**JAILBAIT'S JENNY**

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Jenny and the B.T.T Sell Hawaii by JailBait

Jenny and the B.T.T. Sell the Wild West by JailBait

Jenny Drives Into Trouble by JailBait

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JENNY AND THE B.T.T

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Jenny and the B.T.T Sell Hawaii by JailBait

Jenny wrapped in a white bath sheet sat at her dressing table carefully applying the finishing touches to her make-up. She looked down at the letter headed "Break Thru Travel the travellers friend" and read the entire contents again, even the elaborate signature by Mrs. A. Z. Gillan (Director). I can get this job she thought, I can work with a young team, I'm friendly and out going, I'm meticulous about my appearance, I'm numerate and accurate with paper work. I can wear a supplied uniform deemed appropriate by the company while on duty. Jenny imagined herself breezing through the day in a well-tailored dark suit and blouse as another couple complemented her on a well-arranged vacation cruising the Nile and visiting the pyramids.

Jenny looked across to the bed where her best blue suit lay ready to be put on. The buttons, seams and zip had been checked for security. A new white blouse that she had only worn once before is hung on the wardrobe door. Tried and tested like the suit she thought. The panty hose and under wear were new and still in their original packets. Her well-polished black shoes with their chunky low heels would complete her ensemble.

On the following Monday in the office of Mrs A. Z. Gillian (Director) at Break Thru Travel, Becky dressed in a brightly coloured bikini with a garland of flowers hanging around her neck sat on the edge of desk with her long tanned legs extended to the floor. Sarah her younger by minutes sister was combing Becky's long blonde hair before clipping a crown of flowers to the top of her head. Angela Zena Gillian sat at her desk in her immaculately tailored black suit shuffling her way through that mornings mail.

"Angey," said Becky. "What's the new girl like?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me that, darling, I am still your mother as well as being your employer. Using my first name I can tolerate. Just."

"Whatever," acknowledged Becky.

"In answer to your question, Jenny, is very pleasant but she isn't really a girl more of a woman really."

"You mean she is lot older than me and Sarah?"

"No not a lot older."

"And this old woman you have employed is willing to dress up in skimpy costumes like these Hawaiian ones we have to wear to push certain destinations."

"As I said she isn't that old and yes she is aware of the head office insistence of the clothing to be worn during promotions."

"And she didn't mind?"

"She didn't seem to mind exactly but she did stumble during the interview at that point and seemed to want me to assure her that the costumes were well made out of good quality material, and that the out fits would not be tight and likely to tear."

"Is she a bit of a fatty then?"

"No not at all, generous in the bust department perhaps, but not fat."

Sarah who had only be listening to the conversation while fussing over Becky's hair paused from her flower placing turned to Angela and said.

"If she is starting work today you do realise that head office is still using Cindy's measurements for the other costume?"

"So," answered Angela.

"Well don't you remember at one time we discussed at home as to whether Cindy actually qualified to be deemed anorexia nervosa."

"Well yes she certainly had a slim figure."

Becky, grinning broadly, interrupted with.

"I think the point that Sarah is trying to make to you Angela is that Cindy had small tits and we have got Ms. Super-Hooters starting today."

Angela thought for a moment and said, "I only said she was generous in the bust not that she had super....well what you were accusing her of."

"And her butt, I bet that is bigger than Cindy's?" Asked Becky.

Angela pictured in her mind Cindy's trim tight buttocks along side the bountiful curves of Jenny's rear end.

"Yes that is possible." Admitted Angela.

"Only possible," grinned Becky. "Angela you've cocked up and you will be in big trouble with head office if they choose today for an on the spot inspection. Staff incorrectly dressed could rock the franchise boat a bit."

Angela gripped the edge of her desk and said loudly, "It is one of your most annoying traits to gloat at others misfortune. Jenny will be able to wear the Hawaiian costume even though she may find it to be a little bit tight. If you are so perfect Becky why don't you take over the liaison between us and head office regarding costumes for promotions?"

"Do you really mean it?" Queried Becky tilting her head to one side.

"Yes I mean it, you're the one who keeps telling me you could handle more responsibility."

Jenny walked as quickly as possible towards the travel shop while gripping the top of her skirt. What diabolical luck she thought. Why today of all days, I was already running late, get out of the car and twang panties around my ankles. My clothes are cursed anything that can burst, snap, split, rip and just simply part company from my body does so with depressing regularity. Jenny did also wonder if she may have done better to have just kicked the errant piece of under wear under her car where they fell. It certainly would have let me walk faster she thought.

Trying to keep a firm grasp on these panties down the waist band of my skirt is not at all conducive to me walking quickly. Jenny arrived at the street door and paused to compose herself before pushing it open and stepping inside to the sound of the shop bell. She stood a few feet inside the shop as the door closed silently behind her. Her grip nervously tightened on the waist band as Becky and Sandra with Angela a few paces in front approached from the rear of the shop, Jenny immediately recognised Angela as the person who had interviewed her. The other two she guessed correctly were Angela's daughters who had been described to her at the after normal shop hours meeting.

Jenny looked in horror and thought surely those skimpy out fits the twins are wearing can't possibly be the kind of thing I will be expected to wear during a days work. Angela walked towards the now stunned Jenny her hand extended in greeting.

"I welcome you to your first day at Break Thru Travel and hope you and my daughters will get on well together as a friendly little team."

Angela's proffered handshake prompted an extended hand from Jenny, whose heart missed a beat as she realised she had released the grip on her panties that started to slither down her thighs. Jenny, too bewildered to react felt a gentle tickling as the panties slid down her legs on route to settling at her ankles. She looked down at her feet and back up into Angela's eyes who looked in surprise at what she saw as a less than auspicious start for her new employee.

"She is a good choice mom, we like her already!!!" Shouted the giggling Becky.

Sandra turned to Becky and wagged her finger, "Remember what Angela told you. Gloating over others misfortune is a very nasty trait."

Angela turned and glared at Becky and Sandra. Jenny stayed frozen to the spot, red faced and hoping a hole would open in the carpet and cause her to disappear. Angela attempted to take control of a farcical situation by starting to make formal introductions.

"Jenny, these are my daughters, Becky and Sandra. Becky and Sandra meet Jenny our new sales assistant."

Angela breathed a sigh of relief as she heard the telephone start to ring in her office.

"Sorry Jenny I have to go." She said. "Duty calls. The girls will look after you. Bye."

Angela hurried back to sanctuary of her office.

Becky spoke first, "you may as well step out of your panties as you will have take everything off to change into your Hawaiian costume."

Jenny stepped out of her panties in total silence.

"Good girl," complimented Becky as you would a dog who had obeyed a command to roll over.

Sandra picked up the fallen panties, paused for a few moments, opened the shop door and tossed them into the street. Jenny opened her mouth to protest at the flippant treatment of her property but not a sound was forthcoming.

Angela who had finished her wrong number call shouted from her office doorway, "we are supposed to be open in 5 minutes and none of you are ready! Help Jenny get changed, and I thought there were grass skirts to go with the bikini and flowered garlands?"

"There is!" Shouted Sandra in reply.

Becky reached over and started to undo Jenny's blouse.

"I have to get changed here," gasped Jenny in horror.

"Only kidding," chuckled Becky, "we have a changing room out the back. Come on you heard what Angela said you only have 5 minutes."

Becky and Sandra had shown Jenny to the changing room and had pulled on their grass skirts and gone into the front of the shop. Jenny now naked opened the carton they had given her and examined the contents. The grass skirt with an elastic waist band looked to be okay. One size fits all thought Jenny as she stepped into it and pulled it up to her waist. She held up the multicoloured bikini bottoms unable to believe how tiny they were, Jenny stepped into them and eased the garment up her slender legs, she is amazed how much force was needed to pull the briefs up over her thighs into place. Jenny parted the synthetic grass at the front and peered down to see a tiny piece of material barely covering her crotch.

When she looked at the back in the full length mirror, the cheeks of her bottom seemed to have eaten the rear part of the costume. Jenny reached for the top of the bikini and realised at once that her breasts were not going to snuggle into those tiny cups. She clipped the top round her chest and with a great deal of effort turned the top around to get the cups to the correct side. Jenny wished the top had shoulder straps rather than appearing to defy gravity. Despite hooking her fingers into the cups and indulging in some vigorous jiggling only a small quantity of her generous breasts settled inside the top. Jenny looked at herself in the full length mirror, the inadequacies of the bikini bottoms were hidden behind the grass skirt she told herself.

She reached for the garland and slipped it over her head, and these will assist in hiding my bulging cleavage so perhaps it won't be too bad..

Angela poked her head round the changing room door and said, "that's good the bikini fitted fine, I told the girls it would."

"It is a little bit tight, I don't want to sound like I'm moaning on my first day but would it be possible to have a slightly larger size in future costumes?" Jenny asked politely.

"You will have to tell Becky your requirements as I have given the promotion responsibilities to her."

"Mrs. Gillian how do I know which one of your daughters is Becky."

"It is tricky to physically tell the difference but it is easy with the Hawaiian outfit as Becky has a ring in her pierced navel. Now if you are ready I have a little job for you to do in the shop. Here is an assortment of brochures go and put them in the rack on the public side of the counter."

Jenny took the armful of brochures and to prevent strain on her bikini walked carefully to the rack to restock the shelves. Jenny was quite pleased to be doing something useful as it distracted her thoughts from how scant her clothing was. One young man even asked her for a brochure from the top of the pile in her arms. He seems to have been distracted by the loop of the flowers across my breasts thought Jenny as he stared at them very hard indeed. Perhaps he was trying to determine what type of flowers they were.

The last few brochures she was left with were all for the same country and as she scanned the rack she could see the matching ones were on the bottom shelf. Jenny carefully sank down into a crouch and felt the bikini bottoms go so tight she was sure she could hear the material creak with the tension. She placed the last brochure into the rack and softly breathed a sigh of relief. As she started to rise her relief was turned into panic as a loud twang from under the grass skirt announced the surrender of the waist band of her bikini bottoms. Jenny looked over her shoulder and to her surprise nobody including Becky and Sarah had heard anything.

Jenny stood up and felt for the second time that day her panties descended down to her ankles. She swiftly crouched back down and fumbled the bikini bottoms completely off. She left them in the middle of the floor and hurried behind the counter to stand next to Sarah.

"Are you okay Jenny?" asked Sarah as the customer she was serving turned to leave the shop. "Only you look a little flushed."

Jenny nodded her in the direction of the bikini bottoms lying on the floor in front of the rack.

"Not again." Said Sarah shaking her head in disbelief.

Jenny sighed and whispered, "this kind of humiliating thing always seems to happen to me. I don't know why."

Sarah feeling a bit mean for having thrown Jenny's own panties out the front door hurried out from behind the counter to retrieve the bikini bottoms. Unluckily for Sarah and Jenny at that moment Angela came out of her office and made a bee line for Jenny. Sarah not wishing to embarrass Jenny further with Angela hid the bottoms amongst the brochures.

"Jenny," said Angela as she approached," Could you go out to the front of the shop and pull down the awning? The pole is over there."

"What outside. You mean into the street." Stammered Jenny.

"Of course I mean outside in the street that is where the awning is."

"I could do it." Piped up Sarah trying to save Jenny from being in the street naked under her grass skirt.

"Jenny is quite capable of doing a little job like that, aren't you?"

Jenny walked as carefully as possible to get the pole. Small steps she thought, and then just maybe my skirt will hang down and not part and swirl to give every one a disjointed peep show. Jenny went out into the street and felt the gentle breeze ruffle and shake her skirt. Becky who had now been told by Sarah that Jenny was going out into the street with nothing on under her skirt stood in the open doorway. Sarah watched from the other side of the main shop window.

Jenny extended the pole towards the awning hooks and found it to be a long stretch as she fumbled to hook the locating eyes. The handle of the pole became snagged in the garland around her neck. Jenny in her efforts to get the handle free only succeeded in snapping the necklace of flowers which fell onto the pavement.

With the hook finally located Jenny gave a mighty pull on the awning which to her horror caused the rear fastener on the bikini top to burst. The top fired towards the shop window causing Sarah to flinch as the brightly coloured material hit the window.

