**TODD CHEESE'S JENNY**

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Jenny and the Obstacle Course by ToddCheese

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Jenny and the Obstacle Course by ToddCheese

Jenny stood and performed a few quick stretches, flexing her knees, then bending over to touch her toes, warming up for the main event. She waved over to Ashley, her coach, who returned the gesture. Jenny was psyched.

Her team had been doing well in all the day's events, and now it was her turn to show her stuff. She'd been practicing the obstacle course for weeks, going over the hurdles, through the tires, across the monkey bars, up and over the wall, across the balance beam, and through the long pipe to the finish line. She'd been amazed at her improvement, gradually shaving down her time. Her best was four minutes and 48 seconds, but Jenny felt confident she'd beat that today. Pausing momentarily to adjust her grey tube-top sports bra and matching elastic-waist running shorts, she continued her warm-up exercises.

Across the park, near the bleachers, Ashley watched Jenny, her dark sunglasses hiding the evil mischievous gleam in her eyes. She'd spent the last few weeks preparing for this, convincing Jenny to join the team, coaching and encouraging her, all in anticipation of humiliating her secret arch-rival today.

The announcer signaled the start of the obstacle course race, and the other team's runner, a small skinny girl in an orange outfit, took her position. When the gun fired, she took off, coming in with a time of 4:53, not quite as good as Jenny's personal best but enough to make her sweat. She'd have to give it her all if she was going to win.

Ashley met up with Jenny near the starting line for a final pep talk.

"Okay, Jenny, that's a tough time to beat, but you've done it before. Just remember how we practiced it. I'll give you reminders."

"Thanks Ashley, you're a great coach."

"And be sure to pause and take a deep, full breath before each obstacle." Ashley patted Jenny between her shoulder blades, using the opportunity to tweak an errant thread on the back of Jenny's grey sports bra.

Jenny stepped to the starting line and awaited the shot. When it came, she sprang into action, sprinting the first short distance to the hurdles.

"Remember your timing, Jenny!" called Ashley from the sidelines.

Jenny counted off the steps between each leap, just as she'd practiced, and got it down perfect.

On to the tires. She took a deep breath, filling her chest with air.

"Reach with your legs!" Ashley cried. Jenny did so, stretching so each foot landed perfectly inside the circle as she hopped through the series of tires. Breathed deeply again, in then out.

"Pull with your shoulders!" came Ashley's advice as Jenny grabbed the top rung of the monkey bars and began to shimmy across in record time.

She dropped off on the other side, then ran to the wall. Another deep breath... and as her chest expanded Jenny thought she heard the faintest ripping sound, but pushed it out of her mind. No distractions, she thought, grabbing the rope that hung over the wall.

"Brace with your feet!" Ashley told her as Jenny began the hand-over-hand climb, her feet against the wall for added support and leverage as she hoisted herself up. At the top she gracefully swung over and slid down to the ground on the other side.

That was the hardest part, the rest was easy, Jenny told herself. Once more the deep breath, and again the curious tearing sound. But no time to think about it, on to the balance beam, and "Hold out your arms!" from Ashley. Jenny did so as she quickly placed one foot straight in front of the other, jogging down the long metal bar with perfect poise.

The blood was pounding in her head along with the sound of the crowd, so that she didn't even hear the rip a third time as she took her final deep breath before the pipe.

"Now CRAWL, girlfriend!" called Ashley.

Jenny got down on all fours, and immediately noticed that this pipe looked considerably narrower than the one she'd been practicing with. Can't stop to worry about that, she decided, I'm going for the record! And she squeezed and wriggled her way into the pipe, pushing with her feet as she pulled herself through with her forearms.

From the sidelines, Ashley smirked, thinking how she'd switched the pipe with a narrower one the night before the event. Once she'd learned how small the other team's runner was, she knew only Jenny would have trouble getting through it. This should be very entertaining for the crowd, Ashley thought, and very embarrassing for Jenny!

The crowd cheered as Jenny's head and torso emerged from the other end of the pipe, but quickly dissolved into murmurs and scattered laughter when her bottom half did not immediately follow.

"Nnngh!" grunted Jenny as she struggled unsuccessfully to pull herself loose, then called out to her best friend and coach: "Ashley! Help me! I'm stuck!"

Ashley dashed over and grabbed her "friend" by the hands, and tugged with all her might. Jenny popped free, save for her gray elastic-waist shorts, which stayed behind in the pipe as Jenny slid out of them. As Ashley pulled her free, Jenny's bikini-cut panties, pink with purple polka-dots, were on display to the whole audience... but Jenny didn't yet realize it!

Blurting out a hasty thanks to Ashley, Jenny dashed the remaining yards to the finish line, met with thunderous applause the whole way. She raised her arms in triumph, once again missing the rip behind her as the crowd roared its approval. The scoreboard flashed her time, and Jenny was elated: Even with her previous predicament she'd come in at 4:47, winning the competition and setting a new personal record!

Jenny saw smiling faces, people laughing, pointing excitedly at her, even the opposing team. Some were watching through binoculars, and camera flashes were going off. Jenny thought everyone was proud of her accomplishment and just being nice, so she just basked in the glow of approval until Ashley came up and whispered, "Pssst! Jenny! Your shorts!"

"My shorts?" she asked, confused. "Well, what's wrong with them? I--"

Jenny patted both her hips where her shorts should be, but felt only soft cotton fabric and her bare legs. "I..." she trailed off as Ashley lifted her missing garment with one hand, dangling the shorts in front of her. Jenny's eyes widened and her mouth dropped agape. Almost afraid to look, she tilted her head downward and saw her embarrassing polka-dot underwear on prominent display to the entire crowd of grinning, laughing spectators.

"OHHHHH!" cried Jenny as a bright blush rose from her cheeks. She spread one hand over the front of her exposed undies, and with the other she reached for her shorts, held just out of reach by Ashley. Jenny heard one final, unmistakable tiny rip followed by a pop.

