**Jinxed!**

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**Part One -- Class**  
Natasha, or simply Tasha stepped from her apartment onto the busy city street on her way to class. A freshman at NYU, she had to work two jobs just to afford this crappy apartment and tuition, even with her scholarship, so today was going to be a full one.  
  
The early morning sun cast honey-colored highlights on her styled hair. Her father's mixed Eurasian blood gave her striking features, thick honey blond hair and deep eyes. Her mother's Latin side graced her with a voluptuous figure. Her ass was a perfect bubble, sweeping out from her slender waist, flexing in tune with her toned thighs. Having stopped gymnastics only a year ago, her C cup breasts were relatively new to this 18 year old, and swelled high and proud on her nubile frame.  
  
Although money was tight, Tasha managed to find tasteful fashions in the city's consignment shops. She was wearing a faded denim skirt that came to mid thigh, a pink cotton blouse that was beginning to strain across her bust, and her favorite pair of alligator skin boots. Tasha also wore small wireframe glasses (she was almost blind without them) and of course a small backpack for her books.  
  
Although Tasha somehow managed to make it to 18 still a virgin, she still loved to flirt with boys. Her stunning figure and teasing nature has earned her a reputation as a cock tease from more than one ex-boyfriend.  
  
Tasha's path to her morning sociology lecture took her past a farmer's market. She was running a little early for once, so she strolled through the produce stands. A buff young man at one of the stands caught her eye. The dark hair and complexion, along with the ear ring pretty much labeled this guy a gypsy.   
  
Tasha approached and give him her sweetest smile. He blushed and lowered in his eyes in response. His shyness just emboldened Tasha. She leaned over the label, giving him a clear view of her tightly packed cleavage. He gulped deeply, but when her eyes met his, he looked away, flustered.  
  
She pretended the straps on her backpack were bothering her, and twisted them about, forcing her shoulders back and chest out. Her blouse pulled even tighter, yawning open gaps between the straining buttons, revealing a white lace bra.   
  
"Uh oh," she gasped at her exposure, partially feigned and partially real. Tasha was no slut, but she did like to tease the boys when the mood hit her. The gypsy boy was breaking out in a cold sweat. Tasha "adjusted" her blouse by grabbing her tits and pushing them together, creating a cleavage line almost to her neck. She laughed at her predicament, giving an extra bounce to her tits. Still the boy was speechless.  
  
Tasha gave him a wave and a smile, and turned to leave. Suddenly a dark-haired girl was in her face. She had thick piles of wild black hair, a simple white tank top over her small, pointed breasts, and a long skirt. It didn't take a genius to figure this girl was his girlfriend.  
  
"What are you doing?" she hissed, getting right in Tasha's face.  
  
"Checking out the produce," Tasha retorted, defiant.  
  
"You dirty whore! You leave my man alone! Don't you EVER flirt with him!"  
  
"Listen sweetie, don't you ever tell me who I can flirt with, understand?" Tasha turned to leave. The gypsy girl reached out and grabbed Tasha's breast! Tasha squealed in surprise. The gypsy girl leaned in close and murmured, "You go, and you show yourself off for the whole city, for any man who wants to see. The more you fight it, the worse it gets!"  
  
Tasha thought nothing of it at the time, but she would later replay those words again and again. But for now, she was late for class.  
  
Tasha settled into her seat of the small lecture room. She usually sat in the back row so she could text her friends if she got bored. The downside was it put her crotch right at eye level for Prof. Raleigh.  
  
Prof. Raleigh had a reputation among the women of NYU for his habit of checking out the coeds. He was relatively harmless, and never made so much as rude comment to any girl. Some girls even flashed him on purpose, perhaps hoping to send the aging Professor into cardiac arrest. Nonetheless, Tasha always kept her legs tightly crossed against the Professor's probing eyes.  
  
Ever since he was a young man, Sinclair Raleigh loved peeking up girls skirts. Sometimes he wonders if he didn't become a lecturer simply to be surrounded beautiful young women in short skirts. The Professor had glimpsed more panties than he could ever count, and this particular class was fast become a favorite of his.   
  
There was the Goth Girl, short raven black hair, too much eye liner, and beautiful, perky breasts. Black panties, always. Usually satin, occasionally a thong, that might reveal a hint of ass check pressing into her seat. She also liked to wear thigh high stockings. She clearly wasn't a morning person, and was usually too groggy to notice even the most obvious stares from Raleigh.  
  
There was the adorable Asian girl. Short, lithe build, with great legs. She frequently work dangerously short skirts, and cotton panties with cartoon characters on them. She was terrible at keeping her legs together, so by now the Professor new her entire panty wardrobe by heart. Too easy, no thrill there anymore.  
  
Then there was the one he called the Princess. Too blond, too tan, and too good looking for her own good. Great tits, long, muscular legs, pouty lips, and all of the attitude to match. The kind of student that costs men their jobs. However, Raleigh was no ordinary pervert. He bided his time, never a glance over when she uncrossed her legs, consciously luring him to look. When she got bored with his lectures, he pretended not to notice when she would listen to her iPod, and that was her failing. Lost in her music, her eyes would close, her feet would bounce, and her knees would drift farther and farther apart. Her opened skirts would reveal a wide variety of expensive and delicate panties. It seemed like he never saw the same pair twice! And on one particularly hot day, he could swear she wasn't wearing any panties at all, baring her clean shaven pussy to him! That one very nearly did give him a heart attack!  
  
And then there was Natasha, known to her friends simply as Tasha. The one girl he had never managed to peek on, and such a gorgeous one, too. She always keeps her legs crossed, firm thighs locked like a vise. Even when sitting or standing, she managed to deflect the Professors every attempt. She either turned to the side to uncross herself or kept a palm pressed between her legs to block any glimpse. This girl was good, but Raleigh was determined to get his due.  
  
Tasha opened her notebook, and half-heartedly jotted down notes as Prof. Raleigh began his lecture. Her mind was still back at the farmer's market, and that crazy gypsy girl. Her tit still tingled a little from the encounter, and she brushed it gently with the back of her hand.  
  
As Prof. Raleigh began today's lecture, he took stock of the fine ladies before him. The Goth Girl was wearing a floor length skirt. No luck there. The Asian Girl was wearing jeans. The Princess was either skipping class or planning on making one of her trademark late entrances. That left Tasha, the one and only girl to grace him with a skirt and the possibility of a panty peek, albeit a very slight one. Prof. Raleigh was feeling lucky- today just might be the day he finally sees her mysterious undies!  
  
The Professor went through his lecture as he had a thousand times before. It was completely memorized and left most of his attention free for Tasha. Of course, her legs were crossed tightly, surrendering only a beautiful view of her tanned underthigh. Raleigh paced the room to check every angle. No matter which direction he looked, about her legs or from below, all he could see was an impenetrable pinhole of darkness. Nevertheless, this was a short skirt, especially for the relatively conservative Tasha.  
  
She began fiddling with her cell phone. Like Princess' iPod, the Professor overlooked this in the hopes it would distract the coed from maintaining a lady-like pose. Sadly, with Tasha, it never worked.   
  
Instantly bored by today's lecture, Tasha began texting her friends. It wasn't long before she felt Prof. Raleigh's intent gaze on her, on her legs. She tugged at the hem of her skirt, wiggling in her seat. She was feeling a bit exposed, and hoped she wasn't showing off anything she shouldn't be.   
  
Minutes passed. Tasha noticed an itch, a tickle on her inner thigh. The Professor was still keeping a close eye on her. That itch was getting annoying. Scratching it would mean uncrossing her legs, but ignoring it was quickly becoming impossible.  
  
Tasha pressed her hand between her legs, shielding her crotch from any view by her lecherous teacher, and nimbly uncrossed her legs.  
  
Prof. Raleigh stumbled in his droning speech- Tasha was uncrossing her legs! She kept one hand between her legs, blocking the wonderful view up her skirt. She thrust her free hand behind her first, almost right up her skirt, and scratched at her flawless skin. Tasha seemed relieved to finally catch that itch, and quickly recrossed her legs.  
  
Tasha was relieved to have her legs crossed again- the teacher was really earning his prurient reputation today. She tugged at her hem again- she never realized just how short this skirt really was. From her point of view, the denim skit looked to be just a few inches from her crotch- far far shorter than she ever remembered it. Tasha could feel the bare skin of her thighs against the warm plastic of the seat. She pulled harder at her skirt, but it only seemed to make it worse.  
  
"The more you fight it, the worse it gets!" No, that's stupid, she thought. This has nothing to do with that damn gypsy girl. This is just a minor fashion crisis. Her hemline was probably just snagged on a bolt or maybe a crack in the seat. Again Tasha yanked at it, and the skirt seemed to yank right back, losing another inch.   
  
"Okay, what the hell?" Tasha fumed. She lifted her ass just an inch off the seat, and slipped her hand underneath, looking for her caught hem. There was nothing! No loose bolts or cracks or anything pulling her skirt up. What she did find was that her skirt had risen so far, the bottoms of her ass cheeks were slipping out.   
  
Tasha gave a good hard pull at her skirt from underneath, and again the skirt resisted. When she gave up and sat back normally, Tasha's skirt wasn't even underneath her anymore. It was completely bunched up behind her, leaving her bar skin touching the seat.  
  
Prof. Raleigh was so rapt by the little scene playing out before him, he could have been lecturing on Chinese Arithmetic. At first he was worried that young Natasha had caught him inspecting her lovely legs.   
  
The way she was fumbling with her skirt. It looked like she was trying to pull it down to a more modest level, but the skirt was actually slowly creeping up her legs. By now her wiggling and fidgeting had caused the skirt to ride so far, it left nothing between her and the seat. Nothing between her and her most intimate place, except the thin fabric of her panties.   
  
Tasha was always so well-dressed, he was sure her panties would be something sensual yet tasteful. The Young lady was beginning to blush visibly, and rightly so. With her skirt almost entirely up around her hips, the only thing keeping her panties from being on display was her hand, thrust prudishly between her smooth thighs. It was the only thing stopping him from a divine view up the most impenetrable skirt on campus.  
  
Tasha's skirt was so short, the hand covering the view of her panties was actually touching them! It occurred to her on some level that she had her hand up her skirt and was touching herself fright in the middle of class. She almost pulled her hand away in shame until she thought better of it. Tasha was almost trembling with humiliation, although the only person who might have noticed her predicament was her pervy teacher.   
  
Just then, that rich blond bitch Kari came strutting in late, making one of her grand entrances. She flashed her smile around the room, taking note of who was taking note of her, when she spotted Tasha. Kari spotted the skirt, and Tasha's embarrassed body language, and grinned to herself as she took her seat.   
  
Tasha decided to confide in one of her friends. Maybe they had an idea of what to do? Then again, how often do magically shrinking skirts actually happen? As she typed away the text message, the cell phone slipped from her fingers, bounced off her lap, and landed into the next row. Right in the backpack of that Goth Girl! Prof. Raleigh watched the whole event play out with great anticipation.  
  
Tasha need to get her phone back before class ended and the Goth Girl walked off with it. She couldn't just squat down and grab it without grabbing the Professor's attention with her lewd display. She hatched a simple enough plan. Excuse herself to the restroom. Take a few minutes and figure out just what the hell was wrong with her skirt today. When she returns, she'd squat down at her backpack, her back to the Professor, as if she needs to get another book out. Then just simply reach back into Goth Girl's bag and snag her phone back.   
  
It was a stupid plan, but right now it was better than now plan. Tasha waited until Prof, Raleigh was writing on the board and had his back turned. She leapt out of her chair and was halfway to the door before he even turned around to spot her. Her skirt was still at scandalous heights, and she kept one hand in front and one in back to guard herself. The pose drew the attention of everyone in the class, but definitely less so than running around with her panties showing.  
  
She made it to the hallway before the professor could even ask where she was going. There was no one around, but she didn't dare walk any faster than a mince for fear of her skirt riding up even more. She had never felt so naked and vulnerable, even though she was still fully clothed.  
  