Becky exploded in a fit of laughter from the doorway and shouted.

"Definitely super-hooters, just like I said!!"

Jenny let go of the pole leaving it swinging on the eye and clamped her hands to her naked breasts and ran back towards the shop entrance. Jenny's entry was hampered by the hysterically laughing Becky blocking the doorway. Jenny finally managed to squeeze by but not before Becky had in the confusion hooked the waist band of Jenny's skirt onto the door handle. The elastic stretched into the shop as if to catapult Jenny back into the street. This time Becky and Sarah did hear the twang as the elastic waist snapped and fired the skirt past Becky, across the pavement and into the road. Jenny now completely nude fell and sprawled onto the floor of the shop.

Angela turned and without saying a word headed back towards her office vigorously shaking her head. Becky, who was observing Jenny get to her feet, turned to Sarah to remark, "I'm liking her more and more as the day goes on."

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Jenny and the B.T.T. Sell the Wild West by JailBait

"How!" Shouted Sarah and Becky in unison after they had put on their squaw's costumes. The outfits are light brown in colour decorated with squiggles of blue and yellow picked out with white glittering beads. Mid thigh in length with the hem cut in a zig zagging pattern they emphasis the girls long tanned legs beautifully. They both wore head bands which stood out boldly from their blonde hair, Sarah's hair is woven in tresses, Becky's is tied in to long bunches. On their feet they both wear leather sandals with the strapping criss-crossing up their calves. Brightly coloured bangles on both wrists jangle with every movement.

Jenny blusters into the changing room, almost late because the zip had snapped on her black skirt as she left her house. With her skirt around her ankles she had struggled back indoors and changed into her dark blue business suit, retained the same beige blouse, and her normal black sensible heeled shoes. Glancing at her watch with some relief to discover she wasn't late, Jenny carefully put her rear door key into her hand bag.

"Let me guess." Said Jenny. "New promotion, and being as you are both dressed like that, it must be cowboy country or something like that."

"Surely you already knew?" Questioned Sarah. "You are according to Becky the cowboy, and head office assumed the check shirt, jeans and boots would be your own."

"What have they supplied?" Jenny said a worried look on her face.

"A hat, a waistcoat, chaps and a pair of spurs." Answered Sarah and looked accusingly at Becky.

"Sorry Jenny." Said Becky disarmingly. "I was sure I told you to either wear or bring the other pieces with you. Never mind you can wear what there is but I will let you off wearing the spurs as they will look a bit silly with those shoes."

"Can't I go home and get or even buy the jeans and shirt?" Pleaded Jenny.

"No time! No time! This is a very special promotion and head office could come here to inspect us. You haven't seen out front, totem poles and things for the kids, this is a bigger promotion than normal. How would it look if I had no cowboy? Please Jenny, do your best with what you have, the Break-Thru travel franchise is depending on you."

Becky even added a flutter of her long lashes at the end of her rallying speech.

Sarah chimed in to back her sister up.

"If you stay behind the counter no-one will know you only have panties on with your chaps, and the waistcoat will cover your breasts."

Jenny, now resigned to being half-naked for the rest of the day strips down to her under wear and starts to put on the outfit. The waistcoat buttons start low down and unluckily Jenny's bra choice for today pushed her breasts upward and outward. Jenny looks in surprise at how much bra and breasts push out through the V of the waistcoat before the buttons start.

Sarah sidled over to Jenny and said. "Nothing personal Jenny but your top half looks like you are mid way through getting dressed. If you do away with the bra your tits will look much less conspicuous."

Jenny reluctantly took the waistcoat off and handed it to Sarah. Jenny unclasped her bra and took it off, folded it neatly and put it with the rest of her clothes. Sarah helped Jenny back into the waistcoat, they each fastened some of the buttons.

"Much better without a bra." Compliments Sarah. "Now the chaps, you are lucky, leather against bare skin makes me feel really sexy." She adds and slides her hands slowly down her thighs.

"They aren't leather." Scoffs Becky.

Jenny starts to bend forward with her peachy bottom facing the changing room door to strap on the chaps.

"Nice ass babe!" a male voice shouted as the door crashed open.

Jenny panic stricken straightened up, turned to face the source of the voice while backing towards the lockers.

"All done Jason?" Said Becky casually. Jason nodded and stared towards Jenny who had her arms clamped protectively around herself.

"You don't know Jenny do you?" Becky continued.

"Some bits I would recognise again." Replied the 18 year old Jason with a crude laugh.

"Jenny this is Jason. Jenny, Jason. He has helped his younger sister, Sammy Jo, to set up a face painting kiosk in the shop."

"P-P-Pleased to meet you." Stuttered Jenny.

"The pleasure was all mine. Perhaps we could get together some time and have some sexy fun. I love girls who wear leather trousers. Especially ones who drop them to their ankles when I meet them." Said Jason with a suggestive wink to Jenny.

Jenny just stared in discomfort at the crude teenager.

Sarah dived to Jenny's rescue. "She is too old for you and besides she is happily married."

"Sometimes the older married ones are grateful when a young sex machine comes their way." Counters Jason thrusting his hips towards Jenny.

"Jason!" said Sarah, raising her voice.

"Don't get jealous Sarah I can mange all three of you with no problem." Grins Jason.

Becky clamps her hand to the crotch of Jason's cut offs.

"Not big enough to touch the sides needle dick!" She said with a smile while squeezing his penis firmly through the material.

"Your loss!" Jason laughed as he pulled Becky's hand away and walked out of the changing room.

Sarah walked over to Jenny and crouched down to pull up the chaps for her.

"As you have probably gathered we have face painting for the kids today to be done by Sammy Jo. She is only 16 but she is has a natural artistic talent and is very creative. Mom saw her at a fair recently and asked her if she would be interested in some casual work for this promotion. " Said Sarah.

"Jason isn't going to be here, is he?" Said Jenny in a very concerned voice.

"No he won't be back until six to take Sammy Jo home."

Jenny breathed an audible sigh of relief.

Sarah finished strapping the chaps to Jenny while Becky went to see Sammy Jo.

Sammy Jo is arranging her various bottles and tins containing their broad spectrum of colours, and checking her assorted brushes. She is dressed in a plain white cotton dress reaching almost to her knees her budding breasts and nipples clearly out lined in the material. At the rear her taut young bottom stretches the material across both cheeks. Her light brown hair with its flecks of dark blue hangs loosely to her shoulders.

"Sammy Jo, could you do a quick paint job on me before we open?"

"Sure can Becky. What have you got in mind?"

"Just a few bright streaks across my face."

"I can do that, no problem."

Becky sat in the chair while Sammy Jo carefully painted a bright red chevron across Becky's face. Sammy Jo rinsed the brush and after wiping the brush dry on her dress selected another colour. She filled the brush with a bright blue and painted another chevron that mirrored the red one. She dropped the brush into a jar and pulled up the hem of dress and dabbed at Becky's face.

"Started to run." Said Sammy Jo apologetically. "I will have to keep the paint thick. Must be warmer than I thought in here."

"Do you always work like that."

"Like what?"

"Using your dress as a paint rag."

"Always. I find it more convenient than messing around with bits of cloth. I always know where I can find my wipe rag. The dress is totally ruined by the end of a day, but who cares, and you should see my body, it looks like a rainbow when I take the dress off."

"Ruins your underwear as well then."

Sammy Jo furrowed her brow and scratched her head. "I don't see how, all my underwear is 10 miles away at home." She said with a broad grin.

"I think I like you a lot already thought Becky.

"Now how about I put a few ribbons of yellow down your arms and legs?" Suggested Sammy Jo. "I get bored just doing faces all the time."

"Have you ever painted a whole outfit on to someone?" Asked Becky.

"You mean like in the magazines where a girl goes out nude with her clothes painted on?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"No, but I have tried on myself but that is very awkward to do, I could only do my front. If you want to strip off Becky I can give it a go!"

" No not me, but if you would like to I think I can arrange for you to do a total body job on some one else. We will need Jason's help as well, one of us can ring him and explain my plan. The only problem is neither me or Sarah will be here to help with the actual painting."

"Who am I going to body paint?" Said the now intrigued Sammy Jo.

"Jenny the other girl, well woman really, who is getting changed at the moment who you will meet later."

"Has she any idea what sort of outfit she wants me to paint on?"

"No, you can chose, she likes surprises. In fact the whole thing will come as a surprise."

"I'm fascinated Becky, tell me more."

"My plan is ............................."

Jenny put on the grey cowboy hat and pulled the draw string tight to her chin. She stood in front of the mirror to see how she looked, from the front. Sarah assured Jenny that she looked great as Jenny's panties weren't skimpy g strings and were not as small as the bikini bottoms she had worn for the Hawaii promotion. Jenny smiled wryly to herself as she remembered what had happened that day.

"And also." Said Sarah encouragingly, "you will be behind the counter today, not in the customer area."

Jenny nodded her head. "It will only be for today, what could possibly go wrong?"

They both jumped as Becky burst back into the room waving a plastic tomahawk above her head.

"Scalp the cowboy! She stole our lands!" Cried Becky.

"Christ Becky! You frightened us half to death!" Scolded Sarah.

"Sorry girls. Got a bit carried away now Sammy Jo has put on my war-paint. Why don't you have some Sarah?"

The day in the shop was a big success mainly for the fathers of the children who came into the shop.

Sarah and Becky in their minimal squaw outfits with their tanned limbs emphasised with the yellow painting attracted a great deal of admiration. Sammy Jo in her white dress soaked in various colours meant she had a group of mainly men watching her intently. Jenny totally by accident did on a few occasions move back from the counter far enough to unintentionally reveal the tantalising strips of skin between her chaps finishing and her panties starting.

Jenny did notice that Becky had a few chats with Sarah that caused Sarah to burst out laughing but Jenny didn't know what it was about. She asked Sarah what was going on, Sarah assured her it was nothing.

Minutes before the shop shut Becky said to Jenny.

"Sammy Jo is about to have a shower and Jason is picking her up at 6. Trouble is me and Sarah have got to be away when the shop shuts at 5.30 so could you please wait with Sammy Jo as we don't want her waiting outside for half an hour."

Jenny was so relieved that she had got through the day without a major catastrophe that she happily agreed to stay late.

"I'll lock the front door and pull down the blind, me and Sarah will go out the back."

Jenny busied herself in the shop tiding the brochure rack and throwing scraps of rubbish into the bins.

"Jenny! Where have the twins gone?"

Jenny looked in surprise as Sammy Jo totally naked padded into the shop area leaving a trail of wet footprints on the floor.

"They've gone home." Replied Jenny looking down at the desk to avoid staring at the young naked teenager.

"That's great I'm soaking wet and haven't a towel to dry myself with. Besides that when Jason parked out front I was going to jump into his car in just the towel."

"That would be awkward now anyway." Jenny said ,feeling a certain empathy with Sammy Jo as Jenny had experienced this kind of situation many times herself. "I only have a rear door key so you would have had to travel on foot up the rear alley to the end of the street."

Sammy Jo continued to stand in the shop dripping more water into the growing puddle around her feet.

"Couldn't you put your dress back on?" Suggested Jenny.

"It's gone." Said Sammy Jo.

"Gone? Gone where?" Queried Jenny.

"Becky said put all the clothes and towels into the green sack. So I put the towel into the green sack not realising it was the only one, I put a blue suit and a beige blouse on top and then my dress."

Jenny naively believed this was a true account of the events and that poor Sammy Jo had made a genuine mistake with Becky's instructions. What had really happened was Becky and Sammy Jo with Sarah keeping look out had cleared the place of anything wearable into the laundry sack. Sarah and Becky had left with the sack while Sammy Jo hopped into the shower.

"I needed to change into the blue suit and blouse to go home." Said Jenny sadly. "What about the bra?" She continued hopefully.

"Yes, I'm sure I put that in as well." Sammy Jo replied brightly.

"Looks like I will be travelling home in my cowboy outfit." Jenny groaned as she thought of her walk to her car with her panties visible to everyone.

"And what about me?"

"Sorry Sammy Jo, but I don't have any suggestions for what you can wear if as you say the changing room has been cleared." Said Jenny and shook her head in genuine concern for the younger girl.

