely.

Jenny clutched at the coffees, somehow not dropping them. She was dangling upside down, half out the window, struggling to not fall.

With all the wiggling and struggling her shirt was falling down, exposing her peach bra to the world. Unfortunately, that lacy bra wasn’t made for extreme sports, and Jenny’s plump breasts slipped out of their DD cups, resting on her chin. The only thing Jenny’s poor polo shirt was covering now was her beet red face.

“Don’t worry! I got you!” It was Jessica! The smaller girl grabbed Jenny by her—by her waistband—and pulled!

“No! No no no!” It was too late! Jessica tried to pull Jenny back inside, but inside, shucked Jenny’s black pants all the way to her ankles!

Jenny’s bare behind and neatly manicured bush were on display, front and center, and the drive thru window. The customer was mortified. Passing traffic screeched to a halt. The only thing moving was Jenny’s quivering butt and thighs and she struggled to right herself.

“Oh my god! Jenny, where’s your underwear!?”

“I-I.. in my pocket. Help meeee!”

Jessica’s face was mere inches from Jenny’s exposed, pristine sex. Shocked by the weirdness of the predicament, she had no choice but to grab Jenny by her toned naked thighs and pull her back with all her might. Jenny was slowly wiggled her way inside…

Until her bra snagged on the window. Her polo shirt still d\*\*\*\*d over her head, Jenny had no idea what was happening, not until she felt the tug on her bra and the SNAP as it gave way.

Jenny’s full perfect breast exploded out of the lacy bra, trembling and jiggling and she struggled to stand up. She had be stripped completely and utterly nude form her ankles to her neck Every person in the place drank in the sublime form of her goddess-like physique, and the tingling humiliation and her accidental exposure.

Jenny at last handed over the coffee to Jessica, and attempted to flee the Dip’n Donuts. The flawless flesh of her breasts and buttocks trembled and danced with her mincing steps, her ankles still tangled in her pants.

Fumbling, she tugged down her polo shirt and broken bra, and hiked back up her work pants. As much as they would allow. And she dashed away from her stunned audience.

Jessica looking down, realizing she was clutching something—a small wad of satin fabric. Jenny’s panties, from her back pocket.

Face flushed and body shaking, Jenny fled to the sanctuary of her car, never looking back. Once again, she had managed to completely humiliate herself in public. For all her modesty and chastity, she had gone and paraded herself, revealed her most private places in spite of herself.

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**Ice Creamed**

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The shameful humiliation at the Dip’N Donuts confined Jenny to the modest solace of her bedroom for a few days, but the shame soon became eclipsed by her need for money.

She found an ad for ice cream truck drivers in the local Pennysaver. It didn’t sound like a great job, but it meant fresh air and it paid cash.

Jenny arrived at the truck depot bright and early for her interview. It was chilly that morning, so she wore a baggy old pair of jeans and a hockey jersey over a green tank top.

After a curt interview with a disinterested old crone, Jenny found herself behind the wheel of a gaudy ice cream truck older than she was. It had a creaking suspension, , antiquated freezers, and loud, tinny music. The temperamental gear shift, topped with a 8 ball, took every ounce of Jenny’s strength to shift.

Jenny’s “beat” was Pinelawn, a middle of the middle class development. As Jenny came cruising into the development late morning, the day was getting hot. Really hot. And humid. The ice cream freezers may have kept the treats cold, but it made the rest of the truck even hotter. She was starting to sweat like a pig.

Jenny pulled down a side street and parked. She stripped off the hockey jersey and threw it in hew handbag. She found a pair of tiny scissors in her bag, and contemplated her jeans. They were old and comfy, but right now they were making her feel all gross and stuffy. The might make a cute pair of cut-offs.

Jenny considered taking the jeans off to make it easier to cut them, but the idea of being in this truck in just her panties and a tank top… so soon after the very public clothing mishap –er, mishaps at the Dip‘N Donut…

Jenny gingerly made the first cut, at mid-thigh, and worked her way around the leg. “There, not so hard.”

