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Daisy on Holiday by Daisy

Two weeks in the sun with my two best friends from university had seemed like an ideal holiday. Maxine (Jackson - tall, athletic, slender, black Grace Jones look alike), Jane (Medway - who doesn't agree with the rest of the world, which thinks she has the figure of a page 3 girl, though agrees that she has a mass of blonde hair and bright blue eyes) and I (Daisy Minerva, somewhere between the two, "not as athletic, not as sexy, twice as outrageous" had been someone’s claim) had been inseparable friends at university, Max, Mid and Min. So what if it confused people that while "Max" was the biggest ("Mid") Jane, and ("Min") I didn’t quite fit our names - they stuck. We always called ourselves - when alone - by our names - but when in company Maxie, Minny and Midi or some such pun always got us attention.

We all got good degrees and went on to work in our chosen profession, Maxine in the music business in London, Jane as a lawyer in Bristol and myself a teacher in Stratford. In the five years since university, despite our best intentions, emails letters and phone calls were our only means of communication.

Then Jane called to say she had a couple of weeks off, and not in term time, Max was also free, so the three of us headed for the airport and two weeks in the Caribbean sun. I recognised Max straight away, even in a busy airport a 6 foot black beanpole in white trainers, white hot pants, and white full length flared coat stands out. Screaming as she saw me she ran over and grabbed me in a bear hug, despite her slim, almost skinny appearance she is as strong as most men. Max claims she has never worn a bra - she hasn't much, if anything to support, but she had a vest on underneath the thin (almost transparent) coat, otherwise she would have been arrested. As we stepped back to look at each other in walked Jane. Cool and elegantly refined in a long blue summer dress, (which exposed most of her leg as she walked) and blue jacket, (which helped disguise the amount of chest she could reveal), high-heeled shoes, and all matching luggage. Toned down from my memory, but still turning heads. She could not keep up the elegance though as the two of us hugged her and then the three of us were dancing around together.

I suppose at this point I should mention that I was wearing my sensible travelling crease proof tracksuit. I suppose too, that I should have guessed then, but looking at the sophisticated lawyer, the wild music biz girl, I failed to notice that I was somewhat more dowdy. Being the youngest female member of school staff had left me with a certain inflated opinion of my wardrobe. There is nothing like being the object of attraction for 300 or so pubescent boys to make you feel - if not sexy - then at least confident. Barely a day went by when someone did not wolf whistle behind my back, despite my best attempts to stop it.

We talked incessantly through check-in, through duty free, through the flight, the transfer, and almost before we knew it, it was 3am and we were in our suites main room drinking brandy (I think Max and Jane had paid a supplement to get us a three bed roomed apartment, I certainly couldn't have afforded more than the flat room rate they asked me for). I think we split for our beds at about 6am but I’m not sure, we decided to meet in the morning, for a lazy sun soaked day.

I was woken at 10 by the simple expedient of Max pulling off my sheet and Jane dowsing me with a glass of water. "We are ready for the sun", was all they said as they walked out.

Max had been wearing a full length, cover everything white kaftans - At least I think that was what I would have called it - she had a different London name for it. Jane has a bright red sarong tied around her. After a quick shower, I pulled out my new black swimsuit and slid into it, backless and high in the leg, I had bought it when taking a class swimming, but decided it was too risky to wear. Slipping on a pair of shorts, I joined them.

We walked to the pool to find it almost deserted; only half a dozen sun worshippers lay around. We grabbed three sun beds, faced them into the sun. I slid of my shorts and turned to the other two, quite proud of my body, after frequent trips to the gym. I was never as fit as Max or as sexy as Jane, but I had always done OK.

Maxine was at the end of pulling the Kaftans over her head; beneath it she wore a white bikini bottom and nothing else. She was going topless. Despite our long lasting friendship I think I had seen Maxine’s breasts (for more than a second or so) less than a dozen times. She dropped the kaftans in a heap (ever the untidy one) and flopped coltishly onto the sunbed. Jane was sitting on her sunbed, the sarong folded neatly by the bed, next to her shoes. And calmly reached behind her and - I’m sure without ever looking at Max to see if she would be the only topless one - undid the bright red but otherwise very sensible and supporting bikini top she had on. She lay back and reached for her sun cream.

I stood gob smacked. Maxine was almost giggling at what I can only assume was a stunned rabbit type expression on my face. Though I wanted a suntan this had never occurred to me. I had not even bought a bikini, just swimsuits If I had thought of one at all it was just that I could get one here if I needed one.

Jane looked at me - "Are you going to lie down?".

I wanted to scream out that she was almost naked, but I sat.

Had five years really done this to me, was I a prude. Me who had gone to a fetish dance in just my lacy bra and knickers with stockings and high heels (and talked this pair into doing the same), to a beach party in a bikini (with a short wrap Ill admit), to a pyjama party in a short silk slip nightgown. And famously two bottle tops – held over my nipples with fishing twine and glue (on the bottle tops not my nipples), and a thong, on a dare only I completed.

Yes me, who had been asked by the headmaster to wear longer skirts as I was distracting the boys (and the male staff), it was true they were too short, I could not sit on a desk, or lean over too far by a pupil. Me who had started wearing more at the gym, because the other women did not wear shorts and a bra top, but sweatshirts and tracksuits, who went home to shower because some girls from the school used the gym and I could not have them see me naked. Me who watched what I wore all the time. Being single and not going out much (too much marking), did I own a short silk nightgown any more? Certainly I did not have any lacy underwear, or a bikini. Had I got old? I had never gone topless. I could not remember the last time I had been flirtily dressed (or what anyone over 17 would consider flirtily dressed). While I still always wore thong underwear (and guessed I always would), they were mostly sensible white cotton now. When was the last time some man ogled me? I think it could be five years since a man saw my breasts, what happened to me. It was like an alcoholics moment of clarity.

I thought about rolling down my top but I could not do it. Even a missing blouse button that exposed my bra had been the topic of conversation amongst the boys for weeks. I lay on my front - at least my back would tan as much as Jane’s.

For the day we swam and we chatted, and we lay in the sun, me feeling more and more uncomfortably clothed. Not peer pressure; no one even mentioned it, not even to fit in with my friends, just as if I had lost something.

By the end of the day I was determined to get a bikini, and fast before my stomach became pale as a ghost compared to the rest of me. There were only the three of us around the pool, two couples and an apparently gay pair of blokes. Even though there were about 10 staff that I saw during the day, I was not exactly going to be flaunting myself.

At the meal we ate that night I spoke to the girls. They were kind enough to point out how much I had changed. They were both in revealing little dresses and Jane in high heels, I was in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt and trainers. While they did not suggest I was past it, or suggest I wear less, I knew I had surprised them with the changes in me, more than the changes in them had surprised me. They seemed to have grown into the people I would have expected, I had shrunk away. So credit card in hand and alone, at my insistence, I went to the bikini shop.

I had thought to get a fairly covering bikini, in the shop however almost every choice exposed more skin than I could comprehend. One white one, that covered a lot, actually advertised that it was “see through when wet”. While I was looking around I thought to buy one of the larger bikinis, and I thought I might swap to a more daring one later in the week, if I felt brave. Then I realised that if I did I would have a white bum triangle that would show when I wore my thong knickers (not that anyone but me would see), and I would burn there if I swapped later. If you think my mind was in a turmoil you are right. The me of the moment, who was the sensible and straight-laced schoolteacher in a swimsuit, battled with the lost me of five years before, of flirting and parties, and bikini's.

Sensible me won, I could not imagine topless, or even most of the smaller bikinis, too much had changed. I bought a full cup, full bum covering thick black bikini, the most covering one they had that fitted me. Much to the shop assistants horror.

Next morning I put it on, and joined the girls. "Nice Bikini" was about the only comment I got. I managed the whole day in the monster bikini, even the swimsuit was more flattering, if it had had big flowers on it would not have been much worse. At the end of the day I looked at myself in the mirror, I was at least 4 different shades of reddy brown, as well as red, pink and white where parts of me had been exposed to the sun more or less. Again my friends were really supportive. Treating me like an aunt or something, when I had been the instigator of most of our wilder adventures scant years before.

I marched off to the shop while the others changed to go out. I bought the barest smallest thong bikini without giving myself chance to change my mind. Two triangles of top, no more than a couple of inches of material joined with shoelace thin material, and equally little to cover my 'squirrel', which was going to need a trimming. I would show them (and anyone else who cared to look I thought). I bought a kaftan, like Max's but blue to match what there was of the bikini, and a little dress and a pair of high heels at the shop next door.

That night I was the same sensible me, in a skirt and top along with medium height heels, not wanting to spoil the surprise, seething inside as men flocked around my friends with barely a look for me.

I left the bar early claiming tiredness, without the possibility of wax I shaved my ‘squirrel’ (a pet name, and I know really silly but what else do you call 'it') to a stubble free, trim line, trimmer than ever before, over the course of about an hour, using a pair of nail scissors, a comb and three razor blades.

I was awake first next morning and into the bikini for the first time. I felt so odd and naked, the top needed careful adjustment to barely cover my nipples, and left white areas of breast exposed at the sides and below. And the bottoms, well it wasn’t just white areas but recently furred areas that would be visible (though the shaving had removed enough that no hair peeked out, thank god). Not to mention the fact that, after checking in the mirror, I appeared entirely naked from behind (except the horrible red edged white area that looked like I was still in knickers). But I wanted to prove to them I was still the same me, to prove to me I was still the same. I was not sure I could go on with this, so I pulled the caftan over me, feeling a little more covered.

I woke Max the way they had woken me the first day, surprised she was not awake - must have been a late night, and we both woke Jane. No one commented on the Kaftans. They were too bleary.

By our usual loungers the three of us stood. Max and Jane were straight away near naked and in the sun. I peeled of the kaftans.

"Do you like this new bikini then".

They managed to open their hungover eyes, then sat up.

"That’s not a bikini",

"I can see your bum" both laughed at the change from the last one.

I managed to spend the whole day tanning my recently exposed white bits, carefully applying oil and cream so they did not redden. But I could not remove the top, tiny as it was. Whilst lying face down I undid the strings at the back, but could not bring myself to uncover my nipples, even to less than ten people. That night I wore my new dress and heels, and got a couple of admiring glances, for the first time that week.

Next day too I wore the thong bikini again. Despite, or perhaps because of this, I was the one trying to keep a modicum of dignity by the pool. Jane and Max were apt to cavort like seals into and out of the water wearing very little. Jane mostly wore her top to retain some lawyerly dignity and support, but Max never anything more than bikini bottoms.

Although walking was fine, and while swimming I found I could with difficulty remain covered (always checking as I emerged from the pool), cavorting was out, or rather when cavorting (which I could not help joining in with) I was nearly out. I spent half my time readjusting, trying to ensure that the six square inches of material covered the right three triangular areas of me (well three triangles of cloth to cover one triangle and two circles of me).

Because I had worn my new dress, and hadn't the money to buy more (I am a teacher!), I borrowed a dress from Max the fourth night, as she was much taller and slimmer it was quite interesting. It was (of course) white (Maxine apparently rarely wears any other colour) a lot of me did not fit in at the top, but it did stretch. I guess I looked a sight, and certainly got attention.

The day after - our 5th - we went on a boat trip. While I, without thinking, wore the new little bikini and covered up with a pair of shorts, I met Jane and Max at the boat dock. Both were wearing much fuller bikini tops (Max’s was more like a vest) and shorts. We had a great day; I got most of the attention from the male crew and passengers. Neither would go topless while we were around so many men (20 blokes and we three and one other girl). Though I was glad that we did not remove our shorts all day, I felt much more like the old confident me. Just taken a bit of a confidence bashing, but I was back.

That night I borrowed a dress from Jane. I think this was a mistake. She is shorter, so it barely covered my thong knickers (in fact, most of the night, as I got tipsy, it did not cover anything below my waist), but worse the gaping top, she is much bigger 'up top' than me, and I could not wear a bra under it (the bit of red around my chest from the sun rubbed by a bra was not fun - I tried). Which meant that every time I leaned over, reached for something or moved someone got an eyeful.

By the next day, the sixth, both Jane and Max had been out and bought thongs, Max's was of course white, and Jane’s red. Max had bought only the bottoms, and Jane in the tiny top would have given wet dreams to half my school. On my comment it lacked support, she said she rarely intended to wear it, but refused to buy just the bottom half.

As I lay on my back I by the pool, I calmly and unnoticed (I thought) removed my top. From my left Jane said

"Make sure you put lots of cream on them or they will burn",

while Max said "Oo they are not green, but just like everyone else’s".

But otherwise they did not comment. All day I scanned around while I read, spent a lot of time on my front, and when on my back tried to make sure no one was watching the extra few inches of white and pink flesh too obviously (which, of course, they weren't).

For the next couple of days I got more and more comfortable topless. Though I still wore my top when not actually lying down on the sunbed, I had got over the "lay down first then remove top, and put it back on to sit up."

The others were already at ease; Maxine almost never wore the kaftans anymore, in fact rarely had since the second day. She just walked around from the room to the pool, to the pool bar in just her bikini (now thong) bottoms, when I asked she said

"Any one who wants to see these fried eggs can see me lying, swimming and going to the bar, why bother to hide them from the room to the pool, or at all while the sun is out". I asked if she would go to the bar of an evening topless, she looked for a second thoughtful, but said "Well, no, even though I don’t tan, so I'm not using getting an all over tan as an excuse, I couldn't go out in the evening without clothes. But in the sun is different."

Jane mostly put on her top to swim or when not on the sunbed, but had walked to the bar on occasion in just her bottoms. My chest had caught up with my tan surprisingly quickly, especially as I gained the confidence to stand without my top on, and even swim, (once I started to not bother with my little top to swim so did Jane, though we both did if the pool had people in - just in case). I still covered to go to the bar, or when walking from the room, but was no more prudish than Jane by the 10th day.

On the eleventh day, for the first time, I left the top off from the time we lay down to the time we left the pool at the end of the day. I even left it off while eating lunch, and swimming (though no one else went near the pool while I was in, I felt so proud I was over whatever prudishness had gotten into me.

On the twelfth day I had the most embarrassing moment of my life. While comfortable topless now, although still wary, I would always cover my breasts while walking from the room to the pool, and while waiting at the bar. The latter because there was a walk along what I felt was a very exposed path to the bar area. Also sometimes you could stand at the bar for 20 minutes, and once someone had accidentally backed into me, and though covered I felt I was glad to be so. Its one things to have your breasts out on show, quite another to have someone touch them - even accidentally with there backs.

This day I left the room just wearing just a thong, actually a second yellow one which went great with my tan and which I had bought (without a matching top) the night before, and a covering cut-off T-Shirt. I went to lie by the pool. Although I still felt odd naked, and I suppose I still preferred to be covered while swimming, eating and walking, my all over tan was now the most important thing. The new bikini, without a top, was to encourage me further to swim and walk topless. Though the T-Shirt would cover me as I went to the bar.

Of course it was my turn to get the lunchtime food, so I slipped into my T-Shirt. The normal course of events, once we had gotten to know the barman, was that one of us would order 3 soft drinks and three meals, walk off with the drinks, and he would set the meals at our table, along with three beers, about 10 minutes later.

Comfortable and covered (in a thong and a T-Shirt that stopped just below my breasts), not even sparing a thought for what I was now comfortable being seen in. I walked passed the pool, and scurried across the twenty 'exposed' slabs of the hot path, bordered by rocks and weeds, to the bar.

Today was our barman’s day off, and there was quite a queue of people. But I did not think of it as I ordered the soft drinks, and the beers round for with the meal and the three meals, waving and pantomiming the place where I wanted them to be to his grinning and (as it happened) non-comprehending face.

Carrying the three drinks back, I was sweating and hot and sticky from the longer than normal queue in the warmer bar/kitchen area. So I plonked the drinks down, gulped my coke, whipped of my t-shirt and dived into the water. I surfaced in the middle of the pool and sank down to cool off. While the top of the water was hot from the sun the bottom is cold enough to bring goose bumps, and harden the nipples. I floated back to the top and paddled back over to the girls.

"Throw me my glasses, Jane, and give me a shout when lunch arrives" I said.

When she threw me the glasses I swam down to the shallower end of the pool and lay in the shallows watching the water run off my skin. I remember being quite proud of my tan. In the mirror the night before I had looked at my skin, a deep and even brown over my whole body, no white or red lines, only the tiny triangle of (mostly fur covered) not tanned skin.

Jane and Max had swam down to me, announcing there arrival by pulling my legs, so I floundered at the edge of the pool, before recovering, and getting my own back on each of them at least once. Eventually, after only a couple of minutes, the three of us were lying on our backs, side by side in the shallows, half in and half out of the water. Jane moved, and I tensed for a renewed attack but instead she said,

"Daisy, the barman is waving to you".

"Bloody fool, I'll have to go get the food," I muttered.

The barman was waving for me to collect the tray. He must have thought I was waving to show where I was sitting, not where to bring the food too.

Rising from the water, I did not think to cover up. Even had I thought, my T-Shirt was at the other end of the pool, I would not be queuing at the bar, which was empty, just there and back, it was as far to go fetch the T-Shirt as it was to just get the food. I am sure I would not have bothered to go and get my T-Shirt, even had I thought of it.

But I did not even think of it. I just walked, slightly cross and dripping water along the path to the bar. I picked up the tray with the 3 meals and three beers, smiled at the barman, turned and walked out of the bar area. I was about halfway along the path when three boys appeared at the pool end of the path. I would have expected them to let me through but they took a couple of steps onto the path,

"Hello, Miss Minerva, fancy seeing you here", said the older.

Then I recognised him, Adam was one of my fifth formers, as was his best friend Richard and his younger brother - who I did not teach - Jon.

There was nothing I could do, still dripping wet, wearing nothing but a tiny thong, a pair of sunglasses and a forced smile. Unable to cover anything I wanted to because of the tray in my hands. A tray which, held as it was at stomach level, did nothing to cover me (as they were easily as tall as me, and able to look straight over it at my bare chest), and which would not help cover my breasts even had I raised it.

I looked down and sure enough, seemingly to complete the misery, my nipples were hard, the aureole crinkled and puckered, and there was no way I could hold the tray up at nipple level to cover them, well not for more than a few seconds. And water still glistened of my brown skin.

There was nothing I could do; the rocky weedy sides of the path could not to be trodden on whilst barefoot. I could not push past them; I could not walk towards them and hope they backed up. While they were some of the nicer boys from school they would not let me pass, without a good ogle, I felt sure. I could walk back to the bar, but I had no cover there, all I could do there is put down the stay and hold my breasts to cover them. I could drop the tray here and hold my chest - but to do so till they left? No.

All the horrors I had imagined at being seen topless by anyone earlier in the week were multiplied by ten and came flooding back to me.

"Hello, Adam, Richard, Jon," I nodded to each of them. "I did not expect to see you here. Can I get passed please I have my friends and my lunch."

"Of course Miss Minerva. I like the bikini bottoms you are wearing. Yellow really goes with your tan.” said Alan.

"Yes Miss, Have you noticed almost everyone goes topless here, even you!" (as if I had not noticed I was topless) "Though that is smaller than most girls wear". He pointed at my thong, in case the others had not noticed.

They were not moving but taking every opportunity to look me over. I tried to attract the attention of Jane and Max, but they were sat up and not looking particularly worried.

"Is that yellow? Did you know they are almost see through, Miss?” said Jon.

"No, but thank you for letting me know Jon", I said, I did not know, but could guess. I had not actually looked, I did not know if I dared look now or ever, "Now if you just back up so I can pass Ill be grateful".

At that moment I heard someone approaching from behind. An adult, the boys would move, I could get my T-Shirt on, and never go topless again.

"Are you ready boys", and with that voice my horror deepened.

It had slipped my panicked mind, Adam and Jon's father is the head of governors at our school, and he was behind me looking, I felt sure, at my naked buttocks.

"Dad, Look, its Miss Minerva".

Yes, behind me was Mr Mitchell, slowly I turned to accept my doom. All I needed now was my thong to fall off and I would wake up and this would be a nightmare. It fortunately did not, but I did not awake either.

Mr Mitchell stood at the end of the path in just a pair of Speedo’s, and he is a round man, and old enough to know better, and his wife besides him was in a swimsuit, not dissimilar to the one I had worn the first day.

"Miss Minerva, what a surprise," he said looking at my face, but then unable to stop himself looking at my bare chest (for an hour?), past the tray to the tiny bottoms of my bikini.

I was stuck exactly half way between the boys and him, completely exposed.

"Mr Mitchell, how unexpected to see you here"

"Jon, please call me Jon, you are on holiday after all. I don’t believe you have met my wife. Daisy Minerva, Amanda Michell."

"Thank you I hope you will forgive me not shaking hands but mine are a bit full at the moment."

I could hear the boys giggling behind me.

"Of course, Daisy, nice to meet you."

"And you, although I wish I was wearing something else." I nodded down at my nakedness.

"Yes", said one of the boys behind me, "Isn’t it a nice yellow thong".

"Ah, yes, I see, boys out of the way let Miss Minerva pass" she said.

Turning my bare breasts to them again was one of the more difficult things I had done, ever, even though I knew that, as it was they were staring at my bare behind, and I needed to turn to escape.

"Thank you, goodbye, perhaps we will meet again", I was muttering in panic and relief.

"Bye, then, perhaps see you around." They chorused.

I strode towards the three boys who backed up to let me passed. They could barely tear their eyes from my chest, as I was sure their father could not from my behind. I felt watched all the way back to the giggling, though curious, Jane and Max. Crimson with embarrassment, I put the tray down and dove into the T-Shirt. Wrapping a towel around my waist to hide my bottom and legs.

"That was my head of governors and three of my pupils, I’ll never live this down, it will be all around the school, I’ll be lucky to keep my job. I’ll have no discipline."

Jane said she had seen them approach, whispering, and wondered that they knew her, but Max had just said to leave well alone.

"We could not have gotten to you with your t-shirt anyway,” she said grinning.

I could barely eat with embarrassment, fury, whatever else I don’t know, dread perhaps?

As we finished lunch, me still fully covered Max and Jane in just the thongs, Amanda, Mrs Mitchell approached, I was almost relieved.

After Introductions Amanda said, "Sorry about the boys, they said that they had seen someone they new, If I had any idea it was a woman, let alone a teacher and not a school friend I would have kept them away. I've spoken to them and they promise not to tell any one, Ill try to enforce it but I’m not sure they will keep it to themselves, but I promise I will try. I do hope it doesn't spoil your holiday. We are leaving now, we were just visiting a friend, and we won’t be back, so don’t worry."

"Thank you, I realise they will talk, they would talk had I been in a Victorian bathing costume, or even a bikini, but this is too much, or rather too little. Is Mr Mitchell upset, I hope it doesn’t affect my job".

"Miss Minerva, Jon is fine, you are on holiday, don't worry"

"Its Daisy, of course you can, and thank you", I stammered, Followed by an explanation of what I had been wearing and how I had been at the beginning of the week. How this was not like me.

