**The Breeze**

by CaptainQuixote

**01 A Mischievous Breeze**

On a pleasant summer’s day, a new breeze was born. Like all breezes, it meandered about without any real aim, just flowing where it fancied. Some breezes are benevolent, offering a bit of coolness when you need it. Others, like the breeze this story describes, are more mischievious. Some will blow away the dollar bill you drop. Some will scatter papers and garbage. This breeze however spotted his first potential prank in the form of a lovely young lady walking briskly down the sidewalk. On her own, this would have been fun. With this sidewalk peopled by several men taking glances of her lovely legs, it would be a lot of fun. The breeze flitted up to her and then blew upward as hard as it could, making her skirt flow up enough to bare her legs completely along with her silk panties. The breeze found the act itself immensely enticing, her blush and startled reaction were enjoyable along with the immediate appreciation from the men around.

The breeze had discovered two things. One, it had a very juvenile and decidedly male temperament, and two, it had discovered purpose. Most breezes are expended quickly to be replaced by others but this one had a job to do.

In very little time, it spotted another young woman in a skirt out window shopping. As she stared through a shop window at some jewelry, males all around stared at her. The breeze flew low and at the perfect moment became a powerful updraft that raised the back of her skirt all the way up for a couple seconds, revealing the lady’s expensive taste in lingerie to everyone around. Anyone with particularly sharp hearing and enough imagination might even have heard a windy chuckle.

The next girl was walking near a construction site. The hardhats there left their work momentarily to eye her. Crafy glances became open gawking as her skirt flew upward revealing her panties for four full seconds as she fought to force it back down. Cheers and applause from the working men sped her on her way.

Then the breeze understood that timing is everything. The next skirt he saw, he watched from above for a bit. Then he rushed below at the best of all possible moments, while she was bending over. Her skirt was blown up and over her back revealing, much to an oddly breathless breeze, a thong! Whistles from two men behind her made her blush madly as she stood and threw her skirt back down. Those buns were just too lovely to leave alone though, so the breeze tossed that skirt back up one more time to the delight of the onlookers.

Such a lovely occupation! And so many available opportunities! There was another young woman, svelte and stunning. Beautiful legs, but the breeze wanted to see more than that. He got ready for a good gust and flipped up the front of her skirt expertly. Nothing underneath!! He blew with a lot of force directly on the skirt effectively plastering it to her stomach leaving her beautiful beaver on display to everyone around. He lifted the back as well and her lower body had nothing to protect for the several seconds it took for her to force her skirt down in front. The breeze, with a bit of extra bravado, blasted the skirt up one last time, giving a last glimpse to all the hopeful eyes watching her.

Amazing! A feat that perhaps no other breeze could have performed. He wasn’t just loving his job. It was actually making him stronger. Putting on a gusting speed, he searched rapidly for his next target. He had something ambitious in mind.

The next lady was very well dressed, very proper. Very well built. So the breeze followed her a bit as he gathered his strength and courage. This would be a masterpiece. For a few seconds, the woman felt the playful breeze wrapping softly around her legs. Then with a sudden burst, it blew upward and away, blowing her skirt completely off of her! Underneath was a very scanty thong that inspired immediate cheers and whistles. She screamed in panic, which was a mistake. That only attracted more unwanted attention. She ran for cover as the breeze admired his handiwork.

The next poor girl got it even worse. The breeze fluttered to the buxom beauty, admiring her breasts with a soft tickling touch. He weaved himself as a soft, thin wind around the front of her blouse. Then, with a sudden strong gust, he managed to burst the buttons off. Her lacy bra was on display only for a moment before she pulled her top back together and tried, in vain, to fix it. While her hands were busy up above, the breeze tore her skirt off and carried it away, leaving her in lacy black panties that several people now knew matched her bra.

This would allow the breeze to choose any girl he wanted! Until now he had avoided girls who weren’t in skirts but with his newfound ability, he might be able to pants a girl!

And there she was! A lovely young blonde woman in slacks. The breeze coiled around her waist and for a moment, the woman enjoyed the coolness. Then the breeze snapped the front of her pants open. They shot down her legs with a burst of air. Several hoots and hollers sounded, even a little applause while she quickly tried to pull them up. Before they were all the way on, the breeze burst open her shirt sending buttons flying. He then burst the pants back down a bit to keep her occupied. Could he do it? He had to know! He wrapped a little bit of wind around the front of her bra and Snap! it popped open exposing her breasts. She tried to run, difficult while keeping her pants up and her top together. The breeze hummed to himself delightedly as he looked for another woman.

Another woman? How about two! Like a pair of attractive young women idling their day away by shopping. The breeze wasn’t quite confident enough to try going after them both at once, but he could move quickly enough that it wouldn’t matter. First came the girl in the blue jeans. Harder to burst off than anything else he had tried yet but he had mastered the ability to flow into clothing, making it possible. The woman slowed up slightly as she felt the air flowing down her lower body. Then her pants were undone and dropping. She dropped her bags but not before the breeze managed to blow her panties down as well! Bush and butt on display, the woman yelped as she struggled to pull her pants back up. Several people were staring and some were laughing, including her friend! That would only last a moment. The breeze quickly (and with some considerable effort) burst her panties downward at the same time he threw her skirt upward. He concentrated his wind on the front of the skirt making it hard for her to push it back down. When he was satisfied that the onlookers have had enough of a view he turned back to her friend. Her shirt was blown upwards with a great deal of force and there was no bra on underneath. Wonderful! Almost done, but he couldn’t let the other girl off. While she had managed to get her panties back up under her skirt, the breeze had coiled around her top and she got the same treatment as her friend did. She had a bra on, but the breeze managed to snap it open revealing her breasts to the world. Happily, he wandered off but behind him he saw the panicked girls take off so fast that they almost abandoned their bags.

Could it get better though? It could and the breeze knew it. Lifting skirts and shirts was fun but he had managed to carry away two skirts. He wanted to do that again. For his next victim, he discovered a good looking woman, perhaps in her early forties. She had on an expensive dress that the breeze took a good deal of time to explore by wrapping around and under it. She seemed disconcerted by the odd sensation but she kept on walking. Then the breeze funneled a burst of wind upward through that dress that carried it up, over, and off of her completely. The dress flew upward and away as the woman screamed and covered. For a moment she was too nervous to even decide what to do next. That’s when the breeze blew her panties down and snapped the back of her bra. Gasping in surprise, she pulled her panties back up but then her bra burst off of her completely leaving her nearly naked right on the sidewalk! She rushed away looking for shelter, leaving a very self satisfied breeze behind her.

And then a pair of young women wearing shorts and t-shirts that bare a lot of midriff. They were rather exposed already but not nearly enough to satisfy the breeze. He went after the shorts first, just to make sure of his ability. The breeze wrapped over and into their pants then he bursted outward in all directions, tearing the girls’ shorts apart. Two scanty thongs left two lovely posteriors undressed and there wasn’t much for the girls to do but try in vain to cover with their hands. Next it was their tops. The breeze was happy to discover that there was nothing worn under them as he slid underneath. Then he burst outward again, stripping them topless. The girls shrieked and covered their breasts with their hands. The breeze followed them as they ran past several pleasantly startled men. Then he managed to gust downward, slipping their thongs down to their knees. Incapable of running like that, the girls had to stop to pull their underwear back up leaving everything exposed momentarily. Cheers, applause and laughter followed the girls and the breeze hunted for another mark.

The breeze truly reveled in its feats of strength. How very rare for a minor wind to accomplish acts so strong and so focused. There’s nothing like inspiration to bring out the best in anything. Inspiration like a stunning blonde. She was turning heads all around her and seemed oblivious to it. She wouldn’t be oblivious for long. The breeze wondered just how fast he could strip her. He swooped down and tickled under her dress. He went to work weaving his way around every article of clothing she had. After getting in position, he blew outward with enough force to tear away all her clothes all at once! Stripped naked in a heartbeat, she was screaming and covering and people were gawking all around. The breeze was overjoyed at the sight and satisfied at revealing to everyone that she wasn’t a true blonde. She didn’t seem to have sense enough to run for cover, not immediately anyway. The breeze wished that he could stay and watch but staying in one place is hard enough for a piece of wind, and he was exhausted from that effort. So he moved on in search of more clothing that would be better placed away from the wearers.

It took a while for him to recover but not nearly as long as he would have thought. This made him bolder, wanting to do more. As fortune would have it, he was able to spot not one, not two, but three attractive women. Dressed casually, they seemed to be enjoying their day without any particular destination. It seemed almost heartless to ruin that for them, but the breeze justified his actions by recognizing that he would be giving a gift to every man around. The breeze winded himself around first a long haired, well tanned brunette. He traced around her small t-shirt and sweatpants. Next was a very well endowed woman with dark hair. The breeze enjoyed making his way under her shirt and bra along with the rest of her clothing. Their other friend was an athletic blonde in a loose top (easy to remove) and blue jeans (much harder, but the breeze is confident). He even made certain to include her sunglasses. Blowing gently around them, he begun to move more and more quickly, giving the women a brief, pleasurable cool sensation, then all of their clothes burst away. Three of them, totally naked! All at once! Wonderful reactions of surprise and panic from them. The tanned one screamed and covered her breasts, then her bush, then her breasts then her bush, moving back and forth not certain what she needed covered more. The voluptuous one stood stock still, big, round boobs in her own firm grasp as she stared, shocked at everyone staring at her. The blonde was also screaming, very shrilly, but almost seemed too panicked to cover. She did have the presence of mind to want to get to shelter, so she grabbed each of her friends by the hand and led them away as a group of admirers followed.

What sport! The breeze had enjoyed the sudden bursts, but this would only be an occasional act for him. He found it much more satisfying to strip women bit by bit. Ah! and this young woman walking out of the library would be perfect. She wore glasses and dressed demurely but there was no hiding that figure. The breeze began by pressing a wind against her that made the curves of her body stand out under her dress. This alone attracted a few more than momentary glances, but it was just the beginning. He wrapped hismelf around the shoulders of that dress and the bra straps underneath and burst downward, carrying the top of her dress and her bra down, baring a pair of magnificent, pink nippled breasts. Stunned, the woman let out a shocked sound that wasn’t quite a scream as the books she was carrying became a shield to protect her nudity from interested eyes. Yes, the quest for literacy certainly had it’s rewards today! Anyone on the way out of or into the library had a real treat as her dress was torn away completely, leaving her in panties, stockings and the remnants of a useless bra. The breeze knocked the books from her hands, baring her breasts again. In a bizarre moment of misplaced priorities, she rushed to pick up the books before covering. As she was crouched down, the breeze managed to rip away her panties. She stood upright fast and then placed a book over her breasts and one over her bush and rushed back into the library in hopes of finding sanctuary.

The breeze decided that he wanted to find a woman that had no shelter to run to. So he wandered his way to the park and wisped around in search of worthy sport. Eventually he noticed a very athletic jogger. She was marvelous, toned everywhere, wearing a sexy little pink outfit. But she wouldn’t be wearing it for long. He breezed around her, which was a more than welcome sensation to her. He weaved his wind around the threads of her clothing, especially the seams, then RRRIIIPPP!!! She was topless! She stopped running and stared at her own taut breasts for nearly a full second in disbelief. Then she covered up and stared around. No one else was jogging on the jogging path, they were all too busy staring at her. Then her shorts flew away suddenly, leaving her in very skimpy underwear. Now she screamed. She turned around looking for help or cover but there was nothing near. So she started to run again, hands over her breasts, as fast as she could. She was fast. She was not however as fast as the wind. The breeze had little trouble at all catching up to her and blowing her panties down her legs, revealing a completely shaved pussy. The jogger screamed again and had to let her tits be seen again as she tried to pull her panties up. Once she was running along again, the breeze blasted her panties down a second time. Every onlooker gawked, confused but delighted, at this spectacle. Again she pulled them up and ran. Finally, the breeze wrapped around the panties and burst them off of her completely. It was surprising how fast she could move using her arms to cover both her boobs and her pussy!

The day was winding to a close and the breeze felt the end of his time closing in. As strong as he had become, he would still dwindle away rapidly. So he set about looking for one final target. How about a police woman? A police woman who, at that very moment was writing out a parking ticket. That car’s owner would be lucky that that ticket would never be finished but unlucky that he would not be here to see the show. The breeze flowed through her uniform, making her pause as she wrote. Then he began to gust around her slightly. The sudden pick up of the wind tore the ticket from her hand, sending it flying away. Then her pants followed! In one burst, the breeze tore them away. She screamed, but in vain as her panties followed. And there she was, a bottomless policewoman, the focus of several lusty leers. She covered as best as she could but onl a moment passed before the breeze tore away the rest of her clothing as well. He managed, through some considerable skill, to keep her hat on along with her gunbelt so that everyone could enjoy some remnant of the uniform. She used her hat to cover her bush as she rushed into her car. The keys were in her pants! She had no way to escape! All she could do was radio ruefully for help. All around, men pointed and stared at the naked policewoman trapped in her car. The breeze had accomplished a final masterpiece and was satisfied. As he gusted out of town, he began to dwindle, but remarkably, did not vanish. With luck and a little will, he may even be able to return.

**02 The Breeze Returns**

The breeze hadn’t dissipated the way most others of his kind do. He flowed along, becoming a soft breath of wind, less than a gust, but he still wandered. He wandered until it noticed something that lifted its spirits. She was a tall blonde with great legs. The breeze could feel a slight bit of strength return just from the thought of what he was about to do. He had to start small, but a start is a start. He flowed over right underneath her and flew upwards to blow her skirt up, giving a great panty shot to a group of nearby teenagers.

A small start, but with just that one act he was a breeze again. He flowed along happily, searching for another girl and was rewarded with not one, but two. One had reddish brown hair and a body with killer curves. The other was more slender but no less attractive with short blonde hair and a sweet laugh at a joke from her friend. That laugh attracted glances from several males around and the moment was perfect. The breeze flowed up from under them and their skirts flew. The blonde was wearing a thong and had a very nice, very firm little ass. The brunette grabbed all the attention from anyone ahead of them though. There was nothing under her skirt. From behind her beautiful butt showed and in front was a nice, thick brown bush. The view was momentary but it still attracted applause. Both women blushed and moved along quickly to be away from their smiling admirers.

The breeze began to feel empowered again. He wondered if he was strong enough yet to tear away a woman’s skirt. The opportunity to find out came quickly enough. She was in her mid thirties, appearing very proper and respectable. And hot. Her blonde hair was tied up in an impeccable coif and her glasses lent her a somewhat businesslike air. What kind of business was under her skirt though? The breeze gathered his strength, made his way beneath her and suddently burst upwards in a powerful gust. The lady’s skirt became reversed, her surprisingly sexy panties revealed to the world. The breeze kept it up as she struggled to force her skirt back down. He could hear the soft rips of fabric at her waist but he didn’t have enough power to remove the skirt, so he gave it up for now. She was almost panting from that little battle as she looked around at the grinning witnesses. Her slightly disheveled hair and soft blush were quite becoming. The fast clicks of her heels as she made her getaway were like music to the breeze.

The next girl was younger, maybe twenty two. She had a carefree look with her tee shirt and blue jeans. The breeze was desperate to see the big tits beneath that tight shirt but he didn’t see how to make it happen yet. The shirt was tucked in real well and there was no way he could remove those jeans. He doubted that he was strong enough yet to burst her shirt apart either, so he needed another way. Good fortune and good timing are inherent to natural forces though, and a solution presented itself. At the corner, in the direction she was walking, was a man spraying the sidewalk with a hose. The breeze acquired a piece of loose newspaper and started carrying it in a little cyclone faster and faster, just waiting for the right opportunity. At the perfect moment, he thrust it over the man’s face who, predictably, reacted with a moment of surprise that took his water hose from it’s intended target. It hit the young lady full on the chest. “OH! I’m so sorry!,” he said, pulling the paper from his face. “Jerk!,” was her reply as she kept on walking, unaware that her soaked shirt had lost it’s ability to protect her nipples from the eyes of onlookers. What’s more the water had been cold so those nips stood sharply at attention, drawing gapes and smiles from men all around. One or two even slyly took some cell phone pics. The breeze was particularly proud of this piece of work, but he couldn’t deny himself the pleasure of her reaction when she discovered her semi-bare state. So he flew around and provided a gentle wind to her upper body that, coupled with the water, chilled her enough to make her look down. “EEP!” She clutched her wet breasts and stared around shocked at all the smiling males, suddenly understanding. “You pricks!” Now the cell phone cameras were overtly clicking away. She rushed on, smirking and glaring at the cheers and whistles.

Ah ha! Another skirt! A lovely, dark haired twenty something in a miniskirt strode along confidently until the breeze blasted up from beneath her. Again the skirt was turned inside out as she fought it. She was wearing a thong and a good long look at her bare ass was granted to a handful of happy young boys until she finally tugged it down. “Yay!” “All right!” “Nice butt!” She turned and stared at them a moment undecided as to what reaction their outburst provoked. Embarrassment overrode all other emotion and she rushed away. The breeze was pleased. Both with his efforts on behalf the youngsters and also because he had become noticeably stronger. The skirt may have stayed on, but not entirely intact. The seams had torn easier than on the last one. It wouldn’t be long now.

Anyone that the breeze passed might have heard a soft bit of humming as he sang to himself contentedly. Badly, but contentedly. He became silent abruptly when he spotted a wonderful young woman ahead. She was beautiful, very fit and also a bit on the voluptuous side. So well proportioned that he felt he had to satisfy his curiosity. But he didn’t make it in time. She walked into a clothing store before he could reach her. The breeze flew around the building not wanting to give up, then he spotted the air conditioner. It took a little bit of effort, but he was able to flow through it inside the building. He condensed himself so that he could move around inside and he stayed up above the clothing racks and the customers. He spotted her quickly and almost pounced then and there, but he thought better of it. She had a handful of items to try on, even some underwear. So the breeze waited, stalking her patiently. The dressing rooms were exactly what he wanted, curtains rather than doors. He breezed his way in and out of her changing room, watching for the perfect moment. She was exactly what he wanted, muscular legs and back and belly but not overdeveloped. She wasn’t the thin type though. Despite being fit she had some fat on her, but only where she needed it. Her tan lined butt was delectable and her breasts, also tanlined, were pretty big. After a few moments, it was time. The waiting and anticipation had served to strengthen the breeze rather than weaken him and he was able to tear the curtain right off the changing room, exposing her, stark naked, to the whole store. She screamed, panicked and covered, but she couldn’t figure out what to cover, so her hands moved from one body part to another, leaving everything exposed from one moment to the next. Before she gathered her wits, the breeze had blown all of the clothing out of the changing room, so she had nothing to cover with. She ran to the next one and pulled the curtain closed. The breeze waited just long enough for the better part of her panic to subside. A lot of people were still watching in amazement. Then the second curtain to was torn away as well! “AAAaaaAAAAHHH!” She screamed very prettily in her spectacular nudity. She rushed to the next changing room as the breeze prepared himself. This would be a real treat. This one wasn’t unoccupied. There was another lovely young lady inside it, slender and blonde and a bit confused at the intrusion. The breeze wasted no time, he burst the third curtain away, exposing them both, one totally naked, the other in nothing but a bright yellow thong. More screams of panic ensued, especially as the clothes that they reached for were blown away. They both rushed to the nearby clothes racks and grabbed some articles that they clutched over their naked bodies. The big titted tan line girl had a sweater clutched over her chest and another in front of her pussy. The slender blonde had only one item that she used to cover her wonderful little breasts. The breeze, strengthened phenomenally by these pranks, swooped onto the blonde and quickly wrapped himself around her thong. It tore away and flew out of her reach. Shrieking, the poor girl moved the cloth down from her chest to cover her shaved pussy. The wide eyed onlookers marveled at her shapely breasts with their pretty pink nipples. The breeze wouldn’t let it end yet. He tore the clothes out of their hands and carried them off as the helplessly naked girls were stared at by several strangers. The store manager, an exceptionally attractive and dignified forty two year old, pushed past the gawking men and demanded of no one in particular, “What’s going on here?” The breeze, feeling his full strength returned, took advantage of it by flowing into and around the woman’s clothes. She was momentarily distracted by the odd sensation, but she asked her disrobed customers, “Are you all right? Do you need help?” Her concern turned to panic though when her clothes burst off of her leaving only a pair of black panties, a garter belt and stockings. She screamed and covered, more quickly than the other girls had. The breeze admired his work and flowed away, leaving the three women exposed in the middle of the store.

Outside, the breeze celebrated by flowing in loops and figure eights, confident now that his full power was returned. He had to use it as soon as possible. He found a wonderful, dark haired thirty six year old woman walking her dog. The little animal was obviously pure bred, obviously expensive and obviously just a puppy. It struggled against its leash to get away and explore. The breeze flew into the woman’s clothing and got his strength ready. Then, in a single burst, he tore every last stitch of clothing off of the woman all at once. Gasps and pronouncements of shock and appreciation sounded all around. The lovely lady, stunned, looked down at her naked breasts and then shrieked. She threw one arm across her breasts and one hand over her perfectly equilateral triangle of dark bush. Her little dog didn’t seem to notice that anything was different. It just pulled at its leash again, which happened to be in the hand that covered her beaver. Her hand was tugged away, giving everyone a second look until she could pull it back. She started walking quickly, looking for some cover and every step or two, the dog would pull her hand away from her privates, forcing a flash. Whistles and cheers followed her beautiful butt down the street.

That had been fun, but the breeze wanted to take a bit more time with the next girl. He determined to strip her bit by bit rather than all at once. There we have one, a nice looking young woman in blue jeans and a sleeveless shirt. The last time that the breeze encountered blue jeans he knew he wasn’t strong enough for them. He was determined this time to make up for that. The breeze flowed into her pants from her waist to her ankles, taking special care to wrap around the seams. The girl didn’t mind this at all. In fact on this rather warm day, the sudden, though unexpected coolness was more than welcome. Of course she had no idea what would come next. With a powerful effort, the breeze burst her jeans apart and a pair of wonderful legs came into view along with a pert little butt exposed by her thong. Her beautiful blue eyes widened as her hands tried to cover her pretty posterior. Even a little butt like hers was too big to be completely covered by her hands though. A few whistles made her turn in place to stare at the men behind her, but then everyone on her other side got a good look too. It wasn’t enough for the breeze of course. He deftly caught her thong in his flow and tore it away all at once. The girl gasped as she looked down at her own little patch of light brown bush. Then she put one hand in front to cover. Stripped bottomless, she started to a high pitched panic scream as she started to rush along, looking for shelter. She only got a few steps away before the breeze tore away her shirt and the bra underneath in one burst. Then she was running naked, her little boobies bouncing with every step.

The next lovely lady he found was a very attractive blonde with large breasts. She was in the middle of a conversation with two friends, both men. The breeze knew right where to begin. He slid carefully into her blouse, and waited until she was in midsentence to burst outward. Every button of her top shot off as it burst wide open. Her bra also tore right in the middle and parted. It was a beautiful instant of satisfaction to the men who couldn’t help but gawk at her wonderful boobs. She shrieked and pulled her top together, holding it with one hand. “What happened?” Before she could get an answer, the breeze popped her pants open and forced them down her amazing legs. As she stooped to pull them up, the breeze managed to knock her top open a bit, giving a good glimpse of one titty to her friends and a few other staring men behind them. She got her pants back up and while she was still holding them with one hand, the breeze tore her top and bra away entirely, timing it just perfectly so that both breasts would be uncovered again. As she squealed, she clapped her hands onto her tits, so her pants fell back down. By now there was raucous laughter that made her blush deeply as she stared around at all the spectators. To complete her indignity, the breeze blew her panties away, revealing a wonderful, dark triangle of bush. At this, she yanked her pants back up and began to run away, big boobies bouncing in plain view of anyone lucky enough to be there.

If the breeze had had a face, it would have worn the widest of smiles. His fun was far from over though. Outside a grocery store he spotted a well built thirty something blonde with a bag in each arm. The breeze chose a moment to strike when he could see several men sneaking a peek at her legs. He made his way under that skirt and forced her panties down to her ankles. This made her stop walking of course and in the next heartbeat, her skirt was flying upward. Her beautiful ass was on display on one side and on the other everyone could see that she wasn’t a natural blonde. With her arms full, she couldn’t immediately force her skirt back down. It just kept flowing upward like Marilyn Monroe’s. Her dark bush was trimmed short in a very narrow triangle that attracted stares and hollers and cheers. People all around were laughing at her predicament. It only took a few seconds (seconds that would be burned into the imaginations of many) before she dropped her grocery bags and pushed her skirt down in front. The breeze let her skirt fall finally as she started cursing and berating the onlookers. She bent over to pull her panties up, and that was the exact moment that the breeze flipped the back of her skirt up to give everyone behind her a great bend over view. Once her panties were up and she was standing, she collected her bags and moved along quickly. She only made it a few steps before the breeze force her panties back down though. This time she was better prepared and she dropped the bags immediately and forced her skirt down in back and in front. It wasn’t enough though. The breeze carried this further by bursting her dress and carrying it up and off of her completely. Her stunned expression was priceless. She was standing in full public view while dressed in only her bra and a pair of panties that were around her ankles. She put one hand in front of her bush and tugged as well as she could to get her panties back up. While she was doing that, the breeze wrapped around her bra straps. The moment her panties were back up, her bra deserted her. She covered her tits so fast that no one got a good look, but her panties then followed her bra, flying off completely this time. She covered above and below as well as she could and ran to her car, leaving behind her grocery bags. Once she got to her car she was mortified to realize that she couldn’t get in. Her keys were in the purse that she had dropped next to her abandoned groceries. Everyone was staring and laughing and cheering and pointing. She rushed back to get her keys but the breeze beat her to it and he carried her purse away, leaving her helplessly naked.

Soon after, he found a pretty twenty two year old that he just had to see more of. She was already drawing open stares from men around her with her perfect figure in jean shorts and a tiny top. The breeze couldn’t decide what to remove first, the shorts or the top. So he weaved his way around both he tore the top away suddenly exposing her firm, tan lined tits. At the same time, her shorts bursts downward to her ankles revealing a tiny g string. She screamed as she covered her tits but her lovely butt was left exposed for everyone around. The breeze wanted to finish the job of course but here was a chance for creativity. Instead of just tearing her tiny little undergarment away, he wrapped around it and pulled it around, giving quick glimpses of the tiny patch of dark bush underneath. She couldn’t run either. With her jean shorts around her ankles she could only shuffle along as everyone stared at the impossible embarrassment. Her g string was pulled to one side, then the other several times before the breeze pulled it upward so that it wedgied itself into her pussy, exposing her nice, tight shaved lips. A few cameras clicked and she panicked, uncertain what to do for a moment. Then she covered her tits carefully with one arm so that the other hand was able to pull her underwear free. She even took her own shorts off so that she could run instead of shuffle down the sidewalk. She ran along, almost entirely exposed to everyone around.

Shortly after that, he found a pair of lovely young women waiting to cross a street. One had curly blonde hair and a slender body with surprisingly ample breasts. The other was a short with long, light brown hair and big boobs. The breeze wanted to see their tits first, so he weaved his way around the buttons of their blouses and the center of each bra. Then he burst outward, popping their tops open and revealing two pairs of wonderful jugs. The girls shrieked and covered, staring at each other with wide open mouths. Then the breeze tore down their pants and panties. The brunette had wonderfully well trimmed bush. The blonde was completely shaved. Butts and beavers on display, the girls shrieked again then they both quickly pulled their panties up. The breeze’s next trick took great timing and strength. Just as they were pulling the backs of their panties up where they belonged, he swiftly pulled their bras and blouses down their arms to their wrists. before they could react, he formed a pair of miniature cyclones there that twisted the clothes around their arms, tying them in place behind their backs, leaving their beautiful boobs exposed for everyone. The breeze blew the panties back down just past their knees to make sure that everything was available to public view. The girls were left there, bare and tied, not even able to do more than hobble away with their pants around their ankles.

The breeze made his way to a public park where he wandered in search of another nice body. He found a jogging path and followed it until he caught up with a very nice, very, very, fit jogger. She had sandy blonde hair, shining blue eyes and an intense, focused expression. Everything was firm. Her breasts bounced wonderfully. her stomach was toned and muscular. Her legs were amazing and her ass was perfect. It was so perfect that the breeze had to start there. He quickly flowed around her little shorts and was happy to find that there was nothing underneath. He shot them down around her knees and she almost fell over in mid stride. Once she had her balance back her focused expression became a shocked and embarrassed one as she slid her shorts back up. The moment she let them go, the breeze pulled them back down, this time to her ankles. Other joggers stopped ther running to ogle the bare lower body until she had her shorts back up again. Then, much to her horror and the onlooker’s delight, her top burst apart and flew away. Her exceptional breasts were on display for only a moment before she had her hands on them. She looked around with delightfully worried eyes. Then, just as she was ready to run away from all the lustful stares and grins, the breeze forced her shorts back down to ankles. She finally screamed, a short panicked little scream, as she moved one hand down to cover her bush. She crouched down and, with some difficulty, managed to get her shorts back where they belonged before running away again. The breeze let her continue for quite a ways, running with her hands over her breasts. Then he tore the shorts away completely in mid stride and she let out another shrill little shout as she covered her pussy with one hand again. She ran along the path, followed by a crowd of exuberant male joggers, until she got to her car. It was unlocked, so she could get in it, but her keys were gone with her shorts, so she could only lock the door and huddle naked as men stared at her through the windows.

The breeze shortly found himself in a nice neighborhood with a big wide street and well tended yards. What attracted the breeze was the postal carrier. She was a beautiful, smiling and sunny blonde. She was obviously the highlight of many a boy’s day. A handful of boys stopped their play long enough to watch her stride from house to house. A teenager mowing his front yard had to feign a need for a break so that he could keep an eye on her better. They were all about to get the surprise of their young lives. The breeze flitted his way up and into the lovely postwoman’s shorts. He weaved his way around and through all of her clothing very carefully. He waited until just the perfect moment, when she stopped to wave at a few of the boys nearby. Just a moment after she made eye contact, her clothes burst off of her. The breeze had torn away her bra as well, stripping her to her panties all at once. A lot of jaws dropped but then they were all smiling. All of them that is except for the postwoman herself! She shrieked and used her bag to cover her breasts. Timing was everything of course. Another half a moment and she would have been running, but the breeze tore away her panties exposing her bush to the lawn mowing kid and her butt to the rest. Screaming a bit less shrilly but more loudly, she dropped her bag in front of her bush and threw an arm around her chest to cover her nipples. There she was, left in nothing but her shoes, mail bag and her hat (leaving the hat on in his wind had been hard, but for this lasting image, it was well worth it). The glimpses that had been given were not enough though. The breeze knocked her mail bag from her grasp and blew it down, but the strap was still around her so when it reached her lower legs, it stopped her from running. Again her bush was on display, but only for a moment before her hand covered her. She stepped out of her bag and started running back the way she had come leaving behind a group of very satisfied youngsters.

Not far away was a public pool. There were several attractive girls here so the breeze had difficulty making up his mind which one to strip. Then he decided, why decide? He counted six young women in two piece swimsuits. There wasn’t going to be much to ripping off what they were wearing. He swooped down and in quick order tore the top of a busty blonde who gaped around at all the staring eyes a moment before she covered, then a pretty, slim brunette who shrieked and threw her arms across her chest. Next it was a very curvy dark haired woman who squawked loudly when her top flew off. Next the bikini top flew off of a nineteen year old blonde. She was panicked but almost silent as she cupped her breasts. The last two girls, a blonde and a redhead, had their tops torn away simultaneously. All of this had happened in less than five seconds. The breeze swooped back around for another pass. The first girl he had de-topped, the busty blonde, was closest to the ladies’ changing room so he stripped her before she could make it. Her bottoms were suddenly blown down to her ankles, revealing her dark bush to the crowd. The next two were the young blonde and the slim brunette. They were both dashing for cover but they didn’t make it before their bottoms were swept down. The redhead and the blonde that he had stripped together were having to make their way through the crowd as the breeze swept both of their bottoms down together. The two girls screamed as their young pussies were exposed to all the excited males. The only one left was the dark haired woman who had backed away from the crowd rather than try to make her way through it or around it. She stood there giving the breeze plenty of time to wrap around her bottoms and tear them away completely. Stripped naked, she gawked at the crowd that gawked at her. She covered as well as she could and finally started running to sanctuary. The breeze had caused total pandemonium at a public pool. He could still hear the noise of the crowd from quite a distance away.

Perhaps it was the fun he had at the pool, but he was drawn to water again. A large fountain. Seeing the people walking along and sitting on benches, the breeze searched for another likely target. And there she was. A very pretty twenty eight year old. Long brown hair, a slim build but with all the necessary curves, great legs and, luckily enough, a white dress. Seeing the white and the water, the breeze thought of his earlier wet t-shirt incident and decided to try again. He circled the fountain for a while waiting for the right opportunity until she walked right along the edge. Then he burst at her hard enough to bowl her over, right into the water. The sudden freak wind took everyone off guard, most of all the young lady. She dragged herself out of the water, cursing her bad luck very loudly and not yet realizing that everyone could see the yellow panties under her dress. Everyone could also see her lack of a bra. The dress had absorbed enough water that it was almost completely see through. It took a little bit of whispering and pointing from certain less than subtle people around before she looked down to discover the state of her now inadequate clothing. With wide eyes, she covered her breasts as people started chuckling openly. A few pictures were taken as well. The dress was plastered to her skin, so the breeze would have a hard time lifting it off. Instead he just breezed around her, making a very careful circuit of soft wind at every seam. The breeze, combined with the chill of the water, made her shiver just a little bit as she stormed along the path, away from her unwanted admirers. Once he was in place around her, he carefully snapped every thread that held the dress together. Instead of flying off, it was as though it were just falling off. She managed to clutch the front of it to herself, but the rest was on the ground around her. Now, thoroughly confused and nearly nude, she wasn’t certain what to do. She looked around helplessly at everyone who was as confused as she was, though much happier than she was about it. The breeze found it easy now to blow away the remaining fabric of the dress. She shrieked as she was left standing in her panties in public. She was about to start running but the breeze, true to form, blew her panties down her legs. Her shaved pussy was so wonderfully pretty that several men who had kept their distance had to get closer for a better look. She squatted down to cover as well as she could while she got a hold of her panties. The breeze got his hold just as she did though and the panties snapped and started to blow away. The breeze pulled just hard enough that one of her hands maintained a grip on what was now a rag and trying to pull it back to herself. She stood and was completely exposed to eyes and cameras all around. The moment that occurred to her, she let the panties go and covered again, screaming. She raced along the path, naked, angry and embarrassed. The breeze continued carrying along the purloined panties for several blocks just as a tribute to her loveliness.

The breeze was lucky enough after that to find not one, not two, but three very nice pairs of young legs waiting for the bus. The girls were young and pretty in their skirts. It was a fantastic trio, a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. The breeze decided to taunt them a little before putting on a real show. He flew along and raised each skirt just slightly, not enough to bother the girls, but enough to attract the attention of the men behind them. Then the breeze gave a very quick gust of air to the brunette’s skirt, giving a quick peek of her panties from behind. She brushed the skirt down even though it had already fallen. The blonde next to her had turned to the side which was a great view when the breeze threw her skirt up. She didn’t quite gasp at the exposure of her thong. The redhead followed, giving a great panty shot when her skirt lifted. The girls were a little disconcerted at the triple wind gust, but not enough to worry. So the breeze worried them. He blasted all three skirts up and maintained that, giving a real good look at their panties, and in the case of the blonde, her ass. When the skirts fell back down, the girls were embarrassed, looking around nervously at all the eyes staring at the hems of their skirts, hoping for more. Without thinking, all three of them had turned toward the men watching. A better opportunity couldn’t arise. The breeze, showing remarkable deftness even for a force of nature, manage to burst upwards, holding all three skirts tight against their young bodies, so that they could only push them down slowly. At the same time, he tore away all three pairs of panties. The triple scream that accompanied the triple beaver shot was marvelous. The brunette had only a little bit of bush above smooth, voluptuous lips. The blonde was shaved completely with nice a pretty little pussy. The redhead was a real redhead, her carefully groomed triangle of red bush proved it. Having trouble fighting the breeze to get their skirts down, the girls turned away from the spectators which gave everyone a nice long look at their bare butts. The breeze was about to do more, but he could hear the approach of the bus, so he left the girls alone. They were startled and embarrassed to the point of not knowing what to do, so seeing the bus coming, they waited silently, overhearing several approving whispers from the men behind them. The girls got on the bus and made their way to the back, away from their gratified admirers. The breeze wasn’t through with them yet. He was able to follow the bus easily. The girls were on it for a good long while. Long enough to overcome the better part of their anxiety at the bizarre nudity incident. When they got off the bus, on a crowded street, they were determined to enjoy their outing, talking about whatever they thought of to forget the windy skirt incident. The breeze waited just long enough for the bus doors to close. Then he swooped down and with three quick rips, collected their skirts. If the scream from before had been shrill, this one was absolutely piercing. They had just been stripped bottomless on a busy sidewalk! People all around pointed and gasped and laughed and shouted. A few cameras clicked. Covering their fronts with their hands, they ran into the nearest building, to find the ladies room. The man at the counter pointed the way as slowly as he could manage.

Ah! Tragically all good things must come to an end and the breeze could feel his time of power waning again. He knew that he had time enough for just one more prank, so he set about searching for the best set up he could find. As always, he was drawn by instinct to something wonderful. She was maybe thirty one. She had dark hair, perfectly tended. She had an enchanting, though somewhat serious face. Her figure wasn’t obvious in her expensive and professional looking clothes unless you really looked, but if you did, it was more than impressive. She was beautiful. She was built. She was dignified. She was a television reporter. Delivering a live report. The camera was framed to see her from the knees up, holding her microphone, explaining whatever important event was taking place in the building behind her. This was no time for subtlety. The breeze wrapped himself throughout her clothing, making her stumble over a word at the sudden coolness. He had to be careful, so he planned out this burst in detail. He would burst her skirt and her panties both down her legs, just to her knees, to keep her from running and of course to bare her bush to the audience at home. At the same time, he would tear her blouse and her bra open while forcing them down her shoulders. He had tied a pair of women’s arms earlier in the day, so he could do it again. He just had to pick a moment when she was positioned perfectly. The moment came as she looked to the side and dropped her microphone hand down. Then her clothes tore open, revealing her body, full frontal naked, on TV to thousands of people. Her thick, black bush was framed by a now tattered black garter belt. Her perfectly proportioned tits were bared as all the clothes from her upper body were torn down her arms all at once. Then there was a small whirlwind that wrapped those garments around her arms, pulling them behind her back. She gasped a few times, then shrieked with phenomonal volume. “Stop filming! Stop filming!” They didn’t. The camera stayed on her. She tried to get away, but could only hobble, giving them plenty of footage of her gorgeous body. Just how much of that made it on TV before the feed was stopped the breeze could never know, but it had happened too fast to keep the audience from getting a good look. And it was recorded! People would see the breeze’s handiwork again and again for certain.

With his time ending, he breezed his way out of town, sleepy and happy. He was content though. Not only had he accomplished so much, he was certain now that he could return again. The dreams he would have of all the bodies he had bared would keep his spirit going.

**03 The Breeze at the Beach**

The Breeze wisped along, strength fading, but his existence remained. The world would have forgotten him completely if it weren’t for the fact that he wouldn’t forget all the wonderful women he had played with. He had to keep going.

His strength of will and his conviction was rewarded when he felt himself coming to the edge dry land. He had avoided any great waters, that would have been death, even to a strong breeze like him, but here, just before that finality was his cure. A beach. A crowded beach filled with beautiful bikini babes.

Bikinis. They weren’t skirts that he could lift with ease. In his weakened state, they would be immovable to him. That is until he managed to build himself back up with a few pranks. He just had to be creative.

His first prank was an obvious one. The old ice on the back trick. He spotted a stunning sunbather lying face down with her top untied. Being as fortunate as ever, the breeze spotted a man walking by with a loose grip on a styrofoam cup filled with flavored ice. A quick, well timed gust and the cup fell out of his hand and right onto the lovely girl’s back. Her reflexive reaction to the sudden cold was to pop up of course, displaying her nice round titties to a few pleasantly surprised men. Cursing and shouting, she tied her top back up and proceeded to chase after the unfortunate ice eater who was timid enough to race away.

Fun! And here was the chance to do it again! Another pretty young lady was sunbathing with top untied. Not far away at all was a clumsy looking fellow with a large cup of tea, mostly ice. The distance was a little bit greater, but not insurmountable. Not with a volleyball game going on nearby and the natural luck of the Breeze. He waited less than a minute before he had the opportunity to give the volleyball a little extra push as it sailed through the air. It didn’t even take much and the thing was aimed right at the head of the guy with the iced tea. As expected, he lost his balance and fell, right in the direction the breeze wanted. With a burst of speed, the breeze furthered the falling drink just a little and there it was! The ice hit the young lady’s back and she popped up with a shocked little squeal. Pretty, mid-sized tits were viewed with pleasure by a handful of lucky beachgoers. As they applauded, the blushing girl lay flat again and tied her top back in place, in a hurry now to be elsewhere.

The breeze felt some of his strength return, but not enough yet for a real stripping. Luck was with him as always though. Before long he spotted a very nice, pert little blonde in a string bikini in a small group of friends, some of them male. She was leaning against a wooden fence and the breeze found an opportunity. He was able to softly lift one string on the back of her top and drop it into a notch in one of the fence’s boards. Then he noticed another notch, higher up, that would be perfect for the string at the back of her neck. Her hair was up so it was easy to gently nudge a second string up and force it down into the notch. The breeze then had to wait until they all decided to move on. Staying in one place is difficult for a breeze, but his determination gave him the ability. Eventually, they all moved on, and quickly. Quickly enough for the girl’s top to come completely untied. Her beautiful little tits popped into view and one of her friends shouted to warn her, as though she might not have noticed. This warning brought the attention of several men who spotted the topless young girl, momentarily stunned by her predicament, just before she covered. Then her arms were thrown across her chest as she yelped. She stared around at all the smiling faces who had seen her tits.

The breeze flitted around but found that he was unable to untie the bikinis yet. It wouldn’t take much more though and here was his opportunity. He spotted a cab dropping off a pair of lovely bikini girls. He saw his chance when the second one got out. Her friend shut the car door and the breeze managed to blow the girl’s bikini top ties into it without her knowing it. The impatient cab driver pulled away and the top came untied. What’s more, it was driving away! The young lady had her pretty boobies bouncing for several steps as she chased futilely after her bikini top, then she threw her arms around herself as she shrieked. She stared around at all the lucky fellows nearby that were staring at her. She looked like she couldn’t believe anyone would have ogled a topless girl out in public. Her friend caught up to her and handed her a towel to cover with. The breeze though, was already feeling stronger and he was easily able to flow around that towel and carry it from the girl’s grasp, momentarily baring her again!

The breeze flowed with the familiar speed from his past adventures. Maybe he wasn’t at full strength, but he was certain he could untie a bikini now. He found a nice busty girl on a beach girl sitting up, talking on her phone. A handful of men were stealing glances at her and the breeze decided to reward their good taste. He quickly wrapped around the string at the back of her neck and untied it. Her top fell, revealing a pair of nice, voluptous tits. Her reaction was wonderful. She was in midsentence when it happened. “...but I’ll be there even if I’m a -- what the hell?! EEaaaHH!” She dropped her phone and grabbed her own tits in a way that lifted them appealingly. From around her she could hear approving shouts and even a long wolf whistle. She threw herself around on her towel and carefully tied her top back up. When she took her seat back she looked around nervously at all the men staring at her. She had enjoyed it before, but now she was blushing. She picked up her phone again to find that the person on the other end had hung up. She dialed them back and started in on a new conversation. The breeze let her talk for just a little bit before he untied her top a second time. “AAAAHHH!!!” She was quicker this time, rolling over and throwing herself flat. The breeze chuckled to himself as he went in search of new sport.

The next girl to attract his attention was the kind of lithe, blonde beach girl with a body made for a bikini. She had a bouncy personality and a bouncy body. Her tits weren’t even quit mediums but they still moved wonderfully. The breeze wanted to see them and it would be easy. He swooped down and carefully untied her top at her back and her neck. It fell to the ground revealing a remarkably cute pair. She gasped with a delightful expression of surprise, then she let out a shrill shriek as she covered. She was about to reach for her top when a mischievous male nearby grabbed it and started to run off. She hollered desperately at him as she gave chase and the mirthful breeze followed for just a little while for the entertainment as people being passed were either shocked or delighted to see the topless beauty.

Untying tops was fun, but stealing one would be better! He found a pretty, dark haired girl with a nice fit body. She had exceptional bikini boobs that he determined to set free. He flew down to her and then, with quick, careful motions, untied her top and carried it away. Her exceptional, tan lined breasts were only visible momentarily before they were in her own hands. She didn’t make any kind of sound or complaint. She just stared helplessly at the widened eyes of the nearby men, one of which was taking pictures.

Not long after, he spotted a very pretty strawberry blonde with such a sunny smile that the Breeze almost hated to ruin her day. Her body though, was a pefectly slender work of art, so he had to see more of it. He quickly undid her top and sent it flying about ten feet away. EEEEEE!!! She threw her hands over her exposed anatomy, her scream attracting the attention of several smiling admirers. She rushed to her top and reached for it, letting one pretty little booby be seen momentarily. The Breeze wanted this though, and was prepared for it. Just as she almost had it, the breeze blew her top away another ten feet. She chased after it and again reached (titty peek!), only to have it blown away from her again. Four times she chased her top and four times she had it moved out of her reach. Finally the embarrassment got to be too much for her and she broke down crying. Though he’d loved every moment, enough was enough and the breeze let her have her top back.

As he whisked along the beach, he noticed a beautiful body in a black string bikini. He was about to rush down and steal her top, but then he noticed that her bottoms also had ties. If the Breeze had had a face, it would have smiled broadly. He swooped down and split, taking each side of the wonderful girl’s bikini’s bottoms in his windy grip. Then, Swwooosh!! her bikini bottoms were gone! People behind her got to see her beautiful butt and those in front were treated to a good view of her pussy with bush trimmed so short that it almost wasn’t there. She gasped and squawked comically as she threw a hand over her front. There were whistles and cheers that made her blush and stare for a few moments helplessly before she rushed for her towel. She wrapped it around her waist as fast as she could. Someone who had been enjoying the show started clapping and that became applause from all sides. She returned that with an exuberant one finger salute. The Breeze had of course been admiring the result of his own prank and he was about to make the second sweep to relieve her of that towel but he was spared the effort. A young boy, barely a teenager, had crept up on her and with a quick swipe, had stolen her towel off of her. This time she screamed and covered quickly. The boy was running away, so she had no choice but to give chase, leaving behind riotous laughter and giving an entertaining show to anyone who happened to see the chase.

It was fun, it was easy and there were so many wonderful beach girls to choose from. The next was a nice looking blonde with a curvy body that attracted a lot of attention. Especially the tits. They were big. They weren’t huge, just a bit big and nicely shaped, not the perfect kind of roundness, but a voluptous curve that really suited her body. The Breeze of course wasn’t satisfied with seeing those boobs in a bikini. He wanted to see them uncovered. So he swept down and with rapid precision untied her top and had it off of her. Her reaction was fast. There was almost no sight of her exposed breasts before her hands were on them. Of course she was getting stares anyway. The breeze, strengthened to the point of great control, had contrived a fun stunt. Instead of simply stealing her top away, he spun it aloft in the air. The topless, blushing girl stared at it a moment, wondering why it circled in place, but it was within reach if she jumped. She tried for it and one hand had to come away from her breasts, giving a quick peek to those around. The Breeze however, lifted the top just a little bit further, keeping it out of her reach. Then he brought it back down. It continued to flit about, just where she might get it. Reach (titty peek!), and miss. Jump (nice nipple!), and touch it without quite getting ahold. The frustration got her acting more and more desperately as the game of keep away continued. Several times a single booby and sometimes even both were displayed briefly, conjuring smiles admist a slowly growing crowd. And they weren’t just beautiful boobies, they had a perfect bounciness as she struggled to regain her top. After nearly three solid minutes of failed grabs, she suddenly looked around and realized just how many people were staring at her chest. She shrieked and began to run away, applause echoing behind her.

He could feel it now. His strength was great enough to tear clothing again. He swept in a great arc and then found a delightful, slender, athletic young bikini clad volleyball player. She waited, ready for action, but the game would be interrupted in the most unusual way. The breeze surrounded the edges of her swimsuit, wrapping himself around every seam. Then Shhhrriip!! Top and bottoms both were swept off so suddenly that it took a moment for anyone to realize what they had seen, including her. She just gave a stunned look, then she glanced down at her own body and seeing that she was naked, shrieked. Her arms wrapped over her beautiful boobs as cheers of delight sounded from players and spectators both. Her sexy little shaved pussy was still on display, but she was still too shocked to do anything about it. She stared about at a mass of smiling faces for several seconds before she began to run away.

That was fun. And soon after, the Breeze found another exciting young lady in a bikini that already showed off most of her body. She was dark haired and tanned with a nice hard body and some very round, medium tits. Her spectacular ass was displayed by a thong bikini. Clearly she liked the stares around her, but that was about to change. The breeze curled around her top and her pace slowed a bit with the nice cool sensation. Then, suddenly, her top was torn off and nice tan lined titties were exposed. Then her breasts were in her own hands as she shouted, “My top! What happened! Stop looking! Stop looking!!!” The Breeze made his next move quickly so that the feel wouldn’t give her time to react too quickly. All the men staring at her were in for a great view as her bottoms were torn away. “AAaaAAAaaAAHH!” Her nice little bush was framed by a triangle of tan line. She was too panicked and confused to cover right away. Her lower body was just left bared for everyone as she tried to think of what to do. Another girl on the beach played the role of good samaritan, rushing over with a towel for her. The breeze, seeing this, decided to have a bit more sport. He was going to whisk away that towel, then he had a better idea. The girl who had brought the towel was also very pleasant too look at, light brown hair, trim body and a green bikini that was about to depart. He decided that for her the best thing would be an instant strip, so he took a moment to wrap around top and bottoms both, thenRRrriiiiippp!!! She was naked in a moment, nice small breasts, pert little ass and brown bush out for everyone to see. She gasped, then screamed as she threw her arms over herself to cover. This reaction lasted only a moment. Her former altruisim forgotten in the wake of her own unexpected nudity. She sn\*tched the towel off of the other girl for her own use, inciting a delightful scream and offering another look at that tan lined beaver. The towel became the object in a furious tug of war between the two wonderfully naked girls. They grunted and strained in a sexy way as the onlookers cheered and some pictures were taken. One last sweep from the Breeze ended the contest by sweeping the towel away. Wide eyed and covering as best they could, the girls suddenly noticed the photos that were being taken. There were more shrill panic screams as they ran for cover.

So far, his time at the beach had been delightful, but one thing was missing. He liked the sudden strips, but he also liked to take apart a woman’s outfit bit by bit. Bikinis didn’t offer much in the way of slow stripping. Or did they? An idea struck the breeze as he caught sight of the next lovely beach girl. She had sandy blonde hair in a ponytail, an impishly pretty face and a well maintained physique. And great tits. No, magnificent tits. With her hair up like that, the Breeze’s next prank would be much easier. He flew down to her and untied her top at the back of her next. It slid for a moment, then fell, revealing a gourgeous pair of knockers that had a handful of already smitten men completely wonder struck. Gasping, she threw one arm over her nipples and with the other, desperately put her top in place. She was tying it back up as she directed angry looks at everyone who was ogling. She continued walking for a bit, now with a bit more attention that made her blush even though she was covered back up. Then she felt a cool sensation on the back of her neck. It was the Breeze untying her again. Again her amazing boobs were bared this time to some whistles and at least one shout of “Great Tits!!” She struggled to get covered and tied again, then picked up her pace, anxious to get away from her admirers. The Breeze let her think it was over for a few minutes, then he untied her again. She yelped this time as her top didn’t just fall, the Breeze flipped it down quickly, the sudden coolness perking up her nips. More stares were met with her icy glare as she covered and tied. The Breeze could have kep that up, but he wanted to surprise her with something different. When she was several long strides away, still with a lot of eyes watching her, the Breeze suddenly blew her bikini bottoms down to her knees. “AAAAHH!!” On one side, men enjoyed her shapely butt. On the other they had a glimpse of her bush that was momentary before her hand covered, but long enough to tell that she wasn’t a real blonde. With one hand, she tugged her bottoms back up. Right as she got them back in place, her top was undone and blown down again, beautiful tits on display again and now more and more people were gathering to watch. As she covered her breasts and put her top back in place, the Breeze sent her bottoms down again, this time to her ankles. The crowd started cheering and applauding and pointing and laughing. Helplessly, she crouched down so that she could continue to tie her top without people being able to see her pussy. Then, without standing, she struggled to get her bottoms up. Once she was dressed again, she trotted away quickly, blushing with an involuntary whine of embarrassment. The Breeze of course followed her. She made it away from everyone who wasn’t following her. Only a relative handful of oglers really held out hope that this bizarre phenomon was going to continue. They were rewarded for their faith. The Breeze, showing extraordinary skill, wrapped around the strings of her top just above each breast at the same time that he wrapped around one side of her bikini bottoms. Then, snap, snap, snap all three broke. Her top fell, showing off her tits again and her bottoms were broken on the side, a bit of cheek showed and the corner of her nice, dark bush. She screamed louder and longer than before as she covered desperately. The Breeze untied the back of her top and snapped the other side of her bottoms so that they would have fallen off if her hands weren’t already in place to hold them. She stood there, hopelessly embarrased and now unable to properly cover. Bouncing in place a moment, wondering what to do, she finally decided to run as fast as she could for any kind of shelter.

