**DAISY'S JENNY**

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Daisy (August 03) by Daisy

Jenny and the series of logical steps by Daisy

Jenny and The Farm Track by Daisy

Jenny and the Rugby World Cup by Daisy

Puss In Boots by Daisy

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Daisy (August 03) by Daisy

Daisy:

She can’t blame me, I swear I did not know she was not wearing a bra. It never would have happened if she had been wearing a bra. OK for some of what happened I might be a little to blame, but if she had been wearing a bra, it never would have got there. Who would have thought that with that chest she would not be wearing a bra?

Jenny:

AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGHHHHH! Daisy, its all Daisy’s fault. ‘I’m going to go play basketball’, says she. ‘You can watch’ says she. ‘No, you don’t get changed” she says. Bloody Daisy.

Daisy:

I just wanted some exercise and I knew Jenny would not be up for it so I asked if she minded me going to play basketball, and told her she could come and watch if she liked. I changed into some little black Lycra shorts, a bra top and some Nike’s, and covered up with a t-shirt. I know this great outdoor court where some guys hang out and if Jenny was there I was going to need all the help from my best aerobics outfit to get any attention from anyone there.

Jenny:

It was hot so I had a short loose t-shirt and a little flirty skirt on, as well as a pair of heels – my standard summer outfit. While I had started out in a thong and a bra too, by the time we got to the gym I was bra less – don’t ask – I will never tell – I go through more bra’s that a female rugby team. But I was OK as my t-shirt was loose and I had no intention of doing any movement that would expose my bra less state.

Daisy:

Jenny, as ever, looked so hot in a little skirt and heels, all that blonde hair and blue eyed wholesomeness would be bad enough, but it’s the long bare legs and the enormous chest that had every guy at the court panting – and not from the heat.

Jenny:

I was surprised that the court was outdoors and that there were no other women about. Still I guessed Daisy knew what she was up to. The sun beat down on the court, and two of the guys were leaving, this left four discussing a game of two on two. Daisy just walked right up to them. She was taller than two of the guys – she is nearly six feet – and being sporty she just fits right in. If I had been getting the leers she was getting, even covered by her t-shirt, I would have been all flustered and unable to talk.

Daisy:

The guys at the court wanted to play two on two, and there was no way that I could get a game. I was all resigned to sitting and waiting for a single guy to turn up (story of my life) when one of the guys nodded at Jenny and said we could make two teams of three. I didn’t hold put much hope – Jenny is lovely but is just not sporty – and she was not dressed right, but I could only try.

Jenny.

I’m not sure how Daisy persuaded me to join in the game. I think she said I would just make up the numbers until someone else came along, that everyone would know I was not good and go easy on me because I was not dressed right, or just the pathetic way she looked when she said she could not get a game without me, but before I knew what I had agreed to I had kicked of my heels, and was barefoot on the court (If you have ever tried moving at more than a slow glide in heels you will know why I was barefoot).

Daisy:

I noticed straight away, I was behind Jenny as she took her first shot in practice, one of the guys noticed just after, and before we started the game everyone had discovered that Jenny’s skirt flipped up and exposed her bottom every time she took a shot. It was quite fun to see them trying to decide weather to watch her jiggling breasts under her t-shirt, or her bare behind. A thong just doesn’t cover anything from behind. I whispered to one of the guys to start a game up, before she noticed, and he quickly did.

Jenny:

I thought we were just messing around until someone turned up, but one of the guys came over and said I was good enough to play a game. I was a bit flushed as I kept exposing part of my bottom when I jumped and my nipples had hardened so they might be visible through my t-shirt, but also I was flattered, normally any sport is Daisy’s thing. We split into two teams, Daisy on one and me on the other.

Daisy:

I flipped of my T-shirt, threw it to the sideline and said our team would go skins. Partly to get two guys shirtless and partly because I knew Jenny would not strip to her bra, and she was getting way to much attention from the guys already for my liking. You know, I think she knew she was flashing her bottom.

Jenny:

Daisy looked fantastic, all tall and brown and lean, with short dark hair that is really sporty and practical – not like all this blonde stuff I have that takes ages to dry and style. She practically has a six-pack too, and has got just the right size boob’s – not like mine that almost stop me from doing anything. While we are both slim Daisy looks like one less sandwich and she would be skinny, I look like one more sandwich and I would be fat.

Daisy:

At last I was getting some attention, I don’t know many guys who can resist a girl in an aerobics outfit, and this one was great, very short shorts – any lower on my stomach and I would have to wax more often, and part of the globe of my buttocks on show below at the back. Not to mention tight in all the right ways, the camel’s toe was a definite possibility.

Jenny:

Daisy’s shorts were short – but her top displayed her chest to perfection – giving her a rare cleavage, and doing all that lifting and presenting that I never need. Not to mention exposing her fantastic muscled stomach. I felt a bit overdressed and completely un-athletic looking at her run – while my bare feet minced around the court, and my skirt flashed my behind at anyone who cared to look.

Daisy

None of the guys had time to watch Jenny bounce or her bare bum because we were playing. With one exception I was a better player than the guys, and as he was on my team we were really good. Jenny floundered around mid-court, barefoot and looking a little lost as her poor teammates tried to cope with us.

Jenny:

Suddenly everything was a mad whirl around me, I think I managed about three good passes – to ten bad ones - and only 2 shots before we were beaten 21 – 6. Although it was warm I had barely moved enough to break a sweat, Daisy looked like she had just gotten out of the pool – she was wearing little more than I swim in too!

Daisy:

At the end of the game, I said to the other guy who was good to sort out some fairer teams while I went and got a drink.

Jenny:

Mike – who I thought was the best player – came over to me as Daisy went to get a drink. He was in just a pair of shorts, and had a great body. I was all flustered and he asked me to join him on his team, swapping with Daisy. While part of me knew he was making fairer teams, I felt really special the way he asked me.

Daisy:

I could not believe it when I got back with a bottle of water, Jenny was standing there topless, bare breasted, tits out, naked from the waist up, and all the guys were looking at her as she calmly bounced the basketball – causing a lot of other bouncing.

Jenny:

Then Mike had said, “we might as well stay skins – you OK”. I just nodded. Looking at his bare chest. He looked at me and said “we will be skins”, I just dumbly looked at him, then I realised what he meant. I stammered a little eek noise. I just walked away from him, I wanted to play on, and I knew how disappointed Daisy would be if I refused to play on. Facing away from the 4 guys I pulled my t-shirt off and threw it to the side. The guys were not watching, and I was a little disappointed when I turned round, that none of them were looking – I was being so brave. “Can I get the ball?” I said and they all looked around as Mike passed it to me. I caught it and bounced it. Mike said something like he had not realised I had no bra, but all of them were watching my chest. Neither did anyone tell me to put my top on.

Daisy:

Mike – the good player – just said they swapped Jenny and me, and it should be fare, and Jenny had joined the skins team. Jenny looked quite calm, much calmer than I would be. I go quite bare at times, I used to be quite daring at college in the way I dressed, but no longer. Even then however my nipples and ‘fur triangle’ were always covered. I have been out in two bottle tops and a thong on a college dare, but Jenny is normally quite prudish, except for, or perhaps because of her little accidents.

Jenny:

Daisy didn’t put her shirt back on – it was all too obvious which girl was skins! I could not believe I was doing this. I actually got a lot of the ball, which slowed the game down, a lot. At first the guys were really careful not to touch me – even by accident anywhere. But the third time I tried to go past one guy by putting my chest between him and the ball, he brushed against me. I yelped a little, but it was OK.

Daisy:

Jenny really used her bare chest to her advantage. She is big enough to be able to use her breasts to block the guys who were shy of touching her. Once one of them had touched her by ‘accident’ though they were less afraid, and my team managed to pull back into the game, but Jenny’s antics at the beginning had them too far ahead. I was getting no attention at all now, even in my best aerobics gear. Mike had me well marked, and with my team mates both eyeing up Jenny, I might have been Amish.

Jenny:

I had enjoyed the attention my accidental buttock flashes had caused, until Daisy took of her t-shirt when I was all but invisible during the game, but now it was great, my big chest and pert nipples were the only thing any of the guys focused on. I perfected a wicked shimmy to get around a guy by swinging my breasts one way and then moving the other, and we won the game 21-19.

Daisy:

We stopped for a quick drink and I told Jenny she could put her top back on for the final game – we had time for one more and none of the guys were leaving yet, we were keeping the same teams. She seemed oddly reluctant.

Jenny:

Daisy wanted me to get dressed again, I think she hates loosing more than I hate being bare. I told her I was OK and was actually quite turned on. My little cotton thong was damp from more than sweat. I was too turned on to stop – I wanted some kind of release.

Daisy:

I told Jenny that if she was turned on now imagine playing naked. I must admit all the men – sweaty and half naked – were turning me on as much as Jenny was obviously turning them on. All had large bulges in their shorts.

Jenny:

Daisy mentioned playing naked – she was joking I thought – I just laughed and said could you imagine there faces if I asked if it would be OK to take of my skirt and thong please, because I am all horny! No way. I told her to play topless like me – she refused.

Daisy:

Jenny went all shy again, I was not about to show my chest against hers – I practically look like a bloke alongside her. No one would object if she took of any more clothes I told her, and the skirt was riding up, everyone had seen her thong already. But she was not going to take them of herself however turned on she was getting. I thought she wanted to but was scared. So I offered to help her.

Jenny:

Before I could say anything – like NO - to Daisy’s offer of help Mike shouted us over and we started playing. The first time I caught the ball, one of those things that seem to sum up my life happened. Someone ran past me and my skirt fell off.

Daisy:

I thought Jenny had got brave, I never touched her skirt, I assumed she did it herself so she was nearer naked. All the guys looked round and stopped. I picked the skirt up and threw it to the sideline and shouted something like play on its broken. Jenny ran straight through and scored! Then stood panting in just her thong, which was white, small and damp (from more than sweat I’m pretty sure) almost to the point of see through!

Jenny:

Mike said I could stop if I wanted to, which I did, but Daisy said it was not too distracting for them, they had already seen my ass, and my thong covered as much as my bikini bottoms, (she lied!) so I would be OK and we could finish the game. I could not believe her! She was covered and I was in just a thong. Even though I am blonde ‘down there’ you could see the hair, at least in outline, through the wet white cotton.

