**Brighton Rocks**

by Adman

**Brighton Rocks 1**

My girlfriend Joanne - or Jo as everyone called her - and I were 16 and had been going out together for nearly 6 months when a seemingly minor event changed the course of our lives. We were sitting at a cafe on the seafront in Brighton, in the south of England, on a late summer evening, sharing a cup of tea and discussing our poor financial situation. The school holiday was coming to an end and I guess we were both a bit down and trying to make plans for the future to raise our spirits.  
  
"It would be fantastic if we could go on holiday somewhere hot next summer," Jo said. "This year has been great because we've had lots of time together, but the weather has been crap!"  
  
"I know," I replied, "but (a) your parents would probably say 'no', and (b) we can't afford it anyway."  
  
We both had a small amount of savings from our allowances, but mine was earmarked for a second-hand car and Jo was saving for University.  
  
"We could get Saturday jobs," Jo suggested.  
  
"You could, but I'm at school most of every Saturday. We could both look for something in the Christmas and Easter holidays though, although wages for people our age are pretty low."  
  
Just then we were interrupted by a man sitting at the next table. He was in his late twenties or early thirties, well-built and good looking. He wore an amused expression and had an air of easy confidence.  
  
"I'm sorry," he said, "but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation and I wonder whether I might be able to help. My name is Tom by the way."  
  
I introduced Jo and myself and we repeated our woes. Tom was easy to talk to and sympathetic to our situation. He thought Jo's parents could be persuaded to let her go on holiday with me by next summer: we would both be 17 by then and would have been going out for a little over a year. As to the question of money he said he may be able to help us.  
  
"How?" Jo asked.  
  
"I have been fortunate enough to make a lot of money in the last couple of years, by building up and then selling a software business. You could do some work for me, and I am sure you would earn enough to go on holiday somewhere warm and exotic next summer."  
  
"What sort of work could you give us to do?", I asked. "We are only 16 and not trained to do anything in particular!"  
  
"Jo", Tom said, "How would you like to earn £10 right now?"  
  
"Of course I would", Jo replied, "what would I have to do?"  
  
"Nothing that requires training!" Tom joked, "just go and get us some ice creams from the cafe. I'll pay for them, of course, in addition to your £10."  
  
"Sounds too good to be true!", Jo said, "what's the catch?"  
  
"There's no catch," Tom replied, "but you are a bright kid: there is a condition."  
  
"What is it?" Jo and I both asked at the same moment.  
  
"You have to take off your shoes and socks and get the ice creams barefoot", Tom said.  
  
I thought he was kidding, but he was not smiling and it was clear that he meant what he said. I thought Jo would tell him to get lost, but to my surprise she said, "So all I have to do is go and buy us some ice creams in my bare feet and you will give me a tenner?"  
  
"Yes", Tom replied, "simple as that."  
  
"Why?" Jo asked.  
  
"Because I asked you to", Tom said. "It gives me pleasure to see a pretty girl walking barefoot and I am willing to pay you to do it."  
  
Jo looked at him for a moment, then at me, and then she bent down in her chair and started undoing the laces on her tennis shoes.  
  
"You don't have to do this Jo", I said.  
  
"It's no big deal Rob", she replied. I like walking barefoot - it's comfortable - and I can earn £10 in 2 minutes!"  
  
With that she toed off her shoes and started to pull off her white socks. Pushing the socks inside her shoes, Jo then stood up in her jeans and T-shirt and looked at Tom.  
  
"Very good", he said. "Here's the money for the ice creams. When you return, I will pay you £10."  
  
Jo took the money and walked towards the cafe entrance. Being on the seafront, nobody paid any attention to her bare feet as she disappeared inside. Shortly afterwards she returned holding three cornets filled with vanilla ice cream and handed one to Tom and one to me. She sat down and Tom handed her a £10 note.   
  
"Excellent Jo", Tom said, "you did well. How would you like to earn another £10?"  
  
"Sure!" Jo, "what do you want me to do now?"  
  
"I want you to hand me your ice cream for a moment, and then go into the ladies toilets just along the seafront, take off your bra, and then return here and hand it to me."  
  
"What?!" Jo blurted. "No way!"  
  
"Jo; how much did your bra cost?" asked Tom.  
  
"I don't know; £15 maybe."  
  
"Then I will pay you £25 if you carry out my instructions."  
  
Jo turned to me and said, "What do you think Rob?"  
  
"I think we should go now sweetheart; I don't think I like where this is going."  
  
"I know, but on the other hand it is easy money...".  
  
Tom sat back in his chair with a smug look on his face. "She's right Rob; remember, this is funding your holiday next summer".  
  
"OK, I'll do it", Jo said in a rush, and she reached down to put her socks and shoes back on.  
  
"Ah, Jo", Tom said, "leave the shoes and socks here".  
  
"You want me to go into a public toilet in my bare feet?" Jo asked.  
  
"Yes".  
  
Jo took a deep breath, closed her eyes for a moment, and stood up. She handed Tom her ice cream and began walking along the promenade towards the ladies. As she reached it and headed for the door, I noticed a group of kids about our age heading the other way and saw them look down at her bare feet and then at the toilet entrance. A couple of them screwed up their faces, but nobody said anything as far as I could see.  
  
A short time later, Jo came back out of the toilets with a grim look on her face. She walked back and sat down, and subtly handed Tom her white bra. He laid it on the table and Jo blushed. I couldn't help noticing that her nipples now showed through her red T-shirt.  
  
"I want you to know that the floor was disgusting in there," Jo said, "It was wet and dirty and cold. Ugh!"  
  
"You did well again Jo," Tom replied. "Here you are". And he handed her £30.  
  
"I though it was £25", Jo said, "Not that I'm complaining!"  
  
"I gave you a bonus because you did as you were told Jo. Here - take your ice cream back".

**Brighton Rocks 2**

Jo took back her ice cream and Tom asked us how long we had been going out together. We told him, and explained how we met through mutual friends at a party. We chatted for a while about Tom's software company, his - any my - love of cars, his interest in photography, Jo's successes in cross-country running and how cool Brighton was as a place to live and go to school.  
  
It soon felt as though we had known Tom for years, and when the conversation turned to sex, we were comfortable telling him that Jo and I had lost our virginity to each other just a couple of months before. Tom recalled his teenage years, when he and various girlfriends had been perpetually horny, but had to resort to stolen moments in the backs of cars and store cupboards! We knew exactly what he meant! Jo asked him whether he was married or had a girlfriend and for the first time Tom seemed momentarily taken aback. Then he explained that his wife of 5 years had passed away the previous summer, from cancer. We apologised and Tom said not to worry; it had made him determined to make the most of life and all its opportunities.  
  
I said to Jo that it was time for us to be heading home, and Tom asked if we were interested in meeting up the following day, same time, same place. I said we would think about it, and he handed Jo a card with his contact details on.  
  
"I'll see you here tomorrow unless I hear from you to the contrary", he said, his former confidence returning.  
  
Jo put her shoes and socks back on, and reached for her bra.  
  
"I'll give that back to you when I see you tomorrow", Tom said arrogantly, reaching for it and putting it into his jacket pocket.  
  
"You better had", Jo replied with a smile.  
  
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"I didn't know we had decided to come back again tomorrow", I said to Jo as we walked towards the bus stop.  
  
"We haven't Rob, but I don't see any harm if we do. Tom seems like a good laugh, and we are already £40 better off than we were."  
  
"I don't know", I replied. "I don't trust him. The way he looks at you.... He kept staring at your boobs through your T-shirt after you had taken your bra off. Who knows what he might ask you to do next?"  
  
"I won't do anything I don't want to do. And I've got you with me to make sure everything is OK. Are you jealous of him or something?"  
  
"Of course not. I just think you seemed a bit too keen to follow his instructions. I don't want things to get out of hand."  
  
"Don't be silly, they won't. We are the ones benefiting here! It's you I love, and I want us to be able to go on holiday, that's all".  
  
"I love you too. If you're sure that's all there is to it...."  
  
"Course it is. Now shut up and give me a kiss; my bus is coming!"  
  
I put my arms round Jo and kissed her. She pulled me to her and kissed back passionately, pushing her tongue into my mouth. I could feel her breasts pressing against me through our thin tops, and wished we could spend the night together. One day. The bus was stopping as she pulled away, and again I noticed that her nipples were poking through her top. The bus driver would get an eyeful! Something had got her going and I was not totally convinced it was just the kiss.  
  
"I'll call you in the morning," Jo called out as she climbed on to the bus. "Love you".  
  
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The following day, the last of our summer holiday before school started again, Jo telephoned me at about 10am. We agreed to meet in Brighton and look round the shops for last minute purchases for the coming term. Neither of us mentioned Tom, but inevitably the issue came up as the afternoon wore on. Although I still had reservations, Jo seemed keen to have the chance to make some more easy cash.  
  
"OK", I agreed. "But if I decide anything is out of order, we leave."  
  
"Rob, it's not for you to decide", Jo replied indignantly. "I am perfectly capable of making up my own mind."  
  
"Fine", I said shortly, feeling pissed off. Part of me was wishing we had never met Tom, but I have to admit that another part of me liked the money ... and that I found Jo's compliance with Tom's instructions intriguing.  
  
We arrived at the cafe at the same time as the day before, and immediately spotted Tom sitting there in jeans, a shirt and his leather jacket. He looked as if he had stepped out of an after-shave advert, and I have to admit to standing straighter and pushing out my chest a bit as we approached.  
  
Tom stood up as we made our way to his table, and he shook my hand before kissing Jo on the cheek; which seemed a bit forward to me, but Jo seemed to take it in her stride,  
  
"I'm delighted to see you both again", Tom said. "I knew you would come. After all, an exotic holiday beckons!"  
  