"Jenny, I do have one idea that should work. You give me the cowboy outfit."

Jenny didn't think very much of the idea so far as it would leave her with just her shoes, panties and a hat.

"And I with my artistic talent," continued Sammy Jo, "will paint a T shirt onto you. You know I'm good, you have been watching me work all day."

"But that means I have to walk out into the streets in panties, shoes and a layer of paint." Said Jenny her cheeks turning red just thinking about it.

"Have you a better idea Jenny, if so tell me."

Jenny shook her head again and slowly slipped off the waistcoat and with Sammy Jo's help unbuckled the chaps. Jenny also removed the cowboy hat which Sammy Jo immediately plonked onto her own head.

Sammy Jo tossed the rest of the outfit onto the counter, "I'll put it on after I've dripped dry." She said in explanation.

This added to Jenny's embarrassment as Sammy Jo naked, except for the hat reached for the pot of white paint.

"Good job I have plenty left." She said light- heartedly. "My tits are only breast bumps compared to these."

Sammy Jo started to apply the white paint carefully to the seated Jenny's shoulders but Sammy Jo seemed to be all fingers and thumbs and nearly knocked her paint over twice.

"It's no good Jenny I will have to have your panties as well."

"But then all I will have is my shoes." Jenny whispered in disbelief.

"I must have a cloth to wipe my brushes on."

"Can't you use the waistcoat?" Jenny suggested helpfully.

"Totally the wrong type of material. Low absorption factor." Answered Sammy Jo dismissively

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"Will I get the panties back?" Jenny asked hopefully, thinking a pair of paint smeared panties would be better than none at all.

"You won't need them, I can paint some smart shorts onto your skin." Sammy Jo replied confidently.

"But I will be nude except for my shoes and paint. If any one sees me they will know my clothes aren't real."

"I feel very hurt Jenny, all I'm trying to do is be as helpful as possible, and all you can do is bitch and doubt my skill all the time." Sammy Jo said as she pretended to wipe a tear.

"I'm so, so, sorry Sammy Jo, I will do what ever you say." Jenny stood up, feeling very guilty and whispered. "You can have my shoes as well if you think it will help."

"The panties will do for now." Smiled Sammy Jo.

Sammy Jo briskly slide Jenny's panties off for her as Jenny froze in passive obedience.

Sammy Jo stepped into the panties and pulled them up her young slender legs. She bent forward, gripped the crotch of the panties in both hands, and with a loud rip, snapped the crotch of the panties. Sammy Jo saw Jenny's look of dismay at the torn underwear.

"I need the material hanging down." Said Sammy Jo by way of explanation.

Jenny sat as still as she could as Sammy Jo got to work at painting on the t shirt.

Jenny giggled unintentionally as the soft brush bristles teased across her nipples, and almost burst out laughing when Sammy Jo twiddled the brush into Jenny's navel. Jenny knelt on the chair for Sammy Jo to paint Jenny's back. Jenny wiggled her bottom as a deliberately well aimed bead of paint went between her bottom cheeks before dripping onto the chair. Mortified she gripped the chair tightly as she felt the errant paint being wiped from her bottom.

"You will have to stand up now Jenny."

Jenny strained her eyes downward while keeping her head up as Sammy Jo added some blue trim to the sleeves and V neck line.

"Turn around." Said Sammy Jo. She selected a larger brush and in the same shade of blue painted

Jenny's bottom. "Face me." Said Sammy Jo and crouched down.

Jenny who was looking down saw Sammy Jo crinkle her nose and shake her head.

"Too hairy." Said Sammy Jo and shook her head again.

"You mean my..pu..pu..b..ic hair." Stammered Jenny.

"Have you got any scissors?"

"I have if my hand bag is still in the changing room." Jenny answered simply, as she remembered her promise to co-operate.

Sammy Jo scampered off to the changing room her paint soaked flaps of panty material swinging from side to side. She returned in seconds.

"Found them!" She shouted, snipping at the air with the tiny pair of nail scissors.

"I'll do the honours." She said crouching back down with her nose inches from Jenny's vagina.

Sammy Jo methodically trimmed the excess pubic hair while Jenny looked up at the ceiling, too embarrassed to look.

"Much better." Declared Sammy Jo when she had finished trimming.

"Thank you for doing that." Jenny said politely.

Sammy Jo picked up her paint pot and brush and proceeded to finish off the shorts.

"Can't you keep still!" Mocked Sammy Jo as she persistently drew the paint brush the full length of Jenny's vaginal lips.

"I'm trying." Said Jenny. "But the tickle of the brush is making me shiver all over."

"All done." Sammy Jo finally declared as she stood up and gave her brush a final wipe.

Jenny walked the whole length of the shop for Sammy Jo to have her final inspection. Sammy Jo knotted the crotch of the panties back together and strapped on the chaps. She on the waistcoat but before she did up the buttons a loud knock sounded on the front door.

"Must be Jason." Said Sammy Jo and with her waistcoat still flapping open went to one of the desks and grabbed a piece of paper, on it she wrote WE HAVE NO KEY FOR THE FRONT DOOR. MEET US AT THE END OF THE ALLEY.

Before Jenny realised Sammy Jo had flicked up the blind on the front door to show Jason her message. Jenny momentarily froze, as Jason squashed his nose up to the glass and put his thumb up to signal his approval. Jenny turned and ran towards the changing rooms, her blue bottom cheeks bouncing in unconnected locomotion.

Sammy Jo went into the changing rooms to find Jenny standing in one of the corners.

"I don't think I can do this." Said Jenny sadly.

"Of course you can." Smiled Sammy Jo confidently. "I bet Jason didn't even notice you were only dressed in paint. Honestly you just look as if you are dressed in a tight t shirt and shorts."

Jenny still doubtful continued to stand rooted to the spot.

"Please lets get going before Jason gets pissed off with waiting and drives away." Urged Sammy Jo.

Fat chance of that thought Sammy Jo Jason would sit out there all night if he thought he was going to get a look at those bouncy white tits, let alone the cheeky blue ass and bald blue pussy.

Sammy Jo and Jenny headed out side and down the alley, Sammy Jo walked nonchalantly along in her bare feet with her paint stained panties barely covering her vagina and bottom. Jenny mean while stayed so close the wall it was as if she hoped her colours would blend into the surroundings. She kept glancing backward to see if any one was approaching from behind, and ahead hoping to see Jason's car. Jenny hid behind a trash can as Sammy Jo went out to meet Jason.

"Are you ready for a dash to the car?" Said Sammy Jo when she returned and squatted down beside Jenny.

Jenny felt so scared at the thought of leaving the quiet of the alley for the bustle of the street that she wasn't even sure she could stand up. Jenny gathered all her courage and with Sammy Jo's encouraging words dashed into the street to Jason's car.

Jason was standing in the street with a broad grin on his face.

"Where's the car?" Gasped Jenny her eyes pivoting in all directions.

"My brother can be a stupid idiot at times." Sammy Jo said casually. "He left the car outside the shop we've got to run all the way down the street."

"You never said to bring the car little sister, you said to meet you at the end of the alley, no mention of bringing the car."

"Please can we go to the car now?" Pleaded Jenny. "People are pointing at me, they must know my clothes aren't real."

"Aren't they?" Said Jason. "They fooled me."

Sammy Jo nudged Jenny and said. "Now that I'm the cowboy I've got to make a run for it as those two squaws over the road seem to have their eyes on me as a new scalp!!!"

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Jenny Drives Into Trouble by JailBait

Jenny the newest driver at Lux Limos carefully exited the stretched white Mercedes through the garage doors and out into the street. Apprehensive initially she had mastered the large cars after a few weeks supervised driving and was about to pick up her first real passengers. Financially Jenny had some problems of late with rent, store cards and credit cards and badly needed to make a success of her new job. She was confident that a few weeks steady work would make inroads into paying back the £1000 she now owed the company to cover her training and uniform. In view of her numerous clothing disasters she was extremely glad that despite the attractive image the female drivers had to project the uniform wasn't at all skimpy. The uniform consisted of a knee length skirt, and jacket in a gaudy shade of yellow. The jacket was similar to a dinner jacket, high waisted, with two short tails at the rear. This was teamed with a white blouse and white stockings. (her personal preference to tights). Her shoes were in the same bright yellow, as was the bow tie and peaked hat with it's single string of gold braid. On the jacket's large lapels a gold badge announced in copperplate writing JENNY, as the first line. The second line written smaller said Limousine Driver.

Her eyes flicked to the clip board attached to the dash to read her assignment, which was to go to the Metro Hilton, to pick up two passengers from Break Thru Travel and to take them to the airport. Unbeknown to Jenny a more experienced driver was originally to have done this pick up as she would be collecting Becky and Sarah, the daughters of a franchisee of Break Thru Travel in the USA. A good service would hopefully ensure regular repeat business with the customers of Break Thru Travel. Fortunately for Jenny the traffic was light and she arrived at the hotel with 10 minutes in hand. As she sat in the foyer she attracted quite a few admiring looks, mainly because her skirt had ridden up when she had crossed her legs, to reveal that band of bare skin between her skirt and stocking top that no man can resist.

One of the hotel staff had informed her what Becky and Sarah looked like, long blonde hair, bronzed fit bodies, and so alike that they must be twins. Jenny jumped to her feet as the girls, who couldn't have been more than 18 approached, accompanied by an equally young bell boy trolleying their luggage. Definitely as described. thought Jenny in admiration at the amount of bronzed skin the girl's minimal clothing of sleeveless cropped tops and tight micro skirts exposed.

Outside as the bell boy loaded the luggage into the boot of the limousine, Jenny meanwhile became uncomfortable under the intense stare of the young blonde girls. Jenny inspected her appearance in fear that her skirt may have split or the buttons on her blouse had come undone. One of them even pointed at her name tag and nudged the other with the result that they both started giggling.

Jenny bravely decided to say something, "I noticed you were pointing at my name tag, I just wondered if you knew me already or something?"

The young girls burst into another fit of giggles.

"No! No! It's not exactly like that," said one.

"It's the name and your physical appearance," said the other.

Jenny is a fairly common name, thought Jenny, and as for my appearance, I have been the cause of some merriment when I've lost my clothes inappropriately, but that isn't the case at the moment.

"You look puzzled," said one of the twins, "My name is Becky by the way, and this is my twin sister Sarah."

"Hi," said Sarah before explaining, "it's just that back in the US we have a girl who works for us, who looks exactly like you."

"And her name is Jenny as well," added Becky, "and you are so much like her, it's spooky."

"Except this Jenny has all her clothes on," giggled Sarah.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jenny her eyes wide with surprise.

"No offence intended Jenny," said Sarah apologetically, "it's just that our Jenny seems to part company from her clothes under the most extraordinary circumstances."

"And it's not just the odd button," emphasised Becky, "she seems to manage to loose them all, in the street, in the travel shop, anywhere in fact."

"I don't suppose you've even become nude like that, have you?" said Sarah with a cheeky smile.

"No I haven't," replied Jenny softly.

Now that is spooky, she thought as she slammed the boot of the limousine.

Jenny carefully drove away from the hotel and confidently settled into her task of transporting Becky and Sarah to the airport.

"Have you been to the U.K. before?" inquired Jenny, making conversation with the standard British start.

"No, this is the first time," replied Becky.

"Next time we'll come in the summer," added Sarah. "We thought it was summer here now, hence our light clothing."

"It is supposed to be," said Jenny apologetically.

"If I'd have known how cold it would be I'd have bought my thermal underwear," said Sarah,

"Don't you listen to her Jenny," said Becky. "she never wears underwear, thermal or otherwise,"

"Yes I do," said Sarah indignantly, "You saw me get dressed this morning. so you know I've got panties on.

"You might have taken them off when my backed was turned," laughed Becky. "And what about a bra, you definitely don't have one of those on."

"Neither do you." countered Sarah, prodding one of Becky's prominent nipples.

"I going to tell the driver what you've done," said Becky in mock horror, she reached forward and tapped Jenny on the shoulder, "did you see that Miss?" said Becky, as if she was still at school. "She poked one of my tits, she's a naughty girl isn't she Miss?"

