**Amy the Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the previous part. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 7 – The summer holidays**

We final left school with loads of tears and hugs. I even got a hug from the history teacher. He whispered, “thank you” as he hugged me. I miss those history lessons.

We had quite a few weeks to wait before we got our exam results, then the panic to get into a University, then a few weeks to get organised and go.

Ben was home and happy as he’d passed all his exams and was going back for more. The daily fucks were keeping me relaxed. During the first week Ben, Katie and I decided that we needed a plan for what we were going to do over the holidays so that we didn’t just waste the time.

We made a list that we kept from our parents as it contained quite a few things that would horrify them.

The top of the list was a holiday in the sun. I didn’t think that we had enough money and I said that it wasn’t fair to ask our parents. The others agreed, but first we had to find out how much it would cost. We agreed that it would be cheaper if we went to a popular resort and if we all shared the same room. No arguments there, but we couldn’t let our parents know. We spent a couple of hours on our PC, worked-out what we thought we might be able to afford, then worked out how much we all had. We could just make it, and we booked it on the internet very easily.

It was booked. We were going on an 18-30s type holiday in San Antonio in Ibiza – for 2 weeks. With Ibiza’s reputation we just knew that we were going to have a fantastic time. When we told our patents we told them that we had 2 rooms, one for Ben and the other for Katie and me. They were happy for us and told us that we deserved a good holiday because we had all worked very hard. They said that they were proud of us. They also gave us some money towards the cost.

**Sewing**

It was only 3 week until we went, and top of our list was for me to make Katie and I some thong bikinis, skirts, tops and dresses. All either partially or totally see through.

Katie and I spent a whole day searching for suitable material. We went to dozens of shops before we finally got what we wanted.

Katie and I then spent 3 more days making an assortment on thong bikinis, all of which were strings that tied at our hips and the tops tied behind our necks and backs.

For the actual straps / strings I bought 2 rolls of thin nylon rope, one white and one black.

All the tops had triangle that would slide to give maximum or minimum coverage of our breasts. Of course, none of them had linings. I really like 4 of the thong bikini bottoms types and I am very grateful to Katie and Ben for suggesting some of them.

The first design has the bottom of the triangle of material missing. When standing up it looks just like a normal thong. Even when I walked round the house and back garden there was no hint that it isn’t a normal thong. But, when I lay down on my back the top of my slit is clearly visible. When I open my legs my whole pussy is totally visible and framed by the strings. I guessed that this one would get worn quite a bit. I made 6 of these in 3 different colours.

The second thong bikini bottom design doesn’t have any material in the triangle, just the strings at the side.

The third thong bikini bottom design couldn’t really be called a thong. It is just 2 pieces of string. One that goes round me and the other that joins the front and back. It disappears in between my pussy lips and rubs my clit as I walk.

The fourth thong bikini bottom design also couldn’t really be called a thong. It’s just two loops of string that tie round the top of each leg and are joined at the top of my butt crack.

I made 6 of the first one and 2 of each of the others. Ben loved watching us try them on.

Most of the tops that we made were halter tops. All tie at neck and back. Some fully cover our breasts and others have a big ‘V’ at the front that can be adjusted to show lots or little cleavage. When I say ‘fully cover our breasts’ I mean that they fully cover the tops of our breasts. They can be adjusted to show as much of the bottoms of our breasts, including our nipples, as we want.

The other design of top that we made was a girly version of a man’s string vest. I got the idea from my Dad. He’s had one for years but doesn’t wear it very often. The length of all of them is such that when I’m stood up they don’t quite cover all of my bum or pussy when I wear a belt with them. The mesh is big enough so that my nipples poke through.

There are 5 types of skirt that I made, all are low-risers.

The first ones are made of very light cotton. They have a 2 inch waist band then flare out for another 8 inches. The slightest breeze blows them up.

The second design is a bit heavier and a bit tighter than I planned. They are 9 inches long and to get round the tightness I put splits in them, front and back. Both splits go up to 1 inch above decency. These are only slightly see through and were designed for wearing when it isn’t REALLY appropriate to be obviously naked underneath.

The third deign are wrap round, like the ones that little girls wear over their bikini bottoms. These however are 8 inches long and there isn’t enough material for them to go all the way round us and overlap. They are 3 inches short. When we wear them it is very obvious that we have nothing on underneath. 2 sets of these are only slightly see through but the 3rd is totally see through.