That was wonderful. He had to do it again. In short time, he located a nice, tanned girl with long dark hair and a slender, yet curvy body that was just begging to be bared. The Breeze swooped down and worked his way under her hair to the back of her neck. With a quick tug, he untied her top. It fell and her nice, tan-lined tits were revealed but only momentarily. She was fast enough to cover before more than one or two guys were able to get a quick peek. The advantage that she had that the other lady didn’t was that she was so close to the water. She wasn’t about to struggle with her top where people were able to watch. She ran into the water and got to where only her head was above as she started to tie. The Breeze, rather than waiting for her to return, decided to try something new. His long life (for a breeze) had endowed him with the natural instincts to converse with other natural forces. Forces like an under current. He glided over the surface of the water, entreating aid in his latest prank. He got it. There was one rapid moving, small and young, but determined bit of ocean that would love to help. The bikini girl hadn’t yet gotten situated when suddenly, she was swept off balance by a burst of water from underneath. She wasn’t in any danger, but she did have a hard time keeping herself steady as she tied. When she got it done, she made her way back to the sand. As she walked out, she became the object of many covert, lustful stares. What she didn’t yet realize, that everyone within sight could see, was that the water had swept her bikini bottoms off! She was walking casually with her pussy on display! No one made much noise about it or pointed, everyone seemed to want her to remain ignorant as they stared at her patch of dark bush over shaved lips. As she continued to walk, men in front of her eyed her beaver and smiled. Men behind her ogled her nice, pert, bare ass. She couldn’t help a bit of a smile when she became the subject of a couple cameras. Finally, a woman on the beach shouted to her, “You’re half naked! Cover up!” The bikini girl wondered at that, then looked down. She shrieked as she threw a hand over her bush. Cameras kept clicking as she demanded, “STOP! Stop! I’m naked!” She rushed away, fuming over the souvenirs that would be out there forever.

The Breeze enjoyed that last bit of fun so much that he looked for an excuse to use the ocean against another girl. Rather than watching the beach, he watched a few surfers and found one who was a athletic little wonder of a beach blonde. The Breeze kept up with her as rode her board and at the best possible moment, he threw himself at her, knocking her off balance. The wipeout was just the means to an end. He had another bit of young, mischievous rushing water to help him. The instant she went under, the surfer girl was swept into a current that relieved her of her swimwear. When she climbed back onto her board, she was stark naked. Not many people were near enough to enjoy this completely, but it was still worth it to see her huddle up on her surfboard then, dive back in the water to keep her body from view. The Breeze of course kept on watching as, with great reluctance, she made her way to the beach and ran out onto the sand with her board in front of her as her only cover. Her naked body was gorgeous from behind as she sprinted as fast as she could for shelter.

The water was helpful, so why not use the wind? The Breeze, even at his strongest, was still not a heavy wind. The air was calm on this particular day, but only down near the ground. The Breeze was free to fly high enough to find a powerful wind and after a bit of convincing, he had an accomplice for his next trick. The Breeze carried along an oversized beach towel to the overhead wind and then picked out a target, a wonderful, bit titted bikini girl lazing on the beach. The wind burst straight down at her, carrying the towel. It covered her and continued to keep up the force that held down the towel, and consequently, the girl. The Breeze, as she struggled against the freak occurance, swept under that towel and was able to slip off and carry away her bikini. With the forcefully flapping towel and her own struggles, she didn’t notice. As she threw off the towel, there was an instant round of exclamations from everyone who had seen the strange wind single her out. She looked at herself and saw what they saw, her naked body! Her big tits and shaved pussy had been seen by a crowd of beachgoers. She shrieked as she stood and picked up the towel that been d\*\*\*\*d over her. The Breeze wouldn’t allow her to cover of course. He swept that towel away, granting several more moments of embarrassed nudity for the pleasure of the onlooker who were now all smiling and laughing and cheering. The voluptuous wonder picked up her own towel, but of course that was carried away from her as well. Being left without any other recourse, she threw her arms over herself and gawked at everyone who was gawking at her before running away. The Breeze and his compatriot wind swirled around each other in the form of a friendly handshake.

As he wisped along, the Breeze was interested to see an area barricaded off and surrounded by people. There was security to keep anyone out who didn’t belong, but no amount of security can keep out a breeze. He wandered in curiously, wondering if there might not be some opportunity to try one of his tricks there. There was a lot of electrical equipment, most of it audio/video. There is a low stage and some banners and signs that explained it to be the shooting of a music video for the hot new country singer, Rayleen Star. Seeing her picture, the Breeze decided that he wanted to make her acquaintace. She was a slim, red-headed, twenty something with features that were somehow both plain and strikingly pretty at the same time. After weaving his way around busy people and various technical work, the Breeze discovered the singer herself in the midst of a group of cameras, apparently giving a brief interview before shooting resumed. There were several cameras on her and a row of enchanted fans just beyond a barrier where they could see the lovely Miss Star. A better opportunity could never present itself. The Breeze looped upward, then back down into her dress. In mid sentence the surprised celebrity found her black, designer dress inflated slightly with an unexpected wind. The cameras all zoomed in to catch the odd scene then, without warning, that wind burst outward in all directions, shredding the dress and leaving the sexy star wearing nothing but a black thong and high heels. The cameras got a great shot. The interviewers smiled at the story they had now. The fans shouted and cheered at the sight of her wonderfully proportioned, slim body. Rayleen herself gawked momentarily at her own nakedness, then she shrieked and threw her arms over her chest. “What happened?? I’m naked!!!” The cameras were moving around her to catch side and back views of her exposure. The ones that stayed put though were the luckiest. The Breeze wasn’t going to leave it at that. He wrapped himself around her thong and snapped it off while the video was rolling. Her bush revealed her to be a true red head. Rayleen’s scream was ear piercing, but not as loud as the shouts of approval from the fans on the other side of the barriers. “Help!!” she cried as she threw one hande over her muff. A couple of burly security personnel made their way to her and helped her push her way through the cameras. Meanwhile some of the savvier camera men were hiding what they had filmed in order to get it past any other security. Beautiful country star tits and bush would be all over the internet the following day.

Time for more bikini girls! They were everywhere! Now though, the Breeze saw a new opportunity for creativity. A couple of boys had a remote control airplane that they were relatively skilled with. The Breeze though, had no need for a remote. He swept to the plane and carried it along. On the ground, the boys were confused that the plane was flying better and faster than it was under their control. What’s more, they no longer seemed to be controlling it. It flew a few stunts, then it swooped down in a dangerous divebomb right at a pair of sunbathers. The girls, facedown with tops untied, glanced up when they heard it coming. It was heading right for them. The Breeze of course would easily swoop it back upward before it could reach them, but not before it got close enough to panic the girls into popping up and rushing to each side, nice perky tits on display. Each girl threw an arm over her tits and was shouting in anger at the plane. It swooped back down towards another lovely sunbather and had the same effect; a sexy, tanlined pair of boobies was bared to the beach as the girl rushed away from the hazard. A third dive was aimed not at one or two girls, but at a trio of them. Screams of alarm accompanied unexpected public nudity. The three girls had to leap away, titties bouncing as they ran for a moment before covering. The plane’s last sunbathing victim was the best. Like the others, she had to rush away from her spot, leaving her top behind so that everyone could see her wonderful little tits. But what made this one even better was that the Breeze, with his supernatural deftness, had managed to get the little plane’s propeller close enough to the tie on the side of the girl’s bottoms to entangle them. The Breeze himself had to quickly untie the other side to keep the plane from crashing but her bottoms were gone so she was stark naked in a highly visible public place. It was at this point that one of the unfortunate beach girls spotted the boys with their remote control. “There!” All of them, enraged at the prank, started rushing in that direction. For a moment, the boys didn’t know what to do. On the one hand, they were in a lot of trouble. On the other hand, seven women with no bikini tops were coming their way. After a moment of indecision, the boys started running, and hands not impeded by hiding any nudity, they outdistanced the ladies. This was only after a bit of an odd chase that confused and entertained several people they passed.

So far, the Breeze had given a lot of real good looks at some unexpected nudity to the beach. Now, he thought it was time to give the chance for some long, unavoidable stares. He found a likely subject, a very pretty and fairly buxom brunette who already had a good bit of attention. Timing was everything. He needed her arms to be positioned perfectly for this trick to work. He wrapped himself tightly around the very center of her top, then suddenly, snapped it in two. Before she could react, he blew the top down her arms to her wrists and then cycloned around it to tie her hands. It took speed and strength that he was only capable at the height of his powers, but he had done it. She wasn’t just bared. She was bared and bound. The young lady stared down at her own exposed breasts open mouthed. Then, the reality of her impossible circumstance setting in, she shrieked as she tried, and failed, to cover. She looked around at all the happy faces staring at her exceptional breasts and shrieked again. Camera phones took pictures as she started to run, boobies bouncing delightfully.

The Breeze found another lovely young candidate for bikini bondage. She was a slender and fit type with nice tight curves everywhere. She also had a perfectly beautiful face with sparkling blue eyes and sandy blonde hair. The Breeze, just like before, wrapped himself around the center of her top and waited for her arms to be positioned to where the sudden burst of clothing would force them together. Then, snap! her top flew down her arms and was twisted by an impossible wind around her wrists, behind her back. “AAaaAAAAH!” Her wonderful little tits had perfect little nipples that everyone could now see. This wasn’t enough. The Breeze burst her bikini bottoms down, just past her knees, baring her shaved pussy as well. “Oh my god! I’m naked!” Naked and helpless to cover. She shuffled along taking only the small steps that her bikini bottoms allowed as she looked for some way to escape the ogling eyes and the whistles and laughter.

Immensely pleased with himself, the Breeze set out in search of more bodies that needed baring. Bodies were what he found. Not one, not two, but three sexy bikini girls walking along slowly, absorbing the admiration of every man nearby. It was the perfect trio, a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. The Breeze had to see more but tying their arms in their bikini tops? All three at once? No amount of patience would bring about that bit of lucky timing. Then it seemed so obvious to him. First, instead of attacking their tops, the Breeze swept in and dropped all three bikini bottoms. There were shouts of delighted surprise from behind, where men got a good look at three beautiful butts and from in front where they could see the light brown bush of the brunette, the dark bush of the blonde and the no bush of the redhead. The girls, surprised as they were, reacted quickly. Each one devoted one hand to covering her pussy while her other hand tugged at her bottoms. A bit of a crowd started to gather as they struggled. While this was going on, the Breeze wrapped just a bit of himself around the front of each bikini top. The girls didn’t even notice that little bit of cool air. They were too distracted bringing their bottoms back up. Once the front of each bikini bottom was in place, the girls all tugged up the rear sides. They each tugged with both hands, behind their backs. It was at that moment that the Breeze snapped all three tops and shot them down the girls’ arms to their wrists. Cycloning all three took some concentration, but it was worth the effort. The girls were now all screaming as the crowd stared and commented on the trio of bared boobies. Boobies that couldn’t be covered! The girls were about to run but the Breeze was a bit quicker. He forced their bottoms down again to give everyone around a good full frontal look at them all. The sexy friends trudged along slowly, helpless to cover. The blonde was too stunned to make a sound. The brunette gave a shrill shriek every few steps and the redhead broke out crying. The crowd of course, kept pace staring at the bared boobs and beavers while the girls looked for help or shelter.

Whisking along happily, the Breeze was ecstatic to discover a target for his mayhem that he couldn’t believe he hadn’t thought of already. A lifeguard! She was amazing, extraordinarily fit. Muscular legs and butt. Nice, shapely tits, neither big nor small. She had a sharply beautiful face and long blonde hair tied up in a ponytail near the top of her head. The Breeze would have loved to bind her in her swimsuit, but it was a one piece. Then, the solution was obvious. He’d just start from the bottom. He wove his way carefully between her legs, around the very bottom of her swimsuit. He got himself ready, preparing his strength and waiting for the most possible observers, then,snap! The bottom of her suit broke and the whole thing was blown up over her body, up over her arms and then it was cycloned in place, twisted around her forearms and her hair. She gasped breathlessly a few times, her body bared completely to everyone around, all of whom were gawking open mouthed. She tried to lower her arms, but tangled up with her hair, she couldn’t! So she let out a loud scream as she continued to struggle with her impossibly tied suit. Everyone looking was getting an eyeful of her amazing naked breasts and blonde bush, pointing and shouting and smiling. There was even some applause. Helpless and panicked, she bounced in place a bit (making those wonderful boobies bounce) while she tried, futilely, to free her arms. She looked around at everyone and screamed again as she started running, in search of another lifeguard to free her.

The Breeze could again feel his time of strength reaching that critical point when he would inevitably fade back to a wisp. Time enough, it seemed for one last, good prank. He flew along the beach and found what he was looking for not on the sand, but just off the beach. On the sidewalk, making her way to the sand and sun was a wonderful bikini blonde with a perfectly proportioned body. Nice round tits, just barely big, great physique all over, especially her legs and wonderful butt. The Breeze decided that he wouldn’t bind her in her bikini. In fact, he wouldn’t even blow away the beach towel she was carrying. Not immediately. Instead, he ripped away and carried off her swimwear all at once, leaving her naked as a jaybird on a busy sidewalk. She gasped and screamed as her exceptional breasts and her shaved pussy were suddenly bared to the world. Then she screamed as she clutched her towel over her body. She was tying it in place and staring at all the smiles around her while the Breeze was busy getting under her for the next stripping. He allowed her a moment of security once the towel was in place, then with a sudden upward burst, he carried if off of her and down the sidewalk a ways. Naked again, the sexy beach girl shrieked and threw her hands in front of her pussy. She turned and saw her towel flowing along the sidewalk, still low enough to be reached. She ran after it, tan lined tits bouncing in full view of a lot of strangers. She caught up to it and grabbed it, giving another pussy peek to the onlookers as she struggled to get it wrapped around her again. The Breeze, as she did this, kept up a light, updraft to keep her lovely lower body on display. Then, once she was holding it down in front, he let her be. For a bit. It was clear that she was too panicked and confused to know what to do right away. People all around her were still staring and she blushed furiously as she started back the way she came. She made it almost a full block before the Breeze slipped her towel off again. “NO! Not again! Why is this happening?!” She trotted, publically naked again, after her towel. The Breeze, carrying her towel, was still debating to himself how many times he would do this, but then he saw something better. He sped the towel up a bit so that the poor girl wouldn’t notice until it was too late, the lady cop that was on that sidewalk. “What the hell?,” the officer said, surprised at the sight of the buck naked blonde. The Breeze quickly carried the towel out of sight when the cop confronted the poor girl. “Just what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Oh no! Its… I don’t…”

“You can’t run around a city street like that!”

“I wasn’t!”

“What happened?”

Before she could think of anything more reasonable to say, the unintentional nudist admitted, “The wind! It blew off by swimsuit!” This of course, brought a snide grimace to the face of the officer. “Really! It did! The wind took my swimsuit and then my towel!” At this point, the poor girl couldn’t help looking around at the people who were staring at her. She finally had the presence of mind to move one hand up to cover her chest, but naked as she was, it was still a wonderful sight. It made the girl so nervous that her story, even if it had been believable, would have sounded like a lie.

The lady cop acted according to her nature. “You’re under arrest for indecent exposure. You have the right to remain silent.” As she continued reading the girl her rights, she handcuffed her, pulling her hands behind her back and allowing a great look at her wonderfully naked body. People all around were admiring and some were taking pictures and even video of this remarkable event.

“Stop! Don’t! At least put the cuffs in front!”

The Breeze had also stuck around to witness this. As juvenile and irresponsible as he was, he did have some sense of justice, and he couldn’t allow this girl to be arrested for his actions. All he could do of course was to prove the girl’s story. Easy enough, especially since fortune, favoring him as always, had brought him not only a lady cop, but a rather attractive one at that. So he swept down to the officer and flowed into her shirt. Her lower body was nice and that was evident, but the top of her uniform made it hard to tell about what was above. Everyone was about to find out. Her shirt filled with fast moving air as she stopped entirely, unsure of what was happening.

“See?,” the handcuffed blonde said, “It’s happening to you now!”

The lady cop’s shirt and bra both burst open revealing a very nice pair of tits to the world. Of course the Breeze didn’t just open it. He shot her clothes down her arms and twisted them in place around her wrists to keep her from covering. The officer screamed and stared around, noticing all the smiling spectators along with the phones and cameras pointed her way. With a high pitched shriek, she started running away, towards the sand. The beach girl followed demanding, “Wait! Stop! You can’t leave me like this!” For quite a ways they ran, the funniest chase anyone in sight had ever witnessed, a topless and bound lady cop pursued along the beach by a girl naked in handcuffs. The cop was faster and gained ground slowly, so the Breeze intervened again. He flowed into her pants and shot them down her legs along with her underwear. Now the cop’s nice dark bush was bared to all as she shuffled along as fast as her waistband bound calves would allow. In no time the beach girl caught up and ran into her. People all around were staring and laughing and clapping and cheering as the two naked ladies struggled on the ground. The cop was just trying to get back to her feet. The beach girl, with awkwardness, but determination, searched the officer’s pockets until she found the handcuff keys. “Got ’em!” Back on her feet she rushed to a woman who looked somewhat sympathetic. The naked blonde pleaded, “Unlock me!” People were still enjoying the show and taking pictures as she was undone. She threw her arms in front of herself to cover. The cop, just getting back to her feet begged her, “Help me now! Get me loose!”

“After you handcuffed me naked? Are you kidding?” With that, the naked blonde raced away. The cop was left there, tied and naked in front of a crowd. She had a good deal of trouble getting any help as everyone stared and took their pictures and videos.

The Breeze satisfied with this, made his way away, dwindling again. This time though there was no urgency to it. He could feel it. The power he had accumulated by faithfully following his self imposed calling had given him the power to return again and again. It would only be a matter of time and he would be stripping women again.

**04 Another Day with the Breeze**

The Breeze had traveled for miles and miles in his softened form of a mere gust of wind. He had, as he had expected, become strong enough to hold himself together, but he hadn’t recovered any of his power. That wouldn’t happen without inspiration.

Inspiration was easy to find. The Breeze, following his magical instinct now that his time had come again, discovered a lovely young woman in a fairly short skirt. She was slender but with very nice legs that caught the eyes of men all around though she seemed oblivious to that. Probably because she was the kind of girl that might not think herself attractive. The Breeze decided to help her with that. Even in his current weak form, blowing up a skirt was a simple thing and a pair of simple, but very revealing pink panties were revealed to the world. The girl forced her skirt back down and looked around, surprised and a bit angry to see that several males were blatantly staring at her. She flipped them off, then her skirt flipped up again. “Awp!” She started running away before it could happen again leaving behing several satisfied chuckles, one of them the nearly silent laughter of the Breeze.

The Breeze was surprised how much power that little gesture gave him. He wasn’t at full capacity yet. He wouldn’t even be able to rip any clothing yet, but still, he wouldn’t have to wait nearly as long to be doing his best.

The next girl he found was a nice, pert little blonde in a dress just past her knees. It was too long in the Breeze’s opinion so he decided to give the world a better view of those legs. He wisped down and around her feet, waiting a moment, then upward he gusted continuously, blowing her skirt up, baring her wonderful legs. A little bit harder, now that she had the attention of several onlookers, and the skirt rose up further displaying her panties. Some one whistled and several others pointed and gawked as the girl pushed down the front of her skirt. From behind it was quite a show. Her underwear wasn’t exactly substantial so it gave a nice view of her cute little rear end. The Breeze tried to force them down but wasn’t quite powerful enough yet. This would have to do. The girl ran down the street avoiding the stares as the Breeze looked for another girl to test his ability on.

The next lovely lady that the Breeze spied was, unfortunately, not skirt clad. She had a pair of sexy blue jeans, that were eye catching but would be impervious to the power the Breeze had accumulated so far. Her top though, it was a nice button down blouse, bright yellow, attracting the eyes of people from a distance. The rest of her kept that attention easily. Her chest, even in a loose fitting blouse was obviously very well developed. The Breeze decided that he wanted to see more of it. After the skirts he had lifted would he be able to pop those buttons? He felt up to it so he gave it a try. He carefully and patiently weaved himself around her top and even the brassiere under it. It took a very strong effort on his part, but determination had always been one of his strong suits. The blouse filled with air like a balloon momentarily, making the lovely woman wearing it stop in confusion. A lot of people seeing it were curious enough to keep looking to see what was happening. Then, just as he had planned, pop, pop, pop! The buttons flew away and the blouse was open wide. Even her bra tore and opened, giving a great view of her nice big jugs with their broad nipples. A moment of speechlessness was followed by a sudden shout as the woman threw her hands over her own breasts. Then she tugged her top back together and held it in place with one hand. She wasn’t certain what to do right off. She felt insulted by everyone who had seen. Should she stay and tell them off? Or should she just run out of sight? The Breeze simplified this decision for her. Her one handed grip on her shirt would have been enough under any normal conditions, but not with the Breeze determined to get a second look at her tits. He snapped apart her top again and her twin wonders were everyone’s eye candy a second time. This time she shrieked, covered and ran as a crowd of laughter sounded behind her.

Yes, he was enjoying his pastime as much as always and his strength was rapidly accelerating. For a new trick, he found a very nice looking woman in a long skirt. She was knockout blonde in her mid thirties. Well dressed and bespectacled. The Breeze rolled himself up into a ball of air that spun in place. Faster and faster, he turned and then he moved up behind her. With a slow arc of movement, still spinning, he caught the hem of her skirt and rolled it up as he moved towards her waist. In a quarter second or less, the skirt was rolled up tight all the way to her waist, revealing her pantied butt.

“Wow!” “Look at that!” “Awesome!” A few whistles accompanied the critiques and compliments. She was trying frantically to get her skirt loose, but it had been wrapped around itself so tight that it took a bit of doing. No matter which way she turned, she was giving a panty shot to someone. She wasn’t close to anything she could hide behind, so she just hurried the process of unravelling her skirt.

The Breeze let her work at it for a few moments, then in a glorious gust, he blew her panties down to her ankles. Her head shot up and her eyes got wide. Then she screamed as the men behind her gasped and pointed and stared and chuckled at the sight of her magnificently curved and now bared derriere. She wasn’t sure what to do. Should she pull her panties up or keep working at her skirt? She thought that her skirt was almost loose, so she kept at it. That was the wrong choice. It took her nearly ten seconds, that’s ten seconds of bare ass in public, before her skirt dropped down. She was about to reach for her lowered undergarment, but this was just the moment that the Breeze was waiting for before making his next move. Balled up and spinning again, he went for the front of her skirt this time. Zzzziiipppp!!!! And her pussy was bared! It was a great, thick classical triangle of blonde bush, just a shade or two darker than her hair. The lovely woman drew in a long, deep, shocked inhalation that she then let out as a piercing shriek. She started desperately working at rolling her skirt down again as she started to run away from all the gawkers. With her panties still around her ankles though, she nearly tripped and fell. She could only shuffle on as men kept pace, staring at her exposure. After a moment or two she held one hand over her bush as the other tried to get her skirt free. It was another few seconds of this before reason kicked in and she stooped to get her panties back up. Then she was running and unrolling as fast as she could.

The Breeze flew along looking for more sport, the path of his flight forming curves that resembled the curves of the women he longed to see more of. And he would! He was already strong enough. It was time to strip some clothing off!

He found a wonderful example of a sexy female in a long dress. She was a slim, gorgeous girl with long dark hair. The dress she had on didn’t hide much of her figure really except for her legs. It was long, past mid-calf. The Breeze was already enamored of her and he was determined to get a good look at what he knew had to be a great pair of legs. And why not get a good look at everything else too? He swept up under her and started breezing her dress up. It was so sudden that it stopped her in her tracks. It was a Marilyn Monroe moment, great legs that had moments before been hidden, now exposed to several gratified males. She pushed it down, but only enough to cover the front of her panties. The Breeze kept it up and the girl actually seemed on the verge of laughter at this unexpected occurance. That changed in a moment. The Breeze turned up the gust a bit while weaving his way around her underwear. Then her panties were carried down her legs, revealing her nice, pert little bum. All the onlookers who were smiling moments before were now cheering. The Breeze let the dress drop and he felt warmed by her furious blush. She reached down for the panties and right as she bent over perfectly, her skirt was blown up and over her back giving another great view of her ass. She shot up, one hand still clutching her fallen underwear as the other swept her dress down in back. All traces of humor were gone now. From her anyway. Some of the men around were laughing now. She struggled to get her panties back up, but the fun wasn’t over. The Breeze knocked the top of her dress down to show everyone her beautiful little tits. Nice mound shaped buds with pefectly positioned nipples that stood up tall under the coolness the Breeze had supplied. She screamed and pulled her dress up as she started to trot away. She didn’t make it far before the Breeze was blowing her dress back up, this time with enough force that it swept up around her head, keeping her from seeing so that she had to stop running. She wrestled with her clothes as the Breeze tore her panties away. Now she was bottomless in public! Her sweet little patch of dark bush on display, but she was too busy fighting her dress to cover. That struggle ended as the Breeze carried her dress up and off of her! She gawked around, amazed at what had happened. Then she came to her senses. She was stark naked on a public sidewalk! “I’m Naked! What happened! I’m Naked!” She ran along trying to find cover, putting on a great show for everyone she passed.

Blowing that dress up over his last victim had inspired the Breeze to try another new trick. He set out to find another dress of similar length. As always, fortune favored him. She was a sexy twenty something with blonde hair in a red dress. The red dress naturally attracted attention. Her beauty and amazing figure kept that attention. The Breeze knew he had something good here. He started at the hem of her dress, swirling around, lifting it just slightly. As he did this, he made his way up it, weaving himself throughout the garment. When he was ready, he burst upward but was careful not to remove the dress or tear it. People were startled by the seemingly unnatural display, the blonde most of all! The dress flew upwards and didn’t stop until it was reversed all the way up above her breasts. And they were wonderful breasts, a set of bouncy mediums with rather large, puffy, pink nipples. The only thing she had on under that dress was a thong, so onlookers got a view of her nice ass with a curve that perfectly matched those tits. The dress may not have come off, but it wasn’t coming back down. The Breeze had it high enough that she couldn’t force it back down, not after he cycloned himself around the hem, tying it in an impossible knot. She was bared and bound in her own dress, pulled up over her head. The way it was tied, she couldn’t even get her arms low enough to cover herself. She screamed muffled cries for help. It took several minutes, but eventually a few people helped get her free. Once she was out, she realized, looking around, just how many people saw her nakedness. Her panic was replaced by a darling blush as she walked away quickly.

The Breeze couldn’t have been happier. His unerring instincts delivered him an unbelieavably sexy blonde on a pair of roller skates. She was slim and trim with the kind of adorable face that seems to always have a bit of a smirk. The Breeze tagged along behind her, deciding what to do first. She had on a white top tied in a knot in front that let everyone see her slim waist. That would be very easy to undo. On the other hand, her cutoff denim shorts were showing off the curve of a great ass. Shorts it was. The Breeze caught up to her and flew carefully into the waist of her pants. She slowed a bit with a smile. It did feel good. The Breeze was delighted to discover that she had nothing on underneath. With a well timed burst of one direction after another, he popped her jean shorts open and down before she knew what was happening. Her eyes opened wide and it turned out that her perpetual smirk could be dispelled by embarrassment. Men on every side of her stared openly at her incredible lower body. Feeling out of control with her shorts around her legs, she rolled in a tight circle, allowing everyone who had seen her perfect ass to get a look at her beaver and everyone who had seen that lovely dark tuft of fur to see her poetic rear curves. With a small sound of indescribable desperation, she threw one hand over her bush as the other tugged her shorts back in place. The Breeze let her cover and skate away for a bit before striking again. It was her shorts a second time. Bush and butt were bared for another group of gawkers as she struggled to keep her balance and get her shorts up. She rolled away quickly once she was covered. The Breeze let her skate untouched for about ten minutes, but he followed. Then, once there was a real crowd to appreciate his endeavor, he slid into the girl’s top. With the speed of a well practiced master, the Breeze popped it open, exposing a pair of lovely little titties and making the skater squawk in panic. Her top was blown down her arms and cycloned around her forearms, binding them from covering her. Next of course was her shorts. The Breeze popped them open again and dropped them down, just above her knees. Behind her men stared at her wonderful butt. Ahead, men laughed and cheered at the sight of the roller girl trying hard just to stay on her feet with her bush showing and her little boobies bouncing. The Breeze did his part to keep her up. In doing that, he also provided well timed gusts that caused her to rotate and everyone on every side got to see everything. Once he let her go, she struggled to roll away, slowly with her legs bound by her shorts.

His next lovely victim was a very sexy dark haired lady in her late thirties. She was wearing a pair of blue jeans and white button down shirt, a shirt that the Breeze quickly formed a plan for. The lady, along with several other people soon to get a great show, was walking around a circular path that was lined with a short fence. Every few feet along that fence was a lamp post that hung over the pathway. It was tall enough that most people couldn’t reach it, but short enough that with a couple feet of cloth… The Breeze flew into her top and laced his way throughout it, especially the buttons on the front. Waiting for just the right position, the Breeze burst the front of that top and had it almost all the way off of her. It was torn away from her body every where except for one sleeve that the Breeze twisted so thoroughly that one of her wrists was trapped in it. Then, in the brief moment of confusion that kept her in place, the Breeze whipped that shirt over an overhead lamp and wrapped it around and around, effectively tying it in place. The woman was stunned at all this, but only until she realized that she was, however impossibly, trapped. She regained her composure a moment, then gasped as she realized just how many people were staring at her bra. That sight alone was worth the effort the Breeze had put into this. It was already extremely evident that her breasts were fairly ample and extraordinarily well shaped. The bra of course didn’t last. The Breeze tore it away with one burst, exposing the woman’s beautiful boobs to anyone nearby. She screamed and threw one arm over her tits as she struggled to get her other arm free. It was hard for her to get both nipples covered with one arm. One of them peeked out from over the crook of her arm. “Help! Get me out of this!” She wasn’t fortunate to have any sympathetic females or gallant males to come to her rescue. What she had was a small gathering of wide eyed and smiling appreciators. She stared around, realizing that she was stuck topless and she screamed again. The Breeze floated into her jeans and with his remarkable control, undid them and started sliding them down. He didn’t want them to drop too fast. It was too much fun watching her struggle to keep them up. Her one free arm was now clutching the waistband of her absconding pants, leaving her boobs free and uncovered. Hoots and hollers accompanied her struggle. The Breeze applied just enough force to let her maintain a hold on her pants without keeping them up for several minutes. Then, finally, her jeans went past her knees revealing her expensive taste in panties. Tied up as she was, she couldn’t bend far enough to reach them. “NO! Stop looking! Stop looking at me!” She was covering her breasts as well as she could again, but only for a few moments before the Breeze started a second tug of war, this time with her panties. Again she maintained a grip at the cost of covering her upper body for a minute or so, then with a sudden gust, her dark triangle of bush was part of the show. Her scream this time was more shrill than it had been so far. She threw her hand over her beaver and stared around at all the onlookers. Their comments had her completely embarrassed. “What a body!” “Nice tits!” “Great nipples!” With so much attention on her boobs, she lifted her hand and covered there instead, putting her bush in sight again. Of course the crowd shifted attention there and after a few moments her hand went back down. Then up again, then down. She couldn’t make up her mind what to cover as the crowd seemed to be thrilled by whatever she left unprotected. Finally she managed to pull her arm free from her entangled shirt. She pulled her underwear up fast and then wriggled into her jeans as quickly as she could, the sight, while heralding the end to this spectacular display was still appealing. Once her pants were back up, she threw her hands across her breasts and ran.

The Breeze continued to flow along seemingly at random, trusting his instincts to provide him with opportunities to practice his craft. He was eventually drawn to a particular spot, slowing up intuitively. At first he didn’t understand what he was to do here. Perhaps he should have paid more attention to where he was going. There were no attractive women in sight and the apparent aim of his current wandering was a short and pudgy, almost tourist looking fellow. Far from the Breeze’s interests to say the least. Then the Breeze noticed something inspiring. He determined to follow this man for a bit hoping to help him get the most out of his day. It was a fairly hot day out and the little guy was using one of those small hand held electric fans to keep himself cool. The Breeze saw the potential for a great prank there. As he gusted up and around the little guy, the Breeze kept himself from any kind of contact that would betray his presence to anyone. He kept this up until their paths crossed that of a statuesque brunette. The Breeze waited until the right moment. Carelessly, the little guy would sometimes allow his fan to point in random directions and sure enough, it pointed at the lovely lady for a moment. The Breeze was there with a speed and dexterity that made it seem as though he were flowing from that little fan. Suddenly, the woman’s dress blew tight against her spectacular body. In what was about an eighth of a second, the little guy holding it stared drop jawed. It certainly got the attention of other men around as well. Of course, he kept the fan pointed at her to continue this display, but his look of shock turned to a broad grin when her dress tore away! “AAAaaAH!” She stood there in bra and panties, stunned as she tried to work out what had happened. The little guy with the fan stared at her another moment, then he stared at his little fan. Then back at her. He smiled with a bit of trepidation, then pointed his fan again, aiming it at the lady’s bra. The Breeze was eager to help out. he flew behind the fan, then burst forward, this time carrying away the woman’s bra, exposing her incredible breasts for everyone. She shrieked again and then slapped the little guy before using both arms to cover and run. As she trotted away she was belting curses over her shoulder. The smile on the little guy’s face made it clear that it was well worth it. The Breeze decided to follow him and help out a little bit more.

A lovely young lady was spotted shortly after that wearing jean shorts and a pink top with white buttons. She was a slim and pretty woman with dark hair and sunglasses. She caught the Breeze’s attention right away along with the Breeze’s accomplice. Naturally as possible, the pudgy little fellow walked up along side her and turned the fan on her. The Breeze followed through, flowing around the little fan and ripping at the woman’s top. The buttons all popped off as it burst open. Before she could grab hold, her shirt and the bra underneath were away in the wind. No one got a good look because she covered so fast but seeing her topless was a treat, especially with that open mouthed look of shock on her face. She stared at the impossibly strong little fan and was horror struck to see it turn toward her shorts. The Breeze had to loop back around quickly to provide the illusion this time, but he was up to it. The shorts popped open and blew down her legs. Her knees came together as she looked down at her own exposed panties. She started to shuffle away as fast as she could, which was not fast with her shorts around her legs. Several men offered cheers of approval to the fan wielding prankster who followed closely and got his fan right behind her at butt level. The Breeze happily followed through and the poor girl was blown bottomless! The fan man smiled at her adorable ass and a few gents in front of her were treated to a nice view of dark bush. As fast as she could, she pulled her shorts back up, allowing more than a glance at her pretty little tits, and she started running away as fast as she could. Applause was offered both to her and her assailant. A loud voice wanted to know, “How much did you pay for that thing?”

The man with the fan set out at a brisk pace now, hunting for more beauty to expose. He found another good looking woman looking over a railing on a raised walkway. Whatever it was that had her attention kept her from noticing the pudgy fan wielder as he crept up behind her. She had this wholesome sort of flawless beauty to her, somewhat short blonde hair, flowered dress, white high heeled shoes and some really, really great calves. Once he was behind her, the fan prankster got down low and put the fan below her dress. Whooosh!! It was blown upward to show the really, really great thighs that went with those calves and the pretty white, lace edged panties that covered a really, really great butt. The woman spun around and looked shocked at the sight of the little fan that could lift her dress. She held down the front of it, giving a classic, Marilyn Monroe pose. That lasted only a moment. Her dress lifted higher and she was unable to hold it down. It swept up, inverting itself in a way that kept her from seeing or pushing it down. Blinded by her own flowing clothes, she couldn’t resist the Breeze’s power, directed by that little fan. With her dress like this, everyone around, including a couple with fast cameras, got a great view of her body all the way up. Her bra matched her panties and it was evident that underneath it was a pair of really, really great tits. The man with the fan gave a look of wonder that the dress was still on her. The Breeze though, was doing this intentionally, knowing that she couldn’t really escape if she couldn’t see. Instead of tearing away the dress, he tugged at her undergarments and ripped them away first, baring the woman full frontal. Now there were gasps, cheers, laughs and loud commentary on the spectacular sight of her incredible breasts and thick dark bush. The embarrassment was too much for her and she started to try to walk away. Turned this way, everyone got a nice look at her classically curved ass. The little fan was able to keep up with her, holding that dress up so that her body stayed bare for everyone’s enjoyment. Not wanting her to take a spill, the Breeze ended her sightlessness by lifting her dress off of her completely. This sudden shock made her stay put a moment and look around. It was bad enough just hearing the people around. Now she could see just how many people were staring at her nakedness. She put her hands over her breasts and screamed. Then she ran off, stark naked.

The fan fiend’s next victim was a very tall woman with long dark hair and a very, very fit looking body with some really nice, not big, but well pronounced tits that were highlighted by her light blue tank top. That tank top didn’t stand a chance once the little fan was pointed at it. The pudgy little serial stripper smiled broadly when his fan went into action. The Breeze burst around it and pressed the woman’s top to her body alluringly for a moment, then it tore away. Her taut breasts were visible only a moment before she threw her hands over them wide eyed. “HEY!” Cheers and whistles sounded at the sight of this tall, topless beauty. As it turned out though, he had picked the wrong gal this time. She was not only tall, she was muscular enough to knock him on his ass when she slugged him. The little fellow toppled over and dropped his fan. She stomped on it and it shattered. Ah well, it was fun while it lasted. The breeze looped around himself, enjoying the embarrassment of this aggressive woman. Now that her anger was satisfied, she stared around at everyone staring at her. “aaAAH! Don’t Look you perverts!” She was clearly about to run, but the Breeze decided not to let that happen. Fan or no, this sexy amazon was too good to leave alone. He flew into her jeans and then burst down, turning her pants inside out without them even coming undone. This hobbled her lower legs so much that she could barely even shuffle forward without falling. Everyone hooted and hollered and gaped at her wonderful, panty clad lower body with those amazing, muscular legs and that toned ass. The fan man himself was wonderstruck that she was being stripped even without his little weapon. She shuffled along slowly, yelling insults and curses at all the men who refused to look away. Then, the Breeze slipped her panties down. Beautiful ass! Great, great, great, short trimmed, jet black bush! One of her hands shot down to cover her beaver for a moment before she determined to pull her panties back up, revealing tits and bush to everyone again. Of course the Breeze pushed her panties back down after a few steps and she had to reveal herself again. And again. And again. The fifth time her panties dropped, she just let them be and trudged along with one arm over her breasts and a hand over her bush, applause, cheers, compliments and whistles all around.

Having lost his new entertainment, the Breeze went about finding another diversion. What he would discover would be a challenge. At first, he thought about hunting, as he often did, for another lovely girl in need of public stripping. A second thought occured to him though. He had allowed himself to float freely and move on pure instinct when he had discovered the fan prank. What might he discover now if he were to allow fate alone to direct his travels? So he let himself unwind and relax in the fashion of an ordinary bit of air, flowing wherever his self determining current would take him. He was directed to a fairly tall office building where he began to drift up and around, spiraling the building. At first he thought that his instincts had finally steered him wrong. Then he spotted her. Through a window he saw the most alluring lady executive he would ever likely see. She was working furiously and barking at her secretary when the Breeze stopped to watch outside her window. She was in her late thirties or maybe just barely forty. She had a sultry, confident look that was only enhanced by the rush she was in. Her suit was expensive, well tailored and did very little to hide the remarkable figure under it. The Breeze had to have fun with her. But she was inside! The Breeze had traveled inside for a prank once before but that had been a building that he knew he could escape from quickly if his survival had been threatened by the close quarters. A wind needed space to move in to remain a wind. On the other hand, he was a unique wind, powered by magical lusts that had sustained him well beyond the life of any normal breeze. Maybe he could survive inside. He was of two minds. He didn’t want to take the risk, but then again, if he really could travel inside freely then it would open up a whole new world of possibilities. In the end there was only one decision he could really make. Focusing again on the lovely, dark haired lady within, he had to try it. If he denied his lusts, then his magic would surely be diminished.

Finding a way into the building was easy. No structure has ever been built that could hold something like him out. This one, with expensive climate control, made entrance a snap. He was careful to remain in motion, circling around and above any obstacles as he flew through the building. Getting past his first anxieties, he was delighted to find that he was in no real danger. He could not only survive indoors, he could do so indefinitely! All he had to do was to keep in motion most of the time, but with his skills, maintaining a very tight circular gust was easy.

He made his way through the place, keeping up to the ceiling to avoid any contact until he found the amazing lady suit. When he got to her office though, she was gone. Her secretary (unfortunately not attractive) was outside, but the businesswoman herself was nowhere to be seen. He determined to find her, but he learned all he needed to hear just by listening to the secretary on the phone.

“No, Miss James isn’t in. She’s in a meeting right now. That’s right the presentation on the Walker affiliates deal. Yes, I’ll let her know you called. Thank you.”

Perfect! He would not only get the chance to strip this lovely lady, he would be able to do so right in the middle of a business meeting! The search for her took a bit of time, but he found her in a closed conference room along with several of her colleagues. All of them but her were male and they were about to be blessed with the greatest business presentation of all time. Miss James was at the head of the table. It was apparently her own presentation as she was standing there, charts just behind her, delivering a droning address involving numbers and names that would mean nothing to anyone not in the know.

The Breeze of course had no patience for any of that. It was time for what was certain to be his greatest prank of the day. His last if feeling served correctly, so he was determined to make it inspiring. For starters, he wanted to see under her skirt. She had on dark stockings over her exceptional legs but you couldn’t see above her knees at all. The Breeze moved under her and swirled around her, building up the force for his performance. Then, right in the middle of a sentence, as she pointed to a chart behind her, her skirt flew upward, completely inverted, revealing her beautiful legs in their stockings, the garter belt holding them up, and the sexy, dark lacy panties framed by that garter belt. He let go momentarily, just as soon as he knew that a good look rather than a brief glimpse had been given. Miss James stared wide eyed through her thin framed glasses at everyone around the table. None of them had the appropriate poker face. Some were simply stunned. Some smiled a bit too much and two snickered loudly enough to have to cover their mouths. Miss James blushed almost audibly once the situation set in. “I-I’m sorry gentlemen. I don’t know what happened.”

“It’s no problem Miss James,” a white haired and somewhat stoic gentlemen told her, “continue.”

Miss James took a second or two to get herself straightened out, then she went on. The Breeze enjoyed that as an appetizer, but it was time to get serious. He weaved his way through the top of her suit, around each button and seam. He invaded every weak point of the brassiere underneath. Miss James could feel the odd coolness moving through her clothing, but she disregarded it in favor of continuing her address. At the perfect moment, right when everyone seemed to have at least momentarily forgotten the lifted skirt, the Breeze struck again. Everything she was wearing above the waist burst open all at once and slid down her arms. Her sexy, big nippled, bouncing breasts were the subject of so many blatant stares that Miss James didn’t react to immediately other than to stare back. Her clothes were bound around her arms by the Breeze to prevent any covering. For a moment the room was held in a state of wonder and on Miss James’s part, panic. Then she let out a loud shrill shriek that would have made an opera singer proud. Her tits were on display to many important men who would never take her seriously again. And what was more, she was helpless to cover! She took a deep breath once that first panic scream stopped. Then she let out another. A half second after this splitting scream started, the Breeze continued his work. Her skirt was torn away instantly and, though the further exposure was exciting, all eyes were still on those magnificent tits. Miss James’s tits bounced wonderfully as she tried to escape the her own clothes. She slipped back behind the stand holding up her charts. She was just tall enough to see over it. From below her eyes, her body was concealed now all the way down to her navel. Below that, her sexy, stockings and panties were now the object of everyone’s attention.

“Uhm, um, um, if someone could perhaps open the door for me?,” With her arms tied up behind her, she had no way of even getting out of the room. Of course, no one moved immediately. It seemed that a few of the gentlemen were ready to respond to her shakingly voiced request, but the Breeze wasn’t ready for her to leave just yet. He knocked over her flimsy sanctuary, exposing her again and a split second after, all of her lower lingerie was peeled down just above her knees. Everyone gaped at her gorgeous bush. It was the type that was composed of almost straight hairs rather than short and curly. In accordance with the rest of her appearance, it seemed orderly, almost combed. Smiles and dropped jaws filled the room. One of the older gents had his hand on his chest as though experiencing heart problems. Miss James didn’t react as fast this time as she needed so much concentration to keep from fainting. Once her sense of self returned, her sense of embarrassment did too and she let loose yet another deafening scream.

Her screams had gotten attention from outside the room and the door was opened by a rather cautious looking office drone who peeked in to make sure everything was okay. Of course he spotted the gorgeous, naked and notoriously icy executive right away. “What the hell is going on in here?!”

Miss James took the opportunity to retreat from the meeting as fast as possible. With her knees together, that wasn’t near as fast as she would have liked. Again, her beautiful bosom jiggled poetically as she moved. From behind, the curve of her thighs and butt was a great final treat even if it was partially covered by her bound hands.

She pushed her way past her unwitting savior roughly. “Out of my way dickhead!” She shuffled past quickly, out into the hallway. As she hustled her bound nakedness to her office she was spotted again and again by people who were shocked, amused, confused or titillated. By the time she made it to her secretary’s desk, she was blushing a deeper red than she ever had before in her life.

“Miss James? What happened?”

“Get in here and close the door.” A handful of men who had followed to get a better look could hear the muffled shout from inside her office, “Untie me!”

The Breeze had also followed her and considered his mission a roaring success. As he made his way back down the hall he could see a lot of men laughing and discussing what they had just witnessed. High fives and hurried cell phone calls to spread the word were everywhere. As he spun at the ceiling, the Breeze could feel his power wane, so he rushed to get back to the outside. As he floated away from the excited office building he hummed to himself with satisfaction. This day was over, but what would the future hold? He set out for another day of stripping in another place.

**05 The Breeze Goes to School**

The Breeze lazed along, following his instincts and trusting fate to provide him with further opportunities to strip unsuspecting women. Mile after mile passed with no great opportunities but still, he started to feel stronger and stronger as he approached a certain place. This gave him great hope for some serious stripping. His strength was returning now not in response to his pranks, but in anticipation of them. He would be strong enough to tear clothing at his first opportunity if this kept up. All he had to do was follow this impulse. Where was it leading him though?

When he arrived, he flew down towards a very large, one story building. A school. A school? For a moment, the Breeze almost continued. This couldn’t be where his magic was leading him could it? But then, as he was almost over it, he felt the pull. As he would get further away, he felt weaker, as he returned, he was stronger. He flew down to the building, and finding no one noteworthy outside, he circled it, peering through the windows. Through one of them he saw something wonderful. A surprisingly sexy teacher! Now this was worth the trip!

She was remarkably attractive, maybe thirty five or so with sandy blonde hair up in a perfect coif. She had glasses that served to perfect the teacher fantasy that surely had every boy in her class enraptured. Some would be great students in order to impress her. Others would surely be too distracted to do any real work. In either case, this exceptionally well proportioned, curvy beauty would most certainly be imprinting all of them with an inclination toward her type of reserved yet evident sex appeal.

There was a window that was slightly open due to the somewhat warm weather, so the Breeze slipped in right away and went to work. She was writing something on the chalkboard when the Breeze struck. At first, he wanted just a little appetizer to test his strength and to make certain he had everyone’s attention. He quickly lifted her skirt to reveal a pair of legs that now every boy in class would know were every bit as wonderful as they had imagined.

The sudden exposure made her turn suddenly as the Breeze let her skirt drop. She blushed a bit at the smiles that faced her, but then she was back to her lesson. She turned to the chalkboard again and was about to finish the equation she had partially drawn when the Breeze not only lifted her skirt, he blew it upward so that she had to fight it down. It was a losing battle of course and now every bit of panty hose and the panties beneath were indelibly printed on the minds of her class. “What’s happening?” That was all she could say before the Breeze got to some serious work. He was right. His strength was almost at it’s peak immediately this time. With a great effort of force and concentration, he kept the lady’s skirt blowing up at the same time he invaded her panties and hose, bursting them down to her knees. She shrieked as her wonderful triangle was exposed the class revealing that her natural color was a very dark brown. The boys of course were oohing and aahing as the teacher screamed again, turning in place to protect her privates. This only gave the class a great view of her centerfold quality ass.

“Look at that!” “Awesome!” “Miss Norbert’s naked!”

She wasn’t really naked yet, but she would be. For now though, the Breeze let her skirt drop. The frustrated teacher reached down to start pulling up her undergarments, too rattled to do so behind any cover. With her skirt down, nothing was really shown anyway. She even had the poor judgment to turn back to her students. The Breeze of course responded to this by quickly bursting her shirt and bra open.

“Tits!”, several boys shouted at once. Miss Norbert threw her hands across her chest and stared, open mouthed at the wide eyes all around. The Breeze was loving her panic. It gave him the chance to do more. He burst her skirt upward again, but this time making certain to rip it clean off of her body. Her panties weren’t up all the way so some of her bush came back into view. Coming to her senses, the half stripped teacher pulled her panties up and rushed to the door. Before she could escape the room though, the Breeze had her panties back down so that her bare ass was the last thing the class saw of her before she was gone.

The Breeze left the celebrating classroom to go in search of more fun. This had been so fulfilling that he was determined to find another sexy teacher. If another was was available. His strength remained and his instincts were clear though, so his work wasn’t finished.

He wandered down a hallway peeking into every classroom. The first teacher was not attractive enough. The second was not attractive at all. He continued his teacher shopping almost carelessly. No. No. No. YES!! Now this one was something! She was tall, stacked, blonde, beautiful! If she had any more blatant sex appeal, she couldn’t have been real. She looked almost more like the kind of sexy teacher you might see in a bad movie than a real woman. It wasn’t that no other woman could look as good (indeed, Miss Norbert had been wonderful!), it was that she was dressed in a top that served to accentuate rather than hide her bountiful upper assets. Her skirt wasn’t quite tight but it certainly displayed the curves of her hips and that tantalizing bottom. It was also just high enough above the knee to really keep a young man’s eyes on her legs (legs in nice, dark blue stockings!). Her hair was up in a teacher hairdo but not all of it. A few bits of her light blonde hair fell free in curling strands around her classically beautiful face.

The Breeze’s first thought was a natural one. ‘What is she wearing under that?’ In her case it was a mystery. Through either ignorance or design, she had put together a teacher fantasy ensemble that was glorious. What would a woman like that have on underneath? The Breeze flowed around the cracks in the door to find out. On his way in, he also breezed into the door’s lock and clicked it. From inside anyone could unlock it, but it might give an extra moment or so of fun.

She was walking between the students’ desks handing out papers when the Breeze started in. Surrounded by her students as she was, he thought that the best thing to do was to remove all of her clothing at once so that everyone could see what she had on underneath. He made his way carefully and gently into her clothing and wrapped around it to get the perfect windy grip, then SSHHRRRRIIIPPP!!! Just like that, she became an exciting eyeful. All she had on, besides those stalkings were her now inappropriately sexy panties and bra. Yes, she looked magnificent and everyone seemed to enjoy it as the shock wore off and the reality set in. The teacher’s eyes opened as wide as they could as she looked around helplessly for a few seconds. Then the gasps, cheers and laughs sounded en masse. The papers in her hand were now useful cover. She clutched them over the front of her body as she made her way to the front of the class. She spotted her clothes, still held by the Breeze, circling impossibly. They flew to the ceiling and one the tiles above her desk lifted momentarily and then dropped again as her clothes slipped in just far enough to dangle.

The classroom erupted into further noise and commentary. “Look at that!” “How did that happen?” “Miss Turner is naked!” She wasn’t naked yet, not by the Breeze’s standards, but that was coming. She looked longingly at her dangling and shredded clothing as she tried to figure out what to do. This was a wonderful moment for the class as her back was to them. All eyes were on her ass as she sort of bounced in panic for that moment. She determined, according to the Breeze’s design, to recover her clothing. To do that, she climbed on the desk (several of her covering papers slipped out of reach) and stood up. She had to face her class again to be able to reach. She also had to drop the rest of the papers and her amazing deshabille was displayed again. The Breeze waited until she almost had her hands on her clothes. Then with as fast a motion as possible, he tore her panties away and into the hands of a lucky boy who now had a souvenir. Her dark, thick bush elicited a lot of wonder struck “oh”s. Miss Turner’s eyes snapped back to her class. One hand shot down to cover her bush as the other struggled to quickly get her skirt from the ceiling. She had it quickly and brought it down to give more coverage to her lower exposure. Ragged cloth was covering her pussy now so the Breeze went for her upper body. Her bra snapped away and it too became a souvenir. Her incredible, firm, pink nippled tits were bared for the boys now. Getting her shirt unstuck took several seconds as her students laughed and pointed.

With her ruined clothes held firmly over her private parts, she carefully crept down off of her desk. This was difficult in her nice, but not active shoes. She stared at her class angrily now, demanding, “Everyone turn around! Stop looking at me! I’m naked! Turn around!” Of course this had no effect on the class except to urge on more laughter. The Breeze burst her clothing from her hands, giving a great full frontal view of big round boobs and dark bush. She rushed to the door, wonderful bare ass turned to the class. The handle wouldn’t turn right away, being locked. It took no longer than a second and a half for her to realize why and unlock it but every moment that her naked body was displayed was a treasure. Then of course she went bounding down the hall.

The Breeze was thrilled with his efforts so far. He had to have another teacher. He peeked into classrooms again and again. No. No. No! Not quite. Yes. He had found a third teacher to have fun with. This one had a much more demure look to her than the last. More reserved in fact than was necessary even for a teacher. Her dark hair was tied back in a way that wasn’t quite unbecoming. Her clothes were obviously intended to cover up that body. The Breeze could tell more by instinct than by sight that she had a figure worth seeing. The only thing that anyone looking at her would notice were her tits. As much as she tried, tits that big could never be completely concealed. What a wonderful voluptuousness. Time to let her class see what they had doubtless been picturing in their minds since the school year began.

Again, as he slipped into the room, the Breeze turned the lock. What was more, he set himself to breaking it so that it couldn’t be opened. At anything less than his full strength, it would have been impossible. It wasn’t just the force it required. It was the amount of force on such small parts in such a confined space. He got it done though. Now a teacher would be stripped and trapped.