"Ashley, please! Give me back my shhHHIIIIT!"

For at that moment, the back of her gray sports bra tore all the way, popping off her chest and letting her large round breasts bounce free. The crowd went wild at the sight.

"EEEEEEEKKK!" wailed Jenny, clutching her exposed breasts in her other arm, her blush deepening to cover her entire face and neck. Panicked, her eyes darted about before she took off for the nearby trees, with everyone in the stands laughing at the sight of her jiggling, panty-clad, spotted bottom.

She sought sanctuary in some brush at the edge of the woods, but as she dove in the hem of her panties snagged on a twig and she felt a rush of cool air as they were ripped away, leaving her naked save for her shoes and socks! Desperate to cover herself, she grabbed a bunch of leaves from the nearest plant she could find and pressed them over her naked body.

As the first twinges of an itching sensation began to prickle on Jenny's bare skin, Ashley called out one last piece of advice from the finish line:

"Hey, Jenny! Your cover is made of poison ivy!"

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Jenny at the Science Museum by ToddCheese

Jenny held her sundress down with both hands as she climbed several rows of stairs to the pillared entrance to the Science Museum. She wondered why Ashley had wanted to meet her here, of all places, and she wished her friend hadn't talked her into wearing this particular garment (which was Ashley's, not Jenny's). The dress was a yellow flowered number with narrow straps that didn't look particularly strong, and a row of metal snap-buttons down the front. It was made of a light material that felt uncomfortably flimsy. Jenny couldn't get over the fear that one good gust could pull the dress right off her exquisitely curved (but still very modest) body, so she kept her hands placed firmly over it for reassurance.

Ashley smirked as she saw the unspeakably shy Jenny coming up the steps, holding her dress down the entire way. Jenny was so easily embarrassed and afraid of being seen publicly in any sort of compromising situation, but she really did have a fabulous figure. A shame, Ashley thought, that she never shared it with the world. That was about to change, though.

Meeting her friend at the entrance, Ashley took Jenny's wrist and ushered her through the door, paid the admission fee for both of them. With Jenny in tow, Ashley hurried past the other exhibits, headed straight for one in particular. Past the friendly looking human-size robot with the hand that waved back and forth in a "gimme-five" motion. Past the swinging Foucault pendulum. Past the aquaculture exhibit, a huge aquarium tank showing the future of underwater farming. Past an early prototype of a large piece of tunnelling equipment, its cone-shaped metal drill tapering to a sharp point.

Ashley led Jenny straight to the main exhibit, a curious machine surrounded on all sides by velvet ropes, where they arrived just in time for the 2:00 demonstration. A wild-haired professor type with beard, glasses and cardigan stood beside the machine, a long curved metal bar with a coil around it. The two women edged their way to the front at Ashley's insistence, and joined a class of middle-school students... a few of whom, Jenny noticed, were dressed in Boy Scout uniforms. She thought she saw a few of them glance her way, but thought nothing of it.

"I don't understand, Ashley," said Jenny. "Why did you insist on dragging me here? I don't like science, you don't like science... What's the big deal?"

"Come on, Jenny, don't be a spoil-sport," replied Ashley. "It'll be fun!" She pointed across the way to the Science Museum's gift shop. "You want a T-shirt?"

"No, I don't want a T-shirt," Jenny answered, "This is stupid. I just want to know what we're doing h--"

But Jenny's protests were silenced as the professor held up a microphone and began addressing the crowd.

"I vould like to velcome jou all to zees special exhibit at zee Science Museum," he announced, speaking with some foreign accent, Jenny couldn't tell what kind. He rambled on for a few minutes about hoping people enjoyed their visit. About the museum's continuing need for donations. About some of the other exhibits: The waving robot, the Foucault pendulum, the aquaculture tank, the tunnelling drill.

"Now," said the professor, "Zees device, eez called un electromagnet. Unt how it vorks, eez, zee coil around eet uses zee electreecal current to magneetize zee iron ven eet eez powered on. So. Who een zee audience vould like to geev eet a try?"

The pack of young Boy Scouts all waved their hands eagerly, and the professor nodded, unhooking the velvet rope to let them inside, then showed them how to power it on, but warned them, "Now, jou must only turn eet to zee lowest posseeble setting, as eet eez ver-ry powerful."

Jenny watched as the professor scattered some small to medium-sized pieces of metal on the floor, between the magnet and the spot where Jenny and Ashley stood. He gestured to the Scouts to switch the machine on. An electrical humming filled the air as the metal pieces trembled slightly, and then, in the blink of an eye, snapped from the floor to attach themselves to the giant magnet.

Of course once they saw how cool that was, the boys didn't listen to the professor, and immediately flipped the switch all the way to the maximum setting... and the magnet was pointed directly at Jenny! She felt a sudden tugging at the front of her outfit, looked down, and saw the metal buttons of her sundress being drawn toward the magnet. Jenny took a step back, trying to pull away, but this only increased the strain on the snaps, and suddenly the whole front of her dress popped open from top to bottom!

The garment lifted, hovering perpendicular to her body... But not for long, as the force was too strong for the flimsy straps, which snapped, first one then the other, and the dress flew over to attach to the side of the magnet. Jenny was left standing in the middle of the museum, in front of a crowd of about a hundred people, in her push-up bra and skimpy white panties with little red hearts!

"Nein! Stop! Vhat are jou doink?!" cried the professor upon seeing the boys playing with the magnet.

Jenny felt another tugging, this time at her chest, and gulped as she realized she was wearing... an underwire bra! Its hooks were designed to hold the weight of Jenny's bosom, but not this kind of force. The magnet continued to pull, and the bra popped open in the back and was quickly pulled off the pretty young woman's shoulders and chest. Jenny gasped in horror as she saw everyone, including the Scouts, ESPECIALLY the Scouts, staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed at her large, round, jiggling exposed breasts!