Jo's eyes lit up at this as we sat down.  
  
"Rob", Tom said, "I would like to ask you some questions. I will give you a pound for every one that you answer. Is that OK?"  
  
"Sure", I shrugged.  
  
"When you first saw Jo, what was your first impression of her?"  
  
"I thought she was beautiful, full of life and energy", I replied.  
  
Tom handed me a pound, which I pocketed. "Go on. What struck you most about her appearance?"  
  
"I noticed her long legs ... her blonde hair ... big blue eyes..."  
  
"What was she wearing?"  
  
"Pretty much what she's wearing now - Jeans, a shirt, tennis shoes...."  
  
"Did you imagine what she would look like naked?"  
  
I paused and looked at Jo. She looked back at me with a slight smile on her face, and anticipation in her eyes.  
  
"I guess."  
  
"You guess?"  
  
"Yes, I imagined what she would look like naked. Who wouldn't? She's gorgeous!"  
  
Tom laughed and Jo looked at me with love in her eyes. I felt confused and manipulated, but I was now several pounds better off.  
  
"When did you first see Jo naked Rob?"  
  
"After we'd been going out for a few weeks. We were at her house and her parents went out for an hour. We were snogging and one thing lead to another...."  
  
"Describe what happened."  
  
"Well, we were kissing, and I cupped Jo's breast, and then started to unbutton her shirt. She didn't object, so I got a bit bolder, slipped it off and started on her bra."  
  
"What size are her breasts Rob?"  
  
"I'm not sure!" Typical bloke.  
  
"32B", Jo cut in, and then blushed. "Just in case you were thinking of sexy underwear as a Christmas present Rob...!"  
  
"What next", Tom persisted.  
  
"Jo pulled my T-shirt off and then I reached for the button on her jeans. I thought she would stop me, but she didn't. I undid them and slipped them down her legs. She stepped out of them and then pulled her own socks off. She was just wearing her knickers."  
  
"Did the sight of her turn you on?"  
  
"Course it did!"  
  
"Did you take her knickers off?"  
  
"Yes, after she had pulled my trousers and boxers off, and ...."  
  
"And what?"  
  
"She took me in her hand."  
  
"She masturbated you?"  
  
"Umm, yeah."  
  
"And...?"  
  
"And I pulled her knickers down and toucher her ... between her legs."  
  
"What was it like?"  
  
"She was hot and wet and ... it felt lovely". Lame!  
  
"Did you both come?"  
  
"Yes", we both answered at the same time after a pause, and then laughed. In fact we had both come very quickly. I squirted over Jo's stomach and she closed her eyes and shook for a minute before collapsing into my arms, breathing deeply.  
  
"Excellent!" Tom said, clapping his hands and breaking the spell. "How about some tea?"

**Brighton Rocks 3**

"Tea would be good", I replied.  
  
"Jo", Tom said, pulling out his wallet, "would you please go and buy us three teas?"  
  
"Sure", Jo replied and started to get up from her seat.  
  
"Just a moment Jo. What should you do before going to get the teas?"  
  
Jo looked perplexed. "I don't know. What?"  
  
"Think back to yesterday Jo...."  
  
I watched as, without further hesitation, Jo sat back and reached down to unlace her shoes. She pulled off one and then the other, and finally peeled off her socks. Then she stood up and walked into the cafe. I realised that Tom had not offered to pay Jo for her barefoot performance today, and neither had she queried it.  
  
"I thought you were going to pay for us doing these tasks for you", I said.  
  
"I will Rob, don't worry. But Jo hasn't finished yet what I have in mind for her today." That sounded ominous.  
  
"What are you going to make her do?" I asked.  
  
"Not 'make' Rob, 'ask'. I will try to persuade Jo to do as I ask, but I won't ever force her." Reassuring.  
  
Just then Jo returned and placed three steaming cups on the table. We sipped them and continued talking until dusk, when the air became a little chilly.  
  
"Let's move inside", Tom said, and we agreed.  
  
"I guess you want me to leave these off?" Jo asked, as she picked up her tennis shoes and stuffed her socks inside them  
  
"You are learning fast!" Tom replied, and lead the way to a table in the window of the cafe. Only a few customers were still in the cafe, and one elderly man was serving. Nobody paid any attention to us, and no-one seemed to notice or care about Jo's bare feet. As it started to grow dark outside, Tom offered us a lift home, saying that his car was parked just over the road. By now, Jo and I felt that we could trust him not to kidnap us, and we agreed readily. Buses are a real drag after a while; we couldn't wait until we could drive ... and not only for the convenience; that back seat would be made good use of as Tom had hinted at from his own teenage days!  
  
Tom pointed out a Range Rover on the far side of the road. He then said something that made my stomach flip over and my mouth go dry:  
  
"Jo. You have carried out your tasks really well so far, and I know that you haven't earned anything so far today. I am going to offer you a chance to make £50 in about 2 minutes. What do you think?"  
  
"Sounds fantastic," Jo replied, "but what do I have to do this time?"  
  
"I am going to give you this carrier bag," Tom said, "and then Rob and I are going to take your shoes and socks and go and get into the car. You are going to take off your shirt and your bra at the table, place them in the bag and then walk - not run - over the road and climb into the back of the car."  
  
Jo and I were both literally speechless for a moment before Jo blurted out, "What?! No ... way!! There is no way I am going to take my clothes off and walk across the road topless! I could be arrested!"  
  
"You won't be arrested Jo. This is Brighton beach; women sunbathe topless here all the time. It is not illegal and, in any case, it is almost dark. I doubt anyone will eve notice."  
  
"Tom", I said, "you can't make Jo do this, it's madness!"  
  
"I'm not making her do anything Rob. Let her make up her own mind about this. She stands to make £50 for a very brief exposure that hardly anyone will see anyway."  
  
"You'll see", Jo pointed out.  
  
"Yes, I will", said Tom. "Jo, you are a very pretty girl, and I admit I am looking forward to seeing your breasts; but you haven't got anything I haven't seen before".  
  
I think Jo took this as a challenge. She took a deep breath and said, "£80".  
  
"Done", said Tom, and he bent down to pick up her shoes and socks. I stared at Jo open-mouthed, but she had a look of determination on her face that made me realise she intended to go through with this and that there was no point arguing.  
  
Tom and I stood up and left the cafe. We crossed the road and climbed into the car. Tom started the engine and we both looked out towards the cafe. We could see Jo still sitting at the table in the window, with several other customers at tables behind her. A couple of lads in their late teens sat at an outside table. A few pedestrians walked along the promenade. Jo sat still, and she caught my eye as she looked across the road. She looked like a deer caught in car headlights. I swallowed, my throat dry, as I saw Jo's hands reach up for the top button on her shirt.  
  
"I don't believe this....", I whispered.  
  
Jo slowly unbuttoned her shirt and then sat still for a moment. She looked slowly around her. Nobody in the cafe was paying attention. Closing her eyes, she opened the shirt, slipped it off her shoulders and dropped it in the bag. She was now sitting at the table in just her white bra and jeans. Realising I think that, having started, she should keep moving in case her nerve deserted her, I saw Jo reach behind her back and release the bra. The tension went out of it. Hurriedly now, she slipped it down her arms and off, putting it in the bag. She sat back up and her gorgeous little breasts came into view, tipped with hard pink nipples. Jo was visibly blushing as she stood up and walked towards the door of the cafe. As she exited, the lads outside looked up and their eyes went wide. We heard one of them whistle and point Jo out to his mate but, to her credit, she took no notice and walked with head held high across the road. Her breasts bounced and swayed slightly. She opened the car door and climbed in behind us. Tom immediately pulled away.  
  
"Are you OK?" I asked her.  
  
Jo said nothing for a moment and I turned in my seat to look at her. She was sitting with her hands over her boobs and a look of shock on her face.  
  
"I can't believe I just did that", she said ... and then broke into a grin. "Un-f\*\*\*ing-believable!"  
  
"How did you feel doing that Jo?" Tom asked.  
  
"I was literally terrified," she replied. "But it was a real buzz!"  
  
She reached down and pulled her bra and shirt out of the bag, but Tom told her to leave them off until we were closer to home. Jo didn't argue and, after a while, I looked round and noticed that she wasn't even covering up any more.  
  
Close to home, Tom 'allowed' Jo to put her bra and shirt back on. She asked for her shoes and socks but Tom said he would hold on to them for now.  
  
"But I need them for gym at school tomorrow", Jo protested.  
  
"What will happen if you don't have them with you?" Tom asked.  
  
"I'll have to do gym barefoot", Jo replied.  
  
I knew what he would say before he did so: "That sounds fine to me Jo. Here's your £80."  
  
Tom dropped us off as promised and Jo sneaked into her house barefoot, hoping her parents wouldn't catch her and ask what on earth she thought she was doing. We promised to speak the next day after school.

**Brighton Rocks 4**

The first day back at school is always a drag. I went to a boys' school about half a mile from Jo's school, which was just for girls. Although not connected formally, the two institutions would sometimes do activities together, like museum visits, socials and so on. After a seeming lifetime, the last bell went and I called Jo on my mobile phone. She answered immediately in a state of excitement.  
  
"Hi Rob. Can I see you?"  
  
"Of course. Why? What's up?"  
  
"Can't speak now; meet me in the park in 5 minutes, by the bandstand. Love you!"  
  
Between our schools there was a park, with kids' playground, a cafe, skateboard park and a bandstand that I can't remember ever having seen used. We would meet there after school sometimes for a chat and a snog. As I approached it now, I saw Jo pacing back and forth. She spotted me and came running up.  
  