She moved to her left leg and repeated the process. She was pretty satisfied until she realized, “Rats! The left leg is shorter!”

She set to work hemming the right leg to match, but it was tricky from the angle, especially in the back. Too late she realized, “Dang it! Now the right is shorter!”

More snipping, tugging, hemming, but still, “Ah come on! Still uneven!?”: Snip snip snip…

It was only when Jenny noticed her pockets hanging out the hems of her tattered cutoffs did she realize, “Oh no! I cut them too much!” Indeed, what had, mere minutes ago, been modest cutoffs, now were becoming scandalously short. Standing up, her butt cheeks were only just barely covered.

“Oh NO! What did I do?!” Jenny tugged at the cutoffs, but the truth was unavoidable; she had just turned her modest, unflattering jeans into itty bitty short shorts.

“Well, at least they’re not too tight,” she sighed.

Indeed, the cutoffs didn’t hug her tushie like true Daisy Dukes, but what she failed to appreciate was that her leg holes were very very loose, and they hung low on her hips. Her bikini-cut hot pink Victoria’s Secret panties peeked out the top just a bit if she leaned a certain way. Not that she realized that.

Undeterred, she quickly cleaned up the mess and hopped back in the driver’s seat. Time to sell some ice cream!

Stanley hated that damn ice cream man. Lousy kids always dragging him out of the air conditioning to spend way to much for what the already had in the freezer. At least it was a moment of peace from his harpy of a wife, Gertrude.

He sulked over to the truck, ready to empty his wallet to whatever greasy troll was driving today, when a most astounding sight befell him. A gorgeous young blonde, with the face of an angel and the body of a temptress appeared in the window of that ice cream truck.

“What can I get for you?” she said, all perky. She scrunched her nose when she said it, and raised her shoulders, just a bit, making her wondrous, gravity-defying breasts jiggle just a bit.

His son and daughter chirped out their orders, and she turned around and bent over to fish the ice cream out of the freezer.

That ass, that round, perfect ass! Scarcely covered in those shorts, and just a foot from Stanley’s bulging eyes. And when she bent over… oh dear Lord! The little ribbon of denim between her legs did almost nothing to hide her bright pink silky panties from his lusting eyes! He could see everything, down to the fine lace detailing, the subtle bulge of her most treasure, most private place. Were those a few curls of blonde hair peeking out? My God! A Natural!

She turned around and handed his kids their treats with a wide, wholesome smile. Stanley got his own treat; a perfect view down her tank top. Round, youthful breasts, trembling at her every vivacious gesture, wrapped in a matching hot pink bra. Perfect cleavage, flawless, creamy skin.

A dozen or so neighborhood kids had gathered around the truck. They had no money, of course, but their lust for ice cream matched his lust for sweet blonde perfection.

“Uh, hey kids! Ice cream is on me!” A chorus of cheers went up. It was a small price for Stanley to pay to watch this goddess bend, stretch, and arch that stunning body of hers.

“Aren’t you a sweetheart! Buying those kids ice cream!” She purred. Stanley was too awestruck to speak. Too bad his wife wasn’t…

“STANLEY!” howled Gertrude, knocking him out of his spell. That miserable harpy must have sensed he was having a rare moment of happiness. He slinked back to his miserable life.

Jenny sorted all the cashed and took stock, blissfully unaware at how much that “sweet” gentleman had seen of her natural charms. She actually just sold out of a few items!

Jenny stepped out of the ice cream truck with a grease pencil to X out the sold-out items.

Stanley escaped his wife’s soul-crushing grip long enough to take one last longing peak out his living room window. The blonde beauty was now standing on his lawn, marking the menu. A wicked idea popped into his head…

The sun was just brutal, beating down on Jenny. What a scorcher!

There was a peculiar hissing sound behind Jenny, and then a jet of ICE COLD WATER blasted her right in the butt!