Daisy:

Most of the guys were erect – though one seemed more interested in the other guys shorts than Jenny in a thong (you just never can tell!). Jenny got touched a lot more during the game, just little pats on her bottom, or the accidental brushing of her chest, then one guy pulled at the waist band on her g-string, over her bum, as he went passed, then released it to hit her skin and causing her to jump. Pretty soon they were all doing it. Jenny was quite red and flustered.

Jenny:

I’m pretty sure the pats on my bottom were not part of the game – but they distracted the opposition so I could shoot, the brushings against my breasts must be accidental, I’m quite big, and was trying to use my chest as a distraction, so it could have been accidental. Once the players started snapping my waistband onto my skin I was going to quit – till Daisy did it to me. At 17 each, I knew she just wanted to win.

Daisy:

I really thought Jenny wanted to be naked playing – like we had talked about – I thought she was getting over her shyness and I would help. I knew she would not dare take off the thong – even after everyone had snapped the waistband over her bum. No one had pulled it out at the front for a look down.

Jenny:

Daisy was behind me, I felt her pull back the waist of my thong just like the guys had been doing, but I wanted to score so I carried on when she said ‘here it goes then’.

Daisy:

Rather than just snap the elastic against her skin I snapped the waistband all together – then for good measure the other side of the T junction so it fell away from her completely as she was in mid shot. I could not believe it when she scored. Jumped for joy then saw her thong on the floor.

Jenny:

I scored a basket despite Daisy pulling me back by my last piece of clothing, and jumped up and turned to face her – and incidentally everyone else. Then I saw a piece of cotton on the floor and realised it was my thong. I was instantly totally shy again, despite playing in very little, and getting used to it, this was so different. One hand I covered my pussy with the other I put across my chest – despite this being exposed for the past game and a half! Without a third hand I had to use I had to uncover my chest to pick up my thong. But I kept my right hand firmly over my mound.

Daisy:

I could not believe Jenny was so shocked she stooped to pick up her broken underwear, and said how could I, and that she was finished with the game.

Jenny:

Daisy said sorry, and that it was an accident (but she winked at me as she said it). Lets finish the game quickly then we can go.

Daisy:

I said she should play on and finish the game. Jenny said she was not playing naked! I said she should not spoil everyone’s fun – it was important to finish the game. I thought she wanted to pretend to be convinced.

Jenny:

She really thought I would just play on – naked! I was turned on and did not want to show it, and I knew without any covering my aroused state would be nearly as obvious as the men in their shorts.

Daisy:

As we discussed the fact she should play on one of Jenny’s little idiosyncrasies came to light. She cannot talk without using her arms.

Jenny:

I had been arguing with Daisy – and the guys looking at me – making me all aroused – for a couple of moments when I realised neither of my hands were in front of me covering what I wanted covering. In fact I had my hands on my hips – in my cross pose! Everyone was looking at my naked pussy!

Daisy:

Jenny convinced me that it was an accidental exposure – I believed that she accidentally removed her hands while talking to us. It was a couple of moments before she realised she was displaying herself!

Jenny:

I did not want to end the game I was enjoying it, but I was not going to expose myself like this. I said to Daisy I would play on if she lent me her shorts, she could play in her knickers.

Daisy:

I could not give Jenny my shorts as I had no underwear on – so I told her this.

Jenny:

I said if it was alright for me to play bare, why not her? I would play on if she lent me her shorts. She could play bare assed!

Daisy:

I don’t know what got into me – I think it was all the hard male’s around got me all turned on. I had no intention of playing on in just my top – I’m not keen on nudity but I would look a bit silly. I don’t actually need the support just the cover.

Jenny:

Throwing my broken thong to the floor, I had turned to walk to my skirt, to see if it was possible to use it to cover up – knowing Daisy would not go nude - when something black flew past me. I bent to pick it up – giving what must have been a great view without realising it –it was her top.

Daisy:

I pulled off my top – me who won’t even sunbathe topless in public – and threw it to stop Jenny, I think I thought she might be convinced to play on if I did this. She picked it up – I wish she would learn to bend her knees, especially when naked and facing away from me! I wondered if I could stop there, then realised I didn’t want to so I put my thumbs into the waist of my shorts and dropped them to the floor and kicked – rather than bend and pick them up- them past Jenny.

Jenny:

As I stood what must have been her shorts flew past me. I dropped the top and turned. Daisy was nude in the middle of the guys – facing me but they could see her bare bottom. For a moment I thought she might mean for me to put them on but she said I’ll play nude if you do.

Daisy:

It was weird being nude and looking at another nude woman. Jenny with her huge chest and pink nipples could not look any more different to what I see in the mirror, let alone her gorgeous blonde hair and those big blue eyes.

Jenny

Daisy had a great look of fear on her face. Her dark pubic hair looked much more obvious against the incredibly white, never exposed skin normally covered by her bikini bottoms, than my blonde patch did against my skin. Her breasts were the same dark tone as the sun tanned skin around them, with her hard nipples deep pink circles in the middle.

Daisy:

Jenny’s pubic hair is so fair and trimmed such that it was an almost invisible strip running down the honey coloured skin normally not on show, surrounded by the darker skin that bikini’s and shorts show off. But with a nude Jenny it is always those perfect breasts that catch the eye.

Jenny:

For a moment Daisy and I just looked at each other – oblivious to the guys standing behind her – letching at her pert ass and my bare breasts and pussy.

Daisy:

I was strangely glad that I had sun-bedded and sunbathed so I was – but for the pale triangle around my trim little pussy – an even dark tan all over. Few things looks worse, to my mind, than a girl with four shades of pink skin with obvious tan lines. Jenny’s skin blends from deep gold to paler honey – most beautifully – and she has no obvious lines.

Jenny:

I could not believe Daisy was nude, even though she had yet not showed her front to anyone but me, she seemed unable to move, even to come and grab her clothes. One guy behind her took a step forward so he could see her from the side – her little bare breasts with their upturned nipples must look great in profile.

Daisy:

I have a great ass, but knowing four guys were looking at it naked was making me blush and knowing they were about to see my breasts and pussy naked, what I wanted to do was run and grab my shorts and pull them on, then my top!

Jenny:

I wanted to put Daisy through more – so I pointed out I was barefoot, and picked up the shorts and top. If she had shoes I could have her shorts. She walked towards me and took the shorts and the top from me. I thought she was going to pull the clothes back on but she turned and faced the guys, for the first time, pausing to give them a good look at her nakedness.

Daisy:

I knew I was going to have to acknowledge that I was naked soon, so I turned to face the guys and dropped the top and shorts that I had rescued from Jenny. I gave a little pose – flaring my hands out at my sides and dropping a little curtsy. Knowing that four strangers were looking at my bare breasts and hard nipples, the white triangle of my most intimate skin, and the damp dark pubic hair it surrounded, (not to mention probably seeing the moist pink lips nestled within). Looking at them and trying to catch each pair of male eyes in turn, before I sat on the bench.

Jenny:

There was at least one freshly sticky pair of man shorts even before she sat on the bench to remove her trainers. Then, as no woman could do this, naked, without exposing an awful lot of gynaecology, even more embarrassment was going on amongst the guys. They had only seen me standing naked, and but for my ‘outer lips’ I was still hidden – Daisy showed everything! Even I could see that Daisy was wet between her legs. I guessed from more than sweat – I know was.

Daisy:

I could not believe I was doing this. I never go naked. I was so turned on, and embarrassed all at the same time. I suggested all the men joined us – but they pointed out the chances of their arrest in there excited state if any one saw – and unless we wanted some sort of other game – they should be covered. While one or two were OK I definitely did not want a gangbang. Mike suggested we play a four on two game – Jenny and I to 5 baskets the 4 guys to 20. I agreed if they all removed their t-shirts!

Jenny:

Daisy – once naked – was a tiger! Getting the men to strip to just shorts, making us both on the same team, and ensuring we were not gang raped – though I am unsure if I would not have been willing, had the right one asked! I was so embarrassed and turned on all at the same time!

Daisy:

Two on four is almost impossible - especially as the guys loved to get up close and then loved it if we went up for a shot – my chest at eye level is good – but Jenny’s is a phenomenon.

Jenny:

Being able to steal the basketball at will by touching my nipples onto male backs and as they froze running round them. Wow, what a game. My nipples were so hard I thought they might burst. I am too big breasted to run too much – without risk of serious injury – even though my breasts are extremely firm for their size. But the sight of a nude, toned, long legged, Daisy running past half naked men to attempt a basket was something to behold.

Daisy:

Jenny’s chest obviously got the most attention – it defies gravity! I was more than a little excited when I backed my naked bottom into a male in a pair of shorts. I called a halt when I went up for a shot and arms above my head one guy tried to touch me. I bounced the ball off his head and said in my best teachers voice NO.

Jenny:

I was glad the first to reach for a touch tried Daisy –she is so aggressive at times – he never tried it again. We threatened to leave if they were not a little more respectful, and no man wants a naked woman to leave so they agreed.

Daisy:

While the basketball was never entirely forgotten – it certainly became secondary – Daisy and I struggled to score and the guys could score at will – being so many more of them that us, but they were easily distracted too.

Daisy:

We got our five baskets before there 20 – but only because they hit 19 to 2 and stopped – prolonging our show, and their enjoyment. To finish Jenny and I practically smuggled the ball between us to the basket – deliberately ‘ignoring’ where our hands touched the guys to get them out of the way.

Jenny:

To win we got real close and groped the guys out of the way smuggling the ball close enough for Daisy to score. None of the guys objected to the cheating though. Considering what they were touching of mine – and I assumed Daisy’s - at the time I am not surprised!

Daisy:

Exhausted after a thoroughly good workout Jenny and I flopped back onto the benches at the side – oblivious to the four guys who were getting an awesome view.

Jenny:

I could barely see I was so exhausted and grabbed a bottle of water and took a drink, then pulled the bottle away from my face, and squeezed the bottle to spray the water over my face, the cold felt great as it ran down my chin and between my breasts, and it was not until the cold hit me ‘down there’ that I realised with a yelp what a show I was giving. I saw all four guys ogling Daisy and I - well actually three of the four, the other was watching his friends! Daisy still had her eyes shut and looked worn-out, not to mention oblivious to the show she was giving, her knees were at least a foot apart and I realised mine had been and what I had been showing. I did what any good friend would!