Jenny glanced round for a second, just one second, but it was the same second as a small dog ran in front of the car ahead.

Melanie braked hard and avoided hitting the little dog, much to her relief as she was already running late for her next appointment.

"What the fuck!" she exclaimed as her car was buffeted 6 feet along the road by the tyre screeching limousine behind, that failed to stop in time. Jenny sat dumbfounded in the limousine, her hands still tightly gripping the steering wheel. Through the clouds of steam hissing from under the bonnet stepped Melanie with a face like thunder.

"You silly cow!" she yelled as she rapped on Jenny's window, "didn't you see my brake lights come on?"

"I'm really, really sorry," said Jenny after opening the window half way, "I was distracted for a split second and I braked as hard as I could, but I just couldn't stop in time."

Becky and Sarah sunk low into their seat and looked out of the opposite side window.

"If you hadn't poked my tits, none of this would have happened," whispered Becky to Sarah.

"I like that," hissed Sarah, "it was you tapping Jenny on the shoulder to tell her I poked your tit that caused the accident."

Melanie flapped her hand in disgust and started to stab the stored number buttons on her mobile phone.

"This will cost your firm dearly, because on top of the repairs to my car, they can pay for a taxi to be at my disposal until my car is repaired."

"Perhaps it's not as bad as you think," suggested Jenny hopefully, "and your car may still be usable."

"Usable! Usable!" screamed Melanie, "come out here and see what you've done you useless idiot!"

Melanie put her mobile phone to her face, "no not you," she said to the mouth piece, "I was talking to someone else. I want a taxi here now... No I don't know where here is..."

"It's the B2048," offered Jenny, "tell them you are near the Green Man public house," she continued helpfully and pointed across the road at the dingy building opposite.

After Melanie had arranged her taxi, she seemed to calm down, albeit slightly, Jenny ventured out of the car to inspect the damage she had caused. That is really bad, thought Jenny as she looked at the front of her limousine trying to eat the boot of Melanie's small hatchback. In the meantime a small gathering of male drinkers sitting outside the Green Man opposite loudly voiced their opinions on the uselessness of women drivers.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" shouted Melanie as one leg of her tights snagged a piece of damaged metal, the small hole sending a ladder rocketing up her leg.

"Now look what you've done."

I've done! thought Jenny.

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Melanie.

"There's nothing I can do, is there?" Jenny mumbled.

"You will have to give me yours," said Melanie firmly, "I'm not going to my meeting wearing these, or bare legged."

Jenny weakly protested before she glumly got into the passenger side of the limousine, leaving Melanie pacing up and down outside.

"I don't suppose either of you two have any spare tights or stockings in your luggage."

"Neither of us wear them," said Sarah sadly, "if we did you could have them, gladly. Because it was our fault you crashed."

"No it wasn't," said Jenny gallantly as she bent down to slip both her shoes off.

Jenny fumbled under her skirt to pop the suspenders off of her stockings and carefully rolled them down her legs. Kneeling on the passenger seat she leant out of the window to offer Melanie her stockings. In leaning out Jenny unknowingly pressed the button down to lock the door.

"And how I am supposed to wear those?" said Melanie ungratefully.

"Perhaps you could change in the pub toilets," suggested Jenny trying to be helpful.

"Tights! I'm wearing tights! You silly girl, I need your suspender belt as well if I'm to wear stockings."

"Sorry," said Jenny apologetically. "I didn't realise."

Jenny knew she was going to have a problem removing her suspender belt within the confines of the car. She carefully removed her jacket and handed it to Becky to hold. Jenny then arched her back and thrust her hips upwards so as she could release the button and zip at the rear of the skirt. She pushed the waistband of the skirt down past her thighs, she let out a small gasp on lowering herself on to the seat as the chill of the leather contacted her bare bottom at the sides of her knickers. She leant forward and unclipped her suspender belt, before recoiling in surprise as a plume of black smoke followed by a crackling yellow flame appeared from the dash board.

"The car's on fire!" she screamed loudly, frightening Becky and Sarah from their relaxed lounge on the rear seat.

A muffled explosion from outside preceded a collection of small flames at the bonnet edges. Becky and Sarah looked wide eyed from their now bolt upright position as the acrid black smoke permeated the interior.

"Get out! Get out!" Screamed Jenny reaching for the door handle.

Becky and Sarah already had their door open and were scrabbling out while Jenny tugged her door handle again and again but the door stubbornly refused to open. Panicking at the increasing smoke billowing from the dashboard she decided to try the other door. As she attempted to crawl over the high centre console she was held back by her knickers being hooked by the T handled gear lever. Gripping the steering wheel with both hands she pulled herself across the car, leaving her skirt and knickers entwined around the protruding gear lever. The drivers door opened easily and Jenny pitched out onto the road.

Jenny sat in the road momentarily stunned, until a delivery van passed close by with it's horn sounding and shouts from a leaning head from the passenger window.

Maniacs! She thought, they must of been able to see me from way back.

"You'd better get up," said Sarah running towards her, "you sitting in the road, splay legged, with your bare crotch facing the oncoming traffic is liable to cause another accident."

"Oh my god! I'm naked from the waist down," cried Jenny as she realised how few clothes she had on. "My knickers, skirt and shoes are still in the car."

"Incinerated I should think," said Sarah, "and so will we be if we don't move soon,"

They both looked in alarm as the flames and smoke continued to pour into the interior of the limousine. Jenny rose quickly to her feet and handed Sarah the suspender belt, as Jenny realised she needed both hands to pull her blouse as low as possible to keep herself decent.

"What about my jacket?" asked Jenny hopefully as she followed Sarah through the smoke and away from the burning wrecks towards Becky and Melanie.

"Still in the car," said Becky sadly.

"For me, I believe," said Melanie, snatching the suspender belt from Sarah's hand.

"I have phoned for the fire brigade," Melanie announced condescendingly as she put the suspender belt into her hand bag, after deciding that she would change at her destination. "My taxi is here at last so I will be on my way, and you will be hearing from my insurance company and solicitors in due course. I will leave you one of my business cards."

"Could... Could... I please use your phone to ring my firm and explain what has happened," Jenny pleaded. And how am I going to explain all this? Thought Jenny.

Melanie thrust her middle finger inches from Jenny's face.

"Spin on this!" she hissed.

"We'll take that as a no, shall we," Becky retorted sarcastically.

"First day out," said Jenny dejectedly, "and I've wrecked the firm's car, my uniform has been incinerated leaving me half-naked and I'm stranded with two passengers."

"There must be a phone somewhere nearby," said Sarah optimistically, "and we can get you a skirt and some shoes from..."

"Oh! Shit!" Shouted Becky, "our luggage is still in the trunk!"

Jenny looked even more dejected as she looked at the now totally ablaze limousine.

Becky and Sarah waited on the other side of the road as Jenny slowly crossed over, handicapped by having to pick her route to avoid the sharpest stones, while holding her blouse down taut to cover her bottom and crotch. They all decided not to even try to find a phone in the public house, much to Jenny's relief. They instead made their way down the road to a public phone some 400 yards away.

"I'm really sorry about all this," said Jenny as she swerved to avoid another pile of dog's mess on the pavement.

"Well missed," observed Sarah, "it's bad enough to tread in with shoes on, but to have it squidge up between your toes, that must be really yukky!"

Jenny shuddered at the thought before saying, "as I said, I'm really sorry about what's happened."

"Could have been worse," said Sarah brightly, "at least our essentials like passport, tickets and such are in the trusty old bum bag."

When they reached the phone box Jenny went in on her own and had to make a reverse charge call to explain all that had happened.

"She's even more like our Jenny than I first thought," whispered Sarah.

"Not really," said Becky, "She hasn't lost ALL her clothes."

"Not yet anyway!" said Sarah bursting into a giggling fit.

Jenny emerged from the phone looking even more despondent than when she went in.

"How did it go?" asked Sarah with genuine concern.

"Mr Hodge who is in charge almost exploded, and wants to see me in his office as soon as I get back. More importantly for you two they are sending another car to pick you up immediately from here."

"And how are you getting back?" inquired Sarah.

"Mr Hodge is going to get Biker Jake the apprentice mechanic to pick me up at the crash," said Jenny trying to be as cheerful as possible. "Funny thing is I didn't even know he could drive he always comes to work on a tatty old motor bike."

Jenny slowly walked back towards the crashed cars, where the firemen were now bringing the fire under control. She paused to look back towards Becky and Sarah and without thinking raised her arm to give them a goodbye wave. The ensuing rise of her blouse which exposed her shapely naked bottom prompted a loud cheer from outside the Green Man. Jenny hastily terminated her wave and rapidly pulled her blouse back down to a respectable length.

"Damn!" said Jenny as she become flustered by the sudden attention and trod in one of the piles of dog's mess, that she had so carefully avoided on the walk to the phone box.

Sarah was right, she thought, as she sadly looked at the brown ooze that had squeezed between her toes. It does feel yukky! Furtively she hastily wiped as much as possible off onto the grass verge. In a parody of Gene Kelly in I'm Singing in the Rain she walked a few yards along the kerb, with one foot splashing into the gutter that was now running with some of the many gallons of water the firemen had sprayed to extinguish the fire in her limousine.

Jenny carefully crossed the road and glanced sadly at her wrecked car, before being approached by the police who took her details with the ominous promise to contact her again for a further interview. She stayed very much in the background at the crash site, not wishing to draw attention to herself in her abbreviated clothing.

Suddenly, everyone's attention was drawn to the dramatic squeal to a halt of the blue Kawasaki motor cycle with it's spare crash helmet strapped to the rear carrier. Biker Jake scanned the scene and spotted Jenny immediately. She in turn watched him with concern as she realised that she was expected to travel back to work by motorcycle. Jake flicked the stand out on the motorcycle, ensured it wasn't going to fall over and made his way towards Jenny. Jake, who was a keen member of the unofficial Jenny fan club back at work, and, unknown to her, one of the vigorous supporters in the, "is Jenny a natural blonde," tea break discussions.

At this moment Jake found her vulnerability devastatingly appealing as he watched her nervously pull her blouse tightly down to conceal her crotch. Her usually hidden long slim legs that finished at her damp bare feet added to her defencelessness.

Horny, very horny, decided Jake to himself.

"Using the rear view mirror to do our make-up, instead of looking where we were going," he remarked lightly, flicking his thumb towards the wrecks.

Jenny shook her head, "I just didn't stop quickly enough," she said seriously.

"One of those things," he said philosophically, "shit happens."

"I suppose it does," she acknowledged glumly, "especially to me."

Jake's gaze meandered slowly up and down Jenny as if he was looking for something elusive. Jenny, to avoid eye contact, bowed her head slightly and studied her toes, which she wriggled nervously in a gap in the kerbstone.

"Not that I'm complaining," he said finally, "but you seem to be wearing a hell of a lot less than when you drove out of the garage this morning?"

Jenny lifted her head, relieved he had stopped his intense study of her.

"The rest were still in the car and were destroyed in the fire, except for my stockings and suspender belt, those I gave those to the owner of the other car." Jenny said dejectedly.

"Why?" said Jake as he gave Jenny a bewildered look.

"Why what?"

"Why did you give your stockings and suspender belt to the other car driver?"

"Because she wanted to wear them, she said it was my fault her tights got snagged. And I suppose it was in a way. As for the rest of my uniform, I had to remove my shoes to get my stockings off," Jenny wrinkled her forehead as she recalled the exact sequence of events. "I then gave my jacket to Becky to look after."

"Becky?" Queried Jake.

"One of the passengers. Next I loosened my skirt to get my suspender belt off, but then there was a woof of flame and I panicked and my skirt and... and..." Don't tell him about the knickers Jenny, she suddenly thought to herself, or he'll watch you like a hawk when you get on the motorbike.

"Got caught on the gear lever!" she blurted finally.