“Eeeeek!” Jenny spun around to discover the lawn’s automatic sprinkler system just kicked on. At first she leapt out of the way of the water, but she realized that water actually felt pretty nice! Her tank top way dark, too, so she wasn’t in any risk of repeating her wet T shirt show form the Dip’N Donut.

Jenny timidly stepped in the way of the next stream of water.

“Ooooh, that feels so GOOD!” She pranced between the jets, childlike and oblivious to the erotic display she was putting on. Yes, her tank top didn’t become transparent, but it did cling to her now like it was painted on. The water also made her cutoffs heavier, forcing them to ride lower, leaving the lacy waistband of her pink panties on display.

Stanley watched the dreamlike display, dizzy with lust. That sprinkler system was worth every penny.

“Stanley! There’s some bimbo on the lawn! Get her outta my yard!” Damn that woman.

Jenny was drenched but refreshed, but the inside of that truck was hotter and stuffier than ever. She climbed back into the ice cream truck, ready to resume her route, when that nice dad came up to her window again.

“Hi! Come back for more?”

“Y-yes!” Stanley’s mind raced for a plan. “Uh, I see you’re out of Chipwiches. Are you sure you don’t have any more.”

“No, we sold out.”

“Are you sure? My son really really wants one. Another one.” His son wasn’t even out there with him any more, but this girl didn’t seem too shrewd. “Maybe there’s one more? Hiding down at the bottom? My poor son, he really wants it!”

She was falling for it! He could see it in her eyes!

She opened the freezer and reached in… reached way in. All the way to the bottom, sorting through the heaps of frozen treats. The cold air in the freezer felt sooo refreshing. Her tummy and breasts pressed against the frosty freezer wall, sending shivers down her body. She took her time, letting the refrigerated air cool her wet skin.

Meanwhile, Stanley was leaning in close, his nose mere inches from her unturned backside. As before, the cutoffs offered little coverage of Jenny’s panties and her most intimate spot, but now… oh but now, those panties were soaking wet. They clung to the delicate blossom of Jenny’s pussy, revealing every detail, even the faint shadow of a cleft right down the middle, and the tiny bud of her clitoris. Why didn’t he bring a camera?! He leaned in even closer, and inhaled deeply…

“Oh! I found one!” Jenny exclaimed, from inside the freezer. She leaned back to stand up—but couldn’t! She tried again, but nothing. She was stuck fast, and Jenny realized; her shirt was frozen to the wall of the freezer!

Jenny began to fidget and squirm. She reached a arm out and handed Stanley the cookiewich. “Um, there ya go!”

“What do I owe you?” Stanley was still hypnotized by Jenny’s shifting butt and rubbing thighs.

“Oh, it’s on the house! Have a nice day!” The blonde bombshell called from inside the freezer. Something was wrong… why wasn’t she standing up?

“But, please! Let me pay you!”

“No no no! You’re such a good customer! It’s free!” Jenny was getting desperate—and cold!

“Please! I insist—“

“STANLEY!” Gertrude howled from the house. Damn that woman! He reluctantly pried his horny gaze from the Most Perfect Ass in the world to go placate that harpy.

It seemed like he left, but Jenny wasn’t sure. Deep breath, now or never…

Jenny yanked the tank top up and over her head… Her bra was frozen too! In full panic now, she reached back and unhooked her bra, at last pulling free.

Jenny stood up, free but now completely topless. She rubbed some warmth back into her chilly boobs, and peered around, making sure she was alone.

She wasn’t! One little kid was watching her, peeking in the window wide-eyed.

“HEY!” She cupped her breast, crimson faced. The boy scurried away, giggling. Jenny had bigger problems…

Gertrude was stomping towards the ice cream truck, scowl on her face and rolling pin in hand.

“Oh my GOSH!” Jenny recoiled in pure terror, right into the gear shift. It goosed her right between the butt checks, shocking her off her feet. She fell backwards, and the nosey gearshift slipped right up her shorts.

Jenny landed squarely on her tush, with the gearshift sticking up from the waistband of her cutoffs. If there was one way to look more lewd and perverted while topless in a family neighborhood, she just found it.