Daisy:

The cold water hitting me between my legs bought me instantly back to where I was, and what I was – or rather was not wearing, and what I was showing if someone could hit it with cold water. As soon as I could – it took a moment to gather myself - I jumped up and ran/scurried over to my little pile of clothes and grabbed my shorts and top, pulling the shorts on, realising they were inside out and having to remove them, and pull them on again.

Jenny:

We both used Daisy’s t-shirt to wipe the sweat from out bodies, Daisy had to drop her shorts again – to the approval of the guys – but she needed to wipe the ‘sweat’ away she said.

Daisy:

I carried Jenny’s skirt and my top back to Jenny and the guys – they had all seen my chest it was not worth rushing to cover it.

Jenny:

My skirt was fine – the button and the zipper were open but unbroken and fastened as I pulled it on, Daisy had lied I could have carried on wearing it! Once my t-shirt was back on I was so relieved to be covered (even though knicker-less) that I teased Daisy by throwing her top to Mike so she had to go and ask him for it.

Daisy:

There is no elegant way to pull on an athletic bra – it squishes the breasts out of shape, then they need rearranging, which I did - though my nipples were obviously hard beneath. I pulled on my shoes as Jenny slipped into her heels. Both of us looked a state – all sweaty and wet.

Jenny:

At least Daisy’s hair looks good sweat covered – it was almost dry already. I looked like I had been half drowned. Still pulling on that bra top did nothing for her chest, but once on she looked great again. Apart from my hair I looked OK too, though with the state of my nipples I should perhaps have dried my chest better so the sweat did not hug the cloth and turn it see through where I was ‘pointing’ through it.

Daisy:

The guys invited us for a drink, I declined as we needed a shower. I am going to have to find a new court too, as we were invited back for next week! Even if we do – and Jenny is not keen either – there will be no repeats. I carried my t-shirt and we left the court to wolf whistles – which I am sure were for Jenny’s wiggling bottom and not mine!

Jenny:

At least after this escapade I was covered again. I could kill Daisy for setting this up – not to mention breaking my thong, she said she thought I wanted to be nude! I do know that she chose to get naked – and when and how - and I didn’t, well I am not actually totally sure I didn’t.

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Jenny and the series of logical steps by Daisy

Jenny set out from the hotel, she was happy as she was on holiday. The sun beat down on her long bare tanned legs, the bottom of her short dark summer skirt was flapping nicely a good few, but not too many, inches below her bare bottom. While her t-shirt covered everything she wanted covering, and was certainly not to tight, it could not, however, disguise the outstanding chest it covered. Her black high heels clicked nicely on the pavement. Her round ‘Lara Croft’ style prescription sunglasses removed the harsh glare from the world, leaving a happy glow whilst allowing her to see.

Because of recent events she had a good opaque bra and knickers on under her visible clothing. Too many people got to see them recently, so lacy was out and opaque in. Even the T-Shirt was blue and not white, because white and water equalled see through. Though she could not, would not wear anything but a thong – which was why her bottom was bare – as anything else was just too uncomfortable, all that bunching. And when she got that bare she knew that even in public she could just put her bare bottom to a wall and face people down. Though most times no one looked at her perfect ass, because recent evidence was that 'the rest' was about to be, or had just been, uncovered. And it wasn't windy, and the weatherman said it would be mild all day - it wasn't a big risk.

She realised walking along the high street that her mind was wandering down a dead end, she was determined not to be scared by a few recent experiences into changing everything about herself, not the way she dressed, and not the way she acted. It did not matter if everyone had seen her naked, she would still cover up the next time, and the next, and the one after.

Jenny was on her way to the seawater pool she had seen the day before, on the other side of town. The small bag on her shoulder contained nothing but a little money, some sun oil and her bikini. Not too small, not revealing, not tie sides, but a sensible swimming bikini, in dark blue. She loved to swim in the sea, though had thought the crashing waves would be certain to strip her, and had decided that she just could not risk it, but this was perfect, a large pontoon enclosed a small bay, meaning calm salt water to swim in. On inquiring yesterday the attendant had even promised that no large fish could enter the bay - due to a net below the pontoon. He thought she was scared of fish - not knowing she was scared they would decide her bikini was the tastiest treat ever and eat it from her body. He also informed her that towels were for hire, so she did not need to bring one of her own, or the hotels.

Gary, the youth at the counter was more than pleased to see the tall leggy blonde approaching, her heels clicked across the tile floor as he ogled her legs, and the swish of the short skirt almost hypnotised him. But the sight of her rack through the admittedly too loose and too dark (for his taste) t-shirt caused him to nearly mess his shorts. Jenny was well aware that her traitorous nipples had been hardened by the cooler air of the foyer, and was determined to rush into the changing room and hide until the situation rectified itself. Gary however was determined to drag out this encounter for as long as possible.

“Day entrance and a towel, please” said Jenny.

“Sorry, today is our half day, we are shutting at 2pm is that OK”.

Jenny had planned to leave for lunch anyway, so this was fine, and she thanked the youth, and handed over some money.

Gary took her money and returned her change and a small towel.

Jenny wanted to flee but realising the towel would not serve her purpose – as an emergency cover when, no if, she lost everything else, she asked, “Do you have a big one”.

Reddening at the comment she almost ran through to the changing room.

Gary’s reply with a sneer was “Of course, can I’ll give it to you in the changing room”.

“Don’t be silly”, said Jenny, “I want a larger towel.”

“I was referring to the towel. The larger ones are not here, I’ll have one of the girls bring it into the changing room for you.”

Flustered, but thanking him Jenny then stalked to the room marked Ladies Changing. Of course Gary got a great view of the swinging skirt covered bottom, and those great legs. Perhaps this job was not so bad after all he thought, better than the usual punks and families you got here. I’ll see if I can swap to pool duty today, to get another look at her.

Jenny’s flustering increased as she entered the changing room. It was one big room with nowhere to hide. She was certain that as soon as she was bare the boy would walk in on her. Determined to be as careful as possible Jenny walked to the corner furthest from the door.

Opening her little bag she extracted her bikini, hanging the top and the bottom on separate pegs in front of her. A few months ago she would have stripped naked, then put the bikini on, but with recent events she knew the moment she was naked a fire alarm would go off and she would have to run out, or suddenly ten men would enter the changing room. Instead she removed her shoes and standing barefoot, facing the wall the reached under her skirt and slid her thong down her legs, and stepped out of it.

Carefully placing it into the small bag in front of her, she reached for the bottoms to the bikini, half expecting to fall over and trap herself in full view of potential rescuers, she stepped into the bottoms and pulled them up. Once covered, she rearranged herself in the bottoms, making sure nothing peaked out and that the elastic was strong. Perhaps she thought, I’m going to be OK, every day does not have to lead to public nudity.

She stepped back into her shoes, as the tile floor was not warm, realising, too late that she should have bought some flats or flip-flops to walk in.

Jenny realised that to put the bikini top on she was going to have to remove her t-shirt and bra, so facing the wall again she pulled it over her head. Placing the removed item directly in front of her, she looked around, and quickly unclasped her bra. Hastily dropping it to the seat in front of her, she reached for the bikini top.

As she grabbed it, the door behind her was hammered on, “I have your towel”, said an all to masculine voice.

Terrified she dropped the bikini top.

Totally flustered she heard “I’ll bring it in, unless you are not decent”. Jenny was stunned, and determined not to be caught half into one of the two tops she had available, or holding them to half conceal herself.

So she quickly covered her left nipple with her left hand and her right nipple with her right hand. Crossing her arms under her chest, she had discovered, tended to emphasize rather than conceal her chest.

Gary had hoped for this, or more, but was sure it could not happen to him. “Sorry, the girls were busy,” he lied “so I brought your larger towel.”

Jenny was both flustered and determined not to show it, still covering as much of her breasts - and most especially her still hard nipples - as possible, with her hands Jenny turned to face the male voice.

“If you just drop it on the floor there and leave, I’ll pick it up in a moment, thank you” she said, even taking a couple of steps towards him, in a vain attempt to ‘scare’ him away.

But Gary was not to be thwarted, high heels and a mini skirt were great, the bare back had been fine, what was on view of the chest was awesome, but he wanted to see more of what she was trying to cover.

“That’s OK, here you go.” he said walking towards her, Jenny expected to refuse to take it when he handed it to her, but instead he placed it on the bench next to her bikini top.

“Oh” he said turning to face her, and far too close for her comfort, “I forgot, its an extra 10p for the larger towels.”

Jenny shrugged, causing Gary’s forehead to break out in sweat, her change was in her small bag with her knickers. She knew what he wanted and was determined not to give it, or at least show it, to him. Gary realised this was probably sack-able if she complained, her certainly should not have been in the ladies changing room, and even if he got away with that he should have left when asked.

“Ill bring it out to you when I am dressed” she said. “Ok” he said disappointedly.

Jenny began to relax, but kept her hands firmly where they were.

Gary turned and began to walk away. Torn between keeping his job and his desire, he decided to leave, when he spotted a 20 pence piece on the floor. Picking it up he turned back to Jenny.

“This must be yours as no other ladies have been in this morning”, he said, showing her the small coin.

Digging in his pocket, and incidentally rubbing against his engorged end, he found a 10p piece. Flipping it to her, he said, “here’s your change”.

Jenny nearly caught the coin, by instinct, but she was quite proud of the fact that she let it drop to the floor, and keeping her hands firmly covering her chest she stamped on the spinning coin “Thanks, and if you could leave now!”

Gary realised that he was not going to get his desired peek at those marvellous breasts turned and left the changing room.

Jenny was incredibly proud of herself. There it was, a chance for humiliation, to be near naked in front of a stranger, and for the first time in months she had managed to keep herself covered. She counted to five, in case the youth returned, then turned to pick up her bikini top she pulled it on, then covered it with her t-shirt.

She had wanted to keep her underwear with her, but not wanting the hassle of the bag, she placed the bra into her bag and removed her sun oil. Next she put the bag into one of the provided lockers, and locked it with the key, and pulled the key’s elastic strap onto her wrist. Jenny then left the changing rooms.