She hastily crossed her arms over them and hunched over, backing away from the grinning faces and leering eyes of the crowd. She backed her way past a diagram showing the phases of a star, the blush in her face glowing ever brighter to match the photos of the star's life cycle, until she stopped, beet-red, beside the image of a Red Giant.

The only reason she stopped was that she had backed straight into the metal point of the drilling machine, which poked her sharply in her sensitive panty-clad behind!

"YEEEOWW!" yelped Jenny, jumping away in pain, her hands instinctively flying back to cover her injured posterior... and uncovering her breasts in the process.

The schoolchildren were howling with juvenile laughter, pointing at Jenny. The Scouts were snapping pictures but were snickering so hard they couldn't hold their cameras steady.

"Gott en Himmel!" exclaimed the wide-eyed professor, just before he fainted.

Wincing at the renewed humiliation, Jenny covered her chest again and ran past the group, straight for the exit, but as she passed the Foucault pendulum, its fulcrum swung up and snagged the backside of her panties, lifting her into the air! Still clutching her chest with both hands, Jenny swung back and forth in a high arc, her face burning from the mortification she felt.

She turned her head and saw herself flying backwards, straight toward the robot's waving hand, which impacted Jenny's bottom with a forceful SMACK, sending her swinging forward anew! Then she swung back, to be spanked again by the robotic hand, back and forth, over and over.

"HELP!" cried Jenny, kicking her shapely legs helplessly in a futile effort to get herself down. "Ashley! Anyone! Please help meeeeee!"

It was a perfect perpetual motion machine, and could have gone on forever except that Jenny's heart panties couldn't hold out. With an audible RRRRIIP! they split straight down the ass and Jenny tumbled forward, hanging naked by her feet until they ripped the rest of the way.

This happened while the pendulum was at the apex of its arc, so Jenny flew forward, screaming, landing with a SPLASH in the aquaculture tank. She quickly scrambled to the surface, gasping for breath, and climbed out of the water. Stark naked, soaking wet, with absolutely no dignity remaining, and unable to cover all three of her exposed private areas with only two hands, poor Jenny simply ran wailing for what she thought was the nearest exit...

...not realizing, until it was too late, that she had burst out onto a stage in front of a packed auditorium, where the Museum was about to show a presentation on the wonders of the human body!

Back at the electromagnet exhibit, Ashley dried the tears of laughter from her eyes and caught her breath again. After she'd collected the agreed-upon $5.00 apiece from the Scouts (worth every penny and more, in their opinions), she slapped palms with the robot and headed for the gift shop.

She figured Jenny might want a T-shirt after all.

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Rollercoaster Jenny by ToddCheese

Jenny felt a quiver of anticipation in her stomach as she stood in line at the amusement park's biggest rollercoaster, the Massive Thruster. The wait had been nearly an hour for the two-minute thrill, but it would be worth it. The rush this ride gave was unbelievable. It started with an agonizingly suspenseful climb to the big drop, where the cars plummeted down at an 80-degree angle to a hyperbolic curve scientifically engineered for maximum acceleration. Then the track twisted and turned, pulling you sideways in both directions, then another drop to pick up velocity, and finally the big loop where the riders hung completely upside-down for almost a full second.

The cars pulled up and the last group of returning park patrons disembarked, and now Jenny was in the next batch. She edged her way through the crowd of people clambering for seats, some younger than her, some older, some her own age. The chairs on the string of cars quickly became filled, and for a moment Jenny feared she might not get one. Then she spotted a clown, dressed in a hideously mismatched red wig and blue suit, white face paint framing a bulbous red nose, waving to her and gesturing toward a vacant seat at the very front. Jenny couldn't believe her luck! She hurried over and climbed in, plunking her jean-shorted behind on the molded plastic, thanking him... her? It was always hard to tell with clowns.

"Don't forget to raise your arms on the way down!" he told her. He. It was definitely a male voice.

The metal bar slid down tightly at her waist, restraining her body while still allowing her upper half some movement. The clown, a bouquet of balloons in one hand, waved goodbye to Jenny with the other. A moment later, she was off, the car rattling along the rails as it began the long, anticipatory climb to the initial drop-off.

At the top, the cars clacked to a stop, then the latch on the track was released. Jenny's stomach did a flip as the cars slid forward, slowly at first, then falling at nearly 80 miles per hour! Jenny closed her eyes, raised her arms and screamed, first in answer to the thrilling terror of the drop... then for real as the air rushing up past her body suddenly caught and lifted her billowy shirt right up, over her neck and shoulders and off her arms, sending it drifting away toward the ground. And she hadn't worn a bra underneath! Her large round breasts swayed and jiggled as the car rattled down the track. The cool rush of wind felt horribly unnatural on them.

As the tension from the big drop subsided, she caught unmistakable laughter, directed at her, from the people in the cars behind. Breathing heavily in a panic, her mouth agape in horror at the realization that she was now riding the coaster topless, Jenny crossed her arms over her naked torso. She struggled to fight the overpowering instinct to grab hold of the restraint bar or the side of the car as it careened through the sharp sideways turns. Her natural terror was magnified tenfold by her embarrassment, and she wondered, panicking, how she would get off without being seen once the ride was over. But there was barely time to think about that, as the second drop loomed up before her.

Jenny clutched her exposed breasts in both hands and just SCREAMED as the cars dove down the curve, the ride's tall support beams flying past at blinding speed. Then came the loop, and she felt herself pulled backwards in her seat. Instinctively she reached out with both hands, clinging to the side of the car as it turned upside down, forgetting that she had to keep herself covered. Gravity took over, leaving her bare, supple breasts dangling right in her face! But only for a second, then it was back down the other side of the loop, and the ride was over.

Time seemed to grind to a crawl as Jenny's agitated senses took in every detail of the experience with helpless clarity. She huddled over to hide herself as the cars coasted to a stop in front of the next group of waiting park patrons, all of whom did a double-take at the sight of her bare skin. Poor Jenny was trapped with her nudity, unable to go anywhere until the restraint bar across her waist was lifted. Her face burned a bright hot crimson and she prayed for the humiliating experience to end.