She struggled and fought to stand back up, but the gear shift kept her from getting her footing. Time was running short…

Jenny unbuttoned her cutoffs, and swiftly wiggled her way out of them. She leapt to her feet, now completely naked except for a pair of sopping-wet hot pink bikini-cut panties. And there was Gertrude—

“You filthy sl\*t!” the witch screamed!

Jenny nearly jumped out of her very exposed skin! Gertrude leaned in the truck window and clawed at Jenny, catching a fistful of wet panty.

“No! Let go! That’s my underwear!!” Jenny squealed. Gertrude yanked and tugged like an angry dog, exposing Jenny’s elegant little tuft of honey blonde bush.

“You nasty skank! What are you, a prostitute?!” Gertrude yanked harder and harder.

“Stop it! You’re going to rip it!” Jenny clutched and tugged, clenching her nude thighs in a effort to hold on to her last stitch of clothing.

“Oh yeah?!” Gertrude yanked with all her might, and RIIIIP! Jenny’s poor pink panties tore apart!

Nude, mortified and terrified, Jenny tumbled into the driver’s seat. The hot vinyl burned her bare tushie. She started the engine and slammed it into gear. The ice cream truck peeled out and raced down the block at its top sped; 20 miles per hour.

The winding suburban streets forced Jenny to keep shifting, which mean no hand free to cover her naked tits as they jiggled and bobbed.

And she had no idea how to shut off that damn music, so after a block or two, she had a dozen ravenous children chasing her!

“Ice cream! Ice cream! ICE CREAM!!!”

“Oh NO!” There was a stop sign coming up! She had no choice but to slow down. The children were gaining on her!

I freckle-faced boy appeared in the window next to her! “She’s NAKED! She’s naked! She’s naked!”

Jenny scooped up her tits defensively, but that meant she couldn’t shift out of first gear. With her legs clenched so tightly, she could barely work the pedals.

By now there was a pack of screaming laughing children trailing behind her, chanting “Naked! Naked! Naked!” And the chanting meant that soon there were teenage boys and young men on bicycles joining the chase!

“Eeeek! No!” Jenny squealed. The streets behind her were swarmed with gawking young boys, eagerly catching glimpses of the nude beauty behind the wheel.

She uncapped her firm round breasts to finally get the clunky ice cream truck into second gear. She vainly tried to sn\*tch back her cutoff shorts, but doing so let the truck slow down, and gave the horny horde behind her more peeps at her nude body.

The boys held up cell phones, hoping to snap pictures of the Godiva-esque beauty behind the wheel. “Go away! Go away you awful boys!”

At last Jenny saw her salvation; a highway on ramp. She took the turn on squealing tires, and sighed in relief as the mobs of leering men fell away. When she regained her wits, she found a quiet empty parking lot, reclaimed her shorts, and sc\*\*\*\*d her poor from bra and short from the freezer.

Jenny returned the ice cream truck without telling her supervisor, and slinked away, once again humiliated and jobless.

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**Fun & Games**

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A few days later, Jenny managed to find a job at a local amusement center called the Funplex. Mostly arcade games, skeeball, batting cages and that sort of thing. She had been there once or twice on dates… although one occasion did end with her bottomless on the miniature golf course. But that was a while ago. Surely no one would remember her!

Jenny’s supervisor was a nerdy little kid named Doug, a year young and head shorter than her. Doug was socially awkward at the best of times, but in front of this buxom blonde sweetheart, he was positively gob-smacked.

He set her up with the standard issue uniform; a referee shirt and shorts made from jersey material. Jenny slipped into the small ladies room to change and locked the door.

Unlike the tragic uniform at the donut shop, these clothes weren’t too small. The shorts were loose and breezy and came down to her knees. The V-neck referee shirt was nice and loose. Jenny was happy for the added material to hide her eye-catching bosoms.