She was lecturing her class about some political history while the Breeze was working his way into her clothes. It was clear that less than half the class really had her attention. That was about to change. Her shirt and bra burst and a lot of young eyes opened wide at the sudden exposure of a pair of big teacher tits. “AAaAAH!” She threw her arms over herself but whatever reaction would have followed was stifled as the rest of her clothes, all of them at once, were stripped from her body. She was rounded voluptuous curves all over. She gaped down at her own naked body as the classroom gaped as well. The impossibility of this kept her entranced as hoots and hollers sounded. One of the boys pointed at her nice thatch of wild, dark brown fur commenting, “Look at that beaver!” She threw both of her hands down over bush but this only elicited the next shout, “Great tits Miz Helmond!” She rushed to the door giving everyone sight of her big round ass that jiggled with the rest of her as she struggled with the door that wouldn’t open. Unable to get outside, she resorted to calling for help. She rushed to the intercom button and pressed it. This left her bush bared again for a few moments as the class kept laughing and pointing. She shouted, “Get someone down here! I’m locked in my classroom naked!”

An uncertain voice responded, “What was that?”

“You heard me! Hurry up!” With that she took shelter by hiding behind her desk. Her nervous eyes stared over the top of it as she huddled there. Her class started to calm down but everyone’s attention was on her as if hoping that she might come back out.

The Breeze shared the class’s enthusiasm but he had finished his work here. He set out in search of another teacher, if one could be found. Classrooms with hot teachers he found no more however. It would have disappointed him if he had really expected any more but how many really good looking teachers can one school have? Then it occurred to him as he spotted a certain sign, that teachers aren’t the only school fantasy. LIBRARY. His time didn’t seem to be at an end, so he flew on in to see. At first he saw only several students and a rather frumpy old lady in horn rimmed glasses. Being determined, he searched around the shelves and found, just around the corner from the studying youngsters a very sexy librarian. She had, naturally, thin framed glasses that enhanced her modest beauty. She seemed to have quite a nice, slender figure under her long skirt and slightly oversized sweater. More had to be seen, but where she was, only the Breeze himself would be treated. He was more generous than that. So he curled up into the shelf and with a strong push, forced several books on the other side to the floor with a resounding crash that brought the lovely librarian around. She looked ready to launch into a furious tirade but she saw no one near the collapsed books. Sighing, she started to pick them up, making certain to return them to their exact positions. The Breeze watched her momentarily, noting that a handful of young men were now having trouble keeping their eyes on their pages. So, with a quick burst, he flew the hem of her skirt up as she was bent over picking up a book. She had surprisingly revealing panties on that let anyone lucky enough to be looking up see the curve of her fit rear end. Blushing a brilliant pink, the wide eyed lady stood up quick and threw her skirt back down, checking to see if anyone had seen. Noticing the grins, she turned away hurriedly and went back to work pretending that it hadn’t happened.

There were a few interested whispers now as she continued replacing the books. She turned to shush them but when she saw the lustful glances and the knowing smiles, she found herself just a bit too embarrassed to draw any more attention to herself. The Breeze was only starting though. He waited until she turned away from the shelves and toward her admirers. She picked up one of the books and as she stood the Breeze was inside her sweater. His strength was so much now that he had no trouble bursting it apart along with the brassiere underneath. All the boys who had been watching her in hopes of another draft perked up and stared. “All right!” “Look at those tits!” “Miss Perry’s naked!”

She screamed as she clutched the now open book over her breasts. It was the perfect image, pretty, embarrassed, topless librarian using a book for cover. Before she could gather her senses, the Breeze burst the book upwards out of her hands. Reflexively grasping for it, her arms reached up for just a moment. That moment was enough for him to burst her skirt upwards over her entire body, over her head and up her arms. He completed this with his signature cyclone trick to bind the skirt around her wrists. The other end he managed to tangle up in a sprinkler so she was caught where she was, stripped to her pink panties and unable to cover. “Help! Help! I’m naked! Mrs. Garbund! Get them out of here! Please!”

The old lady came over as quick as she could and stuttered a few confused questions that were met only with Miss Perry’s insistent pleas that the young men be ushered out. The Breeze chose that moment to complete his job by bursting the sexy librarian’s panties down her legs, exposing her wonderful, light brown bush. Gasps and sighs of loving devotion could be heard just before the angry and indomitable old lady began rushing the boys from the room. They hesitatingly and remorsefully left while the librarian still wriggled in place trying to get free.

It was at that point that a voice sounded from speakers all over the school, “Attention students, we’re having an emergency of some sort. All teachers should be aware that some faculty have had… difficulties of a type that aren’t entirely understood presently. To have everyone accounted for, all teachers should bring their classes to the main auditorium. Students, if no teacher is present in your classroom for any reason, then you should also leave your classroom and come to the main auditorium in an orderly fashion. Thank you.”

The Breeze was intrigued. It occured to him that this was the first time he had taken a group of his stripping victims all from the same place. Their confusion over the nature of their ‘emergency’ was understandable. After all, not seeing it, who would believe it? But when more than one teacher ends up inexplicably naked in one school day, something has to be done. He never got any credit for his work in the past. No one would understand what was happening of course even if they saw it, but still, he had an opportunity now to strip a woman in front of a crowd that was unwittingly gathered for that purpose. He just hoped someone worth his attention would be present.

He followed the direction that the lines of students and teachers formed, not seeing any attractive teachers on his way. When he arrived, the auditorium was already half full. There were a few police officers present but the Breeze was disheartened to see that none of them were female. Nothing was more satisfying than stripping a lady cop. But what was this? One of the officers was holding a very serious discussion with a woman that looked important and, to the Breeze, uplifting. He got close, contracting to a small wisp in order to eavesdrop. He was able to gather that they still didn’t have a clear concept of what was happening in the school. It was being treated as some sort of vague emergency. Then the officer called her Principal Dicken. She was the Principal! It had even been her voice that the Breeze had heard over the speakers. This would be the ultimate end to his school adventure. He waited patiently until she was ready to address the students.

She stepped up onto the stage, microphone in hand. There was a podium up there but, much to the Breeze’s delight, she didn’t use it. Instead, she walked back and forth as she talked, explaining the situation. “Students, we have had some odd and not entirely explained occurances today. We’re not certain the nature of it or how serious it really is. We aren’t certain if it is over or not, but until we do, we’ll need you to remain here.” Very decisive, the Breeze thought. She seemed that way, always in control. And it looked so good on her. She was a dark haired woman who just oozed authority. Undoubtedly the students detested her but just as undoubtedly, the male students didn’t mind the look of her. It was a cold sort of attraction, but an undeniable one.

She had continued explaining that she had very little she could explain, repeating herself a few times to make certain she was heard. Near the end of her address, never once having mentioned the naked teachers, it was her turn. The Breeze knew that he had to do something special. Being on stage in front of the school like this, he couldn’t resist the obvious. He would strip her and bind her in own clothing as he so loved to do. First, he had to get her arms to where he would able to wrap them up though. So, with a quick downward gust, her skirt was dropped to her knees. This met with audible appreciation from the assembled students. Principal Dicken herself without a moment’s hesitation stooped and grabbed it. She pulled it up quickly, not quite daring to look out at all the eyes that had witnessed that. Before she had it adjusted, while her arms were still at her sides, the Breeze slipped into all of her upper clothing. He immediately ripped them open and thrust them down her arms. The look of shock on her face was priceless as she stared out at all the students staring at her beautiful bared breasts. She was screaming in stunned frustration and total embarrassment as the Breeze cycloned the clothes around her wrists, forcing them together behind her and keeping her from covering. With that finished, and her struggles obviously futile, she was ready to run for cover, so the Breeze finished the job by dropping her skirt again, but this time her panties and panty hose went with them, all the way to her ankles. Cheers and applause rang out louder than any the auditorium had ever known. Full frontal exposure from the least likely person. She shuffled toward the podium with an awkward half step walk while the erupting crowd continued to grow louder. Finally, huddling behind the only cover on stage, she glanced over it, blushing and on the verge of screaming again. It should have been enough. The Breeze wanted just a bit more, so he knocked the podium over. The scream from the stunned and stunning Principal this time was so loud and so shrill that there was no one anywhere in the place that didn’t hear it even with the sound of the excited audience.

All she could do was to turn away from them until the police officers rushed up with a blanket to cover her in. They escorted her out as quickly as her panty bound legs could move.

It had been a moment that would live forever. Some students had even captured it for posterity on cell phone cameras. Those pictures became widespread and it wasn’t long before the Principal had a new nick name. Some clever student realized that when you turned her last name backwards, she was Principal Nekcid.

The Breeze himself felt his powers wane as they always did, though he was too satisfied to regret it. He wisped his way back outside and frolicked in his lessened state, waiting for the next chance he had to work his magic.

**06 The Breeze Rides Again**

The adventures of the Breeze continued when, in another town, he spotted a sexy little thing in a very trendy, spotted dress that showed off her great legs and slender body. It had been over a week since his school fun and if he had not had his resolute, magical staying power, he would have dissipated. Seeing this lovely lady started his strengthening immediately. He saw that she was about to cross the street, so he waited until she was in the crosswalk, right in front of some drivers that were to have the best driving delay of their lives.

He swirled upward, lifting her skirt, showing off her thighs. Predictably, she tried to hold her skirt down, even stopping where she was. Once she had the front under control though, the Breeze gave a good burst upward and carried the hem of her dress out of her grasp all the way above her navel. Her panties were bright yellow and scanty. Horns honked in appreciation and she realized just how many people were staring at her underwear, so she ran until she got across the street. When she got there, she seemed safe, so she caught her breath and looked around at the cars slowly moving on and the expectant eyes of the men on the sidewalk. It was as though they thought the wind might carry her dress up again. They were right of course. The Breeze wanted more. With power and precision, he burst her skirt upward and then blasted her yellow panties down. She shrieked as her gorgeous little buns were bared on one side and her dark furry muff was bared on the other. Her knees turned in as she awkwardly tried to pull her dress back down. The Breeze let her win momentarily. It was fun watching her hold down the front of her skirt with one hand and the back with her other. From the sides, you could see the shape of her hips still. Then the Breeze shot upward again, giving a second bush and butt flash. She yanked her panties up this time and ran for all her worth as the Breeze gave a windy chuckle. That was as much as he had for a beginning, but what a beginning. And he knew his powers would grow rapidly now that he had found a new hunting ground for barable ladies.

He was about to move on, but his instincts told him to wait. He drifted upward, not wanting to leave the area, though he didn’t know why. Several streets converged here around a massive, sculptured stone arch. There were pleny of passing pedestrians and also some people just enjoying the area. It was a beautiful place. What the Breeze wanted though was a beautiful woman, and he soon found one. She was very pretty in an every day sort of way. What attracted attention to her immediately were her breasts. Big and full, they were shown off in a tee shirt that clung to her. Below that was a pair of blue jeans that the Breeze could strip off with effort but first he wanted to see those tits. He wafted through her top carefully just to see what was underneath. Nothing! This would be great. Not long ago he had developed the trick of putting himself into a rapidly spinning ball to wind clothes tight. He wanted to try it again. He left her top and spun in place, building up speed until he was ready, then he struck at the front of her shirt. Her eyes popped open wide as her shirt spun around itself like a towel being wrung dry. As a result, the material there couldn’t cover her big, beautiful, sharply tan lined tits with their nice, big round softly pink nipples. The image was already burned into the memories of every man nearby. She stared at her own chest in wonder for a moment, then she threw her hands over her boobs and screamed. The Breeze was working his way into her pants as she was staring around at all the smiling faces. She was about to run, but she didn’t make it before her zipper was popped open. Her pants were burst downward, baring exceptional thighs and nice shocking pink panties. She sort of bounced in place in anxiety as the attention grew. Giving off lilting little yelps, she started to shuffle away, but she couldn’t take all the stares so she had to pull her jeans back up. This meant giving another real good look at her boobs. Once her jeans were back up, right as she was about to break into a run, the Breeze burst them back down again. “AAAAAAHH!!!” Her panties followed this time. Cheers and applause and laughter broke out all around as the crowd got sight of her dark triangle of bush and her ample but firm ass. Tan lines on both sides highlighted the forbidden beauty on display. Without being able to think her actions through, she even turned around to see how many people behind her were watching. She was completely dismayed to see how many there were. And now they had all gotten to see her bush! Everyone on the other side marveled at her excellent rear end before she tugged her panties back up (another tit flash!) and then her pants. This time the Breeze let her run, covering her bosom with her hands again.

The Breeze felt that he was now nearly at full power. He tested this on the next beautiful woman he saw. The area around this great stone arch was a goldmine for sexy ladies. This would make three in a row without even having to search for any, all he had to do was wait. No wonder his instincts guided him here. This one had on a red dress that caught an eye easily. Her figure was what kept people looking though. The only thing about it was that no one could really tell was if she had nice legs or not. Time to find out. The Breeze decided to test his power but lifting her dress off of her body all at once. With a sudden, unexpected gust, he swept upward, shooting her dress up her body. He wasn’t quite as strong as he thought. Her dress was inverted on her, baring her bra and panties as she struggled to push her dress back down. The Breeze was actually pleased at this failure. It presented a nice opportunity. He could easily keep her dress up despite her struggle and as he did so, he twisted around the hem of it, high above her head, tying it together so that, from the armpits up, she was trapped. As she thrashed about in her clothes, the Breeze went to work on her underwear. It was far too conservative for such a great body anyway. Nice round, not-quite-big tits were exposed for a grateful crowd as he snapped the back open and blew it upwards. She was screaming now and tearing harder at her dress but the Breeze wasn’t done. He forced her panties down her legs to mid calf. People shouted happily and there were some whistles as they took in the sight of her nice butt and her furry brown beaver. After half a minute or so of her humiliating circumstance, she got her dress loose and pushed it down. She stepped one foot out of her panties and rushed away, walking fast with an angry sort of pride on her face now that she was able to get away. The Breeze noted though that she was careful not to make any eye contact with anyone.

The Breeze swept around the arch, enjoying its curves but he really wanted curves of a more feminine sort. He was surprised that yet again, without having to leave his little hunting ground, he spotted another lady. No! Two of them! As he got closer, he couldn’t make up his mind if the curvy one he had spotted from a distance was his favorite, or if her slender friend was. Hm. It would be best to find out for sure. The slender one had on blue jeans and rather revealing halter top that she couldn’t possibly have a bra under. The more voluptuous one had on jean shorts and a light top. Where to go first? He swept up into the curvy brunette’s shirt to see what was under. As expected, she had on a bra, but at his current strength that shouldn’t pose a problem since he knew about it. Without leaving her top completely, he swept his flowing form around the other girl’s top as well. Then, once he was weaved into that clothing at all the necessary places, he struck with a sudden burst that tore apart the bra and lifted the top of the big titted girl (and what marvelous tits they were! What great nipples!) at the same time that the other girl’s top was torn completely open in front, baring her adorable little boobies. The girls both screamed and covered quickly. The slender blonde held her top together with an open mouthed expression of shock. The brunette pushed her top back down as she shyly looked around to see if anyone had gotten a look. They had. A handful of onlookers were now staring wide eyed. It had only been a glimpse, but it had been a good glimpse. The Breeze was ready for better look. He swirled around their waists and quickly popped open the front of their jeans and shorts. Both girls predictably had their hands trying to fix the broken zippers and buttons on their pants when the Breeze swept their tops away from their tits again. Another glimpse but a slightly longer one and very satisfying to both the Breeze and a group of happy men. The girls looked at each other, at a loss as they held their tops in place. It was evident that they would soon make a run for it, so the Breeze delayed that in the best way possible. With a strong burst, he dropped their pants down past their knees. The brunette’s pantied butt was big, round and beautiful. The little blonde was wearing a thong, so anyone behind her got a good look at her tight little round buns as she pulled her jeans back up. Before either girl could slip her pants all the way up though, the Breeze attacked their tops again. This time, he made certain to tear them completely off. Struck topless, the girls shrieked and threw their hands over their bared breasts. They started to shuffle off, but that was no good. So one arm each covered up (on the big bosom, a nipple peeked out from the crook of her arm) as they tugged up on their pants. The Breeze was looping around happily as he watched. Right as they were both about to hightail it, he dropped their pants again, but this time their panties also went along for the ride. Two hot butts, one big, one little were now accompanied by a pair of well trimmed bushes, one dark brown and the other, on the little blonde, was even darker. Funny. She had looked like she was a real blonde. The girls had to use the one arm technique on their upper bodies as they struggled for their panties, then their pants. Everyone was watching and commenting and offering unwanted compliments. The girls finally made their escape, running in public with not a stitch above the waist.

The Breeze had continued to follow that pair of girls but only shortly. Among the people the girls passed was another exceptionally lovely young lady. Her voluptuous appeal was evident immediately. As the Breeze got closer, he could see the charm of her gently pretty face as well. She laughed, as so many people did, at the sight of the two topless girls rushing by. She didn’t find it so funny however when her own dress was torn from her body all at once. She screamed loudly and everyone stared at her in her bra and a skimpy thong that showed off her nice big round butt. It was an comical sight, almost a dance, as she kept her hands moving around her body not certain what to cover. After a couple seconds, she realized that her beautiful booty was bared and she threw her hands behind her in a futile attempt to cover. Her hands, even with fingers spread wide, could do little to keep that excellent curve from the eyes of everyone around. With her arms down though, the Breeze had a great opportunity. He snapped her bra in the center as he burst it down her arms. She almost reacted too fast for his next trick. Almost. He cycloned himself tightly around that bra when it reached he wrists, binding them behind her so that her phenomenal jugs would stay exposed for everyone. The gratified sounds of the men around were a perfect counterpoint to her own shocked expression as she stared down at her own big tits. Then when it hit her that this had really happened, she stared around, open mouthed at everyone staring at her. A long, loud shriek of terror followed and then of course, she started to run. Bouncing (and I mean bouncing!) down the street, she caused a series of cheers, laughs and whistles that only became more intense when the Breeze burst her panties down her legs. Now, boobs and bush on display, she could only shuffle along as everyone got an eyeful. “Someone help me! I’m naked!”

Wandering around, the Breeze undrestood better why so many women were available here. Six streets converged on this point, all of them with shopping available. It was designed to accomodate foot traffic, so ladies out buying or even just window shopping would abound, especially on a nice day like this one. The weather was perfectly comfortable except for that one element, the Breeze himself. Here was another beautiful and bosomy woman who could provide entertainment. She strutted down the sidewalk, expensive dress and high heels, sunglasses that let her keep from making eye contact with any males who noticed her. She had a few bags with her, so it was obvious that she already had spent a good deal. With so many new clothes, she didnt really need what she was wearing did she? The Breeze slipped into the top of her outfit and wrapped himself around the straps of her dress and bra. For an appetizer, he slipped them all down without breaking them. Her incredible, broad nippled, tan lined knockers changed the unobstrusive glances around her into very direct, wide eyed stares. Her perfect hauteur was replaced by adorable shock. She dropped her bags and clapped her hands onto her tits. No one could see her eyes behind the shades, but her eyebrows were arched up and her mouth had a pretty ‘O’ of surprise. One arm across her breasts (but with a nipple peeking out) her other hand slipped one side of her bra and dress back up. Then her arms switched (and yes, the other nipple was bared again). She picked up her bags and her stride increased just noticeably. Once she felt like she was a few steps away from the men who had enjoyed her display, her demeanor returned to smugness. It wouldn’t last. The Breeze went in for another trick, lifting her skirt up in a great and lasting gust. Again, she turned to sweet embarrassment as she struggled to push it down. No one had gotten a glimpse of her underwear but her very toned legs were incredible. Keeping the upward wind going, the Breeze slipped his stream up through her dress as well and, with impeccable timing, reversed flow, slipping her dress down to a heap at her feet. Now she let out a very little screech as her black bra and thong were exposed on the street. She had a great, muscular body, just a little bit of body fat to enhance the curve of that rear and quite a bit in her bra, though remarkably, almost none on that very well defined belly. Several people burst out in laughter as she crouched down and struggled to get her dress back up. Once she had it on, she grabbed her bags, (losing one in her haste to get away) and stepped away quickly. The Breeze followed for a few blocks, allowing her start to feel safe again. Once her rushed footsteps became an easy stride again, he got ready for his final attack. She was waiting at a crosswalk as he slid gently into her dress but this time she noticed the unexpected coolness and recognized it. “Oh no! Not Again!” This brought the attention of several other people waiting for the sign to change. She held her arms tight around herself to keep her dress on and this made everyone think she might be just a bit unstable mentally. Then, instead of whipping up or down, her dress inflated a bit as the Breeze expanded. A sudden explosion outward tore away not only her dress, but the lingerie beneath it. “Wh-what? eEEeeeEE!!! I’m naked!” Everything was on display, her incredible physique from legs, to butt to lightly furred pussy to belly to back to those great hooters and a great tan except of course for the area of her bikini lines. She was panicked into moving too fast and that gave everyone a better show as she wriggled into one of the dresses from one of her bags. Until it was on she was bared to the public. Once it was on and she had breathed a sigh of desperate relief, the Breeze burst this second dress right off of her. Butt naked again in moments. “NO! NOOOOOO!” After a handful of seconds of a knock kneed, pigeon toed panic pose, she grabbed her shopping bags, used them as best as she could to cover her front and rushed into the nearest building.

The Breeze looped along looking for more. He kept up his searching spiral around the great stone arch and the surrounding streets. Then he found a trio of pretty young women who were all in very giggly good spirits. While he hated to ruin their day, he felt a duty to expose some more tits to the world. The three had lovely figures, neither voluptuous nor slender. A brunette with light long hair, a short haired blond and dark haired girl with a ponytail. With three quick and forceful loops, the Breeze lifted one top, then the next, then dropped the dark haired girl’s pants and panties. Tits! Tits! Pussy! And the shocked and happy stares from around were a great reward as the girls restored their modesty quickly. “What was that?” “I don’t know!” “Let’s get out of here!” So they picked up their pace but only got a few steps away before the Breeze struck again, this time going the opposite direction lifting two tops and this time dropping the bottoms of the light haired brunette. Again it was tits, tits and pussy in fast order. The girls shrieked with a panic of recognition now that it had happened again. The girls covered even quicker this time (though a real good glimpse was had by those around to see it). The three girls had more than an inkling that it would happen again and of course they were right. They had begun to trot this time as they crossed a street and went on their way. The moment they were past the curb it was time for the third stripping. This time the brunette’s tops both flipped up and the blonde had her pretty shaved beaver bared. “How is this happening?” “We’ve got to get inside!,” one of them suggested. So they ran into the nearest possible place, a restaurant.

Without any recognition of their odd panic, they were asked, “How many?”

“Uhm, three?” The girls weren’t hungry, but they didn’t dare step back out into that stripping wind. They were led along in between tables as the breeze slipped himself inside. There had been a time when the inside of a building might have protected the girls, but he had more than enough experience now at keeping up a small, steady circle to survive with no fear. He waited until the lovely trio was just about at the exact center of the room. Less than half the tables were full since it was between lunch and dinner, but there were still more than enough to comprise an embarrassing audience. This time the Breeze went after the tops first. Though it was harder to do indoors than out, in rapid succession, he managed to get all three girls topless; topless and shrieking in surprised embarrassment as plates and silverware clattered all around in the excitement. The diners got a good look at each pair, if only quick ones. The shocked young women had their boobs covered as they blushed and tried to decide what to do next. They took a moment too long as three pairs of shorts were dropped to their ankles. Two pairs of pretty panties and one very revealing thong were right out in the open. “It’s happening again!” “What do we do?” “Everyone’s looking!” The girls hadn’t wanted to move their hands from their breasts, but the Breeze wanted more upper exposure. Easy to get. He simply dropped the underwear. The loud triple scream was a siren song, not that the sound was needed to attract anyone’s attention. The girls could ignore their exposed undergarments, but now everyone could see their beautiful young beavers. As one, the girls reached down and struggled to get their panties back up, boobies back in everyone’s view now that their hands were busy elsewhere. Feeling the need to escape now, the girls also slid their shorts back up so the six spectacular tits were still on display until their bottoms were well covered. As the girls covered their boobies again, they couldn’t help staring around at their admirers with wonderful looks of terror and disgust. The Breeze of course had been looping around happily, just waiting to strike again. The moment the girls seemed to have come to a collective decision about which way to run, the Breeze dropped their pants and panties again! “NO!” “AyAAH!” “MnnM!” Again there was a desperate scramble to fix their bottomlessness. The Breeze, with his expert skill, had separated the underwear from the clothes on the way down so it took two separate pull ups to get covered again. The girls started runing again toward the door. The ladies room would have been a better idea, but they were just too panicked to think of it. They only made it a little way before they were stripped bare pussy naked a third time. By now the crowd was cheering and whistling and applauding and laughing as the girls got covered again. A fourth time the pants and panties dropped. The crowd got louder, so to escape, the stupefied young ladies shuffled along, covering boobs with one arm each and beaver with one hand. As the three pretty young butts scurried as fast as their bound ankles would allow, a waiter shouted, “Sorry to have you leave, but we do have a dress code!” If their hands hadn’t been so busy, they would have flipped him off.

Once they were out the door, they realized that they were no more protected outside. The people on the sidewalk were stunned to see them emerge in their nakedness. So it was that the girls had to pull up their bottoms again only to have them torn away completely. Stripped fully nude now, the girls huddled together for several seconds for protection, then broke into a naked run, dodging around the gratified spectators.

It was soon after that the Breeze spotted his next subject, and still in the same area. She was tall, with hair that seemed not to be blonde or brunette, but exactly in between. She was wearing a dress that buttoned up all the way from the top to the hem. Thinking for a moment about the best way to go about removing it, he was struck with an interesting idea. It was time to get creative again. He started simply enough. He swirled her dress up a bit, Seven Year Itch style, to give everyone a good look at those long, curvaceous legs along with some good peeks at the white panties she was wearing. She tried to force her dress down, but succeeded only making the spectacle an enjoyable little struggle. Then he stopped. He had a good idea about how she would move when he did it again. This was important because this next trick would take the timing and skill. Even for him this would be unlikely but he wanted it so bad. He started her skirt flying again, and again, predictably, she pushed down at it, her hands right where he wanted them. Several buttons tore away from the bottom of her dress, causing it to part. Before she even knew that had happened, the Breeze had carried the corners of her dress around her wrists where, with great speed in very tight circles, he had them tied around her wrists. Her dress stopped blowing but when she relaxed her arms, the front of her dress opened just enough to give a very slight panty peek. “Oh!” Seeing the way her dress had become impossibly entangled, she tried to loosen it but the Breeze had done such a good job of it that she had trouble just finding where to start. With a sudden downward burst, the Breeze dropped the top of her dress, revealing a pair of exceptional, bra-less knockers. She had been supremely irritated before. Now she was stunned into wide eyed silence as gawkers got a good look at her tits. Her hands shot to her chest to cover as she turned bright red. With her hands up and her dress tied to them, her panties came completely into view, so, of course, the Breeze burst her panties to her ankles. A couple loud cheers accompanied the sudden exposure of the black bush that revealed that her rare hair color was a dye job. A high pitched scream sounded, then the lady’s hands shot down to cover her beaver, leaving her boobs bare again. “Don’t look! Stop looking at me!! AAAH!!” Keeping one hand over her bush, her other hand struggled to replace the top of her dress. Once that was done, right as she was about to reach for her misplaced panties, the Breeze dropped her top again. A shrill yelp and her hands covered her breasts again. That gave the now growing audience a real good look at the very dark fur she had below. Looking down at the exposure that she just remembered, she shrieked in panic. She put one hand below and stared bewildered at the smiles that surrounded her. “No, oh no! How is this happening?” She crouched down for cover now as she replaced her top and then grabbed her panties, sliding them up her legs as she rose. Catching her breath now, she started walking away quickly. Again, the Breeze had her outmaneuvered. After just a few footsteps, he started raising her dress again. To avoid the trouble, she started running. There was no way to outpace the Breeze though, so as soon as she was in position, he struck again. Under an ornate shop sign, the Breeze blasted with great force to carry her dress up and almost off of her. Almost. It stayed wrapped around her wrists and this forced her arms up for a moment. The dress looped around that sign tightly. She was stuck, shackled by her own dress, arms up, stripped to her panties on a public street. She pulled frantically to get her arms down but to no avail. With a great many eyes on her bare tits, she suddenly stared around and screamed. Then she pulled hard but with no greater effect. Then she screamed again. It was wonderful, but not complete. The Breeze finished this display by blowing her panties down to give any onlooker a complete view of her naked body.

How much fun can one little bit of wind have? As he swirled around, he eventually spotted another beautiful young woman in an amazing outfit. It was designed both by color and exposure to attract a lot of attention and it certainly got the Breeze’s. Her top was bright yellow and though it allowed no cleavage, it covered none of her spectacular stomach. She also had on a blue miniskirt that left very little to the imagination. Her lovely, lithe legs were on display and the skirt was tight enough that the curves of her hips and butt were amplified by the bright color. Small as it was, the Breeze didn’t think it was revealing enough. Rather than strip it away right off, he decided to perform his spin trick. Tightening himself into a ball of circling speed, he swept down and held that spin right in the center of her top. In a blur, the front of her top was twisted around itself so that it covered very little. He had also gripped the bra underneath. The force of the spin snapped it in back and it was wrapped around her top in that impossible knot. So it was that her beautiful medium tits were exposed. Great, perfectly placed nipples, but what struck one the most looking at that pretty pair was the incredible, almost unbelievable firmness of them. Speaking of unbelievable, the young lady stared down at her ruined top with wide eyes, wondering if this had really happened. The discomfort of it told the truth though, her shirt and bra were reduced to a strap of cloth above her boobs. Everyone could see her boobs! The sudden shock of this prompted three notes of musical squeals as she clasped her hands on her boobs. In an awkward pose of embarrassment, she looked around at everyone who was staring at her. Again she screamed and started trotting away. As she rushed, she tried to unravel her top which slowed her down enough for everyone to get a good look at her attributes and comment. “Whoa! Check her out!” “Nice tits!” “Hey, bounce this way!” This quickened her pace a bit but only until the Breeze spun at the front of her skirt. He continued his spin as he circled her waist making the whole thing into a bright blue belt rather than a bright blue miniskirt. Having her panties exposed gave the girl another sudden shock of uneasiness but it wasn’t nearly as bad as having her tits on display so she kept working at her top. She was about to make some progress but the Breeze spun at the back of her panties. This twisted the back of them around, revealing her cheeks (quite impressive cheeks!) before he tugged upward, wedgieing it so that her pert butt was totally bared. To say that the twisted panties were uncomfortable was putting it mildly. That and the shock of another forbidden bit of skin being bared made the poor girl stop in place for several moments, one hand trying to cover her boobs (missing both nipples slightly in her panic) and the other across her butt. She just didn’t know what to do until she spotted a taxi. “TAXI! Stop!! Stop! NO! Stop! Get back here!” Too late to hail that one and her boobs and butt were still being ogled by so many strangers. She rushed down the street, hoping to get a cab but the Breeze wasn’t done spinning her clothes. This time he went after the front of her panties. He twisted and lifted them causing a frontal wedgie. A bit of pubic hair peeped out around the now narrow front of the underwear but what everyone really stared at were the very smooth lips that concealed the little strip of fabric. Now, doing a sort of bouncing dance of distress, she pulled at her panties to free them from her pussy. There wasn’t much width to the material now so she was a several moments placing it as well as she could up front. Just when she finished, she spotted another taxi and almost stepped in front of it. She was in the back of it quickly and the cabbie, too bewildered to be happy just yet, gawked at her as he asked, “Wh-where to lady?”

“Anywhere! Just get me out of here!”

How long could this last? Long enough for a great string of pranks on five women walking down one sidewalk. They weren’t all together so at first the Breeze, with much chagrin, thought that he would have to choose just one of these five lovelies. But he wouldn’t be the Breeze we all know and love if he didn’t at least try. Sweeping along quickly, he lifted one skirt, then another a few feet away. Spectacular legs! And with the two sudden yelps at the exposure, people stopped their mindless marching on just in time to see the third pretty lady get her top blown up high enough to reveal her bra. Not good enough. The Breeze, immediately upon seeing the undergarment, popped it and carried it up too. Bare tits right there in public. Another top was lifted with nothing below it and a last had her top and bra lifted. Two breezy skirts and three tit shots had everyone’s attention now. The Breeze doubled back and was pleased that none of the women had yet made her escape. None of them realized that this sudden unexplainable wind was going to keep at them. To make certain they would stay close, he went after clothing below the waist this time. A pair of slacks dropped (tight little white panties!). A pair of jeans popped open and dropped (a thong! Nice ass!). A pair of shorts slid down (yellow panties!). A skirt dropped (Another thong and what a nice big round butt!). The last skirt didn’t just drop, the Breeze tore it away while the flabbergasted woman was still staring at the rest of the falling clothing. She screamed as everyone could now see what she was wearing underneath. Nothing! She clasped a hand over her bush. The Breeze was carrying her skirt back toward the other women and she followed it dutifully, bare ass charging around the onlookers and the other poor ladies all of whom were pulling back up their bottoms. As the skirt chaser got past the last of the women, the Breeze promptly switched directions, compelling her to race back the way she came. The purloined skirt followed his path as he quickly redepantsed one woman, then another this time taking down underwear as well. Squawks were becoming screams now as the Breeze ripped the top and bra of the next lady and carried them along as well. She gave a startled shout at her toplessness before she started giving chase to her flying clothes. Now there was one bottomless woman and one topless rushing around the sidewalk in a panic. The Breeze raced around the last woman in line slowing enough for her to grab the stolen clothes. “Thank you!!,” both of the half naked women shouted. Then their savior’s skirt and the panties underneath burst away. People started laughing at the humor as one woman chased her escaping clothes, still holding onto a skirt and shirt that didn’t belong to her. This meant that the other two women had to follow her screaming in rage as they chased one of their fellow stripping victims. Of course the Breeze made certain that they ran past the other two women and in the process he took another top and a pair of pants. He didn’t have the time to get the panties that were exposed by that last rip but now the chase for the flying clothing was more frantic with all five women screaming and running and bouncing. Turning back around, keeping the clothes just out of reach, the Breeze snagged the cowboy hat off a spectator. Just the thing for a round up like this. It was the first time he had ever made his presence that apparent. The flying cowboy hat trailed behind it the clothes he had torn off the women. Right on cue, a little girl fight started. “Give me back my top you idiot!” “And my skirt!” In that moment, the only woman to have caught anything realized that she was still carrying the other women’s clothing. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” but even as she said this, she suddenly placed one item in front of her pussy and one over her butt. Two women ran in a wide circle around the other three who were now engaged in a comical tug of war over the protection they all wanted. The Breeze threw what he was carrying high up in order to steal more clothes. As two women looked up with eager eyes as they saw their clothes coming back down, the Breeze took his chance to rip more from them. Shrieks of humiliated panic sounded as the Breeze, now at his strongest, promptly had them both stripped to their panties. They covered their tits (though everyone had gotten a good glimpse) as the clothes hit the ground. Now the panty bare pair ran a crouching chase after the shredded clothes. The Breeze’s cowboy hat was low to the ground now as the stolen clothing was dragged along the sidewalk behind him in a circle around the other women. This went on for only two seconds (two seconds of the panty pair having to constantly reach for the clothes and give good titty peeks) until the other women noticed the clohtes on the ground following the hat. The garments they were fighting over were torn worse than before, so these relatively intact items looked appealing. The clothes on the ground found the wrong hands and what had been a three way struggle for clothing became a five woman free for all as clothes were grabbed and pulled away from each other. The Breeze lent a hand anywhere he had to see to it that the girls would keep on feuding without any of them getting enough cover to run away. As he did that, he also of course carried away what was left, one item at a time. Blouse! Shorts! Bra! Panties! Panties! Shirt! Panties! Bra! With that, it was all gone. The Breeze, and a gathering crowd of amazed males, had been loving the struggle for all the torn clothes. It was time for it to end though, the Breeze decided. With a powerful, swirling updraft every bit of the torn clothing was pulled away from the women and carried up and away. With forlorn stares, the sexy septet stared after it all.

With the overwhelming distraction of their struggle ended, the full import of this debacle hit home. Looking down at herself, one woman shrieked, “I’m naked! I’m naked!”

“We’re all naked!!,” another woman shouted. Then there was a scream from them all, a wonderful, shrill chorus of embarrassment as they all tried to cover their naked bodies. Two covered their tits, two covered their pussies and one, oddly enough, threw her hands over her butt leaving her entire front on display. Then they all scattered, running away from each other and especially the lecherous crowd around them. As they rushed away, the Breeze returned the cowboy hat to its rightful owner. After seeing all of that windy magic, it didn’t surprise the man at all to hear the Breeze’s usually inaudible voice whisper in his ear, “Thanks, pardner!” With a smile, the cowboy answered, “Anytime!”

A great ending to his pranks for the day, except… he wasn’t done. His power wasn’t fading at all. If anything, he was a bit stronger than before his round up. What could be left though? He swept around for more than an hour without finding a reasonable target for his craft, but anytime he started to drift away, he felt the pull of instinct that kept him in place. Curious and more than a little bored from circling the area, he got close to ground level when he spotted a news crew setting up. Now here was an opportunity! The lovely young lady who was to deliver the report definitely deserved his attention. The Breeze wanted to wait for the camera and he was glad he did when he overheard the crew mention that it would be a live report. The Breeze swirled gently around the sweet looking dark haired reporter. She was maybe twenty eight, asian or at least mostly so. Every feature of her was elegant. Would that be true of what lay underneath those television worthy clothes? Once it was set up and rolling the Breeze listened for a while. She told the audience who she was and where she was reporting from. The Breeze really perked up with the next words, “...where several incidents of public nudity have occured over the course of a few hours. The mystery involving them is that several eye witnesses swear that the exposure was always caused by freak winds.” He was famous! He had never really concerned himself about getting any credit for his work but it was more than welcome. Of course most people hearing the report, and indeed, from the tone in her voice the reporter herself, would never believe it. It seemed that he would just have to prove it. Just as she started to compare today’s strippings to a series of strange incidents reported from a school not long ago, the Breeze struck. He had carefully wound himself into her clothing for maximum power and control. He was surprised at how professionally she disregarded the sensation of having a bit of wind move with slow deliberation through her wardrobe but that detachment was about to come to a quick end. Her skirt blew upward for a moment just to give her and the audience warning of what was about to happen. “What in the world!” When her blouse and bra burst open, she squawked and covered with remarkable reflexes. In the very next instant everything below her waist, skirt, panty hose and panties all were carried past her knees. Her squawk became a shriek as she reached down for them but this only allowed the Breeze to force her upper clothing down her arms. A rapid cyclone had her arms pinned behind her so there she stood, full frontal naked with her amazing boobs and very well trimmed black bush on display. She was, in fact, as elegant all over as the Breeze had hoped, poetically curved and now everyone knew it. “Stop the camera! Stop it!” The feed died, but the Breeze was happy having given this extraordinary moment to everyone watching at home.

Still, his time wasn’t finished. He could feel the pull of duty as he swept himself away faster than he had ever traveled before. He homed in with his umbelievable speed on the television studio where the news broadcast was taking place. The Breeze saw right away the object of his hasty travel. The anchorwoman was amazing. This channel’s news must be very popular among men. She was beautiful and she was busty. Her clothes, though very professional, didn’t hide that. The Breeze spun in place happily at the thought of what he was about to do. There was still a bit of disorder after his prank on the lovely street reporter. The Breeze could see frantic movement behind the cameras and the anchorwoman responded to something spoken in her ear piece. “About the earlier incident folks, I’m now receiving word--” She didn’t get to finish. Just as she was about to mention the stripping of her colleague, her own clothes were burst. The Breeze tore her top and bra open wide putting on display a great set of bouncy jugs that would be the news highlight of the year. She didn’t quite scream. She made some odd sounds of discomfort as she tried to pull her top together. Exactly what the Breeze wanted. He had torn away the edges of it so that it couldn’t be used as effective cover. Her nipples just barely showed despite her efforts at concealment. The camera man really should have stopped filming her, but his immediate male instinct kept him from thinking straight, so not only was he still focused on her, he followed her as she got up and tried to rush from the studio. At the perfect moment, the Breeze swirled down into the woman’s pants, taking everything down so that the viewers got to see her voluptuous butt. The unfortunate newscaster, who no one would ever take seriously again, did a sort of twirling trip in her attempt to pull her pants back up while moving. So she ended up falling on that beautiful butt. Her face was pure dread as she saw that the camera was still filming her, big bare boobs and thick brown bush out in the open. It lasted only half a second, then her shriek of rage was cut off for the viewers, replaced by a notice claiming “Technical Difficulties”

The Breeze could sense the change even as it happened, so he let her go on her denuded way. He slipped out of the building as quickly as he entered, feeling, at last, the end of his time. He faded to a gust. This lean time would be entertained by remembrances of the day’s strippings, particularly the last two, as they would be reviewed so heavily after the fact. Some people thought it was a bizarre publicity stunt. No matter how many times the footage was watched and slowed down, both by professional and any lucky amateur who had a recording or got one off the internet, no rational explanation could be seen for the rended clothes. No wires, no tricks of any kind. I did truly appear as though the wind were ripping at the women’s attire. Knowing this brought a gleam to the Breeze’s insubstantial form.

**07 A Country Breeze**

The Breeze flowed over fields and down dirt roads, feeling his strength return. He started twirling in anticipation of the beginning of his next adventure as his mystical instincts drove him onward. He was a long distance from any real city, but not entirely removed from civilization. Flying high he could spot a small town and several farms and country homes around. The closer he came to that rustic little town, the stronger he felt and he knew that this was his next playground.

His first victim he saw walking alongside a dirt road a little ways outside of town. She was the perfect example of a sexy country girl. Brown hair, somewhat dark under a worn cowboy hat. Cut off jean shorts and a small top that tied in front. Very revealing. The kind of picture that you would expect to see in a poster but never in reality. It was this rare sight that had drawn the Breeze here in the first place. Of course he knew there would be others as well. For a moment the Breeze thought his gesture would be wasted. No one else was near. Then he spotted the jeep with a handful of other happy young country youths. When they got near her, the driver shouted, “Need a ride Jenny?” With an expectant smile, she stepped toward the waiting chariot but it was at that moment that the Breeze swept on her and untied the front of that top. In that instant, her firm round boobs burst into view changing every happy face to an expression of shock. For Jenny herself, that shock remained as she clutched her top back over ther breasts and turned around. The two young men started smiling wider than before. The girl that was in the jeep was also grinning at the entertainment of seeing Jenny embarrassed like that. After a couple moments of struggling with her top, Jenny turned back around, blushing deeply. She didn’t say anything and she felt grateful that no one else did either. Then the Breeze burst her top back open again. It had been tied much tighter than before, but he still found it easy to bare those wonder tits again. The Breeze, and the two happy fellows staring, noted that her lovely tan didn’t end at all. Her tits were tan all over. She stepped back, boobs in her hands and almost asked them to leave her there. Before she could get that out, the Breeze determined to find out if she tanned topless or nude. As he had been in other recent adventures, he started out so strong that removing clothing, even tight denim shorts, was entirely possible, if not exactly easy. With a woosh, her shorts dropped to her knees. Her plain panties didn’t reveal much, but were still a wonderful sight. Jenny stared down, unable to get her shorts since she was still covering her boobs with her hands. Her knees came together awkwardly. Wide eyes were staring as her one arm carefully covered both breasts. Her other hand started bringing her top back together as she waddled in place, trying to get turned around. Before she could make it far at all, the Breeze snapped her panties completely off of her. She did have a tan line! A nice bikini line within which was a nice brown bush. It was shaped to fit in that bikini but was otherwise very thick and full. She screamed and spun. Her back to her friends now, they were staring at that wonderful firm butt with the bright white tan line surrounded by her otherwise sun kissed skin. It wasn’t a thong that she wore when she tanned, but it certainly couldn’t cover very much. Jenny reached down to get her shorts back up giving a great bend over shot. Once she had them up and her top together, she seemed completely uncertain what to do. She (and the frantically pleased males) waited for the next impossible baring, but it didn’t happen. The Breeze wanted more from her but he circled above, waiting for a more public setting. Besides that he wanted to see the other girl, quite cute and well built in a slender sort of way, disembark from the jeep.

Down the dirt road, the Breeze followed them until they were in the limits of the town. Before they got where they were going, the jeep parked at the side of the main street and everyone got out. The Breeze decided that he loved this other girl as well. She had a pretty, light skinned blonde look. Almost angelic in her blue dress which was much, much more modest than the revealing outfit Jenny had on. Speaking of that outfit, it drew the derisive sneer from an old woman walking by who clearly disapproved. She was the only one who didn’t appreciate it though. The two young men liked it well enough to steal looks and so did a couple other men around. Time to act then. The Breeze had popped that top twice and he knew it would be easy to do it again. He waited until everyone was looking, then, pop! Her tits were back out in public view! She didn’t make any sound, though her jaw dropped as her hands fumbled to cover herself and gather her top. Her blonde friend was laughing out loud now, so the Breeze decided it was her turn. He swept up under that dress and blew hard. Sexy legs and light blue panties showed while she fought to press her clothes back down. The dress kept breezing though. It flew and ripped until it was off her, leaving her in bra and panties, shrieking at her predicament. The dress found it’s way into the hands of the jeep’s driver. Jenny chided her while trying to tie the top back up, “Not so funny now is it?” Then the top popped back open again. The little blonde ignored that though having her own problem. “Give me my dress!”

He was happy to hand it to her as he looked her over. Once it was in her hands though, the Breeze attacked her underwear. Her panties gusted down (Pretty little ass!!!) and her bra popped. She had the dress clutched over her front before any of that was revealed though.

Jenny seemed to realize that this was getting worse, but before she could run, the Breeze forced her shorts down her legs. Her gorgeous ass and brown bush were now public entertainment as the men around, men she knew!, stared openly. Her top was torn away an instant later. The Breeze returned to the other girl and snnatched away the dress and the broken bra under it. Bare boobies and light blonde beaver were exposed! The girls were both screaming as they piled back into the jeep demanding to be taken away. For a moment, it seemed uncertain whether or not that would happen, then the jeep driver realized that he had two naked girls in there, so he got in fast and took off.

The Breeze looped around happily. What a beginning! He swept through the small town and found a sexy lady at the post office. She had a large box in her hands that prevented anyone from enjoying what had to be a rather full set of boobies. Everything else was wonderful. She was blonde and a somewhat big woman. Not unattractively though. She just had very ample curves to her body. Before she could get inside, the Breeze swept up to her legs, nice legs even if they were that thick, and curled around them, preparing to burst upward. She had on a loose skirt and this would be a great sight for the guy walking out of the post office. Just as he was about to say hello, the Breeze shot upward and the lady’s panty clad lower body met his surprised eyes. Wide hipped and very rounded, she was about to fight the lifted skirt but the Breeze let it drop. Whatever was in that box, she didn’t want to damage it. She still held on to it. The Breeze wondered if he could get her to. She breathed in hard and was about to actually laugh good naturedly, but suddenly an impossible wind shot her panties down her legs, around her knees. The man in front of her stared down at that in shock, then his eyes wandered up, hoping for another updraft. He got his wish of course! There was a nice, full, light brown bush! She screamed and suddenly crouched. In that position, she set her box down and held her skirt down. The Breeze left her alone a second time, so she stood back up, carefully taking her panties back up as she did so. She looked around nervously. Was there anyone else who had seen her? Yes. She slumped a bit when she saw the two pairs of happy male eyes behind her that had taken in the sight of her nice, big, bare ass. With an almost genuine sound to his voice, the gentleman in front of her said, “I’m so sorry that happened. Let me get the door for you.” It was the least he could do after the entertainment she had given him. In a hurry to get inside, she picked up her package and was about to dart forward, but she was half a moment too late. She squawked in disbelieving embarrassment as her dress flew again. For a fraction of a moment her panties were displayed as she stalled in confusion. Then, amazingly, her skirt and her panties both tore away from her body in that wind, leaving her bottomless! “Oh my god!” She lowered the parcel to cover her front side. He couldn’t help staring, or being so amazed by that sexy sight that he let go of the door. Behind her she could hear happy commentary on her posterior. She spun to shout an insult at them, not realizing until she did so that she was putting her ass on display to someone closer. She still had the package in her hands though! The Breeze, despite the entertainment, would feel defeated if he couldn’t embarrass her enough to drop it. With speed and determination, he swept into her top. She could feel it, but not in time to save herself. Just as her skirt and panties had done, her top and bra tore away. Her tits were a real pair of nice, wide set, big nippled jugs. Public jugs now. She screamed louder than she had before and raised the box to cover her breasts. This of course let her beaver be bared again, bringing laughter to the two men watching her. She spun again to see the other man had been staring at her butt but was now treated to the furry front side again. She lowered the box to cover her beaver, too panicked to realize the folly of that. The wide eyed stare that met her big tits brought her to her senses. She shrieked again as the full embarrassment of her public stripping hit her. The box hit the ground and her arms flew to cover herself, one across her tits, the other over her muff. The Breeze rejoiced at her victory as he (and three other happy viewers) watched her trot to her back to her car.

After that, the Breeze drifted along happily and lazily until he felt the pull of another fateful moment. This place had to have an abnormally high percentage of attractive females and they were out and about on this beautiful day. A plethora of country beauties to be targeted for the ultimate nature sport. Before long, the Breeze found himself flowing toward a slender lovely with very light, very long brown hair. She seemed to be a in a very happy mood. That wouldn’t last. The Breeze swept up under her feet and into her dress. It billowed out momentarily before flowing up, not in his exaggerated fashion, but still more than enough to let a handful of men see her perfect calves and quite a bit of sexy thigh as well. She was a little taken aback. She blushed ever so slightly, but she wasn’t concerned by it. The Breeze had done this only to get the attention of the males around. Not more than ten feet from that first little updraft was a flagpole. Once the unfortunate lady was near enough to it, the Breeze pulled a delightfully juvenile prank. Her dress was swept again, but this time the corner of it wrapped tightly around the rope on that flagpole. The next moment took two separate and difficutl movements that the Breeze was very proud of. The flagpole rope shot upward at the same time that he popped her dress so that it would tear away easily. Her dress and the bra under it were off of her body and were tangled in a rope that sent them high up, flying like a flag. “What! How? OH MY GOD!” She suddenly realized her pretty tits were all that existed for several wide eyes. She screamed and threw her arms over them. She pulled desperately at the rope to get her clothes back and they descended slowly. It was terrible for her. Try as she might, it was impossible, even one handed, to bring her dress and bra back down without giving some titty peeks to the men who refused to stop staring at her. In fact they had gotten closer, in an approximate circle to watch her struggle. After what seemed like forever to her, her dress was almost within reach. If it weren’t being flowed upward by the Breeze, it would be there. Then, before she could get a good grip on it, her dress shot down in a sudden, inexplicable downdraft and at the Breeze’s careful direction, the very corner of it snagged around the side of her panties. It was a moment frozen in time. She could tell with sinking heart what was about to happen but since, in reality, it happened so fast, she was unable to stop it. Her dress, still on that rope, shot back up and her panties, though no one could tell how, tore right off and flew at the end it. It was a wonderful moment for her smiling audience. On one side her pretty little buns were bared. On the other it was her oh so light brown beaver. She didn’t even scream. She just grabbed the rope with both hands and pulled with all her might. It was useless now. The Breeze had knotted the rope so that it wouldn’t come back down, so there she was, stark naked in public with her stolen clothes flying up high on the flagpole. After several seconds, she realized that she couldn’t get her clothes back and finally did scream. Arms across her breasts again, she took off running as laughter and hoots rang out behind her.

Next the Breeze found a pretty blonde in a tank top and blue jeans. She wasn’t voluptous but her clothes still showed off a remarkable body. Only one man was around to see her, but it was still worth the effort. The Breeze swept down to her, timing it so that he knew she was being watched out of the corner of the man’s eye. The Breeze quickly snapped her top at both shoulders. It dropped, giving a momentary view of beautiful nipples. “What the hell! Hey, turn around Derrick!” So she knew him! That made it better. Derrick wasn’t sure if he should follow her angry advice or not. The blonde, while holding her top in place in front, examined the broken cloth a bit as though she expected to see how it had happened. The Breeze took that moment as an opportunity to weave his way into her pants. “Huhn?” She looked down at herself, feeling the odd coolness, then her zipper burst apart and her jeans were shot down to her knees. “AAAAH!” White panties met Derrick’s approving eyes. He couldn’t help smiling and staring as she struggled to get her jeans back up, letting her top slip once in the process. Once she had her pants back up and found that they could not be zipped back up again, she looked furiously at him, “Are you doing this somehow?”

“What?,” Derrick said, revealing both innocence (of a sort) and confusion. “How?”

Then her top was blown upwards with more force than her hands could hold on to. In fact her arms were pulled up with it until it was off of her. She had almost lost her balance while her nice, pert boobies came into full view. She gasped and threw her arms over her chest before running around the corner. She needed shelter so, without thinking it through, she rushed through the first door she could, right into the local diner. The surprise, and for the men the delight, was quite vocal. “What’s going on?” “Is that Cindy Lou?” “Wow!” “Girl what are you doing?”

Cindy wasn’t sure if it was better to look for help here or run back out. There was some animosity coming from a few women who didn’t seem to realize that the poor girl needed help. So, she ran back outside. Derrick was there, just ambling along happily, delighted to see the topless Cindy Lou again. She turned from him to run the other way but a couple people were there. She looked across the street, and seeing no one, was about to run, but the Breeze kept her from it by bursting her broken jeans down to her ankles. With a short scream, she bent back down to get them, letting go of her breasts, much to the delight of everyone who could see them. Everyone in the diner got a great view of her pantied butt bending over. With her jeans back up, she sprinted across the street. Once there, the Breeze, who had matched pace with her, struck again. By now everyone outside was staring at her and a few of the diners had come out to see what would happen next. The seams along the sides of her jeans tore apart all the way down to mid calf. The opposite sides fell down so that her lower half was peeled like a banana. “OH NO!” She had to let her pretty boobies go again as she tried to collect her severed pants. she had the front in hand when the Breeze relieved her of her panties. With her loudest, but briefest scream yet, Cindy Lou threw one hand over her bared butt and gawked at everyone staring at her a moment or two before she had the sense to gather up the rest of her pants. The Breeze finally let her be so that he could watch the wonderful sight of the poor girl rushing away using both hands to keep her pants at her waist. Her lovely bare boobies bounced away.