At long last she made it to the ladies room. Her reflection in the mirror completely stunned her- the skirt was fine! Tastefully at mid-thigh, right where it was when she walked out the door that morning. No snags, no rips, no evidence whatsoever that anything strange was happening to her skirt. Maybe she just dreamed the whole thing, and woke up when she dropped her cell phone? Well, at least that was one problem solved. Tasha felt much more relaxed and confident. She cleaned her glasses, adjusted her blouse and fixed her hair. Now she just had to get her phone back from that creepy Goth Girl.  
  
Tasha strode back into class a new woman. Prof. Raleigh was surprised to see her skirt back at a more modest length, especially considering how short it seemed just a few minutes ago when she rushed out. He had so hoped of finally getting a peek at this gorgeous girl's panties!  
  
Then something happened that no one in the class room could quite believe. As Tasha walked the steps to the third row, her skirt seemed to rise, pull back like a curtain before a show. Now she had the rapt attention of every male in the classroom, as well as that one Asian girl. It seemed like a good 6 inches of denim just evaporated before everyone's eyes.  
  
Tasha was blissfully unaware of her skirt's deteriorating condition, and continued with her plan to recover her cell phone. Prof. Raleigh had to resist the overwhelming urge to drop to his knees just to get a lower vantage. Quick flashes of the bottom of her ass cheeks peeked out with every stride back to her desk.  
  
And then she did it- she squatted down at her desk. Looking through her bag or something. Who knows? Who cares? Silence hung in the room, every eye turned on her, and her toned thighs. Her ass cheeks peeking out, resting on the heels of her boots. Yet no panties, not yet. Somehow the skirt managed to cover them, by the smallest fraction of an inch.  
  
Tasha proceeded with her plan, oblivious to the dead silence and intense focus on her ass and skirt. Until, that is, she turned around to reach grab her cell phone from the Goth Girl's bag. Tasha yelped in surprise- Goth Girl was looking right at her! So was Prof. Raleigh, and everyone else in class. She was so shock, she fell forward to her knees.  
  
Prof. Raleigh will cherish that moment for the rest of his days. It was like time stood still. Her knees hit the floor, her hands soon following. The subtle jiggle in her breasts from the gentle impact. The way she unconsciously arched the small of her back, accentuating the round fullness of her hips and ass. The look of bashful surprise on her face. But most of all, the panties.  
  
White. High cut, tracing a narrow arc across the swell of each cheek. The way the dimples of her inner thigh disappeared behind the delicate lace. The delicate bump where the thin fabric traced the intimate shape of her sex. They were semi-sheer, and although not a single pubic hair was visible, Raleigh would swear to his dying day that he could make out the delicate fleshy ruffles of her pursed lips.  
  
Tasha SCREAMED! Her panty-clad ass, waving in front of the entire class. At least three students had camera phones out! She wrenched at her skirt, which had become little more than a wide belt, but in her desperate flailing, she toppled backwards. Backwards, into the row below, onto the terrified Goth Girl.  
  
Tasha landed roughly on the poor Goth Girl, turning herself upside down. Her shoulders plopped into Goth Girls lap, and her legs wrapped around Goth Girls shocked face. Prof. Raleigh quickly stepped behind his desk to conceal his growing erection- the sight was heavenly. Tasha's lacy thin panties were pressed against Goth Girl's neck and chin.   
  
"Get OFF!" Goth Girl growled, giving Tasha a shove. Tasha continued her fall to the floor, giving the room a full view of her barely covered ass as her skirt bunched around her waist. Tasha was disoriented from her fall, and found herself nearly half-naked on the floor. She could her camera phones snapping pictures all around her, stealing images of her most private, intimate parts. The humiliation was overwhelming.   
  
She grabbed for the closest thing, anything, and pulled at it with fevered strength, hoping to hide her shame. Cloth piled on her, at least hiding her tiny white panties. Black cloth. Goth Girl's long skirt.  
  
Goth Girl was completely dumbstruck. This crazy girl just fell over her and now ripped off her skirt. It took her a moment to realize she was standing in front of about 30 of her peers in just a black lace bustier, black boots, her trademark thigh high stockings, and a skimpy black thong. She chose to ignore her indecency for the time being, and tried to wrestle the skirt back from Tasha.  
  
This sight would become Prof. Raleigh's most treasured memory. The Goth Girl, in her miniscule black thong, pale white thighs and black stockings. Tasha, the exotic Eurasian coed, in her elusive white lacy bikini briefs, too sheer to completely hide her nudity. Both wrestled furiously for control of the long black skirt. Tasha was already flushed and quivering with embarrassment. The Goth Girl's pale complexion was quickly rouging at the spectacle.   
  
Raleigh was never a breast man, but he had to appreciate how both girls lovely bosoms jiggled in the exertion. Although Goth Girl's breasts were slightly smaller, her bustier put her pale cleavage on display so nicely. Tasha's fuller breasts were packed into a very snug pink blouse, its buttons straining to contain her womanly charms.  
  
Almost on cue, the top button on her blouse popped free. The bloused yawned open, squeezing even more of her tanned cleavage into view, as well as some of her white lace bra. It matched her panties so nicely. Tasha screamed again, and gave up her grip on the black skirt.   
  
While Goth Girl recovered her skirt and her modesty, Tasha scrambled to her feet. One hand clutched her blouse, the other, her crotch. She froze for a moment, unsure what to do or where to run. Raleigh couldn't take his eyes off her perfect white panties.

Tasha had never been so humiliated in all her life. The leering faces of her classmates, her professor. The photos they're snapping. Her bag, her books, her cell phone, none of that mattered anymore. Her clothes were literally falling apart; if she didn't do something soon, Tasha was going to be completely nude in the middle of class.  
  
Tasha turned and fled for the door, treating the class to one last look at her white panties, and full, bubble-shaped backside. She could feel the burning stares of dozens of horny eyes on her tush... and then something else. Her panties began to slip! The thin lace that once hugged her like a second skin now fell away as if it were 3 sizes too large!   
  
Her beautiful ass slipped into view, unobstructed. Prof. Raleigh, and countless other students, marveled at the perfection of it. Round and womanly, yet firm and toned. A hint of a tan line, blending into her warm natural color. By the time she got to the door, her panties her a tangle of lingerie between her thighs. She desperately fought to clutch the material to her virgin pubis, but it slipped from her nervous fingers.  
  
Tasha made it to the hallway, but she wasn't alone this time. Several students were walking by from every direction, eyes wide and jaws dropped at the sight of this half-naked woman. Now her frantic mind faced another dilemma- stop where she was and try to recover her falling panties, or let the panties drop free and run like hell for the ladies room.  
  
Tasha chose the later, letting the panties go. However the panties weren't ready to let her go. Instead of falling of her legs, they bunched at her calves, at the tops of her boots. As much as Tasha tried to sprint to safety, the panties kept her knees locked. With one last desperate kick, the panties ripped apart with a tremendous sound. The tattered lace finally fell free, and Tasha could run to the ladies room.  
  
Tasha cowered in the stall for what seemed like hours, collecting her wits. She could overhear the aftermath of the whole affair. She heard Goth Girl come in, swearing a blue streak as she repaired her skirt. She listened to what seemed like dozens of girls compare notes, share photos on their cell phones, and retell the whole horrible thing over and over again.   
  
When she was reasonable sure she was alone, Tasha crept out to inspect the damage. Just as before her skirt appeared its normal, mid-thigh length. Her blouse was missing its top button, leaving her showing quite a bit of cleavage and bra. Maybe she had a safety pin in her bag to repair it with. Her panties, however, were just plain gone.  
  
When she worked up the nerve to leave the ladies room, Tasha saw her panties had been removed from the hallway as well. God only knows who had them. They could be on ebay by now.   
  
Unfortunately another class was using her classroom. She had to interrupt the teacher to sneak in and grab her backpack.  
  
"That's the girl... skirt... flashing everyone... panties... stripped another girl... pretty hot...." Whispers circulated around the room as Tasha made the uneasy journey to her backpack. Once again feeling all eyes on her, she tried to clutch her blouse closed, but she felt herself flushing once again. The draft on her thighs told her that her skirt was beginning to shrink once again.  
  
Tasha quickly scooped up her books into her backpack, leaving her blouse unguarded. She bent down to collect her things, her full breasts danced and wiggled just a few feet away from several gawking freshmen boys. The more she rushed, the more her tits bounced, and the more the boys enjoyed it. And she had to rush - she could feel her skirt creeping up her thighs like a burning fuse. A few more seconds under these lustful glares, and Tasha would once again be losing her clothes and her modesty.  
  
She hoisted up her backpack. And that is when her bra broke. The strap across her left shoulder snapped like a fragile thread. The cup loosened a bit, and her left breast relaxed from its gravity-defying position. The only thing holding her bra cup against her tit was her blouse, and her blouse was just barely holding together.  
  
The skirt had almost risen to the start of her ass, and without her panties, there would be nothing to hide her shame. Especially with her standing up on the third row and everyone looking up at her.   
  
Tasha ran for the door. Her tits, especially the left one, bounced wildly, taxing her blouse. The top button ripped free, nailing some grinning guy right in the eye. Unhindered by the opening blouse, her broken bra cup slithered down her tit. Her taut nipple stabbed at her blouse. And still she ran.  
  
Another button popped off her blouse! She held it together as best she could. Tasha's skirt was about to show her pussy to the world, so she was forced to plant her other hand over her nude crotch yet again. She fled out the door, once again leaving her bare ass as the parting image.   
  
Tasha regrouped in the ladies room. She was spending way too much time in here this morning. As expected, her skirt continued its Jekyll & Hyde routine, returning to its normal length. Her blouse was another story. All of the buttons had exploded off, one by one back in the classroom. Her bra was shot. Tasha stripped it off and threw it in the trash. That was not a cheap lingerie set she lost. Today was getting as expensive as it was humiliating.  
  
To top it off, there was no way these clothes would survive back to her apartment, and without her phone, she couldn't call any of her girlfriends to help. The nearest clothing store was two blocks away. A trendy, pricey store only rich teen girls from Long Island ever shopped in. Still at this point, she would pay every cent she had to not have her clothes fall off on a busy Manhattan street.   
  
Tasha found some paperclips in her backpack, and wired her blouse back together. Her braless tits bounced and poked wantonly at her precarious blouse. She had no panties, and a skirt with a mind of its own. She had to cross two blocks crowded with New Yorkers and hormonal NYU students. It was time for Tasha to go shopping...

**Part Two -- Shopping**  
Prof. Raleigh relaxed on a park bench, still euphoric from the morning's events. As if seeing that young beauty losing her clothes right in his very class, he had managed to retrieve her discarded panties from the hallway. His hand caressed the tiny bundle of torn lace in his pocket.  
  
As he replayed the highly erotic scene over and over in his mind, he spotted Miss Natasha herself, briskly walking past the park. She had her backpack clutched to her chest, as if someone were trying to steal it from her. Wherever she was heading, she meant to get there in a hurry.  
  
Before he realized what he was doing, Raleigh sprang from his seat with youthful vigor. Tasha was walking quite quickly, but the Professor found his old muscles inspired by pure lust.  
  
How odd. He skirt seemed so short in class. It hardly looked like the miniskirt from his memories; it was much more conservative now. The one thing he was sure of, underneath that ordinary skirt, Miss Natasha was completely nude.  
  
Tasha had never, ever gone without panties before. It was just something she simply did not do, regardless of the outfit. Not even pants. And now to walk through the middle of Manhattan, in a skirt that seems to keep shrinking with any panties on- the thought alone was knotting her stomach with butterflies. And as if she could ever forget just how close to naked humiliation she was, a cool breeze across Tasha's most intimate places was quick to remind her.  
  
Although she kept her backpack desperately clutched to her chest, Tasha did not need to see her ruined blouse to know what was happening. A quick glance down confirmed her suspicions. The cheap paperclips had come undone, leaving her blouse pretty much completely undone. What's worse is the paperclips became snagged on her backpack. What a terrible day! Tasha was really starting to believe this curse bullshit was actually real.  
  
The Professor studied her skirt closely, enjoying the graceful sway of her hips played out on the faded denim. What an ass this young woman has! So often Raleigh sees women around the city with slimmer hip, understated, almost boyish backside. It was so refreshing to see a woman with a classic hourglass figure. The high, proud bust, slim waist, a full curvaceous hips framing a firm, round ass.  
  