Jenny took a look at herself in the mirror. Her lime green shirt looked tacky under the ref shirt, so she slipped it off. She had on a sports bra underneath, which somehow felt more modest than her usual lacy bras. White knee socks and a pony tail completed the look.

The referee jersey was so loose, it sorta made Jenny look frumpy. As shy as she was about her curvaceous body, Jenny was proud of her svelt waist and flat tummy. She tucked the jersey into the waistband of her shorts. Much better!

The job was easy enough. Pick up random litter around the arcade. Keep kids from cheating at skeeball. Cash in tickets for cheap prizes.

Doug told her Jenny could take one free snack from the snack bar per shift, so on her break, Jenny helped herself to a fruit Popsicle. Jenny relaxed in the corner of the snack bar, nibbling, licking and sucking on her pink fruity treat.

So naïve, so innocent, she had no idea the spectacle she was performing. Every father and teenage boy was slyly keeping an eye on young Jenny, fellating the pop with earnest enthusiasm. And every one of those eyes popped from its socket when the Popsicle broke from the stick and plopped down the V-neck of Jenny’s jersey.

“Oooooh!” she cried, feeling the sugary melt water wash between her tits. Jenny shoved her hand down the neck of her jersey, into her sports bra. She was completely oblivious to where she was, and all the horny eyes locked on her performance. All she cared about was retrieving that rascally chunk of ice.

Jenny’s cleavage wobbled and swelled as she grasped for the Popsicle. It slipped through her fingers, out the bottom of her bra, and down her belly, caught at the elastic waistband of her shorts.

“Ahh! So cold!!” she shivered. Jenny pulled her hand out from between her wet breasts and fumbled with her waistband. Once again the Popsicle eluded her, plummeting right into her crotch!

She squirmed in her seat, the Popsicle melting between her thighs. “Darn it! Come here, you!” Clueless to her display, she brusquely thrust her hand up the leg of her shorts, revealing an expanse of bare thigh, and finally, the virginal white crotch of her panties.

Jenny fumbled and fished around her crotch and butt, unaware of the dozens of gawking men and boys. At last she plucked out the offending icy treat, and held it up victoriously.

Doug, one of Jenny’s audience, snapped out of his spell and shyly approached her. “Jenny, I need you to clear a jam in the ball pitcher on cage 7.”

“Okay! …uh, how do I do that?”

“Well, uh, you just unplug the machine, pull out the ball, and um, plug the machine back in.”

“Okay, no problem, boss!” Jenny bounced off. Doug was starting to realize he knew this girl. She was a senior when he was a freshman in high school, and she was something of a legend. She was as smoking hot back then as she was now, but she was a klutz, and always falling out of clothes and embarrassing herself. The girls always complained that she was a sl\*t or some kind of deviant exhibitionist, but Doug wasn’t so sure.

While he had admired this gorgeous goddess in the hallways, and even caught a well-remembered view of her green panties up her skirt when she tripped up some stairs, Doug never got to see one of her legendary wardrobe malfunctions.

He had heard about her losing her bottoms during a cheerleading routine at homecoming, and flashing the whole audience at graduation, and losing her gown right down to her panties and garters at senior prom, but he never got to see any of that. If this bombshell was who he though she was, today might be his chance to change all that.

He quietly followed her out to the batting cages to see…

Jenny found a handful of teenage boys impatiently waiting for her to get the pitching machine back up and running. They watched, mouths watering, as this busty hottie unplugged the pitching machine and inspected it.

The boys watched wordlessly as Jenny unwittingly gave then a long linger peek down her jersey at her cleavage and overstuffed bra.

“Ah! There’s a ball jammed in there! I see it!” Jenny laid down on the ground and scooted underneath the machine. Her baggy shorts fell away, giving the boys glimpses of her white panties and bubble-shaped ass cheeks.

Doug watches from afar as Jenny liberated the jammed ball, wiggled out from under the machine, and plugged it back in. Damn! Maybe this wasn’t the Jenny of legend after all…

Jenny cheerfully bounced her way back to the main arcade when she sort of… jumped. And twitched. She clutched her tushy and her boobies, her face awash in panic. She broke into a spastic yet somehow sexy dash for the ladies room.