The Breeze’s day settled down for just a little while but then he spotted a woman, a pretty, pretty light brunette in her late twenties, getting out of a red pickup. Her sweet and almost fancy dress seemed to clash with the vehicle she was stepping out of, so the Breeze set out to rectify that, using the truck itself as his instrument. She got out of the passenger side and as she shut the door, the Breeze blew the edge of her dress into the door. She said something hurriedly to the man who dropped her off, then, as she turned, the truck started away. Ordinarily the physics of a dress being torn off by a speeding car are extrememly unlikely but with the Breeze slipped into the seams of that dress, the necessary rips were assured. The tearing of her dress was loud, but her scream was louder as she was bared, totally naked!!, to the town. The Breeze hadn’t been paying any attention to what was under that so he was as amazed as everyone else (a little over ten people) at what was, or rather wasn’t, under her dress. How could a respectable country woman like that wear nothing under her clothes? Still, there she was, bare pussy naked for everyone’s enjoyment. Her hands were clenched across her tits, but a glimpse had been gotten by many since she screamed a moment before covering. Her beautiful brown bush was right out there still. The pickup had come to a tire screeching halt and the driver was staring over his shoulder at her, as pleasantly dumbfounded as anyone. With the shock worn off, she switched from panic to anger as her delightfully cute face tried to look threatening. She stormed to the pickup (and what a nice full, round ass on that body!) and opened the door, pulling her torn dress out to use as cover. She covered her frontside right away and quickly wrapped it around herself to cover her rear end as well. With remarkable pride, she was cussing out the now shame faced pickup driver as she got in the seat. The Breeze watched her drive away wishing he had reacted fast enough to carry he dress away a second time.

As fun as that had been, it had been all too brief. The Breeze vowed that his next stripping would take a bit longer. Not a problem at all when he saw the next sexy girls. These two made it evident that he was in a small town. Both were young and pretty with bodies that could be described as very, very appealingly corn fed. One was in blue jeans and a tank top, her dark hair braided in back. Her friend was even more countrified. She also wore denim, but cut off shorts on her. Her top was a blue and black flannel with the sleeves cut short and left frayed. She was also a brunette but not as dark. Short haired with a cowboy hat on. The Breeze swept to them and softly touched each one on a cheek, a little windy kiss in thanks for the show he knew he was about to get. The girls had three friends, all male surrounding them and there were a handful of others near enough to stop and enjoy once it got started. For starters he swept to the tank top and fluttered under it. That caused a ripple that got attention. Under that shirt he was happy to find that there was no bra. So it was obviously his duty to blow that top up and give everyone a look. She had nice tits, a bit above medium sized with that foward roundness that made them seem so desperate to attract attention to the dark pink, faded edged nipples. All of that detail was taken in completely by every man who caught sight even though they had only a moment to see it all before she clapped her hands to her tits and shrieked. Open mouthed, she looked around and then took it in good spirits. She laughed, albeit nervously, which allowed others to do the same. She wouldn’t let go of that delectable bosom, so her friend helped her with it, sliding her top down. That act of good samaritanism should not have been punished but the Breeze felt that his course was set so with only a little guilt, he swept into the flannel top and popped it open. Her bra was all that could be seen as the buttons flew. “Oh!” She clutched her top together. The other girl was now able to let her own top down without sacrificing any modesty. There was a moment of wonder before one girl said, “What’s happening? Is the wind doing this?” In response, the Breeze, who had carefully positioned himself, snapped both shoulder straps of the tank top and down it came. There were those remarkably beautiful pink capped boobs again accompanied by a beautiful little scream of embarrassment. Again, the look at those tits was brief before she had them in her own hands. The Breeze knew a runner when he saw one, and he wasn’t going to let that happen. The instant after he hand knocked her top down, he had made his way into the front of her pants. They popped open, the button and zipper broken so that they couldn’t be fastened again. Of course in the very next split second, they were blown down her legs. It was a wonderful sight. From her feet on up it was cowboy boots, jeans peeled to her knees, sexy thighs, sky blue panties, torn top around her waist, her own hands on her fabulous tits and then that oh so pretty face with a look of terrible shock. Her friend had a similar expression, though less extreme. The Breeze set about changing that. She felt the odd wind flow into her top but before she could really make sense of it, her shirt was torn to shreds, flying away from her. She still wasn’t as panicked as the other girl who was too amazed that her friend who could do nothin but hold her own boobs. The bra girl shouted, “We’ve got to get out of here!” That was about to get harder since her shorts were popped opend and burst all the way down her legs. Immediately she bent down to pull them up. Once she was adjusting them at her waist, the Breeze struck again. It took good timing but he popped her bra at the front and blasted it down her arms while her hands were at the back of her waist. She might have thrown her arms over her exceptional bouncy boobs but the Breeze with his amazing speed cycloned the bra where it was. Her hands were tied up behind her back. “NO! NOOO!” She tried to get moving but the breeze slipped her shorts back down so that all she could do was shuffle away. The movement made her pretty boobies jiggle so well too! Her little stand up pink nipples highlighted that perfect bounce for everyone. And everyone was looking. The other girl had her top up, held to her boobs with one hand while her other worked her pants back up. Before she could get them up, the Breeze blasted her panties away. This time she didn’t just scream. She shrieked. Her nice dark fur was not only out in public, there were immediate cheers and loud appraisals of it from the men watching. She couldn’t get her pants up now. The hand she was using for that was held in front of her dark muff instead. The Breeze brought her pants back down where he liked them before turning to the bra bound girl who was still shuffling away. Another pair of panties needed removing. She felt the coolness of the Breeze’s touch at her waistband and she let out a mournful moan right before her panties were snnatched off. “Oh my god! Everyone can see my pussy!” There wasn’t a big amount of it but her bush was very thick. Unable to keep her bare tits or light brown bush from view, she hobbled her way to a wall (great derrierre!) and pressed herself to it so that at least her front side would be protected. Her friend took that cue and did the same so two nice, bare country girl butts were there. At that moment a police car pulled up and the siren sounded a note that broke up the crowd of men right away.

The Breeze was near the edge of town during that last incident. It was to be the last of his exploits within city limits. He felt the urge to sweep away. He was downhearted at first, thinking his country adventure was already at an end, but he felt no loss of power, so it had to continue. He raced along a dirt road, awaiting the treasure he might there. In moments, he found himself zeroing in a small group of people not quite two miles from town. As he got close, the Breeze saw happily that one indeed was a lovely young lady. With here were a pair of young fellows that were about to get quite a thrill. At first the Breeze just thought he might rip her skirt and blouse off. Then he got a better idea. He waited until she was near some thick bushes and blew hard enough to knock her over into them. Normally, the Breeze tried to avoid doing any harm to the girls, even just superficial harm like this, but the nature of the prank was worth it. At most she would have scratches and not even deep ones. The foliage she was in wasn’t really thorny, but the branches were jagged enough in pattern to accomplish some fun with the Breeze’s help. As he had in the past, he whispered a quick suggestion. Waves and water and great winds had helped him in the past. Flora wasn’t as adaptable to these kinds of things but with the Breeze’s magic helping, the plants were able to stick into her clothes quite well. As she staggered, she found it difficult to get up, so she demanded help almost frantically from her friends. They grabbed her arms and gave a quick pull that would be disastrous for her. The bushes would not let go and by now the Breeze was woven into her clothes. With those two forces working together, her clothes ripped right off of her body easily. “OoooH! You idiots! Look what you done!” In her bra and panties the poor girl seemed embarrassed but also quite angry with her friends who seemingly were responsible for her torn dress. She kept on complaining as they stepped back and looked her body over. They could do that with impunity since she was paying them no attention. She was already trying to retrive her dress. Of course the Breeze gusted and knocked her right back into the clutches of his plantlife partner. At the Breeze’s diretion, it cushioned her fall a bit but managed to snag it’s branches into both her bra and panties very well. For a little bit the young lady cursed and struggled to get back up. While she did that, the Breeze both worked his way into her clothes and helped the branches maintain, and even strengthen their hold on her. It was a difficult task that required weaving himself in several different directions but it had an even better effect than hoped for. Once she was standing partway up, the flailing beauty thrust her way forward in order to get free. What a mistake! Between the branches and the Breeze, her underwear stayed where it was, so that when she lunged forward, desperate to keep her balance, she was butt naked for her friends. They started laughing loudly as she gave a stunned look and then stared down at herself. With a terrible shriek, she threw her arms over her chest and started running. She must not have been thinking clearly since she was running toward town and it would be a two mile naked run anyway. Her friends gathered her tattered garments and chased after her. “Layla! We’ve got your dress!” Hearing that, she stopped suddenly, looked over her shoulder to make sure it was true, and doubled back. The two young men had of course been staring at her bare ass as she ran away. As she got closer, they both blatantly stared at the brown bush that she still hadn’t covered. She snattched her dress back and held it tightly to her front, not as grateful for it as she could have been. “You two! How’d you do that?” Of course they protested their innocence but since they couldn’t get the smiles off their faces, she doubted them greatly. The Breeze decided to let them have their fun together without him, but only after he revealed himself for certain as the troublemaker. With a strong, circling gust, he got her dress from her and carried it away. “Hey! What the hell!” So she was naked again, screaming at her friends.

As he swept away, the Breeze wondered. Just how many more women were out here? He followed his senses to an isolated building near some fields. It was a shed or something, big enough for whatever tractors or combines were used there. It’s roof though was the point of interest. There was a lovely young lady up there sunbathing. It was a great place for it, and it was pretty evident by the way she had it set up that it was one of her special places. The Breeze noticed from his high vantage point that she wasn’t entirely alone. In that field were some workers who were getting a show. Two pairs of binoculars were being traded around so that everyone could see the bikini girl. She had to have known they were there so she must not have minded, or maybe she even liked it. The Breeze though, decided that she was about to give the best show she ever had. He moved on up close and admired the lovely body there. Her tanning was evident on a body that was very lithe except for the chest. A nice round pair of hooters, were they almost big mediums? Were they big but only barely so? Hard to tell. He slowly caressed his way down that body and she apparently enjoyed the feel of it since she stopped singing along to the radio for a moment. He would start with her bikini bottoms. In position, he wrapped all the way around the waist of them and suddenly carried them down. “What?” She looked down and saw that her bottoms had indeed dropped. From a distance a gratified male voice sounded, “Whoa!” The sunbather gave a little start as she threw one hand over her short trimmed black bush. The roof wasn’t steep but it was angled enough that whoever it was behind those binoculars got a good look. She rolled onto her front to avoid further beaver shots. The Breeze had done his job well though, she couldn’t quite reach her bottoms lying down, so she got up on her knees quickly. She heard, “Look at her ass!”, right as she pulled them back up. She turned to her voyeurs and acknowledged them for the first time ever after who knows how many bikini sessions. Her furious look and middle finger brought laughter. She saw that there were three pairs of binoculars over there, being passed now to others. She wasn’t about to stay, but as she started gathering her things, the Breeze popped her top at the back of her neck. It stayed tied below but the top of it fell. “Hhhn? How! How did that--” then she realized that, even though she had her arms across her chest now, her tits had been seen by her audience. “AAAAAAAAHH!!!” She turned from them and the crowing cheers made her shudder a moment before she could do anything else. She struggled to get her top tied as fast as she could and as she did so, the Breeze dropped her bottoms again. Instantly there was a shout of “Bare ass!” She was still busy tying, so she left her buns bared as she did a sort of bouncing embarrassment dance. Top tied again, she quickly yanked her bottoms back up. She couldn’t help looking out at the happy binocular men again. They applauded her. They actually applauded! Angry again, no make that furious, she was about to shout something at them. She just couldn’t figure out what. Then the Breeze speedily tore her bottoms completely off of her baring her pretty muff again. “NO!!!” She covered desperately as she shouted pleadingly, “Stop looking! Stop looking at me!!” Then her top followed her bottoms off of the roof. The realization that she was now completely naked under the scrutinous eyes of the men she had always teased had her completely stunned for nearly two full seconds. Not much time? Time enough to sear forever in the minds of her viewers the sight of her lovely bare bosom. Then, still totally flustered, she grasped her breasts which only left her pussy exposed again. Turning in place, her bum completed the set of body parts that her bikini covered. She grabbed her towel and wrapped it around her. On unsteady feet, she rushed to the roof opening only to find that the Breeze had gotten there before he had made any other move. She couldn’t understand how it happened any more than she understood how the wind had suddenly stolen her clothes, but she knew that she was trapped. “It’s locked!” She couldn’t get down. She had nothing to hide behind. She couldn’t even move to the other side of the roof because it was higher up. “What do I do?” She thought a bit and shuddered at the thought that the only way down was to get some help. She didn’t have a phone with her so the only people around were the ones that had witnessed her unwilling strip. After a furious struggle with the door and several moments of hesitation, she shouted, “It’s locked! Can someone help get me down?” Laugher. She could see the discussion but couldn’t hear it. Then one of them sounded, “We’ll be right over! If you say please!” She grumbled a bit but shouted back some gratitude as sweetly as she could manage. It was then that the Breeze played his final trick. She felt the cool touch and knew what was about to happen, but she wasn’t fast enough to stop it. Her towel blew right off, leaving her naked again. Now she could hear an argument about who it was that got to help her. She could also see the three pairs of unrelenting binoculars.

The Breeze flew along to another out of the way place where he saw two lovely young ladies hanging up laundry. If he were a different sort of breeze, he would have certainly knocked some of those clothes off the lines but as it was, he was more interested in the pretty females. The problem was, there was no audience for his actions. He needed someone to watch. That was his reason for being. He swept along, confident that there had to be a reason that his senses brought him here. Before long he spotted them. Inside the house he spotted no fewer than three males interested in the bodies outside. All were watching unobtrusively, nowhere near their respective windows. The Breeze would have considered himself a failure if he couldn’t bring them all from sitting inside to being pressed against the panes of the glass. And one of them had to be seventy. As he flitted along near the lovely ladies (sisters certainly) he heard one complain to the other, “How hard is this anyway? Why can’t they do this?”

“Now we said we’d help out until Mrs. Deebs’s broken leg healed didn’t we?” That explained it. These girls didn’t live here. They were just doing a good deed for a neighbor that needed it. A shame really to punish them for that, but then, the Breeze was what he was. The older sister was a blonde, very pretty with a simple face. The other looked very similar but probably was a bit slimmer and it showed not only in her figure but also in her face. Her hair was brunette but very very light. Which one, which one? The Breeze had to start somewhere. He flew back and forth from one to the other a few times, very quickly, all the time making sure to see how many of the girls’ subtle viewers were watching at any given moment. The first time all three pairs of male eyes were on the lovely ladies, then something would happen. Blonde, brunette, blonde, brunette, blonde NOW! Her shorts were suddenly blown down her legs. “What happened!” Her panties were tight enough that the curves of her lower body were evident, soft and simple and pretty, just like the rest of her. Of course their audience of three was now riveted rather than indirect. The younger sister was laughing but that lasted only a moment before her top was burst open. She screamed two notes as her pretty tits were bared for three smiling faces inside. She clutched her top together as her sister pulled up her shorts. The younger one (mouth still wide open in shock) stared at the windows of the house that now stared at her. “Angie! They saw my tits!” A good cue for the Breeze’s next act namely, bursting the other top and the bra that was under it. Her tits were just as pretty. She didn’t scream. She just clutched her top like her younger sister did and demanded, “What’s happening? Is the wind doing this?” “I don’t know! What do we do?” She glanced at the house again to see the youngest of the three faces pressed against a window, smiling wide. Before she could get an answer, the Breeze had her shorts and her panties in his grip. RRIIIIIPPP!!! There they flew and her very light brown bush was on display. “Oh no!!!” She didn’t immediately have the sense to cover her lower region. She stared a full three seconds at the happy oglers. Her sister met the same fate a moment later. RRIIIPP!! So now they knew for sure that she was a real blonde. She threw a hand over her beaver fairly quickly though. Her younger sister turned around which protected her muff but had her nice ass pointed to the house. Angie, the older of the sisters, said, “Missy! We’re naked!” Not quite. Their tops, though torn, were still on. Only for a moment though, as another almost simultaneous pair of loud rips had the girls stripped completely bare. Their shrieks of panic were delightful. Angie was a bit clearer headed though. She grabbed an item off the laundry line and used it to cover her front side. The black piece of cloth didn’t quite hide everything though. She didn’t realize that the lower part of her blondie was still exposed. Missy repeated her sister’s actions. A wet towel was d\*\*\*\*d over her to keep the eager eyes in the windows from getting any better a look. After a few deep breaths, Angie started to speak. “The keys to the car were in my shorts.”

Missy’s eyes got desperately wide. “What?” Before any more could be spoken, the Breeze had snapped her towel off, baring her naked again. As she shrieked, her sister was stripped a second time as well. Again they covered with the wash. Again they were stripped. Again and again. The Breeze considered this a roaring success. The men in the house, representing three generations of the family, were all getting the treat of seeing these two sexy ladies stripped over and over. After she had lost about five items, Angie decided, arm pressed tightly over her tits and hand over her bush, “This isn’t helping us.”

“What do we do then?” Missy held both her arms over her tits so her lovely brown bush was still eye candy. She looked at her sister’s more sensible pose and imitated that.

“W-we’ve got to go inside and get something to wear.”

“What?” Sexy, naked young Missy glanced at the house. Her dreadful expression took in the smiling faces of grandfather, father and son. “But, but, but…”

“Do you have any better idea?” So the Breeze left the two agonizingly naked young women shortly after they started knocking timidly at the door.

Now that was fulfilling! He wasn’t done yet though. He could feel his strength not only remain, but improve. What more was there to do? Out here how many people could there be? He swept along, up high, coming down close to any homes he spotted. Then, he found the place for him. An idyllic country home, obviously of someone well to do, had a nice social gathering there. Lots of people, mostly nicely dressed, though they mainly still had that pastoral air to them. The women were all in very nice, very pretty country style dresses, but not for long.

The Breeze swept through them all, finding every attractive lady present. He wanted to strike very quickly, one woman after another after another. First though, to make sure that there would be no sanctuary for them. He swept into the locks on the house’s doors, carefully turning them. It was difficult to manipulate objects with that much resistance in such small spaces, but it would be worth it. He then gusted into every car and made certain that they were all locked tight as well. A nearby shed was already locked, so it needed nothing. The only place left for a woman to hide was the garage. The Breeze locked the door but the actual openings for the cars, though closed, he had no way to lock.

Good enough. Now to get to work! First a pretty brown haired girl around the age of twenty five. She was wearing a light green dress, looking very wholesome as she took part in a conversation with a handful of other people. The Breeze flew under her skirt and circled around, making it move in an odd way. This caught the eye of everyone right near her and a few others as well. Then the Breeze used his circular motion to lift the dress and tear it. In half a moment, the pretty young lady’s dress was up and off. She was standing there shocked in her bra, panties, stockings and garter belt, all pristine white. In that moment the Breeze enjoyed the fact that every male pair of eyes that should have shown some decorum by turning away, simply widened at the delightful sight. She let out a long scream but couldn’t figure out just what to do.

Quickly, the Breeze moved to another woman, thirty five maybe, a blonde in a red dress. The Breeze flew into her sleeve and filled the top of her dress, inflating it a bit. With speed and precision, he wrapped himself around the seams of it and also around the bra underneath. With a pop the top of the woman’s clothes burst and her marvelous pink-red nippled boobies were bared before friends and neighbors. She clasped her hands over them and rushed to another woman nearby, about the same age and also blonde. “Sheila! Look what happened!”

“I saw it. Come inside.” It was pretty evident that this was Sheila’s home. That meant she might have the keys to get back inside. The Breeze was grateful for that knowledge. With a sudden gust, he stripped her dress off and blew it to the roof. If her keys were on her, they were out of reach now, and of course another lovely body had been reduced to undergarments.

While those three pretty ladies ran to the front door, the Breeze was busy going after yet another victim, a very pretty young woman, who was twenty at the most. Like everyone, she was watching the odd occurance involving shredded clothing. Before that she had been carrying a tray of lemonade around to everyone and it was still there in her hands. The Breeze infiltrated the waist of her dress. With a rapid rip, he whisked them away. Not only was the bottom half of her dress gone, but so were her panties! All she had on below the waist were her dress shoes and some white stockings to mid thigh. She was dumbstruck at that, staring down at her own impossible nudity. Several other pairs of eyes were eyeing her as well. Finally she shrieked and danced in place. Her panic kept her from realizing that her exposure was a greater priority than the lemonade. She kept the tray in her hands so that she was unable to cover her pert butt cheeks or her nice blonde muff. By then the other three strippees were rushing again, having found the front door barred. One of them, the underwear clad brunette, noticed the unfortunate young blonde and shouted at her, “Emily! Cover yourself for crying out loud!” Emily realized that she could do that. The lemonade crashed to the ground and the tray was placed in front of her, denying any more sight of her beaver. Her beautiful bum was still out in the open as she ran to join the other half dressed women. The one that had shouted to her the Breeze went after again. The Breeze popped her panties off and everyone got a great look at her brown bush before she threw her hands over it. Then her bra followed. All she had on were her garters and stockings now! And she was too desperate keeping her pussy covered to cover anything else so her lovely tits just stayed out, bouncing as she ran with the others to the back door.

The Breeze was satisfied to let them go momentarily. They couldn’t get in back there either. In the meantime he decided to add to the ENF population by two. Two more attractive thirty somethings in very expensive looking dresses could definitely use the Breeze’s treatment. One, a big titted dark haired woman, seemed to have disdain for the undressed ladies as though it were their own fault. The other, a less voluptuous but still very curvy red head, seemed not annoyed by it so much as smug that it was happening to someone else. Then, the Breeze disabused them of their notions of superiority. He had to have the big tits out, so he just burst the top of her clothes open. They were gorgeous, overdeveloped things with broad nipples. The red head next to her, in the very next instant had her entire dressed stripped away. Underneath, her lacy lingerie was quite a feast for the eyes, especially to those behind her. Her thong drew attention and elicited a few comments about her nice round ass. These two suddenly demure ladies with hands clapped over their tits and butt, seemed almost relieved to have the other ladies rush back around the house. “Sheila!” “Wait for us!”

The four bared women were making their way now to the garage. The Breeze raced back to them and targeted the young woman who was still holding a lemonade tray over her front. He whisked that away from her and she panicked completely again. She actually turned toward everyone watching her, screaming as they stared at her blonde bush. The two women catching up practically had to push her to get her to move again.

The six of them got to the side door of the garage. The Breeze tore away the dark haired lady’s dress, leaving her in only her panties which made her nice voluptuous butt a real treat.

Of course that door didn’t open. “Why is everything locked?,” Sheila moaned. Then her bra flew away. She didn’t even bother to cover her hooters. She just ran (and bounced) to the front of the garage and lifted the big door there with the help of two other women. Inside the garage there wasn’t a car, so they had plenty of room for the six of them to run in and close it up.

Outside, though many of the males were roguish enough to just enjoy it all, some of them wondered what they should do. Conversation about saving the naked ladies was just starting as the Breeze was getting to work in the garage. Getting in and out wasn’t too hard, as the ladies hadn’t dropped that big door all the way. From any who were not completely exposed already, he ripped one item and carried them back outside. The women were still angry but not panicked since they were safe from view here. Of course the Breeze lifted the garage door to expose them all again! It was a symphony of embarrassed screams as their hands rushed, half a moment too late, to protect themselves. All in all, three were totally naked (except for one set of garters), one was in panties, one in a thong and one in nothing but her bra. The ladies struggled to get the door closed again. Three of them reached up, Sheila (naked completely), the big titted one (also nude) and the red head (thong clad), so three nice pairs of tits and two beautiful country lady bushes were very well displayed as they pulled the garage door back down. The Breeze set up a counter force to keep the door from closing all the way. This was too good to do only once. He made another rush among the women and by then nothing was covering them except for some stockings. Of course the garage door opened again, exposing all six of them, bare ass naked, to everyone outside.

“We can’t stay here!,” one of them shouted, barely audible over the din of shrill screams. As though that had been an intelligent observation, the ladies rushed from the garage back outside. Having no other real options for cover, they ran for a not quite distant copse of trees, a mass of observers, many pleased, some shocked and some both, watching their naked bodies running along.

That was the end of the Breeze’s country adventure. This final hurrah had used up the last of his power, so he returned to his weaker state, but happily so. He wondered to himself where he would strike next.

**Mischief versus Maturity**

After his country adventure, the Breeze was ready again for the big city. He sped along when he spotted in the distance the skyline of tall buildings. He felt stronger as he flew overhead, taking in the sights. The sights he really wanted of course were the sights of lovely ladies. With a sigh, he set about finding someone worthy of his attention.

Down the streets, along the sidewalks, finally flying low until he found a knee length skirt on a very pretty, tall woman with very curly brown hair. It must have felt good to her when he caressed her legs softly. She moved a bit slower and didn’t even bother looking down when the breeze tugged just slightly at her skirt. The playful motion caught a bit of attention. The Breeze kept up the flirtation for just a few moments, rolling up her body, rippling her clothes slightly from hem to neck and then playing with her gorgeous, long, curly hair. The pretty lady turned out to be obviously quite charming as well when she gave a smile and even a little giggle at the attention of the wind. It was almost as though it were touching her deliberately, which of course, it was! The sight, sound and feel of the woman had the Breeze’s power rising and his desire along with it. He moved back down to her legs and got ready for a good skirt burst. Her skirt shot upward as she squawked. When it didn’t stop, when the wind pushing her skirt up and baring her legs and panties just kept on blowing, she screamed helplessly. Right as that lovely panic shout ended, her skirt was torn up and off of her. Unlike his usual strippings, when the Breeze would carry an article away rapidly, he kept it circling around her as she reached and tried to reclaim it. With every moment he got stronger and stronger. Once he felt confident to blow two different directions, the Breeze lifted the skirt, making the lovely woman reach higher for it as he also managed to slip himself into her panties. A good burst carried them down to her knees. She couldn’t see the men around since she was so busy trying to reclaim her skirt but she heard them. Men all around had gotten to see her bare ass and her curly brown bush right out on the sidewalk in broad daylight. With one hand over her bush (the corners of which peeked out around her hand) she managed to get ahold of the errant skirt which she quickly clutched in front of herself. She took a deep breath, thought about looking around, decided better of it and started pulling her panties back up with one hand while protecting her modesty up front with the other.

“Nice ass baby!” “Don’t know what’s happening but I like it!” As these and other comments sounded around her, she quickened her repantying pace. The Breeze of course wasn’t quite finished. Though still not quite at full capacity, he was more than strong enough to do serious damage to her blouse. She felt the wind inside it and that stopped her momentarily. She had a dreadful feeling about it but she didn’t know how to prevent what would happen next. Then the sound of bursting buttons and bra signalled the baring of her beautiful tits. She screamed and squirmed as she struggled to pull her top back together. Now she didn’t know what to do. Should she keep pulling her panties up and let her boobs free? Or should she hold her top together but leave her ass bared? Now in spite of herself, she looked around and saw that there were more men watching her than she had thought. Her blush deepened. Three Breeze attacks happened in short order. He burst her panties back down to mid calf. Then he pulled her top open again. Then he stole her skirt from her grip so that everyone would get to see her muff once more. The woman crouched down and struggled to get her panties back up as the Breeze absconded with her skirt.

The Breeze carried the skirt along a ways before dropping it on a rooftop. Flying back down low, he found another sexy stripping victim in a small public park. A lovely place, full of people. What kind of gathering it was the Breeze couldn’t tell. He only had eyes for the woman in the blue dress. Anyone looking at her would immediately have their attention pulled to the big round tits. That wasn’t where the Breeze was starting though. Her skirt was only about knee length, so he decided to do a bit more of the old fashioned windy trickery to start off. With a quick gust, the woman’s dress blew up in front revealing a nice dark string panty. The woman next to her laughed and that got people turning to see what was funny. By then the Breeze had stopped though the woman in the dress blushed. She felt safe for a moment, but only until the Breeze lifted her dress a second time to that larger audience. More laughs and some happy commentary sounded, “Whoa!” “Did you see that?” She pushed her dress back down and looked around, her cheeks turning a slightly deeper shade of pink. She looked like she was ready for another sudden wind which is why the Breeze circled above, waiting. After just a little bit she was unexpecting again. She wasn’t quite relaxed when he struck, this time causing her dress to billow up much higher than before, her sexy panties on show on one side, her thong clad butt on the other. After a few seconds of having fun keeping her dress up against her efforts to force it back down, the Breeze let it fall, and he slipped up into her dress as a very thin wind. She felt the cool movement rise up through her clothes, so the poor woman panicked even though her hem fell back to its proper place. The Breeze, like everyone nearby, had been aching to see this woman’s tits. They were a pair of nice, big round things held in place by the top of the dress that was rather skimpy. It was clear she was proud of her gems, but that didn’t mean it was welcome when the Breeze untied the string at the top of her dress. “Oh no!” She was too late to catch it. The Breeze, the instant it was untied, forced it down. Her beautiful globes bounced as they popped free from constraint. “AAAaaAAHH!!” She clapped her hands onto her tits and stared around at everyone who was pointing and smiling. Someone even let out a long, perfect wolf whistle. Putting one arm across her chest, she struggled to get her dress back up in place. It took some doing and that made the display a long and entertaining one since the Breeze lifted her skirt again and kept it flying waist high while she was busy retying the top of it in place. She squirmed and moaned at all the attention as her dress continued to float. Then, when her arms were in perfect position, the Breeze turned up the force on that dress. Gripping it as he flew up, he pulled the dress over her body, up her arms, to her wrists. Trying to keep it from getting away, her arms straightened. She caught it but that wasn’t good news. Her body was stripped to a g string and the Breeze was cycloning the dress rapidly around her hands, getting them tied together. “What? How? OH NO!” Everyone had seen her glorious tits so it seemed a futile gesture putting her cloth wrapped hands in front of them as best she could. She felt entirely exposed, but she wasn’t. Yet. The Breeze fixed that. He took a hold of the little strings of her panties on each side and snapped them. The resulting scream would have been enviable by any opera singer. Her short trimmed bush met dozens of greedy stares. It took a few seconds before she decided that she had to move her hands down. With them tied she had a choice. She could cover her tits or her beaver, but not both. With her hands down, her nice big tits were bared again. “Look at those tits!” Someone shouted and everyone did. “Awesome!” “Shake ’em for us baby!” She couldn’t take all that, so she put her hands back to her chest. The crowd responded again with gleeful appraisal of her beaver. The woman wanted to badly to run, but people were on all sides of her so she seemed trapped by the crowd, her tied hands alternating between covering her pussy and her breasts as she turned in place. It took nearly three full minutes before she found a path that would let her out and she ran faster than a woman in heels should be able to, leaving the laughter and cheers behind.

The Breeze’s fun would be harder to accomplish after that stripping though. His exploits had attracted another elemental of nearly equal strength and speed. Our beloved Mischievous Breeze was more than a little surprised to encounter another that was like him. It was like him, but at the same time, entirely unlike him. As they wove in spirals around each other they talked in that silent magical way that natural forces have.

This Gust (as I shall dub him to differentiate him from the Breeze) explained that it was not of the Mischievous variety but instead represented the Benevolent half of the natural world. It had in fact been chosen as a rival to the Mischievous Breeze and it was charged with stopping his antics and thereby depowering him until he was gone. It was long overdue, the Gust informed him. If only he had dissipated as a Breeze should, then he would have been left alone but he couldn’t be allowed to carry out his frivolous antics for an unnaturally long span.

The Mischievous Breeze laughed his soft, windy, cocky laugh at the threat and went to work. Under his bravado he was a bit nervous though. Could this Benevolent Gust really stop him? For a quick test, the Breeze swept down toward a beautiful young, skirt clad brunette. He could sense the Benevolent Gust following him at a speed that almost matched his own. He swept under that skirt and lifted it, baring a pair of nice panties and great thighs. The embarrassed yelp from the young woman became a grateful sigh when in the next moment, the wind had pushed her skirt back down. It flowed in the strangest wind she had ever seen but remained where it could protect her modesty. The Breeze had tested the strength of his enemy and found, much to his chagrin, that while the speed of the Gust might not be quite as great, his strength was every bit as powerful, perhaps even slightly more so.

Quickly, as if throwing a sulky tantrum, the Mischievous Breeze flowed back down and away along the sidewalk. The Gust followed him and they led a fast chase. The Breeze twisted around and under obstacles and people. The Gust matched him, if not quite in speed, at least in maneuverability. This would be a problem. The Breeze had always been versatile though. He swept up a building and spotted an open window. He curled back to make his intent clear, then he swept inside. He knew that he could survive in there, but could the Gust follow? It seemed not. As one bit of wind circled around inside tauntingly, his enemy circled just outside, not quite daring to enter.

Well that was one advantage. The Mischievous Breeze swept under a door and along a hallway. He could leave from any point and that would give him at least a few extra moments before the Gust could catch up.

He flew from the building back toward the very same girl. He wasn’t about to let her get away with just a little skirt lift and besides, maybe he could turn the tables on his tormentor by getting away with as much as possible. There she was at a bus stop just as the bus arrived. She was tall and lovely and from the Breeze’s perspective, obviously the subject of many a subtle stare. He could feel the Gust catching up but it was too late, his timing was perfect. The bus doors opened, and then the Breeze lifted that skirt again. The poor girl yelped and started to rush into the bus. The perfect moment. The Breeze, exerting a sudden force, relieved her that skirt entirely, the skirt and the pink panties that were underneath. She had yelped before, but she screamed at being suddenly stripped bottomless. The Breeze himself couldn’t enjoy the sight, he had to move to fast but everyone on the bus enjoyed the view of her nice, full derierre. She kept her hands clutched over her bush as she looked out the bus. Her skirt and panties were flying away! She was trapped like this! Not knowing what to do, she took a seat and looked away from everyone.

The Breeze meanwhile carried the clothes away, taunting his rival as he did so. He had managed to bare a beautiful woman and was now making a getaway. The Gust was spurred on by this outrage to a heightened speed. For several blocks he chased his delinquent quarry and the clothes that were being carried away. He finally got them and with surprising ease slipped them from the Breeze’s grasp. Pouring on the speed even more, the Gust flew back to the bus to return the woman’s clothes. All according to plan for our hero though. As the Gust carried the clothes back to their owner, it gave a great, unimpeded opportunity to strip another unsuspecting woman.

He had allowed the Gust to take the clothes from him that easily because he had already spotted a wonderful woman in a long grey dress catching eyes and turning heads all around. He knew he had time, but he didn’t want to take any more time than was necessary so he flowed post haste to the top of that dress and flew softly inside it. The lovely, long legged lady looked a bit surprised but also quite pleased at the sudden sensation. Then, catching hold of the cloth, the Breeze slid her straps down her shoulders and quickly the dress dropped. She had no bra, so her sexy titties were right there for all the stares that were now obvious. Her back straightened and her step stopped abruptly, making her boobs bounce once very nicely before she shrieked and threw her hands across her chest. Squatting down, she managed to use one arm for cover as her other struggled for her dress. No one around moved at all, they just stood and enjoyed the show. She didn’t have the courage to look up at all but she could hear the voices and chuckles. Standing up slow once the dress met her waist, she kept moving it up only to panic a bit when she felt her panties slide down her legs. Her skirt was in place so nothing below was bared but once they met her knees and were below her hem, people were pointing and wondering if they would get to see what was underneath. She panicked as she put her straps back as fast as she could. One was in place and the other almost there. Right then, right when she thought she could get her panties back up in the next moment, she shrieked again. The Breeze was lifting her dress this time, her sexy black bush and very firm buns were exposed now. She immediately started pushing her skirt down in front with one hand while her other tugged at her panties. Her dress straps dropped again while she struggled. Letting out another scream, she left off fighting her clothes and excercised the better part of valor, using her hands to cover tit and bush, she ran, panty hobbled, into the nearest building to get away from the wind. The Breeze half thought about following her but his enemy was returning and it was time to lead the chase again.

The Breeze spiraled away as his exasperated enemy pursued. It was already evident, if only slightly so, that the Mischievous Breeze was getting stronger through his little victories. Was the Benevolent Gust weakening though? Not yet. So our hero had to find a setting that would work to his advantage. What he found, his magical attraction working at full capacity, was a tennis court where a doubles match was going on involving a quartet of lovelies in sexy outfits. The Breeze dove and rushed to one woman to blow her skirt up. The panty shot made the admiring males who had already been watching light up. In the next moment the skirt was falling again as the Breeze moved on to the next skirt and a second panty shot. Keeping just half a beat ahead of his rival, he blew up a third skirt, then a fourth. He flew around a second time, taking each skirt up momentarily and causing a nice rhythm of surprised sounds from the women. “Oh!” “Wha!” “Hey!” “Yow!”

Keeping up that pattern could only bring the Breeze’s enemy ahead of him though, so he doubled back. Time for more exposure. This lovely, dark haired beauty had been the third woman to have her skirt lifted each time but she was the first to have her skirt removed. The Breeze didn’t tear it away. He simply forced it down and it fell all on it’s own to her calves before she caught it. “What’s going on?”

The Gust had expected a fight for that skirt so he was surprised when our Mischievous Breeze switched targets again. Despite the dropping of a skirt, the other three women (giggling at their friend’s loss) had kept playing. The pretty light haired brunette, youngest of the bunch, backhanded the ball and in the next moment, the Breeze shot her top up. Her top, and her bra. She squealed as her nice, firm little titties were popped out for a very enthusiastic audience. Before he could cause another stripping though, the Breeze was interrupted by the tennis ball. It had been slammed back across the net and carried by a furious Gust that drove it right through the Breeze crosswise. It couldn’t do any harm, but it warped his flow, causing him to move the wrong way. The wrong way in two different directions in fact! This should have been a setback but our hero, always adaptable, took advantage of it. He kept flowing as two separate streams toward two different women, a trick that left even his enemy impressed.

The Breeze could strike two while the Gust could protect only one. The two remaining women, a long haired, curvy blonde and a short haired athletic blonde were struck by the Breeze at the same time. Pretty short hair flew in the wind that caught a top and popped it up, revealing an excellent set of very taut, not quite small boobs. She and the Gust had fast success over the half Breeze. The bustier blonde had no protection though when the Breeze tore her skirt completely off. She shrieked and showed remarkable reflexes as she grabbed the fluttering bit of cloth before it could get away. Knowing that he had to act fast with her, the Breeze attacked her panties quickly. One side was snapped and they were blown down one of her legs. Bottomless, she was almost silent with disbelief now. Everyone had seen that her true hair color was brown but only momentarily before she clutched her damaged skirt in front of herself. The Breeze pulled that out of her hand and sent it upward.

The Gust, predictably, chased that skirt to return it to her. For those brief moments, the Breeze, still divided, could do more garmental damage. This time the brunettes suffered. The dark haired one had her top burst open, baring her incredible tits. The lighter haired one had her skirt and panties blown down to her ankles. Barely a glimpse of either woman was had as one clutched her tits with remarkable reflexes and the other crouched down in place. “Let’s get out of here!,” One woman shouted. The Breeze rejoined himself, having expended the time that even he could pass as a divided force. For a moment (and he vowed to remember this for later use) his rejoined body was supercharged with power. Power enough to shove a heavy bench in front of the only way out of the fenced court. It was on their own side, but it would take a bit of time for the embarrassed women to move it. Time for the Breeze to keep playing his pranks as the incensed Gust tried to prevent it.

It was a ridiculous sight. Only one of the women, the short haired blonde, still had her clothes in order. One of the ladies was pulling her skirt and panties back up. One was struggling to hold the torn skirt around her lower half, giving her only one hand to help move the bench. The last also had to work one handed as she used the other to hold her top together. The Breeze went after the short haired blonde, blowing upward, lifting both her skirt for a panty shot and her top for another look at her wonderful, superfirm tits. Squawking and pulling her top down, she had to abandon the attempt at moving the Breeze’s blockade. The Gust was working against the Breeze at her skirt, pushing it down. The Breeze had anticipated this though and changed directions as soon as he could get ahold of her panty band. The skirt shot down, protecting her, but her panties also fell, all the way down her legs. Exercising poor judgment, she bent over to get them and this lifted her skirt enough for a little bit of athletic tennis girl ass to be seen. Shouts of approval at that made her blush and stand right back up. While that happened the Breeze had stolen the torn skirt off the curvy blonde again. He tossed it over the fence. The Gust almost followed it, but this time he recognized it as the delaying tactic it was so he left it out of reach and left the screaming blonde bottomless. The Breeze went after another skirt but the Gust arrived when he did, counteracting his force so that it stayed on and didn’t even fly up. A top was protected, then another skirt. The Breeze was furious at being stymied three times in a row after he had so expertly maneuvered around his enemy. The bench that had the women trapped was moved just far enough that one by one they could slide out. First was the light haired brunette. The Breeze pushed her skirt up, knowing that the Gust would work against him. Even with that help though she stopped, blocking the way out, as she held it down. The Breeze flowed up, still trying to lift that skirt, but also subtly invading the top above it. It was hard to do without the Gust noticing but he got it done. Suddenly, pulling himself altogether in a remarkable maneuver that swept under his opponent’s efforts, the Breeze was carrying and ripping the woman’s upper garments. The Gust fought it but the Breeze had torn them too expertly. They flew up and off of her as she stood, silently shocked and covering her bare tits a few moments too late to keep them from the view of the men around.

Instead of blowing that top away, the Breeze threw it back into the tennis court, right at the bottomless blonde who, of course, immediately used it to cover her brown bush. “Give me that!,” the sweet brunette said as she tried to get back in. Two other women were in her way though, so determined to get out that they blocked each other. The Gust was so furious with these silly women that he almost wanted to give up on them. The Breeze took that frustrating moment as an oppotunity for some fast maneuvering. He blew the torn top of the dark haired lady open, baring boobs again. The slimmer blonde had her skirt blown up though by now she didn’t seem to care. The Gust was on that, forcing the skirt back down. In the resultant hullabaloo, that one woman, the only one with her clothes still intact, got out and rushed away. That was a small loss though. The Breeze still had three other lovely females to embarrass. In quick order he attacked, always just one half step ahead of the Gust. Dark hair had her top opened yet again and that brought out a wonderful scream of helplessness as her beautiful boobs were exposed yet again for the now very audible crowd of men. The bottomless blonde, who was about to have the purloined top stolen from her, had her own top shot up and in that moment the biggest, bounciest tits on the tennis court were out for everyone to enjoy. Since she was struggling with her ‘friend’ for the torn cloth being used as pussy cover, she couldn’t even do anything about it. It was great. Two bare breasted beauties fighting over a small piece of torn cover. All that had happened in only a couple moments though and in the next moment the Breeze had burst the light haired girl’s skirt and panties both down to her knees. The resultant shriek was wonderful. She was nearly nude now, bare boobs, bare butt and bare beaver right out in public! She stopped fighting for her top and struggled to get her bottoms up. It took her several seconds to do. Several seconds during which her pretty little boobs, tight little bum and petitely trimmed brown bush were all on display to the hooting and hollering audience. Of course while she was busy getting as recovered as she could the Breeze was on the cury blonde again. The Gust tried to help her but the fabric she was holding over her muff was just too easy for the Breeze to pull away. She screamed wonderfully and with one hand over her lower body, she tried to pull her top back down over her nice big tits. Both of the women started running to the exit. They were the only ones left now and the Breeze started after them but only as a bluff. The moment he knew the Gust was moving, he doubled back to gain a second or two for his next victim’s stripping.

**Mischief Versus Maturity, part 2.**

In a race for the next attractive woman, what he found was a lovely long haired brunette who was twenty at the very most. She had nice long legs leading up to a slim, delicious figure, outlined in very tight clothes. The Breeze swept into her shorts, knowing that their form hugging appeal had to have more than a few eyes directed at her pert though surprisingly full bottom. The sudden sensation of the Breeze in her shorts made her stop in midstep and look down but no sooner had she reacted, than the Breeze had burst outward with great force that popped the seams of those shorts and carried them off of her. She let out a yelp and threw her hands over the front of her underwear. That reflex wasn’t the right one considering that it was a thong and her beautiful buns were now bared to the world! In the next moment her hands were behind her but too late as a few cheers and whistles sounded. The covering was futile anyway, as her hands were slim and her derrierre wasn’t! The Breeze had swept around again, having tossed the rended shorts away, and he invaded her top this time. She felt it and let out a tremulous, “Oh no.” The Gust had arrived already though and had followed the Breeze into her shirt. She was trotting along, trying to keep her butt covered as two elemental forces fought for dominance of her attire. The Breeze tried to force enough pressure to burst the top or at least sever the seams but the Gust was able to parry it with his own pressure. The Breeze was stronger by now but not enough to tear the clothes against the Gust’s counterforce. The bizarre ripple within that top would have attracted a lot of attention if the gorgeous exposure of that lower body weren’t demanding it all. The Breeze, desperate not to lose this struggle began swirling around quickly, twisting the top tight. After a moment of that, a loud rip was heard as one side of the shirt started to give way. “NO! NO!” The screams only got more attention to the lovely bare assed lady as she started moving faster in search of some shelter. She darted inside a building, hoping to find a restroom or something to take refuge in, but none were immediately evident. With wide eyed desperation, she asked a sales woman, “Where are your restrooms?”

Talking to a frightened, somewhat undressed young woman with a shirt that moved and seemed to tear on it’s own should have confused the woman beyond the ability to answer. Instead, she gave the typical answer, “It’s for employee use only.”

The wind ravaged girl rushed back out to get to the next door. With a loud rip, her shirt nearly parted company from her body. Two shoulder straps were all that were holding it in place and that made the bra underneath very easy to see for anyone at her sides. “No no no no no!” The young woman rushed into another store and there were plenty of people around to see. “Help me!” The Breeze at this point blew over her back, seemingly to slip her torn shirt off. The Gust swirled over and out of it to keep it down. The Breeze’s maneuver had been a feint though and he kept moving over her shoulders, down to the front of the bra where the clasp was. With the Gust outside the cloth, there was nothing to keep the Breeze from popping that open and spreading it wide. The front of that shirt was plastered down over her breasts by the Gust but the strange spectacle of the bra popping out from it had people pointing, whispering and a few of them laughing. A woman with a name tag offered the girl some assistance, “The dressing rooms are this way.” She led the way, but slowly, needing, out of curiosity, to keep an eye on the shifting, tearing clothing. The Breeze’s misdirection continued as they walked. It was in fact only a step beyond that point that he took advantage of the Gusts’s business with the shirt to renew his attack on her thong. He swept it down her legs quickly and the lovely young thing let out a shriek of terror as her shaved pussy was exposed. She threw one hand over it, without even breaking stride, and that left her wonderful buns entirely bare for the lucky people behind her. The Gust of course, exhausted by trying to keep up with the Breeze, started blowing that thong back up, a welcome, if strange experience for the girl. The moment that underwear started climbing though, the Breeze flew up and carried her shirt like a pair of sails upward, baring a glorious pair of firm young titties as the cloth left her body. She shrieked momentarily and finally made it into the women’s dressing rooms.

The Breeze instantly left her there and the Gust followed him. At that moment, the Gust realized that he was indoors. It was a big place but still, he couldn’t maintain himself in here. Survival instinct kicking in, he flew away but the Breeze was content inside. Unlike the Gust, or practically any sentient wind, he had developed the power of indoor survival. He took advantage of having a private playground without the Gust’s interference. He spotted two attractive women that could use his services and he set about embarrassing them both.

The first was a delightful thirty something with light blonde hair and a figure that was curvy or modest depending on which angle you viewed it from. The Breeze wondered what it would like exposed, so he swept into her clothes carefully. She felt the odd sensation but didn’t know what to make of it as the Breeze crawled through every bit of clothing she had. She wasn’t far from the dressing rooms herself and he didn’t want her getting to shelter before she was sufficiently stripped. Besides that, he wanted the practice at fast stripping for his war with the Gust. Once he was ready, every seam and thread invaded, he burst away from her body in every direction. In an instant, every bit of clothing was torn from her beautiful body. As it turned out she was curvy, if not exactly voluptuous. Her tits were perfect mediums and the lines of her body, her waist, were poetic, running down to a wonderfully round bare ass and a bright blonde bush. It was a lot of detail to take in for a moment but that was a long moment of quiet, wide eyed wonder as shes stared down at her own nakedness. Then with a long, unbelievably well pitched scream, she threw her arms uncomfortably in front of herself. Surprisingly, she didn’t rush away immediately. She looked around coyly and blushed as she carefully arranged her arms for the maximum amount of coverage. Then another woman grabbed her arm and rushed her toward the shelter of the dressing room.

The Breeze looped happily. Outside, looking in furiously, the Gust waited for his enemy to leave. One more woman would get the treatment before that would happen though. Another wonderful blonde, but of a darker shade, taller and more tan was still laughing at his last victim. The breeze swept into her clothes. She had on a pair of slacks that kept anyone looking from truly enjoying any of her lower body. He fixed that with a forceful downard burst that had her pants past her knees, plain white panties on display. With a yelp she shot down and grabbed them and pulled them back up. Looking around, she saw, much to her dismay, that she wasn’t fast enough to keep her underwear from view. Grins all around had her heart pounding too fast to decide what to do. Then her pants shot down, out of her grip, falling past her knees again, this time accompanied by her panties. “Oh no, not me!” But it was happening. Her dark, sparse bush made it clear that that natural looking hair color of hers was anything but natural. She tried momentarily to pull up both underwear and pants together but found it too slow. Those eternal moments gifting the other shoppers with a longer view of her pussy. Once the panties were almost back where they belonged though, the Breeze popped the buttons of her blouse free and carried it with amazing speed down her arms. This was at the moment that she was pulling up the back of her panties, so it was positioned right at her wrists. With his cyclone speed, the Breeze twisted the top around her arms to bind them behind her back. She realized she was trapped and the heavy, panicked breathing made her body, especially that full, brassiered chest, move enchantingly. She couldn’t run with her pants partway down, but she did her best, making for the same dressing rooms that the other two women had taken refuge in. She made it only two steps before her pants were blown all the way to her ankles, turning her walk to a short stepped shuffle. “Oh, oh, ooh, ooOOooH!” Everyone around her was pointing and laughing. A few camera phones were clicking away and it was about to get much worse. As he had before, the Breeze put her panties down, this time as far down her legs as her pants, it slowed her walk even further and bared her gorgeous ass and sexy pussy to everyone as she whimpered and kept on moving. Finally, the Breeze unsnapped her bra and dropped it so that her boobs, perfect boobs, big but not too big, firmly positioned and proportioned, were as bare as the rest of her privates. The Breeze knew that the Gust was just outside, fuming at these attacks that were out of his reach. Unfortunately, there were no more Breeze worthy bodies here, so he prepared to go outside and rejoin the struggle with his enemy.

Strengthened further by the two defenseless strippings inside, the Breeze was able to push his way past the Gust and begin searching out a new target. The Gust gave chase but found it hard to keep up. The Breeze, relying on his superior speed, went for a series of quick strippings. He was fortunate that there were several strip worthy women in range. A young blonde’s skirt flew up baring her thong clad buns. Next a red head’s a sleeveless top was burst down baring her pretty little gems as she shrieked. A tall, devilishly attractive black lady had her shirt buttons burst fast and with no bra underneath, her big jugs caught a lot of eyes before she angrily held her top closed. The Gust was starting to get close again, but a pair of pretty women had their shorts dropped before he could reach them. One had pretty light green panties and the other a very narrow thong that let everyone behind her see her tight buns for several seconds before she had her pants back up. At that point the Breeze had time for only one more before his enemy might reach him. This lovely, slim, tall innocently pretty brunette was wearing a dress with very small shoulder straps, straps that the Breeze could easily snap. Both of them popped before she realized it then the Breeze blew her entire dress down to her ankles. She let out a soft but thoroughly embarrassed moan as her body, clad now only in panties, turned every head nearby. The Breeze left her there, crouched down, trying to pull her dress back up over her body with hand while the other arm covered her breasts. The Gust had finally reached him and it was time for a struggle again.