Arms still wrapped protectively around her breasts, Jenny moved to get up as soon as the bar was lifted from her seat... and was surprised to find that her backside wouldn't budge! She tried standing again but didn't go anywhere. She looked around herself, trying to figure out what was holding her down but couldn't. So, keeping one arm in place, she reached down and felt around her cutoff denim shorts, and was shocked to feel an unpleasant and very sticky substance there. Jenny was stuck to the seat!

Unsure what to do, she remained where she was as the other passengers unbuckled themselves and disembarked.

Then she heard a voice a short distance away, one of the ride operators in a park uniform. "The ride's over, ma'am," he said. "Everyone off."

"Um... I can't!" cried Jenny.

Off to her side, people started to talk and snicker. Jenny distinctly heard a little boy of about eight say, "Look, mommy! That lady's boobies are showing!" The blush on her face intensified, spreading down her neck until every pore of her skin glowed a strawberry red.

"Come on, lady, you're holding up the ride!" said the annoyed operator, coming over to see what the problem was. "Let's go!" He looked to be in his 40s.

"Um, I'm sorry," said Jenny, not certain how to explain, "But I... lost my shirt and now I... seem to be... stuck to the seat."

The operator sighed with annoyance, stepped into the car and tried to pull Jenny out, without success. Her arms struggled against his in an effort to keep her bare breasts concealed. By this time everybody nearby was watching the scene with growing amusement.

"Yeah, you're stuck all right," the operator said, his hand probing the sticky material at the seat of Jenny's shorts. He then turned away and spoke into his walkie-talkie, "Hey Rox, can you find a blanket and bring it up to car one?" Pause. "Heh, you'll see." A chuckle.

Jenny cringed. She was looking at her feet, off to the side, anywhere but the operator and the crowd... And then she gasped anew at the rows of monitors near the exit. They were lined with captured shots of people in the various cars, snapped rapid-fire as the coaster swept down the second drop, to be sold as souvenirs. And there was Jenny in the very front, in perfect view, her hands clutched tightly over her chest, her mouth open in a frozen scream. And everyone was buying a copy!

And then she saw HIM: The clown who'd saved her the seat before, with the red wig and blue suit and white face and handful of balloon strings, only now wearing an evil leer as his other hand held up a bucket with a paintbrush for her to see. The word "GLUE" was clearly visible on the side of the can.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Jenny, tugging at the ride operator's sleeve with one arm. "It was him! That clown did it! He glued me to the seat!"

"Huh?" said the park employee, turning away from his walkie. "What clown, where?"

"Over THERE!" Jenny pointed frantically with both hands, sending a wave of cheers and whistles through the crowd as she inadvertently flashed her big breasts at them. Hastily she clapped one hand back over them as best she could.

The operator looked like he was about to go check it out, but at that moment a girl in her late teens, also wearing a park uniform, arrived carrying a white sheet.

"Christ, Rox, about time!" muttered the man. "Damn crowd's about to mob us here!"

But in truth the crowd didn't seem to mind the wait at all. Everyone was watching intently as Jenny's embarrassing little drama unfolded at the front car.

"Rox" had red hair that was obviously dyed, with a blue streak in the front, several piercings in her ears, nose, and eyebrows. Smacking loudly on a piece of chewing gum, she cracked a wide amused smile as she laid eyes on Jenny and her predicament.

"Stuck, huh?" she asked, rhetorically. "Well don't worry, we'll get ya out." She unfolded the sheet, handing one end to her co-worker.

"Hey, what are you doing?" demanded Jenny. "Aren't you going to go after the clown?"

"Later, right now we need to get this ride moving again," said the male operator. "And that means we have to get you out of those shorts."

Jenny's eyes widened. "What?? Oh NO, please..."

The two park employees moved to the side of the car facing the waiting line and held the sheet stretched out, hiding Jenny from view so she could unzip and remove her cutoff shorts with a little privacy. It wasn't easy for her, trying to wriggle out with them stuck firmly to the seat. She had to pull one leg out, then the other, with her shoes getting in the way, while trying to keep an arm over her breasts the whole time too... because to make matters worse, Rox kept "accidentally" dropping her end of the sheet, providing the eager crowd with teasing glimpses of Jenny trying to extricate herself. Once she was finally out, Jenny grabbed the sheet away from the two park employees and pulled it around her scantily-clad body before slinking, hunched over, away from the public spectacle she'd unwillingly become a part of.

She was almost past the far edge of the crowd when a big squeaky shoe stamped down on the end of the sheet trailing behind her. As Jenny walked on, her cover was stretched taut and suddenly pulled away from her body, leaving her standing in front of all those laughing park patrons (and the clown) wearing nothing but her shoes, socks, and a pair of powder-blue cotton undies with a cute teddy-bear print on them!

Screaming at her sudden exposure, Jenny covered her breasts with one hand and bent down to try to grab the sheet back with the other, but the clown's oversized floppy shoe held it firmly to the ground. He was leering with mirth at her humiliation, big red lips in a hideous, mocking grin.

Jenny was overcome with panic at the knowledge that every single person here was seeing her topless in just her underwear! Desperately she looked about for something, anything, to hide herself with, but all she could find were the balloons in the clown's hand. So she grabbed those, and held them close as the crowd roared with laughter. Not one person was getting on the ride, no one wanted to miss a second of this.

The clown simply reached into a pocket of his blue jacket with a gloved hand, and extracted a long, sharp metal pin.

Jenny, her eyes wide in horror, silently shook her head, NO.

The clown nodded once, slowly, YES.