The fourth type of skirt was the hardest to make. I started by getting a 2 inch wide strip of tough, lacy edging; a bit like a 2 inch cotton belt. I cut this and sewed the ends together so that it fits reasonably tight round the top of my legs – right at the level of the horizontal crack that appears at the bottom of my bum when I walk. I got Katie to walk around wearing only this bit to see if it would stay in place. It did, even though it restricted her leg movements a bit.

I then started on the back part of the skirt that goes from hip bone to hip bone. Its 6 inches deep at my bum crack and 4 inches at the hips, plus the 2 inch ‘belt’, just enough to leave a little bit of the top of my butt crack visible. It sits low on my hips, and the back section is a bit baggy.

The front panel was more difficult. I wanted the top of the front panel to follow the lines at the top of my legs until the front panel was 2 inches deep across my pubic bone. This makes the part over my pubic bone a total of 4 inches deep.

I had to experiment with the tension of the elastic of the waist band because I didn’t want the skirt to fall down on its own, nor did I want the tension pulling the skirt up and exposing me all the time.

I made the top parts out of semi see through material.

I made one other outfit for both of us to wear. It’s a sort of skirt and top and they took about 5 minutes each to make. They consist of 3 triangles of material.

The one that covers our breasts is about 10 inches by 5 inches. It lies on top of our breasts and is held in place (if you can call it that) by a string that ties behind the neck. Now I know that you will be thinking that it would just flop down and end up between our breasts. I got round that problem by sowing a long thin bit of plastic in to the top that I found in our garage. Ben tells me that it’s a big cable tie used by electricians to tie lots of cable together.

The bottom part consists of 2 rectangles of material. The rectangle that covers our bums is 10 inches long by 6 inches deep. The front one is 5 inches by 4 inches. Both these are slide able on one string that ties at one side. By tightening and loosening the bow we can wear these as high or low as we want.

I only made us 2 designs of dresses. We figured that we could have more fun in skirts and tops.

The first design was complicated to make and took a bit of experimentation to get it right. It is alternate (semi and totally see though material) vertical strips. That part was easy but I wanted to be able to wear the dress either way round. One way my butt crack would be covered but not my pussy and nips. The other way round my pussy and nips would be covered but not my butt crack. I eventually got this right then made the top to have a deep ‘V’ front and back. Sleeveless of course. This was my ‘little black number’.

The second design is a ‘respectable’ design and the material is a fine black mesh. You have to look closely to realise that you can see though the mesh. Nipple can be seen, but cannot poke their way through.

Needless to say that all this sewing was done when Mum and Dad were at work.

**Swimming**

A week before we went on holiday Katie suggested that we try out some of the thong bikinis before we went. I thought that only the first type was one that we MAY be able to get away with in this country. We went to a pool across town so that there was less chance of seeing anyone that might know us or our parents.

We got changed and walked out to the pool. I kept looking at Katie’s crutch and I couldn’t tell that the bottom half of her thong was missing. The dark patches of our areolas were clearly visible. We were also looking around to see if we could see any other women wearing thong bottoms. We couldn’t.

We jumped in the pool and were swimming about and messing about. It was great to feel the water on my pussy. One time that Katie’s breasts came above the water I saw that her bikini top was completely transparent and I could easily every little bump round her nipples.

We got out of the water and went to queue for the slide. It’s not a big one, but better than nothing. We were in a position where people could see the backs of our thongs, i.e. bare backsides. No one said anything to us but the 3 boys that joined the queue behind us were looking and sniggering.

Going up the steps I realised that if I opened my legs a bit the boys would be able to see my pussy. So I did. I nudged Katie and motioned for her to do the same. She realised what I was trying to say, smiled and did so. More sniggers from the boys behind / below us.

At the top the lifeguard (a youth in his early twenties) did a double take as he realised that he could see our bums. I wonder what he thought as we walked passed him and jumped on the slide. It felt great as my bare pussy rushed through the water.

As I got out of the water I realised that my thong had moved up a bit and I suspected that the top of my slit was now showing. I adjusted it a bit as I got out. As we were walking round to have another go, one of the older lifeguards came up to us and told us that we were inappropriately dressed and asked us to leave. In effect, he threw us out.

We walked back to the changing room (it’s a shared one with lots of cubicles to get changed in, and a communal shower at one end). We decided that as we were already being thrown out, they couldn’t do much else to us, so we got our clothes, went into a cubicle, took the bikinis off and walked to the showers.

We got quite a few people looking at us as we showered naked but we didn’t see any more staff.