Standing outside the changing room, and looking down, Jenny admired the view. The sky was clear, and the morning sun bright and hot. The sea was deeper blue, and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of bushes and trees around her. The whole area was laid out below and to the left of her, the bay was cut in half by a large pontoon that broke up all the waves and left a calm lagoon, further to the left was a bright yellow slide which exited the cliffs some ten feet over the deeper water of a splash pool. Surrounding this pool was an area laid out with recliners.

Anyone looking up would have seen an equally magnificent view. In high heels which tautened the muscles and emphasised her long tanned legs, with the breeze holding her skirt and t-shirt against her fine toned body, and gently blowing her hair out about her head, Jenny was a magnificent sight. The only thing to witness this view however was an old male tomcat, which from that moment swore of female cats as unable to compete with the beauty of the woman he saw.

There were quite a few very steep steps from the changing rooms high on the hill to the sea, and high heels were defiantly not the ideal shoes to be wearing whilst walking down them, but Jenny managed.

Jenny selected a recliner, far from the splash pool and spread the borrowed towel on it. Then, pleased to see that no one was around, she pulled of her t-shirt folded it and placed it on a chair.

She then slid her skirt down her long tanned legs, before stepping out of it, bending, from the waist, to pick it up (Giving an unsurpassed view to no one but the tomcat, who nearly gave up one of his lives with sheer happiness), folding it and laying it on top of her t-shirt. Next she stepped out of her shoes, and placed them by the tidy pile of clothes on an adjacent chair, Jenny lay down to catch some sun. Realising the wrist strap was becoming uncomfortable she placed it on top of her clothes.

“Hello Puss, you look happy”, she said. Before blushing slightly at the thought of talking to a cat.

Then realising the sun was quite warm she decided she would need to oil herself to protect her skin. So starting at her feet she spread the warm oil over her calves and shins, then over her knees, then over her thighs, and with a quick look around to ensure no one was watching she made sure she covered the skin closest to her bikini bottoms. Once having reddened the delicate skin there by being to proud to ensure she was oiled that close to her ‘lady bits’ she was now more careful. Next she oiled her fine slat stomach, again ensuring that she was oiled everywhere, from the top of her bottoms to the bottom of her top. With another look around she oiled her neck and the exposed cleavage. Not too much cleavage as the top was sensible but no bikini top could entirely cover all of those magnificent mammaries. As well as possible, and with quite a bit of wriggling she oiled her back, making the poor cats heart beat faster as her bikini tightened on her chest, before finally oiling her arms and face she lay back down.

After hour the area set aside for sun bathing was beginning to full up, Jenny was not over keen on some of the stares she was attracting, and she needed a swim to cool down. She picked up her elastic band and placed it on her wrist again, wishing she could lock up her clothes so no one could hide them, but realising it was out of the question, partly as she was not about to become that paranoid, but also was not about to try those steps in just a bikini, however sensible it was. She moved them onto the recliner, to mark her territory, and she walked into the beautifully calm blue sea.

It was a lot further to the pontoon barrier than Jenny had realised, and by the time she reached it her arms and legs ached, but she pulled herself out of the water, and sat dangling her pretty feet into the sea. The warmth of the sun quickly dried her bikini, and stopped the embarrassing erection of her nipples that the cool water and exertion had caused.

From here Jenny could see the slide and the youths who were being flung out into the open air, before crashing into the sea pool below. Jenny new that even a few months ago she would not have dared to try it, and was now certain that whatever she started down the slide wearing, she would be naked when she hit the water below.

Still it was wonderful to watch, the gently moving pontoon lulled Jenny to lie down, to better catch the sun she lied to herself, but she was asleep in just a few moments.

Jenny woke with a start, she took a moment to realise where she was, and what had awoken her. The splashing into the pool was far more common, and because it was such a beautiful day the whole area was full of people. She had no idea of the time, as she had not worn a watch, so as not to leave a sun tan mark o her arm. Jenny slipped back into the water and swam back to shore.

Tired from the swim back, but remembering what the cooler water would have done to her nipples, and looking down to confirm the situation, Jenny turned to the sun to allow its heat to dry her, and calm the overreaction. Then she headed back to the sun-lounger, and sat. Much as she wanted to sunbathe again, the thought of oiling herself in front of all these people was too much for her. So she reluctantly decided it was time to leave.

At that moment it became clear to her that the key on its little elastic band was not here. She remembered it was when she swam out to the pontoon, and it was there when she lay down to sunbathe, when she took it off so as not to spoil her tan. She could not remember picking it up before she swam back, and was suddenly sure it was out on the pontoon.

Jenny decided to walk along the barrier to collect the key. Uncomfortably aware of the stares that her bikini clad body was receiving, but feeling unable to complete the swim again, she decided to pull on her T-Shirt and skirt and walk along the pontoon. She knew that unfortunately, the holed surface of the pontoon would not allow her to wear the heels so she would have to return and collect them, and the towel, when she had found the key.

So leaving the shoes and her towel on the bed, she began to walk. The floor area was quite warm, then too warm for her bare feet. She speeded up until she half ran half trotted to the pontoon’s beginning. The pontoon began at the edge of the splash pool away from the bottom of the slide. This area was uncomfortably full of youths, who were, however, sitting watching as people continued to hurtle down the slide, and plunge the last few feet into the sea. This did not distract many of the males from the jiggling Jenny as she bounced towards them, and more than one licked his lips, and a few even whistled at her, causing her to blush furiously.

The swaying pontoon was not the easiest thing to walk on, but at least it was cooler on her feet. Unfortunately for her on her second step she slipped, and landed on all fours. The sight of her bikini clad bottom waving in the air as her skirt had risen up was enough to cause much laughter around the pool. Jenny mortified with embarrassment, jumped up and began to walk around to where she had swum to earlier. Jenny continued along the pontoon and by staying close to the middle, she made it to the key, which fortunately was where she had left it.

Beginning her walk back, Jenny realised she had a problem. The previously calm youths were now horsing around, many on the pontoon, re-enacting her slip. The logical decision was to follow the pontoon around to the other side, avoiding them, and then walk back along, under the slide to her shoes. Hopefully no one would notice and she could avoid embarrassing herself again. On getting to the end of the pontoon she looked back, the horse play was worse, every one dropping to the water made a huge splash, so walking under the slide could (and she knew would), leave her soaked.

An old sign attached to the rock, read “this way to the slide”, but had an arrow painted on, pointing in the wrong direction, away from the slide. Jenny remembered reading that during the refurbishment a new path to the slide had been created to avoid a cliff top walk. Well thought Jenny I can take that walk, then walk down the new path, and avoid the slide all together. It seemed quite a logical choice, get wet and laughed at or a bit of a cliff walk. If it gets too much I can turn back and risk the slide area anyway.

Jenny wandered along the path worn smooth by many feet she was not troubled by her lack of shoes. Then the path descended and went underwater, she could see where it came out about 10 feet ahead, so she decided to continue. Here the going was much more slippery and half way across Jenny had to resort to crawling on hands and knees. On reaching the other side, Jenny realised that she should have turned back, but she was through now, so continued on as the path climbed higher.

Jenny came to the end of the path and was most disappointed. The path just ended, with nowhere else to go. Looking up Jenny realised why. Above her was a short ladder leading to the cliff top.

The ladder was just above her reach, like a fire escape it would pull down if she could just reach it. She tried jumping but came short of the bottom rung. She was determined not to be outdone by a ladder, after her heroics by the sea, and the long climb. So Jenny removed her t-shirt, jumped once more and flicked the shirt onto a hook on the base of the ladder and yanked down. Jenny leaped for the ladder, grabbing the bottom rung with both hands, and in doing so lost her grip on her T-Shirt. She watched helplessly as it fell into the sea below. Holding the ladder she realises her choice. Let go of the ladder, and try to retrieve her shirt, though if she failed she will have to return, through the crowds. Her t-shirt is gone, and they did sell some in reception so she can cover up. So it’s onwards and upwards. It’s the logical thing to do.

Imagine for a moment you are the fish swimming below Jenny as she climbs the ladder, and that as such fish you can see better than most of your kind. The long legged Jenny partly exposed by the short skirt, which from this angle does not hide anything of her bikini bottoms. Its no wonder fish came onto land and learned to walk.

At the top of the climb is a bench on which Jenny sits to take a breather. As soon as she sits she realises she should have looked first. An oozy sticky mess seeps through her bikini bottoms, and coats her bottom and the top of her legs. She nearly jumps straight up, but realises that would be a mistake, so holding the short skirt away from her perfect, though gummy posterior, Jenny stands and looks behind her.

The sticky mess is covering her bikini bottoms, or at least the back of them, and some of her skin too. Fortunately the early realisation had meant she had held her skirt out of is. The bikini bottoms are ruined, and there is stickiness on her legs. Jenny makes a quick decision. She can see where this is all leading, but doesn’t know quite what else to do. While bikini bottoms and T-Shirt would cover more, or actually less but more reliably, the bikini bottoms are already sticky, the skirt is not. She knows what the logical thing to do is. She tucks her skirt hem into the back of its own waistband, and pulls down her bikini bottoms, and then she uses the cloth to clean her skin. As quickly as possible she drops the skirt back to cover her naked behind.

Standing with the sticky mess in her hands looking over the sea at the top of the cliff Jenny hurls the bikini bottoms into the surf below, any fish which were excited by the rear up-skirt before would die and go to fish heaven now with her neatly trimmed pussy visible to them at this angle.

Jenny walked along the cliff path, in just the floaty skirt and a bikini top. The skirt that had seemed to cover everything while it covered a thong or bikini bottoms, now seemed much too short and lightweight to Jenny, who was constantly aware of the scant covering it offered. Hurrying now to get back to the changing rooms and retrieve her knickers from the locker, buy a t-shirt and then escape back to the hotel.

Jenny soon reaches a four strand barbed wire fence, beyond which is a wooden fence surrounding the top of the slide. Realising she must get through the barded wire, and no little bit (to say the least) worried by the exposure it is going to cause – despite no one being around, she hesitates for a moment. The wires are too high to clamber over, and too close together to get between.

Jenny tries to hold the middle two strands of wire apart, but she is not strong enough to do this while bending to go through the gap. She hears a voice from the other side of the fence “Last three about to slide then we are shutting”, and a muffles walkie-talkie reply “everyone is gone from down here now”. Jenny knows she has to hurry, and knows what inevitably she must do, the logical thing to do. She undoes the clasp of her bikini top, and then hesitating just for a moment more slips it down her arms, the cups pulling away from her chest and revealing her breasts to an unknowing world.