And without hesitation, Jenny took off as fast as her bare legs could carry her. The clown pursued her, popping her cover one by one, every now and then poking her in butt, making Jenny yelp and jump! It was hard to keep hold of all the balloons while running with her breasts flopping wildly about, so Jenny finally let the balloons go, keeping just one clutched over her bosom as she bolted for the exit.

Her car was just outside. Maybe the clown wouldn't chase her beyond the gate.

She dashed straight past a bored employee, who simply asked, "Stamp your hand for re-entry?" before realizing her state of undress.

Two steps from the gate, the clown made a final lunge, grabbing the elastic waistband on the back of her panties, pulling them down her legs. Jenny almost fell over, but caught the gate just in time. She shook the panties off her ankles, not caring anymore, just wanting to get away, and fled through the gate, hands over her front, bare butt-cheeks jiggling.

Reaching her car, she looked back to see the clown standing just inside the gate, twirling her panties around with his finger. He honked his nose twice in a farewell to the pretty, exposed, red-faced blonde girl.

Jenny's heart sank with despair.

She had left her keys in the pocket of her shorts.

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Jenny Gets Sprayed by ToddCheese

It's such a nice day, Jenny thought. I think I'll walk home, through the park. So she continued past the noisy overcrowded bus, glad to escape the inappropriate bodily brushes and occasional outright gropings that always inevitably seemed to befall a curvaceous young woman trapped in the confines of mass transit.

And she clicked along a well-maintained cobblestone path, enjoying the fresh flower-scented air, and the little breezes that caressed her skin through her light blouse and billowy skirt. Jenny was far from the only one welcoming the escape the park offerred. Along her stroll she passed mothers watching young children playing on the swings and slides. A group of picnickers seated around baskets on checkerboard blankets. College students ditching classes to sunbathe on a grassy hillside. Grunge teenagers skating a U-pipe.

Nearing a building at the park's far edge, she heard the sounds of playing and raucous fun, then saw a quartet of boys in scout uniforms chasing each other around with water guns. One of them spotted Jenny as well, and blew on his fingers in a loud whistle to signal his fellow pack members. The boy held up his hands in a time-out gesture, then called the others over, where they whispered together in a huddle before one approached Jenny as their spokesman. As he neared she saw he wore thick glasses over his youthful blue eyes.

"Hey lady, you wanna join our game?"

Jenny was flattered these boys should ask her, an adult woman, to play too. But she really should get home, she told him.

The young scout's face fell, and Jenny felt bad for turning him down.

The other three boys ran up to them. One with red hair and freckles, ran up and eagerly asked his friend, "Is she in?"

"No," said the glasses boy, "she said she couldn't."

Red Hair looked crestfallen, and Jenny was sure they were both about to cry. "All right," she said gently. "I suppose I can play for a little bit." The boys were elated. "But I get the big gun," she added, pointing to the Super Soaker in an overweight boy's hands. There had to be something in it for her, after all.

"No way!" Fat Kid looked offended at the very notion, but Glasses held up a placating hand and whispered something in his ear that made him do a complete 180: "Okay!"

"But there's five of us now," observed the fourth boy, a tall kid. "We won't have equal teams."

Glasses thought for a moment. "Okay, new scenario, it's survival. Every man--" A quick look at Jenny. "--or lady, for yourself. Get to your bases, then we start."

Jenny decided a nearby picnic table would be her "base". She checked the water level in the gun, and saw that it was close to full, then slipped off her high-heel shoes so she could move quicker. The lush grass felt cool under her bare soles. A short practice blast at a tree, testing the toy's distance and accuracy, and she was ready.

"Hey, why'd you let her have the Soaker?" Red Hair asked as the scout pack proceeded around to the other side of the building.

"Cuz. Now she's playing with us and she thinks she has the best gun." Glasses smirked mischievously. "All we have to do is get something even better."

"You mean the hose?" suggested Tall Kid.

"Better'n that!"

Fat Kid's eyes lit up again in sudden delighted comprehension. "You are a genius!" he told Glasses.

"You two fill these," Glasses said, handing a package of balloons to Tall and Fat. "Lure her over here. We'll get the heavy artillery."

Jenny checked her watch and saw that it had been almost two minutes. Certainly the game was underway by now. So where were the boys? Probably hiding from the one with the most powerful gun, she concluded. Or, all hiding in ambush, waiting to gang up on me! These kids clearly knew each other well, and alliances were bound to form in the face of a common "enemy". That was why she'd been asked to play. Well, she'd beat them at their own game, Jenny decided!

Taking the initiative, she stepped cautiously toward the building where she'd last seen the boys. As expected, she caught a glimpse of Fat Kid peek his face around the corner and quickly duck back. Typical adolescent strategy, she thought. Make the slowest one be the decoy.

But as Jenny edged toward the corner, Fat Kid and Tall Kid appeared just long enough to toss a pair of water balloons at her. Tall Kid's splashed just next to her ankle, dousing her foot with icy water. Jenny's shock at the sudden cold was followed by another horrid realization: Both her summer blouse and her billowy skirt were... WHITE! If she got hit, her clothing would become completely transparent!

Maybe I should just put down the gun and walk away, she considered briefly. But, No, I promised the boys I'd play with them. She just couldn't bring herself to do it.

Meanwhile, inside the scout building, Red Hair and Glasses hauled an awkward cart out of the storage closet, grinning with anticipation. The device they planned to use was a gas-powered pressure-washer, still here from their summer project of spray-cleaning and painting the old building into their new headquarters. The scoutmaster had left it here! The two boys wheeled it outside, connected it to the hose, and started the engine.

Another splash of water caught Jenny's shoulder as she turned her head at the sudden growl of a loud motor. She hoped it wasn't that Biker character who always seemed to be looking at her lustily, as if picturing her undressed. No time for that, she thought. Tall Kid was still tossing water balloons her way, but gangly limbs made his aim consistently off, a few feet to the side, and there was one that went right over her head. An awkward growth spurt, Jenny decided. This would almost be too easy. She promised herself she wouldn't humiliate the youths too badly.