""Hi sweetheart, I've missed you", I said.  
  
"Me too", she replied.  
  
"So what did you need to see me about so urgently? Are you in desperate need of some loving?!"  
  
"I am, but wait till I tell you why! Guess who came to my school today?"  
  
"I don't know ... the mayor?"  
  
"Don't be daft! TOM!"  
  
"What?" I exclaimed. "What on earth was Tom doing at your school?"  
  
"I know; I was gobsmacked! Let me tell you what happened...".  
  
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Jo was in the changing room getting ready for her gym lesson. All her classmates were changing around her taking off their summer uniforms, which consisted of a blue striped, knee-length dress, with buttons to the waist in front, blue cardigan, white socks and black shoes. Jo knew that she didn't have her tennis shoes with her, so was ready as soon as she had put on her blue pleated sports skirt and white polo top. The other girls had teased her a bit about her bare feet. They filed through to the gym and the teacher asked Jo where her shoes were.  
  
"I'm sorry Miss, I forgot to pack them this morning."  
  
"OK, you must participate in bare feet. Try to make more effort next time!"  
  
"Yes, Miss."  
  
The girls were engaged in various exercises in the wooden floored gym when the Headmistress came in and called out Jo's name.  
  
"Yes, Mrs Evans", Jo said as she ran over, her ponytail bobbing up and down.  
  
"Jo, a Mr Baker is here to have a look around the school with a view to sending his daughter here. I understand that you are a family friend and he has asked if you could please show him around. Come with me!"  
  
Jo followed her headmistress out of the gym, wondering which of her mum and dad's crusty friends "Mr Baker" was. She was astonished to see Tom standing there with a smirk on his face. Jo hid her surprise as Mrs Evans said, "OK Jo, this is Mr Baker who - as I am sure you know - has a nine year old daughter. Please show him around and answer any questions he might have. Mr Baker, please feel free to drop by my office or give me a call if I can be of any further assistance."  
  
"I will, Mrs Evans, thank you so much." And with that, the headmistress turned and walked away.  
  
"Tom! What are you doing here?! Daughter?"  
  
"No, not really", Tom laughed, "but I wanted to see how your day was going and told a little white lie. So, how is your day going?"  
  
"Fine thanks, but I can't believe you are here in my school. Do you really want me to show you around?"  
  
"You better had; it would look a bit strange us just standing here talking!"  
  
They began walking slowly down the corridor when Tom asked, "So Jo, how did it feel doing gym barefoot?"  
  
"Oh, it felt good actually - my feet didn't get sweaty like they normally do! But a bit embarrassing being the only one."  
  
"And how does it feel to be walking down the school hallway barefoot?"  
  
"Weird! But actually I like the feel of the cool tiles under my feet. Maybe we should all go barefoot around school all the time!"  
  
"Now there's a thought!" Tom replied. They had reached a door at the end of the hall and Tom asked about the building opposite.  
  
"It's the art block", Jo replied.  
  
"Let's go and take a look", said Tom, and pushed open the door.  
  
"I don't know whether I should wander around too far without shoes on", Jo said.  
  
"I don't see why not, Mrs Evans did ask you to show me around...".  
  
"I guess...", Jo agreed, and stepped outside on to the tarmac after Tom. "Now this feels even weirder!"  
  
They entered to art block and walked up the stairs. There were studios on each side of a corridor and skylights in the ceiling to provide lots of light. Suddenly a bell sounded, and shortly after students of all ages started to fill the hallway. Some stared at Jo in her gym kit and bare feet, and a few made snide comments:  
  
"You seem to have forgotten your shoes Jo". "Hippy!" "Eww, gross" and so on. Jo flipped a couple of them off, and gave as good as she got, but Tom could tell she was embarrassed by the attention. Soon enough a second bell rang to mark the beginning of the next lesson.  
  
"Have you ever fantasised about being naked in school Jo?"  
  
"Had nightmares about it you mean!" Jo replied.  
  
"Come on now. You must have imagined how it would feel."  
  
"Well ... yes ... but I guess everyone thinks about things like that from time to time. Nobody would actually do it though."  
  
"I would like you to do it Jo. Right now."  
  
"Tom. There is no way I would strip off in school. What if someone saw me? I would completely humiliated and then expelled! No way."  
  
"Not even for 拢50?"  
  
"No."  
  
"You remember the buzz you got from your topless walk last night? Imagine how this would make you feel", Tom pressed.  
  
Jo hesitated. "Tom; That was different. I just can't. I guess it would be a buzz but the risk is too great. Anyway, I wouldn't want you to see me naked either. Rob would go mad."  
  
"OK. I understand Jo. How about this: You go into that store cupboard at the end of the corridor. Take off your clothes and pass them out to me. I will leave your kit downstairs in the corner just inside the door, and then I will leave. I won't be able to see you, but will enjoy the thought of you walking along the hall and down the stairs naked. I will pay you 拢80 next time I see you. What do you think?"  
  
"I think I must be mad even to be thinking about it!"  
  
"Look, the lesson that has just started will continue for at least another half-hour. There's nobody around and it is very unlikely anyone will come wandering through this building. It will only take you a minute or so to get to your clothes and put them back on."  
  
"How do I know I can trust you to go, and to leave my clothes where you say you will?"  
  
"Jo, I'm hurt. Have I given you any reason not to trust me? I promise that I will leave your gym kit by the door downstairs and then go. You have my word."  
  
"I'm sorry. It would be a hell of a blast ... OK, I'll do it! Oh God, I must be out of my mind!"  
  
Tom and Jo walked back down the corridor and Jo slipped inside the storeroom. She closed the door and, after a brief hesitation - wondering what on earth she was doing - she pulled her polo shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor. She slipped off her blue skirt and then undid the catch on her bra. Finally, with a deep breath, she slipped off her knickers. She was now stark naked from top to toe. She gather her clothes, opened the door a crack and passed them through into Tom's waiting hand.  
  
"Well done Jo, I'm very proud of you. The coast is clear; I'm going now. Call me soon using the number on the card I gave you yesterday. Bye."  
  
Jo gave Tom a minute to leave, listening to his retreating footsteps, and then cautiously opened the storeroom door a little. She peeked round and saw that the hall was clear. She opened the door fully and stepped out, hardly daring to breathe. "Oh my God! I am naked in my school, in the middle of the day, with hundreds of people all around me!" she thought to herself.  
  
Jo's senses seemed to be heightened by her state of undress. Everything appeared brighter and sharper. She could feel the slightly dusty, gritty surface of the cool tiles under her bare feet, and the air against her bare body. Her nipples hardened and her breath came in short, shallow gasps. She tip-toed down the corridor towards the concrete stairway, ready to run if a door started to open. She made it to the stairs and began to descend. The hard steps were noticeably colder than the hall tiles. Jo reached the half-way point and became aware that the insides of her thighs were wet. She put a hand between her legs, wondering if her period had started, but realised that her juices were running from her vagina. She was seriously turned on! What was happening to her? This was really screwing with her head!  
  
Jo reached the bottom of the stairs and peered round the corner into the hall towards the front doors. With relief she spotted a bundle of clothes, but they were right by the glass doors. She would risk being spotted if she got that close ... but had no choice if she wanted to get dressed again. Damn Tom and his games!  
  
Jo crept along the hall keeping a sharp eye through the doors. At the last moment, she hurried over, grabbed the clothes and dashed back to the cover of the stairwell. "Oh my God, thank you, thank you!" she whispered. Then she noticed that she had only her skirt and polo shirt; no underwear. That bastard! She quickly slipped on her skirt and pulled the shirt over her head. At least now she was decent ... as long as she walked carefully.  
  
She pushed open the art building door and walked back across the tarmac to the main building. Being barefoot in school no longer seemed like any kind of a big deal! She hurried to the girls changing room, glad that the other kids were all in lessons, and changed into her dress, cardigan, shoes and socks. It actually felt constricting having footwear on again, but she was relieved to be covered up. She relished the freedom of her breasts, unconstrained by a bra, her nipples rubbed gently against the soft cotton of her dress, and the feeling of the air swirling around her sex reminded her that she was still underdressed.  
  
Before leaving the changing room and heading for her lesson, Jo went into the toilets and wiped the moisture from her pussy. Then she hurried to her next lesson....  
  
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I couldn't believe the story Jo had just told me.  
  
"Jo ... I ... did you really strip naked at school?"  
  
"Yes Rob, I really did. It seems alomst like a dream to me now, but I really did it. And it was a huge rush! Thank God nobody caught me though. The thing was, I have been so turned all day since then. I had to pull the skirt of my dress up every time I sat down in case I leaked on to it, and the feel of the chairs against my bare bum kept me aroused. I had to ...." Her voice tailed off.  
  
"You had to what?" I asked.  
  
Jo blushed. "I had to go to the girls' room and ... you know ... get myself off ... twice!"  
  
"Oh my God!" I exclaimed. "I am a bit pissed off that Tom cornered you alone without me being there, but I'm glad you made him go away before you had your adventure. And I can see you got a thrill from it." A thought struck me: "Are you still bare under your dress?"  
  
"Of course I am! Tom took my underwear, I told you!"  
  
With that I pushed Jo back into the bandstand and started kissing her. She moaned into my mouth and caught her breath as I reached under her skirt and felt between her legs. True to her word, she was still wet, and I met no resistance as I pushed two fingers up inside her. Jo almost immediately spasmed and held on to me as if her life depended on it! By this time I was as hard as a rock myself. Jo took mercy and undid my trousers. She pulled out my dick and started masturbating me. I was already pretty close after Jo's amazing story and her own orgasm, and I soon came hard, shooting across the floor of the bandstand. The final dribbles leaked down on to Jo's hand.  
  