The Breeze and the Gust rushed side by side, leaving a wake of fluttering papers and debris. Then they both spotted the women destined to be their next battleground. A pair of pretty thirty somethings that had sisters. They looked much alike, both with charming cute faces and well proportioned, round boobed bodies. One was a light brunette though and the other a blonde. The Breeze swept to the blonde first since she was wearing a skirt. He blew it up to give a panty peek to the people around but only a momentary one as the Gust countered that by forcing it back down. The Breeze switched to the brunette and took her blouse upward, baring the bra. Again the peek was only momentary. Both women looked at each other in surprise, not certain if they should blush or chuckle. The Breeze switched again and twirled around the skirt, lifting it partway. This feint, that again gave only a momentary panty peek, was really meant to cover the act of loosening the zipper a bit. Back to the brunette, the Breeze flew inside the top to burst something. The Gust followed him in and the resulting billowing of the top attracted attention. It was a strange sight as the top seemed pushed in one spot then another for several moments before the Breeze finally found a spot that the Gust wasn’t protecting. He couldn’t overcome the Gust enough to pop the buttons, but he could snap one of the shoulders. The fabric popped there and the Gust had to act fast to keep it from falling. The sudden break of her top prompted the lady to say, “I think we should get inside.” The Breeze though, before that could be resopnded to, had gotten ahold of the waistband of the blonde’s skirt. Before the Gust could get to him, since it was already partly undone, the Breeze had it blown downward. It dropped, leaving the woman’s lower half protected only by her panties. She squawked and demanded, “Suzy! Help me!” as she bent down to grab her skirt. The Gust had caught it, so it hovered just below her knees where she could reach it easy. This of course gave the Breeze the chance to attack the other woman again. He was in her top again and this time, without the Gust’s immediate interference, there was nothing to keep him from bursting the buttons of her top and blowing her bra downward, the clasp of it having been undone in the prior top fight. The resulting scream brought the Gust rushing to her, but he couldn’t help her. She was open mouthed with her hands covering her tits. In a moment she was struggling to pull her clothes back in place. Right after that another struggle for the skirt began. Both of the winds were fighting over it as it swayed. Then the Breeze got ahold of the panties as well and the Gust gave up on the skirt. It dropped but the panties didn’t. The Gust kept the Breeze from blowing them down. However, he couldn’t completely save them from damage as one side snapped. The woman’s reflexes grabbed the front of those broken panties before they fell enough to bare anything. She grabbed her skirt up and once she had it in place, she got ahold of her witlessly embarrassed sister and started pulling her along to safety. This kept the brunette from using both hands to keep her top together and the Breeze was able to give the attentive men around another titty peek before the Gust could stop him. Then the Breeze, instead of switching targets, surprised the Gust by simply blowing downward, taking the Brunette’s pants down to her knees and slowing the unfortunate women. The brunette pulled her arm out of her sister’s grasp so that she could pull her pants up, her broken top and bra falling away from her pretty round tits as she did so. Her sister urged her, “Suzy! Hurry up!” But she screamed in the next instant as her skirt was torn off. Due to the damaged clothing, the Breeze had the upper hand again. Despite his desperation, the Gust was just not able to keep the Breeze from tearing off the torn top, then the torn panties, then the broken bra. In only a few seconds one woman was topless and the other bottomless. They ran away and the Gust followed to help, but the Breeze was ready to move on. He would have loved to strip them further but he knew that it would be another hard struggle and he wanted to defeat the Gust while the Gust was weakening.

The Gust’s sense of purpose was only held together by desperation at this point and without that, his form would lose cohesion. He knew it. The Breeze knew it. It was time, the Breeze decided, to play a truly will breaking stunt on this meddlesome do gooder. He attuned his senses to finding the perfect girl for his spin trick. When he found her he was very pleased. Dark hair, light skin, very sexy. She was wearing sunglasses, an off the shoulder top and a loose skirt. The Breeze didn’t dive right away. Instead he curled himself up into a ball and begun to spin as rapidly as possible. He timed his move so that the Gust could see what he what he was up to. Then the back of the woman’s skirt was caught in his spinning force and it wound up so that the her lovely buns in their sexy orange thong were bared. The Breeze looped away and prepared for another spinning strip trick. The Gust saw how tightly wrapped the back of that skirt was. There was no way it could be undone quickly, so he let the woman struggle with it on her own. Desperately. The Breeze meanwhile was moving for the front of the skirt. The Gust set up a counter spin to protect her though. For a moment she felt the front of her skirt caught in the competing winds and she held onto it. She could never have kept it out of the Breeze’s grasp on her own, but with the Gust’s considerable help, it stayed where it should. That of course left her bare ass on display while that little duel played out. The Breeze looped away again and the Gust let out some wheezing boasts.

While the hapless woman worked the back of her skirt again, the Breeze moved toward her top. The Gust of course kept pace in order to help her maintain her dignity. What surprised him was the Breeze’s sudden surrender. They fought for that top for only a fraction of a second when the Breeze flew away quickly. The Gust was spinning too fast to stop and as a result he himself had her top wound up tight above her breasts! She had no bra on so her splendidly curved wonders were right out there for every eye to feast on. Her fingers tore at her shirt to get it back down but it couldn’t be quickly done. The Gust was mortified. The Breeze had tricked him into baring this woman. It was all too much for him. Cursing his luck, he flew away, dissipating until he was little more than a puff of air. The Breeze flew a few loops and spins to celebrate his victory, then he determined to finish the job of baring this lovely lady.

Her fingers were working frantically to get her top free of itself and dropped back over her breasts where it belonged. A few catcalls had sounded and a camera or two had saved the moment for posterity. “Oh! OooH!” Her buns were still out in the open and it would take several seconds at the very least for her to cover her tits. The Breeze did his spin trick again, running a circuit all the way around her skirt until the entire thing was in a narrow bunch around her waist, leaving her lower body protected ony a thong. She stopped her clothes fixing a moment, too panicked to know what to do. The Breeze took that opportunity to rewind her top again tightly so that her tits would stay out in the open where he wanted them. Finally she realized that she had been standing in place, body bared out in public. With a soft moan that crescendoed into a high pitched shriek, she started to trot away as fast as her fancy shoes could carry her with her hands over her boobs. This lasted only twenty footsteps or so before the Breeze had burst her underwear down to her knees. Now not only were her tits and ass exposed, her nicely trimmed bush was on display as well! Unable to run, she continued a cautious walk as she grabbed them to pull them up. The Breeze spun around them so fast that they tightened up around themselves and pulling them became so difficult that the poor woman could barely waddle along as men stared, some keeping pace with her to get a continuing eyeful.

Though the Gust was gone, the Breeze still wasn’t quite finished yet. Fate would reward him further for his triumph with one final stripping. It wasn’t long before he found his next victim. She was a lovely, slim blonde in jean shorts and a small red top who was already putting on a show for the locals. She knew that everyone liked to watch her when she washed her car. What she didn’t know was that today she would be giving the best show she ever had. The Breeze also noted that a lot of eyes were on this pretty young woman, so he didn’t need to do anything to attract attention. He could dive right in and be assured that nothing would be missed by the audience of greedy neighborhood eyes. For starters, the Breeze just wound his way up her body from her ankle all the way up until her hair flew fetchingly. This was noticed by and commented on by an ephemeral voice that only the Breeze could hear. The water hose itself had been imbued with a primal intelligence having taken part in this sexy ritual so many times. It wanted very much to help and with the direction and support of the Breeze’s magical strength, it would have more fun than it ever had before. The Breeze slipped along the hose and helped it kink itself so that the water died down to a small trickle. Predictably, with all too human foolishness, the pretty blonde looked directly at the hose. At that moment the kink was undone and the water pressure was boosted up more than should have been possible. With a shriek of surprise the lovely lady’s face, hair and top were soaked before the water hose fell and resumed it’s normal flow. She heard a few chuckles and she knew there would be inaudible comments at the way her top now clung to her. With a grimace she got back up and resumed washing, though with less enthusiasm than before. When she bent over the car (a favorite moment of all of her neighbors) the Breeze struck. From inside her jean shorts he burst the back seam, splitting her pants. “Oh!” She shot up and spun in place, one hand over the clothing mishap. Now that she was facing everyone, the Breeze burst her top open. Pretty, pretty, firm tits that everyone had imagined were now bared for real. Her yelp was one of shock more than embarrassment as she clutched her top back closed again. Then, realizing that so many people she knew had just gotten a good look at her tits, she blushed deeply. She started to sidle off but oddly, she noticed that the water hose was looped around one of her ankles. She kicked to get it off so that she could move unimpeded, but it seemed almost to hold on tighter. The Breeze took the moment of her distraction to get ahold of her shorts and with a surge of power, he burst the zipper open and had them down a little past her knees. Her panties were adorable and some laughs and cheers sounded at the sight. Her eyes opened wide and she struggled to get her shorts back up and kick at the water hose on her ankle all without letting go of her torn top. It wasn’t until they were almost all the way back up when she felt the odd sensation of the Breeze winding around them. Then with another sudden burst, the Breeze had torn her shorts completely along every seam, leaving her holding a few scraps of denim, her underwear exposed again. Before she had time to realize that that had actually happened, the water hose let loose another unnaturally powerful spray of water that soaked her panties. Too late, she put her hands in front of that stream until it died down again. While the hose had soaked her, the Breeze had worked his way into her top. With a terrible rip, it parted from her body, putting her tits on show again, in fact, leaving her clad in nothing but a pair of thoroughly wet panties. This time her noise was not just yelp or squeal, it was a full blown, shrill scream of panic. Then her hands clapped over her boobs and she turned to get away. The hose of course wasn’t about to let her escape that easily. She tripped, though was spared a painful impact by a quick updraft from the Breeze. Furious, she struggled to get back to her feet, but, against any normal odds, the hose had also managed to loop itself around one of her wrists. It was a comedy worthy of a silent movie as she fought to free herself from the grasp of an inanimate object while it continued to give her regular sprays of cold water. Everyone stared and smiled as her gorgeous body was seen from varying angles, on her back, on all fours, in various sitting stances and so on. Finally she pulled free and stood, but in that very moment, when she almost felt a small victory, the Breeze separated her from her panties. Her sexy smooth pussy was visible only a moment before she put one hand over it and ran to her front door, her lovable bare buns moving delightfully. Her trouble still wasn’t over though. Before he had started with her, the Breeze had carefully worked his way into the lock so that it couldn’t be opened. After pulling with all her strength at the latch for a few seconds, the naked, blushing cutie turned with one arm over her tits and one hand over her beaver. No one made any pretense of looking away. What could she do? Nothing really except panic and point out the obvious. “I’m naked! I’m naked! Oh my god! Is that a camera?” One of her neighbors had a habit of filming her discreetly during her car washes but this time he had gotten bold enough not only to do it openly but to get close to the action. “Stop it! Turn that off!”

But another neighbor shouted, “Can I have a copy Frank?”

“Sure. Everyone gets one. Ten bucks a copy.”

His work here finished, the Breeze looped away and, like his defeated opponent, began to die down. He was happy with his efforts though and well satisfied in the knowledge that even against another elemental force, his mission to strip and embarrass beautiful women would continue.

**A Christmas Breeze**

There was a wintry chill in the air that would have been uncomfortable for a human being, but to a breeze, it was a lovely sensation. Our beloved elemental trickster wafted along, feeling the coolness move through him. After quite some time, he realized that there was another pleasant feel along with it. That sensation was the pull of destiny. He was being drawn through that mysterious instinct again to some place that could use his talents.

Over treetops and across a beautiful natural landscape, the Breeze traveled rapidly. Eventually he got to a city. No surprise there of course. This, however would not be one of his meandering, random adventures. There was a specific place, a certain structure that housed a thriving mass of humanity in need of Christmas cheer. A shopping mall! A great, massive shopping mall!

The Breeze was already overjoyed at the prospect of sweeping through stores and relieving pretty shoppers of their burdens by replacing them with the greater burden of hiding their public nudity! It was a bit odd really, that he should be given this wonderful Christmas gift, considering what a naughty breeze he really was. The gift, of course, is really to us, his ardent admirers and followers, who have for too long waited for another helping of windy fun. Happy holidays everyone! I hope you all love this as much as I do!

The Breeze found it easy to get inside of course. You can’t keep out the wind. The place was so huge that it was amazing to see it so full of people. Christmas music sang over the speakers, people pushed through each other and bright signs advertised sales. No one looked like they were in very good spirits though. Apparently Christmas shopping was not an enjoyable task for everyone. Ah well, the Breeze would certainly enjoy his shopping.

He began looking for some lovely lady that could use his windy influence. It took a bit, because his instincts had not kicked in as strongly as they would. But then there she was! What a pretty woman! Twenty seven maybe? Very blonde. The Breeze could see why he had been brought to this pretty woman right away. A skirt. Most women were wearing pants here, probably on account of the cold. This one would be an easy first stripping though.

The Breeze floated down to the floor and made his way around until he was near her. He played with the hem of her long skirt flirtatiously, making it sway so that people would notice. She noticed it herself, but it wasn’t an annoyance yet. Then there was a quick but soft gust that sent it up to her knees. Not embarrassing yet, but it certainly did catch a few glances. The Breeze billowed up into her skirt to see what she had on underneath. He was happy to see that she was one of those wonderful women that favored thongs. Great buns! He had to share them with the world so, leaving her skirt, he forced the shopping bag from one of her hands and scooted it along a bit. Predictably, she bent over to pick it up, and that was the moment he was waiting for. WOOSH! Her skirt flew up, revealing her bare, bent over buns! “OH!” She straightened right up, but the Breeze was still blowing at her skirt, keeping it up and leaving her derrierre bare. Red faced, she pressed her skirt down in back until the Breeze stopped. She held stock still, but her eyes moved all around, noticing the happy stares. She cautiously picked her bag back up and moved on. The Breeze let her make it a way along so that she would not be expecting another gust. Then, right when he noticed that lots of men were stealing glances at the lovely lady, he swept under her and forced that dress upward again. Her glorious legs were exposed, along with her thong and the beautiful ass that it didn’t cover. She shrieked, dropped her bags, and pulled a Marilyn Monroe. She might have run if it weren’t for the fact that she wasn’t going to leave her purchases behind. The Breeze focused his efforts then on the back of her skirt, so that she would have to put both hands there. It worked wonderfully, and once the front of her skirt was unprotected, he flew it upward there as strong as he could. In the very next instant, before the poor woman could even react, he was in her underwear. It burst down her legs, letting everyone nearby get a good look at her wonderfully blonde beaver. “AAaah!! What’s happening!” She threw her hands back over her front again. The Breeze responded by returning to the back of her skirt to give everyone a look at her naked ass. The skirt began to twist as it blew, and in another moment it ripped loudly off of her body. The panties that had been around her knees departed with it, leaving her bottomless in a very crowded shopping mall! With a long, constant, pitiful whine, she picked up her bags, positioned one over her bush and one behind her buns. She ran into the nearest store, hoping for cover.

What a wonderful beginning, and already his strength was building. He ran along the crowd pushing past people, and the disruption of his gust bothered quite a few. Then he spotted another mark. Sexy! Dark red hair on a woman that managed to be attractive despite the sour look she had from having spent too much time fighting the crowd. At first the Breeze thought that it was time for some tits. Then he wondered if this woman’s hair color was genuine or not. It was a tantalizing thought. Her beaver would undoubtedly be a wondrous sight, but wouldn’t it be wonderful and christmassy if it were really that red? He had to know.

So he circled her waist, keeping up with her tired, overshopped pace. Little by little he worked his way along her belt and into her zipper. He stride slacked when she thought she felt her belt coming undone. She looked down and was surprised to find that it was open. The Breeze wanted attention for the next moment, so he sounded out a sharp, windy whistle that brought glances from all sides. Then POP! her pants and panties were dropped to her knees. She shrieked piercingly as her wonderfully curved ass and her red bush (Yes, it did match her hair! How wonderfully festive!) was exposed in the middle of a crowd. She dropped her bags and pulled her pants up quickly. Not quickly enough of course, as a few happy murmurs and chuckles let her know. While she fumbled with her belt, the Breeze got ready again. With a powerful blast, he pulled those pants out of her grasp and all the way down her legs to her ankles! “OH MY GOD!” That thick, dark red forest of fur met with a bit of actual applause. What was worse, with her pants down like that, she couldn’t even escape. She reached down for them (great bare ass bend over!) and again started to put them back in order. She glanced at her bags, reluctant to leave them behind. The Breeze knew that she wasn’t running yet, so he decided to go with his first impulse. It was time for some tit. The unfortunate lady was just zipping up when the Breeze blasted the front of her sweater up. No bra. What a considerate woman to make it so easy for him. Nice tits, big, but delicately shaped with broad, light pink nipples. Making the whole ordeal even more fun, she didn’t pull it down right away. She was more afraid of losing her pants again, so she made damn well certain to have them belted before she worried about her top. It was a good long look at her bare boobs for the Breeze and a happy crowd. Then she yanked her top down, muttered some curses, and started to push her way away, escaping as fast as she could.

The Breeze was done baring her, but he couldn’t let her walk away like that. He was too grateful. So he swept along the floor, pushing her shopping bags along until they ended up close enough to her that she stopped, surprised, and picked them up.

Marvelous fun already. The Breeze flew along the jaded crowd, but saw nothing enticing for a bit, so he stopped in a clothing store. He swept past clothing racks, making the garments sway in his wake. He made his way back to the changing rooms for some fun. He found a sexy woman there for sure. No one was around to watch though, so he wasn’t certain what to do. He always craved witnesses for his pranks. He thought about just finding another woman, but the lovely lady that was trying of outfits was one of a kind. Oh, she was wonderful She had a confident, classy kind of look, even only partially dressed. She was protected back there though, and even a breeze as patient as our hero couldn’t wait for her that long. He watched her a bit as she put things on and took them off. He realized what he could do during a wonderful moment when she was stripped to her panties. With speed and desperation, the Breeze swirled around the changing room grabbing up every bit of clothing. “What in the world! What’s happening! Hey!” She wasn’t fast enough to save anything. She watched it all sweep out and leave her stranded. “Ah! Oh no!”

The Breeze carried it all out and then proceeded to ravage his way through the store, knocking items off of shelves and racks and infuriating the ladies who worked there. They were all too busy at that moment to realize that there was a customer in back demanding help. The Breeze flew back to his lovely victim, making certain to interefere with the sound of her escalating shouts.

When she felt the sweep of the wind against her skin, she panicked. Then, to her amazement, the panties she was wearing met the same fate as the other clothes had. “This can’t be happening!” But it was! A piece of wind had torn the last of her clothes from her body, leaving her totally naked. She didn’t have to worry about that for long. Out in the store was an area filled with special sales and clearance items. Of course during the winter, the store wasn’t selling many swimsuits, so they were there, marked down greatly. The Breeze picked one up and hustled back to the naked beauty. She was just getting up the nerve to open the door to her changing room, but she didn’t know why. She couldn’t walk outside. Salvation came in a dubious form. For a moment she felt grateful to have some cover. Then she realized just how skimpy the bikini was! “NO! Oh I can’t wear this!” What choice did she have though?

She swallowed hard and held up the swimsuit. It was smaller than anything she would ever wear willingly. “Oh this is ridiculous.” She considered just calling for help again, but she didn’t understand why she hadn’t gotten help already.

The Breeze could have watched her there, but he wanted the drama of seeing her step out in the bikini he’d chosen. The door practically trembled when she opened it. Wonderful! The Breeze looped in celebration! Her magnificent body was so perfectly curved. She was just slightly voluptuous, enough to really fill out a bikini. Not that there was much of this one to fill! The top was so small on her spectacular tits! It didn’t even make it to the lowest part of them, so her underboob was out there to see. Besides that, it seemed like it was barely wider than her areolas would be. Then there were the bottoms! From behind you could see her bare ass in that thong. In front they were smaller than her ‘hair style’ allowed for. Her dark bush peeked up above the top.

Chin quivering and one hand over her lower exposure, she took little shaky steps out into the store. The Breeze was truly a master of his craft though. He had it set up so that one of the first things she would notice would be her purse, close to the entrance. The nearly naked, unwilling bikini beauty took a couple nervous steps, then she sprinted to her purse. It couldn’t have been better. That little run of course ended with the purse being sent out of the store by a well timed gust. It was right at the last moment, so she chased it while she was still moving too fast to consider otherwise. Then, there she was, right out amongst a fast moving crowd of people, barely dressed at all.

It hit her that she was so scantily clad, but her purse was right there, right within reach. She had to move around the people, all of whom were staring. Some of them stopped to get a good look. “Nice ass!” “Nice tits!” Other such appraisals rang out happily and the lovely lady blushed deeply, avoiding any eye contact. Once she had her purse, she held it behind her, covering her bum. She couldn’t help looking around now, but it was torture with so many eyes roaming over the expanse of skin. Right as she started moving, the Breeze knocked her purse from her grip, stopping her in her tracks and extending the public bikini show. There were a few whistles and some applause. When she turned in place, she saw something terrible. She was on the second floor of the building and the Breeze was sending her purse over the edge of a barrier, to the floor below.

“NO!” She looked down at it helplessly. It was right there and there was an escalator close. But that meant she’d have to keep walking through this crowd in that undersized swimsuit. She heard one of the women from the store shouting at her, now that she had been noticed. She ignored it. She had to get her purse. She trotted, boobs bouncing, to the escalator. She could practically feel the stares all around. She refused to look at anyone. She just kept her attention on her purse. She pressed past the other people on the escalator. Some of them really enjoyed that.

She was still the subject of mob scrutiny when she got to the lower floor. “Look at that!” “What’s she wearing?” “What’s she not wearing!” “I can almost see everything!” The commentary was constant. She continued blushing and staring at the floor rather than at any person. She saw someone pick up her purse. “Hey! That’s mine!” She was lucky that the man who had it wasn’t intending to keep it. He hadn’t spotted her yet, so when he looked for that voice, he was stunned at her appearance. He smiled broadly and held the purse out. When she finally stopped her race walk, she realized just how much she was trembling. She was grateful to the purse finder. “Thank you! Thank you!” That was all she ha time for though. Now that she had her purse, again, held over her bare buns, she ran as fast as she could back upstair to the store. The women working there were all chuckling. They didn’t know why or how that had happened, but it was going to be a great story all year long.

The Breeze wasn’t quite finished, though. Nearly naked, as wonderful as it is, isn’t the same as naked. He knocked the purse from her grasp one last time. He didn’t blow it away. He just wanted her to stop a moment. She felt the windy touch at her borrowed bikini, but she didn’t realize that she was in for another disaster. Once she stood up though, the itty bitty top burst from her body, and the bottoms were shot down her legs to her ankles. She had been remarkably quiet until that moment, when she let out the loudest shriek of her life. She held her purse in front of her glorious tits, but that left her beautiful ass and her perfect triangle of dark fur bare for the crowd. Her first few steps, on account of the bottoms at her ankles, were short ones. Then one foot slid out, and she was free to move as fast as she could back to the dressing rooms.

The Breeze swirled and swooped through the place happily. Though he had long ago learned the trick of surviving indoors, he still needed to move. He had to keep going, taking advantage of the size of the shopping center. So it was some minutes, more than half an hour, before he really searched out his next victim. What he found was a delightful young shopper talking loudly into her cell phone. She was thin, pretty, dark haired, blue eyed and light skinned. The Breeze started his fun by creeping into her pants. That had the effect of stopping the lovely lady in midsentence, but only momentarily. She was the type that got really involved in her calls. The Breeze wondered just how far he could get without making her hang up.

With his practiced speed and precision, he undid her pants and dropped them to her knees, revealing cute pink panties, tight on an adorable lower body. “Oh! What!” She reached down and got her pants back up as fast as possible, but she didn’t even drop her phone to do it. In fact, she was right back on it the instant her pants were back at her waist. One hand was zipping them back up, while she explained to whoever was on the other end, “My pants fell down! Right out in public! Yes! I’m at the mall! Can you believe that?” She wasn’t quite oblivious to the attention she had gotten, but the comfort of the phone kept her from too much embarrassment. Could she do that again? The Breeze repeated that performance exactly, dropping her pants to her knees a second time. “Awp! NO!” She struggled to get her pants back up again, and again, she was put her phone right back to her ear. “It happened again! I can’t believe this!” The Breeze was laughing his hardest at this silly woman. His sound was almost impossible to hear, even then, so over the sound of a crowd, it was missed. It didn’t matter. There were snickers a plenty around the double pantsed phone freak. Of course, this wasn’t nearly enough for our hero. He thought about doing something different. Then he decided that since more than a few eyes were still paying discreet attention to the pants that covered that lovely lower body, that he’d treat them to a real show. He moved fast popping her pants, breaking the zipper. Before she could even react to that, her pants were shooting down her legs again, but this time they were accompanied by her panties! Sexy! Her little derriere was wonderful, and on the other side was her little jet black bush. This time her embarrassment was overpowering. She shrieked and squatted down. Not before people got a quick look at her goodies though!

She actually ended her phone call before getting dressed! “I’ve got to go, Marcy!” She clicked it off, put it in her pocket and struggled to get her pants back up without showing any more than she had to. People around were chuckling and watching. There were a few glimpses of that pretty bush before she got it covered up again. The rosy pink blush on her fair skin was wonderful. She tried to ignore the fact that so many people had seen more than they ever should. Then, true to form, she got back on the phone! The Breeze waited until she was talking to Marcy again. Then he decided to go for broke. First, he wound his way into all of her clothing, preparing for a quick stripping. She must have felt him in her clothes, because she said uncertainly, “Uh, Marcy, I think I’ve got to go again.” She had just clicked it off when her pants were NOT dropped again. They were torn completely off of her. “NO! HOW! WHAT HAPPENED!!” The people around were just as mystified as she was. It was less than a second though before her panties followed her pants. Her beautiful little ass and sexy dark bush were right back out into the public eye again! This time more cell phones were involved, but they were taking pictures! The unfortunate woman screamed and threw a hand over her front. Right then her shirt and coat were burst off of her. She was down to a hat, shoes and her bra! “This can’t be happening! Stop looking everyone! Stop! Someone help!” How could she be helped though? Her bra was snapped of next, leaving her stark naked in the middle of the mall. She couldn’t bring herself to take a hand away from her pussy, so her cute little tits stayed uncovered for a crowd of happy stares and a lot of photos.

**A Christmas Breeze pt. 2**

The Breeze continued his ‘holiday shopping’, looking for an appropriate store. Bella’s Bath and Beauty was a likely place to find women in need of assistance. So the Breeze adopted a lazy, lolling gait in the place. There were plenty of women perusing the merchandise and the Breeze was perusing those women. Much to his delight, he found a few delightful prospects. He was free to decide not only who he would strip, but also to decide what the best trick would be to play. He found a pair of women near each other, but not shopping together that would make for some great fun. Rather than go after any clothes, he started by pushing one into the other. “Hey! Watch where you’re going!”

That first lady, a very pretty, light haired, dark eyed blonde, was a little confused. She knew she had been pushed, but she saw no one close enough to have done it. While she was looking the other way, the Breeze pushed the other lady into her. “Hey!”

“It wasn’t my fault!” This one had short dark hair and some nice big tits under her sweater.

The Breeze decided to test his ability for complex action. First, he’d divide and sweep into them both from two sides. Great! With a fast gust, he knocked them both into each other. “What the hell?” “Are you doing this?” The two lovelies landed on the floor in a heap.

Fast, the Breeze ran along the buttons on the front of the blonde’s shirt. POP POP POP! “AAH!” The sweater was a bit tougher, but he was able to sever the front of it in similar style. Neither woman was bare breasted yet, since they were both wearing bras, but they were both fairly embarrassed as they started to get to their feet. The Breeze swept under them, knocking them over. He didn’t want them off of that floor. The next trick was a bit harder, but since they were distracted and moving in predictable ways, he managed it. The brunette’s sweater was flung off of one arm, so that she had only one sleeve on. The Breeze mirrored that with the blonde. “OoH!” “Get off me!”

Again, while they staggered to their feet, the Breeze played another trick. The empty sleeves were whipped into each other and twisted around, tornado style until they were hopelessly tangled. Now the women were stuck. Neither was about to give up her shirt to free the other, so that meant that they had to untie it. Of course, the Breeze’s work wasn’t so easily undone. He let himself enjoy a chuckle at the sight of the two unfortunate women sitting there, desperately getting in each other’s way as they tried to get their shirts apart.

Then it was time for less coverage. The Breeze went after the blonde first. She was wearing a pair of blue jeans, but not for long. He swept into them and undid them as fast as possible. “OH NO!” Before she could even get ahold of the waist, the pants flew down her legs. The Breeze only slipped them off of one leg though, letting the other pant leg remain scrunched together at her ankle. This took effort, but it would be well worth it! The dark haired lady had slacks that would be much easier to undo and strip. So, WHOOSH!, off they went, down to ankles, one pant leg off, the other on. You can imagine the squawking of them as they saw their loose pant legs twisting around each other. Not only were their tops tangled, now their pants were too! What’s more they were both effectively covered by little more than bra and panties.

The brunette decided to get herself free even if it meant relieving the other lady of her clothes. The poor little blonde screamed, “NO! Let go of my pants! You can’t do that!” She was nowhere near as agressive though, so she would have been doomed to lose her pants if it weren’t for the Breeze’s interference. He swept down on a bra and popped the shoulder straps. That stopped the brunette from getting away! She had to hold her bra in place.

Now the women looked around and realized they had a bit of an audience. Even the shop girls weren’t lifting a finger to help. It was all just too much fun to watch even if no one knew why it was happening.

The next casualty was the blonde’s panties. She felt the cool touch of the Breeze and she shrieked, knowing what would happen next. Sure enough, with a loud rip, she and her panties were parted, baring her pretty, pretty, light blonde muff to all. She threw a hand over it and stared with her big blue eyes at everyone staring at her. Another pair of panties flew and a dark furred beaver was bared. “We’ve got to get out of here!”

That would prove difficult to do. There was a reason that the Breeze chose this particular spot for this complicated stripping. They were next to a lot of plastic bottles of massage oils. While the girls had been trying to pull apart from each other, the Breeze had broken himself into more directions than he had ever attempted before. It was hard to do. In the past he had locked doors and manipulated items, but usually only one at a time. This time half a dozen bottle caps flew off of bottles. With precision, the Breeze tipped only those open bottles over onto the ladies.

“Oh!” “What?” “We’re getting all oily!” “What the hell’s going on?”

Some of my more conscientious readers might wonder how it could be, even in the Breeze’s silly world, that the store’s employee’s didn’t get involved. Well, they did think about it. One said to another, “Should we do something?”

“What do you want us to do?”

So the surrounding people were nothing more than an audience to the women trying again to stand and failing on account of being tied together and now being partially slicked up. Another half dozen bottles popped open and tumbled. Then another. With pathetic squeals and squawks, the poor women tried to fend off the growing mess, but they only slipped an slid over each other comically, especially since the Breeze helped them stay down by pushing in any direction that would keep them off their feet.

Bottomless and covered in oil, things got worse when the brunette’s already strapless bra burst from her body baring her big jugs. “AAaaaAAAH! Someone make this stop!”

Of course the blonde lost her bra in the next moment. They were so panicked now that they didn’t mind losing the remains of their tied clothing. The blonde kicked furiously to get her foot free from her pants. While she did that, she did nothing to protect her precious boobies and blonde bush from view. The dark haired lovely, her bit tits moving wonderfully during the struggle, parted herself from her torn sweater.

The Breeze finally let them stand, swirling happily at the show he had created. It took some doing, and they could barely cover themselves at all, but the two sexy nudies managed to get to their feet. They stood there, glistening with oil and covering their tits and pussies with their hands and clothing remnants. “Where can we go?,” the brunette demanded. One of the store’s chuckling employees guided them along, slowly, to a room in the back to get it all sorted out.

That was fun. It had also taxed the Breeze’s abilities a bit, so he thought he might take it easy for a few pranks. Fast, simple strippings, just to keep his strength up. What a delightful little morsel his next mark was! She was sexy, short, very pretty and she had a great body, cof very round curves up and down. It wasn’t that she was exceptionally voluptuous. She just had the kind of shape that you can’t miss even from a distance, even in her conservative clothing.. And a lot of people noticed. Brown hair, neither dark nor light. It was short hair, but not too short. The Breeze imagined that the bush that matched that hair would be wonderful. A great place to start. He swept along to her lazily, taking his time, enjoying her walk. He funneled himself into her pants and panties, sweeping around in circles. It was an odd feeling, so the lovely lady slowed down a bit, but she didn’t stop. Not until the Breeze brought those pants down to her knees! Without even a scream, just an open mouthed stare of wonder, the woman looked down at exactly the thing everyone else was staring at, her brown, fluffy triangle. The very next instant she was tugging at her pants to get them up. It took some effort since the Breeze had rolled them over quite a bit. She struggled with them, trying to fasten them again, but it was impossibly broken. The Breeze wanted to see the tits under her shirt, they had to be magnificent, but everyone was still staring at those pants. So he dropped them again! This time, she screamed. The Breeze had not only dropped her pants, he had shot them all way down her legs. Her pretty, very round buns were a wonder to watch as she struggled and wiggled to get covered up again. The very instant that her pants were back at her waist, the Breeze attacked her shirt, ripping the front open, along with the bra underneath. Yes, her tits were magnificent. Gloriously shaped, they were mediums, so well pronounced that they seemed to be the only thing you could bring your eyes to. Until she had her shirt pulled back over them again. Of course her pants dropped again. This time the poor woman shuffled off slowly as she tugged them up.

He had enjoyed that, but the Breeze let her be. He wanted another woman for some fun, and he didn’t have to wait long to find one. Mm. What a sexy little thing. She was almost tiny really, but she had this hard case sort of bearing that let her move even through a crowd of jaded shoppers without much trouble. Dark hair, stern expression, drab clothes. At first she would be easy to overlook as being attractive. The Breeze had almost swept right past her without caring. When he took a second look, he realized that she was actually very pretty, and it seemed she was well built. She wasn’t getting the kind of looks that other pretty women typically did because of the way her attractiveness was camouflaged. The Breeze would fix that. He swirled around her, deciding what to do first. He moved through her clothes to see just what she was wearing. She had on a light brown sweater that almost hid the shape of her tits. Her pants were loose enough that you could almost miss the delectable curve of her ass, and her legs were entirely shapeless in that get up. Oh, those pants had to go. That was where he started. He’d already been heavily focused on pantsing women in the mall, but with the ending he had in mind, it was still the logical starting point. He crept into her pants and laced himself around the threads and seams. Then, with a great deal of force, he burst outward, tearing the sides of the pants just enough to make it easy to slide them down her body to her ankles.

All of a sudden, she had plenty of attention! She had really shapely legs, and now, in just her panties, the glory of that ass was evident. A few happy comments sounded, and even a quick whistle. As quick as she could, she reached down and pulled them back up. She had to hold them in place though because of the way they were torn. She looked with disgust at the people around as she demanded, “Move out of the way damn it!” People were about to do just that, but the Breeze wasn’t about to let her off that easily. He was in her sweater, building up pressure. In moments she was stopped in wonder now that her top was filled like a balloon. If she’d had any idea what was about to happen, she would have been running. Making an indescribable sound, the sweater burst into a dozen pieces. “What? YAAAaawH! No!” She wasn’t bared since she still had her bra on, but it was enough to bring a delightful, rosy bloom to her cheeks. It wasn’t nearly enough for the Breeze. He was still there, right around her upper body, but he let a little bit of his force sweep down to her damaged pants, sending them back down. “NO! This can’t be happening!”

“Woo hoo!” “Nice ass baby!” “I got a piece of your sweater here! Want it back?”

She threw angry glances around at all the open stares and smiles as she got her pants back up. She didn’t get them all the way up though. Once they were just above mid thigh, right when her arms were in perfect position, the Breeze struck with one of his favorite tricks. He snapped her bra in the front and sent it down her arms faster than she could possibly react. She wouldn’t be able to cover her tits since the Breeze was cycloning that bra around her wrists. There was a loud, horrified scream from the sexy little woman. Her wonderful tits were out in the open, and her hands were tied behind her back! She had such pretty, precious nipples.

She was about to make a dash away from the crowd, but as she moved, her damaged pants slid further and further down, inhibiting her speed more and more with every step. People moved for her, but only slowly, wanting a good look as she passed by. A few cell phones were capturing her toplessness as she struggled to keep from crying.

As a final act, the Breeze pushed her panties down, baring her dark, dark bush and that oh so delectable ass that wiggled so perfectly with her little bound steps. The Breeze watched the show a bit before moving on.

What next, what next? Ah! How about this pretty thing? She was sitting at a table eating, so the Breeze would let her be for the moment. She was almost done and a standing victim would be easier than a sitting one. She was beautiful, in her early thirties with thick, cascading brown hair and green eyes. She was wearing a terrible dress though that was not only ugly, it hid her figure. It was a long sleeved thing and it went almost all the way to her ankles. The Breeze decided to help out with that fashion mistake, by removing the offending article. Once she was done eating, she moved slowly around the tables and put up her tray. The Breeze had already decided what he wanted to do. Scattered throughout the tables were several poles that had banners advertising stores and special deals. They were just the right height for a great naked trap. The Breeze waited as patiently as he could until she was just under one. Then he swooped into action. From under her dress, she flew up, not only hard enough to lift her dress, but to peel it up and off of her. He didn’t take it all the way off though. That was the point. It was inside out and the force of his rush had lifted her arms above her head. The Breeze looped that dress around an extension of one of those poles. It was a hard trick, but well worth it. He had also twisted it, especially at both sleeves, so that she could not pull her hands free. There she was, stripped to her bra and panties right out in public, and worse, she was tied in place with her arms above her head!

She stared down at her own body and then shrieked with horror. She pulled at her dress, but it was a masterpiece of windy manipulation. It was caught so securely that it would take a long time for her to free herself. In the meantime, the Breeze had this lovely, half dressed plaything!

Her body was nice, perfectly proportioned with this spectacularly graceful midsection. Her pulls and struggles served as a delightful panty dance as she whimpered and blushed and let out periodic screams of panic. Already people were all around, some uncertain about what to do, but most just enjoying the show. No one came close for a few seconds, and when some idiot did the Breeze bowled him over and pushed him back. That created chuckles and took some attention from her, but only for a moment.

Plain as it was, she just looked so good in her underwear. Of course, we all know the Breeze’s tastes. This wasn’t nearly enough. He tickled his way over her skin from one ankle on up until he reached her bra. With a carefully coordinated snap, he popped one shoulder strap free that flung forward. “NO! What’s happening to me! Someone make it stop!” Next, the Breeze went after the clasp on the back. When she felt that come undone, the poor lady shrieked even louder than before. Then she was topless as her bra burst from her into the crowd. Someone grabbed it like a fan at a baseball game catching a foul ball.

She went quiet and trembling as she looked at all those eyes staring at her tits. They were glorious mediums with fabulous nipples that were just slightly conical. After half a minute or so of just standing there helplessly bare chested, she started pulling again, more frantic than ever to get out of this bind. While she wiggled, the Breeze went after her panties. He could have just pushed them down, but since he had a stationary target, he took the time to wrap around them and tear them away. Again a souvenir was flung to the woman’s admirers. She stared, wide eyed at her own naked body. Her bush was a patch that was neither big nor small, light brown and very thick.

For the first time she noticed the sounds of approval from the onlookers. She looked up, then down, then up, then back down again. She let out a piercing, pathetic wail as she gave up pulling for a bit. “Someone get me out of this! Someone help! Please! OOoOoOoOh! I can’t believe I’m naked!”

The Breeze swirled in triuph at this work of art. He studied her body for a bit, just as everyone else was doing, then he flew on for some more shopping. Those last three strippings were fun, but the Breeze really wanted to take advantage of this environment. He got his chance when he spotted a lovely blonde walking toward an escalator. This trick would take some real precision, but it would be well worth it. As fast as he could, he wound himself through the fabric of her dress in a back and forth pattern from the hem all the way up. Once she was in place, the Breeze tore just a little bit off the bottom and wedged it hard into an unmoving part. With his help, the dress began to tear bit by bit in a suspenseful zig zag. “OH! OH! My dress!” She was looking at it ripping in an odd pattern of unraveling. It would be easy to escape before any real exposure took place, though. All she had to do was run back up to where the problem was. The Breeze had already thought about that, though. He slipped a bit of her sleeve off and wedged it into the handrail. He continued to work the rips where they were needed. She took two steps up and felt her arm being pulled the other way. “How? What’s wrong with this thing?” For a moment she just stayed in place, and that made the bottom of her dress tear up and up, baring more of her legs. That seemed like the more urgent problem, so she stomped upward, pushing past people. That made her sleeve shorten more an more, and it was hard to get past everyone.

By the time she was close, her sleeve was gone and the dress was starting to peel around her upper torso. Now this was a real emergency since she wasn’t wearing a bra! “No No NO!” She hustled back down to stop that. What to do? Before long, her hem would rise again. If she moved up though, the top of her dress would shrink! She stayed where she was and was momentarily spared any further indignity. Then the bottom of her dress started ripping away again. “OH! OH! NO!” Knees. Mid thigh. Upper thigh. She tried to break the dress fragment that was unraveling, but she couldn’t get a grip fast enough. Panties! Pretty pink thong panties! Bare buns! “AAAAAAaaaaAAAAH!” She had both hands pressed hard against her derrierre to cover as much as she could.

She panicked. It was the worst thing to do. She started running back up, pushing past people, many of whom were delighted to have this half dressed beauty pressed against them as she went. She shouted, “Someone get that loose!” No one who was close to it understood. So she got to the point of peril again and her top starting coming undone. “NO! No one look! No one look!” Of course everyone was looking. It seemed impossible, and it would have been without the Breeze’s dutiful effort. The dress kept dropping up top, leaving one sleeve still in place on her arm. Below that though, she had to press her hands against it to stop it tearing. That didn’t work and she was stripped topless right out in public. “AaAh! Someone make it stop!” No one got a look at her tits since she had her hands over them before they were even bared, but they were big enough that the shape of them was clear even with her hands covering the centers. Also, that nice bubble butt was totally exposed.

The unfortunate woman rode downward, but it was too late to salvage anything. Her dress was torn completely from her, leaving her wearing only her panties by the time she stepped off. She took a few steps, then bounced in place, staring around for some sanctuary. She trotted toward a store, her wonderfuly bare buns wiggling as she went. The Breeze hadn’t really given the crowd a look at her tits or pussy, so he set aside cleverness and just blasted her panties down her legs. She gave a great, knock kneed pose of embarassment now that her shaved pussy was exposed. One hand shot down to cover her smoothie, leaving one titty bare. She shuffled along like that among cheers, laughter, applause and whistles, until she got out of sight.

**A Christmas Breeze pt. 3**

That was fun, but it had been hard to do. It required so may different directions and so many careful positions to make it possible. As much as he loved his craft, he needed another simple job. Simple or not, his next trick was original. He saw a pair of delightful young ladies that he just couldn’t resist. They both had long ponytails, one blone, the other very dark. They were the special kind of double that looked alike in many ways and different in others. The contrast just made them a perfect pair. And this would be so much fun. They were waiting for a turn at a little photo booth. The Breeze knew what he wanted to do.

This was something he was uncertain that his skills were up to though. He needed help. He swept into the photo booth and directly into the money slot in order to speak to it. In the past he had made allies among other natural forces. He had also manipulated a great number of unliving objects. Only one time before had he managed to get the conscious help of any man made thing. Fortunately for him, the photo booth had long imagined an opportunity like this. It happily agreed to do exactly what the Breeze wished.

Once the girls were in, they took their seats, smiling in such a charming way. They put their money in the machine as they got in place for the little row of pictures it would produce. The Breeze was there with them, working his way into their tops. Right before the first picture snapped, the Breeze tore both tops off of both young ladies. The photo that resulted from that was two bra clad beauties with stares of wonder rather than the normal smiles. Another photo was about to flash while the girls took a moment to decide what to do. SNAP! SNAP! The girls’ bras followed their tops right out of the booth! “AAH!” “What’s happening?” Flash. Another photo captured their surprise along with their beautiful, bare tits.

The girls were panicked, but the photo booth had curtains that kept them from public view. If they left, they’d be in a public mall topless! Flash! Another photo of the bare boobed duo. “What do we do?” “I don’t know!”

The Breeze was laughing so hard that the girls could almost hear it. He was in place in the blonde’s blue jeans. Both sides of it tore open and they were whisked off of her, but not outside. The Breeze had managed to do away with their other clothes without anyone noticing, but torn clothing flying from a photo booth would get attetion. He didn’t want that yet. So he just dropped the pants at the bottom of the booth. Another photo flashed.

Of course the dark haired girl’s pants were also ripped away in time for another photo. This was the contribution of the Breeze’s partner. He would keep snapping away, taking photo after photo for as long as the lovelies were there, timing them for the best shots.

The two panty clad girls were nervous but quiet. The last thing they wanted was anyone peeking in. The blonde grabbed up her jeans for cover as the brunette stole a very careful peek around the curtain that protected her from the public. That was a marvelous photo.

The Breeze wanted naked shots though, so he relieved the blonde of her makeshift booby cover. He carefully slid it outside, stealthily avoiding the eyes of the jaded Christmas shoppers. “We have to get out of here,” she hissed to her friend as another photo popped.

“There’s too many people!” Another photo. Then the Breeze curled himself around the brunette’s panties. Pop pop! They were gone! “OH! OH! OH!” Another photo that, due the photo booth’s temporary gain in ability, framed enough of the girls’ bodies that you could tell one was now fully naked.

“Shut up!,” the blonde demanded. Then her own panties were whisked off. She was a real blonde! And the photo booth made sure that a picture was taken that could prove that.

This was wonderful. Two captive, butt naked young beauties, subject to continuing photos. The Breeze had to do something a bit different to get them to move. He pressed against them in one spot or another, causing quick cold or an intense tickle that forced the girls to move rather than sit still. It was so much fun! The photo booth kept on flashing getting the girls’ naked bodies, sometimes covered by hands, sometimes not. Sometimes from the side, sometimes from the front, and due to the Breeze’s genius, even a few shots of their gorgeous, gorgeous, bare asses.

Then it occurred to the brunette, “Oh my god! There’s naked pictures of us! If someone takes them!” That was the cue for the Breeze to let them out. It was simple really. He just tore the curtains off eiboth sides and dropped them in their laps. For a brief moment they were bare to the world before they hurriedly held the curtains over their nudity. Those last shots, as they struggled to get the cover around them were wonderful. The photo booth would be forever grateful to his windy friend.

The girls’ trouble wasn’t over yet though. The Breeze decided to let them keep their cover. He had a different idea. The blonde knew that people had to be looking at them, but she couldn’t find their clothes. The Breeze had hidden them on top of the booth. The pretty brunette had quickly grabbed the photos. “There’s so many! Why did it keep going?” The Breeze wouldn’t let her keep the pictures though. His fast windy grip was more than enough to pull the entire lot of them from her hand. “NO!”

The Breeze tauntigly swirled them around just out of the girls’ reach. Then, he carried them away, just slowly enough to allow a chase. “NO!” “Get those pictures!” The girls followed the flying photos, but one row of them dropped away, into the hand of a lucky young man. “Hey! Awesome!”

The girls saw that, but the rest of the pictures were getting away! They kept running and the pictures kept flying off one bit at a time to strangers. “No no no! Everyone will see them!” “Oh my god! We can’t get them all now!” In fact, they couldn’t get any of them. The remaining photos flew away faster than they could follow as the Breeze looked for more worthy recipients. The poor girls eventuall looked back at the crowd, knowing that there were plenty of men that would forever have naked photos of them.

Time for another. In and out of stores, the Breeze wandered until he found exactly what he was looking for. She was tall and sexy, light haired in her late forties. She was the kind of woman that you wouldn’t want to argue with which was unfortunate for the cashier. She was bickering hotly over a coupon that would save her five dollars. For that she was holding up a line that was growing longer and longer.

It wasn’t often that the Breeze felt any sense of justice in his acts, but this lady was just asking for it. It would be fast this time, all at once. The Breeze loved the tormented blushes from women that he stripped bit by bit, but he also loved the sudden, dumbfounded expression on instant stripping victims.

He slipped into her clothes and worked his way through them from the floor on up, making certain to get a grip on every weak point. At his current level of strength, it would be easy. Once he was ready, he burst away from her in every direction, carrying scraps of what had been her clothing. All he left were the surprisingly indiscreet thong panties she had on. She had a nice ass and a pair of really well shaped, fairly big tits. As expected, her reaction was confusion at first. She looked down at her own naked body for nearly a second and a half before she realized that it had really happened. She was naked in public! SSSHHHRRRIIIIEEEEEKKKK!!! She threw her arms across her chest and spun in place. How many of them had gotten to see her tits? The line was full of smiles. To make it worse, there were a few phones poised for photos. “How dare you!” She seemed to honestly think that her anger might intimidate the crowd. It only made people chuckle that much more as they continued to stare. She suddenly felt entirely vulnerable, so she begged the cashier, “Can you let me back there? Or anywhere to hide?”

“I don’t know,” he smiled, “employees only, you know.”

Her mouth hung open in disbelief. Was he really just going leave her exposed like that? Of course he was. At a comment from the line, “Nice ass, lady!” she spun back around, furious again. Now that she was facing all those people again, the Breeze finished the job, snatcching away her panties. Her light colored bush was lovely, but sparse. Her pussy lips were plain to see as she screamed again. The next person in line moved up to pay. The Breeze’s work there was done, so he flew off in search of his next victim.

He wandered around until he found a beautiful twenty something. She was black, but with somewhat light skin and very light brown pretty eyes. She had a wonderful smile and seemed to be enjoying her time. It seemed almost a shame to ruin her day since she seemed so marvelously charming. The escalators weren’t the only way to get from one level to another here. This lovely lady was right in front of the elevator. Perfect. It would have to be another instant stripping for this one. He swept into her clothes quickly but completely, just in time. The elevator dinged, the doors opened and the Breeze went into action. In a moment, the beautiful girl was stripped. He left her nothing. From head to toe she had not one single stitch. As it turned out, under her winter clothes she had a wonderful figure, much to the delight of the men in the elevator. The Breeze finished by gusting into her hard enough to force her in. It wasn’t until she was there that she screamed. It was a trio of notes, each higher than the last which would have accompanied her exit if the Breeze hadn’t blown again to keep her in that elevator. Her panic was a wonderful thing as the doors closed and she was trapped in an elevator of strangers totally naked.

An elevator would prove very stifling even for a Breeze as adaptable as our hero, so he flew around to where it would open next. In that little space, the unfortunate woman glanced from one happy face to another, all the while holding her arms over her tits. She couldn’t bring herself to move or talk even when someone copped a feel of her bare ass.

She wasn’t in there long though. The doors opened and she rushed out as fast as she could, startling everyone around. No one expected a naked lady to come running out of the elevator. The Breeze enjoyed that immensely as he watched her rush to the nearest store for some place to get out of sight.

As the Breeze wafted along lazily, he spotted a store that caught his interest immediately. Lingerie. Oh yeah. Inside, amongst the lacy delights, the Breeze roamed around without finding an immediately attractive woman. Then it occurred to him how obvious this one should be. If he had a forehead, he would have slapped it at his own stupidity.

He rushed back to the changing rooms. Speedily, he checked them all, finding only two occupied. The women there were wonderful. This was going to be so much fun. It would be difficult. In fact, at any lower ebb of his power, it would be impossible. He had earned so much strength though, that he was going to do something other than strip these beauties. In each little room he filled as much space as he could around the girls. It was when they were in nice little nothings that he was ready.

One was a red head who had just tried on a wonderful dark black set of garters and stockings complemented by bright red bra and panties. In the other room was a brunette wearing a shiny purple teddy that bared her buns like a thong. The sexy women were admiring their choices and rightly so. The Breeze was certainly impressed. He popped open the doors to those change rooms and then, doing something he had never attempted before, he actually lifted and carried the scantily clad sweet hearts off the ground!

They flew through the air, though not fast. Helplessly, they were panicked by the strange sensation as they were carried past gawking shoppers. The Breeze didn’t want them running right back in the store, so he drifted them quite a ways away, and that caught the attention of everyone around. When he finally set them down, they took a moment to catch their breath and feel safe again. Then they realized that they were out in public, VERY public with that crowd, in just sexy underwear!

Their sexy screams of fright were adorable. Though they were strangers, they became sudden partners in panic. “What do we do?” “RUN! In here!” They were disoriented from being carried and panicked from being half dressed in a bustling crowd, so their mistake wasn’t quite as stupid as it seemed. They just ran into the closest store without looking. It was a video game shop. There was no shelter to be had there, and to make it worse, it was filled not just with random people like outside, but specifically with people they would never want to be seen by. Not like this. “The other way! Go the othe way!”

So they were back out amongst the shoppers, stopping people in their tracks. Moving through all those people slowed them down as they made it to a clothing store. They were right there. They could see the dressing rooms, and they both smiled. The Breeze wasn’t having that though. With a carefully crafted gust, he blasted them both back outside again.

“OH! What?” “How is this happening? Is this the wind?”

They weren’t the only people talking. “Damn! Look at that!” “What are they doing?” “Hey lady! Give me a look!” “Great legs!”

“You bastards! Stop staring!” Then, before they could try for the store again, the Breeze lifted them again, swirling them through the air a second time. This amazed the crowd even more than the underwear did, which was quite a feat. Truth to be told, this was not the kind of thing the Breeze would often do, because it was very taxing, but he was certain it would have the desired effect. It did. The moment he set the sexy duo down, there was the sound of a crowd that was amazed then titilated. The ladies were more than sheepish, but they were hit with the sudden concern, “Where are we?” They had been carried quite a ways away from the store that still had all of their own clothes and belongings.

They were surrounded by food stands, none of which could offer the protection they craved. The red head now had to hold one side of her bra up since the Breeze had snapped it while carrying them. “What do we do?” The result was wonderfully funny. The Breeze had set them there deliberately, but he hadn’t thought that they would follow through. Right there, quivering and blushing, were two sexy, half dressed women staring at a mall map and pointing to the spot labeled YOU ARE HERE. That lasted only a moment before they realized just how ridiculous the idea of making their way back would be. It was an immortalized moment since a photo was taken by a quick hand with a camera. That photo became quite the internet joke afterwards.

As the two lingerie ladies turned and looked for someplace that could help, the Breeze struck again, this time for more exposure. He started with his spinning ball trick. Round and round he flew in a tight little orb. Once that speeding bit of air caught the back of the red head’s panties, they were wedgied up high and tight. “EEEYowh!!” The feel of discomfort was her first concern, then she realized that her buns were bared. Her hands tried to cover, then she had to pull at those panties to free them from her own ass’s grip. While she struggled, the upper edge of one nipple was bared as her damaged bra fell.

“Hurry up!,” her partner in embarrassment said. Right as she said that though, the Breeze took advantage of her outfit. Between her legs, the little strip of material was easy to snap. Since it was so tight on her body, it popped up on both sides. Her ass had already been exposed the whole time in that outfit, but now her pussy was too! She let out a tiny little shriek as her shaved pussy lips met the public. Then she had one hand over them as her other hand tried desperately to pull the front of that outfit back down.

“RUN!” At that command from the red head, the two started rushing, their hands awkwardly trying to protect their modesty. The Breeze took that moment to relieve the red head of her bra, freeing her pretty mediums for some serious bouncing as she ran.