Shortly afterwards Amanda left to return to her family. Though the ten minutes was one of the most embarrassing of my life, three horny teenagers who I was supposed to be in control off ogling me (and though the yellow thong was not see through it was practically see through when wet), and the time afterwards until I spoke to Amanda one of the worst as my mind spun with possible ramifications, it could have been worse.

I plucked up enough courage to remain topless on our last few days, and in the thong. Jane and Max apologised for not helping out, especially when I pointed out the nearest equivalent for them (though from what I gather Max's chest gets a regular airing at work). And we are going to try to go away next year. I think, though I am more reserved than I was five years ago, I’m less prudish and dowdy than I was two weeks ago.

Though I dreaded it, reported for school as normal. After the first lesson I took them for Adam and Richard stayed behind and came up and apologised and assured me that they would never tell a soul. Jon junior came to my class that break and apologised too. I told them they had nothing to apologise for, but would prefer they did not tell anyone, and tried to forget the incident "For the sake of their schoolwork". So far I have heard no rumours to suggest that they have told anyone that they, or anyone, has seen me nearly naked.

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Laura by The General

Allow me to introduce you to Laura. She is a gorgeous, long legged brunette with 36CC breasts, a 22 inch waist and 36 inch hips. She has a large round ass, long nipples, and a flat stomach. She is a junior in college and is 21 years old.

Laura had been going to Boobfurd colleg for two and a half years now. She was the envy of all the girls and the Fantasy of all the boys. Her firm breasts caused jealosy from girls who, before Laura, had been the best catch of the college.

Near the end of her sophmore year, Laura had started dating the star of the football team, a guy named Ben. Ben had previously been going out with a 34C-22-36 blonde named Judy, who happened to be the head of one of the largest sororities on the campus.

In return for the names of two students who had cheated on their term papers, Judy had gotten permission to have a demonstration made of Laura. Judy was going to show the whole campus what happened to those who usurped Judy's position by showing the whole campus Laura in a show neither they nor she would ever forget.

Laura was getting ready to go out for a night on the town when she heard about an all school dance from Ellen. Ellen happened to be Judy's number one, but Laura in her innocence thought nothing of it. Though the outfit Laura had picked wasn't really suitable for a dance, if she wanted to get there in time to get first shot at Ben she would have to go as she was.

Laura had dressed to kill. Everything was skin tight. Her shirt was a tube tob a size to small for her that looked like it might explode under the pressure from her large bosum. Her breasts had popped out of it twice already and she hadn't even left her room yet. But that had only happened when she bent over, and she wasn't likely to have to bend over at a dance. Her skirt was a micro miniskirt, nine inches long, and went down to just below the curve of her ass. And with a body like her's, Laura had never worn underwear for a night out. This was painfully obvious through her tiny outfit as anyone could see the lack of panty lines and how her long inch-long nipples poked through the top like nails. A pair of six inch heels completed the look. Laura wasn't sure exactly how well the heels would work for dancing, but she knew they would make an impression on Ben.

When Laura entered the gym she was confused by the layout. Instead of having the bleachers pushed into the wall to leave more room to dance on, they were all they way out. And instead out dancing, everyone was just sitting on the bleachers as if waiting for someone. In the center of the gym was an odd podium, witha large circle on it. The circle looked like it was made of metal and had four handcuffs attached to it. It looked like it might hold someone spreadeagled . Laura wondered who it was for. Part of the Gym wall had been turned into a huge projector screen and on the screen was a view of the metal circle that allowed everyone to see it. It was when Laura saw Judy standing next to the circle that she finally realized what was going on.

Laura turned to run, but four of the girls in Judy's sorority apperaered from out of nowhenre grabbing her arms and legs and dragging her to the circle where she was strapped in.

Laura was held with her arms going straight out to the sides and her legs were held together.

Judy turned to Laura with a microphone. "Laura , Ben was mine. You took him away from me by showing him those slutty charms of yours!"

"I'm not slutty, Ben is dating me because I'm better looking than you, period!" Laura retorted

Judy's voice boomed across the gym. "I have decided that you have to be punnished, Laura. The punishment is a spanking. Position the manacles!"

With that the cuffs holding Laura began to move. The cuffs holding her hands moved until they held her hand together pointing straight at the ceiling. This had the effect of push her chust out, her big breasts threatening to escape once more. The cuffs at her feet then began to seperate, pulling her legs until they were at a 90 degreee angle. This caused Laura's micro-miniskirt to ride up further and further until the tiny garment rested entirely above her hips, at which point Ellen took a pair of scissors to the item, allowing the cameras focused on Laura full access to an unobstrcted view of Laura's firm round ass and lush bush, a view which they projected onto the gym wall magnified 20 times.

Laura could feel a wind down below where there shouldn't be one and the absence of the usualy pressure that came from the ultratight skirt, but couldn't be sure that anyhting was wrong as her view was blocked by her own stupendous breasts. It was only when she saw the picture projected on the gym walls that she realized her miniskirt was gone and she was naked below the waist.

"Oh my god! Let me go! Somebody get me out of here! Somebody help me!" Laura cried. She started thrashing around in an effort to get free.

Judy laughed. "What is it dear? You didn't hesitate to show that to Ben! But wait, that wasn't what got Ben was it? It was your friggin huge balloons wasn't it? No answer? Why dont we let our audience decide for themselves?"

With that, Judy took the scissors from Ellen, and within seconds reduced Laura's tube top to shreads, leaving her totally nude, her spread-eagled form projected from more than six different views onto the walls. Laura screamed again and continued to struggle, but her movements had no effect on the stell manacles and simply made the watching crowd cheer louder as her enormous bosum bounced wildly and her buttocks clenched and jiggled.

Judy reached back with the paddle then swung with all of her might. The swing landed with a deafening crack, and Laura screamed in pain. Again and again the blows landed until Laura's ass glowed red. Then Judy put down the paddle and unlocked the manacles.

"So Laura, what do you have to say for youself?"

Laura was about to say that she was sorry, that she would leave Ben alone, when her legs gave out and she stumbled forward. Her hands reached out for something to grab onto and they found the neckline of Judy's thin summer dress. The dress came apart in her hands, leaving Judy, who had worn neither panties nor a bra, naked on the podium, with her image now projected on the wall. But it only lasted for a moment brfore she fell backward off the stage, into the mosh pit that had formed around the stage duringing the spanking.

As Laura ran out of the gym and began her long streak to her dorm room, she heard Judy begin to shout then scream as hands not only passed her along, but fondled her large, firm breasts, pinched her tender nipples, and even invaded between her legs.

Hours later, as Laura lay in bed having a nightmare about the nights events and hundreds of students were jacking off to the recordings of Laura 's stripping and spanking and Judy's stripping and humiliation, Judy was thinking up yet another way to humiliate Laura.

Laura was almost trembling with excitement. After weeks of hard work, she was going to be the star of Boobfurd College's first major play. It was a musical, and with her beautiful voice, Laura had been picked less than twenty minutes after her audition. Laura was playing a beautifull princess who was capture by the enemy.

John Dacksmon watched from a window on the second floor as Laura walked through the door to the backstage area of the auditorium. She had obviously thrown on the first outfit she could find, safe in the knowledge that she would simply be changing into her costume for the play.

Actualy, in her anxiety over the upcoming play, Laura had not noticed that the reason she was having so much trouble getting into her clothes was that they weren't her clothes. The belonged to her roommate, a girl named Samantha. Samantha was a petite red head, with a tiny body measuring only 32B-16-32 and standing only 5'2". Laura was a gorgeous 38DD-22-36 and with long smooth legs stood at nearly 5'10".

The contrast was obvious. Laura had first tried a lace bra, then a underwire, and a series of others after those. She was still confused as to why they hadn't fit. She had bought most of them only a few months before and they had been perfect then. Had she looked at the tags she would have known instantly that she was getting clothes out of the wrong closet, but Laura didn't even bother. Neither did she bother examining the panties, none of which came lose to fitting her plump behind. Next she tried on skirt after skirt, and the same problems came up each time. Finally she found a pair of tiny jean short shorts. Someone had modified them by cutting off the button at the waist and leaving only the zipper to keep the shorts closed. This created a small v at the wearer's waist, showing off the style of panties she was wearing. In Laura's case it showed off the fact that she was wearing no panties at all. It was a style that many of the more flirtatious and daring girls preferred, though Laura had never tried it. All the same, the shorts were the only ones that fit over Laura's wide hips, so she was stuck with them. Though it took her over ten minutes, eventually she managed to tug the zipper up by exhaling and sucking in her already flat tummy. She didn't seem to realize that the shorts had been modified at the back as well. Someone had cut the backs off each leg, leaving only the waistband and a thin strip of denim that dug deep into her deep ass crack. From behind it was easy to think that Laura had nothing on at all.

Likewise, Laura was only able to stuff her huge chest into one of the available tops, and only because most of her top wasn't in the shirt! It was a tiny t-shirt with buttons that went from the collar to just below her breasts. The bottom third, the part that didn't button up, fit around her waist like a second skin, but at least it fit. The top two thirds would have been fine, except that Laura was having problems getting it closed. Eventually giving up on the buttons, Laura , hoping the top looked all right, turned to the mirror. She was shocked at how exposed the top left her. The button down section extended to barely four inches above her belly button. The section gaped wide, leaving a strip of flesh nearly four inches wide bare from her neck most of the way down her chest. The flaps created when she didn't button the shirt were just large enough to cover the outside portion of her breasts and just barely reached her nipples, but in the middle, a large part of both heavy globes were visible, including her half dollar sized aureoles. Worse, if she moved even the slightest bit her breasts would fall out into the open.

Laura went to the door of her room and got her jacket, hoping that it would conceal her exposed body for the short walk to the auditorium building. She ran a comb through her long brown hair and, after, grabbing a pair of five inch high heels, Laura closed and locked the door behind her. She padded to the dorm entrance, enjoying the feel of the lush carpet beneath her bare feet before putting on the heels to go outside. As soon as she stood up she felt her breasts jump free of the tenuous hold of her top. Laura gasped and tried to re-adjust her shirt through the jacket before realizing that there were nearly a dozen people in the dorm lobby, all staring at her as she fondled her huge breasts in front of them! Her face burning, Laura dashed off into the restrooms.

After taking off her jacket, Laura tried deperately to make her breasts remain inside the top, but she soon realized that her heels changed her posture, forcing Laura's chest out further even than normal, surpassing the shirts limit to conceal even partially, though the flaps would stay over her nipples as long as she held both in place. Laura realized however , that she couldn't hold her breasts inside her top for long. Slipping her jacket back on to conceal her naked bosum, Laura walked back to her room to get another pair of shoes that wouldn't push out her chest. To her horror she found that her keys were not in her jacket pockets, not were they in her jeans. Realizing she was going to be late soon, Laura gathered her courage and walked back out the doors of the dorm, reassured by the knowledge that she could change when she arrived at the auditorium.

From his high vantage point, John could see down into Laura's jacket, and he smiled at what he saw. Though Laura had a wonderful voice, dozens of better singers had auditioned. But the last six musicals had bombed, and John knew he had to make this one a crowd pleaser. When he saw Laura, wearing a skin tight, strapless sun dress, the top just above her nipples, the bottom barely below her ass, and obviously without either a bra or panties, John knew that Laura would be the one to finally bring the theater program out of its depression. He had convinced one of the boys living in the dorm just across the street from Laura's to take pictures of Laura as she was changing, and he picked the best one, coppied it and distributed it to the male student leaders and the head of the FLPA (female lesbian power association), and framed the origonal to put on his nightstand. Every ticket had been sold, and the audience was going to get a show it would never forget!

When Laura got inside the auditorium, she headed straight for the changing rooms. She wanted to get out of her jacket as fast as possible. Without realizing it, Laura had picked a jacket with a rough inner lining, and during her walk from the dorm her naked breasts had pushed againsts the material, her tender nipples stiffening as her breasts bounced up and down with each step.

Laura was only meters away from the saftey of the changing room when John interscepted her with two other men trailing behind him.

"Laura, I would like you to meet Mr. Jennings and Dr. Lurek. They are on the school board and have been placed in control of the budget for this program. Therefore I told them that our newest star would be happy to give them a tour of the set before the play starts."

"But Mr. Dacksmon, I need to get out of this jacket and change!"

"Nonsense! My assistant hasn't been able to find you costume yet anyway. As for the jacket, I can take it for you if its a problem."

John could see Laura's long erect nipples poking through even the multiple thick layers of her jacker, fueling his eagerness to feast his eyes on her uncovered breasts.

Laura kept herself from yelling. "No! I mean, thats alright, I'm fine."

John insisted it was no trouble at all, and acting as if he was unaware of her condition under the jacket he began unzipping it.

"Mr. Dacksmon, It really is fine!" Laura was saying, but it was too late and John finished unzipping the jacket and slipped it off her arms. He walked away with the jacket saying he was going to go look for Laura's costume.

"Good to meet you Laura!"

The two board members chorused, each taking hold of one of her hands before she could cover herself and starting to shake. Laura was momentarily stunned for a moment standing motionless as the two men pumped her arms, causing her large boobs to bounce crazily as they watched. Then, with a scream, Laura pulled her hands away and pushed and pulled furiously at the top, trying to get her breasts to stay in. It had the opposite effect as her attempts at modesty caused her own nipples to harder and her big breasts to become slightly swollen as well. Aware that her breasts were simply not going to stay in the top, Laura tried instead to conceal them, crossing her arms across her chest and walking quilkly ahead, starting the tour and giving them only a view of her backside which Laura still believed was fully covered.

Her two followers nearly fainted as their eyes were drawn from Laura's melons to the sight of her amazing ass, their view of her pussy obstructed only by a miniscule strip of denim sunk deep into her butt. They watched, rapt, the play of her firm buttocks, clenching and relaxing as she walked, unaware of the show she was giving.

Laura had almost completed the tour when she got to the set for her main scene. Common sense momentarily overcome by pride, Laura turned pointed towards the area were she would be standing. Her breasts once again fell free to the delight of Jennings and Lurek. Laura realized her breasts were once again exposed and took a deep breath, about to scream. But with the breath her strained jean shorts finally gave, unzipping themselves and falling to the floor. Laura completed the scream as the two men gaped at the sight of her large dangling breasts, large nipples erect, neatly trimmed bush, her pussy lips swollen from the continuous rubbing the denim had given them as she walked, and finally her ass, her perfect ass, jiggling as she ran towards the dressing room as quickly as she could, though not before leaving a ripped top on a hook extending from the wall.

John had been busy. While Laura was giving her tour, he had gone into her dressing room and taken her costumes for each act. He returned 35 minutes later with Laura's first costume in his hands. He knocked on the door, then opened it, walking in just as Laura was standing up to lock the door. He feigned shock at her nude state, using it as an exuse to stare at her before pretending to look away. With his head down but his eyes still up, he extended her new clothes to her and left the room.

Laura's costume had started out as a white floor length gown, cutsom designed to fit Laura's lithe body while still fitting comfortably about her big boobs. The dress was tight, though nothing like the outfit Laura had just lost. John had modified the costume a bit, first cutting off nearly all of the skirt, leaving only 8 inches attached. Then he cut a slit up the front of the skirt to aprroximatley where Laura's belly button would be. Finally he took the bra and panties that went with the costume and threw them in the trash.

Laura trembled when she saw how her costume had changed. Without the restraint of a bra, her breasts pressed tightly against the dress' bodice and strained the spaghetti straps that held it up. Laura could only hope her nipples weren'y visible when she had the dress laced up. The bottom of the dress was now the size of a micro-mini. It hugged the awe inspiring curve of Laura's buttocks and ended with more than a quarter of her ass uncovered.

The assistant came in when Laura called and helped lace her bodice. For some reason she was lacing it extremely tightly. When she left, Laura thought she smelled vasaline, but dismissed the idea as nerves.

When the assistant left Laura's room, she headed straight for John's office. Along the way she dropped the vasaline she had used on Laura's laces into a rubbish bin, before entering Johns office and leaving a moment later $150 richer.

Laura entered John's office a moment later. "Mr. Dacksmon, I cant go out there like this! My costume, it's...wrong!"

John could see Laura's lush bush and pussy as her skirt opened and closed as she leaned one way then anther nervously. Her tight bodice outlined her firm breasts and her long nipples poked through the white fabric, surely visible to the naked eye at least 30 meters away.

"Nonsense Laura! Your dress is fine!" John lied happily. "Besides there are hundreds of people waiting to see you. Even Jennings and Lurek have decided to stay, for the show; they seemed so pleased by the tour that I told the they could stay and see more."

With that John pushed a now furiously blushing Laura out onto the stage. The curtain rose and the crowd cheered and cat-called as they saw Laura in her short tight dress. There must have been hundreds if not thousands of people in the audience. There were even three national news stations that had come to cover the musical. All throughout the first act Laura flashed the crowd and audiences at home glimpes of her pussy as she moved around on stage. But it was near the end of the first act that the fun realy started.

John had missed a thread when he had shortened the dress. Now that thread had caught upon a splinter from the set. The string wrapped around the set as Laura moved about until her skirt reached above her pussy. The crowd began to cheer, then louder as the skirt part of Laura's dress disappeared entirely. Feeling a draft, Laura looked down and then the audience laughed uproarously as Laura let out a sharp scream and tried to pull her bodice down over her pubes and ass. This, however, only managed to break one then the other of the dresses spaghetti starps, and Laura's breasts burst happily free, her humiliation causing her nipples to stand at attention.

Gasping into the mike, Laura reached up to cover her big breasts when suddenly the vasaline covered laces from her bodice slipped free and her dress dropped to around her ankles, leaving her nude except for a pair of five inch heels just as the act ended. The curtain dropped, and Laura was mercifully hidden from the sight to the audience.

Laura was just about to turn and run to her dressing room once more when one of her fellow actors stepped up and hugged her under the pretense of congratulations. One after another of her fellow actors wrapped their arms around Laura's naked body, mouthing their praise over Laura's objections. Some of the bolder actors and even one of the actresses gave her buttocks a long squeeze or fondled one or both of her tender nipples until they were once again erect and Laura's pussy was dripping with moisture.

Laura finally escaped to the saftey of her dressing room where John once again walked in to find Laura in the middle of an orgasm. John waited, unnoticed, watching the young woman twitch and flail in a growing puddle of her own fluids.

When Laura finally got control of herself, John once again averted his gaze and handed her her costume.

"Laura, you are doing such a great job, I am really proud of you! I brought you your other costume. Its a little wet, but we hadn't expected to need it and it needed a wash. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough time to dry it off, so you will just have to wear it wet."

Even more unfortunate that it's dryclean only, but you dont know that, yet. John thought to himself.

Laura's back-up costume was nothing more than a white blouse and skirt. Once again Laura had no underwear, and once again her costume hugged Laura's every curve, this time not because of how tight her oufit was but because of its wetness.

When Laura walked back onto the stage she was met with thunderous applause, not because of her singing abilities as she believed, but because when the bright light struck her wet outfit, her white clothes turned nearly transparent.

The bright lights did more than simply turn the clothes transparent. Soon Laura's clothes began to turn opaque as they dryed from her constant walking in front of the several hundred watt bulbs.

Soon the drying began to have an effect of Laura's dryclean only costume. Because the blouse was thinner than her skirt, the blouse showed the signs first. Slowly, Laura could feel the blouse begin to get tighter and tighter. Remembering now that her outfit was dryclean only, Laura tried desperatly to catch the stage director's attention and give him the emergency cut signal, but he kept simply signalling that she had to keep going.

Laura blouse had reached its limits, and with a series of pops and rips, the blouse exploded open, then ripped down the back before falling to the floor. Concentrating on concealling her near nudity fromt he audience, Laura didn't realize that her skirt was shrinking as well, but soon her skirt had also reached its limit, and with a loud RIIIIPPPP, the skirt fell to the ground, and Laura stood upon the stage, naked and humiliated.

Then with a roar, the audience disregarded the regulations and starting with only one, dashed up onto the stage to start the 3 F's on Laura. The fondled, photographed, a few even fucked the naked beauty before Laura was rescued by a group of Collge security and escorted home.

In one corner:

"This is Channel 14 news, reminding you to check out the footage of this musical at News 14's homepage or wait for tommorows paper to come and look for photos on the front page of your local newpaper."

Laura's roommate, Samantha was furious. Sam was the best singer at the school, but last year Laura had stolen her spot as star because of her innocence and big busted beauty. Sam new that Laura couldn't have gotten the spot on talent alone. And the nerve of her, wearing Sam's clothes to the performance! Laura had returned to the dorm humiliated, but she had somehow still found it possible to rub her astonishing beauty in Sam's face, complaining that Sam's outfits were to small to fit her. On top of it all, Laura still acted like she was best friends with Sam, as if she didn't even know how much Sam hated her. Sam would show her. Sam had been looking forward to this all summer. Now that school was back in session, Sam had her chance to make Laura's life living hell.

But their was more. Sam was not just Laura's roommate, she was also an unanounced lesbian. Most roommates would have noticed this after three years, but Laura, in her typical innocence, noticed nothing at all. Sam on the other hand noticed planty about Laura. After all, she had worked hard to become Laura's roomate, and she was damn sure going to enjoy the sight she had earned!

Laura was looking forward to her senior year at Boobfurd College. She was a succesful student, athletic, smart, and incredibly gorgeous. Though Laura planned on getting a job teaching, she had dozens of offers from modeling companies around the world.

Laura was a nubile brunette. At 22, her gorgeous 40EE breasts rode high on her chest, soft, yet firm, pushing straight forward off her chest without the assistance of a bra, as if uneffected by gravity. Each milky orb was topped by a soft pink aureole nearly two inches in diameter and a inch long nipple. Her long brown locks framed a heart shaped face that rested on a long slim neck. Her torso thined down to a tiny 22 inch waist before flairing out once more at her wide 36 inch hips. Though Laura was only 5'9", it was commonly believed by students that her legs extended at least eight feet. Her long legs were slim and strong, going up and up and up before finally ending at her large perfectly rounded ass.

Sam had gotten to work as soon as she arrived at Boobfurd. Knowing that Laura was plagued by light sinus headaches, Sam had replaced Laura's painkillers with a container of similar white pills. But while the pills might look the same, they were most certainly not the same. Sam had replaced the painkillers with a substance known as orgythiciclide, sometimes referred to as orgy for short. Orgy was a multipurpose psychological adjuster. Basically, it was an aphrodisiac combined with a low key hypnosis formula. It wouldn't allow complete control over a persons body, but it would make them much easier to control, expecially in sexual situations.

This of course was the core of Sam's plan. She knew how horribly self conscious Laura was about her body. After her humiliations the previous year, Laura had started wearing a bra and sometimes even panties. Sam was pleased to see Laura's beautiful body turn into something Laura had to live with, rather than something Laura flaunted.