"We should give Tom a call", Jo said. "I want my cash ... and my underwear back!"

**Brighton Rocks 5**

Jo called Tom from her mobile phone and, of course, he demanded a detailed description of what had happened after he left her at school. He asked how she felt about what she had done.  
  
"You were right", she said, "It was a thrill! Terrifying but thrilling at the same time if that makes any sense. But I am pissed off with you for taking my underwear after promising that you would leave all my clothes by the door".  
  
"I said no such thing Jo," Tom replied sternly. "I promised to leave your gym kit by the door, I never said anything about leaving all your clothing there. Your underwear is not part of your gym kit."  
  
"Oh...". Jo thought back and, damn him, Tom was right. She should have listened more carefully, but she wasn't thinking straight at the time....  
  
I grabbed the phone from her. "Tom", I said, "Listen. I appreciate that you are paying for these 'tasks' and that Jo is free to do them or not, but please don't do anything else without me being there. OK?"  
  
"Sure. I understand Rob. Actually I am going away for a few days, but why don't we all get together on Saturday. There's a great BoHo market coming to Lewes at the weekend; a lot of bohemian clothing and jewellery and so on. There should be some good stalls and a young, fun crowd. Have you been before?"  
  
"No," I replied. "I'll talk to Jo about it and we'll give you a call."  
  
"Excellent!" Tom said, "Tell Jo I am really proud of her". And then he hung up.  
  
I was dubious about meeting with Tom again. Things seemed to be moving a little fast and I could feel our control of the situation slipping away. However, we realised that we had forgotten to arrange collection of Jo's underwear and tennis shoes ... and the money, so resigned ourselves to seeing Tom again on Saturday.  
  
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On Friday evening, Jo and I called Tom and it was agreed that he would pick us up near the Palace Pier in Brighton the following morning at 10am. It was a hot day and Jo wore a white T-shirt with a smily face on the front, denim cut-offs and a pair of flip-flops. We saw Tom's Range Rover pull up and headed over, both climbing into the back.  
  
After exchanging greetings, Tom asked how our week had been.  
  
"Fine thanks", I replied, "Just school, homework ... you know."  
  
"How about you Jo?"  
  
"Same really; except that because you still had my tennis shoes I ended up having to do my sports lesson barefoot again; cross-country practice this time. And I got a punishment for 'forgetting' them a second time."  
  
"Sorry to hear that Jo", Tom replied, but didn't sound very sincere to me. "What was your punishment?"  
  
"My sports teacher said that since I seemed to prefer being barefoot, I should spend the rest of the day like that; she said maybe it would help improve my memory. Anyway, I didn't care; I think I prefer it. And my cross-country time was actually a little faster than usual!"  
  
"A second Zola Budd maybe?!" Tom joked.  
  
"You may laugh, but you never know!"  
  
"I'm sorry Jo, I'm sure you're right. Your tennis shoes, socks and underwear are in the back of the car, and ... here ... the money I owe you for the other day". Tom pulled his wallet from his pocket and handed over the crisp notes.  
  
"Thanks Tom. We're gonna go on holiday!" she chanted.  
  
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Lewes is an old Sussex town about half an hour's drive from Brighton. It's not large, but has some interesting little streets and a lot of antique shops. We parked and made our way through growing crowds to the main high street, which had been closed to traffic for the market. Stalls were squeezed in all over the place, with fabrics, clothing, accessories, 'antiques', food, drink and other goods stacked high. Music played from speakers, and there was a party atmosphere.  
  
"I've never been to Lewes before", Jo said, wide-eyed.  
  
"I came here once, years ago, with my parents", I added. "They were looking for a dining room table. Dull ... very dull!"  
  
"It's not dull today!"  
  
We made our way past the stalls, and Jo quickly became absorbed by the clothes.  
  
"Look at that!" she exclaimed, picking up a beautiful cream coloured, floaty dress. It was made of raw silk, and had thin spaghetti straps over the shoulders. There were tiny buttons down the front to the waist. "It weighs nothing. But look at the price!"  
  
The dress was 拢120, way beyond our budget.  
  
"If you really love it Jo, I would happy to buy it for you ... if, of course, you are prepared to earn it", Tom suggested.  
  
"Uh oh!" Jo replied, "why do I get the feeling that I'm not going to like this?!"  
  
"On the contrary, I think you will like it very much", Tom responded smugly. "Haven't you enjoyed everything you've done so far?"  
  
"Well ... not 'enjoyed' as such but ... I can't deny it's been exciting. What would I have to do?"  
  
"Just try the dress on", said Tom.  
  
"And...?"  
  
"And nothing, for the moment".  
  
"OOOk. Sounds simple enough. Is there a changing area behind the stall?" Jo asked.  
  
"You need to try the dress on here, Jo," Tom stated.  
  
"You mean in full view of everybody?!" Jo asked.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Jo gulped. She looked at the gossamer garment in her hands, and then looked at me. I shrugged: "It's up to you sweetie." I felt pretty conflicted about this; part of me was desperate for Jo to refuse - she was MINE! - but part of me wanted to see her exposed in public ... for which I felt a bit guilty.  
  
"I really love it." Jo bit her lip and looked around her. There were hundreds of people milling slowly about, mostly teenagers, but also families and some older couples.  
  
A look of determination came into Jo's eyes. "Rob, could you hold this for me for a moment?" she said, handing me the dress. Then, crossing her arms she gripped the hem of her T-shirt. She lifted it quickly up and over her head and clamped it between her knees. She reached for the dress, but Tom stopped her: "Hold on a moment Jo. You can't wear a bra with that dress, it'll show through and spoil the look of those delicate the straps."  
  
"I can't take my bra off in front of all these people," Jo whispered fiercely, crossing her arms over her chest.  
  
"You can Jo. You can do this."  
  
"I'll stand in front of you Jo; if you're quick, I doubt anyone will really notice," I said. What was I doing?!  
  
Some people nearby were starting to glance in our direction, but most paid no attention.  
  
"You'd better make your mind up soon Jo; the longer you stand there like that, the more people are going to notice you", Tom pointed out.  
  
Jo handed me her T-shirt. "Oh, what the hell!" she said under her breath, and reached behind her back. She closed her eyes and undid the catch on her bra. She paused for a moment and then slipped it down her arms, revealing her breasts in the bright sunshine. I tried to shield Jo as best I could, and handed the dress to her, but several passers-by did double-takes.  
  
"Bloody hell!", said a guy in his late twenties.  
  
"Beautiful!" commented a auburn-haired girl in a peasant skirt and halter top, "You go girl!"  
  
Jo flushed red, passed me her bra and grabbed the dress. But she had forgotten that there were buttons down the front that had to be undone before she could slip the garment on. She fumbled at the buttons with shaking fingers, carefully avoiding eye-contact with anyone.  
  
A wolf-whistle came from a teenager nearby. I turned and saw him grinning at Joe's chest. My beautiful girlfriend was on display, and her delicate pink nipples were standing out under the scrutiny. An older lady noticed Jo and quickly dragged her husband away, muttering under her breath. Jo eventually managed to get the buttons undone and pulled the dress over her head. She buttoned it up and turned, trembling slightly, to admire herself in a nearby mirror. We all noticed right away that her nipples showed quite clearly through the silk; even their pinkness was evident. But she looked stunning, almost ethereal, in the dress. It fell to just above her knees and showed off her slim figure beautifully.  
  
The stallholder, a dark-haired girl with a nose stud and multiple ear piercings, came over. "That was quite a show! You look gorgeous in that dress but ... if you don't mind my saying ... your shorts are messing up the effect".  
  
We all looked down and saw that the girl was right: Jo's shorts created lumps and bumps in the thin fabric of the dress.  
  
"You're right," Tom said. "Jo - take off the shorts!"  
  
The stallholder glanced at Tom and then at me and Jo. She had realised there was some sort of game going on here, and was only too happy to join the fun.  
  
"Let me help you," she said, and before Jo could say a word the girl bent down in front of her and reached under the skirt of the dress. Jo was so stunned that she made no move to prevent the girl undoing her shorts and tugging them down Jo's legs. Jo instinctively lifted her feet from her flip-flops so the shorts could be taken completely off.  
  
Standing up again, the stallholder turned Jo back towards the mirror.  
  
"Hmm, better, but the dark knickers still show through." It was true; Jo's black knickers were plainly visible under the thin cloth. Almost trance-like, Jo started to reach under the hem of her dress.  
  
"Jo...," I blurted, "you're not...". But she was! Jo grasped the sides of her knickers under the dress and pulled them down around her ankles. She stepped out of them and picked them up. I hurriedly took them from her and put them in my pocket. Jo looked gorgeous: her shoulders bare except for the thin straps; the swell of her breasts and points of her nipples pressing against the fabric; the way the silk skimmed the soft curve of her tummy and highlighted her hips, before falling away to her knees. I felt love and pride swell in my chest and couldn't resist hugging Jo to me. She kissed me and asked, "Are you alright with this?"  
  
"Yes," I whispered back. "You look stunning."  
  
"Thank you," she grinned, and stepped back after another peck.  
  
"If you two have finished," Tom interrupted, "I've paid for the dress and we can carry on browsing!"  
  
"Thank you Tom, I love it," Jo exclaimed, and hurriedly gave him a peck on the cheek.  
  
I couldn't help noticing that, when the sun was behind her, the outline of Jo's bare body was clearly visible under the dress. Many other people realised too, and Jo received a lot of admiring ... and lustful ... glances.  
  