Having taken off her bikini top even though no one is about, Jenny feels incredibly self-conscious, just a flirty summer skirt between her and complete nudity, and she knows where this is all leading as it has happened all too often before. She ties the top two strands of wire together, using the bikini top to pull the wires apart enough to climb through. Which she promptly does, and it was a good job no one saw the minor contortions she went through to get through the gap, which indecently exposed crevices that her skirt could do nothing to hide.

She hears the guard confirm the last slider is away, and he is about to leave. Jenny knows she must hurry, but the straining wire has tightened the knots in her bikini top to the point she cannot undo them. Behind her she hears the guard locking the slide entryway.

She has only one choice. The last sliders have gone and the guard is gone. She can slide down the slide, OK topless, but don’t panic Jenny, by beating the guard to the bottom, she can grab her towel and be away, or at least wrapped before he or anyone can see her.

She clambers over the fence, again a great view to which no one was the recipient, abandoning her bikini top tied to the wires. The light breeze at the top of the slide ripples Jenny’s skirt around the top of her legs (and incidentally puckers her perfect nipples), as she looks down the twisting yellow slide to the pool below. Jenny realises the fluttering blue skirt is not only her last covering now, but also she needs it for later, she cannot risk it being torn of on the slide. While she can collect her knickers and bra, and buy a t-shirt – or at worst go without a t-shirt as the bra is almost mistakable for a bikini if it is an emergency - there is no way to replace the skirt. She could not endure the walk through town in just her underwear. Almost as important are her prescription sunglasses, Jenny cannot do without the glasses, she would not know if the way was clear, or if some one was watching her, they might come off and be lost, or worse, they might break.

Hurry, Jenny thinks, you are doing it again, letting your mind wander, you have only seconds to slide down and be wrapped in the towel, which is big enough to cover your nudity. That’s it, she realises, the logical thing to do, wrap the glasses in skirt, hold the skirt and so the wrapped glasses will not break. It doesn’t matter if you haven’t time to get back into the skirt, as the towel will cover all. Then back to the changing rooms, and back to decency. Decision made it is barely a moment before she hooks her thumbs into her waistband and pushes the skirt down, first exposing her buttocks and neatly trimmed mound, before its over her thighs, and from there it slides to puddle at her feet and now Jenny straightens and stands naked at the top of the slide.

After stepping to the side and bending to retrieve the skirt – if you could have just seen that view – Jenny removes her glasses, and using the skirt to protect a different precious object wraps them carefully.

Such a magnificent sight, the now bare Jenny, one which anyone would pay everything to see, with the slight breeze rippling her golden hair, her dark tanned naked body, and those wonderful honey gold paler triangles. Oh, those magnificent long toned legs and the huge firm breasts with their hardened rosy nipples. Oh, that slender line of neatly trimmed pussy leading down to these proud lips. From her pretty feet to her beautiful face, the only thing she has to cover herself is a wristband with a key attached. Everything else is exposed to the sun. But it is a sight only enjoyed by a passing seagull, who momentarily forgets how to fly.

With a deep breath (and even Bill Gates would give all for that view) she leaps onto the slide. At first she tries to keep her legs together, and one hand over her chest, whilst the other holds tight to the skirt and the glasses that she holds over her crotch. Then as she speeds faster its both hands to the skirt, as she spins and turns completely unable to control the direction of her arms and legs. It’s a splayed legged, dizzy naked Jenny who suddenly finds herself hanging 10 feet above the seawater pool. Before falling with a huge splash into the water.

Deep she plunges into the salty water. Confused she floats to the surface and into the sun. Instantly she looked around, but could barely see the edges of the pool. Glasses, skirt, panic as she realised her hands are empty. Then a splash right before her as her glasses hit the surface. She grabs them, and puts them on. Now, wait for the skirt. No her mind shouted, there is the towel, and the shoes, no one is about, swim.

She swims to the edge of the pool and as she reaches the edge of the deep water is about to pull herself out, when she spies Gary. Standing between her and her towel. Inside she screams, as he sees her.

"Hi Miss, “ he says, “Look, I am really sorry about earlier, the changing room, I should not have done that, can you forgive me”.

“Yes” says Jenny – while thinking that she will forgive him anything if he leaves now so she can cover herself in the towel.

“I need to clear the area, I thought everyone was gone, you need walk back with me, while I lock up.”

“Can’t I stay and swim a bit longer, if you let me I won’t tell your manager about earlier” Quick thinking Jenny, she congratulates herself.

“Well, OK, if you like, you can follow that path up there, it leads to the back door to the big hotel. Are you staying there?”

“Yes, but I have a bag in the locker room, and I need a T-shirt from the shop, I lost mine.”

“The shop is shut, sorry, I can bring your bag back to the hotel. I have to go past it, and if you take the back way, it’s better than walking through town without your t-shirt”

Its not just my t-shirt I have lost though thinks Jenny, I can use the towel, it’s better than just my underwear, and not much worse than my underwear under the towel, as long as Gary does not see me naked. She realises she is trapped. He will not leave here unless she will leave the back way, or come with him. To leave the back way she would then only have the towel to cover herself, but to go with him she must get out of the water – naked - now. She can leave the pool walk towards him while he ogles her, and then have to walk through the town with her underwear under the towel. The logical thing to do, the thing that keeps her current naked state hidden, is clear to her.

“I’ll leave the back way, thanks.” She says

“OK, Just go up the path, where it branches, go right, then left at the second branch. The other paths lead to the centre of town, or one side of town or the other, and you would then be back walking through town in your bikini.”

Jenny is not really listening, she just wants him gone. She just wants the towel covering her nudity.

Gary turns to leave, “Oh, you had better give me your locker key.” Jenny panics for a moment as she thinks she is going to have to get out of the water naked after all, before he leaves, but quickly she removes it from her wrist and throws it to him.

He catches it, with an odd look, and begins to leave, and Jenny is wondering how long she can remain her naked in the water, before she dashes for the towel, when he turns around.

“Sorry, just realised, this is a hire towel, I have to take it back, feel free to lie in the sun to dry but please don’t drown or I’ll loose my job”, he laughs to her and without even looking at her, he picks up the towel and walks away. Jenny wants to scream, “bring it back”, but she knows she won’t, anyway its just five minute scurry up the path, no one is around, she will soon be back at the hotel.

Jenny hauls herself out of the water, and lacking anything else brushes the water from her body with her hands. (Any fish or seagulls that survived the previous views would now perish at this sight as she rubs her hands over her golden body). Then she wrings out her hair, thrusting her fine breasts out as she reaches behind herself. It’s a dejected Jenny who scurries naked to the sun-lounger, sees her heel’s and the sun oil and sighs.

She picks up the shoes, the last remainder of her outfit, bending from the waist and giving a perfect view to absolutely no one, and carries them and the sun oil to the gate. As it clangs shut behind her, she realises that (of course) the tarmac beneath her is too hot to walk on and she must put her shoes on. And whilst doing this she looks back to see her skirt float down onto the water from the slide. Saved, she says to herself, or at least partly saved. But the gate cannot be opened from this side without a key she soon realises. Jenny stamps her bare leg in frustration, incidentally causing a jiggle that would cause any one who saw it to swear.

She starts up the path in a half crouch, half scurry, covering her crotch and breasts, but straightens up to walk normally as realises no one can see her, no one is around, and it is uncomfortable to walk like that.

The old tom cat, returning to the quiet pool area, after a hard days sleeping in the shade is the only witness to the sight of Jenny clicking and swaying up the path, slightly damp from the sea, in just black high heels and a pair of sunglasses, her tanned naked body, with the lighter patches of skin at her breasts and crotch emphasising the nakedness. He actually offers one of his lives in thanks for the view. Jenny bends and tickles his proffered belly and he happily gives up another of his lives with the new view she gives him.

Jenny, leaving the cat, when she realises once again her naked predicament, continues up the path and makes a final horrifying discovery. Ahead the path splits, a little way ahead on each path are two gates, and she knows ahead of each gate will be two more gates. She chooses left at the fork, and arrives at the gate and sees that like the gate by the pool, each gate can be opened from inside but not from outside, once she chooses there is no spying forward, and retreating to use the other path. She must choose one of the two gates. One will lead to the back of her hotel, and a hopefully quick dash to her room. The other leads to the centre of town.

Was it left gate then right, or right gate then left? She is pretty sure it is not right, right, or left, left. But was it left or right first?

Completely unable to decide Jenny returns to the fork in the path and sits in a patch of sunlight, on the grassy bank. She reflects on the unavoidable choices that have led her to be trapped naked here. Each logical step leading to the next, but there is no logical step here. She lies back on the bank enjoying the sun, as there is nothing else she can do. She will have to make the decision but for the moment it is beyond her. “At least”, she says out loud, “although I am bare as a babe can be no one has seen me naked today”. “Yet” her traitorous mind replies.

Jenny, realising she might as well make the best of the situation stands, wobbles slightly in her heels and opens the bottle of oil. Then to prepare for sunbathing she first tips some oil into her left hand, and then rubs her hands together, before beginning to spread it over her entire body, making sure to cover everywhere, especially where her normal attire for sunbathing has her skin honey coloured rather that dark tan. Once sure she has covered herself she lies back onto the grass bank, and dozing off to sleep.

She does not hear the whir of the security camera as it closes in on her, or know that Gary, who was well aware of her situation in the water, having run from the top of the slide and seen her fall into the water, is controlling it, or know the pictures are used in the towns web cam.

Ignorance is bliss for Jenny, but logical choices are a killer.

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Jenny and The Farm Track by Daisy

The meeting had been interminable, all day Jenny had sat looking out of the window into the park wishing she could be out there in a summery dress, eating ice-cream rather than here in her best business suit. Though she was sure she had put on no weight the skirt seemed to hug everywhere from hips to knee – she could not even cross her legs. Had it not been slit from the back of her knee to the hem at mid calf she would have been unable to walk or drive. She had been forced to keep her jacket on all day as the white blouse felt as if it would be transparent with sweat at the back after walking from her car in the morning heat, and felt little different now eight hours later. Her hold-up stockings felt like the clinging rubber topped nylon they were against her aching to be bare legs. Even her shoes, normally her favourite part of any outfit, felt too high and too small.