So Sam was surprised when Laura showed up wearing close to nothing. An ultra tight tank top showcased her beautiful breasts. To her astonishment, they looked to Sam as if they had grown several sizes! Laura had spent nearly fifteen minuts gettingthe back zipped up all the way, but the effect was dazzling. Laura's long nipples poked through, the one inch spikes advertising Laura's bra-less state to all who cared to look. The tight top smashed her breasts together, creating deep cleavage that was visible through the deep u-neck. Her pert ass was encased by an six inch micro miniskirt. It hugged Laura's buttocks like a second skin, stopping barely halfway down her cheeks. A slit on the left side strtched all the way to her waist, displaying Laura's lack of panties.

Laura smiled happily as males all over campus gazed at her passing formm in wonder, oblivious to the piercing stares and hard pinches their female partners employed in an attempt to draw their attention away from the volumptuous brunette.

Sam barely had time to prepare herself before Laura arrived. She walked out to meet the big-chested senior before she could reach the entrance of their dorm building. Smiling as if happy to see Laura, Sam threw her arms appart and the crowd of admirers Laura had collected gasped as the lithe red head and the gorgeous brunette smashed their chests together. As much as Sam enjoyed the feel of Laura's large firm breasts, she kept her mind on the task at hand. Just before Laura had come into view, Sam had attached a length of nearly invisible fishing wire to one of the benches outside of the dorm. Just before she let go of Laura, Sam attached the tiny hook on the end of the line to the zipper on the back of Laura's tank top.

Laura sighed a private sigh of relief when Sam released her from the prolonged hug. Despite the casualness of the hug, something about it made her uncomfortable. But then it was Laura's turn to gasp as Sam grabbed the front of her tight miniskirt and began to run towards the dorm, pulling Laura along in her excitement. Moments later Laura started to feel her zipper begin to undo itself as the fishing line reached the end of its length. Onlookers watched as Laura's top opened wider and wider until the zipper reached the bottom and the tank top opened all the way.

Laura became frightened as she felt the pull on her top increase. Aware only that something was pulling on her tank top, Laura tried desperately to stop Sam's froward progress.

"Sam, I think something is wrong with my top. I need to check it..."

"Oh you can check it when we get inside, we have so much to talk about," Sam replied, an unseen grin covering her face.

At that moment Laura was jerked to a stop, the fishing line having stretched as far as it was going to go. It was now a battle btween Laura's skirt, her top, and the fishing line. Something had to break.

Sam nearly burst out laughing as she felt the fishing line come to the end of its reach. She turned to Laura. "What are you waiting for, lets go," and she gave Laura's skirt one last hard pull.

Laura was about to respond when she saw Sam's arm tense, about to pull her forward again. No, this cant be happening again! Not again! her mind screamed, but she felt her hopes shatter as a horrible ripping sound filleed the air. The fishing line, designed to hold eighty pounds, held firmly, but Laura's clothes didn't. Laura's audience wacthed in wonder as her top and skirt burst apart simutaneously and she fell to the ground.

Laura's mouth formed a little oh, as her sensitive breasts came into contact with the cold slate that made up the sidewalk. Laura sobbed, tears of humiliation flowing down her face as she heard the clicks of cameras going off in rapid succesion. Sam bent over her, asking if she was all right. Unable to speak through her sobs, Laura was shocked once again as she felt Sams cool hands roam across her body.

"Sam, what are you doing!"

"Just checking to make sure that you are all right, Laura," Sam replied.

Smiling cruelly, Sam gripped each of Laura's firm buttocks.. Squeezing and releasing, Sam kneaded each glorious half moon, fully aware of the wetnes that was developing between Laura's legs.

Laura couldn't understand why Sam kept touching her. Sam's hands seemed to be everywhere they weren't supposed to be. She gasped as hands grabbed her buttocks and started to squeeze them. Laura knew that Sam was only trying to help, but she couldn't ignore the tingly feeling that was developing between her legs. Then, shocking herself, Laura realized that the feeling was wetness. No! She couldn't be arroused by this! Sam was a woman! But Laura was finding it increasingly hard to think as the massaging of her bottom continued.

Then suddenly the hands were gone, and a dim awareness began to flow back into Laura's thoughts. But her moment of reprieve was cut short as the hands reached around her chest. Sam must be trying to roll me over Laura thought with relief. But Sam, finding a lack of handholds, was gripping Laura in the wrong places. Laura gasped as one hand closed over her breast and the other inserted two fingers into her throbbing vulva. About to object to being handled in such and outragious fashion, her breath caught in her throat as the arms wrapped around her tensed, and Laura felt herself being rolled over by her breast and pussy! She could feel herself becomeing wet again as the hand on her breast squeezed repeatedly. The fingers in her pussy began to move around and Laura stiffened in shock when she felt one long fingernail scrape along her clitoris.

"Sam, what are you doing!?" Laura, now on her back, grabbed at the hands assailing her poor body and tried to pull them away.

"Stop that!" Sam commanded. "I'm trying to examine you for any injuries!"

Now that Laura was on her back, she could see the crowd of people that had collected around the front of her dorm. More importantly, they could see her.

"Couldn't we do this somewhere else?" Laura was pleading now.

She had already given up on any hopes that the hands abusing her vulnerable body were going to stop. Sam oviously didn't even realize the effect her well intentioned ministratioins were having on Laura.

"No, we have to do this now. If something is broken or sprained you could hurt it by trying to move. Now stay still before you hurt yourself. I'm going to take your temperature."

Sam reached into her purse and withdrew and enourmous 12" vibrator. Grinning she drew back her arm... Laura thought it was odd that Sam would carry a thermometer around in her purse, but she opened her mouth anyway. Anything to get this horrible ordeal over with. With a hard forward thrust, Sam completed the motion. She was delighted at the disbelieving expression as the "thermometer" was jammed deep into Laura's tight vulva instead of being placed under Laura's tongue.

"Sam, take it out, its making me feel..." Laura began, only to stop when Sam pressed a button on the end of the tromenting object. Laura's mind retreated to an unnoticed corner of her brain as her boddy thrashed in the throes of multiple orgasms.

Laura awoke from a horrifying nightmare. She had been dreaming that on her first day back at college she had been stripped and brought to orgasm in front of nearly fifty other students. But upon opening her eyes, Laura nearly fainted away once agin. She lay in the middle of the courtyard in front of the dorm. Her clothes were nowhere to be seen. But as she got up out of the pool of her own fluids and ran into the dorm, she couldn't help but sob as when she saw the poster on the wall of the dorm lobby.

Tonight -9:00PM

A recording of the stripping and humiliation of Laura Clinsy will be showing at the above time every day this week, starting Monday. Admission is 3$ or 5$ for two. Bring a friend, the action is great!

Sam was delighted at how well things had gone outside the dorm. If this was any example, Laura under the effect of the Orgy would be helpless. Sam knew she would have to take things slow and act covertly so as not to arrouse suspicion on the part of Laura, but she was confident her plan would work.

The next day, Sam was waiting for Laura so that they could go to the first lecture of the day. Together they walked to the lecture hall, filled with over two hundred other students. Many, including Sam, who had a digital camcorder, had brought cameras or videocameras with which to record the lecture. Unfortunately, the professor wasn't there. He had left a recording, however, which most of the students stayed to listen to, including Laura and Sam. Laura and Sam weren't as focused on the recording as they could be. Sam was watching Laura, waiting for an opportunity to humiliate Laura once again.

Laura was already feeling embarrassed. During the summer, Laura had worked hard to overcome the self-consciousness towards her body that she had developed after the horrible humiliations she had endured the year before. And she had. When she returned to Boobfurd, Laura was once again proud of her body. She was even more beautiful than she had been when she left. She had grown an inch in height and her already large 38DD breasts had grown at an impossible rate until they had finally steadied at the amazing size of 40EE.

What was more, Laura was once again willing to show her body off to the world. Laura had been so sure of herself that she had gone through her bags just before she left for Boobfurd. To make sure she kept up her good attitude towards her body, Laura had burned her bridges behind her. More specifically, she had left all of her longer skirts behind, and the longest one she had packed was only 7 inches long. Her shorts were all incredibly tight and short, and had all had the backs cut off, leaving each looking like a thong from behind. Her tops were all tank tops or tube tops that she hadn't worn in years and were several sizes to small for her. Her blouses were all from the same era and all had deep necks designed to show off her cleavage -- more importantly they were designed to be worn without a top underneath. Laura was so caught up in her new attitude that she had left all of her panties and bras at home as well without even realizing it.

It had taken less than an hour for her hard work over the summer to unravel completely, and after her horrible exposure in front of the dorm, Laura wished she had been a little less enthusiastic about her clothing choices. Unfortunately, Laura had no choice but to wear the clothes she had brought. So there she was, sitting next to Sam, with less on her whole body than Sam was wearing above the waist.

Laura's oufit consisted of only five items. On her feet, Laura was wearing a pair of sexy six inch pumps, the only shoes she had brought. Next, she had on a skin tight six inch micro miniskirt. Though she had packed a longer skirt, the seven inch mini had two slits reaching all the way to the waist, and Laura could even look at it without being reminded of the previous day's incident. The skirt she had on had no slits at all, which was conforting, but which unfrotunately caused the tiny skirt to rise up her wide hips with every movement she made. Luckily, Sam had been able to find a pair of thong panties and a push up half bra for Laura. Though the thong was so small that it dug into her vagina and the push up bra barely covered her nipples and made her breasts look even larger, Laura put them on without a second thought. Her last item of clothing was a low cut blouse which clung to Laura's body like a second skin. It had six buttons going up to a deep v-neck -- the topmost button was between her nipples, which poked through the thin fabric, each inch long nipple clearly visible from at least ten feet away.

Sam smiled. Laura had played right into her hands. Despite the massive modifications Sam had made to Laura's outfit, Laura hadn't noticed a thing. Laura had been pleased when she found a skirt without a slit to wear. But Sam knew that Laura didn't have any skirts without slits. The skirt Laura was wearing had had its slit sown together by Sam. Sam had purposefully left the thread untied at the bottom, and any pressure put on the skirt would cause the slit to come open again. At this point the people behind Laura would discover that the skirt had its slit in the middle of the back, and that it reached, like the first skirt Laura had considered, all the way to the waist. The waistband itself had been weakened just above the disguised slit, and would rip with little less pressure than would be required to open the slit. Sam had also worked on the blouse. Like the skirt, its modifications were not immediately visible. Sam had done very little to the blouse. She had simply cut through most of the button threads and left it at that. But that should be enough.

That morning, Sam had given Laura her first Orgy pill. She had given it to Laura with one of the real painkillers, saying that the company had changed the shape of the pill, but this it was the same one. Laura, having no reason to distrust Sam, had taken both pills.

Now, at the lecture hall, Sam had made sure to sit them in the very middle of the front row, right behind the projector their professor had left. This had given the class a good view of Laura as she had walked to her seat, and the male half of the class had already recognized her from last night's video or been told of her by someon who had seen it. Many already had cameras rolling or had taken pictures of her on the way to her seat.

Testing the suggestive properties of Orgy for the first time, Sam told Laura to go up on the stage and turn on the projector. Laura didn't object, and walked up to the stairs that went up to the stage. She took the first step, then a second. With each step the tight mico mini rode higher and higher up on Laura's wide hips until, by the third to last step the skirt had risen all the way above the curve of Laura's ass. The students watched as her buttocks clenched and relaxed with each step. Laura's tiny thong had gone even further into Laura's crevice, to the point where the staring students thought she was pantyless.

Laura continued, unaware anything was wrong, across the stage. She had nearly reached the projector when a student called out, "Nice ass!"

Laura stopped dead. Slowly, she looked down at her skirt while at the same time reaching behing her butt to feel for her skirt. With a scream, Laura yanked down her skirt, trying desperately to make it cover more of her butt than it had when she first put it on. In her desperation, Laura pulled it from side to side, trying to wiggle the incredibly tight mini skirt farther down her ass. With a loud rip, the threads holding the disguised slit closed came apart. The taut material of the skirt spread apart, giving a perfect view of Laura's incredible butt cleavage.

Laura's hands flew to her ass in an attempt to conceal what the slit revealed while she turned around and started to walk back to her seat as quickly as her six inch heels would allow. Placing her hands on her ass only caused her huge breasts to push farther out from her body, which her turn towards the seats allowed the audience to plainly see. They also saw the topmost of the six buttons on her blouse pop off under the added pressure. Students in the front few rows or using a zoom lense could now see the top of Laura's tiny bra and even more of her amazing cleavage.

Unsure now of what to cover, Laura knew only that she had to get back to the relative saftey of the seats. She was flush with embarrassment, but Laura was horrified to find that she was also slightly wet beneath her legs! What was happenning to her? First the incident outside the dorm, now this. Was she being arroused by the humiliation she was going through? She didn't know but she had to get off the stage. She stopped at the stairs, unwilling to repeat what happened on the way up.

"Laura, stop being such a prude! Go turn on the projector! It's not like you'll be showing us somtheing we haven't seen before!" Sam yelled.

Laura flushed with embarrasement at this, but to her surprise, instead of continuing off the stage, her body started to turn back towards the projector! The Orgy's normal suggestive powers were being augumented by Laura's arrousal, and Laura was having a hard time even thinking straight!

Laura walked towards the projector, turning on the accompanying microphone before turning her body and her confused mind to the projector itself. She stared at the object, a flat box with a large hook sticking out of it and a lense at one end.

Seeing the hook, Sam called out, "The on button is on the other side Laura! Just reach over and push it!"

In her battered state of mind, Laura didn't think to question the idea of bending over the machine instead of going around it. Instead, she simply did as she was told, and bent at the waist so she could reach across the projector to the other side. She strained to reach the other side, leaning more and more. The students gasped as Laura's skirt rose up off her ass once again, revealing her beautiful white half moons. Hearing the gasp, Laura tried to stand up, but she found that she was caught on something. She reached under herself to try and find what she was caught on. The students could only see that she was handling her own chest, and many had their own ideas of what she was doing.

Finally, Laura called out, "Sam, I think my bra is stuck on something, but I cant get it off!" in a soft voice that only Sam, sitting in the front row, should have been able to hear. But Laura had forgoteen about the microphone she had turneed on, which broadcasted her embarrassing anouncement ot all in the room.

Claire was another senior in the class. She was a very good looking blonde, with long legs, a thin waist and huge 40EE breasts. She was wearing a pair of tight cotton short shorts that had the backs cut off, revealing one hundered percent of her perfect ass. Even in the front the shorts came down nearly an inch short of the tops of her thighs. She was also wearing a tight tube top that showed off her cleavage and ended just below her breasts, showing off her flat stomach. She was obviously not wearing a bra or panties. What nearly no one knew was that Claire was a lesbian and that Claire was very attracted to Laura.

"Wait there, I'll help," called Claire to Laura.

The class watched in awe as one beautiful girl who was barely dressed walked up to a second beautiful girl who seemed to be in the process of undressing herself!

By the time Claire had walked to where Laura was trapped, Laura had succeeded in popping off all but the very last button on her blouse in her struggles to get free. Her breasts, barely in the tiny cups of her bra, hung straight down off her chest. Realizing that the class could see nothing except for Laura's nearly naked butt, Claire convinced Laura that in order to see what she was caught on, Claire would have to turn the projector and Laura with it. Laura, her mind overloading with sensations of arrousal, agreed, and soon the class had, instead of simply a view of Laura's firm butt, now could see a side view of Laura's entire body. Camera's started to flash once more as the students saw what was left of Laura's blouse. With a flick of her finger, Claire knocked the last button from Laura's blouse and both sides fell open.

"Yes, you bra is definetly hooked on something. If I could take the bra off, you would be free." Claire's amplified voice echoed of the lecture hall's walls.

"NO! Not yet at least, I mean. Cant you try to get it unhooked?"

All right, I'll try."

With that, Claire bent at the waist and reached under Laura's body. The class was given a real treat as her beautiful ass stuck straight out at them and the tiny strip of cotton in between her firm ass cheeks dissapeared into her crack. She then grabbed each of Laura's breasts in one hand and began to squeeze them. Each gigantic globe was perfect, firm yet soft.

"What are you doing Claire? Stop that!"

Laura was becoming frantic as Claire's attention to her breasts threatened to overwhelm her efforts to keep her arrousal under control.

"I'm just trying to figure out how the hook is caught on your bra. Now stop complaining!"

Claire pretended to examine Laura's bra, running her hands over the straining cups, twisting and pulling at Laura's barely covered nipples through the cups until they were like one inch spikes of rock. Then finally, pretending to examin the bra clasp in the middle of Laura's bra, she bent the hook, allowing the bra to explode open before Claire whisked it the rest of the way off of Laura's glorious breasts, each mountain of perfect flesh tender and swollen from the constant punishment.

Laura knew that if this went on for much longer she would lose control. She could feel the orgasm building up inside her until she felt like she was going to explode. Then, just as she reached her limit, Laura felt the hands go away. Laura was going to mutter a "thanks", when she felt the hands return. Laura's gasp and the class' gasp were simultaneous, as they saw and she felt the hands take the waist band of Laura's thong and pull the thong to her ankles.

"Oh, my god! Claire why are you doing that?"

"Didn't I tell you to be quite? If you complain again I will spank you right here in front of the whole class!" Claire sounded like she was getting annoyed.

"But..." A resounding WHACK filled the room, followed by a whimper of pain as Claire's hand slammed into Laura's naked ass. Laura, unable to stand much more of this, surged upward. Her skirt's waistband snapped as her stomach tensed, and the tiny piece of cloth blew off the stage. Laura, naked except for a pair of six inch pumps, reached out for the closest thing to grab onto.

When Claire felt a hand grab the front of her tube top, her instictive reaction was to back away to try and escape. This was the wrong thing to do, and Claire could feel the tables turning as Laura's fall ripped her top from her body, exposing her massive bosum to the class. Laura, trying to find something else to break her fall with, then grabbed Claire's tiny shorts. They didn't last long either, but they did last long enough for part of Laura's momentum to travel from her to Claire. In other words, whe Laura fell, Claire fell with her. Or, to be exact, on her.

When Claire's naked body fell onto Laura's naked body, both seniors lost any semblence of control. In seconds, the two gorgeous women were pleasuring each other and themselves as video cameras hummed and flashes went off. Both women eventually lost consciousness, and a few more enterprising students moved quickly, Dragging the two beauties to a nearby support pillar and tying the gorgoeus women to it.

When Laura and Claire woke up, they found themselves the main attraction of what must have been half the campus. Students were fondling them, taking pictures of them, even taking pictures WITH them. Then blissfully, the two fell back into unconsciousness.

Jack was in a class called "art in motion picture photography"; in other words, Jack video taped stuff for an art credit. Last week, Jack had been told by his professor to find and film "innocence and beauty in its raw and naked state". For weeks, Jack had been waiting for inspiration. Then he saw Laura.

She had been sitting on a campus park bench, reading notes of some sort. Her enormous bust was barely contained by a ultratight tube top. While the top may have at one point adequately covered her gigantic bosum, the top had been slowly creeping downwards for over five minutes. Now the top just barely covered her nipples, allowing full view of her amazing cleavage and even showing the tops of her half dollar sized aureoles. Her nipples, while covered, were plainly visible as they poked out nearly an inch into the air through the thin fabric of her top. Her tiny skirt, which couldn't have been more than six inches long, and had a long slit running up the right side all the way to the waist. Just as her tube top was working its way down her chest, her tiny micro miniskirt was working its way up her wide hips. Her lush bush was already visible, and Jack didn't think that skirt had EVER covered her butt adequately. If it had, it certainly didn't now, though her ass was partially hidden by the bench. Obviously, Laura was deep in her reading, or she would have fixed her clothes, not that Jack was complaining.

Then the moment of truth; in a single moment, the tube top slipped off Laura's enormous breasts, falling to her waist. However into her reading she was, there was no way Laura could not notice THAT. The feeling of her huge breasts springing free of the tiny tube top alerted her to her sudden lack of coverage over her boobs. Her long nipples stiffened in embarrasement. Then with a shreak, Laura shot to her feet. She reached down and grabbed her tube top, her glorious tits bouncing wildly from her sudden rise to her feet. Her skirt rose above her hips as she spread her legs wide in an unconscious effeort to keep her balance as she tried to pull her tiny little top over her incredible twin double E's.

A large crowd had develloped, over one hundered people were staring in awe as the goreous brunette, trying another tactic, tried pulling her top up with one hand while stuffing her breats into the top. She had almost managed to get her right breast into her top when she began to feel light headed. Just like in the lecture hall, Laura was beginning to feel aroused. Onlookers gasped as they saw a trickle of wetness leak out from between Laura's exposed vagina and run down her long legs. Ashamed, Laura tried to let go of her breasts in the hopes that the feeling would go away. But to her horror, instead of letting go of her breast, her other hand let go of her top! Then, as if her hand had a mind of its own, her left hand grabbed her other breast and began, along with her right hand, to massage her mammoth globes, right in front of the crowd of onlookers.

Gazing in amazement and delight, her audience watched as Laura tortured her own tender nipples, playing with them until they were diamond hard. Then, while one hand stayed on top of her breasts, while the other reached behind her, and using her thumb and forefinger, spread her large round ass cheeks apart and proceeded to enter her slender middle finger deep into her own pussy.

The crowd watched in awe as Laura sank to the ground. Within seconds, Laura was shaking in the throes of the first of many climaxes before she passed into blissful darkness.

Meanwhile, the fun over, onlookers waited only a few more minuts to gaze at Laura's wonderous body before they all tramped to the dorm room of the one person who had thought to tape the whole thing. There they planned to use his VCR to make copies of the tape he had just shot. It would be good for pleasure, and, you never know when an opportunity for blackmail might turn up.

Jack, on the other hand stayed behind. He walked over to Laura's unconcious figure and carefully carried her over to the park bench where she had been sitting. He left her clothes the way they were, but made sure she was sitting in a way which allowed full view of all her assets. Then, Jack took out HIS digital video camera and waited.

A few minutes later, Laura awoke. What a horrible dream! All those people, and me doing that to myself, and in front of them no less! I'm so glad that didn't happen! Looking down Laura was shocked at the state of her clothing. Her massive boobs were still on display, along with her brown bush and wet pussy in the front and her plump, round ass in the back. Quickly, Laura stood up once again. Carefull this time not to touch her boobs, Laura remembered how she had gotten them into the tight top that morning. Sucking in her chest as far as it would go, she yanked the top as hard as she could. Like magic, the tube top went over her breasts, though not before ripping straight down the middle to nearly her breasts! Resigned to the fact that her cleavage was on display, she was happy that at least the rest of her huge bosum was covered.

Then, with a flash of embarrassment, Laura remembered her tiny skirt, and with a quick tug, pulled it down to her hips once more, where it resumed its duties on not covering much of anything at all. The whole time she didn't even notice the young man following her with a a digital camera from less than twenty feet away, nor did she notice the crowd that had re-formed around her after hearing the loud rip as her top grew a new v neck.