After we’d been on holiday I had an idea that could give us some exposure, but at the same time appear to be ‘decently’ clothed. Instead of wearing the thong bikini bottoms to go swimming, I would make Katie and me a little ‘swimming skirt’. Yes, I know that the idea of wearing a skirt to go swimming is horrible, and that no self-respecting teenage girl would be seen dead in one, but it’s the ideal garment for us to look decent when we’re standing out of the pool; but at the same time allow us to expose ourselves when swimming, climbing steps to slides, and sitting on the side of the pool.

Katie and I went shopping, and then we got to work. Basically, they are micro skirts made of a thin, purple man-made material that doesn’t hold water. They have an elasticated band at the top and then flare out. They are 8 inches long. When we are stood up, and they are worn low on our hips, our bums and pussies are covered. Worn higher up, of if we bend over, our goodies are exposed.

We went back to the swimming pool that we had been thrown out of and had a great 2 hours swimming. It’s a great feeling swimming with my pussy uncovered. Whenever we got out of the water we were decently covered as the material fell back to its ‘decent’ position, but whenever we jumped in the skirt was up round our waists.

It was fun on the steps up to the slide. We made the day of a few teenage boys and men. We also got a few ‘surprised’ looks and sniggers from teenage girls.

**Cycling**

One other thing that we did before going to Spain was a bit of cycling. When Ben first suggested it I realised that I hadn’t used my bike for years. Ben got it out and made sure that it was all in good working order. He also went over to Katie’s and brought her bike over.

Ben had this idea that if we raised the saddle high enough we would have to slide our pussies from side to side as we peddled. I have to say that riding a bike in a short skirt with no knickers, and with the saddle too high, is ‘interesting’. Katie loved it too.

We also got quite a few looks from motorists as our little skirts flapped about in the wind.

One day when we decided to go for a ride in the country, Ben had me wear the remote vibe. Wow, what an experience that was.

**Reading in the Park**

There’s this little Park in the middle of town. On 4 of the few days when it was sunny we took a book and our sunglasses there and lay on the grass reading and sunbathing – trying to start our tans.

We wore our usual short skirts and no knickers and when we lay down our skirts always ended at pussy level. For some reason we always lay with our feet (apart) facing a path that people walked along. With our sunglasses on, and pretending to read, we were entertained watching people’s reactions when they saw what they could see.

One time, 2 youths who were riding their bikes through the park saw us and came back and stopped where they could see up our legs. They got off their bikes and sat on the grass and stared at us. Well, if they’d gone to all that trouble, who were we to deny them a good show? We opened our legs wide and let them stare at our pussies for ages until someone walked along the path. I even pretended that I had an itch on my pussy and gave it a good scratch.

**Medical check-up**

Mum thought that it would be a good idea for me to get a full check-up before I went to University. She booked an appointment at our Doctors. When I got there I found out that there was a new doctor there, a man in his thirties, and he was the one that I had to see.

The check-up started with questions about smoking, drugs, drinking and my general health; then he went on to ask me about my sex life. Was I sexually active, what types of sex, how often, what protection did I use etc. If he’d have looked in my notes he would have seen that I have been on the pill for years.

When the questions were over he asked me to undress and climb on the examination table. He was watching me as I dropped my summer dress revealing that I was naked underneath. He smiled and said something about ‘the healthy option’.

I climbed onto the table and automatically put my feet in the stirrups. I could feel my hard nipples almost throbbing and my open puss getting wet.

When he started checking my breasts he seemed to take forever squeezing and prodding them. He even squeezed my nipples, which sent a warm little shiver through me.

I was starting to enjoy it and was disappointed when he stopped.

After some checks in my mouth and ears he told me that it was time for some vaginal checks. That thought gave me a little rush and as he put some rubber gloves on I thought that if he doesn’t get a move on, he’s going to have to cope with me cumming.

As he slid a finger in me and probed all around, I couldn’t help myself, I let out little pleasure moan and I could feel myself getting very wet.

Then he surprised me by pushing a finger up my bum and probing around up there.

When he pulled his finger out he went to pick up a tube of something, then he had second thoughts and picked up this spreader thing instead. I guess that he thought that he wouldn’t need any lube.

The spreader thing was cold as it went in, and then felt good as he spread my puss wide. I had to bite my tongue and fight to not cum as he bent down and had a good look inside me.

I was glad that it didn’t take long as I was getting soooo close to cumming. The thought of cumming in front of him felt good, but for some strange reason at that time, I just felt that I shouldn’t.

Anyway, I survived without cumming and before long he was watching me put my dress back on.