"How do you feel Jo?" Tom asked, as we walked along.  
  
"Absolutely great!" she replied. "This dress is so light, it's almost like walking around naked! It's so comfortable ... and sexy!"  
  
"You're right about that," Tom said. "Have you noticed the looks you're getting?"  
  
"I have," Jo said, and looked at me a little guiltily.  
  
"Don't worry sweetheart, I'm cool with it. I'm really proud that you're my girlfriend."  
  
"Ohh, I love you," Jo gushed and tucked herself under my arm. I rested my hand on her warm shoulder and then ran my hand down her side. It was wonderful feeling her soft body all the way down without interruption from bra straps and knickers. If anything the silk increased the sensation of her skin against my hand. I briefly fanatasised about tearing the dress off her and screwing her there and then in the middle of the road!  
  
Tom broke my reverie when he suggested an ice-cream.  
  
"Yay!", Jo said excitedly, dancing up and down. I ... and a number of other nearby guys (and a couple of girls I think) ... were mesmerised by the sight of Jo's breasts bobbing unhindered under her dress. I wonder if she realised what a show she was giving.  
  
"OK," said Tom. "Here's the thing."  
  
"Uh, oh!" I thought.  
  
"Jo, I would like you to go and buy three ice-creams, but ... I want you to undo half the buttons on your dress first! I will pay you 拢10 for doing so."  
  
Jo looked down and realised that this would mean opening the dress to her sternum and exposing the sides of her boobs. Nothing too indecent, so long as she didn't lean forwards.  
  
"OK, I'll do it!" she exclaimed, and she started unbuttoning. Tom handed her the cash, and she headed towards an ice-cream stall. The man behind the counter somehow managed to serve her without once looking up from Jo's chest. You could almost see him licking his lips.  
  
Tom and I couldn't help laughing as Jo returned, and she joined in when she realised what had amused us.  
  
"Men are so easy!" Jo quipped. I think she was beginning to realise the power her body had over us.  
  
We wandered on, licking our ice-creams, when Tom said, "Jo, how would you feel about undoing the rest of the buttons on your dress, down to your waist?"  
  
"I don't know Tom, I'm already showing a lot."  
  
"It's a pretty relaxed crowd here; I don't think anyone will mind. Besides, you'll still be covered."  
  
Jo and I looked at each other and I could tell she was pretty turned on by the idea. I gave her a small nod, and the corners of her mouth turned up in a smile. Still looking me straight in the eye, she slowly unfastened the remaining buttons on her dress. A widening 'V' revealed the creamy skin of her chest all the way down to her belly button. Her breasts were still covered, but only because she was standing upright. I felt myself get hard.  
  
We passed a jewellery stall, and Jo ambled over for a closer look. The good looking guy on the stall was in his early twenties and he positively devoured Jo with his eyes. He suggested that a silver pendant on a thin, black leather thong would suit her, and held it towards her. Jo leaned forward to reach it, and the top of her dress fell away revealing her breasts to the stallholder. He grinned and looked speechless as he gazed at her boobs, which hung free in front of him.  
  
"Beautiful," Jo said.  
  
"I couldn't agree more," said the man, and Jo gave him a winning smile. She knew exactly what she was doing, the little hussy! I felt proud and terrified at the same time. I wanted to hide her away, but also got a vicarious thrill from another bloke looking at her with such desire and appreciation.  
  
"You can have the pendant for nothing," the stallholder said. "It belongs with a beautiful girl like you!"  
  
"Thank you," Jo replied, "I love it."  
  
"Would you like to get together for a drink or something later?" he asked.  
  
"No, she wouldn't," I interrupted, and Jo added with a grin, "I don't think my boyfriend would like that!"  
  
"Oh sorry ... I didn't realise ...." he said.  
  
"No worries," Jo said.  
  
"You can still have the pendant for free," the man said, but clearly disappointed.  
  
"Thank you; really, I appreciate it," Jo replied. And then, to my astonishment, she gently pulled one side of her dress to the side a little, revealing the whole of her breast to the guy.  
  
He grinned and said, "Thanks gorgeous, you've made my day!"  
  
Without even pausing to think what I was doing, I grabbed Jo by the wrist and dragged her away.  
  
"Ow!" she shouted, "Rob!"  
  
"Rob, let her go," Tom said sternly, taking hold of my arm in an iron grip. "Grow up!"  
  
I pulled roughly away from Tom and glared at him, and then at Jo. The sight of her rubbing her wrist with tears in her eyes melted my heart.  
  
"I'm sorry, I ...".  
  
"Forget it," Jo said, but she looked hurt. We walked on in silence, until Jo suddenly stopped, slipped off her flip-flops and, without being asked, handed them to Tom.  
  
"That's better," she said, but I felt that there was a sub-text to her actions.  
  
"Watch where you're stepping Jo," Tom warned.  
  
"Yes mother," she replied and, for the first time since the incident at the stall, she smiled again. "These cobbles feel great, like having a foot massage as I walk!"

**Brighton Rocks 6**

Jo now walked beside us barefoot, dressed in nothing by her flimsy dress, open to the waist. Her blonde hair fell down her back and she seemed to buzz with energy. I felt that handing her flip-flops over to Tom without him even asking was a sign that she was asserting her independence from me. It felt bad. I felt bad. I had let jealousy get the better of me and ended up pushing Jo away. Trying to make it up, I reached out for her hand. She glanced at me, and then took it. That was better.  
  
"I think we should make our way back to the car now," Tom declared.  
  
"Fine by me," I replied, and Jo nodded her agreement.  
  
We turned into the quiet side road where the car was parked, and Tom stopped.  
  
"Jo," he said, "you have been fantastic today. I want to give you a final opportunity to earn some cash before we leave. But it is entirely up to you whether you choose to do this."  
  
"I'm listening," Jo replied.  
  
So was I, and I was determined to bite my tongue this time and keep myself under control.  
  
"You remember that the car is parked about 100 yards up this road Jo. Rob and I are going to leave you here and go and get in the car. If you would like to earn 拢100, a pound for every yard, I want you to take off your dress after we have reached the car, and then walk slowly along until you reach us. Then climb into the back and we'll leave. OK? If you don't want to do this, that's fine. Just leave the dress on and come and join us. But I think your confidence has increased a lot today and I believe you'll regret it if you don't take a naked stroll this afternoon. There's nobody about on this road, so you should be fine."  
  
"Let me think about it Tom." She looked at me, but I said nothing. Whatever she chose to do, I would respect her decision.  
  
"Come on Rob," Tom called.  
  
"I love you Jo," I said to her.  
  
"I know," she replied, and we turned and walked away, leaving Jo standing barefoot on the pavement in her thin silk dress. When I looked back, she was still standing there looking towards us, indecision written over her face. Was she really going to do this, strip naked and walk along a public road in broad daylight?  
  
Tom and I reached the car and we got in the front. Through the windscreen, we could just see Jo. She was biting her bottom lip and looking around her. I could imagine what was going through her head. This was escalating things to whole different level. In an instant of resolution, Jo reached down and lifted the dress up. I watched as her thighs came into view, then her wispy, blonde pubic hair, her tummy, her breasts ... finally she pulled the garment over her head and started walking in our direction, carefully placing one bare foot in front of the other. I didn't think I had ever seen anything sexier. Jo looked like an angel, her head held high, her boobs swaying, her nipples visibly erect.  
  
And then her expression changed ... to one of absolute shock and horror. A girl with long dark hair had emerged from the front door of a nearby cottage, and headed towards Jo. I saw Jo clasp her dress over her pussy, and cover her breasts with her other arm. Then she clearly thought again, and quickly pulled the dress over her head as the other girl reached her and took hold of her hands. I jumped out of the car and started running towards them. As I did so, I realised why Jo had reacted the way she had; the girl with the long hair was Emily, one of Jo's best friends from her school. No wonder Jo looked shocked!  
  
Now Jo is a really pretty girl, but I have to say that Emily is nothing short of a perfect 10! She is an inch or so taller than Jo, at about 5' 8"; she has big, liquid brown eyes; long, dark brown, straight hair; long legs; an elegant neck; a big, beautiful smile with even, white teeth. An absolute stunner! Her breasts are a little larger than Jo's, a C cup I would guess, but looked bigger on her slender frame. She was dressed with effortless style in a long vest top with a rock band design on it, over black leggings and with trendy, black gladiator sandals on her feet. A silver bangle completed the look.  
  
As I approached them I heard Jo pleading with Emily: "Please don't tell anyone Em, please!"  
  
"OK, I won't," Emily replied, "but I don't understand what ... why ...? Why are you walking through Lewes stark naked?!"  
  
"Hi Emily," I called.  
  
"Rob! Do you know about this? What's got into Jo?"  
  
"Why don't you come with us Emily. We'll explain in the car. What are you doing here anyway?" I asked.  
  
"I was visiting my grandmother," Emily replied. "But come on, I want to know what this is all about!"  
  
I lead the girls back to Tom's car. Tom was grinning through the windscreen. I bet he loved this! Emily followed Jo into the back of the car, and I climbed into the front.  
  
"Hi, I'm Tom. And you are...?"  
  
"Um, Emily," Em replied. "I go to school with Jo."  
  
"It's good to meet you Emily."  
  
"Um, sure. So, like, what's with the nudity Jo?"  
  
Jo slowly and hesitantly explained to Emily what had happened since the previous weekend. Emily's mouth literally dropped open when she heard about Jo's escapade in the art block at school.  
  
"Oh ... my ... God!" she exclaimed, "Jo - you are deranged!"  
  