Another thing he didn't remember was the slit up the back. He wanted a closer look, but goodness this girl was walking so fast! Raleigh managed to catch up to her at a cross walk and got a closer look.  
  
There was indeed quite a long slit up the back of that skirt, revealing a very enticing glimpse of creamy inner thighs, but it didn't look intentional. In fact, the slit look more like the denim was coming unstitched! There was a web of loose stitches at the top of the split, pulling free with every stride the young girl took. By now her steady pace and full hips had pulled the skirt apart to just below her ass. The Professor found himself short of breath, and not just from the exercise.  
  
Higher and higher the split went. It was like watching a Christmas present unwrap itself. The girl was blissfully unaware that her brisk walk was peeling her skirt open like overripe fruit. At long last those beautiful cheeks emerged, lit up by the late morning sun. Raleigh couldn't believe his luck. From seeing her panties to owning her panties to seeing Tasha's beautiful bare ass on a crowded NY street. And it was, indeed, quite possibly the most perfect ass he's ever had the pleasure of seeing.  
  
Tasha could not get used to the constant draft against her delicate parts. It only served to remind her of the morning's humiliation. Even now she could feel eyes on her, eyes that knew just how vulnerable, how close to being exposed once again she really was.   
  
Tasha looked over her shoulder, only to lock eyes with Professor Raleigh, following right behind her! And the perverted teacher was fumbling with some white cloth in his hands - her lost panties!  
  
Tasha screamed, surprising even herself! Dozens of people turned to look. She stumbled, falling to the sidewalk, throwing out her hands to catch herself, letting go of her backpack. There was a sickening ripping sound as Tasha's backpack fell away, the paperclips ripping her pink blouse to tatters. Her smooth c-cup breasts jumped out, glorious in the sunlight. The dizzying surge of humiliation hit her with a hint of dj vu.  
  
Prof. Raleigh knew he should leave. He had clearly been following her, holding the poor girl's lost panties, and now had caused her to humiliate herself once again. But he could not bear to part from the incredible vision.  
  
Tasha was on her hands and knees, on a busy New York street corner. Dozens of stunned onlookers were all around her. Her blouse, ripped apart, spilling out her full firm tits. Her skirt split up the back all the way to the waistband. Little more than an apron, and with her bent over like this, she was exposing more than just her naked ass. The immaculate lips of her well-groomed virgin pussy peeked out between her tense thighs.  
  
She was bordering on hysteria, scrambling for her backpack with one hand, while trying to cup her fat tits with the other. Tasha was so overwhelmed; she didn't even realize the condition of her skirt. With her backpack once again pressed against her tits, she ran down the street, leaving Prof. Raleigh and the rest of the crowd with a parting view of her bare ass as her skirt flapped in the breeze.  
  
Tasha burst into the clothing store, and rushed past the sales girl. She raced into the maze of clothing racks to catch her breath and find some sort of cover, and caught a glimpse of some of the price tags. This place was so expensive! $175 just for a pair of jeans!   
  
Tasha found a clearance rack in the back of the store, although even the clearance stuff was pretty steep. It would take every cent she had in the bank just to get a top and some pants. Panties and a bra were out, and it didn't look like this store sold lingerie.   
  
She scoured the rack. No flimsy or delicate clothes. Something sturdy, with lots of coverage. Tasha found only one pair of jeans in her size and a heavy turtleneck sweater, and quickly retreated to the dressing room.  
  
It was there she discovered just how ravaged her skirt was. She replayed her trip to the store in her mind, falling over, on the ground on all fours, with no clothing or modesty. Even in the privacy of the dressing room, her face flushed again with humiliation.  
  
Tasha tried on the jeans. They were flared, which actually looked pretty hot with her boots. Unfortunately, they also rode pretty low on her hips. Not that every other girl in Manhattan wasn't walking around with her butt crack hanging out of her jeans, but Tasha felt like she had shown more than enough of her ass that day. Well, at least she had no panty lines...  
  
The sweater fit pretty well, a little snug, but if definitely covered her up. It came to just above the tops of her jeans, leaving just a hint of midriff. The downside was the sweater was tight enough to make it plainly obvious that Tasha was not wearing any kind of bra. Her nipples poked hard points at the end of her over-animated breasts.  
  
She spent a few minutes inspecting herself in the triple mirror, and she had to admit, given the circumstances, this was actually a pretty hot little outfit. Too bad it was going to completely clean out her bank account, just to have clothes to get home in.   
  
The sales girl came over to see how everything was.  
  
"Fine, fine, I guess... oh, could I use your phone for a sec?" Tasha just had a great idea. She could call her friend Jo. Of all her friends, Jo would be the one to drop whatever she was doing to come and help out Tasha.   
  
Jo was sort of a Japanese version of Velma, from Scooby Doo. She could be cute, but she hadn't quite figured that out about herself yet. Although on the short side, she had a curvy figure guys always reacted to when they could actually see it. Usually she dressed herself up in baggy jeans and T shirts. Jo always loved hanging around with Tasha and the rest of the gang, admiring their fashionable outfits but always being too timid to join along.  
  
Sure enough, one phone call later and Jo was on her way to the store. Tasha had her bring some extra clothes (just in case.) In the meantime, Tasha blew every dime she had on the outfit. The tattered blouse and skirt she abandoned in the dressing room, and waited for Jo to arrive.  
  
In hindsight, Tasha could have just taken a cab. The thought of some cab driver leering at her the whole drive was unbearable. Not to mention sitting on those gross seats without any panties on.  
  
When Jo arrived, Tasha couldn't help but hug her. She was such a sight for sore eyes. Tasha was finally starting to regain some poise and confidence after the morning's misadventures. Jo loved her new sweater, but she didn't have the heart to tell Tasha some of the threads were loose along the bottom. Probably why it was on clearance.  
  
Although Jo had never confided in another living person about it, she was unquestionably a lesbian. Unproven of course, but she was undeniably attracted to women, and when some of the women she knew looked like Tasha, it could drive her more than a little nuts. Her strict Catholic upbringing kept Jo from ever proclaiming or acting upon these impulses. But seeing Tasha now in that tight sweat, her braless breasts practically shrink-wrapped in the material, those impulses started to act on her.  
  
As they started walking back to Tasha's apartment, she told Jo about the sordid events of that morning. The crazy gypsy girl. Her perverted professor trying to look up her skirt, and how her skirt seemed to get shorter and short in response. About falling over that goth chick and ripping down her skirt. Having her panties in plain view of her whole class, and then losing her panties in the hallway. Her blouse exploding, her bra breaking, her skirt ripping, and the whole lurid display she made on the sidewalk. Retelling the story was making Tasha relive the humiliation. It was also making Jo's panties soaking wet! Probably not the reaction Tasha was looking for...  
  
While Tasha spilled her guts, Jo coyly gave her a look over. God, her tits looked SO good in that sweater, bouncing freely. And those jeans really showed off Tasha's perfect ass. The rode so low the top of Tasha's ass hung out a bit, revealing her crack and the twin dimples above it. She really wasn't wearing any panties!  
  
This was officially the most nudity Jo had ever seen Tasha reveal. Tasha was always very guarded with her body. She loved to tease with it, but always on her own terms and limits. Jo had never even seen her in her underwear, much to her dismay. The only time she even got a peek was when Tasha passed out drunk on Jo's couch, and Jo sneaked a little look. Magenta panties, she remembered fondly.  
  
But now, nudity?! Losing her clothes bit by bit as gawking bystanders memorized every detail of her bared flawless body? And all because of some crazy gypsy curse?  
  
"We should go kick that gypsy girl's ass!" Jo opined, hoping to divert any attention from her obvious arousal.   
  
"Hell yeah!" The idea sounded nicely off of Tasha's freshly restored confidence. Even if this whole curse thing was bullshit, tearing into that cocky bitch would blow off some steam.  
  
Tasha quickened her pace, almost leaving Jo behind. She tugged her jeans up for the tenth time, trying to keep her ass covered for once today. With every tug up, the jeans settled back down, a little lower each time. If she wasn't paying her jeans much mind, it was because her sweater was rubbing her nipples, making them tender and sensitive. Tasha fought the urge to rub her aching breasts.  
  
Jo was enjoying Tasha's exposed midriff, when she noticed something. The loose thread from the sweater, but this time it was trailing off behind Tasha, all the way to the end of the block. The thread kept unspinning, zipping back and forth across the hem of her sweater. Tasha seemed completely oblivious that her tummy was slowly being revealed, a fraction of an inch at a time. She was too busy ranting about that gypsy chick to notice.  
  
Jo knew she should tell her. Tasha was her close friend, and after the humiliation she suffered this morning, she didn't need a second helping. On the other hand, Jo was feeling quite frustrated about not witnessing the incredible display. She'd been admiring Tasha's wondrous figure for as long as they've been friends, peeking down her tops, sneaking panty flashes up her skirts, even giving her the occasional back and foot massages just to feel her incredible skin.   
  
And now it was happening all over again! Tasha's clothes just seemed to be falling off of her, fulfilling Jo's secret lusty wishes. Jo knew it was wrong, but watching this erotic display unfold like a flower was more than she could deny.  
  
The faster Tasha walked, the faster her jeans fell. Every few steps she would have to give them a strong pull, and it seemed like every pull made it harder to keep them up. Like she was stretching the denim out. The top of her peach-shaped ass was on almost continuous display.   
  
It was more than Jo could bear. Her panties were becoming wet to the point of embarrassment. If her knees weren't so weak, so would have tried to get a little ahead of Tasha and see what her naughty jeans were doing up front.  
  
They had to run a bit to cross an intersection ahead of a speeding taxi cab. Tasha's bouncing tits were turning heads left and right, until her pants stole the spotlight. Almost all at once they dropped. Tasha managed to catch them in her clenched thighs, cowering over her vagina to shield it. Her bare ass was once again exposed to the bright noon sun.   
  
Jo could hear only two sounds; cat calls and fender benders all around. She was so enchanted by the silky forbidden flesh that she didn't realize Tasha was calling to her.

"Jo! It's happening again! You've got to help me! Please!!" Jo snapped out of her trance and help pull up Tasha's jeans. The back of her hands slide along Tasha firm ass as she pulled the jeans over it. It was almost enough to make her cum right there.  
  
Jo was starting to believe this curse thing might actually be real! Tasha's jeans seemed to have jumped up two sizes, almost magically. Even as Tasha desperately clutched them to her belly, Jo still had a clear view down the back, memorizing the naked assflesh.  
  
They found a bathroom in a nearby caf. Tasha dove into the stall and locked the door, leaving Jo to imagine the scene.   
  
"Jo, what did you bring for extra clothes?"  
  
"Oh, well, I wasn't sure what you needed the clothes for. I just grabbed a couple things as ran out the door."  
  
"Well what do you have?!"  
  
Jo handed her a pair of bright green track shorts, a T shirt, and some sneakers - the clothes she had planned on working out in that afternoon.   
  
"Oh my god! That's it?!"  
  
"Tasha, I'm so sorry! I didn't know!" Jo thought for a moment about offeringher the clothes she was wearing, then decided to see how Tasha looked in these.  
  
Jo listened intently; she could hear the jeans hit the floor. There was some prolonged grunting and straining. Eventually Tasha sheepishly opened the stall, revealing herself.  
  
"The T shirt was too small..." Tasha whimpered. Jo was breathless. The track shorts may as well have been panties, they fit so tightly. Tasha's ass was only barely contained, and the way they hugged her crotch was pornographic. It looked almost painted on, showing the distinct swell of Tasha's sex. The leg holes were pulled so high that the shorts almost didn't cover her sex either. From behind, the bottom of her ass cheeks hung out. There was nothing to be done. Any attempt to pull the shorts down made her ass peek out the top.   
  
She tugged nervously at her sweater, not realizing that the bottom 3 inches were now strung across three blocks of the city. Oddly enough, the long sleeves and turtle neck of the sweater just made the exposed flesh on her belly and legs look all the more naked. The backpack didn't help, pulling her shoulders back and the sweater even tighter.  
  
Jo had forgotten what beautiful long legs Tasha had. At least the sneakers fit.  
  