Laura was just about to sit down, when she heard the sound of a motor starting up. A maintnence worker was starting a leaf blower nearby. He was staring so intently at Laura's well endowed figure that he didn't even realize that he had the leaf blower on suck, not blow. So when the blower turned on, it was suddenly a sucker, sucking leaves in the nozzel before spitting the shredded leaves out the back.

When the maintnence worker finally discovered that his blower was sucking, he had an idea. Walking up towards where Laura was still standing, fixing her clothes, he suddenly "tripped". In the act of falling, he made sure that the leaf blower's suction caught the front of Laura's tube top. The nozzel landed right smack on the end of one of Laura's nipples. With a loud rip, the poor top ripped the rest of the way down the middle before flying into the blower to emerge in the back as a shower of cotton confetti. Laura's mouth made a little "o" of shock as the blower began to suck on her breast. Oh my god! Im getting wet between my legs! Im being aroused by a leaf blower!

Laura's mind knew there was something wrong here. Laura was about to pull the hose from herself when it suddenly fell off her now swollen breast and attached itself to her tiny miniskirt. Within seconds, the micro mini was more confetti and Laura was naked again. But the hoze had attached itself now to Lauras vulnerable vagina. Laura felt her body begin to react as the suction pulled the hose farther and farther into Laura's tight pussy.

Soon, Laura was once again on the ground climaxing, this time to the sensations produced by a garden tool. And Jack got it on tape. Jack waited until Laura fell unconcious again, then left, leaving her at the mercies of whoever decided to come along.

When word got around that Laura was still being stripped naked, seemingly every time she went out of her dorm room, the students at Boobfurd began to get bold. When something happens often enough, you just assume that its ok. This had begun to happen with Laura and her humiliations. The first incident occured two days after the debacle in the park.

Laura was walking down the hall to her next class. Her enormous bosum was encased in a ultratight, ultrathin tank top. Her tiny six inch micro miniskirt was equally tight and equally thin. The tank top had a deep u neck which went to just above her inch long nipples, which poked through the tissue thin material like it wasn't there. Her watermelon sized breasts were squashed against the tiny top, creating deep cleavage. Her super small micro miniskirt encased her delicious bum like a second skin and stopped just below her pussy, but still left the bottom half of her large ass on display. A long slit in the right side of the skirt allowed for no extra mobility, but did allow for extra visibility, allowing anyone on that side a view of her soft skin extending all the way to the waistband of her skirt, banishing any doubts about Laura's pantyless state. Her glorious ass jiggled with every wiggling step that her six inch heels forced her to take.

Laura had developed a large following. No matter where she went, there always seemed to be at least thirty or more young men walking behind her, staring intently at her butt. Then there were the mobs of photography students who seemed to be waiting for her to pass by so they could record her nearly naked state.

Laura was approaching the entrance to the cafeteria. Her next class was just beyond the cafeteria door. She had already eaten, but the cafeteria was filled with students. She was about to pass the doorway, when out stepped Claire.

Clair was wearing an outfit almost as revealing as Laura's. Her huge 40EE's were barely contained by a undersized, white, lace bra visible through the deep v neck of her blouse. The blouse showed signs of modifications; there were obvious marks where all of the buttons except the bottom one had been removed, allowing anyone to see all of Claires deep cleavage, the tops of her glorious breasts, and most of her flat stomach. The one remaining button strained to hold the super tiny blouse closed as Claire's huge tits, topped by long one inch nipples, pushed against it it.

Her skirt was an ultra tight micro miniskirt, more belt than skirt. The four inch strip barely concealed her mound, while allowing easy visibility of her deep ass cleavage above and below the tiny micro mini. Her thong panties were obvious through the taut fabric. Her bust and butt were pushed out farther even than normal by the posture her sexy six inch heels forced her to adopt.

Cameras were already rolling when Claire opened her arms wide open to hug Laura, at the same time saying, "Laura! So good to see you again! Come sit with me at lunch!"

Claire's wide stretched arms pulled her nearly buttonless blouse wide open, and her large bra - clad boobs popped out into the open, bouncing up and down from their exit. Her nipples instantly hardened from the sudden exposure to the chill air in the hallway and her face became flush with embarrassment. Her body completed its action and closed her slender arms around Laura's back.

Laura, shocked by Claire's sudden appearance, was unable to move for a few seconds. Then she protested, "But Claire, I have a class to go to, and besides, last time we met you stripped me naked!"

But it was too late. Claire clasped her arms around Laura's back and squeezed. Onlookers gasped as they witnessed the largest meeting of any two sets of breasts EVER. Laura's protested died as Claires bra clad breasts pressesd tightly against her own. Laura was assualted by waves of arrousal as the four mounds of flesh rubbed against each other, super hard one inch nipple to super hard one inch nipple. Laura's breasts were swollen now, each tender globe now an awe inspiring 44EE.

Then, with a shreak from Claire,the two broke apart. Claire tried desperately to shove her huge bra clad breasts back into the miniscule blouse, but in her struggles, one of Claires long nails bcame stuck in her plastic bra clasp. With a yank, she pulled her nail out of the clasp, in the proces snapping the delicate clasp in two. The bra flew open and Claire's breasts, swollen to the size of Laura's from her efforts to get them in the tight top, flew out into view and the bra slid down out the back of her untucked blouse and into the crowd of admirers. Claire flushed with embarrassment as she forced her huge bosum back into her tiny blouse, before taking Laura by the hand and pulling her into the cafeteria.

Laura, dizzy from the arrousal caused by the unwanted contact from Claire and increasedly succeptible to Claire's suggestions because of the Orgy in her veins, followed with barely a protest. Every male and many of the females in the cafeteria, more than 1000 students, followed the pair of buxom beauties as Claire lead Laura towards her table in the exact middle of the cafeteria.

Then, as the pair was about halfway to the table, disaster struck. Claire was staring at Laura with undisquised longing, though Laura, in her confused state didn't notice. But Claire was distracted by Laura's luscious curves, her swolen breasts pushing the tiny top to its limits. So distracted, that she walked into the corner of a table. The hem of her blouse snagged on the edge of the table, and, when Claire continued onwards towards her table, her blouse didn't. With a loud rip, Claire's blouse ripped at the seams and flew off Claire's body. Unfettered, Claries huge tits, swollen to 44EE size, sprang out into the open.

Hands began to reach out from all directions, emboldened by her humiliating exposure. They pinched and squeezed her breasts as Claire's head swiveled in all directions trying to find her antagonist.

"Claire, your breasts!"

"Thanks for stating the obvious Laura! Lets just get over to my table. I have an extra shirt in my bag there." Claire spoke through gritted teeth as she crossed her arms in a futile attempt to protect her tender boobs against the constant attacks.

Then an enterprising soul reached out with his fork and snagged Claire's ultra tiny micro miniskirt. The crowd went wild as Claire turned to plead with the fork wielding student. She was the only one who knew that not only had the fork caught her skirt, it had gotten inside her panties top. One tug and all would be lost.

Laura, unaware of Claire's predicament, forged on forward. Before Claire could utter a word, Laura had taken another step and a horrible RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!!!! filled the cafeteria. Laura turned back to see Claire stading in the middle of the cafeteria stark naked in a pair of six inch heels. Her buttocks jiggled and her huge swollen breasts bobbed crazily as she fended off hands from all directions.

Claire sprinted to the table, breasts flying all over the place, bosum and and ass covered in red hand marks. Only to find that her backpack, along with her change of clothes was gone. With sob, Claire rotated 360 degrees, desperately searching for something, anything to cover herself with.

The she saw Laura. Laura was her size and still had her clothes...

Claire once again hugged herself to Laura's generous chest. Laura's body, just calmed down, immediately reacted to the feel of Claires huge, soft breasts against Laura's own. Laura's breasts once against swelled to mamoth proportions.

But this was not just a friendly hug. Suddenly, Laura felt Claire's hands on her firm ass.

"Claire, what are you doing?" "Nothing dear, lets get out of here!" "But your hands are on my butt!" "No they aren't! At a time like this, all you can think of is imagining my hands on your butt?" "I'm sorry Claire, you're right, I don't know whats going on with me!"

Claire smiled. Laura was so gullible. Her hands began to squeeze Laura's delicious buttocks, molding each firm cheeck in her hands. Claire could feel the wetness forming between Laura's thighs as Laura tried to escape from Claire's devastating embrace.

"Claire! Someone is ... touching me." "Where?" "You know, there." "No I don't know Laura, where?" "On my... oh my god, they are GOING IN MY LEGS!"

Laura's mind reeled as Claire pushed her flat on the cafeteria table. "There is no one there Laura. You must have something on you. Let me take a look."

In a swift moment, Claire yanked Laura's skirt down, off her wide hips and down her legs and over her six inch pumps.

"Oh, my god! Claire! What are you doing?"

"well you cant expect me to examine you with your skirt on!"

"But all the people... they can see me! Oh my god!"

Claire didn't even respond. She just continued to mold Laura's delicious ass in her hands.

"I think I found whats bothering you." Said Claire. With that, she took a remote control vibrator, 12 inches long, out of her purse, which was still at the table. With a shove the device entered Laura's anus. A surprised "oh" from Laura dissapeared as soon as Claire, using the remote, turned on the nefarious device. Burning sensations invaded Laura's vulnerable vagina and soon Laura was trwisting in the throes of nearly six consecutive orgasms.

Slipping Laura's tight top off, Claire put on Laura's outfit and walked towards the door. She had almost made it when three boys stood up, two of them grabbing her by the arms.

"Well, it seems you're the only one who didn't get any attention there, pretty little thing! Ill fix that!" announced the third boy. With this he grabbed the thin top and skirt in each hand and pulled. With a loud double rip, the garments came off Claire's gorgeous body. Blushing with embarrassment at being stripped naked once against, her red face turned suddenly white as the boy undid his belt and started to lower his pants...

As soon as Claire began to walk away, Sam jumped up and grabbed the remote control for the vibrator. Making sure it was on, he put the control in his pocket and got a small black backpack from under his seat. Inside was the change of clothes Claire had planned on using. Quickly, Sam dressed Laura in the clothes as the crowd of students groaned in dissapointment.

The groans were short lived when Sam turned off the vibrator and stepped back to watch Laura get up.

Somewhere deep in the back of Laura's skull, the part of her mind that was a rational human being detected the absence of the horrible sensations that had been coming from her crotch.

Laura opened her eyes. What a horrible dream. She had been ambushed by Claire and Claire had stripped her again in front of thousands of other students and then brought her to orgasm. What a nightmare! Then Laura saw all the people circled around herwhy were they all there? They shouldn't be in her dorm room. Oh my god, it actually happened! The realization hit Laura like a ton of bricks. Laura stood up and looked down at her body. At least she wasn't naked.

Laura was almost as good as naked. Claire's back up clothing had been composed of two items; a pair of denim shorts and a tube top. The tube top was a size child small - Laura's chest was a size adul x-large. Somehow Laura's huge breasts fit inside, though just barely. The deep v neck allowed view of all of Laura's magnificent cleavage. The top was incredibly tight, smashing Laura's boobs painfully against her chest until they looked the size of dinner plates. Her nipples poked through the thin fabriv like it wasn't there. Even worse, the top was only 9 inches long. The top ended just below Laura's nipples. The bottom halves of her enormous breasts were on constant display, even the bottom halves of her aureoles were visible.

Laura couldnt raise her hand or even take a deep breath without her mamoth boobs falling out the bottom of the tiny top. The stretchy denim shorts were from the same department. The shorts fit perfectly on her tiny waist, and even stretched to go over her wide hips. But obviously Claire had realized tha the shorts would never fit over her, or now Laura's, substantial ass. Always the voice of practicality, Claire had cut off the backs of each leg. The back of the shorts now consisted of only a centimeter thin strip of denim. The reason the shorts hadFit over Laura's waist so well was that the shorts were low riders, meant to stop at the hips. Consequently, in pulling the incredibly tiny shorts up to Laura's waist, Sam had embedded the tiny strip of denim INSIDE LAURA'S pussy lips!

Laura realized she had to go back to her room and change. She had taken two steps when she felt the tight denim rubing against her tender vulva. Two more steps and the sensations were almost unbearable. Laura took the zipper on her tiny shorts and pulled, hoping to unzip it only part way but give her relief from the horrible sensations in her crotch. But the zipper wouldn't move. Standing in the middle of a crowded cafeteria, Laura struggled to pull down the zipper on her shorts, but no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't budge. Laura closed her eyes and gave a powerful tug on the jammed zipper, and to her relief she felt the zipper move. But when she open her eyes, Laura found to her horror that she had broken the zipper clean off, leaving the teeth still jammed and her with no way to get the tight shorts off.

Just then, Sam walked up to Laura, one hand in her pocket. "Come on Laura, we have to get to class! you've got a presenttion today, remember?"

"But I cant give a presentation like this! Look at me! I'm nearly naked!"

"Nonsense, you look fine, now come on!"

Laura was about to object again when she felt something inside her crotch begin to move. Her eyes began to glaze over and her hands grabbed her buttocks and breasts, massaging them.

Wow, thought Sam, Laura's amazing. That wasn't even the high setting!

"Oh, my god! What am I doing! What was that Sam?"

"I dont know, but you have to get to class."

Sam could tell that the Orgy was once again taking effect. A tiny trickle of wetness came out from between Laura's long legs. Her huge breasts had swollen again and her long nipples were diamond hard. The suggestive properties were working as well, and Laura found herself entering her classroom only minutes later.

"Well, well, glad you could make it girls," said the professor. "I hope your ready for your presentation Laura."

"Oh, she is," Sam blurted before Laura could say different.

Resigned to her fate, Laura marched to the front of the class, her naked buttocks jiggling with every step she took.

"Oowww!" Laura jerked in surprise as a hand smacked her perfect ass. "Oowww!"

Another hand reached out, giving her a pinch on one butt cheek. Soon hands were coming from everywhere, pinching, slapping, grabbing. Laura started to run towards the front, only to trip and fall as her six inch heels caused her to lose her balance. With a thump, Laura hit the ground, unhurt, thanks to the natural padding from her balloon sized breasts.

Soon dozens of students were surrounding Laura's prone body in the pretense of helping her up. They grabbed her everywhere, groping her swollen breasts, playing with her jutting buttocks, trwisting her tender nipples.

The treatment went on for minute despite Laura's protests and pleading, until the Professor finally came over and told the students to let her be, though not before he too got a little time in. And not before Sam, with a pair of scissors, made a few adjustments to Laura's already revealling costume. To the naked eye, nothing had changed. But if you knew where to look and you looked closely, you kight have seen a tiny cut at the vertex of the v neck of the tube top, as well as a matching one at the bottom of the tiny top.

Laura finally reached the front of the class. Her cheeks were flushed, her huge breasts were swollen and her nipples hardened, and her long legs glistened with her own juices. The tiny shorts had ridden even further between her lips and her top had already developed long rips where Sam had worked with the scissors, leaving barely an inch of fabric holding the top together, and that was dissapearing fast.

Brain still fuzzy, Laura barely noticed any of this as she started her report.

"Today I am going to present to you on the subject of..." Laura's voice died off as she felt vibrations within her most private of places.

The class' eyes all shot wide open as her hands shot down to the crotch of her shorts. Laura could feel something hard sticking out from in between her legs now as it vibrated alarmingly.

Gritting her teeth against the arrousal overcoming her body she managed to gasp out, "Professor, I nned to go to the bathroom!"

"Not now Laura, the class waited long enough for you to get here, now you are going to finish your presentation!"

Laura was about to protest again when a wave of pleasure, much more powerful than the last overcame her resistance at last. At the same moment, her top lost the remaining threads holding it together, and her mammoth breasts flew into view, bobbing crazily. The crotchband of Laura's shorts, already thin and now weakened by the wetness from her pussy, snapped and her shorts rode up to her waist as she rolled on the floor in the front of the class. The huge vibrator fell out, unheeded as Laura's fingers replaced it inside herself.

Needless to say, Laura got the higest grade of the class. Sam, on the other hand, distracted by memories of Laura's presentation, failed. But Sam wasn't dissapointed...

Sam looked at her consolation prize. I've never even heard of a vibrator this powerful! I think I'm going to keep it! Sam smiled. The huge remote controlled vibrator might come in handy again in the near future.

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Playful Pussy by ?

The waves crashing upon the shore, the night balmy and the heat sweltering, the ocean breeze drifting through our open bedroom doors making the soaring temperatures bearable. Lying in bed, talking to Oliver about many different things, subjects so diverse that it made the night pleasant and the conversation great. I loved lying in his arms, covered by nothing but a white satin sheet. I was slightly distracted, my thoughts taking me to far away places, leaving me only half concentrating on our conversation. I am not sure how long it was before I realized that there was a silence in the air, Oliver had stopped talking. I looked towards him.

“What on earth are you thinking about?” he asked. I hesitated to tell him and momentarily paused.

“I have been having a reoccurring dream…” I began.

“Yes?” his voice filled with curiosity and interest.

Looking away, I relived my dream as I begin my tale to him, picturing it as if I was once again dreaming, as it has happened for the past four nights.

“Well, I am wearing my black skin tight R.M.Williams shirt. It has a picture of a white bull on the front with long horns that spread across my breasts with the R. M. Williams logo on the back. I am also wearing white full brief knickers…and nothing else! My hair is out and unruly. I am running down a cobble-stoned street, when I notice a boat on my right hand side, in a canal of some sort that runs through the city. Everything in my dream is black and white.” (I emphasis this point to note I feel there is some significance to this.) “I climb down on the boat, which is empty. I pick up a note that says, “Someone needs your help!” The boat as if controlled by a remote control goes by itself and meanders through the water that in my dream I picture the boat being like a fish. A short while later, the boat pulls up at a private jetty. I step off the boat and onto the pier. Then everything I can see in my dream turns into colour. In front of me, is lush green grass covering a steep hill and on top of that hill, is a ‘gone with the winds’ style house, but its huge and reminds me of a castle. I run up the hill, get to the front door and turn the door handle, pushing the door open, I walk in without pausing to knock. I don’t know who owns this place but I just walk inside. No one is there! I don’t have to look around, or yell out a hello. I just know the place is empty. I look upwards to the far wall and see a ray of sunshine beam through a high window. I feel happy and picture lots of people and a party, laughter. I turn around and I see people standing near me, yet they are in black and white. They are far enough away from me though that I can not hear them talking. I feel like I let them down somehow, however they appear to be afraid of me. This is when I wake up.”

I look back over at him…he is exhausted and has fallen asleep.

“Oh well.” I think to myself. I roll over and cuddle him, falling asleep.

“No, James! It is mine! Give it to me!” Chloe screams at her younger brother James and James screaming to keep whatever it is they are fighting over. “Who needs an alarm clock when you have these two!” I jokingly say to Oliver as I forced myself out of bed to attend to their screaming needs.

“What time is it?” Oliver asked as he rolled over to talk to me.

Looking at the clock, I pointed “6:26am!” I sarcastically replied, meaning….’Oh yeah the kids are at it, and there is no rest for the wicked.’ “Cuppa?” I queried in the direction of the bedroom as I walked up the hall.

“Yes, please and make it a strong one!” came the half-bubbly, half-serious reply.

“Chloe and James….cut it out!” I sternly commented as I walked past the quarreling two.

Made the cup of tea and headed back in the direction of the bedroom. Neither Chloe nor James was prepared to share or give up this item they were fighting over, the screams and yelps getting louder and more abrupt. Walking past them, I reached into the middle of the two and grabbed the item out of their hands and said “You cant play nicely…you cant have it.” Looking at it, I discovered that it was a bouncy ball, identical to each other’s. That was my mistake when I bought them.

Finally, a few hours later, Chloe went to school and daycare picked up Jim. It was just Oliver and I! Unexpectedly, Oliver got up, got dressed and put on his shoes.

“Where you going?” I asked. “I told you, I have to load and unload today!” he replied.

So I got up too. Walking Oliver out to the truck, I said goodbye and returned inside. ‘MMMM, I might have another cup of tea.” I thought. Walking over to the fridge, I go to grab the milk. DAMN, none left.

I get dressed appropriately and walk over to the shops. On the way back, Kirsten yells from her bedroom window “Hey there sexy!” I look up in time to see Kirsten flash her tits at me. I shake my head, smiling, continuing to walk past. I hear bursts of laughter behind me, as she gets up the giggles at my embarrassment. “I will be over shortly….” She yells from her bedroom window. Not looking back, I yell “ok”, still giggling to myself.

I walk inside my house leaving the sliding door open for my soon to be visitor, turn the kettle on and place the milk on the bench. Moments later, Kirsten comes running inside.

“Do you like my big tits, sexy?” she cheekily asks.

“Yes, they are great tits!” I reply, still smiling.

I notice Kirsten is in a very playful mood and dressed very seductively with her revealing top, mini skirt and her shoes with straps that twist back n forth all the way up her shapely legs. She dances her way behind me, smacks me on the bum and flirtatiously says “what ya up ta?”

“Having a cuppa with you, and then, no plans for the day…Oliver gets home in 2 hours.” I coyly state.

She turns around n faces me, back to the bench and jumps up, sitting in front of me, swinging her legs back n forth, teasingly.

“I have the whole day off…nothing to do……” she tells me suggestively.

I walk upstairs to the bedroom and pick up the phone. ‘040…’ I start dialing Oliver’s number, very glad when he answers on the third ring. “Oliver, Kirsten is here! She is teasing me, wanting to be fucked…do you mind?”

“No, not at all. Can I join in?” his response quick and eager.

“Absolutely! Don’t be long….”

He hung up. I returned downstairs; Kirsten had one leg perched on the cabinet doors, exposing her pussy to me. The sassy bitch was wearing no knickers. Her pussy shiny from her wetness. I grabbed her arm, yanked her off the bench and said “Kirsten, that is it! You want it……..well so do I! Walk upstairs! Move!” I ordered, undid my belt and smacked her across her cheeky bum.

As she walked in front of me up the stairs you could see the cheeks of her ass and her pussy flaps rubbing together as she swayed her hips side to side with each step. At the last step before the top, she stopped suddenly, bent over, spread her legs sticking her sweet smelling pussy in my face and just as quickly stood upright and ran to the bedroom, plunking herself down on the bed.

I leaned over her, pushing her body down with mine, as I stood between her legs, kissing her passionately. Finally, her back flat against the bed, I kissed her neck, slowly unzipped her top, her shirt resting to either side of her. Her breasts bounced out, unrestricted. I sucked her breasts sticking them in my mouth, with my tongue flicking her nipple, my other hand caressing her other breast, rubbing it while enjoying her soft skin and erect nipple in my mouth.

Kirsten moaned, running her hands through my hair, enjoying the attention. I stop! And kiss all the way down her desirable size 10-12 body; she lifts her hips upwards allowing me to remove her skirt. I run my fingers around the top of her skirt, slowly pulling it down. Her small tattoo on her hipbone, is the first thing I see. I kiss it, still sliding her skirt slowly off her, I kiss the top of her pussy, her back arches, her nipples standing to attention, her pussy smelling awesomely inviting.