Jake secured Jenny into his spare crash helmet and swung his leg over his motorcycle, and leant slightly backward and adjusted both of his mirrors. He settled himself in his seat in anticipation of viewing Jenny's knickers when she got on. Jenny gingerly put her bare foot onto the oily rear foot rest and with a nervous swallow she quickly got on to the motorcycle. Her blouse rose up almost to her waist as she used both hands on Jake's shoulders to steady herself. Jenny let out a small gasp as for the second time today the cheeks of her bare bottom made contact with a cold seat. She wriggled about on the seat as she tried to pull her blouse down as far as possible, Jake hardly noticed the movement as he replayed Jenny's crotch flashing climb onto his bike.

"Those pubes looked natural blonde to me," Jake said softly to himself.

The lads will never believe I've seen the proof with my own eyes, he thought as he thumbed the starter button.

"Hold on tight!" Jake shouted as he kicked the bike into gear and executed a sudden U turn to head back to the garage.

"Yikes!" Screamed Jenny as she let go of her blouse and grabbed Jake tightly around the waist to stop herself falling off the rear of the bike.

In seconds they were going so fast that the rushing air seemed to Jenny to be trying to tear her blouse completely off.

"Piss off!" Biker Jake shouted back as another car sounded it's horn madly as he pulled over after overtaking it. "I was nowhere near you, you soppy bastard!"

Jake just couldn't understand it, but Jenny could, only too well, as another driver thumped his car's horn button in appreciation as he stared in amazement at the bare arsed girl travelling on the pillion of a motorcycle.

Back at the garage Jenny scampered straight to Mr Hodge's office as Jake had told her to do. She timidly knocked on the door hoping he wouldn't be there so as she could quickly go home and get some more clothes. It was bad enough she thought to explain about the car crash but to have too also explain what had happened to her uniform while standing there without it as if to say this is how little you end up wearing if you lose as much of it as I have done.

"Enter," said the muffled voice of Mr Hodge from behind the door.

"Damn," said Jenny to herself, as she finger combed her hair before reaching for the handle.

As Jenny entered, Mr Hodge was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped together across his chest.

"I'm so, so, sorry about the car accident, and losing my uniform," said Jenny disarmingly as she stood directly in front of him, hands clasped over her crotch, eyes tilted downwards, like a naughty school girl summoned to the head master's study.

Mr Hodge listened to Jenny's tale of woe with no compassion whatsoever.

"The simplest decision is to fire you immediately, but I doubt if you have the money to repay the company the money you owe for your training, and your lost uniform."

"No I haven't," agreed Jenny.

"So I have decided to keep you employed, but certainly not as driver for awhile."

"What will I be doing?" asked Jenny cautiously.

"For the rest of the day you can help out in the garage, sweeping up, fetching parts from the stores, and so on."

"May I please go home and get changed first?"

"No you may not, I've a spare store man jacket here, now put it on and go and see Stan, who will find

something for you to do."

Jenny put on jacket and looked in dismay as it was only about 3 inches longer than her blouse. It did give her the use of her hands but she knew she would still have to be very careful when bending and stretching.

"That fit's very nicely," said Mr Hodge and dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

Jenny wanted to mention that she would be working bare footed but as Mr Hodge had now picked up his phone and mouthed goodbye to her, she reluctantly left the office.

Stan looked in amazement as Jenny told him of Mr Hodge's orders for her to help in the garage.

"We'll go up to the stores, to put some stock away, and we'll see how we go from there," said Stan, rubbing his hands together.

"Okay," said Jenny brightly.

Jenny followed behind Stan as he walked quickly across the work shop to the stores area, Jenny tried to listen to what he was saying as she dodged the occasional puddle of oil on the floor.

"After you," suggested Jenny as she looked at the 10 tread rough wood open stair case up to the stores.

"Ladies first," insisted Stan.

Jenny trotted quickly up the stairs, the lower cheeks of her neat bottom wriggling out from beneath her overall. Inside the store with it's racks and shelving stretching into the gloom, Stan issued his instructions.

"You see that stuff there," he indicated with a sweep of his hand to indicate the lower rack with it's various boxes and containers.

Jenny nodded her head.

"And you see all the stuff up there," Stan said pointing to the upper racks.

Jenny nodded her head again, slower this time, hoping the task wasn't going to get too complicated.

"All that stuff up there needs to be down there."

"But what about all the stuff that's already filling the shelves down there?" asked Jenny.

"Ah!" said Stan, "this is the clever bit of my inventory reorganisation. The stuff down there, goes up there."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jenny as she looked down at the shortness of her clothing and the amount of crouching down, and stretching up she would need to do.

"Can I trust you to do that?" asked Stan.

"I think so," replied Jenny as she furtively pulled her clothing down ready to begin.

"I've going over the pub with the rest of the workshop staff for an hour or so," said Stan, "so you will be working on your own."

Jenny breathed a sigh of relief.

"Stuff up there, down there and vice versa." He emphasised as he turned and walked away.

When Stan had gone Jenny started to drag the dusty old boxes out from the lower shelf. If I work hard, Jenny thought, I can have this finished by the time Stan gets back. Within a few minutes of Stan leaving, Jenny went to the top of the stairs and looked down onto the deserted workshop to confirm with her own eyes what Stan had already told her. Jenny was aware that every time she crouched down her clothes rucked up, leaving her bottom and slit completely exposed. Now completely satisfied she was alone, the next time she stood up she resisted the urge to adjust her clothing, which meant she would work quicker and be finished sooner.

I'm the only person here, I checked for my self, she assured herself, no one can see me working semi-naked.

Jenny conclusion was almost correct, the workshop staff were indeed over the pub, but Stan was in another aisle, peeping at Jenny between some oil filters, and slowly undoing his trousers. He fished his penis out through the front of his Y fronts and gently massaged it erect as he concentrated on Jenny's pert bare bottom.

The correct way to lift is with your legs together and bend at the knees, he thought, as Jenny bent over incorrectly with her legs wide apart, giving him a clear view of her pink slit. Fuck the correct way to lift, he thought, as he licked his dry lips, his eyes fixed on the view of Jenny's soft and inviting hole, he imagined his stiff prick sliding deep into her slippery wet tunnel. As Jenny moved further down her aisle he had to follow quickly, to keep her in sight. Jenny paused to wipe a few beads of perspiration from her forehead, smudging some dirt onto her nose in the process. She pulled herself fully upright and reached behind to massage her aching back.

A couple of quick back exercises, and then back to work, Jenny said to herself.

Jenny turned and was almost facing Stan who was continuing his slow strokes of masturbation. For a moment Stan thought she must see him, but Jenny's eyes were tightly closed as she spread her arms to grip the racking behind her. Jenny then lowered herself, using the racking as improvised gym wall bars, her legs opening wide as she sank down until her bottom was almost on the concrete floor. Stan watched, hardly daring to breath as Jenny repeated the exercise. He could feel he was very close to climaxing as Jenny sunk down again, her slit below her neat blonde pubic hair opened into a hole as she got close to the ground. Stan was pumping his excited cock as fast as he could as he felt his cum starting to surge up his shaft.

"Told you she was a natural blonde," whispered Biker Jake into Stan's ear as he tapped him on the shoulder, "and that means you've lost our bet."

"What the fuck!? Where the fuck!? Jesus Biker! What a cuntish thing to do!" Hollered Stan as his hand flew to the zip of his trousers, any previous worries of concealment had disappeared as fast as his collapsing erection.

"OWWWW!" screamed Stan as his foreskin became trapped in the tenacious grip of his zip's teeth.

"Thought we'd have a nice little 5 knuckle shuffle, while watching Jenny, did we," laughed Biker unsympathetically.

Jenny, initially petrified by the sudden commotion, now ran down her aisle to get out of the stores as fast as possible. Her run was impeded by the various boxes she herself had dragged into the aisle. One particularly large box tripped her up, causing her to fall into the racking, which dislodged a paint tin from the top shelf. The tin burst open as it hit the floor and sent a wave of paint across the floor towards Jenny who was laying, head up her breasts about to act as a dam to the paint's flow.

"Paint! Yellow paint!" she cursed as she stood up with her overall and blouse concertinaed up to her waist.

What a mess, she thought, as she looked at her paint soaked clothes that dripped a curtain of yellow across the front of her thighs and crotch, before branching into rivulets that trickled down her legs.

Jenny completed her run through the aisle and down the steps, yellow footprints plotting her route towards the ladies washroom. Jenny shut herself into one of the cubicles, her heart beating at double it's normal rate. After a few minutes she calmed down and decided to get in her own car and drive home, not caring that Mr Hodge would more than likely fire her. Not wishing to plaster the inside of her car with yellow paint she decided she would wash her clothes in the sink, travelling home in them wet if necessary. Jenny took all her clothes off in the cubicle and after listening for any one else in the wash room, opened the cubicle door and went to the sinks. She filled one sink and put her overall in,. she then filled another sink and submerged her blouse and bra , her bow tie she left in the cubicle on the floor. Jenny was rinsing her blouse for the third time when she heard a noise and saw the washroom door starting to swing towards her.

"Damn!" she said to her self as she abandoned her clothes and locked herself into the cubicle.

"Are you going to be long in there?" Jenny heard a female voice ask.

"Not, not long," croaked Jenny with surprise.

Jenny sat on the seat and was wiping the yellow paint off of her breasts, stomach and crotch, while the mysterious female, as far as Jenny's hearing could tell, went from cubicle to cubicle. The mystery woman also seemed to use more than one sink to wash her hands, this also puzzled Jenny.

"Going to be much longer?" the mystery voice asked again.

"I'm not really sure," said Jenny incredulously.

"Only, I'd like to get in that cubicle now, if at all possible."

"I could still be quite a while yet," said Jenny, amazed at the mystery woman's persistence.

"You should try for a diet with more roughage," the voice suggested.

"Perhaps I should," agreed Jenny, as she wondered why her dietary requirements were being discussed with someone the other side of a locked toilet cubicle door.

"Probably best if I stop back later," the voice declared.

She listened for the other person to leave, when she was sure they had, she used the last of the toilet paper too wipe her yellow feet, before cautiously exiting the cubicle.

"Oh! No!" Jenny cried as she looked into the now completely empty sinks. While Jenny continued to stare hoping her clothes would suddenly reappear, Jane, the part-time cleaner was depositing the black rubbish sack containing Jenny's clothes into the bins outside.

I have at least still got my bow tie, thought Jenny as she picked it up off the floor, and as if to totally rid herself of Lux Limos, she dropped the bow tie into the water and pressed the flush. Jenny sometimes you can be really stupid, she thought, all I have to do, is go to the cloak room and get my knee length coat that I wore to work this morning. Pity I didn't think of it when I still had some of my clothes to wear for the journey, she sighed to herself.

Jenny peeped out of the door and could see the cloak room down near reception, she decided not to run but instead she opted to stealthily crawl across the floor. She promised herself that regardless of the puddles of oil she would go the most direct route. The concrete floor was harsh and chaffing against her knees and toes, her initial on all fours crawl was abandoned at the first sound as she, fearful of being spotted fell totally flat to the ground . When she resumed progress she crawled so low that her breasts became covered in oily black streaks, her pubic hair turned grey as the concrete dust stuck to the remains of the sticky yellow paint.

Suddenly the reception door started to open to let Mr Hodges and one of the other female drivers through. Jenny pushed the button to open the boot of the nearest car and rolled inside. Jenny heard the muffled voice of Mr Hodge say sternly, "take this car and you must provide them with the best service you can."

Jenny almost felt like crying as she felt the car she was hiding in start up, and with a small jolt, pull away. She quickly considered the likely scenario, she could be lucky and the pick up might not have any luggage, in which case she would be no better, or worse off than she was now. She found the considering of the other possibility so depressing that she decided instead to concentrate on preventing herself being hurt as a hard application of the brakes rolled her forward in the boot, causing her oily breasts to end up squashed against the bulk head to the passenger compartment.

Eventually the car halted and the engine was turned off, Jenny, thought she would risk trying to look out, and then realised she couldn't open the boot from inside. The sounds outside didn't sound right for the garage so she lay back and prayed the boot wouldn't open with the car in a crowded street. Jenny felt the catch release and prepared for the worst. An unseen person with a familiar voice said as the boot started to be opened,

"and then the plane was cancelled anyway."

"So we bought loads of new clothes and decided we'd stay another few days."

As the lid sprung up to its maximum, Jenny gasped with surprise, "Becky!! Sarah!!"