But now the meeting was over and she was free. While her skirt afforded insufficient movement to run from the meeting, Jenny showed an appreciable turn of speed as she fled the room. Had she known the trainer had kept then an extra two hours just so he could look at the stacked blonde her mood could hardly have been any worse.

Making a beeline for the ladies Jenny dashed into a cubicle, locked it and unzipped her too tight skirt. Dropping both it and her hipster panties to the floor, she sat and relieved herself of the two coffee’s and half pint of juice she had drunk at lunchtime. Feeling relieved and far less bloated Jenny wiped herself dry and reached for her knickers. She noticed that there was a huge ladder all the way up the left hold-up. Already feeling hot and tired Jenny decided to bin the stockings. She peeled off the left one, the one with the ladder, with a sound like a sticking plaster being removed from bare skin, and followed by the right one. Each one she had rolled down her luscious legs leaving on each leg, a red, flower patterned hoop at the top of her perfect thighs where the sticky elasticised tops of the hold-ups had been

Having had to remove her shoes to do this for a moment Jenny was naked from the waist down, though in less sexy circumstances she could not imagine. Slipping back into her shoes, pulling up her underwear and struggling back into her skirt Jenny flushed and left the cubicle. Dropping both bits of nylon in a wastebasket she washed up and left.

Once outside Jenny was glad of the extra coolness her bare legs afforded her. The day was indeed stifling and now outside the air-conditioned office Jenny more than ever wished she was not in her tight business suit. Be careful what you wish for Jenny – it just might happen.

Jenny opened her jacket but did not dare remove it. She knew about the path she set herself upon when she took of her first item of clothing, and was praying the stockings did not count. In the car park was an ice-cream seller and Jenny decided this was just what she wanted to cool her down.

By the time she had walked from the leering ice cream mans hut to her car in her skirt-constricted mincing gait Jenny had managed to drip more of the rapidly melting sticky concoction of frozen cream and strawberry sauce than she had eaten. Rather than being pleasantly cooled she was sticky fingered, flustered and annoyed, and fearful that her blouse was ruined. The not cold but sticky mess on her chest was not how she wanted to drive 20 miles without air conditioning, not least as her hands seemed to be turning the liquid to a type of glue.

There was nothing in the car Jenny could use to clean herself up, not even a dirty cloth, as such she could think of nothing for it but to remove the already ruined blouse and use it to clean her hands, she new she could replace her jacket and a cursory inspection would not reveal her exposed state. She new this could well be the start of an inexorable path towards public nudity but it seemed the only possible thing to do.

Facing the car and hoping no one was looking she removed her jacket and as quickly as possible her blouse – dropping it to the floor – before, if anything more quickly, pulling on her jacket. OK she thought examining her reflection in the cars window, its something I might go out at night in, I am showing a lot of cleavage, but my bra is hidden. Jenny used the blouse to clean her hands, and threw the now ruined garment into the back of the car. Quite pleased at remaining covered, she never the less looked around for the sea gull that was about to steal her jacket, or the rogue lion that would cause her to bare her chest in public, but nothing seemed to threaten her modesty at the moment.

Jenny had quite an uneventful first half of her journey home, but as you and I know – and Jenny could have guessed – this was not going to last. Driving along the shortcut, off the main roads between some fields, miles from anywhere Jenny’s car overheated, she just managed to steer it to the verge before it gave up the ghost.

Like many, though not all, women Jenny knows nothing about cars, especially nothing about what goes on under the bonnet. Despite this she chose to examine the engine in case a big flashing light saying “I’m broken here and easy to fix by…” miraculously appeared. Unfortunately apart from a lot of hot oily iron Jenny found nothing.

Still, she thought, this is why I joined the AA (Automobile Association – our Jenny is no lush), so she grabbed her phone, and noticed there was little charge remaining. In fact there was just enough charge to get through to an operator and bellow that she had no charge and approximate directions to where she was before her phone, like her car, died.

Jenny was in a bit of a quandary. With one exception, as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but the road and fields. The one exception was a farmhouse mile away, down what looked a dusty and track. Jenny could wait by the car and hope the AA sent someone to her, or she could try the hot sticky walk to the farm and see if there was a phone.

Knowing she must Jenny set out on what promised to be an unpleasant walk, she actually felt quite proud that she left her keys in the car along with a note for any potential AA man who came along.

The combination of the tight skirt and heels made Jenny’s walk a thing of beauty. Her legs were immobile from the waist to the knee, and the heels shortened her steps further. If you had arrived behind her at this moment, and rather than just watch in drooling wonder, stuck a pencil in her behind, you would have heard a huge shriek, the police would have arrived and you would have been arrested. But lets say it was an hypothetical pencil that you stuck into her behind, and against it you held a hypothetical piece of paper, well the drawing you would have gotten would be a perfect figure 8 – lying on its side! What a walk!

Already far to hot by the time she reached the beginning of the track Jenny looked with dismay at its dusty length and the three cattle grids she would have to cross to get to the farm house. She waited for a moment. She tried waiving to the farm in case anyone could see her, but it was in vain, the farm might well be deserted, but I have to try, she thought.

By the time she reached the first cattle grid Jenny realised this might be a big mistake. She was boiling, how she wished she had her blouse not her jacket on. Realising she was in danger of heat stroke or over-sweating to death Jenny took a difficult decision. The track to the farm was quite exposed, and while Jenny did not want to be seen in just her bra on the track, she realised that is she took of her jacket while she walked she would be cooler, and able to see anyone approaching well before they could make out her undressed form.

Decision made Jenny slipped the jacket from her shoulders and exposed her sturdily constructed but lacy bra to the air. The walk along the track was uneventful after that, though Jenny found it most difficult to cross the remaining grids in shoes and tight skirt.

As soon as she passed the last of the three grids, Jenny slipped her jacket back on, determined not to be caught semi naked. Despite much hammering on the doors however there was no reply at the farm, though there were signs of recent use, it was deserted. Jenny could see no option but to return to the car and hope for the AA to arrive, otherwise it was at least a couple of miles to walk to the nearest civilisation.

Turning to leave Jenny once more slipped out of her jacket, no one was around to see her. She realised that just after the last grid was a small stream – perfect clear running water – shallow but enough to cool her aching feet, and rinse her tired face. Sitting to remove her shoes, Jenny dipped her toes into the cooling water, feeling relaxed for the first time since leaving the house that morning.

The relaxation was not to last however, standing Jenny saw the bright yellow AA van sitting by her car. Jenny began to run – or at least totter quickly and had crossed the first grid before she realised her shoes and Jacket were by the stream still. Jenny knew she dare not go back to fetch them – the AA man might leave and cause her to be stranded here. Knowing the AA were ever courteous, and knowing there was a blouse – however dirty – to cover her bra back at the car, Jenny abandoned the shoes and Jacket, meaning to drive and collect them as soon as the car was fixed.

By the second grid Jenny realised her restricted gait was not covering sufficient ground to reach her car before the repairman left.

“I need to run”, she thought, “I can’t run in this skirt. The skirt will have to go for now, I can put it on when I reach the end of this track”.

Shimmying out of the restrictive skirt, baring her long legs for running, Jenny set of, practically flying up the dusty track. Running in her little white hipster panties and lacy bra Jenny would truly be a sight to behold. Gone now are the faint outlines of pressed flowers from the hold-up, just bare toned and tanned skin, long toned legs and luscious bouncing breasts.

She leapt the second grid and raced towards the final grid, as disaster struck, she stumbled and almost fell, right at the edge of the grid. She, by some means kept her feet, but managed to drop her skirt, which as these things are wont to happen to Jenny, slid through the grid out of reach. Jenny shouted in frustration, a frustration exasperated by the sight of the AA van driving into the distance.

OK she thought back for the jacket and shoes, then on to the car, and hope he fixed it. Turning Jenny was horrified to see two trucks now at the farm, where no trucks had been before. In fact a quantity of men were around the farm now. OK she thought, new plan, back to the car, into the blouse and hopefully drive home, maybe come back for shoes and jacket, maybe not.

Jenny began the final leg of her journey up the track. While her walk now owed more to anger than the perfect swish of a tight skirt, she was nevertheless a most beautiful sight to behold, long legs, bare tanned skin, flat stomach and bouncing blonde hair. She was glad that she was still managing to remain semi-covered, at least the most important parts to her remained unobservable - for the moment.

The next step Jenny was jolted from her thoughts by a sharp pain beneath her right breast, another step and there it was again. Instantly she knew what it was - the under wiring in her bra necessary to support her chest had pushed through the material and was digging into her breast. Jenny was determined to ignore it, but one more step and the sharp metal pierced her skin and she gave a little shriek and stopped.

Gingerly she pulled her bra away from her body and tried another step. No good, the under wiring was determined to stab her. The pain of being stabbed stopped her dead in her tracks, unable to move there seemed only one course of action.

Jenny stood, feet braced a foot apart, in the middle of the road not even daring to seek the relative sanctuary of the verge. She reached both hands behind her, wincing at the further stabbing pain this caused, and unclasped her bra. With unaccustomed care she held the base of the right cup to her chest, and slid the straps from each arm. The left cup fell from her left breast, and caused the slightest of sags, more a bounce, in that magnificent fleshy orb. Gingerly she freed her delicate flesh from the impaling spike, and dropped the bra to the floor.

As she lifted the weight and examined the smooth under curve of skin a single jewel of ruby red blood emerged the hole in her right breast. With a tear in her eye, angry and scared by fates latest attempt to strip her naked once more, she kicked the offending bra over the wire fence and into the field alongside the road. Barefoot and with her tiny fists on the thin elasticated band at her hips, breasts bear to the sun and perfect nipples pain hardened and pointing straight ahead. She fumed, realising a moment too late that she could perhaps have removed the sharp under wiring and used the bra to cover her chest.

Now in nothing but the white hipster knickers Jenny walked the road cursing under her breath. Her bare breasts with their perfect rosy nipples were now exposed for anyone to see. There was but one thought on her mind, she was determined to reach the car and be on her way as soon as possible.

It was a short dash now for the near bare Jenny to her car, still standing at the roadside, bonnet raised. Thankfully on the back seat was her ice-cream stained blouse, but before she could open the car to get it she was distracted by an addition to her note.