Jenny shot back, rapid-fire, pasting dark spots all over their uniforms, including one embarrassing squirt to Fat Kid's crotch, making it look as though he'd wet himself. The two boys suddenly found themselves out of balloons, and beat a hasty retreat around the building, where they ducked in and out, firing tiny streams from their puny little squirt guns.

A panic suddenly gripped Jenny: Where were Glasses and Red Hair? She whirled around, suspecting an ambush from behind, but there was no one there. Good thing too, as her Soaker was running on empty. There was a water pump on the other side of the building, she remembered. She'd just have to drive the two boys back far enough to get to it. Jenny rounded the corner...

...and found the whole pack of scouts waiting with excited grins on their faces. Red Hair manned a pressure washer, its business end pointed directly at her! Jenny, wide-eyed as a deer in headlights, had just enough time to squeak out an "Oh no!" before Red's finger squeezed the trigger.

WARNING: Jenny and the scouts are fictional characters. DO NOT try this for real! Not even on a girl with a really hot body like Jenny's.

Jenny was literally knocked off her feet as a 3000-psi spray blast struck her, sending her flying backwards and ripping her feathery summer clothes to shreds. She ended up sprawled in an undignified position in a puddle of mud, stark naked and soaking wet. The laughter of the scouts rang in her ears. Shaking her head to clear the the disorientation, Jenny was horrified to see the boys staring down at her, goggle-eyed. She realized her legs were spread wide apart like a cheap slut's, giving them an unobstructed view of her most intimate area. Quickly, albeit too late, she clasped them together and began looking around frantically for her clothes, finding only soggy tatters.

"Wh--... What have you done?!" she wailed. "My outfit, it's ruined!"

"Hey," suggested Glasses, "let's practice our knot-tying!"

The other scouts heartily agreed, and before poor Jenny could get up, Red Hair and the Fat Kid had her pinned down while Tall Kid and Glasses were binding her ankles with the torn strips of what had once been her clothing. Jenny hollered for to them to stop, told them what naughty boys they were and threatened how much trouble they'd be in when she told their scoutmaster what they'd done!

As she struggled and yelled, Red Hair jammed a scrap in her mouth and tied another around her jaw, gagging her. She held her hands over her exposed breasts, but as soon as her feet were secure the boys flipped her over on her stomach in the mud. They grabbed her arms and pulled them out from under her, to bind them behind her back. Jenny felt her ass squeezed and playfully slapped as the boys laughed. Then Glasses told them to help her to her feet and they did so, not passing up the opportunity to cop a feel of her breasts in the process. Fat Kid stared in awe at her pubic area, wondering whether he dared go for it, but ultimately he didn't. Tall Kid snapped a few pictures with a digital camera.

"Let's see," pondered Glasses. "That's knot-tying, photography... What other badges can we earn today?"

"Let's check the handbook," suggested Red. And with that, the cruel scouts began to file back toward their building, leaving Jenny there, helpless, bound and naked.

Jenny begged for them to come back, to please let her go, promising not to tell anyone, but she was left all alone. Her situation was hopeless. Her clothes were now soaked rags and besides, she'd never get dressed again with her hands bound. She couldn't even cover her private areas! She was now faced with the humiliating task of getting someone to free her from her predicament.

Slowly, carefully, she was able to push herself first to her knees, then to an unsteady standing position. Jenny's face smoldered a glowing red as she hopped all the way back across the park.

Past the grunge teenagers skating a U-pipe. (One of them wiped out as he stared at her.)

Past the college students sunbathing. (A girlfriend jealously slapped her grinning boyfriend's face.)

Past the picnickers. (One nearly choked on a bite of his sandwich.)

Past the mothers with children. (Innocent eyes were covered, and disgusted looks were sent Jenny's way.)

Whether out of sheer surprise, offense, or simple enjoyment of the spectacle, no one thought to offer any help to poor bound, exposed Jenny, and she was far too embarrassed to ask. Her supple breasts swayed and shook wildly with with each agonizing hop. What on earth was she going to do?

Her friend's place wasn't too far from here. Just a couple of blocks on the other side of the park. She could make it.

And so Jenny bounced, flopped and jiggled her way down the long cobblestone path, through the park gate, and across the street. She squinched her eyes against the curious and very amused stares of passers-by, but was unable to cover ears against taunts and catcalls. Her chest hurt from all the bouncing, and the sudden honks of traffic constantly startled her.

Finally she hopped onto the curb, up a short flight of cement steps and, turning around full-frontal to the street, fumbled for the doorbell with her bound hands.

She prayed her friend wouldn't tease her too much.

After what felt like hours, the door opened and Jenny, unspeakably grateful, hopped the final few steps into sanctuary, at last free from mirthful public eyes.

Her friend had company.

"Hi Jenny," said Ashley. "These fine young boys were just offering to pressure-wash the siding on my house."

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"Poker-Face Jenny" by ToddCheese

Jenny walked slowly through the Scouts' headquarters, the heels of her pumps clicking sharply on the cement floor. Her glazed eyes travelled from one dull craft exhibit to the next: A butterfly collection, some artwork make entirely out of different kinds of leaves, a hand-carved totem pole. She was bored, but tried not to show it. Jenny felt an obligation to support local youth groups, as they were a good influence and kept the kids busy and out of trouble.

It's just that this wasn't nearly as fun as going clubbing with Ashley. Most of the booths were games aimed squarely at younger kids, not a sharply-dressed young woman in a tight skirt like herself.

The pinewood derby was easily the most interesting event. That was where the Scouts built their own model cars, carving them out of blocks of wood, strategically weighted, and sent them racing down a track to see whose design was the most aerodynamic.

Jenny covered her hand with a mouth, stifling a yawn.

"Hey lady, you bored?" came a young male voice beside her, startling her slightly.

"No, no," she apologized hastily, not wanting to appear rude. "I was just..." But she couldn't think of a good excuse.