Jo still could not think of a thing to say. She nervously gathered the jeans and boots into her bag. Tasha looked herself over in the mirror. Her face was already crimson. Jo tried to redirect her, hoping to see all of this play out.  
  
"Let go teach that gypsy bitch a lesson!"  
  
"Okay..."  
  
They were only a block from the farmer's market. For Tasha it seemed like an endless march of cold breezes and hot stares. The short were riding up on her in the most uncomfortable ways, but it was a slight more modest than the clown pants her jeans had turned into.   
  
Tasha had found her anger again. They made a beeline for the gypsy both. The gypsy girl was there, and once she caught sigh of Tasha in her ludicrous outfit, almost fell over laughing. Tasha pushed her way through the crowds and closed in for the kill.  
  
Suddenly, the gypsy girl pounced on her. Fast as a viper, she had her hand up Tasha's sweater, squeezing her bare tit. Tasha squealed! The crowd's attention quickly focused on this pretty girl in the odd yet slutty outfit getting molested by some crazy gypsy girl.  
  
"You like showing yourself, yes? You like it so much, it makes you so hot. The more you show, the more you fight it, the hotter you get, yessss," the gypsy girl hissed in her ear. Jo heard the whole thing. Could this voodoo crap really be true?  
  
Tasha managed to pull the girl's hand out of her sweater and step away. It was different this time. So much more intense. She felt dizzy. Where was Jo? All she could see were strangers' faces. Lusty eyes searching her body, probing, memorizing ever detail of her most intimate features.   
  
Before today, no man had ever seen her body naked. By lunchtime she had been exposed to dozens and dozens of complete strangers. Perhaps even hundreds or thousands, if those camera phones had made it to the internet by now. Her breasts, her ass, even her most private places of all, accidentally bared to all against her most chaste intentions.  
  
Tasha felt an intense change coming over her, like a fever. Her skin felt hot and damp. The butterflies in her tummy returned, but more intense and spread out. Her head spun, her legs felt rubbery. She ached and tingled all at once - it almost felt... good?  
  
Jo watched the transformation of Tasha. She was flush, although she had been various shades of crimson all morning. This was different. Tasha's lips and cheeks swelled and flushed. Her eyelids drooped as if she were drunk. Her knees buckled and hips swayed. Jo knew the look. It was the look of sexual arousal. Tasha was looking like Jo felt.  
  
Tasha's thighs spasmed, her knees clenched. She toppled into Jo's arms, pressing her sweating face into Jo's breasts.   
  
"Jo... I can't... don't let... don't let all these people... see... me... naked.... So humiliated... Please," Tasha whimpered. If Tasha was trying to keep her dignity, she was blowing it. She was delirious, her face pressed into Jo's tits, her ass out and back arched. Her legs wobbled like a newborn deer.  
  
The crowd swarming to this spectacle was growing every second. Boys shouted lewd comments. Girls snickered among their friends. People pointed, laughed, and snapped more and more pictures.  
  
What happened next blew Jo's mind. The gym shorts, which were snug on Tasha's womanly hips before, now became dangerously tight. They squeezed into her flesh, until savage rips opened up along the seams on each hip. Right up to the elastic. The nylon shorts quickly became nylon bikini panties. They slid into Tasha's ass, forming a sharp V shape. Jo could only image the pressure the nylon crotch was putting on Tasha's vulva.  
  
"Oh god... please, Jo, please... all these people... they can see my- my... oohh... I've never been so..." As much as Jo knew she was enjoying the feeling of Tasha rubbing her face in Jo's much-neglected tits, she knew she had to get her friend out of there.  
  
They fled across a crosswalk, Tasha barely keeping her legs under her. Luckily the gawking mob decided to hang back a little, and watch the show from across the street.   
  
Tasha was becoming too overwhelmed to walk any more. Jo leaned her up against a building a dug out her jeans. It took quit a bit of maneuvering to get Tasha's trembling legs back into them. Jo found herself just a few inches from Tasha's crotch. She couldn't help but look. The nylon was completely soaked! Jo could see glistening moisture on her inner thighs.  
  
That gypsy girl really had compounded Tasha's humiliation with unbridled lust! Jo couldn't help but get a little wet in sympathy. Without her glasses, Tasha could only dimly make out the passersby that were looking her over and ogling at her distress. The anxiety was only amplifying the throbbing tingle in the base of her belly.   
  
She managed to get Tasha's jeans back on her, but they were still far too loose to stay up. She needed a belt or something. Jo had no choice but to improvise - she pulled a good three feet of thread from the bottom of her sweater, further exposing her tummy, and used it to lash her waistband tight enough to stay on.  
  
"Jo... don't do that... my tits... don't let them see me..." Tasha pulled compulsively at her sweater, which was coming dangerously close to revealing the bottoms of her breasts.  
  
It would have to do. Jo grabbed her by the hand and dragged her down the busy sidewalk. They still had several blocks to go to Tasha's apartment. People were staring at Tasha's peculiar yet sexy attire, which was forcing her deeper into her drunken haze of arousal.  
  
After only half a block, Tasha pulled Jo to a stop. The thread had snapped, and Tasha's pants had fallen down around her feet. Tasha pressed her hand over her crotch, perhaps to cover up the shorts riding up, or perhaps for some other purpose.  
  
"Unnh... Jo... my pants... my pants.... They're falling off" she moaned. Her sexual delirium was becoming infectious, and Jo was having a hard time thinking straight. This time she pulled three times as much thread off the sweater to tie up the pants. The undersides of her tits were clearly visible under the quickly disappearing sweater.  
  
Unfortunately, Jo had to pull this repair job off in front of a Starbucks. Tasha could see the dozens of coffee drinkers watching her embarrassing ordeal like it was a movie.  
  
"Jo..! They can see me... my sweater... my tits... they're too big for... this sweater!" Jo was trying to do right by her friend, but she had to wonder if subconsciously, she was only making things worse for her own gratification.  
  
Jo pulled Tasha along as fast as she dared, but a block later, the threads snapped and the pants dropped to the sidewalk. Those tiny green nylon shorts looked like they were going to rip right off Tasha's aching sex any second now.  
  
"Tasha, sweetheart, I need you to hold your pants up, okay?" She guided Tasha's hand to the front of her jeans.  
  
"Okay... okay... I can't take much... much more..."  
  
They marched onward across the city. Jo's brisk pace kept Tasha's tits in a constant bounce, threatening to fall right out of the half sweater. With Jo pulling her along by her left hand, Tasha's right hand was free to hold her pants up or her sweater down, but not both.   
  
Tasha fought desperately to keep her pants on, but if she pulled hard, if put way too much pressure down there. Things were reaching a boiling point. Tasha was in danger of losing complete control of herself. She knew she had to keep those jeans on, but she could feel the draft on her ass and thighs. So she pulled harder, and the mind-clouding sensations from her bits got even more intense. Tasha bit her lip to contain the moans and sighs. It was getting harder to walk. Something was holding her legs together again.  
  
Tasha was slowing down again. Jo looked back fully expecting to see Tasha's jeans around her ankles once again. What she did not expect to see was Tasha, pulling and jerking up on the nylon shorts, driving wet crotch deeper and deeper between her exposed labia. Tasha looked like she was in heat.  
  
"Trying... to keep... the pants up... trying... so hard... so hard..." The poor girl thought she was pulling up her jeans, but instead wound up viciously molesting herself with the gym shorts. People were scandalized. Some woman screamed. Someone else was calling the police.   
  
Tasha could no longer stop herself. Her right hand flexed and tugged at the waistband, desperate for relief. Her left hand pulled the turtleneck over her face, hoping to muffle her moans and hide her identity. What it also did was pull her sweater up, letting the hard pink nipples on her pull tits fall into public view. Her tits quivered in time with the spasms racking her beautiful body.  
  
"Oh my god! Tasha!!" Jo dove for the jeans, hoping she could somehow recover a shred of her friend's humility before she masturbates on a crowded NY street corner. Down on her knees, Jo found her nose just inches from Tasha's glistening sex, the green nylon swallowed by the swollen lips. After all these years of sexual repression, Jo suddenly found herself where she had always fantasized being. Too bad it was on a crowded city sidewalk, with her friend humiliating herself because of a gypsy curse.  
  
Tasha was just seconds from sweet release. She was mortified by her loss of control, like she was watching herself in a movie that she could not stop. She was putting on a pornographic display in public that she would not dare at home, all by herself, but these nylon shorts were bringing her to a level of ecstasy her hand or even her back massager could never accomplish.  
  
"Nyaah!" she cried. Tasha wrenched at the shorts, and they gave, splitting right at the crotch. Jo had a front row seat, watching the nylon rip in half and Tasha's most delicate treasure, soaking and pink, revealed itself to her. In her effort, Tasha lost her balance falling backwards, her wet sex landing on Jo's face. The two spilled over onto the sidewalk.  
  
Amidst the catcalls, insults and angry remarks of the crowd, Jo rushed to recover herself and her friend before the cops arrived. She pulled Tasha to her feet. The gym shorts were now more than a minuscule hula skirt. Her face drenched with Tasha's juices, Jo pulled Tasha's sweater back down, her jeans back up, and literally dragged her out of the scene by the seat of her pants.   
  
Tasha was still delirious, but somehow managed to keep her legs pumping. By now traffic was stopped all around. They had an entourage of perverts close behind. Tasha's pathetic sweater was doing nothing to cover her bouncing tits, so Jo took it upon herself to do it. One fat firm tit cupped in each hand, with her face pressed into Tasha's backpack. It was too much for Jo to resist - she did a little more than cover those magnificent breasts, squeezing them and pinching the nipples between her fingers.  
  
"Jooo... oh my god.... not in front... so many people... my tits, Jo..." Tasha was doing a half-assed (literally) job of keeping her jeans up, surrendering flashes of her neatly trimmed bush as the two girls jogged awkwardly down the street.   
  
At long last they came to Tasha's apartment building. Tasha braced herself against the building as if waiting for a cop to frisk her, legs spread, ass out. Jo searched through her backpack, looking for the keys. Jo found the keys as Tasha pants feel completely, coiling at her feet.   
  
"Stop looking... please... don't look at me! Noooo..." She clenched her thighs against the potent mixture of lust and humiliation. Jo got the door open. Tasha ran right out of her jeans and into the building.  
  
Jo rushed Tasha up the stairs as quickly as possible. The poor girls was reduced to a tattered sweater that did nothing to covered her round tits, and a shred of green nylon about her waist that hung like a "jungle girl" costume.  
  
Tasha collapsed in her bed, exhausted. Jo pulled the remains of the turtleneck off and threw it away. She took back her sneakers, and the gym short she snipped off with a pair of scissors and kept as a souvenir. Although there was the temptation to fulfill a few more fantasies while she had this incredible opportunity, Jo already felt a little guilty about the liberties she took. Besides, she had a feeling this would not be the last time this would happen.  
  
When the crowds outside the building door thinned out, Jo left.   
  
Tasha slept for several hours, and awoke completely confused. Firstly, she was sleeping completely nude - something Tasha never did. But was the rest of it just an awful dream? It was so vivid and humiliating! Everything was a blur, and her head was still swimming.  
  
She checked the clock - 6 pm. She forced herself out of bed and into the shower. She had to be at her waitressing job by 8. It was time for Tasha to go to work!

**Part Three -- Work**  
The longer Tasha thought about it, the more she realized the day's events were no dream. Through some kind of cursed misfortune, she had her partially naked body exposed on the crowded streets of New York City. All the other students she shares classes with, those tourists, those people with cameras, all of those eyes, drinking in her humiliation as her clothes fell apart around her...   
  
Even though she was by herself in the relative safety of her apartment, she flushed with humiliation all over again. Someone must have taken pictures of her ordeal. They were probably on the internet already. Before today, she could count the number of men that had seen or touched her breasts on one hand, and most of them were doctors. Now countless numbers of strangers were ogling her breasts, lewdly falling out of that damn sweater or her poor blouse. Or her bare bottom... or other places Tasha had never shown anyone.  
  
She was also feeling rather sensitive down there, as if her reddened embarrassment was flowing to the source. It had only felt like this once before, when she had spent an evening experimenting with her mother's back massager. Tasha gingerly probed herself with her pinky, discovering that she was not only very sensitive- she was wet.  
  