Jenny flew inside and locked the door. She lifted her jersey to see half a dozen ants zigzagging across her bare tummy.

“Oh no! Th-they must be attracted to the sugar from that popsicle!” Jenny double checked the door was locked, then stripped all the way down, nude but for her socks and sneakers. She felt the all-too familiar butterflies in her tummy, embarrassed beyond words that someone might burst in and catch her bare nude in a public ladies room!

Jenny quickly hand washed her panties and bra first, and placed them on the hand dryer to dry. She quickly brushed away the last of the frisky ants, and turned her attention to washing the jersey and shorts. Then she smelled… smoke?

Her bra and panties were on FIRE! She screamed and quickly whisked her flaming undergarments to the sink before they set of the smoke alarms. But it was too late; her bra and panties were destroyed!

“Jenny? A-are you okay in there?” It was Doug, her boss!

“Y-yes sir. I’ll be right out!” What could she do? Jenny disposed of her destroyed underwear and put back on the shorts and jersey, still wet from washing.

Looking in the mirror, it seemed okay. The top seemed baggy enough, although the cool wet cloth made her nipples all pokey. The shorts were heavier wet, and sunk lower on her hips. And she couldn’t help but feel every draft against her naked kitty.

Jenny gulped, took a deep breath, and headed back to the arcade.

Doug watched Jenny emerge from the ladies room and walk out onto the floor. Oh my god! He thought. Her tits! They’re bouncing all over the place! And her nipples! Just sticking out like that! S-she’s not wearing a bra!

Doug deftly snuck into the ladies room. The smell of smoke still lingered. He checked the trash and found the burned bra and panties. Dear lord, she’s not wearing panties either?!

A father watched, half-interested as his son and his pal played air hockey, then something caught his eye. A vision of pure, innocent sexuality, poured into the hourglass curves of a blonde goddess, came strolling his way. Flawless skin, pouty lips and warm, vulnerable eyes. Her breasts, her spectacular, gravity-defying breasts swayed and bounced, unhindered by any bra, and capped by two excited nipples.

His mind raced, and a plan formed. He took out his cell phone and shoved it into the goal on the air hockey table. The game ground to a halt.

“Dad, what the hell?”

“Shut up son. Oh miss! Miss?”

“Yes? What can I do for you, sir?”

“Darndest thing, my cell phone just fell into the goal here and I can’t reach it.”

“Oh, no problem. I have very small hands” Jenny leaned over the air hockey table peering into the goal. The boys were annoyed at having their game interrupted, but for dad, the game had just started.

He angled himself for the best view down that top. The light passed right through the thin jersey, backlighting the most perfect breast God had ever created. The taut nipple, no bra indeed! The breast moved as only a young, natural breast could.

“Got it!” Jenny pulled the cell phone free, and the table whirred back to life. The sudden blast of air whipped her jersey right up to her armpits, exposing her mesmerizing DD breasts to the entire arcade!

“Boobies!” the boys laughed. Jenny shrieked in horror and pulled her uniform back into place. She handed the grinning father his phone and fled, humiliated.

Doug’s eyes went wide at the sudden display. It IS her! And today he’s finally going to get to see one of her legendary mishaps up close and personal.

Jenny had gone and done it again! She’s so sensitive, so self-conscious about those big boobs of hers. She doesn’t even like wearing a swimsuit in public, but now Jenny has gone and flashed her bare boobies to the world. How humiliating!

Jenny tried her best to support her jiggling breasts as she dashed away, but the jersey material was merciless against her sensitive nipples. The feeling of the cool air conditioning against her nude body, hidden only by this thin pair of shorts and shirt. She wore more clothing than this to bed!

She stumbled her way in a flushed daze to the Junior park, where it seemed mostly like moms and grandmas with their kids.