"Hey, it's okay," said the boy, who wore thick glasses and a brown and green Scout's uniform. (And, Jenny thought, looked somehow familiar.) "This stuff is dullsville. But we've got a way more fun game going on in the back, and it's by invite only."

"Oh. And I take it I'm invited, then?" asked Jenny as the Scout led her to a door in the back and rapped on it in an elaborate series of code knocks. Cute, Jenny thought.

The door cracked open, and a fat kid's face came into view. He started to ask, "What's the pass--" but when he saw Jenny, his eyes widened and he let them in without hesitation. The room was small, and empty save for a circular table with 5 chairs situated around its circumference. Three other boys were waiting inside: The fat kid on door duty, a redhaired lad, and one who was quite thin and noticeably taller than his peers.

"So," asked Jenny as the Fat Kid shut and locked the door. "What exactly do we have here?"

"A little side fundraiser," answered the Glasses boy, leading her to the table. "To help us earn our fund-raising badges. And a lot more fun than any of the stuff going on out there."

"You got money?" Fat Kid asked abruptly. Red Hair punched him in the arm to shut him up.

Jenny checked her purse. "About $40. Why?"

"For betting," answered Glasses, as Tall Kid shuffled the deck. "The game is poker. Five cards, aces high, nothing wild. Anything we win goes into the Scouts' community improvement fund."

That sounds nice, thought Jenny, but... "What if you lose?"

"It's our own money," answered Red Hair. (Where had Jenny seen these boys before?? She racked her pretty blonde head trying to recall.)

"So if we lose it comes out of our own pockets," Glasses added. "But we're counting on the generosity of our patrons to let us win at least some of it back."

"Fair enough," decided Jenny. She set her purse down under one of the chairs, and the five of them sat down to play.

Jenny's luck was spectacular. In the first hand she got two pair, then a full house. Then three of a kind. Then an unbelievable straight flush! By that point the Scouts were completely out of money. They looked absolutely devastated, and Jenny felt guilty.

"Well, I guess that's that," sighed Glasses.

"No money for the fundraiser," said the Tall Kid, looking crestfallen.

"And no new badge," added Red Hair miserably.

"We don't even have enough left to get ice cream with the others," said the Fat Kid. He looked like he was about to cry.

Jenny felt absolutely horrible. "Here," she said, offering some of their money back. But this only made the boys hang their heads, looking even more ashamed. Of course, Jenny realized, she had emasculated them. She'd have to let them earn it back themselves. After all, Jenny thought, it's only money.

"How about we play for it," she suggested. "I'll bet everything I've just won from you in a single hand."

"Yeah, but," sniffled Fat Kid, "then we'd just be right back where we started. This whole evening will be for nothing."

Looking at their sad, innocent faces made Jenny soften even further. "Okay, tell you what," she added. "I'll even bet the $40 I have in my purse."

"You're on!" said Glasses.

Tall Kid shuffled and dealt, and this time Jenny tried to complete a hand, but her luck seemed to have suddenly run out. Two discards, and none of the new draws made her hand any better. Red Hair called it, laying down his cards to reveal three of a kind. Jenny had lost.

"Time to ante up," said Glasses.

"Oh, all right," Jenny sighed. She felt a bit foolish she'd be down $40, but at least it was going for a good cause.

Only... where was the $40 she'd brought? She dug around in her purse but couldn't find it! What had happened to it?

"Is there a problem, lady?" asked Red Hair.

"Oh..." said Jenny, embarrassed. "I, um... can't seem to find the money I thought I had. B-but don't worry!" she added, not wanting to seem like a deadbeat to the nice young lads. "I'll find some way to pay you..." She wasn't sure how she'd do that, though.

"What about that necklace?" asked Glasses, pointing to the one Jenny wore around her neck.

"Oh, no, I couldn't..." said Jenny. It was one of her favorites.

"Hey, don't worry," said Fat Kid. "We'll give you a chance to win it back."

"Just like you did for us," agreed Tall Kid.

"Well... okay," said a reluctant Jenny. "But what can I bet for the next hand?"

"What else you got in your purse?" asked Red Hair.

Jenny poked through it but found little of value: Tissues, feminine pads, her subway pass, her emergency makeup kit, but nothing of value other than her cell phone. "Well... I guess I could part with this," she decided. She could always get a newer model if she lost again.

The next hand, Jenny did great! She was dealt four clubs and picked up a fifth with a discard, making a flush! She called it. "Ha! Beat that, boys," she called triumphantly, setting the cards down.

They went around the table. Glasses had a pair of aces. Tall Kid had three jacks. Red Hair had nothing. But... Fat Kid had his own flush, in a higher suit than Jenny's!

Reluctantly, Jenny handed over her phone.

"Wanna try again?" Glasses asked. "We'll bet the phone and necklace against your purse and whatever else is in it."

Jenny thought about this... She really didn't have much else of value, and she really wanted the necklace back, so she put her purse on the pile in the center of the table.

The next round brought Jenny two fives at the start, and also three diamond cards. She could go for fives, possibly a full house, or try for something better. She decided to go for another flush. It was a long shot, but would guarantee her a win, she thought. So she discarded her two fives, and drew... and got the other two! Damn! If she hadn't just thrown the first two away she would have won for sure! And she was still two cards short of the flush. But maybe next round...?

Too bad, Red Hair called it and won with two pair. The boys grabbed her purse and began rummaging through it eagerly.

It was then that Jenny remembered her subway pass! Now she'd have to walk home! And it was 10 miles from here, at least! And her house keys were in there as well!

"Um, boys?" she said meekly. "I do kind of need my keys back."

"Sorry," said Glasses. "You bet everything in your purse. And that includes the keys."

"But I didn't think..." No, that was her problem, Jenny realized, she hadn't thought! "There must be something we can work out," she pleaded.

"Hmmmm..." Glasses thought a moment, then decided, "Swap you for your shoes."