The two women nearly collided with a security guard. “Whoa! What? Are you two all right?” The women babbled together about an impossible wind. The security guard wasn’t certain what to make of this situation, but he seemed entirely reasonable. “Let’s get out of sight.” The Breeze wasn’t about to rob this man of his moment of heroism, but it seemed a good idea to prove the ladies’ story to him. With one fast rush after another, the brunette was stripped of her teddy completely (great tits!), then the red head lost her panties (red bush!).

**A Christmas Breeze last part**

That last pair were in good hands, so he left them to find a new sport. What he found was the mall’s cinema. Why not? Slipping in without a ticket was no problem for our hero. He carefully selected the cheesiest chick flick he could find, and sure enough, in the audience were plenty of happy females. Along with them were husbands and boyfriends and dates, all trying to be interested in the film. Things would get better for them though.

While the women watched their movie, the Breeze watched them, selecting the attractive ones. He was happy to find six worthy specimens. It was about time for a fast, mass stripping. He started with a sultry dark haired lady near the front of the theater. He made himself as cold as he could and flew into her clothes, billowing them all. She stood fast, wondering what was happening to her. Then, with an outward burst, she was reduced to her underwear in a moment. SHRIIEEEKKK!! All of a sudden, the movie was no longer the focus of everyone’s attention. People were pointing as the poor woman looked around nervously. Then there was the horrific ripping sound of another outfit abandoning it’s owner. Another scream sounded, and this one was worse off since the Breeze had relieved her of her bra, baring her booby beauties for all the movie goers.

The projector didn’t provide much light of course, but there was enough to tell that half dressed women were screaming and covering in a panic. A third joined them right after. She was stripped of her clothes, but she got to keep her bra. Instead, the Breeze stole her panties, leaving her bottomless!

The next one was a brunette that was easily the most voluptuous of the beauties in the place. She was the first to be stripped full nude. One moment she was dressed and laughing at the misfortune of the other women. Then she was butt naked for everyone!

“We’ve got to get out of here!” one of them yelled. It caused a stampede of nudity to get to the exits during which two more lovelies lost their clothes, one stripped to her panties, the other all the way naked.

There was no place to go but right outside where a handful of movie goers were shocked to see a mass of women in various states of undress in a cluster of panic. Two nude, two topless, one bottomless, all being led by the only one still covered in bra and panties. The Breeze decided to change that by ripping the bra right off of her, stopping her in her tracks.

Right behind them, coming out of the theater were their boyfriends and husbands along with some other men who just couldn’t resist getting a better look in better light.

“The restroom!” one woman shouted as she pushed past the rest. A parade of exposed skin rushed through the lobby. One of the guys working the concessions counter decided to call security.

“What’s the problem?”

“Well, you’re not going to believe this…”

The Breeze considered carrying those ladies back out of their shelter, but that had been hard enough with just two women. Six would be an unlovable challenge. So he let them be as he went in search of more.

He felt powerful, but he could also tell that his strength would ebb before long. He needed one last, wonderful prank to play. As fast as he could, he wandered his way around through one store, then another. In a big department store he finally found a pretty lady and a wonderful opportunity. She was a no nonsense type of woman with blonde hair of an almost dusty shade. She had on glasses that didn’t keep you from seeing her crystal blue eyes. She hadn’t had any difficulty at all getting help finding what she wanted. There were, in fact, two different store employees showing her a vacuum cleaner. The Breeze thought that was a rather unfestive idea for a Christmas gift, but why try to understand human nature. Besides, a vacuum cleaner was a great opportunity for a new prank. The thrill of that potential had the Breeze looping in place.

They had their demonstration all set up. They were showing her what all it could do, as though the purpose of a vacuum weren’t already obvious. The Breeze was going to love this. In fact, he was about to get a Christmas gift of his own, another magical ability to add to his arsenal of stripping tricks. He knew he wanted to use the vacuum, so he swept down low to where it would simply suck him in. He let that happen in order to get inside. It was quite an interesting ride, and he would have to recommend it to other breezes he met on his travels. What it did for him was something extraordinary. With his powers at their height, he was able, not only to occfly into the vacuum, he was able to ‘posess’ it for a while. Having a solid body, even temporarily, was a strange feeling for him, but it did nothing to inhibit his desire for female nudity.

There was a roar of wind as the vacuum’s sucking power was increased tenfold. The hose attachment pulled itself from the salesman’s grasp and flung about for a moment before finding a firm perch in the center of the lady’s expensive blouse. “Oh!” Then, with a resounding tearing sound, the blouse was ripped right off of her. “OH!” The Breeze-Vacuum swallowed that up like a tasty treat. He was grateful to find that his wind powers weren’t gone either. When the vacuum touched something, he could extend his windiness around it to aid in any necessary ripping. Of course he went after this beauty’s brassiere before she decided to run. There was a sound like a snap and a twang and a shred all combined as the Vacuum took the cover from her boobs. Fairly big boobs, they were, classically shaped and placed, befitting of her kind of perfect attraction. “OoH! OOH!” It seemed that she couldn’t say much of anything else. She had her arms across her chest, but several people, especially the two salesmen, got a great eyeful first.

It looked like she was about to start cussing them out as though it might be their fault. Then the Vacuum moved about on its own, latching firmly onto her blue jeans. “OOOH!” Between the Vacuum grip and the Breezy seam tearing, the jeans didn’t stand a chance. Just like that, the gorgeous woman had been reduced to silky panties. After bouncing in place at the panic of it, “OH Oh OH OH!!”, she began to run. Much to everyone’s amazement, the Vacuum gave chase. The blonde wonder looked over her shoulder and let out a screech of an, “OOOOOHHH!!” Of course she couldn’t get away. The Vacuum’s hose wrapped around one leg, tripping her. Her struggle to get to her feet was hampered by her desire to keep her breasts from public view. Her wonderful ass was just begging for baring, so the Vacuum rolled over her, taking the underwear with him. “O-o-OO-oo-OOOO!!” She was bare ass naked, and there were so many people around gawking! She curled into a ball on the floor, demanding help from someone.

The Vacuum tottered off toward the onlookers, having spotted a brilliantly cute redhead. “Hey! What’s with this thing! AAH!” The red head was deskirted instantly. Before she could even cover, the Vacuum swept her panties right off of her! Red bush! Nice, thick, light red bush on pale skin! The Vacuum roared in appreciation. As the poor girl threw one hand over her bush and another over her cute little bum, she looked around for a break in the crowd through which to escape. A couple rips later, she was totally naked! She was slim and wonderful and so panicked that she was screaming and crying.

Someone had gotten the sexy blonde a blanket for cover while the red head had been stripped. The blonde was good natured enough to rush over and share that cover. That thoughtfulness gave the Vacuum-Breeze a warm glow of admiration. It didn’t stop him from doing the obvious thing. He turned toward them and menaced them with the hose attachment. “OOH!” “NO! RUN!” Together in the blanket, the lovely duo rushed around people as the Vacuum let them get a bit of a lead just for sport.

After a bit of a chase, the Vacuum got close enough to deprive them of their blanket. SWOOSH!! And they were totally naked again! Both covering their boobs, they left everything else uncovered, one red bush and one blonde one, right next to each other.

Behind a glass counter, one of the store’s employees was on the phone making the strangest call of her life. “Security! You need to get down here! There’s an evil vacuum cleaner you need to stop!”

The Breeze wondered just how long it would take security to respond to that. Not long enough to help the girl who called. She worked in that little perfume section, an area enclosed by the counters and cases containing the merchandise. So when the Vacuum, by careful manipulation of his hose got through the only door to it, she was trapped. “Oh my god! It’s after me!!” She dropped the phone and tried to escape, but it was impossible. She was cornered and helpless and watched by a crowd as the Vacuum devoured her clothes bit by bit. She was a sultry and young thing with long, straight brown hair and tan skin. She really filled out her bra and panties. Then, screaming and turning in place, her magnificent hooters turned out to be very jiggly things with light brown nipples. Only people close to the counter got a good look at that nice nice full ass once her panties were gone. On the other side, her bush matched her hair wonderfully. The Vacuum kept up its assault for a bit, making her bat at the hose rather than cover her goods.

Satisfied, he toddled off the way he came. He rushed out of the store and found a delightful pair of very suburban looking pretties. The odd vaccuum rushed at them. “What in the world?” “HEY!” That lashing hose grabbed one woman’s pants. They tore away not slow, but not as fast as other articles had. The Vacuum Breeze wanted them to understand what they were in for.

Gorgeous legs were bared, along with her nice ass since she was wearing a thong. People all around stopped and stared. “Wow!” “Is this supposed to happen?” “Look at that ass!” The pantless lady was having to fight the hose away from her top. Her friend helped her. She even got a hold of the hose. The Vacuum below lifted up slightly and caught the cuff of her pant leg though. RRIIIIPPP!!! That made two women stripped of their pants there! This one was also thong clad, so two great pairs of buns were out in public. The Breeze went after a shirt. There was a scream from that victim, but the other lady ran away, abandoning her friend.

The Vacuum had to be fast then. It finished stripping the shirt, then the bra, then the panties, all as fast as it could. A blonde, cutie with a sweet set of pert boobies was bare naked, gasping for air. The Vacuum-Breeze raced off after her friend, leaving her there for the greedy eyes of the crowd.

As he raced along, he managed to dart a few random articles of clothing of off other attractive women. A skirt here (Great legs! Lacy panties!). A blouse there (No bra! Bare tits!). Pants off another. He kept that up, tearing a single item from four more women before he got to the one he had chased. There she was, running away, bare buns out, glancing over her shoulder. She screamed when she saw the magical Vacuum cleaner closing in. She couldn’t outrun it. It got a hold of her thong and peeled it from her slowly, to make her stop running. “NO, NO, NO!!!” But it happened. Her nice little tuft of dark bush was amazing eye candy.

She was so panicked that she could only back up to a wall, not even covering her naked lower half. The Vacuum closed in dramatically, relishing the look of embarrassed fear on her pretty face. It swallowed her scarf. Then it took her top, just fast enough to pop the buttons one by one. She was stripped to her bra, with her eyes shut tight. “Oh my god! Oh my god! I’m naked! I’m naked!!!” That last little bit of dignity was torn away. With her bra gone, her fantastic, taut tits completed the bare naked, full frontal spectacle that the surrounding onlookers waited for.

The Breeze might have looked for another target, but three security guards had just gotten to him. It looked like his fun might be over. No! It wasn’t! One of the security was a woman! A nice looking woman! How in the world could an attractive woman become a shopping mall security guard? The Breeze readied himself for a duel. She would be the last, and he was determined to enjoy it.

One of the security men rushed to help the naked lady. The other two cautiously crept up on the blaring, self animated Vacuum. The Breeze let his sound die down, playing possum. Just as he hoped, the lovely blonde haired security lady was the one that grabbed the handle of the Vacuum. Then it sprang to life in an instant. The attachment hose latched onto the top of her uniform. The bottom reared up to grab a pant leg. “OH! What the hell is with this thing?” She tried to get away, but of course, that was no good. Another security guard grabbed it to pull it away. There was a resounding rip as the shirt left the woman’s beautiful body. Oh, was she in shape!! A gorgeous physique! A moment later her pants were off, sliding into the happy Vacuuum as she screamed. Her underwear was dark black and her body was fabulous.

The sound of an appreciative audience only spurred the Vacuum on. “Look at them legs!” “Damn, I never seen that before!” “Oh, baby, you can arrest me if you want!” The Breeze had to rattle and roll to get free of the grip of the man who had tried to pull him away. The lady guard screeched, “Keep it away!” The Vacuum had to weave rapidly around the two men who were trying to grab it. After a few careful maneuvers, he made it close enough to the sexy blonde to get a hold of her brassiere. “NOOOO!” It slipped off with a snapping stretch. Her tits were just barely mediums. They were so firm, held high by her well toned body.

It was the last moment of the Vacuum fun though. The two men, as strange as they felt about it, kicked the hell out of it, smashing it to pieces. That left a wondering crowd, a pair of bewildered guards, a topless lady guard who didn’t know what to do, and a totally naked woman, still pressed against one wall. Everyone, even the undressed victims, felt a bit of relief that it was over. What they didn’t know was that the force that had animated the machine was still very much alive and powerful. The Breeze flowed out of the Vacuum to finish this last job. The security guards had handcuffs. Handcuffs! How wonderful!

The Breeze slipped one pair handcuffs into his stream at the same time that he started pulling on the sexy black panties of the lady guard. It was a wonderful sight. To keep a grip on those panties, she had to leave her super firm tits bared to the public. The Breeze moved all the pressure of that tug of war to the back side. While she had both hands right above her butt, the handcuffs snapped on. “What? NO! OH! Get the keys! Now!” She was topless with her hands bound behind her back. Making it so much worse, the Breeze stopped playing and forced the panties down to mid thigh, baring her gorgeous, muscular bum. Everyone could see that she was not a real blonde now that her bush was bared. It was a very dark, curve sided triangle of close trimmed fur. People all around were laughing and pointing at the naked mall cop. She was still screaming for the keys to get her loose, but the Breeze wasn’t going to let that happen. He took the handcuff keys from her fellow mall cops once they had them ready. Of course he flung them away, leaving the unfortunate woman bared for all the shoppers. “Someone cover me! Someone help!!!”

The Breeze enjoyed the sight as he dwindled down to his lesser form. He had known that his Christmas shopping was over with that last purchase. The memories of all that exposure would lighten many a Christmas though. As he drifted back out to the air, he enjoyed the feel of some light snowflakes, wishing all who appreciated his work a very Merry Christmas.

**An Urban Legend**

Of course all the wind stripping could not go unnoticed. Stories had spread about about women having their clothes torn right from their bodies by seemingly impossible winds. There were various names for the phenomenon. The most popular was the one that we all recognize. In print and through word of mouth stories, the phrase “Mischievous Breeze” has become part of the lexicon of urban legends. Not many people believed of course, but there were recordings of reporters and singers and the like that were difficult to refute. No special effects seem to be used.

The Breeze discovered his celebrity status on a fine warm day in yet another new city. It had been a bit of time since his shopping mall adventure, but he wasn’t expecting another surge in power. It happened though. He lazily blustered by a newspaper stand where he spotted a small story titled “Mischievous Breeze : Fact or Fiction?”

Well, that got our hero’s curiosity up. With a whisk, he swept away a paper. Anyone watching would have thought that a bit of wind was just circling it around, but the newspaper that was being taken apart was also being read.

He was famous now. The Breeze didn’t mind that at all. Most people thought him a hoax, but that was to be expected. Perhaps he might make a few believers today though. Come to think of it, that pretty lady at the very news stand he had stolen the paper from would make a great candidate for a bit more proof.

She was tall and stacked. You couldn’t tell if her legs were nice or not given the long skirt. The rest of her was so perfect that you could guess pretty well that she had a wonderful lower body as well. The Breeze made himself just a little whisp of wind in order to hear her mumble to herself. She was reading the same story that he had just finished. “Ridiculous. People believe this stuff? It belongs in the tabloids, not in a real newspaper.”

To get her attention, the Breeze whisked around her head lifting her nice, dark blonde hair a bit. Then it was time to show her that she shouldn’t be so skeptical. He swept up around the bottom of her skirt, making it move rapidly so that everyone around would notice. There were really only a few people, but it would be enough.

“What’s going on?,” she said in surprise. Then she noticed that nothing else seemed bothered by this odd wind. “Oh no. OH NO! This can’t happen!” But of course it did happen. The Breeze lifted her dress fast to keep her from running. He had been right, she did have wonderful legs that moved in an awkward stumble as she batted at her dress. She couldn’t possibly fight the Breeze though. The dress rose, baring panties on marvelous hips. Then the Breeze tore at her panties, snapping them right off. The sounds of the few onlookers’ delight made the unfortunate woman scream. Her pretty, dark blonde beaver was bared on one side and her gorgeous, voluptuous ass was bared on the other. “NO! NO! This can’t really be happening!”

With an exceptional effort, the Breeze managed to lift away everything else, her dress and the bra under it. The fabulous naked woman looked down at her own body for a couple seconds of sheer disbelief. Then she squawked as she threw her hands across herself. She was so confused that she wasn’t even covered right. Everything was still out there for everyone to see as she screamed. The Breeze was still circling around her, carrying separated pages of the newspaper she had been reading. He moved in a way that offered them to her. Realizing that it was all she had for cover, the new believer grabbed a few pieces. She had one big piece of newspaper over her bush. Another was over her breasts. Anyone behind her was still treated to the naked view of her ass.

There she was, naked except for the story that she hadn’t believed moments before. With wide eyes, she managed to collect herself and run from the newsstand. “Hey lady! You forgot your purse!” She didn’t stop for it though. The Breeze thought about carrying it to her, but he heard the very happy news vendor say, “She’ll have to come back. I can’t wait for that.”

The Breeze loved the serendipity of it all. How many women out there needed to be convinced? He determined to specifically target any pretty lady that was cynical about him. His mystical abilities would not only allow him to do that, but he would be strong and powerful as he possibly could be while fulfilling that mission.

He felt the pull of a very realistic mind in a lovely woman’s head. With more speed than was normal even for him, he shot along the streets to get to his next target. Long red hair, slender sort of build, but with pronounced, if smallish breasts and a derrierre that really stuck out into the world invitingly. Like the last woman, she was wearing a dress. Wonderful!

How it was the Breeze could tell that she was a disbeliever, he didn’t know, but he had done so many fabulous things by then that it didn’t matter. It was time to change her point of view drastically. He swept around her, playing with her skirt to get both her attention and the attention of the few men that weren’t yet looking her way. It would have been nothing, but of course he kept it up, swaying her clothing enough that she had to wonder what was wrong with the wind. That was when he struck. Her dress spun as it lifted, rolling up until it was caught in a bind at her waist. Her panties on those lovely hips were showing to the world. “How?” She couldn’t even say anything other than that word over and over again. “How, how, how?” She was blushing as she realized that everyone was taking in the view. The Breeze, of course, wasn’t done with her yet. He swept to the waistband of her panties and slipped them down, rolling them as tightly as he had her dress. The pretty redhead shrieked. Her wonderful buns were bared along with her sexy pussy. She had just the tiniest little bit of bush that demanded attention because of its bright red color.

She stopped trying to unroll her dress as her hand shot over her bared beaver. “Oh oh oh OH! Stop looking at me! How is this happening?” Now that was dedication. It should have been obvious to her by then that the Breeze was real. He knew that she needed a bit more convincing though. So he took ahold of the top of her dress and blew it down. She had a bra on underneath, so there was more exposure, but no real nudity. All the same, she tried very fast to slip her top back up, which was exactly what the Breeze wanted. He had become a master of tearing and tying clothes with blinding speed. He needed that skill for this feat. Once her wrists were together at her waist, the Breeze twisted the upper part of her dress around and around. It took a moment, but her hands were captured at her waist, unable to move down to protect her lower body. Of course she also couldn’t move them up either. So the Breeze snapped her bra off of her body completely exposing her graciously firm and perfect breasts. On most women they might have looked small or even undersized, but on her they were wonders with nice, upstanding nipples pointing at the awrstruck crowd. “Oh my god! It’s that wind thing they talk about! Oh my god! I’m naked! Some one help me!”

She needed help, as the Breeze had left her helpless to cover anything. With her tightly wound panties at her knees, she could barely even walk. He gave her long red hair one little wave as a goodbye.

The Breeze shot through town in search of another woman in need of educating. Being selective beyond just the ladies’ looks would spread his acts out, but his instinct for finding unbelievers was enough to make it fast. His next lovely victim didn’t look like the kind of serious woman who would firmly doubt the Breeze’s existence. In fact, with her rollerskates and bright, tight clothing, she looked flighty enough to believe anything. The Breeze could tell though that she thought the idea the stripping wind was ridiculous. She was about to learn otherwise.

Her skirt was so short that almost nothing of her legs was hidden. The Breeze could still improve on that though. With a quick gust he shot it up in back, showing a pair of dark panties that clashed with the bright yellow skirt wonderfully. The lovely roller girl took that in stride, even laughing at her own momentary exposure. A moment later, the Breeze forced her skirt back up, but this time he didn’t let it fall. He kept it up, forcing her to push it down slowly. “How weird!,” she said, blushing slightly. When she looked around though, she saw that there was no other wind. “What?” Time for some real baring. The Breeze shot her skirt up again while at the same time blasting her panties completely off of her! Her athletic ass was gorgeous and her pussy was beautiful. She had just a tiny patch of light brown bush above a narrow but pretty pair of pussy lips.

“Oh my god! It’s that breeze! It’s real!” She couldn’t have said anything better. To the Breeze it was even better than a scream. People around her heard that and saw the show. The Breeze was convincing them as well as he swirled around her. The force of him pushed her around, so she was just trying to keep her balance on her skates. While she was doing that, again and again, her skirt popped up, baring butt and beaver to the crowd. After a bit of that, he left her alone long enough for her take several deep breaths and ask, “What happened?”

What happened? He might have actually let her be after just the skirt play if only she had said something about him being real. Instead, he did his instant stripping trick, weaving his way quickly into all of her clothing. Then, with one outward burst, she was stark naked, firm and gorgeous. Wearing nothing but roller skates, she screamed, threw her hands over her tits, and tried to get to safety.

The Breeze swelled with pride as he educated the public. He found his next victims indoors, which made for an even better presentation of his existence. They were a pair of beautiful thirty somethings out clothes shopping. He couldn’t have asked for a better setting. He didn’t start with them. Oh no, he wanted to warn them first. He started by blustering along the clothes hanging on racks and sitting on shelves. It got a lot of attention, and before long every eye in the store was watching the odd movement that flew along. Then he starting throwing clothes off of hangers and shelves in colorful bursts of fabric. “What’s going on?” “How is this happening?” “I can’t believe it!” “You can’t! I have to clean all this up!” This last was from a lady working there who was also very attractive. The Breeze had a mission today though, and he didn’t want to strip any woman who wasn’t asking for it by disbelieving in him. It would be only those two beauties that got his attention here.

They had somewhat matching bodies, toned to perfection as workout partners. Nice, very firm tits on both, great asses and fabulous legs. Given the kind of clothing they were wearing, these two didn’t mind their bodies getting attention, but they would have a lot more than they wanted in moments. Both brunettes, one had light hair and the other very dark. The Breeze rushed to them and started tugging at the hems of their short pants. “Do you feel that?” “Oh no. It can’t be.” All of a sudden, their shorts were down to their knees. The panties they had on were not revealing enough for the Breeze, so he did his spin trick in a way that wedgied each panty wonderfully. Both pairs of buns were amazing.

The women shrieked as their hands first moved to cover their exposed butts. Then they were trying to get their pants up as one of them actually said, “This can’t be that stripping wind!” The Breeze playfully pushed at the pants just hard enough to keep the unfortunate disbelievers from pulling them up. At that point, onlookers got loud. “Whooo!” “All right!” “Bend over a little more baby!”

The sexy pair turned around, which was great for the Breeze. Right when they did, he cycloned their tops up, snapping and lifting their brassieres at the same time. Two pairs of amazingly taut tits were completely bared, and the clothes that should have covered them were hopelessly tangled up. While everyone was leering at them, the exasperated women were frantically trying to unroll their tops. “I can’t believe this!” “Its real! I can’t believe it’s real!!”

Right after that, their panties were thrust down, baring two very nice, close trimmed bushes. The ladies turned and tried to move to the dressing rooms, shuffling along as they pulled their panties back up, then their shorts. Before they could get far that way, the Breeze just dropped their bottoms again. Again and again they covered and were bare assed until they got out of sight. The store was all applause and cheers and laughter as the Breeze looped in celebration.

It had been fun already, but the Breeze was looking for a bit more creativity. He got his chance for that after just a few minutes. The city he was in was full of very skeptical women. There were two of them again. They were lovely and voluptuous. The Breeze zeroed in on them, enjoying the view. One was a very cute and sweet red head with very big tits. Walking along side her was blonde with somewhat bigger tits. You could see this pair of pairs from quite a distance. From any distance, the matching figures would suggest that they were sisters. They weren’t but their exceptionally busty figures made it seem that way.

The Breeze rushed down and circled a happy path around one pair of breasts, then the other. “That felt good,” the blonde noticed. The Breeze enjoyed her gratitude, even though he knew she would hate him less than a minute. He had to move fast for this trick. He swept first into the top of the red head, weaving into it in less than half a second before bursting away. One moment she was turning heads, the next she was completely topless, and drawing open stares. Before she even built up a good scream, her friend the blonde got the same treatment. Blouse and bra were torn away, but the Breeze carefully kept the blouse somewhat intact. He blew that large scrap of fabric over to the red head. It was a blessing to her, as her breasts were covered again. Of course the blonde shrieked in terror as her big, big, big beautiful jugs were bared to the world. There were chuckles and happy commentary from the people around. “Wow!” “Look at those things!” “Damn honey, you are built!”

In the next moment, that blushing, bit titted blonde glared at her friend. “That’s mine!” The Breeze watched with glee as the women started a frantic tug of war for the torn top. It was the blonde’s but the red head had caught it fair and square. They shouted at each other, “Let go!” “It’s mine!” “I’m as naked as you are!” The crowd cheered them on, “Keep it up!” “Look at the bouncing!” “How did it happen?”

Oddly enough, even while they were struggling for the cover they both wanted, the red head said, big bare tits, shaking and bouncing as she struggled, “It’s that wind! It’s that wind they talk about in the news! It’s real!”

“Don’t be stupid!” the blonde said. Bounce, shake, jiggle. “There’s no such thing.” That sealed it. If even a direct action on his part hadn’t convinced her, the Breeze needed to do more. He had planned to strip them both bare, but since the red head believed, she would be left alone. While the two women continued their silly, topless tug of war, the Breeze worked his way into the blonde’s pants and panties. her body wasn’t just a pair of nice big tits. She was stacked all over. Her butt wasn’t as big as her tits would suggest, but it was good sized, very round and demanding. Her legs were wonderful. Then, all of that was public knowledge as the Breeze stripped the rest of her clothes off! AAAaaaAAaaAAAH!!! “Oh my god it is real!” She was stark naked on a public sidewalk! Everyone was staring at her gorgeous, curvaceous body, big, big tits, nice round, pillowy ass, sexy black bush. She threw her hands over her nakedness, one covering her dark beaver, the other trying and failing to cover some tit. She continued a very loud screaming fit as she was gawked at by so many people. She couldn’t even bring herself to run, she just stood there frantically and hopelessly naked, a new believer in the Breeze.

Her topless friend was also staring, but more out of shock than anything. While the Breeze had determined to leave the rest of her clothes alone, he didn’t see why she should win the battle for the torn shirt. So he flew to her and swiped the torn cloth she was using to cover her chest. Of course without it, her big jugs were not covered by much. Her jaw quivered in fear, but since her lower body remained covered, she didn’t panic as much. She took her blonde friend’s arm and gently coaxed her, little by little, away from where she was toward the nearest door.

**An Urban Legend pt. 2**

The next woman in need of education had a newspaper with her. The Breeze was delighted at that. It was the same newspaper that had started this educational series of strippings. She had been sitting at a table at a sidewalk cafe, drinking some coffee and finishing a meal as she read over the top of a very expensive pair of sunglasses. She was marvelous in expensive clothes, a perfect coif of blonde hair, elegant style all over. The Breeze swept around for a few minutes, feeling that the time would be best to strike after she had finished the article about himself. She left her newspaper on the table as she walked away. The Breeze picked it up and followed her. She was a bit startled at the airborne newspaper that circled around her without even unfolding. As she walked, it didn’t even fly away, it just kept orbiting the fancy beauty. Her walk slowed as she realized, much to her dread, that this did not appear to be a natural occurance.

That was the perfect moment for the Breeze to begin. He began with her blouse. It popped open at the same time that the center of her bra burst, revealing artistically curved medium breasts with the most perfect jiggle, highlighted by dancing nipples as she began to trot away. “Oh my god it’s real!” Still carrying the newspaper with him, the Breeze circled her pulling and tugging at her clothes for a few moments before relieving her of her top. He scream of embarrassment was beautiful as she clutched her torn bra back over her boobs. “Someone do something!” What could anyone do even if they had been inclined to help? Several people stopped dead in their tracks to stare at the half undressed beauty. Most notably were a pair of men who above her, working at pasting a billboard. “Whoo-hoo baby! Shake that this way!” “Great weather we’re having this time of year!”

The lovely woman would have begun to run again if it weren’t for the Breeze. He blasted skirt and panties down. The skirt fell to her ankles, but the panties were at her knees, keeping her from moving much. At first she kept trying to escape without letting go of her tits. Then as she looked down at her own lovely, downy brown bush, she started cursing loudly as she started pulling up at her underwear. Everything was bare as she struggled with that. It gave the Breeze plenty of time to do one of his favorite tricks, using her clothes to bind her. Right when she had her panties up, adjusting the back side, her bra shot down her arms and was twisted fast around her wrists. “What? NOOOOOOO!” Right after that, her panties were dropped again, this time just above her ankles, impeding her speed as much as possible. “OH OH OH! I’m naked! I’m naked!”

As a final measure, the Breeze tore the fateful headline from the newspaper, carefully applied some of the adhesive from the half finished billboard to the back of it, and then pasted it right above the woman’s fabulous breasts. She blushed and fumed and let out the occasional shriek as she stood there, panties at ankles, hands bound back, boobs and bush bare with the words “Mischievous Breeze : Fact or Fiction?” above her nakedness.

So far the Breeze had indulged only in small displays. If he was to truly spread his legacy, he needed something more high profile. Of course he was granted that exact opportunity. As he wafted along, he found himself in an educational sort of setting, students and intellectual types abounded. Though a few lovely young scholarly types were available, the Breeze had an instinct to head directly to a certain building where a very high profile guest lecturer was explaining to a very, very large crowd the truth behind urban legends. For just a little bit, she had an unseen listener, circling above. The Breeze heard her tell everyone how common sense and research can prove virtually any unbelievable story to be a hoax. She answered a few questions about specific stories, but the Breeze let her be until she was asked, “What about wind strippings, Professor Stacklight?”

“Wind strippings. Also called the Mischievous Breeze. I believe there is a news article in today’s paper about it. There are, of course, a great many believers in this phenomenon, and I’ll grant you, there is some evidence of it. That evidence is not as strong as it first appears.”

“But aren’t there some actual photographs and even video of it?”

“The explanations for that range from staged hoaxes to optical illusion.”

That was the Breeze’s cue. It was time to prove himself to this skeptic among skeptics. He flew down from the ceiling to the sexy lady scholar. She had chestnut brown hair tied back very professionally. He clothes were conservative and expensive. She also had a pair of glasses that really made her look like a brainy beauty. The Breeze decided to do his stripping in stages, but also very quickly so that she wouldn’t have time to get off that stage. First, he stripped her to her underwear, bursting the clothes from her upper body so that her ample but not oversized bosom in bright blue bra met the public. In the very next instant he shot her pants down so that she wouldn’t be able to run. The panties there matched the bra. They weren’t immodest, but they were tight on a fabulous lower body. That stripping was so fast that the pretty Professor Stacklight didn’t even have time to react until it was done. “Im-impossible!” Then she squawked as her arms moved to cover her. It was difficult for her to decide just where to put them as she stared out at the flabbergasted crowd.

The Breeze looped playfully about her so that she could feel him. “Oh no. It’s not over!” The moment that the Breeze heard some happy sounds from the audience, he went to work again. He unclasped the back of her bra. “NO!” Then he snapped it off her into the crowd where it was caught like a stray baseball. The lovely, lovely pair of titties that met the public had a graceful but strong curve to them with exquisitely, geometrically perfect nipples. In fact, even her tits looked smart. That is, until she threw her hands across them with a scream of rage and humiliation.

Someone shouted, “Are you sure it isn’t real?”

“Shut up! Stop looking at me! This can’t be happening! It’s impossible!” What an unintelligent remark from an otherwise brilliant woman. Of course it provoked the Breeze into furthering his display. Blue panties dropped to her knees, revealing a great, fluffy thick brown bush. The crowd’s noise level rose as Professor Stacklight’s blush increased. Her hand flew down to cover her muff. The arm that remained at her chest wasn’t quite positioned right, so one pretty nipple peeked over the crook of her arm. She trembled as she realized that to get her panties back up, she would have to move her hands. So she turned around. The crowd let out a great cheer at the sight of her bare ass.

Once her panties were back up, the mortified lady of learning trotted off the stage. Right there were a few reporters and photographers who had delightedly been clicking pictures while she had been stage stripped. They weren’t stopping either. One of Professor Stacklight’s colleagues chivalrously d\*\*\*\*d a coat over her to protect her though. The Breeze considered taking that away as well, but he wanted to hear what she had to say first. She couldn’t help sounding bitter, but there was also some unexpected humor in her voice when she said to the reporters, “In light of this experience, I suppose I’ll have to reverse my position and accept the reality of these wind strippings.”

She might have been the first of his victims to accept his pranks with any good graces at all, so the Breeze let her be. Instead, among the many people in the audience, he managed to overhear a very loud lady demanding that the Professor should be above such things. “It was an obvious hoax. Don’t tell me you’re falling for that.” She wouldn’t be talked out of it, so the Breeze decided to make a persuasive argument. After all, obnoxious as she was, the woman was quite appealing to the eye. Brunette, blue eyes, a figure that was not quite slender with disproportionately tits. They weren’t really much more than mediums, but on her, they looked big.

As she argued with some of the men around her, the Breeze went to work on her. “I’m telling you, there’s no rational explanation for wind strippings. WHOOooHOOH!” The Breeze had flowed fast and cold into her clothing, making certain that she could feel him before he started on her clothes. First it was her top. Everything above her waist was stripped off all at once, flying upward, baring her lovely, not quite round, dark nippled bazooms. She didn’t even scream. She wasn’t certain if she was more shocked that she had been so wrong, or that she was so topless. Of course in the next moment, she lost the rest of her clothing. Her bum, though it was kind of small, was very very well rounded. The eye catching curves of her bosom and butt were delightfully offset by the rest of her slim body. That could only be appreciated for a moment before she crouched down, arms wrapped around herself.

All around her was laughter and pointing, and she was infuriated to see a few camera phones taking her picture. “Don’t you dare! Stop that! Stop laughing at me! Someone help!!”

Only once before had the Breeze attempted to carry a woman, but he knew that he was more than strong enough for it at that moment. This was also a very deserving woman. Her penetrating scream sounded amid gasps as she was lifted, bodily from the ground. The sensation had her limbs flailing, which was wonderful, since she wasn’t able to cover any essentials. The Breeze lowered her to the waiting crowd. At first it was just a lot of hands making certain that she didn’t fall. It was quite gallant really. Then, once she was held aloft, totally naked, it became a sort of spontaneous crowd surfing. The Breeze made certain that the crowd could not put her down, pressing upward whenever it looked like she might make it down. So, moving with the wind pressure, she was passed along with hands holding her up, touching her body all over. “Put me down! Put me down! Stop touching me!” But hands kept at it, some deliberately and some not. Her legs and boobs and butt and all over everywhere else were handled by a mass of strangers for about ten minutes before the Breeze allowed her to escape.

Could it get any better? It was all just a matter of timing. That lecture hall was not the highest profile event he could attend. New meteorological methods and equipment were being unveiled very dramatically on the other side of town. There were a number of important people attending, among them politicians, one of whom was a fabulously attractive brunette with a figure that showed even through her expensive senatorial clothing. How perfect! There wasn’t just a crowd here ready to see his work. There were reporters to record it! To add to the Breeze’s enjoyment, the nearest of those reporters was as wonderful as the Senator. The main presentation was over along with the main question and answer with the people responsible. So only back up questions were being asked to the other respresentatives. The Breeze waited until the beautiful redheaded reporter got the the sexy Senator. “Cynthia Diamond, KMNF news. Senator Dweiler, though many believe it to be a product of overimagination, there are some credible reports of what we now call wind strippings. Less than an hour ago there was a report about a very public manifestation at a major lecture. Is there any new knowledge or information available that you can comment on?”

Senator Dweiler tried not to look condescending, but it was clear from her tone that she thought this too silly to comment on. “I’ve spoken at length with the leaders of the field, and they assure me that there is no real evidence to support wind stripping claims. I’m certain even any recent phenomenon are only urban legend.”

“Thank you Senator,” the lovely reporter said, “I’m sure our female viewers will be delighted to hear that.”

That would have been it. That was all they were going to say about him. Well, the Breeze wasn’t having that. He swept down just as the two pretty ladies shook hands. In a terrifying moment, Cynthia’s suit jacket was rended off of her and twisted around both her wrist and the Senator’s. “What?” “What just happened?” They both understood, but neither wanted to believe it. As they tried to pull apart, the Breeze kept up his assault. The Senator’s skirt flew off of her body. Gorgeous legs in dark stockings were all anyone nearby could see. She panicked. She saw the camera ready to film her embarrassment. “NO! Not again!” As she tried to run one way, Cynthia pulled the other way. It was too perfect. The Breeze quickly and carefuly herded them together, back to back. Once they were there, the Senator’s jacket was used the same way that Cynthia’s had been, but on the other pair of arms. They were trapped, tied together, back to back. Cynthia shouted at her camera man, “Dave! Stop filming or you’re fired!” He wasn’t about to stop though. None of the footage of this would ever see any airtime, but he would damn well keep a copy for himself.

“This can’t be happening!,” Senator Dweiler screamed as she struggled to get free. She managed to circle away from Dave’s camera, but of course that put Cynthia in the shot. So the Breeze attacked the reporter’s clothes. With a burst, her shirt popped open along with the lacy bra underneath. Cynthia screamed as she looked down at her own fabulous medium tits. She tried to shake back and forth in hopes that her torn clothing might cover them up a bit. Then she glared at the camera. She turned in place right when the Senator wasn’t expecting it.

“Turn that camera off!,” the pretty politician demanded. Then she got the same treatment from the Breeze that Cynthia had. In an instant a pair of real nice knockers were bared. They were definitely big, but maybe only barely so. They suited the senator, as they had a wonderful, official sort of beauty. Senator Dweiler shouted then at Cynthia. “Turn back around here! You can’t leave me like this! This could ruin my career!”

Cynthia fired back, “I’ve got a public career too! Stop that! NO! NOoOoO!” But the Senator had the upper hand in their odd little tug of war duel. Cynthia was facing the camera again, bare breasts and all. “Oh OH oh! Everyone can see my, my, my!” The Breeze made that ambiguous with another quick burst as the sexy reporter’s lower body was completely bared. “AAAaaAAAAaaaH!!!!” Her nice, thick, stand up bush, dark red and gorgeous was out for everyone to see.

Senator Dweiler screamed, “Stop looking!” There were people on every side of course. She did feel better where she was, instead of pointed toward the camera though. Every time any other camera came close, the Breeze pushed it away. He was enjoying the women’s back to back fight for cover.

Dave said with a menacing grin, “I’ve got a great close up Cynthia!”

“Stop that!” She spun violently, putting the Senator back in front again. For a second the Senator realized that her panties were all that the camera could see. Then in the next moment, the Breeze had whisked those panties down, baring for spectators and news camera, her gorgeous brown bush. The Senator grimaced and grunted as she tried to turn away, but the panties at her knees made it too hard for her. The camera pulled out, getting full frontal along with that exquisite, desperate expression.

With one last burly gust, the Breeze relieved both women of the rest of their tattered clothing. All they had left, other than shoes and stockings, were the bindings on their wrists. They circled in place, each struggling to avoid the camera, but both giving more than enough full nudity, especially since the Breeze was no longer keeping other cameras away.

After a few minutes of that, the Breeze decided to have mercy on the unfortunate women. He swept a big sheet of cloth over them, then took his leave. His time was ending again, but only for the now. His legacy would continue and more and more people would come to believe in magical wind strippings.

**The Breeze-a-lympics**

Our wandering hero was legendary. Other natural forces envied and admired him. No one had heard from him in a while, which made many believe he had finally succumbed. It had to happen sooner or later. Even a breeze that strong would have to fade eventually.

He wasn’t gone though. He was old and tired. By breeze standards, he was very old. His love for his antics had kept him alive though, even if he was weak. He became a slow, crawling little wind who wasn’t even aware of his own actions anymore. That was until he was discovered by two of his greatest fans.

Like I said, other breezes enjoyed the legend of the Mischievous Breeze who could survive so long and travel indoors and outwit other natural forces. Two other small winds were out enjoying their own style of fun. To keep everything straight, we’ll call them Current and Draft. They were young breezes, but even they had heard about our hero. A passing cloud had told them all about the stories of the Breeze so famous that even human beings talked about him.

Current and Draft weren’t girl crazy winds. They were meddlesome ones though. They knocked leaves off of trees to hear the branches complain like old men. They knocked half built nests down to hear the b\*tching of the birds. They loved little pranks, but they lacked direction. That was until they discovered our hero, the Mischievous Breeze, rolling along the ground, near extinction. They wrapped around him and carried him along so that the speed would keep him alive. They couldn’t bear to be there when the Breeze finally stopped moving.

In the silent language of the wind, they told him, “You have to wake up!” “You have to keep moving! We’ll help you along.”

Now I know you’re all used to a playful and active Breeze, but you have to appreciate that his age was very great. Like a cranky old man, he said, “Boys, just let me rest. I’ll be fine.”

“No you won’t!” “You were barely moving!”

The Breeze really just wanted to drift away with dignity, but they wouldn’t let him. He wasn’t strong enough to break away from their slipstream, so he had to move along with them. They pulled him along to a public park. “Look! Women! Skirts! You’ve got to do something here!”

“Why don’t you do it?”

“We can’t do what you do.” Besides, they didn’t want him to pass the torch. They wanted him to keep going, bringing inspiration to them all. They were sure he could. All he needed was the incentive. Current had an idea. He turned them and moved as fast as he could until he got to a lake. “Look, Breeze. Look at all the bikini beauties down there. Someone has to steal their tops.”

The Breeze said wistfully, “I do love bikini girls. Oh, but I couldn’t have even gotten here without you two. I’ve done this before anyway, twice.”

Current and Draft weren’t giving up. They were going down in elemental history as the breezes who saved mischief. They tried an amusement park, but the Breeze wasn’t interested. They tried a nature trail that looked like there were plenty of gorgeous camper girls to bare. The Breeze couldn’t be moved. They tried a convention that had plenty of hot, expensively dressed businesswomen to humble. The Breeze liked their creativity, but he shook that one off too. It looked hopeless. Then Draft saw a sign in the distance. “This way!”

“Where are we going now?” the Breeze asked. Then he saw the sign too. (I really wanted to make one of my ENF abbreviations here, but I couldn’t come up with a good one). The sign said, “The all women’s sports and athletics expo”. He couldn’t help his curiosity. “What is this place?”

“Look!” Draft cried, “They’re everywhere! Basketball hotties! Girls in softball uniforms! Runners in those supertight little shorts. Gymnasts! There are so many beautiful bodies down there in so many great outfits and they all have audiences. How can you resist?”

The Breeze’s mind started running over all the possibilities. “I -- I can’t resist. Oh, this is going to be good. But boys, I don’t know if I’m strong enough for this.”

“We’ll help! We’re both strong, and together we can be a double strong blast until you get back in to the act.”

“Where will we start?” Current asked.

“That basketball game,” the Breeze said. Together the three windy pranksters rushed down to a game being played by two teams of lovely ladies. The basketball uniforms weren’t exactly revealing, except that you could see all the great legs. The girls were all real hot anyway in those clothes, especially since they were putting on such a great athletic display. One team wore dark purple uniforms. The other was in gold. As the ball was passed from one girl to another, the Breeze decided to interfere with the game. “Her,” he said, moving toward a surprisingly short but agile girl on the purple team with long dark hair in a ponytail. She had the ball, and she was weaving around the other girls carefully. She only advanced until the Breeze and his cohorts caught up to her. WOOOSH! Her shorts were down, causing applause, laughter, and the loss of the ball. While she quickly pulled her pants back up, the Breeze said, “That redhead, get ready. Don’t do anything until she has the ball.” The Breeze and Draft had fun changing the course of the basketball to scatter the girls around. Then, when it was passed to the lovely gold team redhead, Current gave her the shorts treatment too! There was a great, fit lower body in tight blue-green panties! “AAaAH!” She had to drop the ball to pull her pants back up! The audience wasn’t sure what was happening, but they loved it.

Before long, the three windy fun lovers had decided to play their own game. Each one picked a single girl. They would leave their girl alone until the ball was passed to her. Draft’s girl got it first. He had chosen a gold team girl with very short brown hair. She had great, bouncy tits. That was perfect since she had to throw her arms up to catch the ball. Draft had to time it just right, but the willpower of our friend the Breeze was enhancing the skills of his apprentices. Draft shot upward carrying her jersy right off! She sounded as angry as she was embarrassed. “What the hell!” She wasn’t bared. Her sports bra was still there, but it was still a lot of fun, and she did blush nice.

Current’s girl was next. She was a purple teamer, the tallest girl on the court. She was black and beautiful with fabulous legs. The moment she had the ball, he dropped her shorts to her ankles. That made her trip up. She caught herself so that she wasn’t hurt, but the ball went flying. Less than half the audience was watching that ball. Instead they were all watching her gorgeous, ample, pink pantied ass as she stumbled to her feet.

The Breeze was next. He had another black girl to have fun with. She was thin with fairly light skin and a somewhat slim figure. Once she stole the ball, the Breeze let her get a couple steps away, then he decided to pants her. He was surprised that from his sleepy state he was already strong enough not only to drop her pants, but also her panties! Talk about a shriek! The place was a loud environment, and still everyone could hear her shrill panic above all else. The stands were treated to a display of awesome athlete ass on one side, and dark triangle on the other. Her next scream was an ongoing note of high pitched humiliation as she dropped in place. She was struggling to get her shorts and panties back up with out standing. Meanwhile, the ball was rolling away.

The Referee was confused about whether or not to stop the game. There hadn’t been any foul. What do you do when the players’ clothes start to come off?

The ball ended up in the hands of a hot blonde. With all the confusion around, she had an easy time making a shot. Draft even helped the ball swish perfectly through the hoop. Then in the next moment, when this good looking blonde was celebrating, arms up and jumping with pride, three pieces of living wind had some fun with her. Her jersey shot up and off of her body. Her shorts and panties were blasted down revealing nice athletic buns and a blonde beaver. The Breeze himself had intertwined himself in the sports bra so that he could snap it. He couldn’t blast it off, but he could split it in the back. The celebration turned to terror as the screeching blonde threw her hands over her pussy. The Breeze had his apprentices help him out with the bra straps. In a moment their combined strength had them snapped so that they could carry that away, baring her taut boobies the world. There were stands full of fans and cameras catching it all.

There was confusion about all the strange wardrobe malfunctions. There were murmurs in the stands and worries on the court. The refs weren’t certain at all what to do. By the time they started to get the game almost ready, the Breeze, Draft and Current had conspired to put an end to the game. It did seem a shame. These girls were talented. Had these mischievous souls been more mature, they would have let their fun end. We know they couldn’t do that though. In rapid succession, the three pieces of wind started going at girl after girl. A pair of shorts was blasted down. A girl lost her jersy. Another girl had her shorts and panties dropped! The next girl had her jersy shot up and her pants down at the same time. Next it was a pair of shorts that bared an unlikely thong! The girls were shrieking as the basketball court turned into the prom scene from Zapped. It wasn’t just confusion. It was absolute chaos! Girl after girl lost a piece of her uniform. By the time the players were off the court there were several bottomless girls, some topless and two were stark naked!

The referees were trying to control the situation. With all the lovely girls out of sight now, and everyone on their feet, there was no telling what would happen next. One particularly cool headed referee got a microphone. The three winds would have left then, but fate had given them a great chance for a coup de gras. This referee was a very good looking lady. She said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, if you’ll all bear with us, it seems we’re having some unavoidable difficulties.”

Those difficulties would be unavoidable to her too. The Breeze and Current together ripped her top off. Before she could react, Draft had her bra unsnapped and blasted out of place. While she screamed into the microphone and dozens of photos were taken, she tried to get her bra back in place. That kept her standing there long enough for the three winds to drop her pants and panties, baring a sexy patch of dark brown bush to the world.

Draft and Current were thrilled. They’d played little pranks many times, but never anything like that! They were a bit surprised that the Breeze said, “That was good for starters.”

“For starters? That was great!”

“If I were at full strength, then at least two thirds of those girls would have been butt naked. Let’s find some more.”

The young pieces of wind were glad to hear that the Breeze was ready for more. They weren’t going to have to push him into any more of his antics. Their mentor led them to a tennis match between two really hot, ponytailed sweethearts, a blonde and a girl with very light brunette hair. Both had active, tennis bodies, of course. They had great legs that were easy to enjoy below their tennis skirts. The Breeze conferred with the young winds for a minute. This time they were going to ease into their fun. They started by blowing up the girls’ skirts at appropriate moments. It was enough like a natural lift that the girls just kept on playing. The audience sure noticed though. Before long there were more people staring at the skirt show than at the action. When the brunette scored with a superb drop shot, the action stopped a moment. It was then that the Breeze switched from small lifts to a real show. While the blonde tennis girl was catching her breath and muttering about her opponent’s luck, the Breeze was ready to do some clothes ripping. He tore her skirt away in an instant, the same instant that Current and Draft dropped her panties to her knees. There was a great view of her incredible, tennis star ass and also her adorable little, very nonblonde, jet black bush. There was a brief moment of near silence as everyone realized that had actually just happened. Then the blonde tennis girl shrieked as she threw her hands over her beaver. She stared around at the smiling audience. “No, no, NO! This can’t happen to me!” Making it worse, the cameras were all pointed at her capturing her public humiliation for highlight reels forever. As soon as she thought of it, she kept one hand over her pussy while she used her tennis racket to cover her rear as well as she could. She waddled away with panty bound feet as quickly as she could. Her face was bright red from all the laughter.

The brunette tennis start had loved the embarrassment of her rival. She had laughed louder than anyone. Her pleasure turned to horror when she got the exact same treatment as the blonde! The Breeze ripped away her skirt as the other two slipped her panties down to her ankles! Nice, very defined brown triangle of fur on one side, amazing tennis buns on the other. There was another high pitched embarrassment shriek. She used her tennis racket to cover her front side, letting the world continue to enjoy her bare ass. “Turn off the cameras! Turn them off!” Of course that wasn’t happening. Everyone was staring at her as she squealed a few times and shouted, “I’m naked! I’m naked!”

Then she felt the cool sensation she had felt before. This time it was in her top. “OH NO!” She had no idea how to stop it. The Breeze had her top torn in two and blasted off, so that the world could enjoy her bra bound breasts. The Breeze was feeling his age as he looped back around for another pass. His cohorts were helping out by snapping her bra clasp and popping one strap. That made it easy for the Breeze to finish the job, baring her very firm, slightly less than medium hooters to the audience.

“Oh-oOoh-OH NO!” In response to her fully nude figure, the audience was all whistles, applause, cheers and laughter. She couldn’t even figure out what to do. She just stood there gloriously topless for nearly a full minute as everyone got to see so much of her. Then she finally realized that in order to run, she needed to kick off her panties. She trotted off with her racket still protecting her bush, with everything else on display.

The Breeze congratulated his helpers. “You two are good at this. So what should we do next?”

“How about a softball game?” Draft said.

“No,” the Breeze told him, “too many girls. We’re not strong enough for that yet.”

“Then how about volleyball?” Current said.

“Good idea.” The Breeze and his friends looped around to the volleyball net. They were pleased to see that it was done beach style, with sand and small outfits for the players. The Breeze wondered if these girls would really be embarrassed. The little bottoms they were wearing bared about half of every lovely athletic cheek. The volleyball girls clearly weren’t inhibited.

The outfits were great, but the Breeze wondered if he would have trouble with them. The little cheeky shorts were tight, and that would make them harder to remove. The Breeze knew that he was already strong enough to rip away a pair of little shorts, but he didn’t know how fast he could rip away one piece of clothing after another. He would have to choose what he wanted. Fortunately, one pair of volleyball girls was wearing tops loose enough for him to play with.

One volleyball duet was wearing dark green, tight outfits. The other was wearing tiny black bottoms with bright yellow tops. It was clear that both of the yellow topped girls had nice tits, but the tops weren’t tight or revealing. The Breeze would fix that. Instead of doing it himself, he decided to let the younger ones have some fun. Draft and Current flowed gently into the yellow tops. They were happy to find out that there was nothing underneath. So when the action started, it was easy for them to flip those tops up for some quick, bare booby moments. One girl had medium boobies. The other girl’s tits were almost big. Again and again there were quick flashes. The yellow team was blushing at their exposure, but they were determined to win, so they didn’t stop even while the audience started laughing at them.

Once the green team scored a point, the yellow team started talking real fast to the referee about the titty situation. “Let us get some different clothes on!” “Give us just a minute or two!”

That sounded reasonable, but it wasn’t working out. “The rules don’t allow you to leave until the match is over.”

“But, but, but!” “Everyone’s looking. And there are cameras!”

“I’m sorry girls, but you’re going to have to swallow your pride or forfeit.”

The green team was enjoying this immensely. Those two hotties hadn’t had to deal with any unwanted exposure yet. The Breeze didn’t think that was fair. They were both slim and stunning with fabulous asses that they obviously didn’t mind showing off. The Breeze was going to make them show more though. He took a moment to pick the lighter haired brunette as his first victim. He swept into her tight little shorts and took hold of every seam. He waited though. He waited until the game was starting again. The moment his girl was about to hit the ball, the Breeze burst away, stripping her bottomless. There she was, bare ass and bush bare for the world. She took a second to look down and realize that yes, she was bottomless in public. Her shriek was fabulous as she covered up her front and turned in place. Her panic gave everyone the chance to get a good look at her. The other team was laughing it up. Their quick little titty flashes were nowhere near as humiliating as that.

“Someone help! Oh, how did that happen?”

Her team mate had grabbed a nearby towel and rushed to her. The bottomless girl couldn’t even bring herself to tie the towel around her. Her friend had to help her. The Breeze saw that as a great opportunity for another bit of fun. He swept into the other pair of tight green shorts. Right when things were starting to calm down, he ripped those shorts off so that both girls on the green team were bare pussy bottomless for the crowd and the cameras. This girl had a great triangle of tightly trimmed dark bush on her tanned skin. Like the other girl, she took a second to realize that her beaver was showing to the world. Then she realized she had to do something. So she snapped the towel off of her friend to cover up with. That made the other girl shriek again as her nice light brown bush was bare again. She bounced in place with one hand over herself.