Jenny’s note had been amended to include the line, “Broken fan belt, back ASAP. AA.” Jenny realised that here was a way for her to save herself being caught in her knickers and a stained sticky blouse. About the only thing about cars she knew was that you could replace a fan belt with stockings. No stockings she thought, but I bet my knickers will do the job. Peering into the engine compartment it was quite clear to her which two wheels the fan belt connected.

Jenny dithered for a moment thinking to get the blouse before removing her knickers.

“I should put my blouse on first” she thought, “but it doesn’t cover my knickers – or where my knickers won’t be, my breasts have been exposed long enough, no one is about. No, I must be quick will I put the blouse on after.”

Slipping out of her knickers, as always, was a difficult thing for Jenny to do. Removing that last piece of clothing, however small and lacy, while not in complete privacy, always caused her to breath faster and her heart to race. Unknown to her this caused the most delightful flush across her heaving bosom.

But, in this extreme, she knew what she must do and remove the last little shred of modesty she did. Next she slid the elastic waistband into place to replace the fan belt. Jenny stood for a moment before dropping the bonnet back into place. There was barely a breeze to ruffle her newly exposed and sweat dewed pubic hair, trimmed to perfection and a delight to behold.

Only now without a stitch of clothing to cover her nakedness she reached for the car door only to find it curiously locked. Through the windscreen she could see words written on the back of the note. Reaching for the piece of card she flipped it over between her fingers and read

“Hope OK. Took keys for security.”

Lets leave the stunned Jenny there by the roadside, gloriously naked and waiting for help. We wont stay and watch as the farm boys arrive to see if there really is a naked woman at the end of the track – while cunningly bringing none of her clothes with them. We wont wait for the storm clouds which were beginning to form overhead to pour rain upon her naked skin, chasing away the farm boys but meaning that by the time help arrives Jenny will be a wet naked delight for the AA man. We wont wait and watch as she discovers that her blouse has stuck together so much it is un-wearable so she must, once more, drive home naked. No we will be kind and leave the naked Jenny in ignorance of how much worse things can get that being naked and locked out of your car on a deserted road.

Bye Jenny, we will see you again soon, and I mean we will see all of you again soon!

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Jenny and the Rugby World Cup by Daisy

“ ’scuse me mate”, said the voice behind Jenny as she felt a hand on her waist moving her to one side. She turned to look at the half drunk man pushing past her.

“Oh, sorry love”, he said “I thought you were a bloke.”

Jenny looked in shock at the short balding man before her. He was rapidly realising that this was actually a gorgeous woman, and now he was in front of her he could see the fine shape of her that he had not been able to see from behind, not to mention the prettiest face he had ever seen and perfect blue eyes. This was certainly one of the most amazingly beautiful women he had ever seen. She still stared at him with her big blue eyes, a mixture of horror and tears. How could he think she was a man, even from behind?

This was certainly a first for Jenny, who, while she knew she was not as pretty or sexy as Ashley, always thought of herself as attractive and feminine. As he staggered past Jenny took a mental inventory of what she was wearing. High heeled, pointy toed, brown knee length boots, though from behind he would not have noticed them as the jeans that skimmed down the inches of her long legs reached to the floor.

Like most of the people in the bar she wore an England Rugby shirt that, on Jenny, came down to mid thigh. It hung straight too, disguising all her curves, especially from behind. Like so many others in the bar, it was a traditional loose fitting white rugby shirt, not the skin tight shirt the players wore.

With her naturally blonde hair covered by a baseball cap and in a single pony tail, tucked into her shirt, so she could wear the shirt collar up, she realised that from behind she would look very like everyone else in the crowded bar. And as almost everyone there was a man to watch the rugby world cup final, she realised he could easily have mistaken her.

In fact, she thought, of the 200+ people here I am one of only a handful of women and the only one in such a top. She probably would have left it there, she was enjoying the game too much to be upset, it was coming to half time and England looked like they would win the game. She was a little upset, certain that Ashley had never been mistaken for a man, that Ashley would never wear anything that would possibly make her look like a man. But would let it pass, perhaps on returning home she would put on a mini-dress and soak up the late autumn sunshine.

Jenny was a fan of the rugby, and had wanted to watch this most important game in public, to get some atmosphere, so the now crowded bar with its big screen was the perfect place to watch the rugby world cup final.

If the material of the shirt had been thinner, Jenny thought, I could tuck it inside itself to reveal my stomach, and show I am a woman. Deciding to try it anyway, she began to pull the long front of the shirt up and had just exposed the first 4 inches of toned flat bronze midriff when the halftime whistle blew, and in the excitement some one spilled there drink all over her legs. Quite how he managed to spill a full pint of beer over her legs from just below her shirt to her knees, soaking her jeans but leaving her top, and her now bared stomach dry, she did not know, but he did. She dropped the shirt back down as he turned towards her.

“Sorry mate”, he slurred, and then looking at her face said, “Err Miss”.

Jenny was furious; her legs were covered in sticky beer soaked denim that clung coldly to her skin. But worse another person had thought she was a man. She turned on her heels without a word and stalked to the ladies room.

Jenny immediate entered one of the cubicles. She needed to remove her jeans, to dry them on the hand dryer, to do so she first had to roll them up her legs, and remove her boots, unzipping the long zipper from knee to foot, then unbuttoning the jeans at her waist and sliding the cold denim off her luscious legs. She then slipped her feet back into the boots and part zipped them back up.

Standing once more Jenny realised that she was decently covered. She knew the shirt covered more than her some of her shorter skirts because she had initially worn it with a skirt, only to realise that the shirt hid the entire length of her mini skirt, so she had changed into jeans. Rather than expose my stomach I could just wear the shirt, like a short dress. Jenny thought, I’m covered enough, she also remembered that today she had worn her ‘shorts’ underwear rather than her normal thong, so she was very unlikely to reveal anything.

Then Jenny caught sight of herself in the mirror, yes the removal of the jeans left her honey tanned legs bare, from mid thigh to the tops of her refastened boots – just below the worlds most perfect knees. But apart from that she was not feminine, the bra she had worn today was her most reducing, making her spectacular breasts almost flat to her chest, leaving her covered but not feminine at all. And the cap that covered her hair – that had to go too. What if I release my hair she thought?

It was a very different and far more feminine Jenny that left the ladies room, than the Jenny who had entered it. In one hand she carried a plastic bag containing her wet jeans, her baseball cap, and the all too concealing bra. In the other the small handbag that had contained the plastic bag and the makeup she had now artfully applied. But almost no one noticed that, instead it was the mass of blonde hair, the blue eyes, the now tight across the chest white rugby shirt. Her long bare legs – still brown from a recent sun worshiping holiday - from high on the thigh (Jenny had forgotten that her released chest would raise the bottom of her shirt – which was now a hem line mere inches below her shorts.) to the tops of the brown heeled boots.

Momentarily the bar stopped, and silently watched the perfect woman rejoin them, then the whistle blew for the second half of the game and even Jenny could not distract 200 drinking rugby fans from the game, though she still received sidelong glances as the game continued.

Jenny put her plastic bag under a table, then began to watch the second half of the game, she had another beer, to join the two from the first half, and watched in horror as the England team were hauled back by Australia, as decision after decision went against the men in white, and as the men in gold scored point after point. The bar got quieter and quieter, the occasional burst of song now in desperation rather than joyful expectation.

The end of the second half was a much more sombre affair than the joyful scenes she had left at the end of the first half. Though no one had called her “mate” or anything masculine at all, and one man had even said “excuse me beautiful”, the game was level. It was going to have to go to extra time, and the tension that would bring.

As she scurried towards the ladies room to remove some of the beer she had drunk watching the increasingly tense game she heard a voice in the crowd saying “I wish I had worn my lucky underwear now.”

It struck Jenny that this was the reason for the poor second half. She must have unlucky underwear on. It dawned on her that all England’s other games she had been ‘commando’ The first games because she was at home and in her pyjama’s for the early starts, then the later games due to a series of incidents and accidents. These shorts were not even like her normal thongs, but far more covering. Perhaps her bare bottom would help England’s players thousands of miles away. It couldn’t hurt.

She slid the tight white shorts off her bottom, down her shapely thighs, past her knees, over her boots and onto the floor, where the state of the floor made it immediately apparent that she was not going to wear them again even if they were all she had left.

Jenny realised the white shorts, still warm from her body heat, would not go into her small handbag, and the plastic bag with her jeans in was still in the bar. So deciding they were unlucky shorts, she threw them in the bin.

Entering the bar area once more, and as every eye focused on the beautiful blonde, she wondered for a moment if she had made a mistake, all she had on was a rugby shirt, which suddenly seemed much shorter and further up her bare thighs which were tautened by her heeled boots. What had she been thinking? She almost returned to the ladies room to retrieve her shorts, but at that moment the extra time commenced.

As the minutes trickled by, the game was far too close to call, Jenny experienced highs and lows previously associated with loosing her clothes in public, the terror, the excitement. All that was missing was the burning embarrassment of such times – and Jenny did not miss that.

And then it happened, with moments to go, Johnny Wilkinson dropped the goal that would win England the game, and the World Cup. The bar erupted in cheers and the singing was once more joyous and ‘Sweet Chariot’ reverberated around the pub. Now it seemed everyone was happy, not least Jenny. She sang with the rest of them, she danced around on her slender heels; the joy was palpable in the air.

Of course the singing and dancing was having an effect on the sensitive skin of her chest, the thick cotton shirt was not designed with Jenny’s lush figure in mind, and what had started the day as a covering outfit was starting to become increasingly revealing.

A combination of the excitement and the friction of her unfettered breasts was causing Jenny’s nipples to arise, and her aureole to crinkle with the inevitable result that her magnificent chest was now clearly topped with two hard nubbins of flesh beneath the white top. A top which seemed almost to be shrinking to her figure as the increased blood flow made her already firm breasts stand fully to attention.

Jenny was not aware that the top hung below her naked behind by a mere half inch, and the excited dancing raised it up. And had anyone been watching her and not the celebrations they may have seen occasional glimpses of blonde hair as she jumped for joy.

The trophy was about to be handed out and Jenny, now in the throng of the crowd was sandwiched amongst the biggest of the men watching. In a little voice she said “I can’t see” and the ever generous rugby fans around her leapt to her rescue, but not in the way Jenny expected.