"Now that's exactly like our Jenny!" shouted Becky and Sarah in unison as they stared down at the completely naked stowaway.

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Jenny At The Fated Fete (a young English Jenny story) by JailBait

Jenny was sitting on the sill of the bay fronted drawing room window as the gleaming black Rover P5 glided to a halt outside. She watched as the dapper Colonel Mustard (retired) who was immaculately dressed in his customary tweed suit got out of his car. He paused to brush a finger along his grey pencil moustache, carefully straightened his cravat before prodding the garden gate open with his swagger stick.

Please don't let him have seen me, thought Jenny, as she slide down from the sill and rushed upstairs to find her younger sister Paula. Paula, still wearing the short blue pleated skirt, white blouse and striped tie of her school uniform was lying on the bed in her room with her school books scattered around her. The chewed pencil that she pulled from mouth as Jenny burst in signified how tricky this homework was proving to be.

"Colonel Mustard is coming here!" Announced Jenny loudly as she glanced around the room at the similar pictures of this week's male pop sensation that adorned the walls.

"So what?" Queried the fifteen year old Paula, without even looking up.

"You don't understand. He's here. Now! "

"I didn't hear him knock," said Paula her concentration still mainly directed at her school work.

"He will do soon because I saw him drive up and open the gate."

"Just tell him Mum is out and to call back later. It will only be something she promised to do for the village fete on Saturday."

Both girls heard the loud rapping as Colonel Mustard used his swagger stick to indicate his presence outside.

"Please answer it," begged Jenny.

"What are you so worried about?" asked Paula lifting her head up and pushing her shoulder length fair hair away from eyes. "I'm sure he is only here about the fete. He's not the village squire come to gather up the virgin maidens for a good ravishing. That went out of fashion about 200 years ago."

"I just don't want him to see me. Even if it is only about the village fete."

Paula burst out laughing, "Could this because at last years fete my big sister snapped her knicker elastic whilst bowling for a pig."

Jenny grimaced as she remembered only too well the humiliation as her panties had descended to her ankles as she bent forward to bowl the wooden ball towards the hoops.

"The descent of your knickers were topic numero uno in the village for quite a few weeks if I remember correctly," giggled Paula as she sat up on the bed and burrowed her bare toes into the thick carpet.

"Of course I remember," shuddered Jenny. "And IF I go this year I'm wearing jeans."

The two girls heard the door being rapped even louder.

"But that's not the reason," Jenny pleaded. "Honestly it isn't."

"Tell me the real reason," said Paula grinning broadly as she sensed an undiscovered story of woe. "Or I'm not going."

Jenny clenched her fists tightly as in the distance the front door was rapped again. Paula pretending not to care either way started to scribble a few words on a fresh sheet in her note book.

"Okay! Okay!" Said Jenny her voice having risen with frustration. "Yesterday when I went into town my dress got caught in the mechanical doors as I got off the bus and Colonel Mustard saw me soon afterwards and it was extremely embarrassing."

"And you don't want to see him because of that? C'mon Jen there must be more to it than that." Insisted Paula.

Colonel Mustard rapped the door again even harder, Jenny looked at Paula who showed no sign of moving.

"If you must know, the bus pulled away with my dress still trapped in the door."

"And?!"

"I thought that dress was pretty flimsy when you helped me choose it. I said so at the time. Do you remem......"

"Yes! I remember!" Paula interrupted in her eagerness for Jenny to get to the point.

"Well, I must have been right about it being flimsy as it tore so easily. And I said when you chose it that the straps looked very fragile being as they were so thin.

"You make it sound as if the dress was ripped completely off ," remarked Paula casually.

"It was," Jenny said through clenched teeth.

"So the Colonel saw you in the town, dressed in just your underwear." Grinned Paula.

"Only after I chased after the bus which still had my dress flapping from the doors. I collided into him," sighed Jenny with a slow shake of her head.

"Crikey! You actually knocked him to the ground?"

"It was worse than that." Said Jenny her cheeks turning red. "Much, much worse."

Jenny took a deep breath before garbling out the final humiliation.

"The force of the collision released the front clasp on my bra, it was the strapless one that you picked to go with the dress. I finished up on top of him with my bare breasts squashed into his face."

"Wow!" Beamed Paula bouncing on the bed and causing the springs to creak alarmingly. "It's a wonder the old boy didn't have a heart attack after suffering a two pronged attack like that."

"Luckily the bus driver saw what was happening in his mirrors, and stopped. Which meant I could at least get my dress back, and he helped Colonel Mustard back onto his feet while I picked my bra up off the pavement."

"I wish I'd have been there," said Paula disappointedly.

"The door...............Please," pleaded Jenny.

Colonel Mustard rapped on the door for what would have been the final time, but this time the door partly opened to reveal a beaming Paula peering around the edge of the door.

"Good morning Colonel Mustard," Paula said politely.

"And a very good morning to you young Paula," acknowledged Colonel Mustard with a tap of his swagger stick to the brim of his hat. "Delightful as it is to see you, it is Jenny I came to see. Is she currently in residence?"

"You want to specifically see Jenny, I thought you had come to see mum about something to do with the fete," said Paula.

"I have come about operation fete, bit of a crisis at that, don't you know. One of the uniformed troops has pulled a sickie and left us a bit short at Ye Olde Ducking Stool. Wondered if poss. Jenny could jump into the breech so to speak, be ever so grateful."

"Do you mean you want Jenny to be in the ducking stool at the village fete," said Paula excitedly.

Paula gleefully imagined poor Jenny, strapped in the ducking stool descending into the water every time the target was hit by the players.

"She wouldn't do it willingly," said Paula brightly. "But I may be able to persuade her, or force her, or something."

"Wrong end of the stick young Paula," said the colonel. "It's young Sarah the other Girl Guide who volunteered to be the ball gatherer who will be absent. Maggie from the Cat and Fiddle will be the maiden in the stool as usual."

"Not again! She's been the maiden for years and years. Jenny is much younger and prettier and would look brilliant in her swimsuit as she plunged into the water."

"Not my personal decision I'm afraid, young Paula. The committee has already agreed on Maggie. But I will confess," admitted Colonel Mustard, "that fiscally the attraction has declined commensurate with Maggie's advancing years."

Paula looked puzzled.

"Too old to pull many punters," translated Colonel Mustard helpfully. "Maybe next year we can consider Jenny."

Pity it couldn't be Jenny in the stool this year thought Paula sighing to herself before asking Colonel Mustard to step inside while she went to get Jenny. Still thought Paula as she climbed the stairs, if Jenny has any clothing detachments this year at least I will be close at hand to relish her embarrassment.

"Jenny! Jenny! It's you he wants to see," shouted Paula, entering her now deserted bedroom.

"I can't, tell him I'm busy," sounded Jenny's voice from the bathroom across the hall.

"Perhaps he would like a cup of tea while we wait for you to finish whatever you are doing."

"Please Paula find out what he wants so as I don't have to see him," said Jenny opening the door a merest crack.

Paula continued her conversation with the one blue eye that peeked from the slit of the barely opened door.

"I already know. It's to do with being a girl short at the Guides and Scouts ducking stool at the fete."

"No way am I spending an afternoon dressed in a swimsuit being dunked in to freezing water," remonstrated Jenny.

"Wrong! All he wants you to do is to replace one of the guides who has been taken ill."

Jenny thought for a moment and then distrustfully said. "You are telling the truth aren't you."

"Guides honour that is all he wants you to do. Come down stairs and ask him yourself if you don't believe me?"

"So what WILL I have to do?" asked Jenny uneasily.

"Probably all you will have to do is gather up the loose balls that end up scattered around the target."

"And that's all?"

"Yes that's all! Even you should be able to manage that," said Paula sarcastically.

Jenny thought for a moment before reluctantly saying, "yes I suppose I could if some one showed me what to do. But suppose my jeans split as I bent down, or the zip suddenly broke, or my jumper and bra disintegrated."

"Bloody hell Jenny it's not very likely that all that would happen. I'm telling him you'll do it."

"Sorry Colonel Mustard, Jenny is otherwise engaged at the moment."

"Shame. Would have liked to have solved the young Sarah problem today."

"I hope I haven't over stepped my rank." Paula said slightly mockingly. "Only I told Jenny what the problem was and she said she would be delighted to help."

"Well done young Paula. Excellent! Excellent!"

"Glad to help."

"I shall look forward to seeing her there in her Girl Guide uniform, she always looked most agreeable in it if I recall."

"Jenny in a Girl Guide uniform!?" Exclaimed Penny.

"Definitely. That stall is always run by the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, being as they are the organisations within the village who benefit directly from the proceeds. Jenny must be in uniform, that's essential young Paula, absolutely essential."

"I quite agree, it's essential." Said Paula as she rubbed her hands with glee. "I'm sure her old uniform is around somewhere. Hope she hasn't grown too much in the years since she last wore it or it will be a bit tight."

Bloody tight I should think, thought Colonel Mustard recalling fondly his encounter with Jenny yesterday.

"Has he gone?" whispered Jenny as she came out of the bathroom.

Paula nodded her head.

"I don't know how to thank you for helping me out like that," said Jenny gratefully.

"You aren't going to be able to avoid Colonel Mustard for ever Jen. You are bound to see him at the fete. You've got to be there now, you did promise."

"I won't let you down and thanks for covering for me, I just couldn't face him so soon after, well you know."

"There is one small thing, you must carry out my orders on Saturday, even though you are older than me," Paula said pointedly. "Because I am senior to the Girl Guide whose place you are taking."

Jenny stood rigidly to attention and with a broad grin said, "I solemnly promise to unquestionably obey Paula at all times on the Saturday of the village fete."

Friday the day before the village fete was the first day of half-term for Paula and the first opportunity that Paula had to check in Jenny's wardrobe unseen for the old Girl Guide uniform. Paula carefully took the mid-blue blouse from the hangar and held it up against herself. Crikey, she thought with a big smile, I think this would be too small even for me. Jenny must have developed her ample boobs after she left the Girl Guides. It will be fun to see her squeezed into this, I bet Stuart and Sean won't be prepared for that.

Paula chuckled to herself at her Boy Scout joke before laying the blouse on the bed. Good job I checked this uniform thought Paula with an impish grin, the skirt is far too modest for a girl with legs as nice as Jenny's. I shall have to hem it up for her, on second thoughts I'd better cut it shorter and then put in a small hem otherwise Jenny may be tempted to un-pick the stitches to restore the original length. And we wouldn't want that laughed Paula wickedly to herself.

On Saturday, the day of the fete, Paula was waiting patiently down stairs for Jenny to get ready. When Jenny finally entered the drawing room she was astounded by the frosty look she received from Paula.

"You've been all that time," said Paula. "And you're still not ready."

"I am," said a surprised and bewildered Jenny.

"No you're not," countered Paula. "Your clothes are all wrong. You can't go in jeans and a high necked jumper."

"Why?......Why?........Not," stammered Jenny as she looked blankly at Paula.

"Because you promised me and Colonel Mustard you would wear your Girl Guide uniform."

"When? When did I promise that?" Jenny mumbled and wrinkled her forehead.

"When Colonel Mustard came round he was looking to replace an ill Girl Guide."

"Yes. I remember, it was Sarah who is ill."

"So you will have to dress correctly in a full Girl Guide's uniform."

"But I can't, I haven't seen my old uniform for years," protested Jenny. "It has probably been thrown away."

"Try the left hand side of your wardrobe at the back," said Paula with a smirk. "Now hurry up Jenny we have to leave in ten minutes."

Jenny rushed up stairs, her hands grabbing at the jumper behind her neck.

"What the ....!" She cried aloud as the woollen material snagged the hooks on her bra causing both items to come off simultaneously.

That damn bra is jinxed thought Jenny as she pushed open her bedroom door and kicked off her trainers as she entered. Dropping the bra jumper combination on the floor she quickly shimmied out of her jeans. Dressed in just her briefest panties Jenny squatted on the floor and tugged her bra free of her jumper.

She would dearly have liked to change into a safer bra along with more substantial panties. I know Paula was being helpful thought Jenny, but did she have to put ALL the rest of my underwear in the sink downstairs for a pre-wash soak. Please don't let me down Jenny told her bra as she secured the hooks and eyes as carefully as possible.

