**Summer Jobs**

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*For those not in the know, Jenny was a woman brought to the attention of the budding ENF community by her husband many years ago. Voluptuous but shy, gorgeous but clumsy, she's become a bit of a folk heroine in certain internet circles. She's been stripped out of more outfits than most women even own, always to her shock and embarrassment.

For those who love stats, Jenny is a statuesque 5'10", with DD breasts, a bubble butt, trim waist and long blond hair. She's well-intentioned, polite to a fault, a bit ditzy, and optimistic to the point of being naïve.*

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**Chapter 1 - The Dip'N Donut**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry! I'm such a klutz! Are you okay?"

Jessica pulled herself up, still dazed. "I'm okay. I shouldn't have—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her mind raced... "what do I do? What do I do?!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh my god! Jenny, where's your underwear!?"

"I-I.. in my pocket. Help meeee!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Chapter 2 – Ice Creamed**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More snipping, tugging, hemming, but still, "Ah come on! Still uneven!?": Snip snip snip...

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

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

"Well, at least they're not too tight," she sighed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stanley! There's some bimbo on the lawn! Get her outta my yard!" Damn that woman.

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

"Hi! Come back for more?"

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

"No, we sold out."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do I owe you?" Stanley was still hypnotized by Jenny's shifting butt and rubbing thighs.

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

"But, please! Let me pay you!"

"No no no! You're such a good customer! It's free!" Jenny was getting desperate—and cold!

"Please! I insist—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You filthy SLUT!" the witch screamed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ice cream! Ice cream! ICE CREAM!!!"

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

I freckle-faced boy appeared in the window next to her! "She's NAKED! She's naked! She's naked!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Chapter 3 – Fun & Games**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay! ...uh, how do I do that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dad, what the hell?"

"Shut up son. Oh miss! Miss?"

"Yes? What can I do for you, sir?"

"Darndest thing, my cell phone just fell into the goal here and I can't reach it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Jenny, wait-!!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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