Realising that my pussy had become absolutely saturated, my nipples erect, I cant hold back any longer…I yank of her skirt, pushed her legs apart and kneel down to swallow some of those juices. I bury my mouth deep within her flaps, my mouth covered with her juice as I make a pig of myself, licking her clit at a great rate of knots. Her body thrashing in rhythm of my tongue lapping at her pussy. She is moaning. Her body loving it, wanting it and needing it.

Just then Oliver walked into the bedroom, I moved aside and let Oliver quench his thirst, while I kissed her, our tongues exploring each other’s.

“I am going to cum!” she stated between heavy breaths.

Oliver didn’t stop, his tongue picking up pace. Kristen’s body convulsing with her orgasm; exploding and shooting her cum down his throat. Eventually, standing up, he reached over to me, pulled me close and kissed me, allowing me to savor the taste of Kristen’s cum.

“Damn girl, yum!” Oliver stated as he walked out of the room. “Do each other, I need a shower n I will be right back.” He said as he headed down the corridor.

Kirsten sat up next to where I was sitting and unbuttoned my shirt. I took off my jeans, sitting back beside her, she held onto my shoulders as she pushed me down onto the bed and jumped on top of me. Sitting on my face, making me lick clean her juicy pussy flaps, only to hop off minutes later after grinding her pussy into my face, knowing just how to tease.

Maneuvering her way down to my dripping wet, very excited pussy she stuck a finger up inside me, then another finger and another, ramming her fingers deep within me, the thrust and force rough but arousing. Finger fucking my pussy.

“Oh yeah” I groaned with sheer pleasure.

She pulled her fingers out, went to the draw beside the bed, where she knew I kept my toys and pulled out the vibrator. She lowered her mouth to my shaven pussy, stuck out her tongue and sucked and lapped up all my juices both inside and out of my already throbbing pussy. My hormones surging, holding her head there with my hand as I was about to climax, I was going to fill her mouth and make my cum run down her chin.

But I spoke too soon, Oliver walked into the room, knew I was about to cum, pulled Kirsten off me and said, “make her wait!” I couldn’t believe it. I was so close. I gave him a look as if to say “ you bastard…I will get you back for that one!” He smiled.

I reached into the draw and pulled out my newest toy…a double-ended dildo. Oliver obviously knew what it was, as his cock started to rise. He turned Kirsten to face him, bent her over on the bed, into doggy position while I slid the huge dildo inside her. “That feels great!” she said with delight, as I turned around, our asses facing each other. Oliver placed the other end inside me. Kirsten n I attached via a large dildo. We both started to fuck our end of the dildo, our bums slapping together as we fucked it hard and vigorously.

Oliver kneeling in front of Kirsten, making her suck his cock while she fucked herself silly. His cock getting rock hard in her warm moist mouth, thrusting it all the way in, forcing her to deep throat his cock as he pounded it in n out. Kirsten getting off on her hormones, moaned loudly. And just to be cheeky and in control, Oliver stopped! Pulled his rock hard cock out, pulling it in front of her, not allowing her to have his cock like she desperately wanted. Teasing her.

He stood up and walked over to me, pulled me forward. The dildo that was ramming deep within me, slid out with ease. Ordering me to turn around, my ass facing him he said “girl, grab hold of that dildo n fuck her hard!” “I am going to fuck your ass while you fuck her! Do it!” he commanded.

Taking a grip of the well-lubricated dildo, I pushed it in n out of Kristen’s pussy gradually getting faster n faster. Oliver spreading my ass cheeks n pushing his cock into my tight ass and fucked it hard and he fucked it fast.

“IM cumming…” I stuttered as my body shook with intensity of the orgasm, my ass clenching tighter around his cock, sending him over the edge, spurting his load in my ass.

Rocking back n forth ensuring he had shot all of his cum deep inside my well-fucked ass. I was still ramming the dildo up Kristen’s dripping pussy, not realizing she had climaxed.

“Stop please, please?” she pleaded.

“Have you cum?” Oliver asked.

“Yes…. Yes that’s twice now….” She argued.

Oliver still as horny as hell, his cock not going down laid flat on the bed. I withdrew the dildo, licked off the juice and placed Kirsten on top of oliver’s readily awaiting cock. Her back to him, she leaned back towards him, allowing him to thrust his erect cock straight up inside her. Oliver fucking her madly, I found her clit and started to rub it with my wet finger.

“You are going to fucken cop it now, Kirsten…open up baby!” I whispered in her ear.

With that Oliver pulled his cock out of her pussy and shoving it with maximum depth straight up and into her ass. Her pussy still craving attention, I fairly fucken rammed the vibrator as far as I could, pumping her pussy with it in and out, thrusting it over and over again. Kirsten was double plugged, both the vibrator n Oliver fucking her with all their might, she was helpless. She was being truly fucked.

“Oh fuck…. Oh god…. Oh god…oh fuuuuuuuuucking yeeeeeeeeehhhhhhh” Kirsten screamed as she came over n over again, her juices spraying out over Oliver’s cock n onto my face.

Hearing Kirsten’s screams of delight, oliver’s body responded, fucking her quicker n quicker, just before cumming he pushed Kirsten off his cock, held her head down by her hair and said “open your mouth Kirsten! Wide! Here is your prize!” As he was saying it, he shot his cum all over her face and into her mouth, watching her swallow.

I looked at the clock…3:15pm! “Hey c’mon showers before the kids get home. We have 15 minutes.”

Kirsten sat up, her body still trembling leaned over n kissed me, then Oliver, standing up, she got dressed, ran down the steps and yelled out “thank you…” as she fled down the driveway. Oliver n I just laughed at her antics, walked down to the shower, jumped in together where Oliver said “ hi sweetie, IM home!” with a cheeky grin.

I smiled at him, gave him a kiss, hopped out and walked downstairs for that cuppa I didn’t get to make that morning. On the bench was a note: ‘ Thank you for a great way to spend a day. Love your playmate, Kirsten xxxx’

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THE ARROGANT PROFESSOR by ?

Anna made herself comfortable on the seat at the front of the lecture hall; she was relieved to have got such a good seat for one of the most eagerly awaited symposiums of the academic year.Swanson was coming to demonstrate her new and controversial ideals on nuclear fusion. The air of anticipation was electric by the time the hall lights dimmed and the professor walked on stage to applause.

Anna was surprised by both the youth and the startling beauty of the guest speaker."Thank you and good evening!" said the Prof. as she signalled with her hands for the crowd to quieten down. "I am here to demonstrate the power which my theory and practical experiments could give to mankind!". Rather a grand claim thought Anna as the Prof.'s assistants wheeled out a large Plexiglas cubicle with all manner of laboratory equipment installed inside.

"Do not be alarmed; I always put my own and other's safety first." At this one of the assistants wheeled out a generator and a rack of protective clothing, the same sort that Anna had worn before(with so much gratification) in her studies; in fact at the sight of the inflatable hazmat suits and the sudden realisation that the beautiful Prof. would soon be donning one gave Anna an enormous sexual turn on!!; she felt herself getting very wet where it mattered!, quickly she scanned the room and was reassured by the fact that there were at least 4 digital cam-corders to capture the action.

The Prof.'s female personal lab assistant emerged from behind the rack of hazmat suits and began to remove some of her boss's clothing, bizarrely while she was being readied to get suited up, Prof. Swanson had her assistant unwrap and light an enormous cigar for her, she sat there noisily sucking on the huge thing while she was suited up, bringing out a mixture of embarrassment,laughter and sexual yearning in the audience as she tried in vain to make herself understood to the audience, what with gagging on the monster cigar, sucking on the cigar and clenching it between her teeth, any preamble to the experiment was totally lost. Anna put her large notebook over her tartan, pleated mini-skirt to hind her fingers which were furtively rubbing her cunt.

Eventually the Prof. took one final long hard suck on the still enormous cigar and signalled her assistant whilst holding the smoke in her closed mouth to zip her up in the transparent inflatable air-fed hazmat suit with thick black rubber boots and gloves attached. The assistant pressed a few buttons and a gentle whirling noise began from a hidden generator,slowly but surely the Professor's suit began to inflate, all the while she was continuing to hold the cigar smoke in her mouth, her cheeks bulged and she looked in agony with her eyes watering; by now the audience were wondering if the date was April the 1st and that they had be duped, until at last the professor blew all the cigar smoke out inside her suit and then check to see if it was pumped out via the filter.

"This just gets better and better" thought Anna; as the Prof. felt her now fully inflated air-fed hazmat suit through her ultra heavy-duty, thick black rubber gloves. Anna took in just how pressurized the suit was, with the tranparent plastic skin of the suit as taught as it could possibly be without bursting! as she wished she too were inside one of those deeply pervy suits whose wearing of made her so wet in the past; playing with the fellow suited Prof... the ultimate in safe sex, mutual inflated,plastic Lesbian masterbation!

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ROYAL FLASH

"No WAY!! You two will be in SO much trouble!!"

The changing room was literally bubbling with excitement. It was July fourteen - Bastille Day - and pulses were running high backstage. Adolescent girls in various states of undress crowded the makeup bench, rouging their cheeks and painting their lips. Shrill catcalls echoed off the walls, sequins glittered from clothing racks, clouds of stage powder obscured the mirror lights. It was a night of magic underscored by chaos.

No one really noticed the conspiratorial little group huddled over by the changing table.

There were six of them in all; slim, long-legged school girls with giggling eyes and tinted cheeks, their hair tied back in complex French braids. They stood whispering amongst themselves in a guilty cluster, their eyes shining with girlish deceit. They had stripped down to their bras and panties in preparation for their final curtain call. Their costumes lay heaped across the table in a shining mass of lace and satin, momentarily forgotten in the wake of Angela Holbrook's latest act of teenaged rebellion.

"You can't wear THAT", Lisa Myers cried in disbelief, "your Mum will have a fit!"

The girls were squeezing in for a better look, jamming together in an undulating mass of hips and bottoms.

"You'll be grounded for a month," added Maria Carlisle, her face glowing with embarrassment.

Trust Angie Holbrook to come up with something like this; literally at the last minute. Of course, it wasn't just Angie; Kristie Henson had a hand in this too, you could see it written all over her face. Why did they ever put up with them?

"You'll get us ALL into trouble", Vanessa Gosling remonstrated, drawing a chorus of assent from the rest of the group.

Angie and Kristina had gone WAY too far this time, testing the limits as they always did. How could they have even considered the idea - particularly after Angie's last fiasco back in April? They'd been in dutch with Mrs H for nearly two months over that little debacle.

"Your Mum'll drop the curtain on us the moment we step on stage", Michelle Davies cautioned, although her eyes were sparkling with a kind of covert delight.

She was a slim, pretty girl wearing a pink c-cup underwire with matching cotton panties. Like the rest of her friends, she had smooth, tapering thighs and a supple figure, the result of almost ten years treading the boards over at Chamberlain Dance Academy.

Angie laughed her reply; a high, tinkling sound like the clashing of silver bells. She was standing in the middle of the group, proudly modelling her underwear with a mischievous smile curving her lips. She was wearing a frilly red thong over a lacy black garter belt (the kind with adjustable suspenders and tiny bows on the clasps). Her sheer, midnight stockings had seams running up the back, making her legs seem impossibly tall and lithe. Crimson stilettos added a full six inches to her height. The ensemble was completed by a black satin wonderbra, breathtakingly low-cut at the front (and three sizes too small, judging by the amount of flesh she was exhibiting).

"You know what your Mum said", Maria interjected in a state of rising panic, "full brief underpants and black leotards - nothing too sexy or revealing. She'll have us on weekend detention for LIFE when she sees what you're wearing".

"Oh, chill out, will you?" Angie replied dismissively, "what's she going to do, send us to death row? It's just a little harmless fun, for god's sake."

She turned around to display her gloriously full bottom to her captive audience. Her lush, ripe cheeks quivered back and forth as she wriggled her fanny. The girls gasped in surprise and giggled despite themselves. It was so deliciously naughty; each of them secretly envied Angie at some unspoken level.

"Anyway, it was our idea", Kristie cut in, stepping forward to gain the girls' attention, "Angie and I'll take the fall if there's any trouble."

She flicked a lock of curly red hair away from her face, beaming them a brilliant smile as she spoke. Like her friend, Kristie was decked out in expensive French lingerie, her legs sheathed in black stockings. Her thong was a wisp of gleaming white lycra, decorated with delicate lace trimmings. The brassiere and garter belt were a perfect match for the panties, so translucent that the mild tones of her suntan were evident through the gossamer material.

"We'll all catch heat over this!!" Maria protested, "the entire school's out there tonight. My own parents are sitting in the front row!! We can't just flash our naked bottoms at half of Chamberlain, guys!!"

If Maria's face had been glowing before, it was radiant now. The thought of her father seeing her creamy white fesse was mortifying to say the least.

"Well, they won't be completely naked", Kristie argued, bending over and pointing at her luscious round derriere, "I mean, we'll still be wearing panties, won't we?"

She clenched her alabaster buttocks teasingly, shimmying her hips to make the cheeks jostle. The dainty white strip of the thong vanshed between her cheeks.

"You call those panties?" Lisa exclaimed.

She was a slender girl with narrow shoulders and an hourglass waistline. Her features were suffused with a soft pink flush.

"They leave absolutely nothing to the imagination," she observed, biting back on the tittering laughter she felt welling up from her tummy.

She would have given almost anything to trade places with Kristie right now. That lingerie was utterly beautiful, no argument there.

Kristina straightened up with a toss of her hips, leaning back on the table with both hands. Kristina had a rather prominent belly button, the sort that poked out from her tummy almost begging to be tickled. She looked over at Angie with that 'I-knew-they'd-whimp-out-on-us' expression on her pretty face. Angela nodded her agreement to this unspoken comment.

"Look, we HAVE to wear something like this for the grand finale", Angie stated in her most persuasive voice, "I mean that's the whole idea, isn't it? The cancan is supposed to be this wild, sexy dance -"

"Sexy, not pornographic" Maria put in, still shaking her head.

"- so we can't go out there wearing Grandma's cottontails, can we?" Angie concluded, ignoring the interruption, "we OWE it to the audience to put on a show they'll never forget".

A burst of wry amusement followed this remark; several of the girls groaned in exasperation. Angie's ulterior motives were about as transparent as Mrs Sheridan's old honeymoon knickers. Owe it to the audience, for god's sake!! Everyone knew precisely what this was about.

"Come off it Ang," Vanessa said, rolling her eyes, "you just want to geek out your Mother again".

'Yeah, well, that goes without saying", Angie replied indifferently, as if the subject held no interest for her.

In actual fact, Geeking Out Her Mother was the highest priority in Angela's life at the moment. It was, in some respects, her raison d'etre, her life's ambition, the Holy Grail to which she had dedicated her existence.

Angie's Mum was Allison Holbrook, A.K.A. Mrs H; A.K.A. Acting Principal of Chamberlain Ladies' College. Allison Holbrook was your archetypal Girl's School Administrator: kind, fair, understanding - and tougher than a Spanish pit-bull when it came to school discipline. Particularly where her daughter's behaviour was concerned. Angie had been waging a war of passive resistance over the past two years, a never-ending crusade to usurp her Mother's iron-handed authority. It was a struggle she'd lost at every turn (although every defeat spurred her on to greater acts of 'civil disobedience'), and occasionally resulted in a well-smacked bottom for her efforts.

"Look, what's the big deal?" Kristie interposed, still posing against the table like a Penthouse Pet, "So Angie wants to see her Mum go ballistic. So what? It's not like we're doing anything wrong. We show off more flesh everytime we hit the beach."

"Yeah, but that's not the same!" Maria replied impatiently, "who goes swimming in stockings and garters? You can count me out of this one. My parents would kill me for even thinking about it". She folded her arms across her cleavage, her features radiating pure Catholic

outrage.

"Well, the committee thanks Mother Teresa for her opinions", Angie said after a pause, "But we're running out of time. The Finale's supposed to begin in fifteen minutes, and we haven't even finished our make-up yet."

She swept her gaze around the ring of faces, eyebrows raised in subtle inquiry. They were wavering, she could feel it. The thought of dancing the cancan in thong panties had them breathless with excitement. All they needed was a gentle nudge in the right direction, and they'd be almost begging to flash their suspenders at the audience. Even Mother Teresa, sulking in the corner like a spoilt little girl with her lower lip pooched out.

Stealing a wink at her co-conspirator, Angie played her trump card.

No one had noticed the bright pink shopping bag on the floor beside Kristie's feet, they'd been too busy admiring Angela's sweeping thighs and scanty lace underwear. The bag was decorated with cherries, hearts and tiny red butterflies. The logo read CONTESSA'S LINGERIE and bore a fifties-style picture of a Merry Widow decked out in an exotic black torsolette. Kristie bent down, picked up the bag, and placed it on the table, shoving aside a small mountain of petticoats to make space. Angie walked over to join her, high heels clacking on the scuffed wooden floor.

"We brought enough for everyone", Angela informed them, gesturing toward the Contessa's bag, "panties, stockings, garter belts - even a snowy white corset for our resident virgin over there".

As if on cue, Kristie emptied the bag's contents onto the table and began spreading the dainty satin remnants out on the veneered surface. The girls literally gaped in astonishment. They gathered 'round Kristie making shrill canary noises, stroking and fondling the rich, sensuous material. Vanessa Gosling picked up a translucent, pink waist-cincher, marvelling at its breathtaking loveliness. She'd never seen anything like it.

"Kristie, where did you get all this?" Vanessa cried, eyes bulging with wonder.

There must have been at least two hundred dollars worth of French lace fanned out on the table. The answer became self-evident after a few moments: Kristie's family owned the Contessa's franchise down in Chamberlain City; they'd contributed various items to the wardrobe department (along with a generous donation to the CLC Theatrical committee). The girls turned in a body and stared at the two miscreants, their expressions melting from scepticism to genuine wonder.

"You want ... you want us to wear these?" Lisa asked, awe struck at the thought of slipping on a pair of those beautiful Dior stockings, "out there ... in front of all those people?" Her head was literally spinning with the image.

"All for one and one for all", Kristie replied with a smile, "either we do this together, or we don't do it at all". She hesitated, assuming a more serious expression, then went on: "Look, we're all seniors, all over eighteen. It's our choice to make, not theirs. I like Angie's Mum, she's pretty cool most of the time, but she can't decide what we wear underneath. No one can. Not our parents, not our teachers. No one".

A murmur of approval followed this self-serving little discourse. The girls were now poised at the very brink; the offer was simply too tempting to resist. Angela and Kristie exchanged glances. Everything had gone according to plan. They'd been plotting this deception since the Bastille Day review had been announced two months before; both agreed that it was their slickest scam yet.

"This is our last chance", Angie said, looking over at the stage door, where some of the other dancers had already begun to file out, skirts raised to mid-thigh.

There were twenty girls in the chorus; the cancan number promised to be a spectacle of Moulin Rouge proportions. Angie turned to face her friends, palms resting on her wide, curving hips.

"Time to face the music, guys" she said, adopting her most serious demeanour, "all those in favour say aye."

"I'm in", said Michelle, covering her mouth with a coy hand.

"Me too", Vanessa confirmed, blushing to the tips of her eyebrows.

"Do we get to keep the lingerie?" Lisa asked, almost melting with anticipation.

"You already know where I stand", Kristie shrugged, absently adjusting her right stocking-top.

"That makes five", Angie said, then turned her glittering emerald gaze towards Maria.

All of them did; as Kristina had pointed out, the vote had to be unanimous: either we do this together, or we don't do it at all. The Resident Virgin shifted nervously, trying to avoid her friends' judgemental stares.

"Looks like you get the veto, Mary", Angie remarked off-hand, "what's it gonna be? Yea or nay?"

Maria shot her arch-enemy a black look, knowing she'd been fleeced from the very start. How could she say 'no' without feeling she'd let them all down? She'd look like a prude, a killjoy, a Little-Miss Can't-Be-Wrong intent spoiling everybody's fun. Worse still, she'd be written off as a whimp by her closest friends. Damn that Angie Holbrook with her big green eyes and her sexy red underpants and her innocent little girl routine!!

"Alright", she surrendered petulantly, "show me the corset!"

Squealing with joy, the girls fell to the table en mass, peeling off their bras and panties in careless abandon. Thongs and stockings were snatched up by the handful, garter belts clipped into place amidst shrieks of child-like laughter. Angela stood back with her arms folded, dropping another furtive wink to her partner-in-crime. Kristie grinned and nodded her head impishly: you go, girl. Everything was running smooth as silk. In a matter of minutes, the cancan would begin, and the crowd would be treated to the proverbial night to remember.

As John Lennon had once said, A Splendid Time is Guaranteed For All.

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Tammy at the Seaside

This is a short story about a young lady called Tammy (not her real name, but definitely one I would have chosen for her) that I knew some years ago. I only stretched the truth a little in this story, but it's

essentially something that really happened. Recently, Biker has created a couple of drawings of her at

his web site, I suggest you check it out to see a little bit more of her.

Before I start, there are a couple of things you need to know about Tammy, which will may help explain why things were the way they were. Tammy had two younger brothers. Her father was into sports, and outdoor life, and Tammy grew up being very tomboyish in her interests and attitudes. She never learned to get out of cars in the elegant, knees together, move they teach at deportment classes. She just threw one leg out, followed by the other.

This becomes more interesting when you combine it with the 2nd little piece of insider info I’m about to give you: she never wore underwear, and usually wore dresses that showed a lot of leg, either by length or because of open buttons. Never is actually an exaggeration. She sometimes wore a bra, to emphasize her cleavage in low cut (or unbuttoned) tops, but never anything below the waist. She rationalized this by saying she got too hot, but those privileged to see her in action were sure of some ulterior motives!

We used to hang out at a particular pub, and amongst our coterie of friends was a divorced man with 4

kids. He used to get custody of these guys once in a while, and one day we decided to take them to the

seaside as a treat. We borrowed a minivan, rounded up the gang and headed off to the coast. Tammy was wearing a skimpy white halter neck top with ties at the back. Her nipples were poking through quite prominently, and Jerry’s older boys were staring at these pretty intently. She was also wearing one of her favorite skirts: a floor length denim affair, with buttons from hem to waist. Now, when most girls wear floor length skirts, you wouldn’t expect to see too much. Not so with Tammy, she had it unbuttoned to high on the thigh, so climbing into the van she gave us all a good flash. As she settled into the driver’s seat (she was the designated driver) the rest of us sorted out the best position to watch her legs as she worked pedals placed conveniently far apart.

After all too short a journey, we got to the coast, and picked out a place to make camp.It was a

brilliant, hot day, and we were soon getting ready for a swim. Tammy had brought a bikini bottom in her purse, and simply pulled it on under her skirt giving several great flashes in the process. She opened the last few buttons on her skirt, and let it fall to the ground. The bikini bottom was tiny, with tie sides,

and only came part way up her bum, so now we had both top and bottom cleavage to admire. With a

laugh she ran off to the water, and dove in.