Jo grinned at her. "I know, but Em ... it was such a blast!"  
  
"Can you imagine Mrs Evans' face if she'd caught you?"  
  
"Don't!" replied Jo, "it makes my blood run cold just thinking about it! You won't tell anyone, will you Em?"  
  
"No, I promise."  
  
"Not even Dan?" Jo asked. Dan was Emily's sickeningly good looking, rugby playing boyfriend.  
  
"Definitely not Dan," Emily replied, "... we split up."  
  
"Oh my God, why?" Jo asked.  
  
"Because I wouldn't have sex with him. He called me ... a frigid bitch."  
  
"Oh Em. Good riddance. I'm really sorry though."  
  
I wasn't! I never liked Dan. He went to my school and had always had a mean streak. And, OK, I admit I was jealous that he got to go out with the most beautiful girl around. Jealousy again.... I would have to watch that. So, Emily was probably still a virgin then....  
  
"Listen," said Tom, "why don't we give you a lift back to Brighton, Emily. In fact, why don't we all go to the cinema there to cheer you up?"  
  
"Excellent!" Jo clapped her hands. "But can I get changed back into my other clothes now? I want to save this dress for special occasions."  
  
"Of course you can Jo," Tom replied, and we passed her the various bits of clothing she had discarded earlier: T-shirt, underwear, shorts, flip-flops.  
  
"Um, Em ... would you mind turning the other way please?"  
  
"Don't be ridiculous Jo!" Emily replied with a laugh, "I just saw you walking naked down my grandmother's road!"  
  
Jo giggled too. "I guess you're right. No point in false modesty"; and she lifted the dress over her head.  
  
"You've got a great bod," Emily commented, looking Jo up and down. She observed that Jo's pubic hair and the top of her thighs were damp. Then she blushed, "Sorry ... I didn't mean ... like, I don't fancy you or anything...."  
  
"Thanks Em. Don't worry, I know you're not a lesbo!" Jo said, pulling on her knickers and then replacing her bra. She pulled her shorts up her legs and then her T-shirt over her head. She didn't bother with the flips.  
  
"Um, how does it make you feel Jo? You know, being naked and everything...?" Emily asked.  
  
Tom and I listened with interest from the front seats. I think the girls had almost forgotten we were there.  
  
"It's bizarre Em," Jo said. "If you had told me I would be doing these things a week or so ago, I would have said you were mad. There is no way I would have even dreamed of being so daring. But little bit by little bit I am kind of getting used to it. I have to say, it still scares me silly, but it also feels ... empowering. It makes me feel strong and confident ... until I bumped into you that is. God, I got such a shock!"  
  
"Me too! Um, Jo ... does it, like ... you know ....?"  
  
"What?" Jo asked.  
  
"Does it ... turn you on?"  
  
Jo hesitated, and then said, "Yes Em, it does. To be honest, it makes me really horny!"  
  
Both girls dissolved into giggles.  
  
"I still can't believe it," Em repeated. "I can't imagine how I would feel. It just seems like my worst nightmare. I don't even like getting changed for gym. People always seem to stare at me even with all my clothes on, so I can only guess what it would be like if I was nude."  
  
"That's because you are a total babe!" Jo said. "And I'm not a lesbian either!" It was true that Emily seemed blissfully unaware of her gorgeous looks: she was down-to-earth, unaffected and just a really sweet girl.  
  
Tom parked the car and turned in his seat.  
  
"You know Emily, if you wanted to know how it feels to be undressed in a public place, we could help you", he said.  
  
Emily literally gulped. "No way Tom. Sorry, this is not for me. I respect Jo's decision to do it - she's far braver than I ever could be - but I would rather die than strip in front of anyone."  
  
"Poor Dan", I thought, "Hee, hee!"  
  
"Nobody's going to force you to do anything Emily, don't worry. But I couldn't help noticing your fascination when Jo was telling you all about it."  
  
"I'm good thanks," Emily retorted, but I too detected something there.  
  
"Let's go and get the tickets," Tom said, changing the subject.

**Brighton Rocks 7**

Jo put her flip flops on and we climbed out of the car.聽  
  
"Do you need those on Jo?" Tom asked.  
  
"I guess not," Jo replied and slipped her feet out of the flips before throwing them into the back of the car.  
  
"Aren't you worried about stepping on glass?" Emily asked.  
  
"Nah!" Jo replied. "Look around; do you see piles of glass all over the place?! I just need to watch where I step. Anyway, what's the worst that's gonna happen?"  
  
"Cool, I guess," Emily said, and we headed for the cinema.  
  
There were six different films on and we chose a romantic comedy. Tom went off to buy the tickets.  
  
"He's a bit of a hunk, isn't he?" Emily said.  
  
"Tom, you mean?" Jo replied.  
  
"Of course Tom!"  
  
"Yeah ... he is. If you like the tall, dark, handsome ones!"  
  
"Hey, what am I, invisible?!" I cut in.  
  
"Ahhh, don't worry, you're gorgeous too," Jo said, and gave me a kiss.  
  
Tom returned with the tickets and we walked over to Screen 2. The kid checking tickets on the door looked at Jo's feet and said, "Too hot for shoes huh?!"  
  
"You bet!" she replied with a grin.  
  
We headed into the auditorium. There weren't many people there; not surprising on a warm, muggy day by the seaside. We sat towards the back on one side; me, then Jo, then Emily, then Tom.聽  
  
"The carpet's wet and sticky," Jo exclaimed." Someone must have tipped a coke over. Yuk!"  
  
"You wanted to go barefoot," Emily retorted, and Jo stuck her tongue out at her.  
  
As the lights went down and the ads started, I saw Tom lean over and whisper to Emily. She giggled and then turned to Jo.  
  
"Jo."  
  
"Yes Em?"  
  
"Tom said you should hand me your T-shirt."  
  
Jo rolled her eyes and sunk down a bit in her seat. She pulled her T-shirt over her head and handed it to Emily, who passed it on to Tom. Jo sat there in just her tiny shorts and bra. I slipped my hand into hers and we settled back. A while later, I noticed Tom whispering to Emily again. Once more she leaned over to Jo. Jo shook her head and Emily whispered some more. Then Jo pulled her hand out of mine and unbuttoned her denim shorts, then pulled them down her legs. She passed them to Emily who again gave them to Tom. I rested my hand on Jo's bare thigh, and stroked her gently.  
  
The film had been on for about half an hour when I felt Jo moving once again; I turned towards her, and saw her lean forwards with her back straight. To my surprise, I saw Emily undo Jo's bra, which Jo then slipped off down her arms. Jo was now sitting topless in the cinema. I could see the light from the film reflected on her breasts and perky nips. Emily seemed more interested in looking at her too, than watching the film. I put my hand back on Jo's thigh and, this time, slid it up between her legs. Her knickers were so wet that I thought she must have had an accident! As I touched her through her panties, Jo stiffened but didn't resist; she pressed upwards against my hand. Her eyes were closed and Emily was staring with her lips slightly parted.  
  
Once more Emily whispered in Jo's ear and, without hesitation, Jo pulled her knickers down and kicked them off her feet. Emily retrieved them for Tom. Jo was now naked in the cinema and in a state of high arousal judging by the silhouette of her rock-hard nipples and the smell of sex coming from her. I replaced my hand between Jo's legs and felt the hot slickness of her. I turned and kissed her deeply, and felt Jo grab my hand and pull it harder against her clit. I couldn't get out of my head that Jo was naked in here. As I sat back a bit to take in the sight of her, I noticed that Jo was holding Emily's hand. Jo pulled it across and rested it on her right thigh. I gently rubbed her wet labia and pushed a finger up inside her. She was moaning and writhing in her seat.  
  
Tom, who had been watching this unfold intently, whispered in Emily's ear, and Emily very slowly reached down and tentatively touched Jo between the legs. I could feel her hand next to mine, stroking gently. I couldn't believe what I was seeing; my straight girlfriend was getting off with her straight friend's fingers on her pussy. This was right out of a wet dream! It was also as much as Jo could take and she shuddered with an orgasm. Emily and I both felt a flood of warm liquid run over our fingers. What a turn-on! We sat back, and Jo half reclined in her seat, eyes closed and a beautific smile on her face. Emily looked shocked. I was as horny as all hell! None of us had any idea what the film was like. Shortly before it finished, I saw Tom pass Jo's shorts and T-shirt across to her. She put them on when she realised that was all she was getting.  
  
As we walked out of the auditorium, Jo held on to my arm tightly and Emily still looked stunned at what had happened. Our attention was soon diverted, however, as we reached the outside doors and realised that a massive summer storm had kicked off while we had been watching the film. Rain was lashing down like a monsoon.  
  
"Let's make a run for it," Tom said, "the parking meter runs out in just a couple of minutes.  
  
"I'm up for it!" Jo said, with a sparkle in her eyes. "Em?"  
  
"My sandals will be ruined," Emily replied.  
  
"Take them off stupid!" Jo suggested.  
  
Emily hesitated. "Why not?!" She went down on one knee and started unbuckling a sandal. She pulled it off and worked on the other one. Even her feet were beautiful, with high arches and delicate, straight toes tipped with red-painted nails. Emily stood up with her sandals under one arm and reached for Jo's hand with her own. Then the two of them dashed out of the door into the rain, squealing and shrieking at the tops of their voices. Umbrella-wielding passers-by turned and smiled at the youthful fun. It was quite a sight as Tom and I ran after them; these two gorgeous teenage girls running barefoot through the puddles, getting completely soaked, but with huge grins on their faces.  
  