**Teasing Dad and Katie’s Dad and brother.**

We only had a couple of sleepovers over the holidays, but when we did, we made sure that life was hell for the men in the house. Neither of us fucked the other’s father, but we sure made them wanted to fuck us.

One time that Katie was sleeping over at our house and Ben was there, my Dad looked quite embarrassed when Ben sat and watched us flaunt ourselves in our little T-shirt nightdresses.

**Dares**

Katie did a really rotten trick on me during the summer holidays. She dared me to meet her in the centre of town at 4 o’clock one Saturday morning. She told me that the only clothes I could wear were an old dress or skirt and top, and shoes. She promised me that she would be wearing the same.

I had to sneak out of the house at 3 o’clock and get a bus. Fortunately we both live on bus routes that run right through the night on a Friday and Saturday night.

I had to stand around for about 10 minutes before she turned up. Yes, she was dressed in old clothes.

We walked and talked about the fun of being naked and flashing people, and before long we were in this park that has a big pond in the middle, complete with ducks. There was no one around and Katie dared me to get naked and run around.

I always enjoy being naked out in the open, even if it was still dark, so I did. I danced around and before I knew it I was about 25 yards from Katie who was beside the pond holding my clothes. The next thing that I saw was Katie throwing my clothes into the pond and then running away from me. I could just hear her shouting that she would see me at home.

Stunned, I just stared at her disappearing into the distance thinking ‘what the hell is she doing’?

I stood there for a couple of minutes expecting her to come back. When I final realised that she wasn’t I went over to where she had thrown my clothes into the pond hoping that I could get them out. When I got there I couldn’t see my clothes, but I found my trainers. At least she’d left them.

I sat down and put my trainers on as I worked out what I was going to do. It was about 2 miles to my home. I thought about finding a policeman or stopping a taxi, but ruled both of those options out as I thought that the police would lock me up, and then there would be the embarrassment of them calling my parent to come and get me. I didn’t trust a taxi driver to not rape me; anyway I didn’t have any money. Using the bus was also out because of the lack of money. The only thing left was to walk.

I knew that I would have to be quick to get home before it got light, but at the same time make sure that I didn’t bump into my Dad who always starts work early and my Mum who started work a bit later.

It was scary and exhilarating walking out of the park and through the streets. Every time I heard a noise I ducked behind a parked car or anything else that was around.

I kept to the side streets hoping that there would be less chance of cars or people walking about. Once as I was walking by a noisy building I didn’t hear a car approaching from behind. It only had side light on and was right next to me before I realised it was there. Luckily it didn’t stop, but the driver proved that the horn worked.

Another time a young couple turned a corner right in front of me. They looked like they were on their way home from a good night out. I had nowhere to go so just kept walking, not trying to cover my ‘interesting’ bits. Fortunately they just laughed and the man asked me if I’d lost something.

I had to be more careful as I got nearer to my home, I didn’t was to see my Mum or Dad. I looked into all the parked cars until I found one that had a clock that was lit up.

It seemed like forever waiting for my Dad to leave for work. I nearly got seen by a man taking his dog for a walk. I didn’t see him, but the dog found me. I ducked behind a rubbish bin and the dog followed me. I froze and held my breath as the man shouted for his dog as it sniffed at my pussy. It licked it a couple of times and I had all on not to moan out loud. Anyway, it was a good dog, obeyed its master and ran off.

I watched first my Dad, then my Mum leave for work then I dashed to our house, got the hidden key and went in. I got a bit of a shock when I bumped into Ben as he walked into the kitchen in the dark.

Ben wanted to know all about what had happened, and then took me for a shower and my first fuck of the day.

After my naked trip home, Katie and I revived our little dares, but instead of one of us daring the other to do something, we would both do most of them. We found a list of 20+ dares for females on an internet site. These are the ones that we did: -

*Ride the bike whilst naked through a public park in broad daylight when there are lots of people about.*

Katie didn’t fancy this one so I did it. I picked a Sunday afternoon and Katie looked after my clothes while I did it. I got some strange looks but no one said anything.

*Find a clothes shop where they have curtains on the changing cubicles, and where these cubicles face the main store. Strip naked then put your shoes and some panties on. Pull your panties down to your knees and then stumble trying to take 1 foot out of the panties. Stumble against the curtain and fall out into the open.*

I had to borrow a pair of knickers from Katie to do this. I ended up on the floor with one leg bent up. When I looked up there was this female shop assistant looking at me, and a middle-aged man stood nearby, also looking down at me. I pretended to freeze with my mouth open. After a few seconds the shop assistant held out her hand to pull me up. I waddled back into the cubicle with the knickers round my ankles and one hand pretending to cover my naked ass.