What exactly had happened to her? She remembered losing her panties- God only knows who had them now. And then she remembered some shorts, little ones that squeezed her too tight. Her phone was gone, so she couldn't call Jo for the details.  
  
Tasha slipped on some pajamas while she contemplated her dilemma. She just needed to feel safely clothed and modest. This might be her last chance to.  
  
Another other problem was, after buying those clothes (which were now ruined) Tasha was completely broke. She absolutely had to go to work that night. It was a sweet job, waitressing in an upscale restaurant called Munich. On a good night, she could clear almost $1000 in tips. As much as the thought of more public embarrassment terrified her, she could no afford to lose such a lucrative job.  
  
Could it be she really was cursed? That there was some dark magic trying to expose her body and humiliate her? Tasha tried to remember what that crazy gypsy girl said when she grabbed her boob. Something about showing herself off. Maybe if she was showing herself off a little, the curse would make so she was showing off a lot? So maybe if she dressed as conservatively as possible, she wouldn't show off anything, the curse would just leave her alone.   
  
She had been wearing the pajamas for a little while now, and nothing had happened. All buttons buttoned, and her bottoms fit securely at her waist. If she dared step outside, she would probably be rendered completely nude in under a minute. So the curse only worked if someone was looking at her, checking her out. Her professor tried to look up her skirt, and the skirt got shorter. People looked down her blouse, and the blouse burst open. If she could keep dirty old men from ogling her, she should be just fine   
  
The uniform for a waitress at Munich was simple. A tuxedo shirt, cut to flatter a woman's form. A black skirt, and their signature piece, black stockings with the seam running up the back. Tasha thought that was kinda stupid at first, but she had to admit, there was a certain old school sexiness about it. Plus she had the legs to pull it off, and that didn't hurt her tips any.  
  
Unfortunately, avoiding sexual attention in that outfit at that restaurant was pretty much impossible. It seemed like the richer the man, the ruder the man, not to mention some of the perverted women that come in there! Plus the cooks in the kitchen. Some of the waiters, and even the busboys. Tasha's had her ass pinched and slapped, her tits squeezed, canes and umbrellas used to pull up her skirt. She's been pulled onto strange men's laps, had her bra snapped, and had men try and stick cash in her cleavage.  
  
If this morning was any indication of what tonight was going to be like, Tasha was about to go from the frying pan right into the fire. Sadly she had no choice! Tasha had to be prepared. She went through her wardrobe, and settle on the clothes that would most like stay on her as long as possible.  
  
There wasn't much to do about the skirt and the tuxedo blouse. She only had two of each, and they were identical pairs. The skirts were fine. Not too tight, and the came almost to her knees. The blouses were a little form fitting, not quite as baggy as she would have preferred, but the buttons seemed sturdy enough.  
  
For lingerie, she settled on a black corset and panty set. Since the panties were black, they would blend in should her skirt rip, or some dirty old man gets a look up there. Unfortunately they were a little high cut. Not a problem for her normally, but when dressing under the threat of supernatural stripping, a girl has to consider such things. The corset was perfect. It had a bout a zillion hooks up the back, and suspenders to keep her stockings up.. She hardly wore it because it took so long to put on, so it was practically brand new. It encased her boobs like a suit of armor, although since it gave her so much lift, it also made her boobs look even bigger. Tasha also had misgivings about wearing a black bustier under a white blouse, but if that was her worst faux pas tonight, she would be lucky!

Tasha got dressed, and packed an extra blouse and skirt in her backpack.   
  
She took a long look at herself in the mirror. The bustier was making her tits look even bigger than normal, but the blouse was handling it well enough. Skirt looked okay, and her stockings were straight. At least there would be other attractive young girls there to take some of the attention off of her.  
  
Tasha threw on her black pumps, a long overcoat, a hat, and sunglasses. She was almost completely concealed, although she looked like some paparazzi phobic celebrity. At least it would shield from lusty gazes, and keep anyone from recognizing her from this morning.  
  
She set out from her apartment timidly. She had no money for a cab or even the subway so she was hoofing it. So far so good. She got a few funny looks for wearing such a heavy coat in 70 degree weather, but her clothes were staying in place. This was the easy part. When she got to work, she had to take the coat off. And that's when things could get tricky.  
  
Amazingly enough, she made it all the way across town to Munich without incident. She got there a little early, hoping to do most of her setup work before most of the cooks and other waiters got there. She stashed her coat and bag in the coat room.  
  
After a brisk walk in a heavy coat, Tasha felt all sweaty and gross. She snuck into the walk-in refrigerator to cool off. The cooks loved to send the waitresses in here, because it made their nipple harden and poke at their blouses. Luckily the stiff cups of her bustier prevented her tightened nipples from humiliating her.  
  
Feeling refreshed, Tasha was ready to take on her setup duties. Her task was to lightly oil the handmade wooden tables in her section. Simple, right?  
  
The only person in the kitchen was Manny, a shy young teenager who couldn't speak a word of English. Manny earned himself a reputation among the waitress for trying to peek down their blouses when they were bending over. Still, he seemed nice enough, and never made any kind of advance. Tasha waved hello and reached up for the restaurant-size can of oil on the top shelf.   
  
Maybe someone didn't put the cap on right, or got oil on the outside of the can, or maybe it was just some gypsy curse. All Tasha knew was that damn jug slipped right out of her fingers, tumbling in the air in slow motion. She quickly caught it, clutching it to her chest - upside down!  
  
Tasha screamed in shock at this slick sensation of the cool oil splashing against her neck and chest. The glugging sound of oil pouring made her heart sink. The next of the can found its way into her open collar, and the oil was pouring right into her cleavage, making a funnel of her tits. She could feel it creeping down the bustier, into her skirt and panties, even down her thighs.   
  
She quickly dropped the can, but it was far too late. Thick streaks of oil ran down her stockinged legs, raining onto the tile kitchen floor. Manny just stared at her for a moment, dumbstruck. The growing pool of oil between her feet caused Tasha to slip wildly. She tried to steady herself, but the floor was like ice, and she quickly collapsed to the floor.  
  
Tasha's blouse had become transparent and painted to her skin. She was torn between covering herself and trying to get back on her feet. Her feet and hands couldn't find a hold on the floor. After what seemed like hours, Manny snapped out of his horny gaze and helped her up. Still unsteady on her oily pumps, Tasha grabbed her bag and ran to the employee washroom.   
  
The blouse was ruined, the front was almost invisible. The skirt wasn't much better. Work hadn't even officially started, and already had to use her spare skirt and blouse. Tasha stripped down in a hurry. The other servers would be coming in soon, and there was just the one bathroom.  
  
Oil was literally pooled in the valley between her breasts. It slowly oozed down, forming a slick membrane between her skin and the corset. The stream of oil trickled into her panties, saturating them. If this hadn't been such a traumatic day, the sensation of wet slippery panties between her legs would almost be pleasant and arousing.  
  
Her stockings were streaked with oil, and she had no spares. Tasha decided to do something radical- she rubbed her oily blouse up and down her legs. It evened out the streaks completely, and the feeling of her oiled legs brushing against each other was rather nice.  
  
Tasha used some paper towels to mop up as much of the excess oil as possible. She didn't have time to remove her corset, and unfortunately, that seemed to be where most of the oil had ended up. She cleaned up as much as she could and dressed in the fresh blouse and skirt. Luckily none of the oil landed in her hair or make up, but a couple of small glob of oil hit her glasses. The crappy soup in the washroom was no match for it, and no matter how hard she scrubbed them, there seemed to be a light film over the lenses. Nevertheless, she finished dressing- everything looked fine. Luckily the black lingerie and skirt hid the color, but they couldn't hide the slippery sensation of oil all down her body.   
  
"Curse, my ass!" she said, proud of her quick recovery.  
  
Perhaps the curse heard her, or perhaps the smudges on her glasses kept her from noticing the condition of her fresh blouse. The corset had soaked up a tremendous amount of oil, more that a quick once-over with cheap paper towels could hope to remove. Now that oil was slowly soaking her new blouse, rendering it transparent and sticking it right to her body.  
  
Tasha tied on her small black apron and headed back to her tasks. She heard acidic shouting from the kitchen - Estelle was in.  
  
Estelle was the self-appointed manager of Munich. In reality, she was the trophy wife of the owner, and once a fairly famous NY fashion model. A little plastic surgery and a lot of Pilates kept her in shape, although the years had definitely padded out her boobs and ass.   
  
Between her supermodel attitude and her statuesque 6 foot 2 frame, Estelle was a very intimidating woman. She couldn't give a shit about the food, but she was obsessed with how the servers looked. The whole stockings thing was especially important. She'd been known to yank the skirt up on any negligent waitress who didn't keep her seams straight, and straightened them out herself. Perhaps a direct technique from her modeling days, or perhaps she just enjoyed humiliating young women in front of the rest of the staff.  
  
"Dammit, what a terrible day for that bitch to be on the warpath!" Tasha took a moment to make sure her stockings looked perfect. The looked okay, but the oil made them feel wet and weird. They would probably slip and twist as the night went on - Tasha would be wise to keep an eye on them.  
  
She took a deep breath, and hoped that the fates would be gentle on her...  
  
Prof. Raleigh was soaking up his celebrity among his perverted compatriots. Prof. Tanaka and Dr. Spunkmeyer had heard the rumors around campus of the demure coed losing her clothes in Raleigh's class, and again on the street. Images had been e-mailed back and forth, Raleigh had recounted his testimony again and again for them in the most minute detail.   
  
The three of them had formed an unofficial club of perversion, dedicated to voyeurism in a college bursting with luscious young women.   
  
Prof. Tanaka gave up a very lucrative position in his home of Japan to come teach in the states. He is a die-hard breast man, and Tokyo is a terrible place to be one. At least in America he is surrounded by curvaceous, well-endowed young women.   
  
He gave tests and quizzes with incredible frequency so that he could look over the shoulders of his more ample students on the pretense of watching for cheating, but really so he could stare down their tops. He was also known to "accidentally" brush against the chests of some women. Rumor has it Tanaka left Japan after allegations that he was accidentally brush against a diplomat's wife at a formal dinner.  
  
Dr. Spunkmeyer was a legend among academic perverts. Although almost 70, he used his age as leverage to get attractive women to assist him, and thereby cop a feel.   
  
Despite his age, the good doctor was a master of electronics. He walked with a cane (which he didn't need) which was mounted with a pinhole camera. He had even developed a small electromagnet about the size of a joy buzzer that, when properly used, could draw down zippers and unhook bras from a foot away. He truly was the James Bond of dirty old men.  
  
Prof. Raleigh had retrieved Tasha's cell phone from the Goth tramp just a short while ago, and was very pleasantly surprised to see the Goth had snapped a picture of Tasha's ordeal, and made it the wallpaper. It was a beautiful shot. Her body twisted, serpentine, caught between cowering for modesty and running for escape. He skirt, hoisted well over her full round ass. He blouse burst open, her breast bouncing wildly in her mad flight. Her eyes wide, her lips and cheeks rosy with humiliation.   
  
Spunkmeyer was already printing more photos off the internet, creating a sexy documentary of the whole miraculous event. Still, nothing compared with Raleigh's first-hand account.  
  
Tanaka and Spunkmeyer were well-familiar with the infamous Tasha, having seen her nigh-perfect body gliding across campus. Infamous, because before today, Tasha seemed to have an uncanny ability to thwart their every effort at perversion. She crossed her legs with vise-like strength, obscuring even the slightest view of her panties. She used her books and backpack as coverage for her perfect breasts, preventing even the slightest peek at her cleavage. It was like Tasha knew these guys were world-class perverts, and knew every way to stymie them.   
  
The he pulled out the show-stopper- the tattered panties. He laid them out on the desk in his office as if it was the shroud of Turin. An hourglass of delicate translucent fabric, savagely ripped at its thin lacy waistband.  
  
This was a moment of unparalleled triumph, perhaps the greatest Raleigh had even known since her first peeped up his grade school teacher's skirt so many years ago. His peers were in awe of him, and strove to bask in his glory and good fortune.   
  