When she stood up again, we saw the effect on her clothing. The white top had become virtually

transparent, and her pert nipples poked through the clingy material leaving nothing to the imagination.

The drag of the water had pulled down the loosely fitting bottoms, so those behind got a full view of her buttocks, and those in front (like me) a view of her profuse pubic hair. It took her a few seconds to realize the slippage before she pulled up the briefs. This became one of the ongoing challenges of the

day, and each pull up loosened the ties a little more making the slippages more frequent. Of more concern now though was her top.

“I need this for later” she said, “when we go to the pub. I’ll need to dry it off,” she continued, undoing the ties in full view of the beach and seemingly oblivious to their stares.

She placed it on a rock to dry. When she arrived at the pub earlier, Tammy had had her hair tied back with a scarf. She now proceeded to make a jury rigged top from the scarf, asking me to tie it behind her back.

Of course, I didn’t want to hurt her, or tear the scarf, so my knot wasn’t too tight.When she turned around, I could see that the scarf barely covered her breasts, either in size or in opaqueness. It was probably more interesting than if she had been naked. It was also apparent that any strenuous movement would cause the top to slip, so of course, the 1st thing we did was rope Tammy into a game of beach volleyball.

The first time she reached up for a block, her breasts jumped out of the top, which ended up around her

hips making it look like she was just wearing a one-piece. As she was adjusting the top, Jerry leaped up

on the other side of the net, and spiked the ball onto Tammy’s head, causing her to let go of the top, and

down it dropped again. After about 3 points, Tammy realized that she couldn’t play volleyball and keep

the top on, so with a little encouragement her 2nd top joined the 1st on the rock, and she played topless.

A small crowd started to gather, and I don’t think it had anything to do with our volleyball ability ?

Without the distraction of the errant top, Tammy’s contribution to the game improved. We got into

several long rallies, and during these Tammy’s briefs would slip down, giving the interested spectators

some insights into the finer points of volleyball and female anatomy. Finally, after a fiercely contested

match, we lost (I was on Tammy’s team). Before the match, we had agreed that the losers would buy ice creams for the winners, and so Tammy and I set of for the promenade.

I pointed out to Tammy that she was still not wearing a top, and several people looked at me as if to say

“why did you have to point that out?” as Tammy seemed to not notice, or more likely not care.

“Oh sod it,” said Tammy, “I think everyone on the beach has seen my tits by now, going to the ice cream van isn’t going to show anything more than people have already seen”.

The spectators seemed relieved, and we set off across the beach, and up the steps to the promenade, where the ice cream van was parked. Did I mention that the tide was coming in?

Anyway, we got to the van, and bought the 8 ice creams. Tammy carried 4, and I had the others. Now,

as I had mentioned, the ties on Tammy’s bikini briefs were not the most secure things in the world, and,

as we headed back to the beach, she brushed against a stroller in the ice cream line.It was a very innocuous incident, but as Tammy moved on, the briefs didn’t, and she walked on, licking her ice cream oblivious to the fact that she was now almost completely naked. And her sandals didn’t exactly hide anything critical!

I don’t know if she knew that she had lost the bikini bottoms. She swears blind that she didn’t notice,

and that the first time she realized that she was now bottomless as well as topless was when she had

delivered the ice cream to the gang. By then she had walked down the steps and across the beach, and

looked around for our friends as the advancing tide had dictated a move further up the shore.

Once we found them, Tammy put her skirt back on & sat down on the blanket. With her legs pulled up

the mostly unbuttoned skirt still didn’t cover anything and again, it was debatable as to which created the greater impact: total nudity, or the near nudity revealed by the open skirt. It was about now that

Tammy remembered her top & scarf sitting on the rock and made the horrible discovery that the tide had covered the rock, and her clothing was no longer to be seen. When our friends had moved their base camp to escape the tide, they had picked everything from the blankets and the immediate area, but

Tammy’s clothes on the rock had gone unnoticed. So they say.

Right about now, Tammy had a little tantrum, mostly due to all the guys declining her request to borrow a t-shirt, or some other cover, and stormed off to the minivan. At this point she couldn’t care less that she walked topless to the car park, and when we followed a few minutes later she was sitting sulking behind the wheel.

I think more than a few people were surprised seeing Tammy driving back to town topless. And perhaps even more were surprised when we stopped at a country pub for a pint or two in the beer garden. By now Tammy had calmed down a little, and the with some cider inside her, brazenly completed the topless drive home after dropping people off.

Truth be told, I think she was more than a little turned on by the attention she got, and so was I. We

had a pretty good evening.

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The Mikado by Erie Kid

Every steam locomotive wheel arrangement has a name. A locomotive with a 2-8-0wheel arrangement is called a Consolidation. A 4-8-4wheel arrangement is termed a Northern, a 4-8-2 is called a Mountain, a 2-8-4 is a Berkshire, and a 2-8-2 is termed a Mikado. Engine 3429 is a Mikado.

The old steamer was built in 1924 for the Lake Erie & Peoria Railroad that was later absorbed by the New York, St. Louis, & Chicago Railroad (informally known as the Nickel Plated Road). By 1960 most mainline steam had been retired, and engine 3429 found her on display in an Indianapolis park, where she was stripped of her parts by bratty kids and quietly rusted away. But salvation came in the form of a group of railroad enthusiasts, who thought the old steamer could actually be made to run again. After two years of often-backbreaking work and much grunting and swearing, the 2-8-0 again tasted the high iron (mainline track) and began hauling excursionists around the Midwest, like the one today for a man named Biker.

Irwin Michael Allen Biker lives in the city of Akron, and apart from being a real biker, is a very successful artist and cartoonist and is a close friend of fellow cartoonist Martin J. Kreffel, who lives between Akron and Youngstown in the small Ohio town of Slipshowing. Every year for the past three, I.M.A. Biker sponsored a train excursion from Akron. This year the trip was to the great Pennsyltucky Railroad nerve center of Altoona, over the famous Horseshoe Bend in the Allegheny Mountains, and all had a great time.

As the happy excursionists headed home, the water in old 3429’s tank was used up making steam. This meant that the engine needed a drink of water before returning home to Indy. Which necessitated a stop in the tiny village of Petticoat Falls Junction, situated midway between that town and Slipshowing. In Petticoat Falls Junction the special would leave the Cleveland ore line of the Pennsyltucky Railroad for the Hoboken, New Jersey to Chicago double-track main of the New York & Western Railway. And oddly enough, a railroad water tower still stood in the tiny village of Petticoat Falls Junction.

Railroad water towers were once a familiar part of the American landscape. A water tower is simply a large water tank built atop a squat supporting structure. This raises the water above the level of steam locomotive tenders, which allows train crews to fill their tanks by lowering a short pipe with a curved end into the tender and letting gravity fill the tank. The old water tank in Petticoat Falls Junction is owned not by the railroad any longer, but is the property of the Shade & Rest Hotel, owned by a comely widow of a railroader named Kate Bradford. She runs the hotel with the help of her three lovely daughters and her rather slow-moving older brother, Edgar Joseph Buchanan. Uncle Joe, as everyone in Petticoat Falls and the nearby junction called him, worked at the local women’s undergarment plant until he retired. He had been in charge of the manufacture of petticoats.

The hotel bought the old tower to store water from their well, since the village had not been hooked up to the Petticoat Falls water system until the last few years. And Kate Bradford still used the tank to water her garden and hotel’s front lawn. And her daughters had found a delightful auxiliary use for the old tank. They discovered, much to their delight, that the water tower made a dandy swimming pool on a hot day in June, like the day of the 3429 excursion…

“It sure is hot today,” remarked Roberta Josephine ‘Bobby Jo’ Bradford, the black-haired oldest daughter, as she toiled in the garden.

“I could sure use a dip in the pool,” added Wilhelmina Josephine ‘Billie Jo’ Bradford, the red-haired middle daughter, referring to the old water tower.

“I think I’ll see if the coast is clear,” said Elizabeth Josephine ‘Betty Jo’ Bradford, the blond-haired youngest daughter who would be attending Rose E. Veldt High School in Petticoat Falls beginning next September.

Betty Jo cautiously approached the front of the hotel, followed by their fluffy little dog Boomer.  Kate Bradford had been sitting on the porch doing her needlepoint, but the warm summer afternoon had overruled her naturally high level of energy and the good-natured widow was peacefully sleeping in her rocker.

“Come on, Boomer,” said Betty Jo softly, and she returned to her two sisters with the news that the proverbial coast was clear.

“But mom might hear us if we go in for our bathing suits,” Billie Jo warned.

“Who needs bathing suits?” Bobby Jo asked, slipping out of her jeans.

The girls undressed and hung their clothing on some bushes out of sight of the hotel.

Then wearing only their underpants, the three country cuties climbed the ladder and lowered them selves down the ladder on the other side, and soon were happily splashing each other in the chest-deep water.

They did not hear the melodic whistle as the excursion blew for the crossings in nearby Slipshowing, and were only vaguely aware of the thumping of 3429’s air pump as the venerable locomotive eased to a stop with the tender’s tank precisely in front of the water tank’s spout.

The excursion’s engineer, Dale McCormick, set the air brakes as his sweating fireman leaned his shovel against the boiler’s bulkhead.

Dale was the regular engineer of the line’s daily passenger train, and only the chance to run old 3429 would get him away from his regular run and his beloved Alco PA passenger diesels, almost antiques but idolized by rail buffs everywhere. (Other trainmen joked that Dale was saving up to buy his very own PA if the NY&W ever retired them. One joker had even written ‘property of Dale McCormick’ under the cab window of PA 190 and Dale had nearly completed his run before he became aware of the joke.)

Uncle Joe Buchanan and Biker climbed out of their coach and went up to the engine.

“How’s that new fireman doing?” Uncle Joe asked.

“Last time I listen to you, Biker, when you tell me I’ll get a free ride on your excursion trip,” said Raymond James, still catching his breath.

“Only a few more miles to go, and you can get off in Petticoat Falls, and one of the Indianapolis crew will take over,” Dale told Raymond.

As the excursionists milled around the stopped train, Raymond climbed the tender and prepared to fill the tank, a procedure railroad firemen had been doing for over a century before the diesel locomotive was introduced. But this particular operation was going to be unique.

Raymond grabbed the cord to swing out the water pipe but it would not move. He put all his weight on the cord and it finally came free. You see, the pipe had rusted to a rivet on the upper metal band that held the vertical wooden slats of the water tank in place, and Raymond had pulled the head off the rivet. The band was now about to come loose.

Inside the tank, Betty Jo asked, “What’s going on out there?”

“Sounds like somebody’s trying to open the old water pipe,” replied Bobby Jo.

“Just stay quiet, and nobody will know we’re here,” added Billie Jo.

(I wouldn’t bet on that!)

Suddenly the water began to flow out of the tank, and the surprised trio grabbed the ladder, with Betty Jo on the bottom. She happened to be wearing a pair of hand-me-down panties from Bobby Jo, and they were a bit loose on her. As Betty Jo hung on the ladder she felt the old white panties with little red hearts come loose. Before she could grab them, the underpants were drawn into the spout and out of the tank.

“Oh, shit – I lost my panties!” Betty Jo exclaimed as Billie Jo and Bobby Jo giggled.

Raymond filled 3429’s tank to the top and released the fill pipe. Then he noticed something floating in the tank and reached inside. He withdrew what he thought was an old rag. Still holding the rag, he climbed down the ladder at the end of the tender to say goodbye to Joe. He rung out the rag and then stretched it out, surprised at what he had found. Then he heard one of the excursionists cry out a warning. Water was now seeping out between the boards of the water tank. BOING! The top band around the tower opened and clattered to the ground, allowing the vertical slats to spread apart from the top and the tank came apart, opening like a flower. The boards bounced down the sides of the platform, revealing what looked like three naked women on top.

Betty Jo, who was indeed naked, looked around in a panic. Her eyes focused on the hand-lettered sign taped to the side of the locomotive’s tender –

BIKER’S ANNUAL BOY SCOUT EXCURSION!

The platform was surrounded by a couple of hundred scouts, who shifted their film and video cameras from 3429 to the trio of em-bare-assed lovelies atop the remains of the water tank.

Squealing with embarrassment, Billie Jo, Bobby Jo, and Betty Jo headed down the ladder to the bushes where they had hung their clothing. Now Bobby Jo was nearly as exposed as Betty Jo, because her flesh-colored bikini panties had turned nearly transparent. Not bothering to dress completely, each girl grabbed a handful of clothing to cover her bosom before dashing for the hotel as Boomer barked excitedly around them.

Betty Jo ran up to Raymond and grabbed her property. “Thanks,” she muttered as Raymond stared open-mouthed at the spectacle.

Billie Jo bent to retrieve the shirt she had dropped, and Boomer clamped his teeth down on the waistband of her white tap pants, giving a good impression of a famous suntan lotion ad as Billie Jo tried to run and the ogling scouts enjoyed the spectacle.

Billie Jo ordered the dog to let her go of her panties, and she yelped as the elastic snapped shut on her lower cheeks. The panties remained with the waistband below her glorious pair of soft white lower hemispheres. She sprinted to the safety of the hotel with her undergarment at half-staff and her behind erotically jiggling as she ran.

The train’s brakeman had been exploring the grounds and was startled as the three Bradford girls, in a definite state of undress, tore past him like the Superb Chief running three hours late. Kate was startled out of her slumber as her three nearly naked daughters ran up the porch steps and into the safety of the Shade & Rest Hotel. Thinking her errant brother had something to do with this, she called out his name – “JOE!” she bellowed.

“Oh, oh – I better get over there and explain to Kate what happened,” said Joe as he took off, nearly knocking the brakeman over.

“Who the heck was that?” asked the brakeman.

“That was Uncle Joe, and he wasn’t moving slow, at the junction,” said Dale.

“Petticoat Falls Junction,” added Raymond.

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THE UNSUSPECTING MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT By Magician4fem

The theater lights dimmed, and the lady magician walked to the center of the stage to begin her act. Her name was Magica, the most famous and sexiest female magician in Las Vegas. She was dressed in a daring form-fitting black leotard that glittered under the stage lights and a humorously short red cape that only came down to the small of her back, so she could display her flawless G- stringed ass to her grateful audience.

As stunning as Magica was, her new assistant Kathy, was even more breathtaking. She was a tall well endowed woman with flawless tan skin, long curly red hair, sparkling green eyes and huge breast that threatened to burst out of her elegant green evening gown. Kathy was nervous, she had never been on stage before and Magica had insisted she wore this particular dress. Magica had two other female assistants, both in similar dresses but the colors blue and yellow.

The show began innocently enough. Magica would wet the audience's appetite with simple slight-of-hand tricks that any novice magician could perform.

As the new girl, Kathy was expected to stay close to Magica and hand her props while smiling blankly at the audience.

Kathy was instructed to bring Magica a small red box from a table behind her. Kathy, willing to comply, turned her back to the audience to fetch the tiny object. Magica smiled fiendishly at the Kathy's backside and winked at the audience. With a waving gesture of her wand, Magica began the real show.

A section of Kathy's dress, the rear portion just bellow her ass cheeks disappeared showing off the backs of her long silky legs and threatening to reveal the roundness of her bare ass too (Magica talked her into wearing a G-string). Magica put a finger to her mouth to remind the audience not to say a word, the audience obeyed and simply looked on with evil grins.

None the wiser, Kathleen turned around. She didn't give the sudden "draft" a second thought and handed the little box to Magica.

Smiling, Magica intentionally dropped the box and asked Kathy to bend down and pick it up. Obeying, Kathleen turned her back to the audience, bent down to pick up the box and unknowingly mooned the audience. She heard a few snickers from the audience, but dismissed it.

Magica performed another simple trick with the box and earned polite applause. Kathleen couldn't understand why Magica was such a famous magician?

From what she saw, Magica was pretty ordinary; why did people make reservations months ahead to see her show?

Kathy took the box from Magica and walked it off stage. As Kathy walked, she showed a perfect profile of her left side. As she walked away, Magica waved her mischievous wand again to make another section of Kathy's dress disappear. This time revealing the entire length of her sexy leg from high-healed foot all the way up to her naked thigh.

"Hhhmmm.." Kathy thought. This stage is getting draftier. One person in the audience whistled, but Kathy was too busy watching Magica perform to wonder why.

Kathy came back with a large brass ring covered with red paper, the kind of prop a performer would have a small dog jump through.

The musicians in the orchestra pit began to play faster and with more dramatic effect; it seemed like they were building up to something.

Smiling wickedly, Magica instructed Kathy to hold the disc above her head, and pretended to be working magic on it. At the last moment, Magica aimed her stripping wand away from the silly prop and down at Kathy's green dress.

POP! The remnants of Kathy's green dress fell away leaving her clad only in her lacy white bra and panties.

Shrieking in shock, Kathy tried to cover up with the paper disk she was holding. She was able to cover up before most of the audience could get a good look at her gorgeous well endowed body packed into her skimpy lingerie. That didn't stop the horny audience from hooting and whistling.

Laughing wickedly, Magica waver her wand again and the paper disc Kathy hid behind exploded in a shower of confetti.

Without the protection of the paper disc, Kathy was forced to try and hide her huge breast and womanhood with her hands. Tossing away the useless disc, Kathy panicked and ran comically around the stage looking for a place to hide; she dove inside a stage prop, a large open toped magic box.

Circling her like buzzards, Magica's other two (fully clothed) assistants knelt down on either side of Kathy's box and displayed several long sharp swords. Time for the next illusion.

Knowing Kathy wasn't going anywhere in her bra and panties, Magica didn't bother to lock Kathy inside the box and left the top lid open. Smiling at her and winking at the audience, Magica took one sword and inserted it through Kathy's magic box; the tip came out the other end.

When Kathy heard the crowd laugh, she became worried! Looking over at the protruding sword tip, she noticed a scrap of lacy white cloth hanging from the tip. It was her Bra and panties! The swords Magica stuck through the box were snagging what little clothing she had and pulling it off. Unable to reach outside the box, Kathy was helpless to prevent Magica's other two assistants from snatching away the lingerie, leaving poor Kathy totally naked inside the box.

Kathy cried helplessly as the audience laughed at her embarrassing predicament.

Faking concern for Kathy's modesty, Magic walked off stage to find her a proper costume to wear.

Meanwhile, Magica's other two assistants were intent on getting Kathy to leave the protection of her magic box. Each one casually opened a small door on either side of the box and began tickling Kathy's naked body. Within the cramped confines of the box, Kathy had trouble fighting off the mischievous fingers tickling her vulnerable flesh. Kathy wanted to jump out of the box to escape the tickling but couldn't; she was naked, so she had no choice but to sit there and laugh helplessly as she was tickled.

Looking up, Kathy saw a scarp of green cloth being lowered down to her from a rope. Magica had found a costume for Kathy, a skimpy string bikini; she was tormenting Kathy by slowly lowering it down to her from a rope off stage.

Every time Kathy reached out for it, Magica would quickly pull on the rope and raise the skimpy suite out of reach. To make matters worse, raising her arm out gave the wicked assistants a better target to tickle. Kathy was tickled under her sensitive arms every time she dared to try and reach for the bikini.

Kathy was mortified! It was bad enough being stripped out of her clothes in public, but now she was being forced to beg and plead for a slutty little bikini to cover up in!

The audience was certainly getting it's moneys worth. Magica may be a mediocre magician but she was the best STRIPPER MAGICIAN on the west coast!

Not caring anymore, Kathy jumped up to grab the bikini with both hands. But Magica had one final humiliation for poor Kathy. Magica had fastened the bikini to the rope with a special knot that caught and bound Kathy's wrists together as her hands passed through the bikini! Her hands were now tied to the rope and were being hoisted above her head!

Kathy was now stretched vertically up and out of the protection of the magic box, giving the entire audience an unobstructed view of her beautiful naked body. Kathy struggled to get free, but it was no use; she was naked and on display.

With a defeated whimper, Kathy conceded defeat and accepted her role as the "real show" in Magica's act.

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Jackie's College Diary by Jim

As a favor I was cleaning out Jackie's garage one day and found several cassettes labeled "Memoirs: College Years". It was about my girlfriend's college years. She used to be much wilder back then. Now we have to plan and work to get her naked except when we are alone. I don't know why she recorded them. I think she would , but here are a few highlights.

October Sophomore Year

"Back in college I became involved with several of my sorority sisters in some unusual practices. Our sorority had the highest grade point averages on the campus. We took our classes seriously and studied hard hours. As some people have said 'Those that work hard often play hard'. We did moderate our drinking and avoided drugs. As we were all thought of ourselves as career- minded and felt fully liberated. We dated, but avoided sex.

"To relieve some of the tension that rose from our chaste lifestyles, we reserved one weekend a month for "double dare" activities. These weekends were usually when we had one or more events in which we arranged some activity that was definitely outside the 'norm'. There was no torture or physical harm done, but at least one of us girls ended up naked or near naked in a public place. The real challenge was to do it so that no one outside our group ever got caught, but there had to be the risk of being caught.

"The victims were chosen by random selection. Sophomores, juniors and seniors were eligible for selection. The younger girls could not participate, although they were told accounts of what happened. Once a girl survived an event, she had to 'double dare' any other sorority sister to perform the same act or repeat the act herself. Peer pressure can make you do things you would never have considered before.

"The very first time I was eligible for selection the sisters decided the dare for that month would be a nude walk from one end of the county fairgrounds to the other in broad daylight. This would be a good half a mile. The selected victim would strip in one of the restrooms. Her clothes would be handed to a sister who went to the restrooms at the other end of the grounds. When the victim emerged from the restroom the other sorority sisters would crowd around her to keep anyone from clearly seeing her.

All the sisters wore only tube tops and short shorts with no underwear. If anything went wrong there were no clothes anyone could spare to give the victim. With all the other exposed skin no one should be able to make out the naked girl in the center of the sisters.

"As luck would have it I was the randomly selected victim. I realized if I chickened out I would be harassed by the sisters. At the fairgrounds it took me forever to remove my panties. Finally, I swallowed hard as I stepped nude from the restroom. The sisters giggled as they crowded close to me. I tried to cover myself, but was told to stand straight or my hands would be tied behind me. In mass we started working our way down the midway.

"At first I was very scared, but as we strolled I found myself getting very sexually aroused, much to my own embarrassment. The sisters stopped at a few of the booths and played the games. I had no choice, of course, but to huddle with my sisters around me.

A half hour after we started we were only half way to the other end of the fairgrounds. That was when I noticed that the Ferris wheel was right next to the restrooms. When we passed it anyone up on the wheel would be able to look down and probably see that I was at least topless. I tried to tell my sisters but they all fell into a silent act and refused to answer me.

They proceeded directly passes the Ferris wheel. As we walked by I saw a pair of teenage boys look down and see me. Even from the distance I could see their eyes get big. Fortunately they only pointed once and kept their voices quiet.