We made it to the car just behind the girls; they were hugging each other and jumping up and down. Emily's black bra was clearly visible through her vest top, and water was streaming down her face, arms and legs. Jo had no bra on, so her breasts were plainly visible through her T-shirt, and bouncing as she jumped. Tom opened the tailgate of the Range Rover and took out a large golfing umbrella which he held over us all.  
  
"Jo," he said, "I think you should get out of those wet clothes. Throw them in the back here; you too Emily if you would like to be more comfortable. I've got some beach towels that you can both use."  
  
My throat went dry; was I going to get to see Emily strip off?  
  
"I will if you will Em," Jo said.  
  
Emily actually gave it some thought, but replied, "I'm sorry guys, I just can't. But you do it Jo; I know you want to!"  
  
"You just want to see me naked again!"  
  
"I do not!" Emily responded in mock indignation. "Anyway, it's not as if you're modestly covered now, is it? You look as though you've just won a wet T-shirt competition!"  
  
Jo looked down and laughed. Then she checked the street was clear before whipping her top over her head and throwing it in the back of the car. Her shorts followed and then she stood back out in the rain, staring at each of us in turn. Rivulets of water ran down her breasts and stomach, drops hung and then fell from her nipples. This was the first time that Tom and Emily had got a good close-up look at Jo's completely naked body in reasonable light, and we all devoured every inch of her. Her labia were still quite red from our session in the cinema and they hung down slightly from her soaking pubic hair. Jo made no move to cover up; she knew she looked stunning and my heart thrilled to the sight of her, and filled with pride that the other two appreciated her beauty. Jo herself knew exactly the effect she was having ... and she was loving it!  
  
"Show's over kiddies!" she said with a slight shiver and smug look on her face, then she grabbed a towel from the car and wrapped it round her. She threw another one to Emily and we all climbed into the car. Tom set off as the girls dried themselves, Jo very easily since she was bare, Emily with less success. They laughed and giggled together throughout.  
  
"You are such an exhibitionist Jo!" Emily said.  
  
"And what are you Em? Don't forget, you just helped get me off in the cinema!" she replied.

**Brighton Rocks 8**  
The girls fell silent and Tom suggested dropping us off at Emily's house; Jo and I could dry off properly and sort ourselves out, and then easily catch a bus home from near there.  
  
"You can throw your wet stuff in the heater dryer," Emily suggested. She explained that her parents were up in London for the evening, and her older brother was staying over at his girlfriend's place, so we wouldn't be disturbed.  
  
"Who would like a hot drink on the way?" Tom asked.  
  
We all agreed enthusiastically, since - except for Jo - we were all still pretty damp. Perhaps she had the right idea after all! Tom pulled into the car park in front of a MacDonalds.  
  
"Jo, would you do the honours please?" he asked, passing her a 拢20 note. "You can keep the change...".  
  
"What ... dressed in a towel?!" Jo replied.  
  
"Unless you want to slip it off first!" Tom suggested.  
  
"What do you think Rob?" Jo asked.  
  
"Sweetheart, after what you've already done today I don't know why you're even asking!"  
  
"Go for it!" Em shouted, clapping her hands.  
  
"I don't see you volunteering", Jo retorted.  
  
"Tom asked you Jo. Go on, you know you'll love it! You're completely covered up anyway."  
  
"Only just," Jo said. The towel was wrapped around her body just under her arms and tucked in at the front to hold it up. It fell to mid-thigh. In many ways it was less revealing than the silk dress she had worn, but on the other hand ... it was just a towel!  
  
"I'm gonna get all wet again", Jo complained, and I wondered whether she realised the double meaning of her words. In any case, it seemed that she was going to go through with this. "What does everybody want?"  
  
"That's my girl!" said Emily, "I really admire your guts. Hot chocolate please."  
  
Tom and I asked for coffee, and Jo plucked the note from Tom's hand and pushed open the car door. She hesitated for a moment and then got out, stepping straight into a deep puddle. Had Tom parked there deliberately?!  
  
"Oh, it's cold!, Jo exclaimed; I guess she had grown used to the warm car. She padded off across the car park. We watched her head for the glass doors, her bare feet splashing along. She looked beautiful, with the bright colours of the towel contrasting with her pale shoulders and legs. Inside the restaurant, a few people looked Jo up and down but, hey, this was Brighton and nobody seemed overly surprised to see a girl walk in from the rain dressed in only a beach towel. I suppose they assumed she had a swimming costume on underneath. If only they knew!  
  
We could see Jo ordering and paying at the counter, and then she picked up one of those cardboard trays with the drinks sitting in the slots. She turned and headed back in our direction. She reached the door at the same time as a couple of businessmen who were just going in. One of them gallantly held the door open for Jo, but as she brushed past him her towel came undone and began to slip down. I saw Jo's eyes go wide and she tried to grip the towel with her upper arms. But too late; the towel had already fallen below her breasts, which we now on display to the two men. Their eyebrows shot up, and big, silly grins spread across their faces. Must have made their day! Jo looked horrified and started to run back to the car, with the businessmen staring after her. She couldn't run and hold the drinks, the change and the towel, though, which fell completely off her just as she reached us. Many of the customers in the MacDonalds had noticed Jo's display, and faces were pressed up against the windows! Some were clearly applauding; others looked dumb-struck.  
  
Emily opened the back door for Jo and she jumped in, once again soaking wet and bare naked.  
  
"Oh f\*\*k!" she shrieked. "Tom, get us out of here!"  
  
"I will Jo, just as soon as you get the towel."  
  
"Oh, you have got to be kidding."  
  
"Nope!" Tom replied smugly.  
  
She thrust the cardboard tray at Emily and opened the door. Since the Range Rover was high off the ground, she had to step right out to reach the towel on the ground. As she bent over, we had a view between her legs so clear that it would have pleased a gynaecologist! Her pink labia were slightly parted, revealing the opening of her vagina. Above that, her little puckered anus seemed to wink at us. Jo was so focused on the towel that I honestly don't think she realised what she had done until she turned around and saw our gaping mouths. She flushed red and jumped back in the car, slamming the door behind her.  
  
"I hope you enjoyed that," she shouted. She looked fiercely at each of us, but I couldn't help a snort of laughter escaping. Jo's mouth cracked into a smile, and then she, Emily and Tom all burst out laughing. I think it was partly a relief from tension, but we couldn't stop.  
  
"Did you see the look on the faces of those two middle-aged businessmen," Jo said, gasping for breath. And we all dissolved again.  
  
We were soon pulling up outside Emily's house. Tom turned to Jo and said, "Jo, you have been a star today. You didn't quite complete your naked walk back to the car in Lewes, but you more than made up for it at the cinema and at MacDonald's, so here's your 拢100. You deserve it!"  
  
"Amen to that," Emily said, "Come on, let's go in."  
  
"Give me a call soon," Tom suggested, "I am arranging something very special for next weekend, and I am really hoping for your participation Jo."  
  
"What is it?" Jo asked, looking worried and intrigued at the same time.  
  
"That would spoil the surprise!" Tom replied. "You'll just have to trust me on it."  
  
"We'll see," I said. "Bye Tom."  
  
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We walked through the front door of Emily's house, and I pulled off my shoes. Emily bent down and took off her sandals, and Jo dropped her damp towel in a heap.  
  
"Come on through to the laundry room," Emily said, "and bring that wet towel Jo, you slob!"  
  
In the laundry room, Jo dumped the towel in the dryer.  
  
"You'd better put your wet clothes in Rob," Emily said.  
  
I peeled off my socks, jeans and T-shirt, leaving me in my blue boxer shorts.  
  
Go through to the lounge and I'll bring some robes.  
  
Several minutes later, Emily reappeared in a white towelling robe and slippers, her long damp hair brushed back. She had two more robes, which she passed to me and Jo. We sat down and started reliving the events of the day. The girls fell silent when we reached the events that took place in the cinema.  
  
"I'm sorry about that," Emily said, "I got carried away, I didn't mean to ... touch you ... and stuff. It's not going to make things difficult between us is it?"  
  
"No Em," Jo reassured her. "We were all a bit carried away. I can't explain it, but I get so horny when I'm ... persuaded to strip in public. I don't want to do it; it really scares me, but at the same time I get a real high. I think there must be something wrong with me. You just got caught up in the moment. Anyway ... I ... enjoyed it."  
  
Emily looked embarrassed. "I hope you don't think I'm gay. I'm sure I'm not. Well, at least, I was sure. No, I am sure; I definitely like boys. I think I'm just a bit overwhelmed by everything at the moment. And maybe confused after splitting up with Dan."  
  
"Well I'm not gay either Em but, like I said, I loved the attention from you and Rob at the same time; it was a rush. It pushed me over the edge. Maybe we're bi-", and Jo giggled.  
  
I stayed quiet; this was girl-talk, not something us males are normally privy to; and I was fascinated. I loved Jo, but it didn't stop me fancying Emily something chronic! Just the thought of the two of them ... together, gave me a hard-on!  
  
Emily bit her lip and looked thoughtful. "I don't know...".  
  
"Well, let's not worry about it. Just enjoy the moment!"  
  
"So, are you going to call Tom back about next weekend?" Emily asked.  
  
"You know you'll probably end up naked again, don't you Jo?" I put in.  
  
"How do you feel about it Rob; you've been awfully quiet. What's it like seeing your girlfriend undressed in front of other people?"  
  
Now it was my turn to be put on the spot. "I don't know, Em", I replied lamely. I felt a bond with Emily now - we had, after all, given Jo an orgasm together, which is kind of intimate! I decided to open my heart to them.  
  