Even that curmudgeon Spunkmeyer was swept up in it. He pulled up her student records on his laptop, and his eyes lit up with mischief.  
  
"My compatriots, it seems Miss Tasha has been earning her way through college by waitressing," he mused. "Perhaps we should pay her restaurant a visit tonight?"  
  
Tasha had been at work for just under an hour now, and Munich was officially open for the evening. In that short time, she had more than a few ill omens that coming here tonight may have been a mistake.   
  
It didn't take long for her to discover her oil-soaked corset was making her blouse translucent. In addition to that, the slippery corset and the natural motion of her full hips were causing the corset to slide up her body, hefting her breasts out and giving her glistening cleavage worthy of a trashy novel cover.  
  
The added attention to her tits among her coworkers assured, thanks to her curse, that her blouse was coming unbuttoned any time eyes were on it. Thankfully the buttons were still intact, but that terrible mix of butterflies in the stomach and burning humiliation was returning.  
  
She didn't realize before just how much oil had seeped down her tummy and into her panties. They were slick with it, shifting and sliding across her ass and... other places. Under other circumstances, Tasha may have even enjoyed the sensual gliding of oily panties across her most intimate place, gently teasing her. Now, it just added to her humiliation. People would think she was a slut or something- she didn't need to go and prove them right.  
  
Her skirt was misbehaving too. Riding up, getting snagged on her suspenders or caught up in her apron. In a restaurant, with all this moving around and bending over, it wasn't unusual for the girls to sometimes show a little more leg than they intended, and for the boys to tease them about it. But tonight Tasha was extra sensitive about it, and her demure shyness just seemed to egg the men on.  
  
Tasha realized it was only a matter of time before something happened. He blouse explodes, her skirt falls off. Something. And she would be naked and humiliated in front of all her coworkers and a whole restaurant full of strangers. The anticipation was almost worse than the actual embarrassment.  
  
Estelle hollered her name. Tasha yanked her skirt down reflexively. "Tasha, sweetheart, you've got a table- move it!"  
  
Tasha crossed the restaurant to her section, trying to ignore the thick squishing of her panties with every step. The slippery little devils were sliding right between her cheeks, too- the beginning of quite an annoying wedgie. Then she saw who her first customers were...  
  
Tasha's heart sank into dread inversely to the way Raleigh's, Tanaka's and Spunkmeyer's lit up with delight.   
  
Raleigh, of course, she knew. Her sleazy professor was perhaps her most humiliating witness to Tasha ordeal this afternoon. This smarmy old bastard hard more intimate knowledge of Tasha's young body than the most adept and charming frat boys. His unwelcome eyes on here know made her even more acutely aware of her slithering panties.  
  
She's never had a class with Prof. Tanaka, but this would not be the first time she could feel his burning gaze fixed on her full chest. He had a knack for "crossing paths" with Tasha all around campus, especially cramped places where he might "accidentally" brush against her tits. Small coffee shops, the gym, the library. And of course, he now had his dirty eyes fixed on her cleavage now, served up in her overly ambitious bustier, blossoming out of a blouse that won't stay closed.   
  
Spunkmeyer, the old man, she didn't recognize. He looked sweet enough, but judging by the sleazy company he keeps, he must be one dirty old man.  
  
"Ah, Miss Tasha! One of my most prized pupils," Prof Raleigh sang. His companions snickered knowingly.  
  
"Hello, Professor..." Tasha murmured, eyes lowered. She rubbed her thighs together nervously, perhaps to distract herself, and perhaps subconsciously, she was captivated by their oily slickness. It was also causing her panties to ride higher and higher into her well-lubricated private places. Tasha, however was too preoccupied with the certainty that, unless she did something, she would certain end up naked and humiliated in front of these horrid old men.  
  
Tasha took their drink orders and turned to leave.  
  
"Miss Tasha, one moment! I have something you lost today" Raleigh said. Her blood ran cold- she had lost quite a few things that day, her modesty not being the least.  
  
He placed her cell phone on the table. She couldn't help but give him a sheepish smile as she recovered her phone. It wasn't his fault all these bad things were happening to her, right? At least he was doing the nice thing by returning her phone, and she gladly picked it up.  
  
"What?" The only word to escape her lips. The dirty old bastard had put some kind of nudie porn picture on her phone! Some trashy slut with her skirt hiked up and her fat tits hanging out, her face flushed with lust. Tasha spun around, ready to blast the filthy professor for his behavior, until something in that dirty photo struck her as... familiar.  
  
The skirt... the blouse... the girl in the photo is herself! She'd never seen herself in such a heated, humiliated display, and by now, half the city- no, half the world had! The electrified tingling in the pit of her belly returned. Like this afternoon, but even stronger.  
  
"My god..." He knees buckled in embarrassment.  
  
"You're making me a believer, Miss Tasha." Raleigh grinned smugly.  
  
Tasha slipped her phone into her apron. She felt like every eye in the restaurant was mentally undressing her, especially the three pairs around her right now.  
  
She rushed away with their drink orders, nervously tugging at her blouse and skirt to safeguard what little was left of her modesty. There was no way Tasha could handle another ordeal by herself - she needed backup.  
  
Today was far and away the most sexually exciting day in Jo's young life. On the one hand, she was very proud of herself for protecting her friend through such a... humiliating experience. On the other, she could kick herself for not taking advantage of that nude goddess, driven to heat and nearly nude.  
  
Jo was currently expressing that frustration alone in her bedroom, bent over her dresser. Naked except for some periwinkle blue cotton panties. One hand was furiously at work inside those panties. The other held the tattered remains of her green gym shorts up to her nose...   
  
In her mind, Jo ran and reran that movie over and over again, of the goddess Tasha, so chaste and pure, today trying to pleasure herself against her own will on a crowded New York City sidewalk, using the gym shorts now pressed to Jo's face.  
  
She could feel an orgasm building, and fast. It was well deserved, too. Jo resisted the urge to pleasure herself right there in Tasha's apartment as her exhausted crush slept off her humiliating day.  
  
Her cell phone rang. Jo would have ignored it, but Tasha's name was on the ID.  
  
"Hello?" She tried to not sound breathless.  
  
"Jo, it's me, Tasha." She sounded timid.  
  
"Are you okay"  
  
"Jo, it's happening again."   
  
"What is?" Jo knew damn well what was happening, but she wanted to hear Tasha describe it.  
  
"That curse... I spilled oil on myself. Now my blouse is see-through. And the oil is in my panties, and they're slipping around. And these old men keep leering at me. And this stupid curse, it's making me... making me..."  
  
"Making you...?"  
  
"...horny" Tasha whispered. "I can't sop it and its driving me CRAZY."  
  
"Where are you?"  
  
"Work."  
  
"I'm on my way."  
  
Jo threw on a long white linen skirt and a pink tank top. She would not miss this show for the world.  
  
Tasha felt some relief that Jo was coming to help see her through this. She gathered up the old bastards' drinks and brought them over.  
  
Those old men probed every inch of her with their perverted eyes. Her translucent blouse, doing little to hide her exotic corset or ample bust. Her black skirt, riding ever-higher over her full hips and round bottom.  
  
With one hand carrying the tray, and the other passing out drinks, she could not adjust her blouse or skirt, leaving her at the mercy of the men and the curse. Her stocking tops peeking into view made her nervous and anxious. She rushed to hand Raleigh her drink, and nearly lost her balance, and the top button of her blouse.   
  
"Careful, deary!" Spunkmeyer was quick to steady her with a hand around her waist. In truth, he was looking for a chance to apply specially designed electromagnet. It was wired into a simple leather glove, and could unhook a woman's bra in a fraction of second. Spunkmeyer was especially adroit with it, although he had never attempted anything as ambitious as a full corset.  
  
Tasha felt the nasty old man's hand across her back, and the slight tug around her midsection, but she had no clue that half the hooks of her elaborate corset had just come undone. Nor that she had lost a button, her blouse now showing the lacy edges of each bra cup, as well as a dangerous amount of cleavage.  
  
Tasha noticed her corset was fitting a bit more comfortably. Her breasts had settled down to a more natural height.   
  
The three men barraged her with questions about the entrees, the appetizers, the salads, the wines, everything and anything on the menu. Tasha did her best to answer them, but it was quite clear men were stalling, keeping her around to enjoying her impending misfortune.  
  
She rubbed her slick thighs together anxiously. She couldn't wait to be away from these horrid men, and she was aware that even though they were repellant, their lecherous gazes were driving her to a fever. What she was NOT aware of was Spunkmeyer's pinhole camera between her knees, or its live feed to the laptop in front of Raleigh.

"Black. Satan." He said aloud.  
  
Tasha immediately knew they could somehow see her panties, and fled the table in mid-sentence.  
  
She rushed across the main floor of the restaurant, her tits bouncing even more than before. All eyes were on her. Wealthy patrons, her coworkers, everyone. But she was quite glad to be away from those hideous creeps.   
  
Tasha hid at the far end of the bar and caught her breath. Her loosened corset was no longer supporting her stockings, which were becoming crooked and twisted... something Estelle had just noticed.  
  
Estelle HATED Tasha. Nothing personal, but Estelle simply could not abide another woman being so young and attractive in her presence. Add to that the fact that the three months Tasha had worked for her, her stockings had always been impeccable, along with the rest of her entire. Which meant that Estelle had never had an excuse to yank her skirt up and humiliate her in front of a crowded restaurant. This fact was also lamented by many of the regulars. But today, that all changed.   
  
The poor girl was a mess today. Distracted, disheveled, distraught, and her stockings. Tsk tsk tsk. Estelle moved in like a lioness going for the kill. In a motion she had committed a thousand times, Estelle snatched the hemline of Tasha's skirt, and yanked it clear to her waste, baring her black satin panties to the entire restaurant.  
  
Tasha screamed!  
  
Many of the patrons roared and cheered, realizing what a momentous occasion this was.  
  
"Miss Tasha, this is NOT how we present ourselves here at Munich!"   
  
"Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Tasha pulled down furiously at her skirt, trying at the very least to cover her crotch, which was calling for her attention more than ever.  
  
Estelle definitely exposed the young beauty longer that should would any of the other waitresses, but when she tried to relent, she found her sleeve was stuck! The buttons on the cuff of her blouse had become snagged on the undone hooks of Tasha's corset! Tasha struggled to escape from Estelle, tugging at her blouse.  
  
"Stop fidgeting! My blouse is caught!" Another wave of cheers from the restaurant. This was getting even better.  
  
"Get it out! Let go!" Tasha was flushed red. It took all her strength to keep the front of her skirt over her panties, let alone her bare thighs. Estelle jerked her backwards like a naughty dog on a leash.  
  
"Stop it! Let me get uncaught." Estelle snaked her free hand up the young girl's skirt, but Tasha could not stay still. As if answering the silent prayers of a dozen patrons, Estelle's other cuff became bound to Tasha's failing corset, her hands pressed against the girl's pantied ass.  
  
"Goddamit! Stop wiggling around!" Estelle snapped. "This blouse costs more than you earn in a week!" With both of her sleeves caught, Estelle couldn't reach the offending hooks to free herself.  
  
Tasha fell across a bar stool, her ass pointed in the air. The pair of them officially had the undivided attention of the entire restaurant. The customers were on their feet. The kitchen staff had come out to watch. Splayed doggy-style across the stool, Tasha covered her reddening face with her hands.  
  
Estelle was growing flustered herself. The struggle had pulled her expensive blouse free from her skirt, exposing the pale flesh of her trim tummy. In her frustration, Etelle began tugging hard at the corset.  
  
"Stop it! Stop it!! You're pulling me... out of my... my...!" Tasha'a unbridled arousal was making it hard for her to catch her breath. Her corset was sliding down her body, aided by the thin layer of oil. Estelle tugged again, and Tasha's breasts sprang free, her thin, oil-soaked blouse making that obvious to everyone in sight.  
  
Tasha's panties were soaked with cursed excitement. With Estelle's hands barely an inch away from her privates, it was only a matter of time until... Estelle's hand slipped between Tasha's thighs and felt the moisture across her panties.  
  
"Oh my God! Are you getting off on this?!" Estelle ran her middle finger up and down the crotch of the young girl's wet panties, probing Tasha's eager lips.  
  