*Go out on the street in just a dress and shoes and ask random men to take a photo of you. At the last minute take dress off saying that the photo is for your boyfriend who is working away.*

Katie and I went to this big park about 5 miles from our homes and took it in turns to have a go at this. We found this corner in the path quite near the main entrance, with a wall along one side of the path. Katie went first and I moved away from her. When she saw a man, in a suit, on his own walking towards her, she pretended to take a photo of herself by putting the camera on the wall and setting the timer; then looking at the photo that had been taken. She looked disappointed as the man got very close. She turned to face him and said something to him. He obviously agreed to take a photograph and took the camera from her.

Katie backed up a bit and posed. Just as the man looked like he was going to take a photograph she said something to him, then grabbed the hem of her dress and whipped it off. As she posed again, the man’s face was a picture. The poor man just didn’t know what to do. After about a minute, he lifted the camera to his face and took a photograph.

With him staring at her, she put her dress back on, said something to him, and walked off. Katie was about 50 yards down the path before he turned and walked off.

I think that I was a bit luckier than Katie. When I was waiting for some suitable man, a group of about 6 Japanese people came into the park. Three of the men had cameras hanging from their necks.

Knowing how crazy the Japanese are about taking photographs of everything, I didn’t bother with trying to take a photograph of myself. As they got close to me I just asked them. A couple of them said something that I didn’t understand so I just held out my camera for them and pointed from them, to the camera, then to me.

One of the men took it from me and I backed away a bit and posed. Just as I thought that he was about to press the button I shouted, “wait”, whipped my dress off and resumed my pose.

With lots of talking in Japanese, 3 cameras sprang into action and started taking photographs of me. That surprised me, I looked at the man who had my camera and saw that he was just looking at me. I walked up to him, pointed to my camera and asked him to take a photo.

He woke up and took 2 photos of me. As I put my dress back on the rest of the Japanese people were still taking photographs of me. They still were as I walked away from them.

*Sharking - Wear shoes and a summer dress with no sleeves or straps; and an elasticated bodice. Nothing else. Carry a heavy looking shopping bag in each hand. Get a friend wearing a hoody to run up to you and pull your dress down to the floor leaving you with your dress round your ankles. The friend runs off leaving you standing there pretending to be embarrassed and still holding the 2 shopping bags. Ask the man who was walking towards you to pull your dress back up.*

Fortunately I had a dress like this. I hadn’t worn it for years, which made it a decent (short) length. Katie had a button down sleeveless, strapless dress that she elongated the button holes a bit. Ben agreed to help us with this one. He decided that he’d need to wear a hoodie and pick a place that would easily give him the opportunity to ‘disappear’.

In the end we decided on a busy shopping area in the middle of a big housing estate on the other side of town. There are lots of little alley ways to get from one street to another. Because it took so long to find the ‘right’ place, we all decided to do this as a ‘double act’.

Katie and I walked down the street with a heavy (2 bricks) supermarket bag in each hand. Ben walked on the other side of the road about 20 yards behind us. We had a pre-arranged signal of me tuning 360 degrees.

As we walked, Katie and I decided which of the people walking towards us, we wanted to flash. We picked 2 workmen who were doing something in a hole in the side of the road. When we were about 5 yards from them I did a quick 360 and kept walking. Within seconds I felt my dress being dragged to the floor round my ankles. I screamed, but stood there hanging on to the bags. Then Katie screamed. Her dress had been ripped right off. Ben threw it on the floor and ran off.

The naked 2 of us stood there screaming for a few seconds before putting the bags down, pretending to be embarrassed, trying to cover our ‘interesting’ bits, and putting our dresses back on, all at the same time. Of course we made a mess of it and it took quite a few seconds for us to be decent again. All the time we were looking around to see the reactions of the people who were looking at us.

The 2 workmen were stood there grinning. One thirty something woman with a kid in a buggy looked more shocked than we were pretending to be, and an old man looked as if he was about to have a heart attack. Another middle-aged man had decided that he was going to catch Ben and was running after him. ‘Not a cat in hells chance’ I thought.

The woman with the buggy came over to us and asked us if we were okay and if we wanted her to phone the police. When we said that we were okay and that we would call the police, she wrote her name and address on a piece of paper and told us that she would be a witness if we wanted. I had all on not to laugh.