An elderly woman approached Jenny. “My grandson lots his shoe in those tunnel thingamajigs. Could you get it back for me?” She gestured to a twisting, curling maze of plastic tunnels, like a hamster run for kids.

Jenny got down on all fours and wormed her way into the nearest entrance. It was a cramped fit, especially around her chest and hips, but she was quite glad for the moment of privacy from the crowds.

The jersey continued to tease and rub her poor, tingling nipples. After many twists and confusing turns, she at last retrieved the missing sneaker.

“Now, to find my way out!” The first exit she came upon was a slide. It was far too narrow for he to turn around, so head first it was.

Just as she took the plunge, something snagged Jenny’s shorts! A loose bolt, a crack in the plastic, she would never know for sure, but whatever it was, it shucked her shorts down to her ankles in a flash!

“Oh my gosh!” She bucked and twisted, trying to reach back to unsnag her shorts, but the tunnel was just too narrow. Her naked ass pressed and rubbed against the walls of the tube.

Her boss Doug appeared at the mouth of the slide. “Jenny, are you okay in there?”

“I… yes. I’m okay” she said meekly. If she asked Doug for help, he would just crawl up behind her and see her bare naked private parts, not even a pair of panties to protect her modesty. Jenny had no choice. She knew the jersey was long enough to cover her tushie and trimmed blonde bush. Maybe she could get to her street clothes in the employee lounge….

With great anxiety and reluctance, Jenny pulled her feet free of her shorts, and slid down. She crashed right into Doug, knocked his legs out from under him. The young man was stunned by the sensation of full breasts pressed against his legs.

Jenny quickly jumped to her feet, tugging down her jersey. She felt so naked, so vulnerable. Every breeze over her innocent sex was a sobering reminder that she was a hair’s breadth away from public humiliation.

While the jersey was long enough to cover her pussy and butt, the long lovely expanse of thigh she was now displaying told Doug her shorts were missing!

“Doug, um, sir? Can I take a quick break? I—“

“Jenny, you just had a break 40 minutes ago. Why do you need another one now?”

Jenny shyly tugged at her jersey, anxiously rubbing her bare thighs together. What could she say? That in those 40 minutes, she had lost her bra, her panties, her shorts, and had just flashed her bare boobies to some strange man and countless others?

The truth may have gotten her mercy from her boss, but she was just too humiliated to say it. “No reason, I guess” she whimpered.

Jenny just prayed she could keep her modesty long enough to sneak back to the break room to slip into some clothes.

“Good. Um, cage 7 has another stuck ball. You did a great job with it last time. Think you can handle it again?”

“Yes sir.” Jenny minced away, taking short, nervous strides. As she nervously tugged at her jersey, it hugged the round contours of her bare ass. Doug followed her discretely, marveling that this goddess of a blonde really could be naked under that simple jersey.

It was a gorgeous sunny day outside, and the place was more crowded than ever. Although Jenny’s state of undress may have gone unnoticed inside, in the sunlight her jersey became translucent.

Doug was having a hard time keeping up, with his growing erection. The sun was showing every detail and curve of her flawless silhouette. The flexing of her cheeks as she walked. The gentle sway of her breasts, the shadows they cast over her belly. Even the shadows of her excited pink nipples.

Doug knew the effect sunlight had on these uniforms. Jenny wasn’t the first girl at the Funplex to show off more than she intended when she stepped out into the sunshine. However, she was the first girl at Funplex to walk out in the sunshine in nothing but the jersey!

Jenny crept along timidly. If people didn’t know she was bottomless under that jersey, her body language said it all. Hunched over, back arched, hands clutching at the shirt tails against the mischievous wind.

Doug wasn’t the only person to notice. Hushed whispers and snickers washed through the crowds of teenagers and young men. A couple got their camera phones out. If poor spacy Jenny had any clue how many people were scrutinizing and lusting every gesture of her nigh-naked body, she would have fled the scene there and then.

Batting cage 7 was empty at the moment, which Doug knew. He also knew there was nothing wrong with the pitching machine; he just wanted to get Jenny outside.