While that was going on, the other team was celebrating their opponents’ public embarrassment. The Breeze quickly told his partners to take part in a double stripping. While one girl had her arms up triumphantly, that let Draft and Current lift her top all the way off of her while the Breeze tore the other girl’s top away! There was another great scream of embarrassment. This time from two girls. The volleyball match had been turned into a public strip show with one team bottomless and the other team topless.

There was all manner of applause and shock from the audience as the cameras continued to follow the film the girls running away.

The Breeze was feeling a lot stronger. His calling was bringing him back to his clothes ripping potential. He really wanted to strip some more sexy athletes, but he thought it might be best to build up a bit of power first. Fortunately, that would be a lot of fun. Instead of chasing the next sporting event, the Breeze told his new friends that they would have to have some fun with the audience. There were some pretty ladies there for certain. Why should they miss all the fun?

The Breeze started with a lovely red head in the stands where people were just waiting for the next event. She was clear in the back, in the middle of a row, so she would have a hard time getting away once she was bared. While Draft and Current watched, the Breeze went to work. He swept down with a speed and grace that made it clear he was cured of his doldrums (I love the word doldrums. Ten points to whoever includes it in a comment).

He started by sneaking in to her top. The weather was warm, so of course the pretty lady didn’t mind the feel. How was she to know that a perverted force of nature was checking out her figure? The Breeze saw that her breasts were firm, perky things, not quite small, but almost. He would have to remove her top and her bra at once if the world was going to get a look though. He knew he could do it though. After working his way into her clothes carefully, he burst away, ripping off all the clothing she had above the waist. That stopped her in midsentence, and half a dozen pairs of eyes bulged open wide at the sudden sight of her gorgeous, round nippled firmies. She didn’t scream. She was the kind who just whimpered in frustration as she clapped her hands on her goods and stared around at all the people staring at her. Then the murmurs and laughs started, followed by congratulations to her figure and a loud wolf whistle.

“O-o-Oh no! I’ve got to get out of here!” She had to stand up then push past people to escape the stands. She didn’t make it far before the Breeze made his second attack. He didn’t want to rip anything else away. He wanted to give people a show, so he just dropped her pants, baring a nice pair of bright blue little panties. It was funny that she screamed then since she hadn’t when her breasts were bared. She wiggled in place as she tried to keep moving. Shuffling past the other people in the seats wasn’t possible though, so she had to pull her pants back up, giving a real good look at her gems to everyone who was staring. Of course a few camera phones preserved the moment. She kept whimpering as she finally got moving again with her hands where she needed them. We all know that the Breeze like to keep playing with his girls, so of course he dropped her pants a second time. This time he not only dropped her pants, he made sure to slide her panties down with them! Everyone was in love with the sight of her light red bush, and her firm little ass. She screamed again, a few quick bursts of panic sounds. She pulled up her panties as fast as she could, then her pants after that. While she tried to get past quickly, she was actually polite about it. “Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me. AAAAaaaAAAAAAAH!!!!” The Breeze had dropped her pants again. This time he left her panties up because he wanted to see if he was strong enough for one of his other moves. It wasn’t easy, but he was able to spin in place as a ball of wind to twist her panties up in a great wedgie that bared her buns for those close to her. That ass was so irresistible that one guy even took a quick double grab while she was pulling her pants back up. The Breeze let her get all the way to the end of the row before the grand finale. Once she cleared that last seat, the Breeze tore her pants and panties completely away, stripping her stark naked, bare bush, sweet and screaming sexy as she ran for cover.

That was great! The Breeze was feeling very robust and youthful. His two partners were amazed. How did he do that spinning trick? The Breeze assured them that he would teach them as much as he could, but right away he wanted another hottie to embarrass. His cohorts almost had a bit of trouble keeping up with him. He found a sexy woman with sandy blonde hair in her late thirties waiting in line at a concession stand. She was beautiful, but she was in very modest clothes. The Breeze had to see her body. He had to let everyone else see her body. He knew that he was strong. He was so strong that he could do this one all at once. “Watch this,” he said to Current and Draft. The Breeze swept down into her clothes. He was delighted to find out that he was right. She was very well built. Her proportions were as modest as her clothes, but her curves were dramatic. The Breeze took his time there to sweep through every bit of her clothes. He had to take his time, so his windy friends almost lost their patience. But then it happened. With one sudden blast the woman was stripped nearly bare. The Breeze’s strength still was not up to his limit, so he hadn’t managed to get her totally naked. She still had her panties on. It was a bright green thong that bared her nice buns that were obviously the product of some dedicated workouts. Those tits weren’t big at all, but they stood out from her body. All of that was accentuated with tan lines from a one piece swimsuit. The woman was stunned into silence for a moment before she threw her arms across herself. She didn’t make a sound. She just wiggled nervously.

Someone behind her shouted, “Nice ass, baby!” Then she screamed. She was naked! Naked out in public! She threw one hand behind her in a desperate and ineffective attempt to cover that great, tan lined butt. Her other arm only managed to cover one of her pretty nipples.

The Breeze was a bit winded from that effort (get it?), so he let his comrades have the last bit of fun. At the Breeze’s direction, the two young winds shot down and dropped the woman’s panties so that everyone could see her lovely, completely bald pussy.

Her panic was wonderful. She just stood there, butt naked without even trying to pull up her panties. After a bit someone brought her a jacket to cover with, once she had that, she managed to walk away with her eyes covered.

The Breeze recovered from that effort fast. “All right boys, I can feel something this way.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve got great instincts. There’s an opportunity over here that we have to take advantage of.” The Breeze led his friends along. He had to sweep along a bit slower than he would like so that the others could keep up, but they were still there fast.

Draft understood the Breeze’s rush then. “She’s a reporter!”

“She’s hot!” Current said.

She was in the middle of an interview with one of the athletes. There was a camera, and this was being televised live. How wonderful! The reporter had reddish brown hair, beautiful blue eyes and immediate charisma. She was interviewing a young woman who wasn’t wearing a whole hell of a lot. The pretty athlete had on a top that wasn’t revealing, but was tight. She didn’t have much of a bust, there was enough to admire all the same. A lot of nice, toned belly was showing, and her shorts! They were very tight and like the volleyball players, a bit of lower curve was showing.

The Breeze wouldn’t have had an easy choice of victim if it weren’t for the fact that he heard them discussing an upcoming event. If he wanted this sexy, slim runner, he could have her soon. So the reporter was going to be bared. To make certain that the audience at home got a decent look before the station would cut to commercial, he was going to have go for a fast strip. He had done it before. He liked to be creative, but sometimes a repeat performance was a good thing. So he weaved his way into the ravishing reporter’s clothes, where he was happy to find a somewhat busty kind of body. Little by little he worked his way in. Then, right as a question ended, right before the runner could answer, the Breeze let the world see his work. He burst the front of the lady reporter’s clothes, letting the world see her boobs and nice, reddish brown bush. That lasted only a split second before she showed some impressive reflexes, holding her clothes together. That moved her arms though, right into a better position. The Breeze blasted again, this time he shot the reporter’s clothes down her arms where he performed a great cyclone effect to tie her hands. There she was, nice big tits, nice thick bush, awesome figure, all of it bared for the world to enjoy on their screens. Naturally the reporter lady shrieked. “Stop filming! Stop filming! I’M NAKED! What happened? I’m naked!”

“We are experiencing technical difficulties,” thousands of screens said. The screens said it a few moments too late. Thousands of people had seen the lovely reporter’s boobs and bush on live TV. The Breeze looped and celebrated with a vigor that even the two young winds couldn’t match. “Thank you, boys! Thank you so much! How could I have forgotten how much fun this was? What’ll we do next? Oh, I know! That pretty racer that was being interviewed, she’s going to be running in a few moments. I’ll need help with this. I’m going to try something I’ve never tried before. I’ve helped other things become strong enough to play pranks so now I’ll help you two.” The Breeze gathered his friends to him and he imparted a piece of his strength to them both. None of the three winds had the full power of the Mischievous Breeze, but all of them had the power to rip clothes clean off a woman. This would be the greatest race ever seen.

As the three winds hovered and spiraled above the racers, they saw the lovely physiques in tight clothes and especially those little shorts. There were six women altogether at the starting line ready to run. The starting pistol fired, and the women ran fast. Not even these trained athletes could outrace the wind though. The Breeze himself started the fun. The pretty, short haired blonde that had been interviewed minutes before was in the lead right off. At his fastest he was in her shorts, then he blasted them away, stripping her bottomless! Wide eyed, but silent, the pretty woman slowed up as her lower body was bared for the world. What a great ass! She couldn’t be bothered to cover that ass either since she was too busy covering the front side.

Of course the other racers passed her quickly. A girl with very short dark hair took the lead. She was the slimmest of the racers, but like all of them she had an extraordinary ass. And it was bared as soon as Draft caught up to her and ripped her shorts away! She shrieked and covered her little black bush, but her phenomenal buns were bared for the crowd and the cameras.

The next girl to take the lead was a brunette and the most voluptuous of the racers. She didn’t have big curves of course, but those bouncers were still amazing. So amazing that Current decided that rather than rip off her shorts, he would show the world her tits. RRRIIIiIIP!!!! There they were! A nice pair of fast bouncing boobers. As fast as she was running, it took her several steps before she could really throw her arms across her chest.

Three down, three to go. It had all happened in moments. Of course another girl was in front quickly, a hot black girl, and the Breeze stripped off her shorts. She was passed by a very short blonde with great pert tits that the world got to see as soon as Draft stripped her of her top. The last girl ran ahead of the panicking pack of runners. She wasn’t sure at all she wanted to win, considering what she was seeing. She couldn’t just stop running though. So in the next moment when the unlikeliest runner was in the lead, Draft and the Breeze together ganged up on her to strip her completely, totally butt naked in a heartbeat. She screamed louder than any of them had. She stopped in her tracks, and the cameras rolled backwards across all the runners in their various states of undress. It was hilarious that none of them ran for cover until all of them realized that no one was going to cross that finish line. Instead, all six sexy girls ran the other way all at once to get out of sight. On the way, the three winds managed to strip off some more clothing so that two tops and another pair of shorts were gone. A lot of barenaked runners were blushing and speeding to the lockers.

“Good job, boys,” the Breeze said. “Let’s head over to the soccer field for some fun now.”

Draft and Current were all too happy to follow. They were still empowered by the Breeze’s magic, and it felt great. At the soccer game Draft was breathless. “Where do we start?” There were two teams of women down there. Two teams of eleven hotties each. Twenty two beautiful bodies!

“We start with a goalie,” the Breeze said, “then we go all out stripping something off of as many as possible as fast as possible. We don’t want even one of these girls to get away with all of her clothes intact. Ready?”

“We’re ready,” the young winds said.

“Once the goalie is naked, wait a few moments to let everyone know it happened, then have fun.”

The Breeze would start it himself, of course. He saw the action moving down the field toward a really hot goalie with blonde hair in a little ponytail. She was tensed up for action, her body lithe and lovely. The Breeze was there before he needed to be. He was so fast now and so strong that he was able to invade her clothes completely

The attempt at a goal was inspiring, but it was doomed. The goalie girl was fast. She blocked that kick dramatically, but the instant she made contact with the ball, there was a beautiful clothes explosion that left her completely and totally, tit and pussy naked. She stopped short and looked down at her own nudity at the same time that everyone else did. After a second or two of realizing that had actually happened, the crowd erupted into noise and laughs and cell phone clicks. The referee was blowing a whistle frantically, without knowing what else to do. The goalie herself squawked rather than screaming. She clapped her hands over her nice little tits, leaving her sexy smoothie pussy exposed while she glanced around in every direction nervously.

In the next instant she had company. A girl on the other team lost her shorts and panties. Her scream of embarrassment brought lots of stares to her dark triangle of fur before she realized she could cover up. Then another girl was topless, which was a real treat since she had the biggest tits on the field. The next girl was the Breeze’s victim, and he stripped her to her panties in an instant.

It was then that everyone realized that not only were the players’ clothes mysteriously removing themselves, it was going to keep happening. Girls were screaming in a chorus of frightened exposure. Rips of clothes were all around. Draft, Current and the Breeze were divesting the gorgeous bodies of cover. Many girls were topless, covering with hands or arms. Some were too panicked to cover, so they just bounced around bare while they ran. Some girls were stripped bottomless, with their nice little beavers and fabulous athletic asses on display. Some were reduced to either just panties or a sports bra. The Breeze managed to strip no fewer than eight girls full nude instantaneously. As the last girl remaining lost her top to Draft, the three winds realized that they didn’t have to stop. The girls were trying to get away, but it was happening so fast that less than a fourth of the players were out of sight yet. So more tops were torn away and thrown to the stands as souvenirs. More shorts were ripped away, sometimes with the panties taken too.

It was a great mess of shrieking, humiliated girls running around. Before long it was over though when the last of the naked sweet hearts managed to escape.

So much nudity so fast! The Breeze was surprised that he was still altogether. His power hadn’t waned at all. “I guess we’re not done yet.”

Current said, “I thought that would be the big finish.”

“Me too,” Draft said.

“What can we do for an encore?” the Breeze asked. “Obviously a mass stripping isn’t going to be our last ride for the day. So let’s go for some one-on-one exposure. Do you boys think gymnasts are sexy?”

When they got to the right place, Draft and Current were a bit hesitant to follow. The Breeze understood. “Don’t worry. I know it’s indoors, but I can handle it, and with the extra oomph I gave you, I’m sure you can too. Come on, the girls are waiting.”

Cautiously, Draft and Current followed, and once they were in, they were delighted to find that the Breeze was right. They were free to move about as long as they managed to keep going. They had to follow the Breeze’s example, moving in tight circles near the ceiling. It wasn’t that hard though, and it looked like it would be worth it. There were some hot body women down there in leotards ready to perform floor exercise routines.

The three winds watched greedily as the first one moved into place. She was a wonder to behold, slimly sexy and such a fast, flexible treat as she moved. For the Breeze’s tastes though, she had to be naked and embarrassed. It seemed a shame to ruin such a performance, but he had his duty.

He flew down close and followed her motions. She was almost wind like herself she was so graceful. The Breeze moved himself into position. He really couldn’t bring himself to stop her since she was so much fun to follow. The moment she was done though, he was in position. She landed triumphantly with a smile. The crowd cheered. The Breeze snapped the underside of her leotard so that it popped upwards, baring her nice little patch of dark fur. She was fast. So fast that only a glimpse met the crowd. She had her clothes held tight over that sensitive area. On the other side her lovely little butt was still public domain though. Draft and Current took their mentor’s lead. One each took a sleeve of her outfit and snapped it from shoulder to wrist. The elasticity of the outfit did the rest, popping it down to bare her sexy, sexy, sexy little boobs. They were little, but they were so perfect for her that everyone was stunned speechless at her topless beauty. Especially her! She couldn’t scream or cry out. She just ran as fast as she could to get out of sight. She had to dart around obstacles and people, so she stayed in public view for a bit while she turned and ran and turned and ran.

The audience was laughing at that sight while the next lady got ready. She was also laughing, but she had to get it under control so that she could go through her performance. Like the first girl, the Breeze and this time his friends also, followed her movements. Again it was a wonderful display of gymnastic prowess. It ended the same way though. She was in her final pose, knowing she had won over the crowd. Then her leotard snapped. This time the winds started with the top. It popped down to bare her fabulous, almost medium sized boobs with the oh so pink nipples. It took her just long enough to realize she was bare that everyone got a really good look. She clapped her hands across her tits and stared out at the people. It was only then that she screamed. It was a great scream too. It was immediately followed by the snapping of the bottom of her leotard so that it popped up to show everyone her nice shaved pussy. She ran like hell, hands over her breasts until she was away from the lewd cheering and jeering. She had the same trouble getting out of sight, rushing around people and things, all the while with her bare butt and beaver showing.

There was only one gymnast left. She had some fairly ample breasts, especially considering that she was a gymnast. Her ass was great. Her legs phenomenal. And she had such gorgeous blonde hair and dark eyes. Those pretty eyes were so nervous though. Two times in a row girls had been mysteriously exposed for the crowd. Would that happen to her? Her coach was there though encouraging her to forget that. She didn’t come this far to chicken out now. So she went through with it, leaping and flipping with the same expertise the other women showed. By the time she was done, she had forgotten everything except how great it felt to do well. Then the winds attacked her clothes all at once. In a moment she was stark naked, bouncy boobies and blonde beaver bare for everyone as her leotard flung itself away. She shrieked and did a nervous side stepping kind of dance as she tried to figure out what to do. She saw that the judges had given her the best score yet, but that didn’t change the fact that everyone was staring at everything she had. So she finally threw one hand over her muff and rushed out of sight, her nice tits bouncing and jiggling as she had to weave around everything in her way.

The Breeze and his friends left the building happily. “How much more time do you think we have?” Draft asked.

The Breeze said, “Probably just enough time to really have fun at that softball game.” He flew over to the action, where the score was hotly contested in the sixth inning. Current looked at the players and he knew that the Breeze had chosen right. “Oh these girls are hot. This is going to be great. Are we going to do it all at once again?”

“We’ll warm up to that. First I want to see that batter butt naked. Look at her.”

Current said, “Oh, can I do it? I want to go first this time.”

“Go ahead.”

Current didn’t strike right away though. He swept down to the tall, sexy, sun tanned, brunette with the nice legs, ample ass and medium boobs. She wasn’t classically proportioned, but she had a great figure anyway. Current had payed close attention to the way the Breeze did his tricks. He got ready by flowing into the girl’s uniform all over. Every seam and weak thread was in his windy grip as he flowed slowly and tightly over her lovely body. He waited though. He waited until his beauteous batter hit the ball. It was a great sound as the bat made contact, but as the ball flew away, so did the poor girl’s clothes! All of them except her panties were gone! “AAawahAAH! I’M NAKED!”

While she stood there panicking trying to figure out how cover best, the game went on. She couldn’t bring herself to run to first base. She just moved her hands slowly over her chest trying to find the spot for maximum coverage. Then she heard the words, “You’re out!”

Because she hadn’t moved, the other team had an easy time getting the ball to first base. She moaned, both from embarrassment and disappointment. “OoOH! That’s not fair! I’m naked!”

She really wasn’t naked. She was only topless. Current took care of that real fast though as he got her panties and tore them away. Her new shriek was so savagely angry that it can’t be written. Her sexy brown bush was there for everyone to see and she had no idea how to deal with that. Her arms were busy covering her other assets, so she just stood there with her lower half completely uncovered. One of her team mates had to run out and urge her to get out of sight.

“That was great, Current! Draft, do you want the next batter?”

“Sure! But I’m going to see if I can’t keep the ball in play. Draft, could you rip her panties off after a few seconds?”

“Love to, pal. I’d love to.”

The next batter was a short, pretty, long haired Latina with very pronounced breasts. She was kind of the opposite of the last girl’s figure, ample in bosom and medium in rear end. She looked every bit as good. Draft worked his way into her uniform, loving the anticipation. He had to concentrate on his prank because he had to hold on a bit. Her first swing was a strike. So was her second. Then on the third she hit a long drive to center field. At that same moment her clothes departed. Like the girl before her, she was stripped to her underwear. “EEyaHH! How! What happened! Oh, everyone can see my boobs!” And they could. She was so startled, even after seeing it once, that she wasn’t covering. Her nice boobs were out there for several seconds before she realized that she should do two things, shriek and then cover up.

The players on the other team were trying to get her out, but even though she stayed where she was, they had a hard time. The ball rolled in a strange way (with Draft moving it along, of course) so that the outfielders took forever to get a hold of it. The batter’s team mates were shouing, “Run! Maryann, run!”

After a few moments of the farce in the outfield, the pretty latin girl took off jogging with her arms across her jugs. The ball was finally thrown to the infield. It was overthrown. It just couldn’t get where it needed to be. So pretty, topless Maryann had the chance to move on to second base while everyone was shouting at her.

Draft had set it up for a dramatic last moment throw. The ball reached second base at almost the same moment Maryann did. In fact, she would have been out if it weren’t for the fact that the Breeze himself got in on the action. The girl at second base didn’t have the chance to do the right thing for her team. The Breeze ripped away every last bit of clothing she had all at once so that she panicked like the other girls did. She just stood there, smallish boobs, dark bush and great ass on display to the crowd while Maryann touched the base.

The moment she stopped and the umpire said “Safe” Maryann sighed with relief. That relief lasted only a moment since Current was there to strip away her panties and bare her dark, dark, dark triangle to everyone. “OoOoOoH NO! Oh, no one look! Stop looking! OH oh OH!”

The game was stopped while the two naked girls were allowed to get out of sight and get dressed. Once they were back in spare uniforms and dramatic blushes, the game could continue. No one was sure that it should, but no one knew that the winds were waiting to strip some more girls. Besides, what were they going to do? Call the game on account of nudity?

The next girl who was supposed to be at bat was arguing with her coach. Two other girls had hit the ball and their clothes had burst off. She wasn’t about to take that chance. Her coach told her that was ridiculous. He didn’t know why girls’ clothes were coming off, but it couldn’t be because they hit the ball.

The batter would not be swayed, so another girl volunteered to take her place. This was an adorable, short brunette with hair pulled back in a big frizzy ponytail. She was so enthusiastic as she stepped up to the plate. It was the Breeze’s turn for fun. He asked Draft for a bit of help. The Breeze could easily have stripped this pretty little batter, and he would, but first he thought it might be fun to see a dramatic strike. It was Draft’s job to make sure the cutie pie with the bat couldn’t hit the ball. He had to speed it up or slow it down as it flew. Meanwhile the Breeze slipped real fast into the uniform of the catcher. He was so pleased with himself for being able to see how sexy this girl was under the protective gear. Oh she was hot!

The pitch came and the cute little batter swung just a moment too late. The ball found the catcher’s mitt, and at that very moment her uniform was burst away. She still had on her chest guard, leg guards, mitt and protective helmet. Everything else was missing, even her panties. For a second she didn’t realize what she was doing as she stood up. No one could see her tits of course, but her beautiful ass and dark bush were bared for the crowd. There were hoots and hollers and cheers and whistles and laughs. In the next moment the catcher had her mitt over her pussy as she turned around. Those pert buns were all anyone was interested in for a moment. The poor thing had to run away bare assed.

Again the game had to wait for a girl to get another uniform on. The Breeze and his friends were surprised to see that the catcher was brave enough to come back. They respected that, so they were going to leave her alone. The batter would not be so lucky. It was time to see the hot little body on this brunette. She had that sexy, sweet, little body type. Her ass was tight and small. Her boobs were there, but they were little and cute. Soon they would be bare. The next pitch, Draft helped her as much as he had hindered her the first time. The ball went sailing, but no one in the stands watched that. They had all been waiting to see if this girl would lose her clothes too. She hadn’t. She was still completely covered. The Breeze liked to mix things up, so he left her clothes on. He was ready for fun in a moment though. The pretty little thing ran to first and made it so easily that she went for a double. That was perfect. She got to second base just in time. She slid dramatically, throwing up a dust. It was then that her uniform departed. All she had on was her batting helmet.

While the action settled, and she stood up, the crowd was treated to her naked body, her totally, barepussy, stark naked body with her taut boobies and firm derriere and narrow bush exposed. She had been so full of adrenaline that she hadn’t realized she had lost her clothes until she was on her feet. Her face was glowing red. She was feeling horribly embarrassed, because she didn’t really think this would happen to her. “EEEEEEEeeeEEEEeEE!” She hopped from one foot to another while she moved her hands from her pussy to her boobs then back to her pussy again. She realized that she still had her helmet on, so she took it off to use as pussy protection as she trotted off the field. The laughs of the crowd made her feel a burning, angry shame.

The girl who had caught the ball realized that she might be in danger. She dropped that ball and panicked. “I’m not playing anymore!” she announced as she rushed away. She only got a few steps before Current decided to rip away her top and her bra. She kept bouncing as she ran.

The Breeze rushed in to have some fun. They wouldn’t have any more chances for humor, so it was time to clear the field. “Get ’em all!” he said to the other winds.

They couldn’t get them all though. As fast as the winds were, these girls knew how to run, and some of them got off the field before they lost any clothes. Most of them didn’t get that far though. Real fast girls were stripped, topless, bottomless, full nude, topless again, to her panties, and so on. One after another, real fast, uniforms were separated from their wearers so a bunch of pretty naked girls in baseball caps were darting to and fro. It was only when the last girl left that the Breeze and his friends swirled upwards to enjoy the feel of a job well done. Draft asked, “Do we go after some ladies in the audience now?”

“No,” the Breeze said. “Can’t you feel that? Play time’s over. We won’t be strong enough. You boys did good though. It’s great to be back.”

**The Breeze and the Parade - part one**

The Breeze was back in form again thanks to his idealistic helpers. Current and Draft had both gone their own way after the Sports Expo. They were good breezes that loved a windy prank, but they just weren’t as tit crazy as the Mischievous Breeze. They hadn’t restored him to his youth, but they had returned his sense of purpose along with his strength and skills. The Breeze had loved stripping all the pretty athletes so much that he knew he had to continue contributing more nudity to the world. The problem was, he had trouble finding a good place for it. The Breeze knew that he had more than just luck on his side. It was destiny that led him to the places that could most benefit from his windy fun. So he couldn’t just strip any woman naked anywhere no matter how hot she was. He had to have a special day to play and share his juvenile antics with a crowd. He flew along for days and days. He sustained himself by lifting skirts and tearing curtains off of certain windows, but he didn’t go in for any elaborate shenanigans. Not until he got to a pair of towns called Everly ’n Founding. The Breeze didn’t know it, but there was a famous fair that went on between those two towns every year, and they took turns hosting it. So the name changed from one town to the other. This year it was the Carnival Made Near Founding. It wasn’t a creative name, but it let everyone know where to go. It brought people from all around to enjoy the sights. It always opened with a big parade, and that’s where the Breeze was headed. As he got close, the Breeze could feel that familiar pull. It was his calling. The people of two towns needed him to show them just how good the local ladies would look without their clothes on.

People were already there, all along every sidewalk of the closed off streets. The Breeze rushed along, but he could see that he was a bit early already. He would have to wait. Now we all know that the Breeze wasn’t good at waiting. Besides that, there were sexy women in the crowd to play with. If there were hotties in the parade, that would be something new, but there was no reason not to warm up with some of his regular follies.

He swept down to the crowd. Were there any worthy women waiting for the parade? Oh yeah. It was little wonder that the Breeze had been led to this place. Finding lovely bodies here would be easy.

His first find was a pretty young thing with dark hair. She was an active girl who looked like she was having a hard time sitting still while she waited. She was going to be great. She was the kind of girl who was very pretty but with silly, almost cartoon like features. She looked like she couldn’t stop smiling if she tried. The Breeze knew he could stop that smile though. That was actually a shame, because she had such a lovely smile. She had some lovely boobies too though, and the Breeze thought the world needed to see them. This sweet heart had on a fairly flimsy top but blue jeans below that. Despite his rapid power accelerations, he wasn’t too confident that he could remove a pair of blue jeans on his first try. There were no hard feelings considering the wonderfully firm bosom on her. They were mediums, but they were also so pronounced on her figure that demanded attention just like bigger boobs would. The Breeze could see that a lot of men kept stealing glances at that figure, so he helped. He heard her giggle when she felt the strange sensation of the wind flowing into her top. The Breeze circled in there, building up power. As he did that, the young lady’s top inflated enough that it disappointed all the men around. That hid her body for a bit. Then, suddenly, the Breeze had her top up! Along with that her little bra had snapped in back so that it lifted too. There they were, two fabulous hooters, and her sweet pink nipples were so excited from all the windy tickling. “EEEEP!” She tugged her shirt down fast, but not fast enough to keep everyone from seeing. She looked around and she blushed wonderfully. It was clear that she was totally embarrassed, but she had enough humor to actually chuckle about it. The Breeze appreciated that she was such a good sport, but he just couldn’t leave those pairies alone that easy. After just a few awkward moments, the Breeze slipped back into her shirt. She knew what that meant already. “Oh NO!” She was holding her top down hard, but not hard enough to stop the Breeze. There they were again, those beauteous unwillingly flashed wonders. Then she had them covered. Then the Breeze lifted her top again. Then she covered up. Then her tits were bare again. Through a loud wail, the now frowning cutie pie said, “What’s happening? What’s happening to me? OH NO, not again! No one look! aaAAaAAAAAHHH!” With that last flash, she stood up and took off running. She couldn’t handle any more exposure.

That was a good beginning. The Breeze was proud of himself. Could he find a skirt though? He swept along the sidewalk looking for a good prospect. There she was, a very hot, long legged black girl in a long skirt. The Breeze was going to love this. This girl was a radiant hottie who managed to look delectable even while dressed demurely.

The Breeze flowed upward into her skirt to find that an incredible pair of legs. He couldn’t have chosen better. But only he knew that. He had to change that. In traditional Breeze style, he swept upward, baring those grand gams Marilyn Monroe style. Amazing! Everyone thought so. In fact, the people around her all turned silent real fast in the face of that. The Breeze kept up the windy display for about half a minute or so before he let the skirt drop. After that was a round of applause. The pretty lady covered her face with one hand, but like the last one, she couldn’t help a sheepish grin. What a great reaction! Her next one would not be so accepting. The Breeze got himself ready again. It took some effort, but he knew he could part the woman and the panties. He circled her like a shark while he got ready. Then it was a blast upward to reveal those legs again. In the very next instant, before she could even shout, the Breeze had her panties in his windy grip. He tore one side, then the other. He made certain to intensify his upward draft so that she would have a hard time covering that fabulous full rear end and her nice thick, dark bush. This time her shout was a musical scream of agonized embarrassment. No one seemed interested in looking away. They were all staring at her pussy as it flitted into view and then out of view. The waving of her skirt was unstoppable, and she knew it. So she took off running to escape it. The Breeze hadn’t actually expected that. In a moment she would be inside. He tried to get her skirt, but he hadn’t formed a grip on it yet. It tore all the same, but not all the way off. Instead it kind of fell down to mid thigh, baring buns and bush to the world while she whined. She managed to get her skirt hitched back up before she got away from the Breeze. Her legs and her butt had been so nice that he almost considered following her. Then he figured that given her good natured first reaction, he’d just let her go. Besides, there were certainly other hotties out on the streets to practice on.

In short order he found a very sexy blonde woman. Maybe thirty or so, she was the kind of pretty that’s intimidating. Not so much that she didn’t have a man with her. They were even holding hands. The Breeze decided to use that. He was going to go for something a bit ambitious this time. He loved being creative. He started not on the lovely lady, but on her boyfriend. Of course we all know the Breeze would leave the man’s clothes alone, but that wasn’t what he had in mind. The loving couple were sitting down on a bench. The Breeze played at their feet where he had to apply his rare skill at highly focused wind. He untied the man’s shoes. Then he tied those shoelaces together. Phase one was complete. Next, the Breeze had to get ready to attack the woman’s top. She had on a long sleeved blouse that was going to be perfect. It wasn’t going to be easy, especially this early on in this nudity campaign. It would be worth it though. This fabulous looker deserved something special. The Breeze had to carefully weave himself throughout her top. He wasn’t going to burst it off the way he usually would. He had to burst it open, but he needed it to be solid at one of her wrists. Once he got it ready, he shot along the top of her body, ripping her blouse down to one wrist. Before anyone could even react, the Breeze was cycloning himself around her wrist and her boyfriend’s wrist. He had the two of them tied together.

It was hilarious. There was that instant of reaction that the Breeze saw so often. No one was sure that really happened. A moment later, everyone knew they were really seeing this sex bomb’s bare boobs! What boobs they were! Medium sized, but not perfectly medium, a bit smaller than that, so fabulously well formed with a special boob shape that doesn’t have a name. Her nipples were a shade too dark to be called pink. They almost had an expression that dared you to look. Everyone dared. There was no way not to. She was so hot. And so embarrassed! It took a couple seconds of staring at her own chest before she glared around at the people gawking. Then she turned bright red. “Mark! Get up! Get me out of here!”

She was having trouble covering her boobs while she tried to get up. Her boyfriend wasn’t moving as fast because he was stunned to confusion. So she was tugging at him with that arm while he tried to keep his balance getting to his feet. That kept her other hand occupied so that everyone got a real good look at her powerful gems.

She started slapping at Mark for not moving fast enough. “Hurry up! Hurry up! Everyone’s staring! Do something!”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Get me out of here!” She was still trying to get her hand free, but the Breeze was too good at tying women in their clothes. Mark started to take off, but with his shoelaces tied, he couldn’t take a single step without dropping to the sidewalk. The sexy lady stayed went down with him, but the Breeze made sure to cushion her fall. She landed in a straight legged sitting position, hands back to hold herself up. So that put her gloriously sexy pair in a great position for ogling. “aaaAAwAAA! Stop staring at me! Stop it! Mark make them stop looking! And get up for crying out loud!”

“I can’t! Some jerk tied my shoes together!”

It was hilarious seeing the desperate woman covering with her one free hand while her boyfriend frantically pulled at his shoestrings. She shouted at him again. “Make them stop looking at me! Make them stop!”

“How the hell am I supposed to do that? How did these get tied so hard?”

She turned furious, “Just take your stupid shoes off!”

He did that. By then the crowd around were all in hysterics. She was a grand sight, but it was also the funniest thing anyone had ever seen. Once Mark had his shoes off, and they were on their feet again, the Breeze kept the prank going. They had given him enough time to get ready to pants her. The Breeze struck, popping open her zipper and dropping her pants to her calves. Her screech of rage and fear was outstanding! In just panties, her lower body was great. And what’s more, she couldn’t run away! “Get my pants up! Get my pants up! Help, Mark!” She was having too hard a time with her one hand tied to him. After several moments, they were ready to run again, but you know the Breeze. He wasn’t done with her. Again her pants dropped. “Damn it! HELP! It happened again!”

“How are you doing this?” Mark demanded as he got down so that he could get her pants up again.

She was wailing now like Lucille Ball. “I’m not doing it! I don’t know why this is happening! Everyone stop looking at me! I’M NAKED!”

Then, in the next instant, she really was naked. Granted her pants were still on, even if they were down, but her panties were gone! The Breeze had ripped them right off of her so that everyone could get a look at her incredible, classically shaped, well toned ass. There was also that beaver, that nicely trimmed bit of golden brown that you could tell would have been fluffy if she had let it grow to it’s natural length. She whined so loud and long while she stood there frustrated. Her whole sexy body was quivering. At last her boyfriend had her pants back up. He shouted like he thought it was her fault. “I’m holding these up this time!” He hobbled away, towing his howling and completely unconfident lady friend behind him.

The Breeze was proud of himself. He hadn’t lost his touch. It was time to get in the spirit of things though. The parade was starting. The Breeze watched it pass by, but unlike the spectators on the side walk, he could move anywhere to see it any way he wanted. For a fast moving element like the Breeze, the slow moving parade was pretty boring. Well, most of it was anyway. When a particular marching band moved along, the Breeze had to notice that a clarinet player was a very pretty thing. It was her bright green eyes that you noticed first. She was so pretty that even the silly band uniform she was wearing couldn’t keep the men in the crowd from noticing. That uniform did hide her figure pretty well though, and the Breeze couldn’t have that.

He decided to keep it simple with this one. He started with her pants. He swept into them and took a moment to get ahold. Then, WOOOSH!, down they went! She had on tight little pink cotton panties. Her figure was the kind of slender and modest type, so those nice pantied buns were little and pert. The sight was a surprise that brought a loud sour note from her instrument. “Damn it!” she shouted as she slipped her pants back up. The musician behind her couldn’t keep playing. He was too busy laughing at her. He got a dirty look from her, but she was too busy trying to keep up to do anything else. Now that was dedication. The Breeze wondered if she would stay in formation if her bare ass were out there on the street.

He got into her pants again, but this time he made certain to get his windy grip on her underwear too. Faster than she could react, he had her pants and panties down, nice little buns met the crowd on one side. On the other she had a nice, very little patch of dark bush. Her clarinet made that same funny sound. Then she hurriedly yanked her panties back up. Then her pants. She had to stand still to do it, so her fellow band mates had marched around her to keep in line.

Blushing bright red, she rushed to get back into place. The Breeze couldn’t believe it. What rational woman would keep marching after having her pussy bared in public? The Breeze decided that her lack of common sense deserved another dose. Into her pants again, he wasn’t surprised to hear her sour note before he even started weaving into her clothes. She could feel the cool air, and she was expecting it now. This time she wasn’t waiting for it. She ran away. That meant that she had to rush to the nearest sidewalk, and it was jammed with people. She pushed her way in while the Breeze waited for the best moment. While she was shouting for people to get out of her way, her pants and panties shot down again. There was her sexy, lithesome lower body bared again! She yelped loud once she knew she was too late to get out of sight. She threw one hand over her front, as someone else threw one over her right cheek, copping a quick feel. “You bastaWaWaWAARD!” That extended syllable was the result of sheer panic because the Breeze had burst open the front of her top, exposing her fabulously pretty and taut little boobies. Boobies that had some of the most adorable itty nipples ever! “OH, oh, OH, oh OH oh OH OH!” She was having a hard time figuring this out. She had to get her panties back up. She had to cover her body. She had to keep shuffling along the street. With one hand moving from bared boobs to bared pussy and back again, her other hand frantically fought her panties back up. And as that happened a few more pesky males took grabs of her buns!

That was fun, but a high profile target rolled along farther back. The Breeze saw the car with the good looking, well dressed woman riding in back. There was nothing ostentatious about it except that there was a banner attached to the side of the car telling them that this was Mayor Hannigan of Everly City. The Breeze was impressed. Everly had managed to elect probably the best looking Mayor in the country.

The car was a convertible, and she was sitting above the back seat, her feet dangling into the car. That put her where everyone could see her as she smiled and waved. It was pretty clear that she was a popular figure, but she was about to become even more popular.

Where she was, the Breeze would have a hard time really showing anything but her breasts. So that was where he would start. It almost seemed a shame to destroy a suit as nice as hers, but it had to be done. The Breeze got into her clothes. He decided that rather than strip her topless right away, he would just burst her clothes open along with her bra. As soon as he had ever bit of fabric and every button, he tore away. There they were, signaled by a glorious ripping sound. Her mayoral melons were a great pair. They were a touch above medium sized with very light colored nipples. They were not perfect boobs, but instead were boobs that were beautiful because of their imperfections. They stood a bit lower than ideal. They were a bit farther apart than was usually becoming. Somehow it all fit together in a way that made one wonderful pair of authority boobs.

Mayor Hannigan was not the kind of woman to panic or scream. She was wide eyed as she quickly clutched her torn clothes together to cover her treasures. There was laughter from both sides of the street. The Breeze certainly had their attention. He wanted more than just her official boobs for the towns people though. So he did something he ordinarily wouldn’t. He struck with a gale force that tumbled the Mayor backwards off the back of the car. Don’t worry. The Breeze wasn’t about to let the sexy Mayor get hurt. He could toss her around, but he could also cushion her fall so that she was set on the ground unnaturally gently. The Mayor stood up, still fully possessed of herself. “What in the world happened?”

The car had stopped and a couple of her aids were coming to help her. The Breeze moved quick to undress her as much as he could. He was inside her clothes, moving along the seams to do some serious damage to her wardrobe. First, on her lower body, he blasted away everything except her panties! She really had a fittingly elegant pair of legs, and her butt! In some inappropriately black and lace edged panties, her fabulously toned ass was an incredible sight.

One of the Mayor’s hands moved helplessly along her underwear as though trying to figure out how to cover. That meant there was only hand holding on to the rest of her clothes. When the Breeze tore away everything above her waist, her electable hooters were bare again! Finally, she shrieked. She was panicking so much that her two aids weren’t certain what to do. Though the crowd did get a good look first, the Mayor managed to press both of her hands to her bazooms to cover them. Her aids were both dressed up as well, so they took their suit jackets off to help cover their boss. Before they could get them in place though, the Breeze stole the Mayor’s panties! There she was, stark naked, bare ass and bare bush for the public. The Mayor looked like she might faint, but in just a couple moments she was covered as well as two jackets could manage.

The Breeze was about to steal that cover as well, but then he realized that one of these two assisstants was a very pretty young lady with long dark hair. She didn’t have the kind of immediately eye grabbing figure that the Mayor had, but once you noticed her, you realized that she did have quite the body. The Breeze wondered just how loyal she was. He got into her clothes quick. With one exceptional burst, she was topless! Everything above her waist just shredded. She had a great pair of not quite little tits. “OH OH OH OH OH! Oh NO! Mayor Hannigan! Now it’s happening to me too! What do I do?”

The Breeze was impressed. Even though her own littlish gems were bared, she was still holding some cover up for the Mayor. Would she keep doing that? The Breeze stripped her skirt off, baring her bright yellow thong panties and her sexy, sexy little buns. She didn’t scream. She didn’t say a word. Even though she was tits and ass bare in the middle of a parade, she just kept doing her job! Her eyes were shut tight to keep away the sight of the crowd that was staring and making all kinds of noise.

The Breeze knew it would be terrible of him to keep taunting this brave little thing. So he would be terrible. What choice did he really have? She wasn’t completely naked yet. She felt the windy touch at her underwear. “NOOOOOOOOOO!” Yes! Her underwear departed, leaving her bare bush naked. It was a nice triangle of dark that really stood out on her fair skin. “NO no no no NO! I’m sorry, Mayor!” She couldn’t take it anymore. She clutched her jacket over her own front side. That left the Mayor’s front unprotected. She still had her boobs covered, but it was another good look at her muff before the aid behind her changed position. Two respectable ladies were standing there with their totally bare buns showing for a little bit before some cops came to help.

Cops. Now there was an idea. The Breeze had already thought about turning his attention to the police. Surely there was a sexy lady cop in the area. There was so much law enforcement around to keep the parade going. The Breeze hadn’t spotted a good looking woman officer yet though. He had to have one though. He had to! So he rushed through the parade to find one. What’s better than a hot, barable lady cop? Two hot barable lady cops.

The Breeze was about to have some real fun. This police department float was shaped like a police officer’s hat. It wasn’t one of the big, impressive ones, but it was clever, and walking alongside it at each corner was a police officer. On one side, the two officers were women. The Breeze came close to make certain that they were worthy of his attention. Oh boy, were they! Police uniforms, dark sunglasses, gunbelts and handcuffs. All of that on some truly delectable physiques. They both had dark hair. They looked enough alike that they might have been sisters.

He had his next subject. All he needed to know was how he was going to go about stripping these two. He had stripped lady cops before, but never during a parade. Never with a crowd like this. Just ripping their clothes off wasn’t going to be enough. He really wanted to give all the men around a real good long look at these two. He could go for some clothing bondage. That was always fun. But the Breeze realized he had something sturdier than that to use on these two. There wasn’t going to be any opportunity for a slow build up this time. He was going to dive right into his prank. He quickly slipped a pair of handcuffs off one of the dark haired lovelies along with two more pairs from the officers on the other side of the float. He was adept enough that he could do it without being noticed. They didn’t know that their handcuffs were gone until it was too late. The Breeze had the cuffs ready, but he didn’t want to use them until he could put an officer’s her hands behind her. When he got the chance, he did one of his favorite tricks. He left her bra alone, but he blasted her shirt open and down her arms. “HEY!” He didn’t cyclone them very hard at all, because he didn’t have to. Before she had any chance of getting free he snapped her handcuffs on her wrists. There she was, hot body in her own handcuffs. She shouted, “Denise! Get over here! I need help!”

The other sexy officer took a moment to understand what she was seeing. People were already laughing at the sight. “What’s going on?”

“I don’t know how this happened. Unlock me! Quick!”

Denise moved fast to get the keys while the Breeze stole her handcuffs too. As soon as Denise was about to unlock the handcuffs, she was in positions. The Breeze used her shirt to position her arms, then he had her arms handcuffed behind her back too! “Oh no!” Her reaction couldn’t have been better. She turned in place. The officers were back to back. The Breeze snapped a third pair of handcuffs attached the ones they were already wearing. Back to back, the two sexies weren’t naked yet. They still had everything on except their shirts. They looked hot in their brassieres though.

These two women were shocked, but they weren’t the kind of women to panic. The Breeze counted on that though. There were four pairs of handcuffs, so he would use the other. The last pair he attached to the handcuffs connecting the two women. The other end he clamped onto a piece of the float! Now, not only were they handcuffed together, they couldn’t get away! They had to keep moving along with the float.

It was time for some naked law! He started with their pants. RIPPP! RIIIPPP! Both women were reduced to their gun belts and underwear. Damn did they look good. They weren’t naked enough though. Next, their bras had to go. SHRIP! POP! SNAP! The crowd went wild with noise as the two unbelievable babes were stripped topless. Denise had kind of big boobs with nipples that were broad almost to the point of being too big. Almost. On her, they looked good, especially on her good sized knockers. The other officer had mediums but biggish mediums. Her nipples were puffies, bright pink wonders, pointing out at the world. And she could do nothing to cover them while the world stared!

“Denise! What’s happening to us?” “I don’t know, Carla! Help us! Dave and Murray! Get over here!”

The two male cops came running around. They were as stunned as anyone. They had always noticed how good looking their fellow officers were, and now they were getting to see their bare boobs! Right at that moment the Breeze tore away two pairs of police panties, baring two nice, thick, dark bushes while the lady cops shrieked. Officer Dave was too surprised to do anything right away. “What the hell is happening?”

Officer Murray knew. “It’s that urban legend! That story about the wind that takes off women’s clothes! It’s real!”

“What do we do?”

“I don’t know.”

Denise and Carla knew. “Cover us up!” “Cover us up! Everyone can see us naked! NAKED!” They shuffled along trying to turn away from the crowd, but being back to back as they were, only one would be able to do that. So they were both exposed to the crowd while cheers sounded and cameras clicked.

Dave and Murray rushed around to get something. It wasn’t that easy. Their own float had nothing available. After a quick run, they commandeered a banner from another float. The two officers ran back to hold that up over the luscious bodies. The crowd booed, but the two women were relieved. “Thanks!” “Oh, what do we do? Hey, one of you hold that up and the other unlock us!”

That would have worked if the Breeze weren’t ready to stop it. The moment a handcuff key was in place, it was blown away. A second try didn’t do anything better. The key was small, so no one would be able to hold it if the Breeze really focused a small wind on it to blast it away. The keys were lost! The handcuffs were still in place. The women were enraged. And the Banner blew away! Denise and Carla screamed again as their naked bodies were greeted by the happy public. “Woo hoo!” “Look at them titties!” “Hey, I know her! She gave me a ticket a week ago!” “Is this for real?” “Should someone do something?”

The officers were trying to do something. Dave said, “Stop the float.”

“NO!” Denise shouted. “Keep it going so that we can get out of sight. Get us off the main street.”

“Can’t do that,” Murray said. “People will just follow. That would be worse. We’ll keep moving along, but it’ll have to be here.”

The sexy naked cops shouted and whined as they had to trudge along, boobs and bush bare. The Breeze wondered how long it would take for the other officers to get more cover. He was done with that prank, so he moved on to the next thing.

**The Breeze and the Parade part two**

The Breeze lazed along happily. He didn’t feel the need to rush anymore. He had already graced the crowd with so many unwillingly bared boobs. He roamed along in the direction opposite the parade’s. He eventually ran into a discontented balloon muttering to itself. The Breeze had interacted with man made objects before. This time it was a huge parade balloon. This balloon was a helium filled cartoon character in the shape of a cartoon wolf. Only the Breeze could hear its complaints. It didn’t want to be tethered down by ropes. It wanted to float free. The Breeze knew he could help the balloon. What’s more, he saw an opportunity for them to help each other. The Breeze noticed that a couple of the people guiding the balloon along were some serious cuties pies. So the Breeze asked the balloon, “If only those two girls were left holding on, would you float upwards?”

“I suppose I would. They would let go pretty quick though.”

“But what if they were tied to their ropes like you are? Would you consider staying at a low level for a bit while I have some fun? I promise that once I’m done, I’ll make sure you can go free.”

“It’s a deal.”

So the Breeze swept down to the balloon handlers. The balloon was tied to a bunch of people and also to a slow moving vehicle. The ropes held by the people were no problem, but the Breeze had a hard time with the other one. He pushed and pulled at it for a while before he found a weak spot he could use. Then he frayed that rope so that he knew it would break when he wanted it to.

Next step, make sure the cuties weren’t going anywhere. They were a pair of blonde girls, one tall and thin, blue eyed. The other short with very curly hair and the prettiest, happiest smile you could imagine. The Breeze knew the crowd would love these two. He wrapped the ropes around their wrists with his cyclone force to make sure they couldn’t get free. Then he snapped the main rope. Next he rushed along forcing the other ropes out of every other pair of hands.

“You did it!” the balloon said as he drifted upwards.

“Not too high,” the Breeze said.

The balloon was only too happy to comply. He drifted down the street, dangling the two panicked pretties. The Breeze went to work right away. He blasted away a skirt and a pair of pants. That put the girls’ panties on display. The taller blonde had bright white, tight panties with blue trim. The curly blonde’s delightful, ultra round butt was in a thong!

The girls had been screaming for help. Once their panties were bared, they were just screaming. Next the Breeze wanted their tops off. One fast rip after another, and he carried away everything the girls had for tit cover! They couldn’t even really cover with their free hands because of the way they were dangling. The screams of the embarrassed cuties were great as the balloon drifted lazily down the street, right above the excited crowd.

The Breeze helped his balloon friend move with the parade as he kept the nearly naked blondes where everyone could see. “How long are we doing this?” the balloon asked.

“Only a little longer. I’ve got to get them totally naked.”

“Oh, do it! I’m just a balloon and I’m loving the sight of these sexy girls.”

So the Breeze followed through, removing the girls’ panties, so that everyone could see the brown bush on curly blonde, and the dark bush on tall blonde. The screams of embarrassment were ear piercing, but they were also wonderful. The balloon said, “Since I’ve got to bring them down again eventually anyway, can I lower them into the crowd for a bit?”

“Go ahead! I’ll help. But we have to bring them down, then up, then down, then up.”

The pretty blondes were dipped down among the greedy eyes. Some of the people there did try to rescue the girls, but it wasn’t enough. Even if a few people grabbed on, it wasn’t enough to weigh down the balloon. So the girls ended up in the hands of strangers only to be pulled back up away from their would be rescuers. Again and again the Breeze and his pal brought the girls down to be grabbed. Hands ran all over their naked bodies. Most of that was genuine attempts to help, but even so, it was a lot of hands on their boobs and bums and bushes while the girls wailed and moaned in humiliation.

After dozens of hands had felt the naked girls, the Breeze finally decided it was time to move on. Besides, some of the police had managed to get close. The Breeze said, “Lower them one last time on your own if you can. Then I’ll get those ropes off of them.” So the girls were brought down while the Breeze set them free. There they were, butt naked and gorgeous in the arms of some gallant rescuers. The balloon rose away, “Thanks, friend! I don’t know where I’ll end up, but it’ll be fun getting there!”

The Breeze bid his partner in mischief farewell, then he immediately went on the hunt again. He was loving this parade, and in moments he had sixteen more reasons to love it. That was sixteen sexy majorettes with incredible legs twirling batons and putting on a wonderful leg show below their silvery skirts. There were four rows of four girls, all moving with impressive precision. The Breeze couldn’t help enjoying their performance, but more than that he enjoyed the legs. He knew that a lot people were watching those legs. So what kind of Breeze would he be if he didn’t lift some of those skirts, or better yet, all of them?

The Breeze started small this time. He swept along the majorettes, blowing up one skirt after another in fast order. One pair of tight silver panties, two, there, four, and so on. The girls kept moving without stopping. That wasn’t going to bother them at all. They had plenty of moves that made their skirts twirl. The audience sure appreciated it though. One right after another everyone got a look at the shiny silver panties that were just slightly more revealing than they should have been.

As lovely as that had been though, the Breeze wanted more. He wanted more exposure and he wanted more embarrassment. As strong as he was, it would be easy. This parade had really empowered him, and he wasn’t about to let that strength go to waste. So he got ready to repeat his trick. Skirts would fly, one after the other, but each time he would blast some panties down. He wished he was strong enough to just rip the panties off each girl, but as fast as he wanted to do this, not even he could do that. Then again, maybe he could. Not on his own, but with help. His friend the balloon had spread the word as he had floated away. The Breeze was joined by several young, windy voices. “Can we help?”

“Who are you?” the Breeze asked. He had met plenty of winds, but not like these. They were clusters of air that circled rapidly.

“We don’t usually get to come this low, but we followed your magic mischief after the balloon told us where you were. We’re just a bunch of turbulence. A mean old cold front wanted us to help him start a storm to rain on this parade, but now we’re glad we didn’t. We’d rather help you out. You’re a legend.”

If the Breeze could have blushed, he would have. “Well, fellows, you’re just in time. See these hot baton girls here?”

“OH YEAH!”

“Well, I want each of you to grab some panties and get ready to rip them off. Can you handle that?”

“We can bump airplanes around. Panties will be easy. For us the hard part will is being gentle to the girls. We promise we can do it though.”

“Then get in place!” The Breeze watched the eager youngsters move in. They really were fast. Each one had a pair of silvery panties in his grip even faster than the Breeze could have done it. “Here I come!” the Breeze said. He went along the majorettes, one row after another. The first skirt flew at the same time that a pair of panties tore away, baring a nice little dark brown bush and a pair of incredible cheeks. In the next instant it was a pert little ass and a totally smooth pussy. Then it was a bright yellow bush and a big but athletic bum. One after another the majorettes screamed in confusion and embarrassment as the Breeze blasted up skirt after skirt. Each time a pair of majorette panties was removed and tossed to the crowd. Sixteen hot girls had their bush and butt exposed.