"Stop it! Stop touching me there!" Tasha screamed. The truth was it felt good, too good. It took all of Tasha's will not to lean back into the evil woman's exploring fingers.  
  
"You are! You dirty slut!" Estelle gave the poor girls swollen clit a playful poke. Tasha spasmed in response, her right breast popping free from her blouse. That mean bitch's fingers were doing what Tasha had been wanting to do to herself for the past hour, but not like this. Not bent over doggy style in the middle of a posh NY restaurant, with dozens of patrons reveling in her ecstasy and debasement.  
  
"Unh! No! Pleeease!" Tasha needed to be away from here, NOW. She pushed off the bar stool, ready to run, pulling Estelle's blouse even higher.  
  
"No you don't! You're ripping my blouse!" Estelle pulled the younger, smaller woman back, lifting Tasha off her feet. The poor young waitress collapsed to her hands and knees. Estelle's blouse jerked higher still, the well-filled cups of her lacy bra peeking out.  
  
"I'll pull this damn corset off of you right here in front of everyone if I have to!" Estelle grabbed the corset with her hands and gave a ferocious pull. Tasha felt the corset slide at least six inches, the empty cups now down around her navel.  
  
"NO! Let go of me!" Still on her hands and knees, Tasha scrambled to tray and escape. Estelle pulled her right back. Tasha's corset gave another few inches, but so did Estelle's blouse, tangling around her armpits and neck. Both women were caught in Tug of War at the cost of their own clothes.  
  
This was the scene as Jo walked into the restaurant. Even after the day's events this was pretty shocking. She hid herself behind a potted plant by the restrooms to watch.  
  
Tasha was on all fours, her skirt around her waist and one breast bouncing free of her white blouse. She had some kind of corset on, but some attractive older woman was trying to pull it down over Tasha's hips. The older woman herself was losing her blouse in the fight, her fat tits and white lace bra on display for the very receptive crowd.  
  
Tasha's face was red with a potent mix of embarrassment and sexual excitement. She was clearly caught between two impulses - the urge to run and hide and the urge to come right there and find relief.  
  
Tasha's modesty won out. She kicked backwards, knocking Estelle on her ass and out of her blouse. She somehow pulled herself to her feet, despite the fact that her corset was now tightly wrapped around her knees.  
  
Now sharing in Tasha's humiliation, Estelle crossed her arms over her bra and tits, and fled for the kitchen. Tasha's escape would not be so simple.  
  
With the corset and blouse tangled around her legs, Tasha could only take the tiniest steps. As she tried to right her skirt, she discovered her panties were missing as well, no doubt dragged down by the corset. She fixed her skirt, but not before giving the entire restaurant a teasing glimpse of her bubble butt and natural gold trim. Her stuttered walking was making her tits - especially the one bare tit, bouncing wildly.  
  
Through the steamed-up lenses of her glasses, Tasha spotted the errant breast, and quickly slipped it back in her blouse, for what little did it good. The missing button gave way to an impressive expanse of young, quivering cleavage. The still-oily fabric traced every curve of her torso, including her taut nipples.  
  
For what seemed like an eternity, Tasha minced across the open floor of Munich, disheveled and dizzy with lust and embarrassment. She shielded her face from sight. Jo could stand it not more, and rushed to Tasha's aid.   
  
"Jo! Oh thank God! Please! I'm losing all my clothes again... and... and..."  
  
It's making you horny, Jo completed her statement silently. As Jo crouched to untangled the knotted of corset and panties and blouse, Jo caught a whiff of that familiar perfume. That scent she had just been enjoying rather intimately not an hour before. In compliance with the curse, as Tasha's humiliation increased, so did her arousal.  
  
As Jo fought to liberate her, Tasha could feel hundreds of eyes exploring her body. With one hand she fought to keep her rising hemline in place, but the hexed skirt was obeying the will of countless perverted strangers, tightening and shrinking across her hips.  
  
Her other hand tried to cradle her ample breasts, protecting them from indecency. But she could feel her blouse tightening, forming gaping eyelets along the button, peeks at the bare flesh along her tummy.  
  
And even with the gawking, gaping, grinning expressions of the patrons all around her, Tasha's mind returned again and again to Estelle's fingers inside her.   
  
"Uh...nyuh... oh my God... Jo, please hurry! I think I lost my panties... again." Tasha reflexively leaned to cover herself, putting her fevered sex just inches from Jo's face.  
  
At long last Jo completely unhooked the corset. She opened up the full stride of her long legs, the stockings ripping free from the suspenders. At last unbound, Tasha ran- right out of her panties. Her bewitched skirt could not handle the strain - RIIIP! It tore up the seam right to the zipper- halfway up her bare bottom, flexing and jiggling as Tasha fled the dining room.  
  
Jo leapt up after her, forgetting to retrieve the errant panties from the floor. She found Tasha in the cloak room, relatively unused this time of year, hiding behind a few abandoned coats in the back.  
  
Tasha was a sight. Hair, tussled. Skin, flushed and sweaty. Her blouse unbuttoned - no, debuttoned right down almost to her belly, her high fat tits squeezing to peek out with every panting breath. Tattered stockings barely left on her legs, and a skirt that was destined to abandon and humiliate her.   
  
Tasha cupped her breast with other arm, the other crushing her skirt against her crotch. At first blush it looked like she was shielding her pantiless privates under her skirt. Then Jo realized she was pushing her palm into her crotch - into her clit! The curse was making her more and more aroused with every exposure, compounding her humiliation with sexual frustration!  
  
"Did you find my panties?" Tasha whispered. Jo held up her empty hands, and Tasha pouted. "It's happening again, Jo. Everyone is going to see me naked!"  
  
"No they won't, sweety!" Jo gave Tasha a hug - her skin was on fire!  
  
"Jo, I can't go back out there without my underwear. I can't go home. I didn't bring any more panties..." she looked pleadingly to her friend. "Jo, could you give me your panties?"  
  
Jo was dumbstruck! Out in the restaurant, they could still her commotion as various patrons and employees looked for the half-naked Tasha.  
  
"You're not cursed! No one will see! Please Jo! I just want to go home!" Jo looked down at her long linen skirt. No one could really see up it. Nothing short of a tornado would blow it up. Plus the idea of the sexually overcharged goddess wearing her panties was more than a little exciting.  
  
"Okay... turn around." Tasha turned to face the corner, giving Jo a free look at her bare behind between the split in her skirt.  
  
Jo reached up her skirt, hooked her thumbs in the elastic, and slid off her panties. They were simple cotton panties. Bikini-cut. Light blue with little white polka-dots. And they were more than a little most from Jo's unfinished self-pleasuring.  
  
Jo knelt down behind Tasha.  
  
"Lift your foot," she commanded, and Tasha obeyed. "Don't touch the panties - I, uh, don't want the curse to make them rip..."  
  
Jo slid the panties up and came to a shocking realization - these panties were far too small. Jo was a petite girl, with slight hips and a small but firm butt. Tasha was far more voluptuous, with sweeping hips and a full, round ass. By the middle of Tasha's thighs, the panties were straining.  
  
"Um, my underwear is a little small on you..."  
  
"Oh noooo... Can't you get the on? Please, Jo."  
  
Jo wiggled them up an inch at the time. Tasha's bare thighs felt so smooth, almost slippery to her touch, and it helped the panties ascend.  
  
She had to hike up Tasha's skirt to get the panties over the twin globes of her tush, putting Tasha's naked body once again just inches from Jo's face. The cotton panties were stretched thin. Jo yanked at them as much as she dared, and heard the material creak ominously.  
  
"There... I think." Jo could pull them no higher. Unfortunately, Jo's itty bitty panties could only half-cover Tasha's ass. Between Tasha's thighs, Jo could see her underwear pulled tight between Tasha's glistening wet lips. The cotton was stretched so thin it was becoming translucent.  
  
"Don't suppose I could borrow your bra?" Tasha joked.  
  
"...not wearing one." Jo shrugged.   
  
Tasha looked back over her shoulder at Jo. "Jo, I can see your titties!" Jo inspected herself. Crouched down like that her tank top did hang away, revealing her pert little tits. Jo pulled out her right tit and stuck out her tongue at Tasha. Tasha giggled, thankful for the distraction.  
  
"Okay, I'm just going to get my things, and we can leave." Tasha smoothed her skirt and held her blouse closed with one hand. As she ventured from the cloak room, Jo followed. Jo didn't want to think she was setting her friend up for a fall, but the imminent show would not be one to be missed.  
  
The dining room had more or less returned to a normal calm. Her panties and undone bustier were gone from the center floor, no doubt in the possession of some pervert. Tasha was unaware of the damage to her skirt, and the peeks of creamy flesh and blue cotton panty through the rip were gaining some attention.  
  
Her brisk pace was making Jo's panties ride up terribly. Tasha's didn't want to admit it, but she was rather well-lubricated right now, and the tiny panties were having their way with her.  
  
Tasha tried to slip along the darker edge of the dining room - unfortunately, that path took her right past Prof. Raleigh's table.  
  
"Miss Tasha! Oh Miss Tasha!" The dirty old bastard called to her. Against her better judgment, Tasha approached the table, still clutching her blouse closed. All three old men openly stared at her body with shameless lust.  
  
"Are you leaving us, Miss Tasha?" She nodded yes.  
  
"Fair enough, you are having quite a day, aren't you?" Tasha nodded again. "However, we never got the chance to tip you for your wonderful service..."  
  
"That's okay. I have to go," Tasha tried to slip away.  
  
"Wait! Wait!" Raleigh called. "We have a business proposal for you!" Livid, Tasha was tempted to slap the old pervert right there.  
  
"No, no, you misunderstand, my dear." He protested. "We are gentlemen, and would never propose something so uncouth... However, we are simple men with simple appetites, and we would reward you handsomely for you're your lightest grace."  
  
"Get to the point." Tasha was losing her patience. However, if she didn't bring home some cash tonight, she'd also be losing her apartment.  
  
"We just want a little peek up that skirt," Spunkmeyer piped in. "A hundred bucks cash for ten seconds!"  
  
At first, Tasha was scandalized. The dirty old men paying a girl just to peek up her skirt - it was like a form of prostitution! On the other hand, she was desperate for cash, and a little looksy up her dress was probably one of the more modest displays she's put on today.  
  
Wait a minute, she thought to herself. These pervs think I lost my panties! They think I'm not wearing anything under this skirt! Tasha suddenly felt like she had the upper hand. Jo's panties could protect a measure of her modesty, and she could tricky these lecherous old fools out of some money!  
  
"A hundred bucks for five seconds," Tasha countered. She was feeling bolder now.  
  
"I'll go you one better my dear," said Raleigh. "A hundred bucks for every five seconds you keep you skirt raised and you charms on display."  
  
Tasha was in a conundrum. She would never dream of giving these filthy monsters the satisfaction. On the other hand, she could make her rent in just a minute - and she was wearing panties!  
  
"Let's see the cash." Tasha tried to sound tough.  
  
Raleigh produced a thick roll of hundred dollar bills. Tasha sighed...  
  
She crowded up as close as possible to the corner of the table, between Raleigh and Spunkmeyer to get out of public sight.  
  
Raleigh, Takashi, and Spunkmeyer leaned in close. Spunkmeyer had all his little hidden cameras rolling, including one under the table between Tasha's feet, shooting straight up at her crotch.  
  
One hand still holding her blouse, Tasha's free hand reached for her hem and timidly pulled it to her waist. The split in the back yawned open, revealing most of her barely covered behind to the rest of the restaurant.  
  
Spunkmeyer almost cried foul when he saw the panties, until he took a closer look. The tiny blue things scarcely covered anything. A wisp of golden hair was peeking out the simple lace of the elastic. The gusset was soaked through with the young girl's excitement, swallowed between her flushed, hungry lips.  
  
"Five seconds," Raleigh said, as he laid one hundred dollar bill on the table.  
  
The second she hoisted her skirt, Tasha felt her level of arousal skyrocket. The three men leaned in close to her crotch, and studied it like they were memorizing it. Despite her best efforts at self control, Tasha could feel her pulse racing, her hot skin wet with perspiration, her breathing quicken. There was a tingling, an itch building down in her pussy, compounded by the fact that Jo's panties were bunched up and pressing on her tender clit.  
  