Jenny approached the machine, peering in the chute, careful to keep the jersey tugged down over her tush. But Doug realized- she never unplugged the machine! Exposing her body was one thing, but he certainly didn’t want her hurt!

“Jenny, wait-!!”

Jenny turned to see who was calling her name. The tail of her jersey caught in the spinning flywheel. In the blink of an eye, her once-billowy jersey pulled skin tight, smooching her tits into massive cleavage!

“W-what’s happening?! Oh nooooo!” Jenny wiggled and squirmed in her skintight shirt and it drew tight and tighter. And then, right at the bottom of the V-neck, a RIP formed! The all-too familiar sound of tearing fabric!

It split open 4 inches, letting Jenny’s young firm tits spill out! She instinctively cupped them, trying to hide her pointed nipples from the hundreds of eyes.

The relentless flywheel yanked the jersey down, off her shoulders, pinning her elbows to her side.

The rip slowly spread down her belly like a burning fuse, past her ribs, past her belly button. The jersey gave way, revealing the first wisp of blonde hair. Jenny defensively clutched her tits, but she couldn’t cover them and her kitty all at once. “Noo! Don’t look!”

Just an inch of jersey left before Jenny was fully exposed and helpless before the gathered mob… and the flywheel stopped! Doug pulled the plug!

Doug leapt in from of her, trying to shield her perfect body from a hundred ravaging eyes and cameras. In his haste to be chivalrous, Doug forgot his aching erection, tenting out his shorts. Waves of laughter swept the crowd.

The only one who couldn’t see Doug’s rigid lust was Jenny herself. She clutched him close to her body, using him to shield her shameful exposure. Jenny pulled him tight against her, pressing her plump, firm breasts into the shorter man’s shoulders and neck. Her arms wrapped desperately around his stomach and chest, pulling him flush to her naked body. Her sweet breath and whimpers of utter humiliation, right in his ear.

Jenny writhed and wiggled, trying to find shelter and modesty from the hundreds of lustful eyes. Her nervous hands rushed all over Doug- until she brushed against something… hard? And protruding? She gave it a quizzical squeeze…

Once again, Jenny grossly underestimated the effect she has on men. Doug’s body shuddered, his eyes rolled back in his head, and his knees buckled. Jenny looked down and realized she had Doug groped Doug hard-on through his shorts!

“Ewwww!” Disgusted and horrified, she pulled her hands away, releasing Doug. He slowly crumpled the ground, once again revealing Jenny’s nude titties. A wave of cheers and applause!

Jenny was still stuck against the pitching machine by the remains of her jersey. It was either give up the last of her jersey, exposing her kitty to the world (again) or stay stuck there and wallow in utter humiliation.

Gathering her nerve, Jenny let go of her boobs, grabbed the jersey and RIPPED it apart, at last exposing her trim little pussy to the gawking mob. Reduced to her knee socks and sneakers.

She ran, ran as best she could while trying to shield her jiggling, statuesque body. The crowd was thick, and dozens of rude, exploring hands pinched, squeezed, and groped her soft, blushing flesh. Covering her tits left Jenny’s ample backside open to slaps and naughty pokes. Protecting her tushie and kitty meant her boobs were stroked and tender nipples pinched without shame or mercy.

At last she broke free of the mob, her skin electrified with rude handling and humiliation. Jenny burst into through the doors of the arcade and dashed a bouncing naked streak through the video games and speechless teenagers.

A crowd of horny ogling men trailed behind her. She flew through the inconspicuous door marked “Employees Only”, and rushed to the lounge. Already there was a chant of “More! More! More” from the arcade.

Two wide-eyed coworkers watched, speechless as the “new girl” ran into the lounge, completely nude save for her shoes and socks, pulled on shorts and a shirt from her bag, and dashed out the fire entrance.

Jenny managed to slink to her car, unnoticed by the excited crowds, and slip away from the Funplex, never to go there again.