"What's the hold up!!" Paula called from the bottom of the stairs. "Get a move on! We have to leave in less than five minutes!"

Jenny grabbed all the clothes hanging in front of her uniform and threw them onto the bed in an untidy heap. Holding the Girl Guide uniform on its hangar Jenny was dubious as to whether she would even get the blouse on. She slid her arms into the blouse and pulled the front together. With the buttons just about fastened Jenny looked in the mirror. Seeing how taunt the blouse was stretched across her ample breasts Jenny put one hand over her eyes in disbelief. When she uncovered her eyes nothing had changed. Her prominent nipples still peaked the material outwards, the blouse still gapped between the buttons.

"Uniform fit okay?!" shouted Paula in encouragement from downstairs.

"I've only tried the blouse so far!" Replied Jenny equally loudly.

Jenny stepped into the skirt and wiggled it slowly up her legs to her waist. The button at the top of the skirt fastened easily as did the zip, much to Jenny's relief. My boobs must have grown far more than my waist in the last few years Jenny told herself. She than audibly gasped with astonishment when she saw how short the skirt was. I'm sure it was never this short, it couldn't have been. I just can't go out dressed like this, I just can't.

"Two minutes!" Paula shouted from the bottom of the stairs.

"I don't think I can go out like this," cried Jenny. "The blouse looks like it will burst open at any second and the skirt must have shrunk while it has been hanging in the wardrobe, it is so short it barely covers my bottom."

"Less than two minutes!" Paula retorted unsympathetically.

Jenny slipped on a pair of modest heeled black shoes and rushed downstairs.

"I can't go dressed like this," Jenny whined as she stood at the bottom of the stairs and pulled down at the hem of the skirt with the vain hope that it would stretch.

Paula looked Jenny up and down, barely able to contain her laughter at Jenny's appearance.

"You're quite right," said Paula seriously. "Colonel Mustard wouldn't approve of you dressed like that."

"I knew you wouldn't hold me to my promise," said a very relieved Jenny as she started to unbutton the blouse with the intention of changing into her original outfit.

"The skirt and blouse are fine," said Paula. " But you forgot to put on a pair of white socks."

"But...But.....But." Stammered Jenny, her joy deflating rapidly.

"Time is getting on." said Paula pointing towards the clock in the hallway.

Jenny slowly climbed back up stairs, rebuttoning her blouse as she went. With an air of resignation she searched through her drawers for a pair of white socks, the only white pair she could find were ankle length with a large frill around the top.

"One minute," Paula shouted, "and don't forget the hat and scarf."

At the Duck the Maiden stall Sean, the younger of the two Boy Scouts by one year at thirteen, was testing his throwing accuracy at the target, prior to the fete's opening. With his seventh throw the wooden ball thumped into the bulls eye and he had the satisfaction of seeing the large red lamp above the target come on.

"DUCK THE MAIDEN!!" Shouted the Stuart as he released the catch to drop the currently empty chair into the water. "That's all working fine," he commented as he cranked the chair back to its start position.

"Fucking hell," muttered Sean to himself as he saw Jenny coming straight towards him.

"Hello," said Jenny weakly as she got within a few feet of Sean, "Paula will be here as soon as she has collected the cash box from Colonel Mustard."

"Uh...Huh." Mumbled Sean, his eyes transfixed onto Jenny's stretched blouse front.

"I'm here to help with the balls," Jenny continued by way of explanation.

"Uh...Huh." Sean mumbled again, his eyes having dropped to the hem of Jenny's skirt.

"Can you show me what to do?" asked Jenny, her cheeks reddening with embarrassment.

"Uh...Huh," repeated Sean.

Stuart roughly barged Sean aside and confidently said, "hi Jenny, Paula said you were going to help us with our balls."

Stuart nudged Sean hard in the ribs to get his attention before saying to Jenny, "I bet your hands are good with balls."

Another jab was delivered to Sean's ribs, "don't you reckon Sean. Those hands of hers look like they will be very good at gripping balls."

Stuart burst into laughter at what he considered to be an extremely witty remark.

"Do you really think so?" Said Jenny brightly.

"Why don't you have a quick practice now?" said Stuart, nudging Sean again.

"Don't you think we should wait for Paula?" Jenny asked as her eyes looked around the field.

"Me and Sean will watch to make sure you do it right. Won't we Sean?" Said Stuart.

"You bet," croaked Sean as he stepped sideways to avoid Stuart's next elbow thrust.

Jenny slowly walked towards the scattered wooden balls and started to bend to pick them up. The two boy's eyes opened wide as the crotch of Jenny's brief white knickers began to appear from beneath the hem of her skirt. Jenny snapped back into the upright position with her back still facing the two Boy Scouts. Jenny tried again, but this time she put one hand awkwardly between her legs to hold the rear of her skirt. With one ball retrieved in her other hand she walked back towards the boys and dropped the ball into the crate.

"Well done," said Stuart and gave a small round of applause. "But you may need to be a bit faster than one at a time when we get busy. Try picking one up in each hand."

"The problem is this skirt," whispered Jenny, "it's so short that it shows things it shouldn't when I bend down."

"No one will notice anyway, they will be too busy looking at the ducked maiden." Stuart said as convincingly as possible. "Try it, and I bet me and Sean won't even notice."

"Won't even notice," Sean croaked shaking his head briskly.

"If you're both sure."

Jenny walked back towards the loose balls and quickly bent down and gave Sean and Stuart a fleeting look at her pantied bottom.

"Well? Did you notice?" Jenny shouted back towards Sean and Stuart who both had their hands in their pockets to massage their stirring erections.

"Not a thing," said Stuart.

"Not a thing," echoed Sean.

"Try the bend again," said Stuart, "only this time you could go a bit slower because it won't make any difference. We still won't notice."

"If you're sure," Jenny said dubiously.

"Trust me," assured Stuart, "I'm a Boy Scout. We aren't allowed to lie, it's in the rules."

Sean and Stuart both had their attention focused on Jenny performing her slower bend when Paula arrived.

"Why isn't the sign up?" Demanded Paula.

"Just about to do it," the boys said almost in unison.

"And get your hands out of your pockets."

The boys sheepishly let go of their erections and pulled their hands quickly from their pockets. Sean and Stuart heaved the sign that said-DUCK THE MAIDEN- 3 BALLS FOR 50p. into place. Paula went over to speak to Jenny while Stuart and Sean hammered in the sign's fixing posts.

"Jenny, when I saw Colonel Mustard earlier he gave me some unfortunate news."

"What was that?"

"Maggie has flu or pneumonia or something and can't be our maiden."

"Oh dear, we can't have a duck the maiden stall without a maiden. Can we?"

"No we can't, Jenny, so I was wondering if you could volunteer to be the maiden."

"But I can't," exclaimed Jenny, her heart skipping a beat. "You said I wouldn't have to do that, just pick up the balls you said."

Paula shrugged her shoulders.

"Unforeseen circumstances, and you did promise to do anything."

"I know..........But.......I......"

"Surely a promise to your own sister must mean something," said Paula placing a condescending hand onto Jenny's shoulder.

"I know I did promise, but the thought of being up there with everyone watching. I just can't do it."

"Pity," sighed Paula, "we were all so looking forward to using the new sports equipment we were going to buy with this afternoon's takings. I was so looking forward to playing tennis with a new racquet that had more strings so as the ball didn't keep going through."

I did promise, thought Jenny as she wrestled with conscience, and it is for a good cause.

"I'll do it!" Jenny suddenly blurted out.

"Thanks Jenny, that's the spirit. The fete is open now so if you take your blouse and skirt off I'll get Sean and Stuart to strap you into the chair."

"WHAT!"

"The maiden to be ducked always wears just a swimsuit but being as you didn't bring one, it will have to be your bra and knickers."

"Can't I wear my uniform?" Pleaded Jenny." Please!"

Paula nodded her head gravely, "sorry but you can't, it will demean the whole Girl Guide movement and all it stands for."

Resigning herself to an afternoon of abject humiliation Jenny slowly wandered over to the flimsy structure that served as an entrance and cash desk. Positioning herself for maximum concealment Jenny, her eyes darting around, slowly removed her hat and scarf. Her fingers trembled as she unfastened the button and zip to release her skirt, which dropped slowly onto the grass in a puddle around her ankles.

"Where's Jenny gone?" Inquired Stuart as he approached Paula with Sean a few steps behind.

"Jenny has volunteered to replace Maggie in the stool." Replied Paula. "But she's a bit shy so she's behind the cash desk."

"Doing what?" asked Sean.

"Taking her clothes off." Paula said casually.

"ALL OF THEM?!" Shrilled Sean, his voice having risen an octave and his mind going into over drive.

"No," said Paula patiently, "not all of them, just her uniform."

Sean looked slightly disappointed as his fantasy of Jenny emerging totally naked evaporated.

"Do you think she needs any help?" Asked Stuart hopefully.

"She might do," shrugged Paula with a wicked smile. "Why don't you ask her?"

"Paula said you might need some help," gasped Stuart, slightly winded as he collided with the cash desk in his eagerness to arrive as fast as possible.

"WHAT THE...!" Screamed Jenny as she pulled her unbuttoned blouse together.

"Some help," repeated Stuart dreamily, his eyes fixed on the slender band of material between Jenny's legs that clearly outlined every contour of her sex.

"No! I'll be okay on my own," said Jenny taking a step backward.

"Does she?" panted the late arriving Sean.

With one hand still holding her blouse closed over her breasts Jenny used her other hand to cover the crotch of her panties. Stuart, his stare now broken by Jenny's splayed hand turned to Sean.

"Unfortunately she said she doesn't," said Stuart shaking his head with disappointment.

"Aren't you undressed yet!" Barked Paula at Jenny.

"I'm not sure I can go through with this," whimpered Jenny. "It's embarrassing enough with just you three. But up there with a crowd of people. It doesn't bear thinking about."

"But Jenny, you did promise," said Paula looking hurt. "And any way no one will hardly notice when you are in the stool and out over the pond."

"Hardly notice." Agreed Sean and Stuart enthusiastically.

"Are you sure?" Questioned Jenny slightly loosening the grip on her blouse.

"Positive!" Assured Paula. "Trust us, Scouts and Guides don't lie."

"Well if you're sure." Said Jenny naively and slowly removed her blouse.

Sean and Stuart stared open mouthed at the revealing of Jenny's large breasts covered only by the thin strapless bra.

"Fucking hell," hissed Sean in awe, as he stared at the gap of Jenny's cleavage as her boobs bubbled out towards him.

"Fucking hell," agreed Stuart with his attention focused on the erect nipples that pointed at him through the thin material.

Sean and Stuart remained motionless, eyes fixed, as if looking away would cause Jenny's breasts to disappear forever.

"PAULA!" Hollered Sean as the spell was broken by Paula pushing him so hard he collided with Stuart.

Jenny had gingerly lowered herself down onto the low backed wooden chair. One arm was folded tightly across her breasts hiding her erect nipples but the pressure only served to exaggerate her cleavage. Her other hand was again clamped tightly between her legs.

"You have to put one arm there and the other there," said Stuart, as he indicated the straps that were nailed to the arms of the chair.

"Could..could...Couldn't you strap my legs first?" stuttered Jenny hoping to use her arms for cover for as long as possible. Strangely, this was the exact reverse of the young Scout's aim.

"Well we could," said Stuart, "but when we tried it that way around last year, Maggie fell out with the chair as the top.

"Wrong body angle for the aerodynamics of the ascent, coupled with the meniscus and specific gravity of the pond water." Chipped in Sean helpfully.

"Goodness! I never would have guessed it was that complicated," said Jenny genuinely impressed by their concern for her safety.

Jenny allowed Stuart to guide one arm into the strapping. Stuart knelt down and strapped Jenny's wrist by feel alone as his eyes stared intently at the crotch of her knickers outlining her slit. Sean knelt patiently in readiness to strap the other wrist and gazed in awe at the wisps of blonde pubic hair that peeked from the lacy edging.

"You will make sure the straps are really tight. I don't want to fall out." said Jenny as she moved her other arm away from breasts.