“That was great!” the Breeze said. He noticed that the majorettes were no longer doing their dance routine. They were still marching along, but they were whispering to each other about what to do. He knew they wouldn’t stay put, so he decided to do the fast thing. “Okay, Turbos, open season! Get all those skirts off the girls, then everything else!”

It was a madcap rush of wind that blew papers and debris all over, but more importantly, it ripped off silver skirt after silver skirt. In moments the entire majorette team was bottomless! The orchestra of embarrassed noises was wonderful. And they weren’t done. The moment the last skirt was gone, all that wind got back to work relieving the girls of their tops and bras. Ripping and shredding sounds mixed with yelps and screams as the bare bottom girls were all stripped full nude. All of that so fast that every one of those pretty girls were still right out in the open on the street.

One of the girls shouted, “RUN!” They didn’t want to get to the crowd, so they ran along the parade, around bands and floats. The other paraders were amazes and startled as a crowd of sexy butt naked hotties rushed past. Because they were running, the girls couldn’t even cover up properly. Some had their boobs in their hands. Some covered their beavers. Some just didn’t cover at all, running along in their full glory for the people of two towns to ogle.

The Breeze and his pals followed for a bit just to watch the helpless hotties. Then the turbulence had to leave. “Sorry to go so soon, but we need to get back up high where we belong. Thanks for the fun! It was the best time we ever had.”

The Breeze stole a hat from someone just so he could tip it to the turbulence before they left. He was alone again, but he was happy. He was also almost through. He could tell that he had enough power left for one big prank, so he was going to make it as big as he could. He blew along casually this time, past the point of any of the nudity he had caused yet. He wanted the next girls to be taken completely unaware.

Trundling down the road, near the end of the parade was a float full of cheerleaders. The girls had made a big sculpture of Buzzy the Bee, the mascot of the local college. They were waving to the people and occasionally dropping off of the trailer to perform a stunt or flip or two. It looked like every man who saw them was in love with them, and the Breeze was too! These girls were hot! There were ten of them in their yellow and black cheerleader uniforms. The skirts were short, revealing all the sexy legs. A bit of midriff showed on each pretty girl. The Breeze was going to love this.

He started small, with the most classic windy antic there is just like he did with the majorettes. He just flew along to each girl in turn, flipping up every cheerleader skirt. That didn’t bother the cheerleaders a bit since their antics tended to reveal that anyway. It was still fun, and it sure caught the eyes of the men in the crowd.

Once the Breeze had tasted that little bit of fun from each girl, he knew he had to have more. He started with a nice blue eyed blonde. She was like the perfectly stereotypical sexy cheerleader, her fit body, awesome legs, sexy smile! MMMmmm! The Breeze had already lifted her skirt for a moment. He was just going to do it again, but he was going to make sure that it was really revealing this time. He got ahold of every bit of clothing under her skirt. Right as she was waving some pom poms around, getting everyone’s attention, her skirt blasted upward, and she lost the protection she had under it! There she was, nice brown bush showing to the crowd! “EEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!” She threw her hands down to force her skirt into place. Instinctively she turned from all the wide eyes, but that just let them get a look at her gorgeous, perfect cheerleader buns as the Breeze kept her skirt flying. She screamed again, this time in rage as she rushed to the float with their Buzzy Bee.

That was one cheerleader humiliated. Nine more to go! It was a simple trick, so he did it again. This time he stretched his abilities a bit to strike at two cheerleaders at once. There was a bit titted girl with dark hair and a nice slender black girl. They were on the other side of Buzzy the Bee, so they didn’t know what had happened to the blonde. They were waving to the crowd, jumping around, getting everyone worked up. Then with a sudden gust, panties were torn away and skirts were blasted up! A nice dark triangle on one girl, and smooth, hairless lips on the black girl! The double shriek was so perfect it almost sounded rehearsed. The girls covered their pussies, but only after the image was saved in several memories, and on a couple cameras!

Three embarrassed cheerleaders, seven to go! The Breeze had an idea. He swept under the Buzzy statue to see how sturdy it was. The covering wasn’t made to last, but that was over some thick metal bars to give it structure. So Buzzy’s outstretched arms would be hard to break. The Breeze decided to run a variation on a trick he had already used today. He had tied one pretty woman to her boyfriend’s hand. He would tie a cheerleader to her mascot’s hand! Their cheerleader tops revealed some belly, but they were long sleeved. Perfect. The Breeze chose the girl nearest the Bee statue, a very sweet girl with light brown hair and just about the most wholesomely pretty face you could imagine. She had an ample bosom, big but not too big. The Breeze decided that after three cheerleader beavers, it was time to give the world some cheerleader tit. He got into her top, weaved his way around as fast as he could. Then he waited until her arms were positioned right. He blew upward, taking her top and her bra with it. He wouldn’t let her top leave her body though. It was just turned inside out so that it was still there at her wrists. The rest of it was up at Buzzy’s hand. The Breeze was hard pressed to cyclone the Bee’s hand and the cheerleader’s hands, but he whipped back and forth fast enough to get the job done before she could avoid it. Her wonderful brown eyes were so wide with shock! Then she let out a screech as she realized that not only were people seeing her bare breasts, she was powerless to cover! She tugged and tugged at her bindings, but she couldn’t get her arms down! Buzzy the Bee was holding her arms up so that she couldn’t cover her tits!

The float moved along slowly, carrying the pretty, bare breasted cheerleader along as she struggled, screamed and whined. People couldn’t believe their eyes as her phenomenal breasts trundled by. It was so perfect that the Breeze had to do it again. He couldn’t believe how well he was holding out. He knew that he could get a cheerleader on the opposite side. It was hilarious seeing two of the cheerleaders helping out the unfortunate brunette. He had to stop them, of course, but first he had the chance to tie up a cheerleader on the other side. In the confusion, some of the cheerleaders had kept up the show. One of them was a really hot asian girl, and she was right there under Buzzy’s other hand. SWOOOSH! Her top was up and tied. Her wrists were bound up so that she was as helpless as her friend on the other side. Buzzy the Bee was a true hometown hero now, holding two topless cheerleaders in place for the crowd. On one side was a pair of big round tits. On the other, the pretty asian girl had taut little boobies with amazing nipples. Those gems were thrust out with the arch of her back wonderfully while she screamed for help.

That was half of the cheerleaders taken care of! The Breeze’s problem right then was that his lovely captives would get free soon. They couldn’t untie their own hands, but the other girls could get them unwrapped if he didn’t act fast. He rushed back over to the brunette cheerleader. Two of the girls were trying to figure out how to get her untied. That pretty brunette wasn’t helping much since she was struggling in a way that made it hard to see how her top was tied.

The Breeze put an end to the girls’ help by putting his skills to work on their uniforms. The girls helping were a redhead with fiery hair in a long ponytail and short, sweet girl with dark blonde hair in a very fetching bob. They were going to have to pay the price for trying to undo the Breeze’s work. He quickly blew their tight tops up just enough to bare their boobies. That sent those cheerleaders scurrying while their tied friend shouted, “Get back here! Get back here and help me! OooOOH! Everyone’s looking!”

On the other side, the hottie asian was getting help from a very tanned brunette and also from the same pretty black girl that the Breeze had already embarrassed. The black girl was easy to chase away since she had no panties. The Breeze just lifted her skirt again, baring her gorgeous ass to the crowd. As soon as she realized that she was having trouble pushing it back down, she skittered away, whining. The other girl was cursing at the knots. She had her hands full trying to break the other girl free. The Breeze almost though that he might just lift her top a little, then he realized that he could tie her up too! She was perfectly placed under Buzzy’s hand. The Breeze worked fast. He wasn’t even certain this would hold, but he had to try. He blasted that cheerleader’s top and bra up, inside out, all the way to her wrists. There she was tied at her wrists with her own clothes wrapped tight in the Buzzy statue’s hand! Another gorgeous cheerleader was tied up topless on a parade float! This time with fabulously firm, tan lined mediums.

Three screaming, crying cheerleaders with their tits bare kept on rolling down the street for a happy audience. The other girls weren’t sure what to do. “We’ve got to get them down!” “How did that happen?” “Did they do it on purpose?” “Help me untie them.” “Forget that! I’m getting out of here!”

The girl that was about to abandon her friends was the first one that the Breeze was going to deal with. He had to bare the girls who were trying to help the top bound girls, but that was just his sense of duty. With this girl there was a sense of justice as well. How dare she run out on her humiliated, bare booby friends? The Breeze was quick about it. He got to that girl, inside her bottoms. This was the same redhead that he had force flashed before. In an instant, with a loud rip, he had her stripped bottomless! That was one hot, fire red bush! She screeched in absolute terror as the crowd laughed. She covered her muff and ran back to the float, her nice little buns making a great scene.

On each side of the float was a banner reading “GO BUZZY BEES.” The frantic, bottomless redhead was ripping one off to use as cover. She got one side before the Breeze divested her of the rest of her uniform. She was completely, totally, boobs, bush and butt nude out in the middle of the biggest public event in both towns! She screamed again, but remarkably without breaking stride. She got that banner off and was wrapping it around herself as a makeshift dress.

While she was busy with that, two other well intentioned cheerleaders had tried to get their friends free. Instead of untying the girls’ wrists, they were trying to untie the tangles at the Bee statue’s hands. The statue was made for that. The girls could climb up his back very easily to stand or sit on the bee arms while the float rolled along. So there were now a pair of sweeties on top of the statue. One of them was that sexy, slim black girl that the Breeze had flashed a couple times already. The other was a cheerleader that was untouched yet. She was a light haired brunette, but she had a streak of bright purple on one side. On most girls that might have looked silly, but on her it was quite fetching. The Breeze really liked these two sweethearts, and he admired their loyalty to their friends. He couldn’t allow any escapes though. So he had to do something about it. I imagine you can guess what he did. The brown and purple haired girl got it first. She had a lovely figure, modestly proportioned. The Breeze got into her top. He was enjoying that far too much. He swept her top and bra inside out. She knew what was happening right when she felt it, but she wasn’t fast enough to stop it. He blasted in circles around her wrists and the bee’s arm. She was tied up like her friends were. What’s more, to stay balanced on the bee’s arm, she couldn’t position herself in a way that covered up. She was in for a ride with her boobs out for countless people on the sidewalk with her pretty, fair skin and soft pink nips.

The other girl saw what had happened. “I’ve got to get down!”

“No, Lila, don’t leave us here!” “Get us untied! We’re naked!”

Of course they weren’t naked, they were only topless, but let’s not quibble. The Breeze hadn’t gotten to her in time, but that was okay, it would take a moment or two for her to get down. Meanwhile that luscious red head had gotten her banner-dress tied in place in the moments that the Breeze had taken to tie up the other cheerleader. It looked like she was ready to desert her friends again. So the Breeze saw to it that she couldn’t. He caught up a single corner of her banner covering and he forced it hard into a narrow gap in the float. It was stuck! She could keep up easily, but the only way she had to get away was to leave her cover behind. “Oh NO! Oh NO! I’m trapped now!”

“Shut up, Kelli! At least your covered!”

While she tried to get free, poor, sexy Lila had gotten down from the bee. “What do I do? What do I do?” Well what could she do? She could end up stripped and tied to the statue. The Breeze had timed it well. She was creeping around the statue like she might not be noticed. The Breeze let her do that. Once she was at the Bee’s front, and facing away from him, the Breeze struck. It was too much to resist. He had to do his tie up trick again. Unfortunately, he couldn’t get both of her hands. She just wasn’t positioning herself right. So the Breeze made do with what he could. He tore her top open along one sleeve, but he left the other intact. Like all the other cheerleader tops, he turned it inside out. He had it wrapped tight around a handhold on the Bee statue. The Breeze knew that with one hand free that she would eventually get that untied. He thought he had a way to keep her occupied though. He just wouldn’t let her keep her skirt on. With a wonderful rip, she was stripped completely, totally bare naked. Her beautiful slender body had medium boobs with dark brown nipples. Her butt wasn’t big, but it kind of looked it because of her slim waistline. It was one fine butt, curving out away from her body. Then of course there was her sweet, bald pussy. That was only bared for a moment since she threw her free hand down over it. That was exactly what the Breeze was counting on though. Her butt and her boobs were bare for everyone, and she couldn’t untie herself without swallowing her pride and uncovering that one bit of modesty. It was pretty obvious that she couldn’t bring herself to do that. She had to ride along full nude, tied to the float.

Have you been keeping track of this group of hotties? Well here’s a quick rundown. Five of them were tied to the statue, four topless, and one full nude. One girl who had tried to run away was stuck to the float because of the banner she used for cover. That left four of them. One was the blonde that the Breeze had first embarrassed (remember her brown bush?). Then there was the big titted, dark haired girl, also lacking any panties under her skirt. That short girl with the short blonde hair was with them. The last one is the only girl I haven’t described yet. She was another brunette with her hair in pigtails. She had the kind of body was wonderfully bouncy when she moved. That was a great thing for a cheerleader.

The four of them had gotten on the float, but they were a bit reluctant to get close to that statue. They heard their friends’ cries for help, but they were also terrified of ending up the same way. The fit blonde with no panties was the one to chicken out. “I’m sorry, but people already saw my pussy. I’m not doing that again!” She got down off the back of the float, and as she was climbing off, the Breeze got her. Because she was climbing down off the back edge, her arms were in great position. These cheerleader tops were great for this. They were pretty easy to slip off but they were sturdy enough to keep the girls in knots. So she ended up with her shirt also turned inside out and cyclone at her wrists. “NO!” Too late! Her top was tied to a metal loop on the float, so she had to walk along behind it. Topless! The Breeze wasn’t letting her off so easy though. All she had on was her cheerleader skirt, so he kept blowing it upward, giving people good looks at her fabulous, fit buns and her brown bush.

The three girls that were still free saw that no matter what they did they might end up trapped and humiliated. “What do we do?”

“Untie us!” “Everyone’s looking at our boobs!” “Help us!”

The little blonde was already out of breath just thinking about that. “But what if I get tied up too?”

“That can’t happen again!” “What are the odds?” “You’ll be fine, Tiffany!”

What liars! Don’t judge them too harshly though. They were subject to the constant embarrassment of cheers, catcalls, whistles and cameras. Tiffany decided to be brave. She stepped to the Buzzy statue timidly, but nothing bad happened. Yet. The dark haired one decided to help out too. The Breeze let them work in confidence. The dark haired tried to untie the pretty topless brunette on Buzzy’s right arm. She was the first one tied, and it looked like she would be the first one free. There were three girls on Buzzy’s left arm, but only this one girl on the right. “I can’t get this!” the dark haired girl cried. “Tiffany! Climb up and help me get this untied. Melanie, don’t just stand there, help us!” So Melanie, the pigtails girl and the only cheerleader completely unbared so far, got next to her friend. Short Tiffany did as she was told and climbed onto Buzzy’s left arm.

I’m sure you can guess how the Breeze might take advantage of that. I’ll describe it anyway. The Breeze’s powers were at their height. This was an incredible feat, even for him. If he hadn’t been so creative and artistic about the cheerleaders, he never could have summoned up this much wind magic. As it was, he spread himself out to three fast moving flows of air. He had their tops in his grip all at once. He could tell that this was going to exhaust him, but he also knew that his stamina would last until he was done with these cheerleaders. So he went to work, slipping all three tops inside out all at once. That put them all near the same spot, so he was able to cyclone them in place around Buzzy’s hand easily. Just like that the boob count was increased by three sexy pairs. Two shrieking cheerleaders dangled from Buzzy’s arms, one pair of big tits, and from pigtailed Melanie a pair of incredibly jiggly hooters that really moved with her struggles. On top of that arm was little Tiffany, now struck topless, with her almost medium sized boobs bared for everyone around. She tried real hard to move to where her body would be protected, but that just wasn’t possible while keeping her balance.

Eight hot cheerleaders were tied to that statue that rolled down to display all the bare boobs to everyone. It was one of the most amazing things the Breeze had ever done. He could feel the effort of it though. This was his last feat, but he had enough in him to keep going just a little longer. To do it, he had to pull one of his very rare feats. There were two girls who weren’t attached to the statue, but were walking alongside the float. The Breeze rushed to them one after another and whispered in their ears. He had done that only a couple times before, and he could only get out a few words. He did it though. “Help your friends!” That was all he could say to them before he set them loose. First he let the hot, fit blonde behind the float go. He snapped the cloth that held her hands together, and she was free. Before she even realized that, the Breeze had let loose the sexy redhead who was wearing the banner. He did that in a very dramatic manner. She felt the cool air in her covering. “OH NO! NOT AGAIN!” Just like that, the banner was torn to shreds, leaving her buck naked. She was about to scream in shock, but the blonde cheerleader got to her, “Come on, let’s get out of here!”

“But I heard a whisper!”

“So did I! So what? I’m gone!” She started to trot away, but the Breeze wasn’t going to let her. All she had left was her skirt, and the Breeze tore it away. Another hot, hot, hot cheerleader was completely divested of her uniform, bare naked bush right there for a gawking audience. “YaaaH! Oh my god, I’m naked!”

The pretty redhead, with her hands over her boobs and bush shouted, “Do you really want to try to get through that crowd anyway? Get back on the float!”

That got the other cheerleaders pleading, “Yeah!” “Get us off this stupid statue!” “We can’t even cover up!”

So in spite of herself, the selfish blonde decided to help her cheerleader squad after all. The two hottie hottie naked girls got on the float quick. They wished they could just sit there and cover their nudity, but by then it was pretty clear that they had no choice. “Okay, Lila first!”

“Oh thank you!” She said. She was still trapped with only one hand to use for cover. She had her beaver protected, but her pretty black boobs were out there for the world. Two girls worked as hard as they could to untie her. The Breeze saw that they could get that knot untied with four hands working. So he had to work fast if he was going to complete this project. He rushed to the sweet looking brunette, the first one he tied. She was still there with her nice round baboobers showing. She just couldn’t pull free. The Breeze was quick about removing the rest. For a moment she felt the cool touch, then her skirt and panties were gone. She wasn’t just topless anymore. She was full nude! Nice light brown bush met the stunned crowd.

At that moment Lila was untied. She shouted, “Hurry! Get Amanda! She’s naked now too!”

The other girls all howled that they needed help, but butt naked Amanda got all the attention. Three bare pussy cheerleaders worked on her tied top. The Breeze went to work on the other girls on that side. The big breasted, dark haired girl and the brunette with the pigtails both had their skirts and panties stripped away! “HELP! HELP!” “Get us untied now! We’re naked now too!”

Another cheerleader was loose, so there were four to work on the tied up girls. While they got work rescuing their friends, the Breeze tore the rest of the clothes off the little short haired blonde on top of Buzzy’s arm. Her scream of rage was adorable. Where she was it was hard to see her beaver, but her sexy, full buns were quite a sight, especially in the pose that she was forced into. Fabulous.

More cheerleaders were set free by the other naked girls, but of course the Breeze was fast to remove the rest of the skirts and panties. One after another he stripped all the girls on Buzzy’s other arm. The asian cheerleader had her little black bush bared. The tanned cheerleader had her tan lined buns and beaver bared. Finally it was the other girl crouched on Buzzy’s arm, the girl with the purple streak in her hair. When her skirt and panties left her, there was another completely smooth, hairless pussy for the crowd to enjoy.

At long last the cheerleaders were all untied. But they were also all butt naked, huddling and covering on the float. “What do we do?” “We can’t leave the float!” “Look at all those people though!” “They’re all looking at us!” “Oh, why did this happen?” “How did this happen?” “We don’t have any choice! We have to wait for the end of the parade!”

You’d think someone would have brought them cover. Maybe even stopped the parade. But no one did. The poor girls, all ten of them, fantasy inspiring cheerleaders that they were, had to ride with no escape. As for the Breeze, he was proud of his final work. He was also indebted to the sorry, naked girls. After all he told them to rescue the other cheerleaders, and they did. So he did something contrary to his own nature. He slipped some signs and scraps and banners from other parts of the parade. He brought it all to his ten pretty beauties so that they could have something to cover with finally.

Having done his good deed, the Breeze swept away. He couldn’t possibly top that, and he was feeling the end of his energy anyway. So he had to fly up, away from all the celebration, but he would be back.

**The Breeze and the Carnival**

The Breeze had left the parade grounds flying south. Overnight he traveled in a gradually changing course, east, then north, then west, then south again until he realized that he had gone in a full circle. The people of the twin towns Everly ’n Founding were in for some more windy fun! It made sense to the Breeze. The only reason he left was that no Breeze, not even our hero, could stay in one place. Fate brought him right back though for the second day of the Carnival Made Near Founding. He was happy for that.

He swept down to the fairgrounds looking for his first mark. He zeroed in on a funhouse before he even knew why. His infallible instincts were as true as ever though. A few pretty ladies had just gone through the funhouse. The first one would escape the Breeze’s touch because he didn’t realize yet why he was there. Almost at the exit, right where anyone passing by the funhouse could see, was a strong air jet designed to blow up girls’ skirts! The Breeze had to enjoy that kind of innovation. The first pretty girl didn’t even know it was coming. She stepped in the wrong place and someone pulled the lever. That sent her skirt up, revealing a cute pair of bright yellow panties along with some lovely, slender legs.

She was not amused. Her face blushed and she looked around for whoever had played that prank. If she had moved along faster, then her friend might have been spared some indignity. The next girl to step there wished she could get by faster, but the way was blocked. She was a very good looking woman in her late twenties with dark hair in a long blue skirt. It was going to be worse for her than she imagined. A lot of people had seen that first girl get a dose of embarrassment, so they were waiting happily for this hottie. She was making sure to have her backside away from the crowd since she was wearing a thong. She had no way of knowing that our Mischievous Breeze was waiting there, poised for action. The moment the air jet blasted, he flew upward with it. Did the crowd get to see her legs and panties? Of course they did. With the help of the Breeze though, the air jet didn’t just lift her skirt. It was torn completely off! She shrieked as a lot of men watching cheered. In spite of herself, she darted back and forth trying to find shelter fast. That put her nice tight buns on display to several people. “That’s not fair! That’s not fair! Someone get my skirt!”

While she was dancing in place just to one side, the next girl was more than a little leery. “I, uh, I’m just going to go back the other way.”

The carnival guy there told her, “Ma’am, I can’t let you do that. Other people are coming through.”

“But, what about the thing? What about the air?”

“Well just be quick. It can’t hurt ya.”

She grimaced, but she let herself try. She was wearing a nice floral pattern dress, so she thought that at least she couldn’t lose anything they way her friend had. Boy was she wrong! She tried to skip over the air jet quick, but no one is as quick as the Breeze. The air flew, and he helped it. Not only were her legs bared, her entire dress was lifted off of her body all at once! What’s more, she had no bra! She was stripped to her panties in an instant. For a split second she could only stare down at her own nudity in disbelief. Then she heard the noise of the crowd. She screamed out a musical note of indignation as she threw her arms across her chest. “Oh oh oh oh oh oh! Someone help! I’m NAKED!”

The Breeze considered making that statement true by taking her panties too. He had enjoyed the fun of the air jet though, so he left her alone. Instead he decided to hunt down some more hotties in need of some embarrassment. He knew he would come back to the air jet though. That was a great piece of fun!

Lifting skirts! That was how it all started! The Breeze’s appetite for embarrassment was too great now for a simple panty flash, but there wasn’t any reason he couldn’t start some sweet heart with that little gesture. So he hunted for a pair of nice legs in a skirt. His respect for the past was rewarded with a trio of skirts! One, two, three lovely young ladies and their boyfriends, enjoying the fair. These three pretty girls, a blonde and two brunettes, all got plenty of glances from men they passed. The Breeze followed along enjoying the sight as well. Before he started, he wanted to know what these three were wearing underneath. He flowed very, very gently under each skirt so he could decide where to strike first. After that he had to wait for a real good audience. He wanted plenty of people watching, and from all sides.

In this setting, that didn’t take much waiting. So as soon as he was ready, he got under the first brunette and lifted her skirt all the way up on all sides! She had a great figure in a pair of real nice, bright pink thong panties. So her exquisite ass was bare for everyone behind her. She yelped, then she screamed when the wind held her skirt up. “Oh, oh oh! Everyone’s looking!”

They certainly were! It took her a bit to get her skirt rolled down in back. That had her butt covered, so she wasn’t really concerned with the front of her panties. The Breeze finally stopped his assault, but only after she knew that everyone was staring and laughing at her, including the other two girls she was with! “Shut up! How would you like it if it happened to you?”

How would they like it? The Breeze wanted to find out. The girls still had everyone’s attention, so he went after brunette number two next. He readied himself below her, then he gave her the same kind of constant gust, breezing her skirt up so that everyone around would know that she was wearing NOTHING underneath!!! She was too dumbfounded to make any sound as her nice, pert buns were bared on side and her cute little dark bush was bared on the other! She struggled faster and better than her friend had. She also concentrated on just one side. That left her wonderful derriere on display since she was more concerned with her front. When the Breeze let go, she finally breathed in hard and let out a piercing shriek of indignant fury. “How did that happen! What’s wrong with the wind today?”

Some random admirer shouted, “This was going on during the parade!”

Several men watching the skirt show murmured happy rememberings of the bared beauties the day before. They all turned their sights to the blonde expectantly. She was already blushing. Surely this crazy wind wasn’t really taking turns lifting their skirts. That only happened in stories. The Breeze waited until she was about to walk away. Then he blasted upwards on her skirt. Of the three, she was the one wearing the most. Her panties weren’t modest, but weren’t real revealing either. Nice, white things with some pattern of blue dots. They clung to her sexy lower body wonderfully. And no one could miss that since the Breeze hadn’t just lifted her skirt. He had torn it completely away!

She shouted to her boyfriend, “Rob! Make them stop looking! Oh, make them stop!” Her hands were moving excitedly around her underwear. She didn’t know how to cover that up. It wasn’t a problem she would have for long. She felt the little cool sensation on her panties for a moment. “Huhn? No way!”

She guessed it! The Breeze had wrapped himself around those pretty panties. He tore them off of her, baring he sexy blonde muff and her nice, nice buns. Her butt was noticeably fuller than her friends, but in a real good way. The audience around cheered. Some of them even applauded the show. Entirely bottomless, the sweet blonde felt like she was going to faint. She didn’t even have it in her to cover up her goods, so everyone got to keep staring as she moaned for help from her beau, “George, get me out of here!”

He had to help her along, threatening people and shouting at them for looking at his half naked girl. There wasn’t any way to turn all those eyes away. A lot of people were getting to see her! Her friends followed, feeling a guilty gratitude that she got it worse than they did. They wouldn’t have felt that way if they’d known that the Breeze wasn’t done! He moved fast to finish this. He went to the first brunette. She was the only one who hadn’t had let the world see her pussy. He fixed that. With a fast, incredibly precise flow, he parted her from her skirt and her pink thong all at once. Another bottomless honey for the crowd! She screamed like an opera singer as the world got to see her thick, hot bush. She threw one hand over that and sprinted along while her boyfriend followed. That left only the pantiless girl to wonder if she was due for a second dose. She was clutching her skirt tight. As though that would stop the Breeze. It didn’t matter though. He’d already given the world a good look at her lower body. Instead, he swept quickly into her blouse and bra, bursting both open in one motion, baring her nice, pert, little nippled, not quite medium sized tits. “EEEeeeEEEEeeeEE! My boobs!” She held her top closed as she rushed away.

The Breeze really loved this carnival. It wasn’t long before he spotted another lovely girl who could use a humbling touch. She was a very tall and athletic girl, tautly muscular. Really pretty. She had on a baseball cap, tee shirt and blue jeans. She looked like she just might be able to win a prize at a game booth. That’s where the Breeze found her, laying down a dollar for three balls to throw at a stack of cans. He wasn’t certain he could rip her jeans all the way off yet, at least not easily. They were the hardest things to undo. He could sure get her top though! He got in her shirt and bra, wisping along the fibers carefully, but he waited. It’s not easy for a breeze to wait, but our hero had his sense humor along with his lust for naked chicks.

The sweet heart he was with really knew how to pitch a ball. She had three chances to knock down one of the can pyramids with a single ball. She wound up like a professional, then she launched her first shot. The Breeze was impressed. She didn’t quite get them all, but only one was standing. It was her next throw that did it. The Breeze readied himself for the moment the ball made impact. Success! For both of them. The girl had knocked down all the cans, and the Breeze tore away her top so fast it seemed to happen at the exact same moment. The cans crashed, and she shrieked as her nice, firm tits were bared for the guy at the booth and the small group of onlookers. They were somewhere between small and medium, a bit closer to medium, as taut as the rest of her body with nice, excited nipples.

“Oh my god!” The quickly clapped her hands onto her breasts. She was shouting at the carny in the booth, “How did you do that? You creep!”

He was trying to calm her down, but he had no success. She carefully used her cap to cover one tit while that arm covered her other nipple. That left one hand free to bat at the guy in the booth who was professing his innocence.

The Breeze was tempted to stick around. It would be fun to steal her hat. Instead though, he rushed back to the funhouse. His instincts were right on. He was in time for another really pretty girl. She didn’t even know there was an air jet there to blow up girls’ skirts. So she was more than a little bit surprised when her skirt blasted up. That lasted for just the briefest of moments before her skirt departed along with her panties! He eyes got huge as the world got a good look at her little, little patch of very dark bush. She didn’t scream at all. She just stared at all the people staring at her as she threw hand over her precious little prize. The guy who had turned on the air jet hadn’t expected a show that good! He had to try again because she hadn’t moved. The Breeze was ready for that. The moment the air jet turned on, the unfortunate cutie pie lost her top! Titties! Nice littlish titties with the brightest of pink nipples! This time she screamed. She screamed and she screamed and she screamed as she tried to figure out where to go. “I’m naked! I’m naked! I’m naked! Yaah! AAAAaaAAH! AAhAA!”

The Breeze left her there, trembling and shouting as he looked for more sport. He wondered where he should head next. There were a lot of people having a lot of fun. The Breeze would spoil that for plenty of pretty women. For anyone looking though, he would improve even the Founding Fair. There were so many women though. He remembered fondly his recent adventures stripping entire baseball and basketball teams. He wanted several women in one place to strip. He found them on the bumper cars.

It was some group of friends, maybe sorority sisters from the local college. They were cruising around in those silly little cars, slamming into each other and giggling hilariously. The Breeze was going to enjoy this. He chose one car in particular that didn’t have one of the pretty co-eds in it. Instead he chose a bumper car piloted by a nerdy looking teenage guy who was only in there to get a good look at all the pretty girls close up. He would get eyeful after eyeful. He spun in a short circle and careened into another car. That car had one of the college girls, a lovely, big titted girl with beautiful blue eyes and blonde ringlet hair. The Breeze couldn’t have chosen a better start. He could move faster than any of the cars, of course. Even so, it was challenging for him to act as fast as he had to for this. The moment the nerd-mobile bumper car ran into her, the blonde’s top flew off. A lot of people all shouted at the same time, “What the hell!” The blonde gawked at her own naked breasts before she decided to drive her car away from the eyes staring at her. That was no good. There were people on all sides of the cars’ little arena, all staring at her champion chestiness. She put one arm over her goods while she pouted and cried a little at all the pointing and laughing.

Of course it wasn’t over. The nerd had to try that again. He had no idea how his car could do that, but what did he lose by trying again? His driving skill doubled as he shot toward a pretty, lithe brunette in a cute hat. It was a frontal collision that cost her her top! Just like before, the Breeze timed it perfectly so it seemed that the crash had knocked her top away! There were a pair of not-quite-medium sized conical nippled wonders, bare for the fair! A pretty shriek preceded a spin in place, but like her sorority sister, she couldn’t get away from the stares!

The nerd’s bumper car became a lust fueled cruise missile, locked on to a sultry little Asian girl. BUMP! And her top shot off, baring her little, but nicely pronounced gems with dark, stand up nips.

Next the nerd zeroed in on another blonde, a cutesy type of girl with long, straight, light hair. BUMP! Another top flew away, baring a nice pair of perfectly medium sized hooters!

The girls were shrieking as they tried to escape the supernatural nerd car. His eyes didn’t even seem to blink. That big, toothy grin of his scared the hell out of the girls as he bumped their cars, one after another, until all eight of the pretty sorority girls were topless!

Once they were all breast bare, the nerd decided to keep going just because he could. So the Breeze accommodated this good sport by removing girls’ pants and skirts! BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! Rip, shrip, tear! The girls were screaming for the guy in charge to stop the ride. He was in no hurry to do that though. He was loving this show.

It wasn’t until a couple of the girls’ boyfriends threatened him that he stopped the cars. The moment the power was cut and the cars were immobile, the girls all frantically unbuckled and rushed away. Five of them were only in panties, two of them thongs baring great college girl buns! The other three girls? They were butt naked! Nothing on but their shoes as they whined and bawled. It was hard to get out of the bumper car ride without a few friendly hands copping some feels as they squeezed by. The boyfriends were in less of rush to help their naked girlfriends as they were to beat the hell out of the nerd who had all the fun. That unfortunate nerd had two hands holding him up by his shirt. He was also surrounded.

The Breeze didn’t know just how hard his friend was going to get it, but he was going to help out no matter what. His gusts were usually for pranks on pretty women, but they could also knock down a growling jock. “Whoa!” The Breeze toppled one guy so well that it knocked him into the one holding the nerd. Just like that, the nerd was free to run. He was being chased, but the Breeze saw to that by moving things to trip the guys giving chase. This was not enough for the Breeze. Besides, it seemed likely that the nerd would be caught anyway. So the Breeze decided to give him a place to hide.

“HEY!” the nerd shouted when the Breeze lifted him into the air. His strength was really amplified by his responsibility. There was a little shed, painted up in carnival colors the Breeze tucked his geeky pal into. It was a temporary little structure that had a gap between the roof and walls. So the Breeze had to slip the nerd through which wasn’t too hard considering how skinny he was.

Why did the Breeze choose that spot? It’s the same spot that all the bumper car girls had taken shelter in! The nerd collapsed into it, but then he was pleasantly shocked to find himself surrounded by eight naked chicks! “All RIGHT!”

The girls shrieked and one of them even thought about running out of that little shed. The Breeze had moved some heavy crates in front of the door to keep them from getting out though. So the girls were trapped with him! Before long the angry boyfriends would get in, but in the meantime it was a playground of ogling and pinching and copping feels for the greedy geek. The Breeze helped him out by relieving the girls of each and every pair of panties they had left! All of them were bare pussy naked with this silly creep while they whined and wiggled around, desperate to get out of reach.

When the door finally opened, the Breeze knocked over the first jock there. There were threats, but that didn’t matter. One of the girls shouted, “Forget him! Just get us out of here!”

So the nerd was safe, and the Breeze was free to leave him as the jocks escorted the pretty naked girls through a crowd of smiles and cameras.

**The Breeze And The Carnival - part 2**

That had been an epic bit of mass baring. The Breeze loved groups of hotties. It was time to key it down a little though. He doubled back to the funhouse again. He wanted to see if another sexy lady was ready for the air jet. When he got there, he had to wait a few minutes, circling over head, but then, there she was, a right nice, tall blonde, late thirties bombshell. The problem was, she was in blue jeans. No one was near the lever that would blast the air jet. The Breeze knew what to do though. Before his next beauty got into place, the Breeze decided to have a little talk with the air jet itself. He managed to convince it to go ahead and blast even without anyone pushing the lever. On its own, that prank machine could never have done that, but with the Breeze’s magical encouragement, it was not only easy, it was his sworn duty. It was, after all the air jet’s purpose in life. So the moment the blonde hottie stepped on, the air jet blasted.

It would have meant nothing without the Breeze’s help, but we all know how much the Breeze could really do when he was on a roll. He blue jeans stayed put. For her, the Breeze would go after the northern regions. He blasted her shirt and bra away so it looked to everyone like the air jet had knocked the top right off of her. Even though she was wearing a pair of dark shades, you could still see her expression, and it was priceless. “Yah! AAAAAAAAAAAAH!” She threw her arms across herself to protect her breasts from view, but not before a whole lot of happy people got a good look at her lovely, medium gems.

“Woo hoo! Nice nipples, lady!” “Best carnival I ever went to!” “Don’t be so shy, sweet heart! Let us see ’em again!”

She started shouting about how she was going to sue, but her man was urging her along to get her out of sight.

The Breeze was more than happy with that. He went off to search for another trick to play. He found it at a water ride. There was a crazy boat ride that sloped downward, carrying happy people along as it curved down a slide filled with water. Every time it hit a curve, it sent a spray of water out into the carnival goers. Most people were smart enough to avoid that, including, unfortunately, the pretty young women nearby. The Breeze saw that. He saw three delightfully well built and charming young things. He saw the tops that didn’t look too substantial, and he doubted there was anything under them.

The next time the water ride hit a curve, the Breeze swooped under the flying water, and urged it along. He had to carry it farther than it would normally go. He also had to aim it right where he wanted it. It wasn’t the easiest thing he had ever done, even at full strength, but he managed. Sheer force of will and lust for boobies saw to it that the water spray just drenched the sweet trio. For a moment they were shocked, but then they took it in good humor laughing at themselves. None of them realized that their tops were soaking wet, and their nipples were clearly visible. The clothes just clung to those curves. There were plenty of smiles and stares, and a few covert photos. After about fifteen or so steps one of the girls noticed what was wrong. “Our shirts! Look what happened!” “Huh?” “EEeeEEEE! How many people saw that?””

While those pretties ran off, covering their wet t shirts, the Breeze had found another pretty pretty. It looked like she was waiting for someone. She was unbelievably hot, and she didn’t mind attracting attention in a fairly tight white dress. Perfect!

The Breeze waited for the water ride to hit another curve. Then he flew that water out twenty feet past the point it would reach on its own. There she was. Hot, sexy, built, soaking wet, see through dress, round round nipples showing, black thong visible, skirt clinging to those buns. She was bored a moment before. Then she was shocked. “OH MY GOD! Look what happened!”

“We’re looking! We’re looking!” “Man are we looking!”

“You creeps!” She threw some curses and rushed off for some shelter. What she found was a little temporary storage shed. She completely ignored the sign that said “EMPLOYEES ONLY.” The Breeze would teach her to respect boundaries like that.

In her little hide away, she slipped off her dress to wring out as much water as she could. “Oh, this is impossible! What am I going to do?” She heard a knock at the door. A gruff voice asked, “Hey, lady, are you all right in there?”

He looked like the kind of guy who wouldn’t help much, but it turned out this fat carny was a Good Samaritan. The pretty lady shouted, “Can you bring me some towels or something?”

“Sure thing. I’ll bring you a robe if I can find one.”

Well that didn’t suit the Breeze at all. He had already embarrassed and exposed her, but he knew he had the chance for something more now. While she cowered out of sight, the Breeze slipped through the cracks around the door. This little shed wasn’t exactly sturdy. So the Breeze decided to do something drastic. He swept in a circle around and around the inside, just barely missing the lady inside. She could feel him at the edges of her shelter, so she backed off into the middle. Once she was there, the Breeze really turned up the juice, popping out screws, and busting the walls. In any real building he could never pull this off, but in this little thing, he had the power to knock the walls down. He did it carefully so as to avoid hurting his lovely lady. But there she was. The entire shed collapsed away from her, leaving her standing there in nothing but a soaking wet, black thong. For several moments she was just too amazed at her bad luck to really react. Then she realized that people all around were staring at her tits and ass. And she had no close means of escape. Her screech was wonderful. She threw her hands over her tits. Then, when she heard a few compliments about her fine ass, she put one behind her, ineffectively covering her buns. That meant there wasn’t near as much cover for her chest either. She turned in place, letting out yelps and yowls of sheer humiliation. She just couldn’t figure out where to go or what to cover and so many people were getting to see her naked!

The Breeze was very proud of that big finish for that lovely lady. It wasn’t easy. He wanted more water hijinks though, but he didn’t really want to use the water ride any more. He’d used that up on that one big prank. He was in luck though. He found a dunk tank that was just perfect. Apparently some girls had made a bet. One of them, a chesty, curvy, not skinny at all sweet heart, had to agree to sit in the dunk tank. The girl who won the bet got to throw some balls at the target and hope to get her rival all wet. The guy who was supposed to sit on the ledge in the tank gladly gave up his position. He saw the sweet face on the doomed brunette and the lush body that went with it. He also couldn’t help imagining how nice she’d look if her top was all soaking wet.

The other girl was a sharply pretty thing, the kind of girl you like to look at even if you can tell right away that she’s got a bad attitude. She was smiling wide with evil eyes (beautiful green evil eyes) while she got ready to drop her friend in the water. The Breeze knew this would be fun. Before the first throw, he made friends with the water in the tank. It was tired of being recycled. No one cared much about dunking some guy paid to do it, especially since he was already all wet. This girl changed that though. The Breeze had a lot of special abilities that he could use only when they were needed. He helped the water in the tank. He convinced it that it would be appreciated as never before if only he could make the girls’ clothes more transparent than he normally would.

“Girls?” the water asked. There was only one girl ready for the water.

“Just wait,” the Breeze promised. He circled around, waiting for the right moment. The blonde girl threw her first ball and missed. The crowd booed happily, and the innocent brunette felt a moment of relief. The next ball was thrown, and it missed. “Boooo!” “Whew!” Then the last one hit the little target. The metal rang out almost as loud as the splash of water when the pretty girl was dropped. That water wasn’t quite as loud as the scream of surprise though.

Immediately the blonde girl turned to the onlookers and waved for applause. Before anyone understood what they were seeing though, the Breeze had that girl lifted up in the air! “Hey! What’s going on?” The Breeze carried her quickly over the water tank and dropped her unceremoniously. No one knew how that could happen, but everyone was laughing all the same. The girls in the tank came up where everyone could see that the water had made good on his promise. Their shirts were more transparent than anyone would have guessed. Nipples were showing through both shirts and bras. The people started cheering.

When the mean blonde looked down at her chest she made funny sound and threw her hands over her goods. “How dare you!” she shouted at the other girl.

“What?”

“I don’t know how you did that, but you’re not getting away with it!”

The brunette’s sexy big titties were as exposed by the water as the blonde. She didn’t have the chance to notice that though since the blonde was trying to push her back under the water. It was a water tank wrestling match! The Breeze hadn’t expected that, but he took advantage of it. He got in close and wrapped himself around the blonde’s top. For a moment the brunette managed to push away from the other girl, but the Breeze made sure that a shirt went with her! To everyone watching, it looked like she had torn the other girl’s shirt off! “YaaAAaH! You b\*tch! Get back here!”

The girls pushed and tugged on each other, and before long, with the Breeze’s help, they were both topless wonders. At that point the guy running the dunk tank managed to get them separated. He helped the brunette out first. She cowered with her breasts in her hands. Next the blonde came out still shouting and cursing. The crowd was laughing non stop at the bare tit beauties.

The Breeze moved back to the funhouse again. It was air jet time again. He found a very nice looking woman with impeccable hair and serious glasses in a fairly expensive looking dress ready to step on the air jet. It looked like she didn’t even know it was there. So when the Breeze blasted upwards, she was taken completely by surprise. Her dress ripped upward and off along with her bra! Just like that she was stripped to her nice, itty bitty baby blue thong panties in public. She didn’t scream like most girls, but boy did she blush bright! Her boobs were so wonderfully round with some real eye catching nips. No one got more than a glimpse of them though before she had her chest hugged tight. In predictable panic fashion though, she turned around so she wouldn’t have to see the crowd. That put her ass on display, and it was a perfect ass, just the right size and shape for her body. “Someone get me some clothes! oooooooOOOOH! I’m naked up here!”

She certainly was. The Breeze was having far too much fun. There were so many women, and so many different ways to have fun with them. He did go for something a bit more traditional for him on his next try. He found two hot girls together. They weren’t on a ride or anything. They were just walking along happily, talking and eating some cotton candy. One had long, dark blonde hair of the twisty type of curl. The other had dark brown hair, very straight. It was kind of hard to tell what kind of bodies they had because of the clothes they were wearing. They both had bright, pretty eyes though. The Breeze thought they might be sisters. Apart from the hair, they resembled each other.

These girls had no boyfriends with them, so he thought he might have some fun with their clothes. He started with their sweets though. Fast, the Breeze took away the cotton candy and tossed it up high. He would have to catch it before it hit the ground because he didn’t want it dirty. That meant he had to move real fast.

The brunette girl was reaching upward after her stolen treat. The other girl, the blonde, her arms shot down at her sides, stiff, with tight fists in an adorable anger pose. It was great, and it was perfect. The Breeze was in her top, tearing away fast. It was one of his favorite pranks. He burst the front of her top and shot it and her jacket down her arms with enough force to pull her arms together behind her back. Of course he cyclone himself there to tie her hands back. She had her white bra on still, but it was clear that she had some real nice medium tits under it.

The Breeze had to move quick to catch the falling cotton candy. While he did that, the brunette was trying to unravel her friend’s sleeves. The Breeze tossed the cotton candy back up high so he could move again. The pretty brunette was in position for a tying. The Breeze stopped her from helping the blonde by giving her the same treatment. Shirt down, tied around her wrists behind her back, black bra showing that her tits were also nice, just a little bit smaller than the blonde’s but no less pretty.

While the girls were screaming in anger, the Breeze had to catch the cotton candy and toss it back up again. He figured he would probably be the world’s greatest juggler if he wanted. For now though he was satisfied at being the world’s greatest nudie prankster. He dropped the girls’ pants, baring their tight panties. With their pants down, they couldn’t run either!

Then he had to toss the cotton candy back up real high again. The girls had gone from anger to astonishment. They didn’t understand how this was happening to them. Then they went from astonishment to sheer, shrill screaming embarrassment when the Breeze popped their bras open in the center and slipped both pairs of panties down to their knees. It was hot, firm young tits and sweet, sweet, bushes. Yes, they both had bush, and some really, really nice bush. That was exactly what the Breeze wanted.

The girls were screaming and whining at their forced nudity. Their feet took little steps trying to get out of the public eye. It had all happened so fast. The Breeze caught the cotton candy one last time. This was why he wanted it. He carried it in a circle around the girls, like he was taunting them. Everyone around saw that, and it was so unreal that it distracted from the nakedness for a moment.

The Breeze then swung the cotton candy back and tossed it forward onto each bush. The cotton candy finally dropped, but there was a mess of pink sweetness mixed in with each nice furry beaver now. The girls bawled and struggled to get away while the crowd laughed and jeered. There were photos and applause for the Breeze. No one knew how it had happened, but it was clear that it was intentional. The girls weren’t lucky enough to end up in a crowd with anyone who would help. They were trapped full frontal bare, and with sugary bushes!

The Breeze had had a lot of fun, but he knew his limits. He could feel it coming. He still had plenty of time and plenty of strength, but he wanted to be sure he had enough power for one last big show. He didn’t think he could match the naked cheerleader float he had put together the day before, but he could still put on a good show.

Before that though, he felt obligated to run one last time to the air jet at the funhouse. He circled for a little bit, watching people walk past. Then he spotted her. Wonderful! She was sultry, sexy. She had a fabulous slim sort of body with less pronounced curves than most of the girls of the day. That look was perfect for her though, especially since she was proportioned so well. Everyone was already stealing glances at her incredible legs. She had on sunglasses and a bright dress that really caught the eye. That was perfect for the Breeze. She was carefree and happy up until she stepped on the air jet. Someone set it off, and that someone would be well rewarded for his good taste and timing. The Breeze helped out as much as he could. He had been certain to get into the pretty lady’s clothes before she even reached the blower. Then, once it went off, the Breeze divested her of every last bit of clothing she had on. With one fast whoosh, she was reduced to her shoes and sunglasses, buck naked for the world. Smallish, taut wonderboobs, sexy waist and belly, cute cute cute little bit of dark bush! And those legs!

She squawked and looked up at the dress that was sailing away. Then she looked down at her own fully nude body and squawked again. She pressed her hands to her own boobs to protect them. Then she looked out at the murmuring crowd that was staring unabashedly. The crowd erupted into applause as she squawked again! She didn’t know what to do! She turned around. What a FINE ASS! But she knew what she was showing that way, so she spun back around. She squawked yet again, as she realized that she had cover her bush. Her hands moved down, baring her oh so sexy titties for the crowd again. She finally let out a long, anguished scream of infuriated humiliation as she took off running.

That had definitely been a great finish to his air jet adventures, but he had one more big prank to play before he left the carnival. The idea hit him as he flowed past the rides. He’d done the bumper cars. Now he thought about a carousel. As usual, his timing was perfect. The guy running the carousel had the brilliant idea of occasionally allowing all ladies to ride for free. That let him do some girl watching. It also brought people around to watch the girls ride by again and again. This time it would better than ever.

The Breeze watched as several very pretty women got on. Some of them had to be coaxed to it, but there were nine nice looking women on it by the time ride started. Every one of them was sitting on one of the painted horses, acting happily childish.

The Breeze waited until the ride was moving before he started. He wanted to time it so that it would be a great show for anyone watching the ride. The women on the ride were good looking for sure, so they had a bit of an audience. They rode past, one by one. A sweet, young redhead. A really hot black girl. Two friends, both brunette in their mid thirties. A very short haired blonde with an alternative rock look to her. A sexy forty something with expensive clothes, glasses and a well maintained coif of dark hair. A bright haired blonde with a bubbly giggle. A tall Indian woman with poetic beauty. And finally a cute as a button sweetie with light brown hair and really big tits.

The ride turned, and the view changed. The redhead had her shirt torn nearly off, but it was caught at her sleeves. It was tied to the pole her horse rose and fell on. So she could do nothing to protect her brassiered breasts. The black girl had the same thing done. She was trapped! One of the two brunette friends was in a dress, but the Breeze had overcome that by tying her dress around one of her hands, and attaching that to her friend’s hand. Her friend’s other hand was tied to the ride, so they were trapped together with their underwear showing. The pretty, short haired rock girl had been wearing headphones. The cord to those had been used to fasten her wrists to the ride. Since he didn’t need her clothes, her top was ripped all the way off. Her sexy, not quite medium, slightly wide shaped boobers were bare and bouncing with her struggles to get free! The forty something lady’s expensive blouse had her tied to her horse, bra out. The giggly blonde wasn’t giggling anymore. Her top was also used to tie her hands, and she hadn’t been wearing a bra! So it was another hot pair of tits, almost big. The dark skinned, Indian lady had also worn a dress. It buttoned in the back though, so the Breeze had been able to turn it inside out, and spin it around the pole. That meant that not only was her bra bared, so were her tight panties on a beautiful, athletic body. Finally, the cute brunette with the big tits rode past. Her hands were also tied, but the Breeze had managed to tie her to the tail of her horse, so her arms were behind her. Her boobs weren’t out yet though. She also had on a bra, and it looked great.

The girls were all screaming for the ride to stop, but the guy couldn’t make that happen. This was the Breeze’s big moment. He had talked to the ride before he started, and it had agreed that as long as the Breeze could keep up the magic, it would keep turning.

When the ride came back around, The sexy redhead was missing her bra. What great, fair skinned, pink nippled mediums she had! The black girl was throwing curses at everyone watching. She wasn’t topless yet. Instead, the Breeze had stolen her pants. She was stripped to her underwear. The two friends were both stripped to their underwear. The slacks that one of them had been wearing had blown back to the blonde rock girl. The Breeze had used that to fortify the headphone cords so that she couldn’t break free. She was shouting loudly as everyone stared at her sexy bare hooters. The dark haired lady that came next was also stripped to her underwear, and the Breeze had let her hair down. She was gorgeous. The next girl was the giggly blonde. She wasn’t screaming. She just pouted with moistening eyes as everyone got to see her nearly big boobs and now her panties as well. The tall indian woman had her bra torn away now, so everyone got to see her classically shapely breasts move and sway as she struggled against her bindings. Finally the cutie pie brunette with her hands back had her pants torn away, so she was riding in just her underwear.

That brought the ride full circle, so the next girl anyone would see was the redhead. The Breeze had her stripped to her pair of little thong panties. The black girl was now topless. She had a pair of kind of biggies. She wasn’t too dark skinned, but her nipples were very dark and luscious. She wasn’t cursing anymore either. She was just bawling. The two friends were completely panicked, shouting advice to each other to get free. They were in a real hurry since their bras were gone. Not only that, but the one that had been in the dress, who’d had one hand free, her bra had her free hand tied up now. There was no covering as that pair of pairs rode by. The rock girl was also stripped to her panties. She had given up trying to get free. She just slumped her head and threw occasional dirty looks at the crowd. The dark haired lady was topless now too! She had a nice pair of mediums. Nice! Firm for her age, for sure and with dramatic nipples of dark pink. The next girl, the blonde, had given in to comical sobs of frustration now even though she was no more naked than the last turn. She was still wearing her panties. And nothing but. The Indian woman had also not been touched again. She just rode by topless, letting out a few shrieks of terror since she was helpless to stop her humiliation. The last girl had her bra torn away at last. Her big, big uns were bared for the crowd. Nice big nipples. Nice demanding kind of shape.

That had been nine topless beauties rolling by, but of course the Breeze wasn’t quite done. The next time the carousel turned, every single pair of panties was missing! They were all butt naked! It was a group of sexy lady Godivas riding by and riding by and riding by. The Carousel refused to stop. A few well meaning boyfriends, husbands and even just a few concerned strangers had tried to get on the ride to help, but the Breeze was fast enough now to bowl over anyone who tried to interfere. So the ride kept going with the pretties bare naked for half an hour more. At last someone killed the power to the ride, and not even the Breeze’s magic could stop that. So the screaming naked women were able to finally get help. It was far too late to keep dozens of people seeing every bit of their fabulous bodies. It was far too late to stop the photographs and videos. And as they were untied, one by one, a lot of people kept staring and laughing and cheering them on. Not one of those pretty ladies would move into the crowd until they had some cover, so the show went on until someone could fetch some blankets and robes.

The Breeze was satisfied. He flowed in circles like the ride he had sabotaged. Around and around, he moved, dwindling slowly. He was invigorated by all the tits, butts and bushes he had bared. Sooner or later he would show up again somewhere else, adding to the legend.