"Ten seconds," Another hundred dollars.  
  
Tasha's knees buckled. Her hand slips from her blouse to steady herself against the table. Tanaka brightens at the sight of her excessive cleavage.   
  
"Fifteen seconds."  
  
Tasha felt dizzy and fevered, like she was tipsy. She clenched her thighs, as if to drive it out, but it actually increased the pressure and heightened her sensitivity. Tasha spread her legs wide. It took the pressure off and steadier her stance, but gave the men an even more intimate view...  
  
"Twenty seconds."  
  
As Tasha's legs grew weaker, her arousal grew stronger. Her inhibitions and cares about these nasty old men, the patrons in the restaurant, being exposed in public; they were fading in a fog of lust.   
  
"Twenty five seconds."  
  
Her knees buckled wildly. Tasha leaned against the table for support, and found the corner of the table pressing against her crotch... and it felt good!  
  
Tasha recoiled, pulling her sex away from the corner. Some small part of her inhibition was still fighting back against the tsunami of gypsy sex magic and compulsive exhibitionism.  
  
Still, if she could just lean against the table, just a little, maybe she could end this. Scratch this itch, release this pressure and clear her head. If she did it casually, no one would notice, right? She just needed to be inconspicuous about it.  
  
"T-thirty seconds."  
  
Inconspicuous she was not. A curvaceous, statuesque honey-blond, her ample tits threatening to spill from her ravaged blouse, her skirt split almost to her waist revealing a pair of almost comically undersized panties, gently humping the corner of a table in an upscale Manhattan restaurant was anything but inconspicuous. Raleigh, Tanaka, and Spunkmeyer, three of the most experienced perverts in the city, were absolutely awestruck by Tasha's self indulgent display.  
  
"...forty seconds!"  
  
Jo was equally shocked. She watched her friend's meltdown from across the restaurant, as did virtually every patron in the place. Munich was dead silent, except for the sound of water glasses lightly tinking against each other on Tasha's table.  
  
Jo was conspicuously aware of her own lack of panties, feeling the cool AC across her damp pussy. Watching Tasha bewitched and pleasuring herself against a table corner was such a dramatic turn from the chaste but lovely beauty Jo had become so secretly infatuated with. She also realized that, by the terms of the curse, the more Jo leered and lusted after her humiliated friend, the deeper Tasha's lust would surge. And leer Jo did, wondering what it would feel like to press her mouth and tongue against Tasha's nervous wet pussy.

"Muh-mff..." Tasha stifled a moan, still deluding herself that her self-pleasuring was quite discrete. Her hair was falling over her eyes, sticking to her sweaty cheeks and brow. Her glasses had slid to the end of her nose. Her mouth hung open with hot breath. Her tits trembled in time with her gyrations.  
  
Tasha's less-than-subtle efforts at relief had caused the panties to become bunched and askew, revealing almost all of her pubic hair. They wrapped tightly around the tiny button of her swollen clit, as she pressed it into the damp 450 thread count linen table cloth.   
  
"One minute!" Twelve hundred dollars.  
  
The skirt slipped from Tasha's fingers, ending her panty show. Her head clearing, she claimed her cash and stuffed it into the pocket of her waitress apron. The skirt pooled on the tabletop, and when Tasha pushed against the table with both hands to steady and right herself, she didn't realize the skirt was caught under her grip.  
  
The sound of ripping fabric cut the silence in the restaurant. Her damaged skirt gave up its last stitch, slipping away from her ass and hips. The little blue panties covered so little of her ass and crotch. Only her small waitress apron gave her a hint of modesty.  
  
"Oh NO!" Tasha squealed. The restaurant exploded in laughter. Tasha struggled to cover her almost-bare bottom with her splayed hands, oblivious to her jiggling breasts threatening to fall out of her half-open blouse.  
  
Tasha's shaky legs wobbled under her. Jo rushed up to support her friend and to help her flee the room. Suddenly, a titanic shockwave hit Tasha in her privates, almost pushing her right to orgasm. She collapsed to the floor, most of her ass no hanging out of the panties.   
  
"Oh god! Oh god! Uh uhhhh!!" It was more than just the exposure and embarrassment of being exposed in front of hundreds of strangers. Something very real was vibrating against her clit, paralyzing her with pleasure. Against her most chaste sensibilities, Tasha arched her back and humped the unseen force.  
  
At last Tasha realized it was her cell phone! Those dirty bastards had set it to vibrate before they gave it back to her. Raleigh grinned and waved his phone it her - he was the one calling her!  
  
Jo helped Tasha to her feet. Her legs were still weak and rubbery. They fled once again to the sanctuary of the cloak room. Tasha collapsed in the corner.  
  
"What am I going to do now? I can't go home in just these!" Tasha whimpered. Jo couldn't take her eyes off her panties - starched to the limit, soaking wet, and concealing nothing of Tasha's privates.  
  
Then she noticed Tasha's apron, looking like a half-hearted excuse for a miniskirt.  
  
"I've got an idea." Jo returned a few minutes later with a second apron. She tied it to Tasha's apron. It did cover Tasha, front and back; although the two aprons left two bare strips on either hip. They were also rather skimpy, especially across Tasha's ass. The apron skirt didn't quite cover the bottoms of her cheeks, and across the top her crack was peeking out.  
  
"Can we go home now?" Tasha cried. The pair fled out the front door of Munich, into the warm New York night- and right into a maze of velvet ropes, packed with young New York socialites.  
  
Tasha caused quite a sensation among the crowd. Her blouse, ravaged, oil-soaked and sweaty, covered her ample tits in only the most technical sense. Her "skirt" was little more that two black swatches of cloth, poorly tied and not quite adequate to cover the tiny panties her full ass was squeezing out of.  
  
Jo and Tasha realized the crowd from the inside the restaurant was following them outside, hopping to see where this sexy misadventure would go.  
  
Confronted with a thousand probing eyes, Tasha froze, her hands reflexively covering her shame. Jo nimbly slipped under the nearest rope, and reached back to grab Tasha.  
  
Tasha was taller than Jo, and given her state of undress, decided against bending down to slip under the rope. As discretely as possible, she tried to slip a long leg over the rope, giving some smug prick an eyeful of her wet blue panties.  
  
The heavy velvet rope tapped against her poor clit, sending shockwaves down Tasha's thighs. She dropped to her knees, or would have- the heavy velvet rope caught her, hung in the air like a hammock, hoisting her up by her own crotch.  
  
"Oh! Oh! OHHHH!!" Tasha's eyes went WIDE. Jo grabbed her roughly by the shoulders and tried to get her back on her feet. Tasha's right breast jiggled free to a mix of joyous cheers and dirty looks from the crowd. Not to mention joyous looks and dirty cheers.  
  
Jo gave her another heave, getting the blonde's feet underneath her. Tasha was too distracted trying to scoop her naked boob back into her blouse. Jo dragged the girl into motion, forcing her to run - but something jerked Tasha to a halt.  
  
The end of the velvet rope was hooked on the back of Tasha's little blue cotton panties.  
  
The panties ripped, but not altogether, and not all at once. It was more like they dissolved, like wet cobwebs. The over-stretched blue cotton winked open dozens of holes to match the little white polka dots. Then the elastic ripped free and unwound itself, plucking apart like bow strings. First across her left buttock, then the elastic across the top. Only the band of simple lace across her right cheek remain, with tatters of blue cotton.   
  
"MY PANTIES!" Jo and Tasha screamed in sync. Jo jerked at Tasha's arm, forcing her to run. Running wasn't natural for Tasha, at least not in stiletto heels. And certainly not braless, in a half-open blouse, make-shift skirt and no panties.  
  
The wobbly, mincing stride made Tasha's tits bounce, her nipple popping in and out of sight. However, she was more concerned with the nether regions. Jo's improvised apron skirt was coming untied, and slipping over Tasha's hips. Tasha splayed one hand across her bare bottom, the other over her crotch, her finger tips meeting between her thighs.  
  
Tasha was humiliated once again. Not just because her body, her virgin flower had been stripped and bared for countless horny strangers. Not just because her own humility and shame were the very impetus to disrobe her. She was most humiliated because even now, as her hands fought vainly to protect what little was left of her modesty; her fingers couldn't help but tease her eager, wet pussy. Her own body had completely betrayed her.  
  
"In here!" Jo led her towards shelter. The pack of gawkers and perverts were hot on their tail, and Tasha would take any port in the storm. Her skirt was rapidly coming apart. If only she had a moment's peace and privacy to fix it!  
  
Jo dashed to the large revolving door. Tasha strived to keep pace in heels, and with her hands fixed upon her vulnerable naked bits. Jo pushed the heavy door into motion - then stopped abruptly.   
  
This building wasn't quiet or deserted! It was hosting a gala art exhibit, its main entrance was around the corner.   
  
The heavy revolving door swept in behind Tasha, catching the shirt tail of her blouse.  
  
"Oh SHIT! My blouse!" It was too late. The moving door literally consumed Tasha's blouse, pinning her arms back with the taut sleeves. What few buttons she had left could not take the strain, and the blouse ripped apart. With her arms pulled back, Tasha's back was forced to arch, thrusting her perfect bare tits out into Jo's face.  
  
Tasha's fan club swarmed in from the outside. A whole new pack of onlookers flocked from inside the art gala. Hundreds of faces filled every inch of the glass doors, fogging it with their hot breath. Camera flashes strobed. Many people were even shooting video.  
  
At long last, the pathetic remains of Tasha's apron skirt gave up, slithering over her hips and plopping at her feet. With her arms and shoulders bound by the maw of the door, Tasha could only attempt to cross one leg or the other over her exposed pussy, in a futile attempt to cover herself.  
  
"Ooohhh... oh god Jo! So... humiliating..." Tasha squirmed and gyrated in a confusing mix of lust and embarrassment. There was nothing Jo could do to help her. No more clothes to improvise. No more escapes. So Jo draped herself over Tasha's body, hoping to give her friend an ounce of modesty by shielding her with her own body.  
  
Jo instantly felt Tasha's hand grab the side of her tank top and pull her closer, thrusting Jo's face between Tasha's moist heaving breasts. She was caught in the tangle of Tasha's squirming legs - Tasha was stepping on her skirt, tugging it down. Suddenly Jo's linen skirt slipped over her hips, revealing her bare ass and pussy to the world!  
  
"Oh no! Tasha! My skirt came off! Let go! Let go!! I'm not wearing any panties!" Tasha couldn't hear her; she was caught in the nonconsensual throes of arousal, fired by their lustful audience.  
  
Tasha spasmed and curled, like she was caught in some kind of fever dream. Her left leg hooked around Jo, and she pressed her soaking wet sex into her friend's bare hip. She began humping her teased and tortured clit into her friend's thigh.   
  
Jo could feel the tiny firm clitoris being thrust into her, gliding on a wet layer of Tasha's own juices. It was hard for her to not get swept up in the ecstasy. So many times she had dreamed of doing this with Tasha - just not in front of half of Manhattan!  
  
Tasha pulled at Jo's tank top, freeing the Asian girl's firm pointed tits. Tasha was too intoxicated to care. The smell of Tasha, the feel of her flesh. Jo began grinding her own pussy into Tasha's thigh. The two women quickly found a rhythm, oblivious to the cries and cheer of their growing audience.  
  
"Oh Jo, I'm so sorry... I don't... mean to..."  
  
"Don't be sorry," gasped Jo. She kissed her friend on the lips, and the two came together, in a sweaty, shuddering burst.  
  
Jo didn't remember much of what happened next, and Tasha even less. Somehow Jo got them both dressed, as much as she could. She slipped her skirt on Tasha, fitting it on her like a nighty.   
  
Somehow they escaped the revolving door, pushed past the crowds, and found a cab home to Jo's apartment together.  
  
Tasha had enough money to pay her rent, but she decided to move in with Jo instead to save some money. The curse seemed to be lifted; perhaps it was that ultimate humiliation of a public orgasm that did it. But who knows who long that would last for?  
  
Jo and Tasha never spoke of what happened between them that night, at least not any time soon. Although sometimes, Tasha does find herself getting strangely aroused, unaware that Jo is checking her out.