Without a word a tall man to her left lifted the startled Jenny to his shoulders, and settled her down. If he was aware that the most intimate parts of her luscious body were against his neck he was far too much of a gentleman to mention it. Though Jenny considered it far more likely that her was just as excited by the game as she was, in fact she barely noticed as she swelled with pride as the cup was handed over to the English captain.

Now quite a few men to either side noticed the fantastic length of leg Jenny was forced to expose by her perch. In fact the shirt now barely covered her behind; the full length of her shapely legs, bare and tanned from the top of her boots to her hip bone was exposed to the increasingly lustful glances.

Jenny threw her hands in the air to join the rampant celebration, and now for the fist time those behind her noticed. Rather than watching the medals being handed out they were looking at the completely naked behind of the blonde sitting on the shoulders of the tallest man in the bar. For in her excitement Jenny had raised her arms and pulled the hem of her top over her naked bottom, where it had stayed and unknown to her she mooned the back half of the bar.

Jenny was oblivious to the crowd gathering behind her who marvelled not a the rugby exploits being shown on the big screen, which had Jenny’s full and excited attention but on the firmest, most beautiful ladies behind any of them would ever see.

Oblivious to the show she was giving Jenny was as ever about to reveal more as her upraised hands caught in the sign hanging from the pub ceiling. Wriggling to free her hands the sleeves of her shirt caught on two hooks. Before she realised what was about to happen, her seat – a pair of strong male shoulders - moved forwards towards the bar. Just getting us a drink she heard the man say. In horror Jenny felt her top slide from her body as the whole bar realised what was happening.

Inch by inch jenny’s back was exposed to those behind her, those to the sides were about to see the most perfect chest in erect nippled profile and those to the front – rapidly realising the action was behind them turned as first the under slopes of her breasts, then her hard nipples and puckered aureole came into view above them.

Jenny’s face was hidden by the shirt, her arms still stuck over her head by the sleeves of her shirt. Not a man there had not noticed the blonde in the boots and rugby shirt dress who had arrived at half time, and here she was naked but for those boots and stretched taught in all her glory.

One thing though had remained hidden, though accidentally, the blonde line of fur at the junction of her magnificent thighs was pressed to the neck of her carrier, with one more step forwards she was freed from her top and Jenny dropped her hands in a vain attempt to conceal her overlarge breasts.

The only man in the bar unaware of her predicament was the one she most needed to know. Her last shred of clothing hung like a banner from the ceiling, her behind was bare to the pub, her hands were far too small to cover any of her chest beyond her hardened nipples.

Finally Jenny caught the attention of the man carrying her. As he realised her predicament, and realised what it was he was feeling on the back of his neck, he stammered an apology. Though rugby fans are generous and kind, some are not the brightest, so it could be that it was an accident that led him to place Jenny standing on the bar.

There she stood for a moment covering her chest, until she realised that everyone was now looking at the trimmed fur line of her pussy. She could hear the crowd on the screen behind her cheering and for a moment it was as if they were cheering for her, she dropped one hand to cover herself and tried to use one hand to cover both of her breasts, but to little effect.

In her heeled boots, there colour almost the same shade as every inch of her tanned skin except for her burning red cheeks Jenny danced on the bar. Not for the pleasure of the fans before her, though her jiggling was certainly pleasurable, but because she could find no way down from the bar without jumping, naked, into the crowd below.

Some kind soul threw her the top she had left hanging from the ceiling, but in order to put it on she had to raise both hands over her head, leaving the bar with the complete view of her toned and tanned body, from the mass of blonde hair and those piercing blue eyes, down the swan like neck, across those perfect breasts with there rose red tips. Down slid her top covering her flat toned stomach to the blonde strip and barely visible pink lips within, down to stop at the top of her thighs.

Still on view was the length of her perfect bronzed legs to the boots at her knees. Every male eye had watched every exposed inch for as long as possible as her top once more covered her. Most could see her hard nipples jutting through the white shirt while the lucky few at the front still could see the glimpses of the short blonde hair as she stepped from the bar, to a stool and onto the floor.

Torn between running away to safety and the desire to enjoy the atmosphere of England’s historic win Jenny accepted a drink and continued to be the centre of attention. Though she refused all entreaties to show what she had covered, the sight of which all present agreed was better than winning the game.

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Puss In Boots by Daisy

The boots were beautiful you would have to admit. A study in contradictions; the leather was as black as darkest night and soft as warm butter. Toes pointed as a dagger, ankles supple as a cat. Enough grip to walk through icy streets with so much style they practically melted men. Moulding the foot to a perfect arch, while being as comfortable as an old slipper.

Reaching the four inches from Jenny’s foot to her shin, they combined laces up the front - for easy entry with the perfect 3 and a half inch heel that tightened and toned every muscle and tendon beneath Jenny’s perfect skin. Her calves were rounded, counteracting the forward lean the heels induced. This caused thigh muscles to be more defined and pronounced, that contraction tightened her gluteus max (her butt) and firmed it. To further counteract the forward lean Jenny’s stomach was (almost imperceptibly) sucked in. Consequentially her breasts to rose and her nipples to hardened (though truthfully this was more from the excitement of wearing the boots than any physical reaction they induced). Her chin was lifted and the grin on Jenny’s face that wearing the boots always bought out was matched by the added sparkle in her clear blue eyes. To get an idea what the boots did for Jenny stand up and lift your heels 3 and a half inches of the floor. Every muscle and tendon you feel contract was contracted in Jenny – just from wearing the boots.

In fact there was only bit of Jenny the boots did not improve, though admittedly improvement on one so perfect is almost unnoticeable unless you look very hard. No the only bit of her lustrous head turning beauty they did not enhance was her wild mass of blonde hair. This was a shame as, at that moment, apart from the boots her hair was the only thing covering her nakedness.

As ever on finding herself in such a predicament the actions she had taken had been innocence itself, in point of fact the chances of anyone else performing the same series of actions and finding there selves naked and stuck to a wall were millions to one. Oh, did I forget to mention, that as well as being naked but for her perfect boots, Jenny had managed to attach her right hand to the wall.

As autumn had arrived Jenny had pulled the boots from there summer storage, the strappy high heels and vertiginous sandals put away for the approaching season, to be replaced once more with warmer, sturdier – but hardly more sensible footwear. With joy Jenny had, for the first time in six months tied herself into the boots – flushed with excitement and still slightly damp from her daily shower. Jenny had stood naked and delighted for a moment in the feeling the boots gave her - after all she was in her own home! Glowing with excitement and a pleasure no man could induce she had stalked to her wardrobe only to find the dress she had planned to wear missing.

With a very mild curse she realised the dress was still in the utility room and without further thought she wrapped her damp towel around her body and descended to find the missing outfit. It was in all innocence – but not entirely unexpected to anyone who knew of her – that Jenny was at the bottom of the stairs before she realised that she had not yet put on any underwear, and as was confirmed by the mirror before her a damp towel did nothing to hide her every luscious curve. Familiar – but never comfortable – with finding herself short of clothing Jenny opted to get the dress, then return for her underwear, rather than trek back upstairs for the scant extra cover and security offered by bra and panties. After all she was in her own home!

“Utility room” was really a gentrification. In fact Jenny had simply changed the use of her garage by having the floor tiled; it no longer was used to hold a car, rather it held a washer, drier, ironing board, and cupboard of cleaning products and the like. By the closed and so often unused garage door were two bags of clothing for the charity shop to collect. But beyond that the room was bare but for her pretty dress hanging ready to be taken to upstairs – or put straight on as Jenny intended.

Jenny’s first step onto the tilled floor caused her to stop. Instead of the almost silent contact of rubber on porcelain there was the distinctive click of metal on tile. Instantly Jenny remembered, when last wearing of the boots in spring had broken the small rubber heel of the boots – she had forgotten to get them mended before putting them away and only now did she recall the damage.

Still she thought – I can do a temporary fix, the superglue is also in the utility room. Now you can see where this is going – but I am quite sure you or I in the same predicament would have done the same thing. Rather than pull on her dress Jenny tip-toed – careful to keep the exposed metal heel of the tile - to the cupboard with the glue, then onto the bench where she sat and examined the heel of her favourite boots.

Though the rubber was split enough remained that it could be glued to cover the bare metal – at best a temporary repair until she could get to her cobbler to have a permanent repair made. But she had set her heart on wearing the boots today so this seemed the best option. Jenny’s towel however was not up to the strain placed on it by the contortions involved in looking at the offending heel. The fact was it was negligible cover at best and only being tucked over Jenny’s large breasts kept it on at all. The movements that had bought her heel in front of her face – while not incidentally being a sight many would kill for (go on I’ll wait a moment while you imagine the contortion and resulting exposure) – was too much strain and it slipped from her body.

Momentarily startled, but to familiar with the sensation of accidental nudity to be truly shocked Jenny almost dropped the super glue at the crucial moment. But she resolved to continue the repair to the footwear before recovering her once more naked body. After all she was in her own home!

Repair completed Jenny sat for the few seconds it took the glue to dry, before standing and deciding to put her dress on rather than rewrap herself in the damp towel. Naked she started towards the dress but on the second step, perhaps because you were wishing for it but perhaps the floor was not quite even, Jenny stumbled forward against the wall reaching out to save herself with her arm. Shaken Jenny stood a moment to catch her breath, shaken by the near fall she breathed deeply. (Again you might want to take a moment to imagine that.)

Recovered Jenny tried to move towards the dress, but as you and I know – but Jenny had not realised, the act of saving herself from the fall had broken the glue tube in her hand and the moment taken to steady herself was enough to stick her hand to the .

Not for the first time – and I doubt for the last – Jenny found herself in a predicament. Naked, as so often the case, and too far from towel or dress to reach anything to cover herself with she nearly panicked. The only thing that calmed her was remembering she was alone in her own home and not outside in front of strangers. In a few hours – at most – her husband would return and he would rescue her, and no one but him need ever know. Jenny even began to get aroused at the though of him finding her here naked but for her favourite boots and stuck to the wall. She almost could not bear to think what he might do to her.

But then she heard it. The thing her mind had blanked out until this moment. The garage door started to rise as the charity workers opened it to collect the bags of old clothes she had left for them…