"My shoes?" Jenny wasn't sure she liked that idea at all. She'd still have to walk all the way to the subway, now barefoot, and she wasn't sure they'd even let her ride without shoes on. The pass would be useless. "How about my shoes for the cell phone?" she asked. If she got that back, she could call someone for help.

Someone like...

"Hi, Ashley? This is Jenny! Listen, I need your help!" Jenny explained the situation as best she could, ending with, "Just get over here, and bring some money so I can pay them off. I'll reimburse you tomorrow, I promise!"

And so, about 20 minutes later, Ashley strode impatiently in, still in her red strapless dress from a night on the town cut short. She looked supremely annoyed at the inconvenience her blonde friend had caused her. In the meantime, at the Scouts' suggestion, Jenny had played a few more rounds to pass the time, and had ended up losing the cell phone again, plus her shoes, earrings, and the ribbon she used to tie up her hair. She couldn't understand it, she just kept losing game after game, and after she'd been doing so well at first!

And what had happened to the $40 whose disappearance had gotten her into this awful mess to begin with? If Jenny had been less trusting, she might have suspected that one of her young opponents had pilfered it from her purse while she wasn't looking. But, no, these fine young boys would never do something like that!

Jenny looked up as the brunette approached. "Ashley, thanks for com--"

Ashley rudely pushed Jenny out of the chair and sat down. "All right, let's get this over with," she said impatiently. "I have $80, against everything she lost. I win and we're squared."

"Um, Ashley?" piped in Jenny. "Don't you think you should win it back a little at a time, instead of trying to do it all at once?"

"Shut up, Jenny. It's your fault you're in this mess, so I'm in charge now, got it?" Then, to Glasses, "Deal."

He did, and Ashley growled in disgust at her lousy hand. Three discards later, she was left with a simple pair, not nearly enough to beat the full house Fat Kid brandished.

"Aww, shit!" Ashley swore. But she wasn't about to leave broke. She could win it back.

"Jenny," she ordered, "give 'em something."

"I don't HAVE anything else, Ashley!" came the protest.

"Your blouse."

"M-my blouse?!" stammered Jenny in disbelief. "B-but..."

"Give them your damn blouse, now!" snarled Ashley.

Meekly, Jenny obeyed, undoing the buttons down the front one by one, exposing a black push-up bra holding her perfectly-formed D-cup breasts. Ashley grabbed it and tossed it on the table. The Scouts managed to tear their eyes away from Jenny enough to exchange looks of incredulous disbelief at their luck.

Jenny clasped her hands over her front as Glasses quipped, "Look, she's playing Texas Hold 'Em!" The other boys found this hysterical.

The cards were dealt, and this time Ashley knew she had it made, with a full house right off the bat. She called it, but -- how in the HELL?! -- Tall Kid had one too, with higher cards.

"Dammit!" muttered Ashley. She held out her hand to Jenny, snapped her fingers, "Skirt."

"Noooo!" whined Jenny. "You can't do this, Ashley!"

"You had your chance," the saucy brunette told her. "Now we're doing things my way."

The Scouts watched with wide, eager eyes as Jenny stood, unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it, leaving her lower body in just a pair of red and black checkered panties.

"Oh, cute underwear," scoffed Ashley.

"Hey, look, she's got a royal flush!" teased Glasses, indicating Jenny's deeply reddening face and neck.

"Yeah, and I have a straight," added Fat Kid, "In my pants!" He was staring at Jenny's cleavage.

Another round, another loss for Ashley. Now she demanded that friend give up her bra.

"Come on, Ashley," wailed a desperate Jenny. "We've lost everything! Let's just call it quits? Please??"

"I am NOT giving up!" And to show just how serious she was, Ashley began pulling her OWN red strapless dress over her head...

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"This is all your fault!" muttered Ashley as she stepped out into the night, one hand over her breasts, the other over her pubic region. Behind them, the Scouts had just finished divvying up the evening's winning's. A fight had looked to break out over Jenny's bra.

"MY fault?!" cried Jenny. "I didn't bet everything I had at once! I'm not the one who bet YOUR dress! I'm not the one who didn't wear anything underneath!"

They stood against the back side of the building, arguing. Jenny felt utterly ridiculous, standing there in just her panties. The Scouts had let her keep them, deciding they looked cute on her shapely ass... and because she'd been a good sport, letting them recoup their losses.

"Well what are we going to do now?" demanded Ashley, her clothing gone and her night ruined.

"Go home, I guess," was Jenny's only answer.

"And how exactly do you propose we do that? Like THIS?" Ashley indicated her naked body. Jenny realized Ashley had a point. Ten miles walking, and the subway would be even worse.

Both ladies jumped as a horn honked sharply and a vehicle pulled up beside them. It was Ashley's red convertible!

"Want a lift?" asked Glasses, behind the wheel. Jenny couldn't BELIEVE it when Ashley had wagered the car.

"Here, sit up front," invited Red Hair, in the passenger seat.

"No, back here, between us!" said Fat Kid, in the back with Tall. He added, "That way you won't distract the driver."

Jenny climbed in, keeping her hands over her breasts, looking morbidly embarrassed. Ashley prepared to follow.

"Sorry, lady," said Glasses. "Only room for one more."

"That would be unsafe," added Red Hair, proudly displaying his safety badge.

"And she--" Tall Kid pointed to Jenny, "--helped us earn our fund-raising badges."

"Plus now we'll get a 'Helping a Damsel in Distress' badge, too!" said Fat Kid.

"But just so there's no hard feelings," added Red Hair, "here." He tossed something at Ashley's feet.

"Consolation prize," explained Glasses. "You get to keep the cards from tonight's game. Maybe use 'em to win some clothes off somebody else. They're marked."

Glasses spun the wheel and the car pulled away into the night, leaving a furious Ashley naked and coughing in a cloud of exhaust.

"I'll get you for this, Jenny," she vowed, through clenched teeth.