Anyway, we met Ben (with his hoodie in a bag) about 10 minutes later and all had a good laugh.

*Pizza dare – order one by phone for home delivery and answer the door naked.*

We did this as a ‘double act’ as well. We picked an afternoon when both my Mum and Dad were at work. We decided that we would act like 2 lesbian lovers when we answered the door.

It was an Asian guy in his twenties that arrived with the pizza. His eyes opened as wide as they could and his jaw dropped when the door opened and he saw Katie stood naked in front of him. Before Katie had chance to say anything, I went up behind her and put my arms round her, grabbed her boobs and asked who it was. She told me and I told him to come in.

We backed up and he came in the door – just. I told Katie to go and get the man some money and off she went. I stood about 3 feet in front of him watching his eyes go from Katie’s backside to my full frontal.

I tried to apologise for our state of dress but he wasn’t listening. His brain was working overtime and his jeans were getting tighter.

Katie got the money and walked back to us. As she woke him up and paid him, I went behind Katie and put on hand on one of her boobs and the other hand on her pubic mound.

I’m pretty sure that the guy creamed his pants.

When the door shut, Ben came down the stairs and we used the kitchen table for something that it wasn’t really designed for.

We had cold pizza a while later.

*Go bowling wearing an ultra-short skirt with no panties on, and play at least 2 full games.*

We decided that the best time to do this one would be late on a Friday evening. The 3 of us were given a lane towards the far end of the hall.

It wasn’t long before we got an audience of about 7 or 8 young people, mainly young men. I’m sure that I don’t have to tell you what was showing each time we bowled.

As the games went on the audience got a bit bigger, and Katie and I got more aroused. Ben was doing the scoring and afterwards he told us that the man who was scoring for the lane next to us had told him that he was, ‘a lucky bastard’. He agreed.

**My Last day at my Saturday job**

I had been working at a clothes shop on a Saturday for years. I got on well with the manager (Ann), a woman in her thirties and she had got to know about my passion for exhibitionism. She had sometimes helped me by telling me to model clothes for male customers if they weren’t sure what they would like on.

So, when I went in on my last day I asked her if I could take the place of one of the mannequins for a few hours. Ann smiled at this request then agreed saying that it could be fun. She said that she would do the dressing, undressing and moving of me so that the other girls could get on with keeping the customers happy. Then she told the other girls what was going to happen. Some were amused and some were horrified that I could want to do it.

Anyway, Ann gave me a dress and told me to go and put it, and only it, on then come out into the shop. When I got back she had moved one of the mannequins from a pedestal near the entrance, but not in the window, of the shop. I stood on the pedestal and was moved into the post that Ann wanted me in. She told me to make all movements animated, and not move anything on my own. She then told me to stand like that for 10 minutes.

10 minutes later she came back to me, asked if I was okay and if I wanted to continue. I said that I did and Ann started unfastening the dress I had on. She let it drop to the floor leaving me naked. My nipples went hard and could feel the rush in my pussy. It was still early and there were very few people in the shop. Customers walked in and out, right passed me as Ann lifted one leg, then to other to retrieve the dress.

Then Ann picked up the dress and walked away leaving me naked, just inside the shop. A couple of the other shop girls came over to see me. Both smiled at me and one of them asked me if I was okay. When I said I was, she asked me if I was enjoying myself. She then told me that I had the right breasts for it (conical) and that she could never do what I was doing because her breasts were way too droopy.

Ann left me for about 5 minutes before she returned with just a top. She put that on me, brushing her hand against my nipples as she did so. “Getting a little horny are we” she said, before walking away. Another 5 or so minutes and she came back with a skirt.

She knelt down in front of me, leaving her face inches from my pussy, and lifted a leg. She looked at my wet, swollen pussy, then up to my face and said, “You are enjoying yourself, aren’t you?” She eased the skirt up, fastened it, changed my pose and left me.

Fortunately I could easily hold that pose because it was a long time before she came back to me.

When she did, she stripped me then went away leaving me naked again. The shop was getting busier and a few people stared at me for a few seconds before walking on. A couple of teenage girls came in and both stopped in front of me. I could see them staring at my pussy.

Ann came over to them and said, “They’re getting very realistic these days aren’t they? They even use holes where the pussy is to screw the parts together.” The girls giggled a bit and walked on.

Later Ann came back and dressed me in a baby doll nightie, without the knickers, rearranged my pose and left me.