"I never felt more relieved when I stepped into the restroom and pulled my clothes on, but I couldn't believe how aroused I was. I stepped from the restroom and was congratulated on my feat of daring. I was trying to figure out who I would select as my 'double dare' victim when no less that four sisters asked to be selected.

I picked Mary. She moved to the center of the sisters and handed her shorts and top out. I took them to the other restroom and waited for Mary and the sisters to arrive. During my wait I found myself smiling as I remembered my walk. When the sisters arrived a smiling and blushing Mary was handed her clothes.

"This was the first of many such events in which I found myself exposed in public."

April -- Sophomore Year

"It was spring break and ten of us sisters drove together to an apartment that belonged to a sister's parents. It was in a high-rise apartment building that overlooked a beautiful beach on the Gulf Coast near north of Naples.

There was a balcony and it was decided that each night a different victim would spend the night locked on the balcony. With the balcony and inside lights off no one would probably notice anything. The nearest balcony was fifty feet away and its apartment seemed unoccupied. Of course the night would be spent without any clothes. The dare was upped when one of the sisters said the victim should have her hands tied behind her back. There was some giggling and a few 'oh, no, I couldn't', but the suggestion was accepted.

"I drew the straw for the second night. At 11:00 PM I stripped and had my hands tied behind my back with nylons. I stepped out onto the balcony and heard the door lock behind me. It was a beautiful warm night with a clear sky. I sat on a chaise lounge and tried to arrange the cushions to take the weight off my arms. I found myself starting to enjoy the tranquillity, smiling and almost when the moon peaked over the top of the building.

The full moon lit up the balcony. If felt like a spotlight on my exposed body. I jumped up and bounced my shoulder against the door several times in panic.

Mary appeared in moments and smiled. She knew what was happening. She had spent the previous night out here. She opened the door and I moved to enter. Instead she stepped out on the balcony. She motioned me to step back. In a quick movement she pulled her T-shirt over her head leaving herself completely naked. The T-shirt was flipped through the door and Mary slid the door shut. The latch caught locking us both on the balcony.

"I asked Mary if she was crazy, but she just laughed and sat on the other chaise lounge. She said she had loved the night before and wanted to share it with me tonight. She reached under the lounge and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. She threaded a cuff through the top of the lounge and locked the cuffs on her wrists. Her hands were secured behind her neck to the chair as she stretched on the lounge. She could no more cover herself than I could. I returned to my lounge and stretched out with my legs together.

My whole body was blushing. We talked a while in the bright moonlight. We were drifting off to sleep when I noticed motion on the nearest balcony.

There were a man and a woman in an embrace. The woman's back was to me. I saw the man slid his hands down the woman's body. I realized he was undressing her. Her hands worked at his chest and in a moment she removed his shirt. I continued to watch as the couple stripped and the woman laid down on a bench. The man positioned himself over her. I could tell he had entered her and their voices could be heard. They spent quite some time making love.

"I was getting both horny and panicky watching this couple. There was little I could do except rub my legs together which gave me no significant relief. After what must have been thirty minutes the man rose and entered the apartment. He returned with a couple of drinks. He sat the drinks down and looked straight at me. I knew he saw me as he smiled and gave me a thumbs up sign.

He returned his attention to his woman and they talked a while before having sex again. The woman must have enjoyed that evening as I heard her moan to four orgasms. I finally fell into a erotic, restless sleep.

"I woke to the predawn glow. The man and the woman were gone. Mary was sound asleep on her lounge. I stretched as much as I could and saw Alice coming to the door. Alice did a double take as she saw Mary in the other lounge. Alice untied my hands and let me enter.

I jumped in the shower and cleaned up. My experience had left me sweaty and tired, but I smiled as I toweled myself down. I pulled on a long T-shirt and walked back to the balcony. Mary was awake and waiting for Alice to find the keys to the handcuffs. Alice appeared with the key from Mary's luggage. When Alice unlocked the cuffs Mary bolted inside and retrieved her T-shirt. Mary and I went to get breakfast ready as we were both hunger from our delightful ordeal."

October - Senior Year

"Our practices at the sorority house slowly escalated as we experimented. Our once a month activities were now occurring almost at least twice a month. We managed to hold our grade point averages high and continued to avoid distractions during the week. A few close calls for some of the other girls caused us to be more careful (sometimes), but the thrill just was not the same. I was getting more concerned about getting caught. I had started to have accidents in which I lost some clothing. I didn't know if it was psychosomatic or just plain bad luck.

November -- Sophomore Year

"Halloween was a big event for us at the house. It was a custom for many of the students to go 'trick or treat' in costume. Even before the escalation of our experimentation many of the girls often wore sexy or skimpy attire for Halloween, weather permitting.

This year an Indian summer promised us an evening in the high 60's -- plenty warm enough for practically anything. We got together and decided on the costumes to be worn. We placed the description on sheets of paper and placed the paper in the hat. A week before Halloween we each pulled a sheet from the hat. No matter what, we were obligated to dress in the costume we pulled.

Two universal rules were specified:

1)Unless specifically stated, no one was to wear underwear.

2) all outfits allowed shoes.

"Some costumes were tame and left the particular clothing at the option of the wearer. These costumes included: Batgirl, a hobo, a ballerina, a cheerleader (not imaginative as we had 3 real cheerleaders in the house).

"Other costumes had precise clothing stated. Some were twists on 'old time favorites', such as:

1)a ghost in a sheet and shoes with nothing else

2)a prostitute in a tight top, short skirt, fishnet hose, and high heels

3)a sexy witch in a long, tight, over the shoulder spandex dress with a tall pointed hat and broom

4)a Playboy bunny in a leotard with ears, tail and high heels.

"And finally some that were meant to be revealing:

1)a dominatrix in a tight black corset that barely covered the breasts with tight black spandex shorts that held an active vibrator in place

2)a mannequin which consisted of a blue, full spandex bodysuit and tights and matching hood which were all locked in place for the evening

3)a mummy who would have four rolls of gauze and two safety pins

4)a stripper whose costume consisted of only strapped high heels and a feathered boa.

"I had hoped to get a tame costume. Of course when my turn came I pulled (much to my horror) the stripper. The girls chuckled and promised I would be hidden in the middle of the 'pack'. I knew there would be some tricks in store for me that night.

"Halloween night came and as we gathered in our front room I noted that the weather forecast said the weather might drop to the low 60's. The girls were undaunted. I waited with a coat wrapped around me.

The 'mummy' joined us. She had made a valiant effort with the gauze. It was wrapped tightly around her. I could see that in order maximize her area of coverage, the gauze was only one layer thick except over her crotch. I could see her nipples through the gauze.

The rest of the girls filed out to the porch and waited for me. Several of the more covered girls moved to the front of our 'pack' with bags to accept treats for all of us. With growing fear I left my coat by the door, walked into the crowd of 15 girls on the porch and off we went. Peer pressure can make you entirely too stupid for you own good.

"I found myself frightened and aroused at the same time. We were walking down residential streets. A few children passed in costumes with bags of candy. I had the long boa wrapped from my neck across my tits, behind my back and held around my crotch. If I was seen below the shoulders and above my thighs I was in big trouble.

Fortunately I could hang back with several girls near the back of the pack and was not be exposed to the neighbors handing out the candy. At a professor's home I got panicky when we were invited in, but the some of the other girls made excuses for us.

"We had turned a corner and were on a side street when the girls pulled the first trick on me. I noticed that the girls behind me had continued across the street leaving me exposed as I brought up the rear. I was left in plain view. I plunged into the girls in front of me, but there were only six and I knew I wasn't really shielded.

I was holding the boa behind my butt as the girls moved on in front of me. One of the girls stepped behind and before I realized it, she had snapped handcuffs on my wrists. Now the only part I could cover was my ass. A breeze started and the boa blew off my shoulders.

One of my sisters picked it up, but gave it to the 'prostitute'. I scurried alone and tried to stay in the middle of my group. At the next corner the sisters came back from across the street and formed up behind me again.

"The combination of the rising cool breeze and my nakedness made my nipples so hard they ached.

As I walked along the 'dominatrix' eased over next to me. Her wrists we now locked behind her back, too. I could hear her vibrator humming along. To make matters worse for her someone had loosened the part of corset that had barely covered her nipples. Her nipples were now exposed and held in nipple clamps. I was about to comment when two arms grabbed me from behind. In moments two similar clamps bit into my on nipples. I wanted to howl in pain, but I did not want to attract attention.

"The dominatrix (Alice) and I would joined by the mummy (Gloria). The gauze was starting to unravel. Her entire left leg was visible. Her right leg was bare below her knee. She squeezed her arms across her breasts where the gauze had started to split apart. The sisters behind her were taking turns grabbing at the gauze trailing from her legs.

One good pull looked like it might cause the gauze at her crotch and ass to slide off. I guessed the mummy might be as bare as I was by the time we got back to the sorority.

"We were passing rows of bushes on the house side of the sidewalk when a police cruiser eased up to the group of us. I stepped through a break in the bushes and was followed by the mummy and dominatrix. We three huddled behind the bushes as our sisters flirted with the lone cop in the cruiser.

Our sisters proceeded down the sidewalk with the cop slowly driving and talking to them. Gloria, Alice and I shivered as another breeze chilled my nipples. Gloria reached over with one hand to release my nipple clamps. I bit my lips as the blood rushed back into my nipples. When I opened my tear filled eyes I saw that Gloria had removed Alice's clamps too. Alice was straining not to moan.

"I turned and looked at the dark house behind us. I made a dash for side of the porch and was followed by Gloria and Alice. Gloria was the most clothed so she went up on the porch and knocked on the door. The porch light came on and Gloria almost bolted.

A woman in a long robe opened the door, took one look at Gloria and waved her in. Moments later the woman was back on the porch with the light off. She waved Alice and I to follow her into her house.

"Once inside and the door was close I saw that the woman was an attractive 30-something. We took a good look at us and whistled. She introduced herself as Gladys. Gladys told us to wait in the foyer. She went to the back of the house and returned in moments with three long t-shirts.

Gloria slid her own as the woman slid a shirt on Alice. She put one on me next and motioned for us to move to the living room as she disappeared again. She returned moments later with three glasses of hot apple cider. Gloria held one glass to my lips as the woman helped Alice take several sips. We relaxed a bit.

"Gladys asked if this was an initiation of some sort. I said we were the victims of some over imaginative sorority sisters. She smiled and said 'Suuuure'. She did not buy my explanation at all, but did not ask for more. After Gloria, Alice and I had relaxed a bit, Gladys left the room and returned wearing jeans, a blouse and a light jacket.

'Time to get you back to your house.' She led us out to the connected garage and helped us to get seated. Without drilling us for any more explanation she drove us back to our sorority house.

"As we got back to the sorority Gloria said that maybe we should not be wearing the t-shirts when we entered the sorority. She was afraid that the sisters might punish us for being out of costume. The punishments could be harsh. We might be forced to be naked for a weekend and do all the house chores. That including manning the front desk where all visitors, male and female, just register. Some punishments added handcuffs behind the back to permit any effort to cover oneself.

Alice and I reluctantly agreed and the t-shirts were left in the car. We dashed up the front porch. Gloria tried to open the door, but found it locked. We shivered in the bushes along the side of the house until our sisters returned four hours later."

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Jenny's Cousin: The Star-Trek Convention by Jim

Jackie had always been a Star Trek fan. Her cubicle at work always had a Star Trek calendar or picture hanging on the wall and she had shared discussions with several other workers who were big fans. A Star Trek convention was due in town this week end. Jackie mentioned it to her co- workers and suggested they attend together. When Jackie mentioned she was going to compete in the costume contest Bob, another programmer, asked what Jackie would wear. Jackie said she had fashioned an outfit like the women wore in the original series. Bob said that seeing her in the costume would be worth it and said he would attend. Bob said he would meet her there.

Bob had always been taken with Jackie. She had not responded to his polite office flirtations, but this might be his big chance to see more of her. He would definately look for any opportunity to take advantage of the situation on Saturday at the convention.

Jackie had not actually the Star Trek uniform. She had found it the previous year in a costume shop when she was looking for a Halloween costume. She had gotten it then but, when the weather turned cold, she had changed her mind to a warmer costume.

As she tried the costume on she checked the fit. As she closed the back zipper she noticed the tunic was tight across her chest. She dicovered that if she worn a regular bra if would show a little at the low neckline. She searched her things and found a strapless sports bra and found the tunic-dress fit better. She checked the shear dark silk tights and found then in perfect shape. She picked up the shorts and tried them on. They were tight. There was no elastic at the waist. When she closed the side zipper the waist became very tight. Remembering some of her past embarassing experiences she checked that the zipper was securely sown in and would lock in place when closed. All was well.

On Saturday morning Jackie rose early. She showered and fixed her long hair in pony tail and place several clips in it soi that it would hang down the middle of her back to almost her waist. Next she donned the sports bra and the tights. As an extra precaution Jackie pulled a pair of panties up over the tights. They were almost the same color as the shorts and might proved handy if she had another of her accidents. The panties were not a skimpy little pair, but a were boy-legged briefs. She pulled her shorts up her legs and zipped it shut. The waistband was tight across her flat stomach. She would have to consider letting it out before she wore it again.

Adding the tunic and boots she looked in the mirror. The outfit was perfect and showed off her body nicely without revealing anything private. Finally she added a camera case with a strap the looked like the case used for the tricorders. Her wallet and keys went in the case.

As it was a nice summer day she decided she did not need a coat and headed to her car. She made good time getting to the convention and was waiting at the ticket table for Bob. Bob walked up wearing a good imitation of Captain Kirk's uniform.

Jackie squealed in glee as she saw it. Bob smiled back on complimented Jackie on her uniforn. She modeled it for him and he admired her fantastic legs and firm butt. Together they made a very good looking "away team" of two.

Bob bidded his time and looked over Jackie costume for ways to get her into compromising positions. When Jackie commented on how tight the waistband was. Bob asked why she worn them if they were so tight. Jackie explained that she wanted the extra protection of the added layer.

Bob suggested she go to a restroom, remove the shorts and then step out to where he could look her over. If she looked decently covered he would tell her and then she could forget the shorts. It took some convincing but eventually Jackie found herself stepping from the restroom with the shorts in her camera case.

"You look fine. You don't need the shorts" exclaimed Bob.

"Do I really look okay?" asked Jackie. She held up her hem to show more of the panties and turned.

Bob loved how the panties revealed more of her curves.

"Yes, you don't need them at all" even though he knew she was probably revealing more curves that she would like to.

Jackie hesitated and returned to the restroom. She felt that no wearing the shorts was an invitation to get into trouble. She pulled the shorts up her legs. We she tried to close the side zipper it caught on the waist elastic of the panties. She stepped into a stall and pulled the panties and shorts down her legs so as to work the zipper free. After several minutes the zipper was cleared. Jackie did no noticed that in the process the elastic waist band had almost beed severed. Only two strands of elastic thread remained. She pulled the shorts back on and found that the zipper would now only close half way before binding up. She pulled harder and the zipper's pulltab broke off. Jackie felt a shiver as she realized she could not wear the shorts now. She put them back in her camera case, rearranged the panties and tights and left the restroom.

"I thought you had decided to wear the shorts" said Bob.

"Well the zipper on the shorts broke".

Bob hid a smile as he thought of this microskirted gal next to him. Possibilities? he thought.

The day proceeded nicely. Both Jackie and Bob browsed the dealer area and bought some pictures and trinkets. They both sat in on a couple of the discussion groups and watched new blooper tapes from Voyager.

In the main audition they sat with many other fans and heard Walter Koenig tell stories and answer questions. Jackie was very much at ease. At the end of Walter Koenig's session he asked for those in the costume competition to assemble on the speakers' platform. Jackie handed the camera case to Bob and proudly walked up and joined 15 other contestants.

As she climbed the steps she felt someplace pop at her side. She quickly ran her hands down her side and found nothing wrong as she continued up the steps. There was now only one thing strand of waist elastic thread holding her panties up.

Each of the contestants was briefly interviewed and asked to model his or her costume in front of the judges. When Jackie's turn came she answered the questions and turned for the audience. As she face forward she bowed forward. She felt a sharp snap and her panties slid down her smooth silk encased legs. She closed her legs tightly and caught the panties betwwen her calves.

George Koenig announced in his Chekov accent "I think those must have been invented in Russia for the Naked Time episode."

Jackie's face was beet red. She froze with her legs now tightly together squeezed together as the audience exploded in applause. She could not bend over to pull her panties up with flashing her butt to either the judges behind her or the audience in front of her. The silk tights were just to shear to hide anything. Being up on the platform she was sure that the front row could see up her skirt to her pussy.

The interviewer placed his arm around Jackie's shoulder as she started to shake and sway. Jackie broke for the stairs.

"ZZZZZIIIIPPPPPP".

The interviewer's cuff had caught on the tunic's zipper. The zipper pulled down to almost her waist.

"RRRIIIIIPPPP"

With zipper at the end of its run, the bottom of the zipper parted and the tunic slit down to the hem. With nothing holding her back Jackie continued forward with the whole back of the tunic open. She held on arm around her chest and the other around her waist to try to hold the torn tunic in front of her.

Laughs and applause rocked the auditorium.

Jackie raced out the double doors. She plowed straight into a guy walking into the auditorium. As he fell he tried to grab onto something to catch his fall. His left hand closed on the torn tunic.

Jackie found herself racing through the convention center in just her tights and boots. Along her path she was greeted with smiles, applause and shouts about escaping Orion slave girls. At the main entrance she kept going and ran straight to her car in the sunny parking lot.

At her car Jackie stopped.

"Oh no, no, no!" groaned Jackie as she realized her keys were in the camera case with Bob.

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Jenny's Cousin: It Runs in the Family by Jim

Jackie leaned back and stretched. She had come into the office on Sunday to catch up on her backlog of programming requests. In just three hours she had tested and debugged three new reports programs. She normally hated to come in on a day off, but she wanted to clear her desk for a new project she was to get on Monday.

Jackie stood and walked down the hall to the lounge for a cola. After getting a Diet Coke she sat down and looked out the window from the tenth floor lounge. I was a beautiful summer day. The temperature was in the low 80's and for once the humidity was down. She would rather be at the beach working on her tan, but decided to work at least another hour before leaving.

When she returned to her desk she glanced at a pile of her earlier failed test reports. Since they contained financial information the policy was to that the reports be shredded instead of just trashed. She picked up the pile and headed to the office equipment to put them in the shredder. She set the pile on the copier cover. She grabbed the first couple of reports and slid them into the shreder's knee high feed slot. The paper should have been pulled in automatically. Nothing happened.

"Damn it, this thing is acting up again. "

Jackie hit the override switch to off and lifted the cover. The sensor in the cover had a habit of failing to detect the paper. She had complained about this in the past, but the maintenance guy did not seem able to fix it.

She had found that if you placed the paper directly on the now uncovered top the sensor would work. If you held the override switch to 'ON' you could get it to operate. Jackie place the reports in the shreder and held the button. The reports were quickly sucked in and chewed to pieces. She proceed to shred the rest of the reports.

Jackie got careless. As she reached over the machine the hem of her sleeveless white cotton dress was laying on the reports she had placed in the machine. The hem snagged on staples at the top of the report. When Jackie hit the override switch to "ON" the hem was pulled in with the reports, the hem and then jammed.

"Damn it" muttered Jackie as she released the override switch.

The hem of the dress was tightly caught on the blades. She tugged on the dress but it was firmly snagged. She needed to open the bottom of the shredder and work the blades backwards manually to clear the jam. With the dress caught as it was she could not kneel in front the the machine.

"The place is empty today. I'll slip out of the dress and get it out of the machine."

Jackie opened the front buttons, slid the dress down to her knees and stepped backwards out of it. Jackie was nervous as she stood in her sheer white teddy.

The thin light weight teddy always felt cool and comfortable under a dress in the summer. A section of the teddy covering her midrift and the middle back and sides was a cool open mesh. The teddy did little to hide her firm body. As she stood the cool air of the air conditioner raised goosebumps over her body. She felt very exposed and slivered.

Jackie was struck with one of her attacks of cluminess that seemed to accompany embarassing situations. As she stepped forward to unjam the shredder she stumbled over her own feet and fell forward. Her hand struck the shredder's override switch and the machine started.

She immediately pulled her hand from the switch. The bottom half of the dress was pulled into the shredder and it jammed again. Jackie gasped but forced herself to hope for the best. She cleared the jam and backed the remains of her dress back out of the machine. She tearfully held it up in front of her. Thin strips of fabric hung from above waist level to her mid-thighs. The untorn part of the dress was now only as big as long as a very short t-shirt.

Jackie heard the heavy door to the elevator slam shut. Someone had come into the work area. Jackie peeked out the door and saw of a security guard making his rounds.

Jackie, in a panic, looked around the room and noticed the office supply closet. She opened the door and stepped into the closet. As she pulled the door shut the latch clicked and her back was pressed against the supply shelves. Her breasts were flattened painfully against the door. The inside of the door had a pair of coat hooks that poked into the bottom of her breasts. Fortunately, the hooks had rounded tips. Her skin was not punctured, but the constant pressure was painful.

Jackie listened through her pain. In a few minutes she heard the door to the elevators slam shut again. She hoped the guard had left. Jackie tried to raise her hand to the door knob. The space was so narrow she found the she could not reach the knob. She moved a little to the left to give herself more room to bend her right elbow and was able to slowly turn the knob.

The door exploded out from her with pressure that had been against her.

There was a loud "RRRIIPPPPP".

The front of her teddy had hung up on the coat hooks. When the door opened The front of her teddy was torn from her body. When she caught herself against the opposite wall she was standing right over the shredder. The end of the torn material felt into the open shred and was instantly pulled from her body and shredded.

Jake stood in only her sneakers and socks. She automatically moved to cover her breasts and pussy with her hands. After a few moments she relaxed somewhat and picked up the remains of her dress. In desparation she pulled it over her head, hoping it would serve to cover at least her breasts. To her frustration she found the the shredded material reached to exactly the level of her nipples which peaked between strips of the torn material.

The door to the elevator slammed again. Jackie peaked out and saw the same guard heading in her direction. She jumped back into the closet and pulled the door shut again. She heard footsteps approach and enter the office equipment room.

"Is anybody here?" she heard the guard ask.

Jackie held her breath. She felt something dripping down her back. She felt it dripping down her back to her left leg and then down the inside of her leg to her left foot. She must have knocked over something off a shelf. She bidded her time.

After fifteen minutes she heard the door to the elevator slam again. She worked her hand back to the door knob and opened the door. This time Jackie was ready. She caught her balance immediately and stepped to the door. She heard no footsteps.

Jackie moved her hands behind her back to find out what had dripped down her back. Her fingers brushed against the middle of her back AND STUCK. Her fingers from both hands were firmly held in place. She turned around and saw that a tube of superglue has been squeezed and had emptied is contents.