"Definitely!" said Stuart and Sean in unison.

With their eyes flicking from breast to breast the two scouts strapped Jenny's legs to the legs of the chair. Jenny was now safely strapped in, but the boys continued to bob up and down and change places as they insisted on rechecking the straps just one more time.

"Don't you think it's about time we started," said Jenny quietly, "only Paula's waving seems to be getting rather frantic."

Reluctantly the two boys cranked Jenny up to the maximum height and pivoted her to above the water. Jenny peered down to the pond when the chair stopped it's swivel. This can't be right, she thought , if they drop me from here, they are going to drop me down onto the grass.

Jenny's wriggling to get a better view caused her shoes to slide off and fall onto what she thought was the grass. Jenny leant forward as far as she could and saw her shoes resting on the ground. Suddenly they disappeared as their weight broke through the thick slime that was the pond's surface. Jenny felt a strange sense of relief that she was only going to fall on to the layer of slime that covered the pond.

Fred the village cricket team's best bowler smiled smugly as he hit the target with the last of his three balls.

"OH NOOOOOOOO!" Screamed Jenny as Stuart released the catch that was holding the chair aloft.

Jenny felt her whole body goose bump as gravity drove her through the slime cover and into the water beneath. Taken unawares by the drop, coupled with how cold the pond was, left Jenny momentarily stunned as she sat with the water level reaching her neck. Seconds later Stuart furiously wound the handle to lift Jenny out. Jenny leant forward and shook her head, the tips of her blonde hair sending water and slime flying in all directions. Assorted lengths of pond weed adhered to her arms and legs in trails. Jenny looked down at her now almost transparent saturated bra, her nipples even more prominent from the chill of the water. The panties which were now similarly see through seemed to obscenely emphasise her mound of pubic hair.

As Jenny sat shivering at the highest point she watched in dread for the red light to come on again. I wish I could get a hand free she thought as she rocked on her bottom to deliberately agitate her breasts.

What is she up to? thought Paula as the predominately male audience nodded in approval as Jenny continued to shake her breasts from side to side. Jenny, unaware of the attention she was getting, wriggled and shook as she tried to get the ticklish piece of weed out of her bra.

"OHHH! NOOO!" she screamed as someone else successfully dinged the target centre to send her back down into the murky water.

The irritation to her breasts persisted on her new ascent and she resigned herself to enduring the tickling weed for the rest of the afternoon. Anyway, thought Jenny at least it's changed sides. Jenny gently shuddered at the not wholly unpleasant tickle that crossed back to the original side before settling in the middle. That can't happen thought Jenny, the weed would have to be able to move on it's own to do that. Suddenly Jenny screamed in horror as she, and a bored looking frog that nestled in the valley between her breasts made eye contact.

"Whatsamatter!" shouted Sean with genuine concern.

"Frog. There's a frog," said Jenny.

"Can't hear you!" shouted Sean

"A trapped frog," said Jenny raising her voice slightly.

"Louder! I still can't hear you!" reiterated Sean, cupping a hand to his hear.

"There's a frog in my bra!" Shouted Jenny at the top of her voice and then cringed with embarrassment as she heard the peals of laughter rise from the small crowd around the stall.

"Jenny with a frog trapped in her tits." said Stuart to Sean. "This I have got to see."

Carefully he swung Jenny back in, to deposit her gently down on to the grassy bank.

"Please get it out," pleaded Jenny, "before it bites me."

Sean burst out laughing, "frogs don't biOWWW!"

"Sorry," said Stuart, "my foot slipped."

Sean pulled down his sock to inspect his reddening ankle as Stuart continued. "Most frogs are harmless, but we must be cautious, this could be one of the other ones."

After a few minutes of very close inspection down Jenny's top Sean and Stuart agreed that her frog was of the non biting variety.

Jenny breathed a loud sigh of relief, "you're both very brave to get as close as that and for so long before you knew it was harmless."

"Perhaps I could sort of reach in and grab it," suggested Sean hopefully as he wiped his hand clean on his trousers. Jenny grimaced at the thought of the thirteen year old Boy Scout plunging his hand between her boobs.

"Maybe if I eased your bra outwards, it would slide out the bottom," ventured Stuart.

He would have preferred to use Sean's method, but he hadn't thought of it first.

"If you are sure that's the best way." said Jenny agreeing to what she hoped would be lesser of two evils.

"Trust me, I'm a Boy Scout," Stuart assured her as he reached out with a crooked forefinger aimed towards the narrow piece of material that joined the cups.

His hand shook so badly that he aborted the first attempt, The second time he steadied his hand by gripping the wrist with his other hand. He hooked the strap and prepared to pull gently, as Sean positioned his cupped hands to catch the errant frog. As he day dreamed about one of Jenny's tits dropping into his hands her sudden scream snapped him back to reality.

"FUCKING HELL!" Exclaimed Stuart as the bra catch at the rear surrendered, exposing Jenny's beautiful breasts.

Sean, to his immense disappointment missed catching a breast or the frog which fell to the ground and hopped back to the pond.

"That damn catch," said Jenny apologetically.

God bless that damn fine catch thought Stuart as he clutched the bra tightly in his hand.

"Is it totally broken this time?" Asked Jenny.

"I'm gla....sorry to say it is," said Stuart giving it a very cursory look. "But it's for the best, you couldn't risk wearing it anymore today."

"I couldn't??" Queried Jenny, wide eyed with surprise.

"The risk would be far too great." Stuart said gravely, "you were lucky this time, but the next frog that may get ensnared in your bra."

"Could be a natterjack nipple nibbler!" said Sean helpfully.

"But I can't stay like this," said Jenny in horror.

Paula concerned that she was losing customers because of the delay decided to walk over to see the frog problem for herself. She smiled when she saw her plan had worked and that Jenny was now bra less, but Paula was surprised to see the bra was being held by Stuart.

Oh shit! thought Stuart as he suddenly noticed Paula.

"It just sort of became detached when I pulled it," mumbled Stuart sheepishly, offering an explanation before he was even asked.

"And the catch is broken," added Sean.

"But it doesn't matter," said Stuart, "because Jenny doesn't want to wear it any more in case another frog gets caught in it."

"I don't think I actually said that", mumbled Jenny defensively.

"Get Jenny up in that stool." said Paula, "NOW! Before all my customers wander off through boredom,"

Paula turned and headed back to the cash desk.

"Better do as she says," said Sean.

"But what about me?" cried Jenny, "half the village are going to see my bare breasts."

Stuart shrugged his shoulders and started to crank the handle.

Jenny dropped frequently into the water for the next hour as Paula had plenty of customers, despite the new charge of 50 pence for one ball.

Stuart left Jenny immersed as he took a long swig of dandelion and burdock from the tall glass bottle. Jenny shivered in the water but not because of the cold. Something was burrowing up her knicker leg, something that wriggled as if to enter the crack between her legs, something that slid down between her legs before emerging up the crease of her bottom.

At first Jenny was too stunned to even cry out, but not for long as she released an ear piercing scream that seemed to echo through out the fete.

"Jesus! What the fucking hell has happened now!" Cursed Stuart as he soaked his shirt when he dropped his bottle of drink.

"Get me up! Get me up!" Shouted Jenny.

"What now," said Sean to Jenny as she was lowered down onto the bank.

"There's something in my knickers," Jenny said softly. "Look you can see it poking out."

Stuart and Sean crouched down and looked in wonder at Jenny's crotch, with what looked like a grey penis poking from the panty leg. Sean brazenly poked one finger at it, causing it to wriggle rapidly. Jenny shivered with pleasure despite the bizarre circumstances."

"A fresh water eel," declared Sean confidently.

"It's not dangerous is it?" whispered Jenny as if she was afraid it might hear.

Remembering the kick he received for saying frogs don't bite, Sean was reluctant to answer.

"I wonder where the head is?" said Stuart, scratching his chin as he watched the eel tail as it still wiggled wildly.

Jenny began to wonder as well. Surely it wasn't inside her she thought. She had never had an eel in her vagina before, but she felt sure she would know if this one was.

"Couldn't you release the straps and let me find out for myself?" suggested Jenny.

Stuart reluctantly reached out to release one of the leg straps.

"It won't release," he declared after one half-hearted pull, "the water must have shrunk the leather or something. You'll have to sit here until the leather dries."

"But that could be hours," cried Jenny, "couldn't you use your pocket knives to cut the straps? Boy Scouts always carry pocket knives, don't they?"

"We do carry them," said Stuart, "but the new government safety guide lines for the Scout Movement doesn't allow us to have sharp knives. Much too dangerous."

"Maybe we could tug it out by it's tail," suggested Sean, wiping his hand clean for the second time.

Jenny shuddered as she pictured a weird tug of war taking place between her legs, with Sean pulling the eel's tail.

"Further investigation is necessary around the back," offered Stuart as he stood up. "Lean forward Jenny and I will take a look."

Jenny reluctantly bent forward as asked, to allow Stuart a better view.

"Sorry Jenny but I just need Sean to pull the rear of your knickers out a fraction, I promise I will only look at the eel."

"If it's the only way," said Jenny quietly as she cringed with embarrassment.

Sean with his hand shaking like a leaf reached down and pulled open the back of Jenny's panties.

"A little more, a little more, that's brilliant. That really is a beauty. Let me hold the elastic for you Sean, you wouldn't want to miss a good look at this lovely bottom."

"That really is a lovely bottom," agreed Sean with a low whistle.

"I thought you were looking for the eel," said Jenny humiliated by the discussion that taken place behind her.

" We are," said Stuart, "And now we've seen it's head we know it's a bottom fresh water eel, so called because it feeds in the lower parts of the water."

"Sorry," said Jenny apologetically, "I thought you were talking about my my bum."

"As if," snorted Stuart and released the elastic with a snap.

"What's wrong now?" demanded Paula.

"I've, I've, I've got an eel trapped in my knickers," stuttered Jenny, confused by Paula's unnoticed arrival.

Paula knelt down in front of Jenny and removed both of Jenny's socks, squeezed them into a ball and threw them as far as possible.

"Just in case a lobster claws it's way into them," muttered Paula. "Did you say you had an eel in your knickers, Jenny."

Jenny nodded her head.

Paula pulled a pen knife from her pocket and sliced through the sides of Jenny's panties, she then tugged the panties from under Jenny's bottom with the flourish of a magician producing a bunch of flowers. The eel was hurled back into the pond where it sat on the surface slime before burrowing through and disappearing. Stuart and Sean stared open mouthed in admiration at how briskly Paula had exposed Jenny's slit.

"I'm completely naked," said a shocked Jenny stating the very obvious.

"And you're staying that way for the rest of the afternoon," stated Paula. "Nothing can get caught in your clothes if you're not wearing any and that will stop the annoying delays."

I think it must be worth a pound a ball to Duck a Naked Maiden, thought Paula as she walked away.

Jenny couldn't argue with the logic of Paula's drive for efficiency even if it meant the people in the village would be laughing and pointing at her for months after this year's fete.

"How long will I have to stay like this, do you think?" Jenny asked Stuart as he started to pivot the ducking stool around.

"About 2 hours of the fete and say another hour after for the straps to dry out," he replied with relish.

"Could you do me a favour at the end of the fete?" Jenny asked tentatively. "Borrow Paula's knife to cut the straps to free me. Girl Guides must still be allowed to have sharp knives judging by the ease that Paula's sliced through my knickers."

Stuart grinning broadly swung Jenny aloft to a loud cheer from the crowd.

Colonel Mustard somewhat perturbed to find the fete grounds mainly occupied by females made his way down to the Duck The Maiden stall. Manoeuvring his way through the crowd of missing males he stared in disbelief as he saw Jenny's naked, wet and mud splashed body rise from the pond.

"I'm not really sure...." He started to say as he confronted Paula.

"It was Jenny's idea," said Paula, "she was adamant that she read in a book that in olden times the maidens were always stripped before being punished in the ducking stool. So for the sake of authenticity she insisted in taking all her clothes off."

"And very pretty she looks in the buff." Said Colonel Mustard. "But what I was going to say to you young Paula before you interrupted was, I'm not really sure if a pound a ball is enough to charge."