When she next came and stripped me she left me with my feet about 18 inches apart and bent at the waist so that my boobs were hanging down. My backside was facing a rack of clothes along a wall.

About 10 minutes later Ben came in to the shop. I’d already told him what I hoped to do and he thought that he’d come and see if I was doing it. Now Ann had heard about Ben but she had never met him.

Ben spotted me straight away and came over to me. He stood in front of me and just looked at me. After about a minute he went to my side and put his hand on my left breast.

Ann came over and said the same as she’d said to the girls. Ben still held my breast and said, “Yes, it’s amazing, the texture is the same as a real breast.” He let go and went behind me. I felt a finger go into my pussy, move around inside for a few seconds, then pull out. “Wow,” he said, “they’ve even got the moisture and taste right.”

I wanted to burst out laughing but managed to keep a straight face and keep still.

Ann just looked at him as he said, “Thank you;” and walked out.

Still staring after Ben, Ann asked me if I was okay.

Ann then put a dress on me and told me to go to the staff room for a break.

When I went back Ann had moved the pedestal neared the shop door. She had already given me a shelf bra and thong to put on under the dress. When I got on the pedestal she took the dress off, put me in the pose that she wanted, and left me.

Quite a few people going in and out looked at me, but none came for a closer look.

When she came back to me she took the bra off me then left me again.

I still wasn’t getting much attention so Ann came back and removed the thong. There was no way that the shop could sell that thong, it was sodden.

A short while later a teenage couple came in and the boy obviously wanted to get a closer look. They came over to me and stood in front of me. The boy was poking one of my breasts when Ann came over and said, “They’re getting very realistic these days aren’t they? Even the genitals look like the real thing.” With that the girls put her hand between my legs and felt my soaking pussy.

“Fucking hell,” she said, “it’s even wet and warm as well.”

“Let me have a go.” The boy said. He then put his hand on my pussy, but instead of just touching me his finger went inside me and moved about for a few seconds.

As he pulled it out he looked up at me and smiled. I had all on not to smile back.

The boy then said, “Very life like,” and dragged his girlfriend off.

A while later Ben came back. This time he ran his hand down my back from neck to below my bum. That sent a shiver through me. He hand then went between my legs and he started finger fucking me. He was still doing this to me when Ann came over and asked him if she’d seen him before. He said that he’d been in earlier and that he’d come back to see just how realistic the mannequin was.

“Very,” was all Ann said.

Ben then put his other hand on my stomach and slid it down and gripped my pubic bone. I was really finding it hard to keep still and keep a motionless face.

“Okay, that’s enough” Ann said, “It’s time to leave.”

I broke my silence and introduced them, Ben as my brother. Ann pulled a dress from a nearby rack and told me to put it on.

Ann was a bit shocked that I let my brother do that to me, but we were soon laughing about it.

I was told to go and take a break, and when I got back there was a naked proper mannequin stood where I had been. Ann came over and told me that me and the mannequin were going to be put in the same poses for the rest of the day; and that every 5 minutes one of the staff would come over and change the pose. Ann told me where to stand and then she took my dress off and put me in the pose that she wanted.

Every 5 minutes or so, one of the staff would come over and change the way we had to stand. Each one of them would whisper something to me. None of the comments were bad, most were encouraging. One girl (Sophie) whispered that I was so brave, that she had always wanted to do what I was doing but never had the courage.

As I stood there watching people and some of them watching me, I had an idea. When the next girl came to change the pose I asked her to send Ann over.

I told Ann what Sophie had said and asked her if Sophie could join me. Ann looked at her watch then called Sophie over. Ann asked Sophie, “Are you shaved?” Sophie blushed and said, “Yes.” “Completely?” Ann asked. Sophie went a bit redder and said, “Yes.” Ann then gave Sophie the dress that she had taken off me and told Sophie to go and put it on.

When Sophie got back. Ann told her to stand next to me. Sophie did and Ann told her that she was going to be a mannequin for the rest of the day; and started to take her dress off. Sophie started to say something. But stopped and went bright red again.

Sophie was stood there in just her little thong, but that didn’t stay on for long. Ann took the dress and thong and left us.

I could just see Sophie without moving my head. She looked nervous.

“Relax,” I whispered, “enjoy the experience. It might never happen again.”

A couple of minutes later I heard Sophie whisper, “That man’s looking at me.”

I whispered back, “Isn’t that what you wanted?”

Ann came back and changed our pose. As she changed Sophie’s pose I heard her whisper, “You are enjoying this aren’t you?” I saw Ann hold a finger up to Sophie’s face. Sophie went red again.