Jackie struggled to pull her fingers free and lost her balance. She fell with her back to the wall. Her legs brushed together and the superglue stuck her inner calves and thighs together. Jackie fell with her back against the closet door. The glue on her lower back instantly stuck.

Jackie cried out in frustration.

The next moment she heard footsteps. Two guards stood at the door with their jaws hanging open.

"C..Can...w...we help y..you, lady?"

It took Jackie several embarassing minutes to finally explain how she came to be restrainted by superglue in a revealing shredded dress. The snickers from the guards did not ease her embarassment.

Fortunately for Jackie, the guards found the superglue solvent and were able to free her hands and legs. The guards did take their time getting all the superglue dissolved. If Jackie had not been so embarassed she probably would have threatened to report them. By the time one of the guard had freed her fingers the other guard appeared with an old overcoat. Jackie would looked conspicuous in a overcoat on a warm summer day, but at least she would be covered.

Jackie did not count on the tail of the coat being caught in the subway door as she exited the train, but that is another story.

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Suzy's Birthday Dress by Johnny Dangerous

It all started some time ago whilst I was working away. I met a petite brunette called Suzy who was in my eyes very pretty, sexy yet innocent looking. As I've said she was brunette, she stood about 5ft 5 to my 6ft, she was very slim with perfectly proportioned breasts. I used to visit her as often as time would allow even though we lived quite far apart.

We successfully dated for some time, mainly because the sexual chemistry between us was so intense; had it not been for other commitments we may well have ended up together permanently. We still keep in contact as friends but due to my moving even further away time together is scarce. Anyhow enough of the waffle, back to the story:

After a few very successful and horny dates together we were sat in a restaurant having dinner when I casually asked Suzy what she would do if asked her to take off her knickers right there and then. She blushed the prettiest shade of red I have ever seen and called me a dirty git.

We then continued our meals, giggling and laughing at silly jokes for the next half an hour or so. Just before we were to order dessert Suzy said she needed to 'powder her nose' and so left the table. About ten or fifteen minutes later she eventually returned and was nervously shaking. She then leant across the table and whispered something in my ear.

"Prove it" I replied incredulously.

"How?" she asked

"Give them to me."

Suzy reached into her handbag and produced a fine pair of lacy panties, which were still warm from being so recently worn. I lay them out on the table causing her to blush once more before I slid them into my pocket telling Suzy she would only get her panties back once we were back at her flat.

As you can probably guess I teased Suzy about her state of undress for the rest of the evening. Instead of going home after the meal I thought it best to visit a few pubs. I even pulled her over to a side alley and when I kissed her I lifted her skirt and pushed her against the wall. The cold feeling of the brickwork against her bare backside only exaggerating her feeling of nakedness and her awareness that I could so easily display her should I choose to.

The rest of the evening was spent with me in an obvious state of arousal; I even had to un-tuck my shirt so it covered the growing bulge in my trousers. Suzy got more and more excited as the evening went on. At one point I even had her sit on a high bar stool which caused her skirt to ride up and expose her pussy. I stood in front of her shielding her from voyeuristic eyes but couldn't resist sliding my hand up her thigh until I felt her sopping wet gash.

Never before had I felt any girl to be so wet. The evening culminated in me somehow convincing her that unless she handed me her skirt outside the door to her flat she wouldn't get the fucking she was so desperate for - as if I could have refused!!!

As time progressed Suzy and I would often try for the more risky love making sessions, outside in public parks or shopping precincts at night for example. Sometimes it would simply be heavy petting in places normally considered taboo such as the cinema, in restaurants or even during a friends wedding reception. Whatever we did always ended with us needing relief in the privacy of her flat or a hotel room. It is difficult to maintain a level of excitement and spontaneity so we made a point of not doing something every time we met, surprise is the greatest aphrodisiac.

And so it came to be a little over two years into our relationship and it was Suzy's birthday. What could I get her?

I arranged for some time off work and told her to do likewise. I picked her up and being the romantic soul I am booked us into a cosy country hotel for a few nights. After a first pleasant evening I instructed Suzy we were taking a drive to buy her a new outfit. Excitedly she jumped into my car and we headed to a large out of town retail outlet that I had, unbeknown to Suzy, reconnoitred the previous day.

Suzy followed me expectantly into the store and was delighted to see row upon row of wonderful garments. There was everything from the briefest of mini skirts to the most elaborate of ballgowns. I told Suzy that I was looking to buy her a gorgeous 'birthday' summer dress and so we set about picking out several items.

The shop was fairly quiet and Suzy had tried on several before the young female sales clerk noticed that she was careless about leaving the cubicle curtain slightly open. I stood in appreciation as with each change her matching dark silk underwear was briefly displayed through the gap.

The clerk, obviously concerned at my voyeurism, then asked Suzy if we were together. To which she for some reason giggled "Yes."

The salesgirl must have sensed something between us because she then said that as the store was quiet I could step into the changing room to aid in the picking of an outfit, if it would help. The clerk then disappeared into the rows of clothes racks as I slid into the changing room with Suzy. Her next outfit consisted of a brief skirt and white blouse; not quite the summer outfit I had in mind but apparently a bargain Suzy said.

As she fought for space in the cramped room she would 'accidentally' push her firm buttocks into my groin. I in turn would grab her on the pretence of supporting her, feeling a breast or buttock in the process. Eventually she managed to get the outfit on, I told her it looked OK but a bit tarty as her black bra was visible.

She then took off the top and bra and was about to put the top back on when the curtain was pulled open by the young salesgirl. Suddenly the gorgeous tits of my luscious girlfriend were on display to anyone who cared to look.

"Oops! Sorry" tittered the mischievous salesgirl before drawing the curtain and handing another outfit to the once again crimson Suzy.

Suzy turned to me in shock but her erect nipples gave away here growing state of excitement. She then tried on the new outfit without bothering to replace her bra. I must admit she looked pretty good but it wasn't the outfit I intended for her to wear and so I suggested trying another.

As she was just stepping out of the dress I left the changing cubicle,pulling the curtain wide and once again displaying the topless beauty to the delighted salesgirl.

As I left the cubicle Suzy screamed in shock, calling me a pig, but that only drew attention to her from the few other people in the store and so increased the number of people who had the pleasure of seeing her bare c cups so far that day before she hurriedly closed the curtain.

I took that opportunity to enlist the aid of the mischievous young sales assistant. I explained that it was Suzy's birthday and as a special treat I was getting her an outfit; then I detailed exactly what I needed her to do to make it even more memorable!!!

I made my way across to the corner of the store where the previous morning I had hidden a stunning sheer summer dress that had been reduced in price to only £9.99. (It's not that I wouldn't spend more but I needed to ensure that this was the dress Suzy would wear when she left the store - all will become clear)

I returned to the changing room to find a grinning clerk, holding the curtain ajar in conversation with my barely covered and quite obviously embarrassed girlfriend. I ushered the young girl out and handed Suzy the sale dress. Suzy, remarked how perfect the dress was but on seeing the price tag looked at me in disgust until I produced a beautiful diamond ankle bracelet and explained the money I'd saved on the dress had got her this.

Suzy pulled the dress over her head and let it slide down her exquisite body. It fitted perfectly, she was a vision so sexy that I immediately became hard. The dress was a simple one piece, it had no sleeves, was fairly low cut at the front. It was also fairly short and only just covered her stunning rear. As she twirled the dress flared out giving a brief glimpse of Suzy's black silk panties.

The dress was loose enough so that with the right light the material became almost transparent leaving a casual observer a perfect silhouette view of the gorgeous body beneath. The only drawback, which was evident to both Suzy and I was the obvious outline of her black panties; she would have to wear light coloured ones but for now, just whilst in the changing room could perhaps go without.

Smiling sheepishly, Suzy raised the dress to her waist, hooked her thumbs into the waistband of the offending undies and pulled them down and off. At this point I bent down to place the diamond bracelet on her slender ankle. I also stared up the dress at the pink glistening pussy lips in the neatly trimmed bush above me.

My kneeling was also the cue for the young salesgirl to tender assistance. On seeing Suzy in the sexy brief summer dress she exclaimed how wonderful she looked. She then offered to return the other items to the racks.

As the helpful young girl collected all the clothes off the floor, including ALL Suzy's own clothes, I told Suzy to hold out her hands, close her eyes and count to twenty for just one more surprise. She did as instructed, I placed and envelope in her hand and left the cubicle and store.

After counting to twenty Suzy opened her eyes and was surprised to find she was alone in the changing room. Excitedly she opened the envelope in which she found a card containing £10 and the message. 'Meet you at the car. Happy Birthday love JD.'

It was only when she looked around her that she realised all her clothes were gone and all she had to wear was the sheer mini summer dress and without any underwear!!!

Cursing she called for the aid of the young shop girl.

"Where are my clothes?" she pleaded but the girl denied all knowledge of their location except for a pair of strappy high heeled sandals.

Suzy put on the sandals, which only forced her to stand more on tiptoe and so accentuate her toned legs to the extent they looked longer and her skirt even shorter. She then reluctantly exited the changing room with the smiling clerk following close behind. As Suzy approached the checkout she felt as if all eyes were on her; ‘was it obvious that the only covering she had was this pretty yet flimsy dress’ she wondered.

The thought both scared and excited her causing her nipples to harden under the thin material and her juices to flow. The young salesgirl looked on in awe as Suzy's body was silhouetted in all its glory by the sun blaring through the large shop windows. As Suzy stood at the till, legs slightly apart, the young assistant could even make out the outline of her labia and pubic mound.

Suzy looked around the shop, nervously fidgeting with the £10 note to pay for the dress. She saw that apart from the two college girls queuing in front of her there were no other customers in the store. There were however half a dozen staff, most of which were of a similar age to the college girls, and who having little else to do were now discretely eyeing up the pretty brunette at the till. The college girls finally paid for their goods and left the store so leaving Suzy as the only customer.

She approached the checkout where a boy of no more than seventeen waited to scan her purchases.

"Good day Miss." He stuttered, blushing as he tried to avoid looking at the gorgeous woman before him.

Suzy barely responded, instead handing the £10 note to the red faced boy. "I'd like to pay for the dress" she quickly added.

"Which dress Ma'am" he asked noting nothing was on the counter.

"Errm! It's the one I'm wearing" She stated offering up the price tag on her shoulder strap.

"I need to scan it, Ma'am." He replied apologetically.

"Oh!" squeaked Suzy noting the scanner was built into the till. "Perhaps you could cut off the tag"

Suddenly the salesgirl who had been paying particular attention to the unfolding events stepped forward. "I'm sorry but that won't be possible, it would invalidate the returns policy, perhaps you could just lean forward over the scanner."

Suzy thought about it for a while but soon realised she had little option than to agree. Clutching the front of her dress to stop it gaping open at the top she then attempted to lean forward over the sales counter. As she stretched to get the tag over the scanning plate her feet started to slip from under her causing her to brace herself against the counter. As she did she released the front of her low cut dress giving the teenage checkout boy a perfect view down her dress at her totally unsupported tits. That same action also caused the dress to ride up revealing her naked buttocks to the rest of the shop staff who had now gathered behind her.

Suzy looked up in despair as she realised the tag wouldn't reach the scanner. She then noticed that the young boy in front of her was now crimson faced and sporting a very stiff erection under his work issue slacks. She was however unaware of the wondrous sight of her bare buns being displayed to the sales staff behind her.

Suzy stood up trying to figure out a way she could get the dress scanned without revealing any more of her athletic yet curvy body. It was at that moment the young sales assistant who had served her in the changing room stepped forward once more.

"Look, there are two buttons supporting the shoulder straps at the back. Perhaps if we can release those we can get the tag off without invalidating the returns policy."

Suzy agreed and allowed the 'helpful' girl to undo the buttons. As she pulled at the shoulder strap there was a barely audible ping as the buttons flew across the store. The salesgirl then slid the tag over the freed strap and handed it to Suzy, she then lay the strap back over Suzy's shoulder.

Suzy, who hadn't noticed the buttons flying off handed the label to the teenage boy behind the till. As he rang it through Suzy rushed to leave the store.

"Err excuse me miss" he said "You've forgotten your change and receipt."

An exasperated Suzy who had almost reached the exit door swirled and stomped back to the till to retrieve her penny change. The swift movement caused the button-less shoulder strap to fall forward and Suzy's left breast and budding pink nipple sprang free to the joy of all the watching staff. As Suzy recoiled in shock at unwittingly displaying herself yet again, turning as pink in the face as her cherry coloured nipple the ever inventive salesgirl stepped forward offering her a small safety pin to secure the strangely broken strap.

After the blushing Suzy covered herself up with the aid of the sales girl's safety pin she rushed to leave the store and finally be out of this embarrassing albeit sexually exciting situation. The sales staff watched mesmerised as the summer dress swayed with every hurried step she took, it swayed a little too much thought the salesgirl, it was as if the saucy customer was giving an exaggerated display by wiggling her bottom or the hem was slightly weighted down by something.

Suzy breathed a sigh of relief as she finally neared the door and was away from prying eyes at last. The sudden sound of a screeching klaxon caused her to jump in shock momentarily flipping her dress up to flash her exposed pussy to a passing car. She stood frozen to the spot just outside the store for several seconds before she felt someone tugging her arm, pulling her back into the store once again.

"Sorry Madam" said the salesgirl smirking "It seems you have a security tag on your dress. If you just pop back in we'll have it off you in a jiffy." 'And not just the tag' she thought to herself.'

Once again Suzy felt herself being led back into the store. This time, however she was taken to the customer services desk.

"We have a special tool for removing the security tags." The girl said brightly "It should be under here somewhere. If we don't get it off correctly it sprays a dye which will ruin the dress."

As she was talking she pushed the portable tool to the back of the desk out of sight. Suzy meantime had been feeling round the dress trying to locate the offending tag; she found it on the inside of the hem at her rear.

"Shit!" exclaimed the sales assistant. "It seems the portable tag remover was sent away for repair, we only have the ones built into the desk. Perhaps you should nip into a changing room, take off the dress, then I'll do the tag and return the dress."

Suzy contemplated her situation. Here she was stuck in the middle of a large clothing store wearing only a short flimsy summer dress and strappy sandals and now the young salesgirl was asking her to remove even that last vestige of decency. She new she had no choice but to remove the security tag in the hem of the dress but surely she could keep the dress on.

So far this morning, through a series of mishaps she had already flashed her boobs and bum at various people, surely she couldn't allow herself to be totally naked in the store with just a changing room curtain to protect her modesty.

'What if the salesgirl accidentally left the curtain open, or what if there was a fire alarm whilst she was stood naked in the changing room. No! She just couldn't do it, there must be some other way.'

"I'm sorry." Said Suzy to the assistant. "But you'll just have to find some way of removing the tag. I can't take off the dress."

The young girl silently cursed. She had secretly hoped to leave this sexy woman in the changing room naked for as long as possible; perhaps even instructing one of the other salesgirls or men to ‘accidentally’ guide another customer into the same cubicle.

'She had hoped to give her a birthday to remember, ---‘ in her birthday suit.' she tittered to herself.

Thinking fast, the young girl again explained that the only way of removing the plastic dye filled security tag was to use the special tool built into the customer service desk. Suzy looked at the desk, it was just above waist height, there was no way she could lift her dress without revealing that she wasn't wearing panties. What could she do? Searching round the store she noticed a small set of steps, perhaps if she stood on the steps she could then sit on the desk and the girl could remove the dreadful tag.

Suzy suggested this and the salesgirl, thinking her last chance of stripping fun had finished reluctantly agreed. The young girl collected the steps and placed them by the desk. She then returned to the other side of the desk as Suzy precariously balanced on the small rickety stepladder. The young girl then instructed Suzy to turn round and slide back onto the desk so she could remove the tag. Suzy did as ordered and ended with her feet dangling over the desk facing the shopfloor. Her dress hem had slid under her bottom to the extent her young aide was unable reach the security tag.

"You'll have to lift your bum a bit so I can get the tag" said the young girl.

Suzy cringed at the possible sights she would display but obliged in the request and used her hands to push herself up off the desk just a few inches. This was just enough room for the young salesgirl to pull the tag and a substantial amount of material to the rear of the desk, she also deliberately lifted it high enough so she could get an excellent view of Suzy's gorgeous bare arse.

From the front the view was also impressive and it was only Suzy clamping her legs tightly together that stopped all the other people in the store from getting an eyeful of her neatly trimmed box.

On feeling the dress being pulled from under her lowered herself back onto the counter. She had a sudden feeling of shock as the cold surface of the desk mad contact with her naked behind; she initially jumped from the shock causing her unfettered breast to jiggle invitingly under her flimsy dress.

In the instant she recoiled the salesgirl smiled noting the damp patch left on the desk by the obviously excited customer. So far the mischievous young girl had seen, at various stages, all of the sexy customers body, the only part she hadn’t seen was her snatch. The salesgirl wasn’t gay, but when the lady’s boyfriend had asked for her help in making this a special birthday she couldn’t resist the opportunity and found herself wanting to take things even further than he’d requested. The question now was how could she get to see this gorgeous woman revealing her most prized asset to the world?

The pretty sales assistant went about carefully removing the security tag whilst looking around the desk for something that might help her in her quest of defrocking this poor unfortunate yet beautiful woman. Her eyes eventually settled on a large paper weight.

The salesgirl then instructed Suzy to slide a foot or two to the side so she could locate the tag in the removal tool. In so doing Suzy was forced to part her legs with each shuffle to the side giving anyone who cared to look a brief but perfect view of her now sopping wet gash. The salesgirl of course couldn’t se this but new that the result of the movement would place the, hopefully soon to be naked, customer too far away from the steps for any simple descent from the desk.

It also gave her the opportunity to snag the hem of the light summer dress into a join where two tables met to form the service desk and then further secure the dress in place using the carefully placed paperweight.

"OK got it." Said the salesgirl cheerfully whilst making a show of throwing the security tag into a large plastic bin and then moving round to the front of the counter to check on some clothes racks there.

"Sorry if you've been inconvenienced in any way, you should be clear to leave now."

Suzy once again breathed a sigh of relief; soon she would be out of this store and back in the arms of her loveable rogue of a boyfriend, ‘ Jesus, she was feeling horny. She could practically feel her juices flowing onto her thighs.’

The shopping trip had almost turned into a shopping strip but fortunately she had done little more than give brief flashes of her body, or so she tried to convince herself. She was desperate to finally get off the customer service counter where she now sat with her dress barely covering her thighs. If she didn't move carefully she was certain she would end up displaying a great deal more than she had already. The problem was the height of the counter effectively placed her on a stage that was just perfect for public viewing from almost anywhere in the store. She started to wonder if she would have been better stripping naked in the privacy of a changing room after all. It was too late however to change her mind, all she had to do now was climb down the stepladder and leave the shop.

An equally attractive friend had now joined the young sales clerk and both girls looked on in eager anticipation as Suzy assessed her situation. Suzy moved her foot an inch or two to the side and realised that she could not easily reach the steps. She slid along the counter until her foot could just touch the ladders. She was concentrating so much on getting to the steps without further mishap that she failed to notice the rear of the dress staying in place as she shuffled along. Each movement of her leg to measure the distance to the steps also meant she was inadvertently parting her legs just enough to give the salesgirl a wicked view of her pouting pussy lips.

The nervous exertion of trying to retain her dignity had also made Suzy start to perspire. The glistening sheen to her face gave the impression of someone who had just enjoyed a wonderful sex session. The sweat across her chest made the thin material of the dress cling to her like a second skin, emphasising the curve of her breasts and the erect state of her nipples. All in all she had entered the store less than an hour ago looking the epitome of propriety and had somehow been turned into a walking wet dream normally reserved for top shelf magazines or wet T-shirt competitions.

It seemed every one in the store was now mesmerised by the beauty at the customer services desk. Suzy however was too busy keeping her decency to be fully aware of the number of people witnessing her plight. The salesgirl in particular had positioned herself so that she wouldn't miss the finale to the morning's events. Suzy slid across the desk just a few inches more causing her dress to trail even further behind her and an even greater expanse of thigh to be plainly visible to her growing audience.

Finally her foot made firm contact with the top off the steps. It was as she slid forward onto the steps that she finally realised that her dress had somehow been caught behind her and was now being pulled up to her waist. Suddenly she was aware that her pussy, which she'd freshly trimmed for her weekend away was now on show to the whole store. This sudden realisation caused her to snap her legs together in a vain attempt to protect her now dripping box from prying eyes. The jerking movements of her legs together with Suzy twisting to release the dress only served to make the situation immeasurably worse as she kicked the steps away from under herself. Then as if in slow motion she felt herself sliding off the desk and toward the floor whilst her dress refused to give way until the last possible second.

The dress finally tore free from the desk pulling the paperweight crashing to the floor and drawing all eyes in the store towards the customer service desk. Suzy landed astride the ladder her legs forced wide apart and her sopping gash pushed up for all to see; the hem of the dress meantime had been pulled high causing her arms to be trapped inside and above her head. Everything that Suzy had to offer below her rib cage was now clearly being advertised in the shop.

Suzy sat shocked and dazed by the fall from the counter temporarily unaware of the spectacle she was providing. The two salesgirls rushed across to her aid instructing her not to move as they assessed her for injury. Of course this meant that she was unable to cover her gorgeous body from the many lustful eyes around her.

After fully assessing that there were no injuries the salesgirl instructed her friend to grab an arm and a leg as she did likewise. The two girls then lifted the helpless and still dazed Suzy and carried her across the store to the shoe section where there was a small settee and a water cooler. As they carried her, the salesgirls made no attempt to cover the gorgeous customer instead bunching the defenceless customer's dress above her waist and locking her arms around their shoulders for support.

As they traversed the store the two grinning clerks pulled Suzy's legs further apart totally exposing her pussy and swollen sex to all their colleagues. After the slow walk across the store they eventually reached the settee and lowered the dishevelled beauty onto the couch ensuring they positioned her with legs either side of a foot stool so that she wouldn't be able to close them and hide her luscious charms.

The sales girl then poured Suzy a cold drink of water which she accepted with shaking hands. The cup, which had been filled to the brim dripped down onto Suzy's bare skin causing her to instinctively jump in shock and drop the whole beaker down the front of her dress.

This freezing soaking had two effects; the first of which was to harden her nipples and add to the devastatingly sexy 'clinging wet T-Shirt' vision Suzy was portraying. The second was to suddenly bring her out of her daze to notice that she now sat naked from the waist down, legs splayed and being openly gawked at by the entire staff of the department store.

The utter humiliation was just too much, turning crimson from head to toe she ran from the store as the salesgirl cried after her "Happy Birthday, Please Come again."

And that is almost the end. My first vision of Suzy since handing her the birthday card in the changing room was of her rushing across the car park in the soaking and virtually transparent Birthday Dress. How exaggerated the story of her time in the store was after I left her is I can't say, but it did take her almost half an hour to simply pay cash for her dress.. All I know for sure is that subsequent to her recounting the story on leaving the car park we had to very soon pull into a country lane - for obvious reasons!!!!