When one of the more outspoken girls came to change our pose, she opened our legs about a foot. It made it easier for us to stand still, but it left our pussies more exposed. I wondered what Sophie was thinking.

Just before closing time a teenage boy and girl saw us as they walked into the shop. They came right up to us and the boy bent down to have a closer look at our pussies.

The girl must have been a bit thick because she grabbed the boy’s arm and dragged him off saying, “They’re only plastic.” I just heard him say, “Yeah, right.” He had a big grin on his face.

All good things come to an end, and Ann came over and put a dress on us, then told us to go and put our own clothes on.

As Sophie and I walked to the office, Sophie told me that she had been really annoyed with me at first, but by the end she was really enjoying it. She thanked me and told me that she was going to rape her boyfriend the second that she saw him.

As we got changed I did the finger test on her, showed her the results and said, “You really did enjoy it didn’t you?” Sophie smiled and sucked my finger.

Sophie didn’t put her thong on under her skirt.

When we came out, Ann met us and asked me if I had enjoyed my last day. Not that she needed an answer. She wished me all the best at university and told me that I was welcome back anytime. I asked her, “As a mannequin?” Ann smiled.

**Old Misery Guts**

One day before school ended, I came home to find that the fence between our house and Old Misery Guts’ house had been replaced. The new one was 6 feet high and one of those wood panel things. It was a cheap one because quite a few of the planks were warped and had knot holes in them. I didn’t think much of it at the time, but on one of the few sunny days after school finished, I realised that perhaps Old Misery Guts had bought a cheap and nasty fence on purpose.

Mum and Dad were out at work and Ben was out with his mates, and I decided that I wanted to sit in the sun for a while. As usual, when Mum and Dad were at work I was naked. I got a garden chair out and sat facing the back of our house, and the sun. I got the urge to put on a show for Old Misery Guts and was a bit disappointed when I couldn’t see him looking down on me from one of his upstairs windows.

What the hell I thought, I was still going to pleasure myself, and I slid down in the chair and opened my legs. As my hands started exploring my breasts I heard a noise coming from next door’s garden and as I looked towards the new fence I thought that I saw something move. Wondering if I knew what was happening; I got up and walked into the house, then ran upstairs and looked out the back. There he was, the old perv was looking through one of the knot holes in the fence. He’d found a way of getting a closer look at me.

Feeling wetter and more desperate to put on a show for him, I ran back downstairs and walked out to the chair. I turned it towards the fence a bit and moved it a bit closer to the fence; then sat on the front edge and leaned back.

The old perv was now less than 2 yards from my naked, open, throbbing, wet pussy.

I spent the next 15 minutes slowly bringing myself to a wonderful orgasm knowing that he was watching my every move.

After satisfying myself I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew something was touching my pussy. Thinking that it was nice, but realising that it wasn’t my hand, I opened my eyes to see big dog stood between my legs, and licking my pussy.

My first reaction was panic and curse the fact that we don’t have a side gate, but the sensation it was giving me was good so I resisted the urge to shout at it.

I just sat there and let it lick and lick until I came again. It kept licking then tried to climb on to me. When I realised that it was going to try to fuck me I decided that enough was enough and chased it out of our garden. I sat down again and wondered if Old Misery Guts had seen what had happened.

I went inside, checked that the perv was still there, got my sunglasses and then went back outside. With my sunglasses on I walked round the garden letting him have a good look at me. I even went right up to the fence where I thought he was.

Shortly after that Katie arrived. I took her out the back and got another chair for her and put it next to mine. She stripped and sat down. We talked about all sorts and then I told her about the dog. We talked about what we thought it would be like to be fucked by a dog.

All this, not more than 2 yards from the perv; but I hadn’t told Katie he was there.

Katie said that all the talk about fucking had got her horny and she started rubbing herself. I watched as she made herself cum. I also kept looking through my sunglasses to check that the old perv was still there.

After Katie had calmed down I took her inside to get us a drink; then told her that the old perv had watched her. She grinned and asked me what we could do to give him a heart attack.

Shortly after that, Ben arrived home with one of his mates; who was a bit shocked to see us 2 naked girls. We didn’t waste any time and dragged them outside for them to fuck us both on the grass. If you are wondering which one of us fucked Ben and which one of us fucked his mate, the answer is that both Katie and I fucked both of them.

Old Misery Guts really got his money’s worth that day.

Read all about our holiday in Ibiza in part 8 – cumming soon.

Amy