"I feel really confused," I began. "I love Jo very much; we have a special connection and part of me is yelling that she ought to be for my eyes only. I don't want anyone else seeing her without her clothes on. But I have to admit that another part of me gets off on seeing her exposed. Sorry Jo...".  
  
"There's no need for you to feel guilty sweetie," she said, and came and sat on my lap with her arms round my neck. "I love you too, and I really appreciate your support and understanding. I'm learning a lot about myself, and I want you with me every step of the way."  
  
"I just don't want it to get out of hand. I don't want to ... lose you I guess."  
  
"You won't darling."  
  
"Hey, you two; I'm gonna be in tears here in a minute if this carries on! Cut it out!" Emily said. Then "Listen, I've got an idea...."

**Brighton Rocks 9**

Jo and I both looked at Emily. "So what's your idea?" we asked simultaneously.  
  
"Since we're all being open and honest here I .. have to confess ... that I found the sight of you standing naked in the rain earlier pretty erotic Jo; but it was only for a few seconds. My idea ... is for you to have a proper shower out on the patio now!" Emily replied with a mischievous look in her eyes.  
  
"Hang on a minute!" Jo exclaimed, "let me get this straight. You want me to strip off again and stand outside in the rain and ... what exactly?"  
  
"Have a wash of course," Emily said. "What else would you do when you're having a shower?"  
  
"You ... are ... a little ... pervert!" Jo said with a big smile on her face.  
  
"I think I might be!" Emily replied. At that moment I had no doubt that I was! I wanted to see Jo washing in the rain ... and I wanted to see Emily watching Jo washing in the rain. "But it's all your fault."  
  
"OK," Jo declared. "I'll do it. But ... you have to do something for me in return Em."  
  
"What?" Emily asked.  
  
"Hmmm; I don't suppose you'll get naked while you watch me will you?"  
  
"Nooo way, Jose." Damn!  
  
"Right ... in that case, you must do gym lessons next week at school barefoot," Jo decided, in a voice that would brook no argument.  
  
"Jo ... I can't just take my shoes and socks off in gym."  
  
"No silly, tell Miss Jones that you forgot to bring them to school, like I had to do. Come on, you want to see me shower outside don't you?"  
  
Emily looked thoughtful for a moment. "Done," she said, and bounced up. "I'll get some shampoo and shower gel."  
  
"I must be mad," Jo said to me, and kissed me on the lips. "I'm not even getting paid this time!"  
  
"I think Em is really into you, you know. Should I be worried?"  
  
"Don't be silly. We're just messing. Whatever happens, it's you I love remember."  
  
Emily returned and gestured Jo over to the patio doors. Outside it was still pouring with rain.  
  
"Give me your robe Jo," Emily said, putting out her hand. Jo untied the sash and shrugged off the garment. Emily took it from her and handed Jo the toiletries. Jo took a deep breath and stepped out on to the paved patio.  
  
"Aaagh!" she shrieked, "it's freezing!" and she jumped up and down, causing her boobs to bounce delightfully.  
  
"You'll acclimatise in a minute," Emily said helpfully from the doorway.  
  
"You try it," Jo replied through clenched teeth. But shortly afterwards she stood still and reached for the shampoo bottle that she had placed on the patio table. She poured a generous amount into her right hand, rubbed it against her left and then began massaging it into her wet, blonde hair. A foamy lather formed and dripped down Jo's shiny wet body. She looked me straight in the eye and my hard-on immediately became even harder. She was putting on a show, and I had already had a lot to deal with today!  
  
Jo ran her hands through her hair and allowed the rain to start rinsing it. Then she picked up the shower gel and squirted it across her chest and stomach. She started rubbing her hands all over her front, slowly caressing her breasts. Her nipples stood out so hard I think you could have hung jackets from them! She looked directly at Emily who, I noticed, had a dazed look on her lovely face. Her mouth was slightly parted and her breathing was fast and shallow.  
  
Jo turned around and we were presented with her slim, elegant back. Her shoulder blades were just visible either side of the shadowed dip where her spine ran down to the swelling of buttocks. Soap and water coursed down her, creating a foamy pool around her pretty, bare feet. Jo ran her hands over her bum, and then pressed one of them between her cheeks. I was ready to cum at that point, and had to look away back to Emily. She was also clearly mesmerised by the sight in front of us.  
  
Jo turned around again and began soaping her pussy, massaging the gel into her pubic hair and then reaching lower to make sure her most intimate parts were clean. Finally, she lifted one leg and rested her foot on a garden chair. She poured gel over her thigh and ran her hands up and down her legs and feet. She repeated the procedure on her other leg and then beckoned to Emily with a finger.  
  
"What?" Emily asked, as if emerging from a dream.  
  
"You are going to come and wash my back you little hussy ... and I'm not taking no for an answer!"  
  
Emily grinned and kicked off her slippers. Then she stepped outside in just her robe, and splashed over to Jo. She grabbed the gel bottle and tipped some into her hands. She then slowly and sensuously ran her soapy hands over Jo's lovely back and shoulders.  
  
"Thank you God!" I said to myself.  
  
When Emily had finished, she stepped back inside the house and laid a towel on the floor for herself and Jo to stand on. Then she held out another towel for Jo, who finished rinsing and headed in.  
  
"Wow! That was energising," Jo exclaimed, "my skin feels tingly and great. There must be something to that old 'cold showers' routine. You should have joined me in the nude Em, you missed a treat."  
  
The girls dried off and then Jo bounced over to me. She almost threw herself into my arms and crushed her cool lips against mine. I hugged and kissed her back with a passion and then she backed away and looked down - to where my robe was tenting out!  
  
Jo laughed and said, "Oh you poor thing, come here." She pulled me over to the couch and pushed me down. Then she opened my robe and kissed my erection through my boxers. My eyes closed and I felt her start rubbing me. Then I felt my boxers being pulled down.  
  
"Oh my God!" I thought, "Emily will see my dick!"  
  
I opened my eyes, and sure enough Emily was sitting on the chair opposite us, staring intently. She caught my eye, but I couldn't read her expression. I didn't have long to think about it, because I felt the head of my dick suddenly engulfed in Jo's warm, wet mouth. Now I really was in heaven! She kissed and licked around the head and then dipped her head down to take more of me inside. I glanced back at Em, to see that she was now kneeling on the floor about half way between us and the chair where she had sitting. Her bottom rested on her heels above the upturned soles of her feet. Her hand was pressed between her towelling covered thighs and she was rocking slightly backwards and forwards. I couldn't take any more and came into Jo's mouth, my orgasm seeming to last for spasm after spasm. Somehow Jo managed to catch and swallow almost every drop, with just a dribble rolling over her bottom lip and on to her chin. She looked up at me with big, blue shinining eyes filled with love, and I hope I managed to return a look of equal passion.  
  
I heard a little gasp, and Jo and I turned to look at Em. Her face was flushed and it was clear that she too had just reached orgasm. When she recovered, she stood up and walked over to us and hugged Jo.  
  
"Did you just...?" Jo asked with a smile.  
  
"You bet," Em replied. "That was the hottest thing I have ever witnessed. I can't believe you swallowed though, yuk!"  
  
"What else would I do Em? Why wouldn't I swallow?"  
  
"Isn't it gross? I always spat instantly with Dan."  
  
"Well I don't know about Dan, and I certainly wasn't going to spit on your carpet, but Rob's tastes delicious; and it's good for you - it's filled with protein!"  
  
Then Emily almost blew my mind: she reached out a finger to Jo's face, scooped up the little dribble of cum from her chin and sucked her finger into her mouth. Both Jo and I stared wide-eyed at Emily.  
  
"You're right," she said, "he does taste good!"  
  
"Em ... I can't believe you just did that!" Jo exclaimed with a grin.  
  
Emily jumped up and said, "I'm going to get some drinks; we should celebrate. It's been a pretty epic day!" She skipped out of the lounge.  
  
Jo turned and kissed me. Then she said, "Maybe it's you Em's got the hots for, not me."  
  
"Or maybe both of us?!" I replied.

**Brighton Rocks 10**  
After our day with Emily, the three of us felt a special connection borne out of shared intimacy. If I didn't see them after school, we all chatted on MSN or Facebook. There seemed to be no awkwardness between us, which I was relieved about, but I felt confused about what had happened ... and what might happen in the future. Did Em fancy Jo? Did she fancy me? How would Jo feel if she did? I decided there was no point worrying about it; I would have to wait and see how things panned out.  
  
I had overheard Dan talking to his 'crew' in school and slagging Emily off. He said he had dumped her because she was an ice-queen and a prick-tease. I felt hurt for Em, and wanted to say something, but it would only lead to difficult questions. If only they knew the truth though! I resolved not to mention anything about it to Emily; it would only upset her and for no good reason.  
  
True to her word, Emily had turned up for gym barefoot and given her false excuse to the teacher. Miss Jones had apparently commented that some of the girls seemed to be getting quite forgetful. But then she had complemented Jo on her fast cross-country time the previous week. Jo explained that, having grown somewhat used to it, she actually felt that running barefoot gave her a more natural running style. A couple of days later, Miss Jones told Jo that she'd googled 'barefoot running' and discovered, to her surprise, that a number of serious runners were now running, or at least training, barefoot. She had decided to make gym lessons footwear optional as a result, except where required for safety - in hockey for example. Jo was pleased; she had pioneered something (albeit that it wasn't her idea!) and, hopefully, would not be the only one doing sport in bare feet in future.  
  
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On Thursday evening, the question of Tom's 'invitation' came up when we were online.  
  
> wot u gonna do J? Em wrote.  
  
> dunno. rob?  
  
> up 2 u. but decide for u, nt 拢拢拢.  
  
> K. Em - wot u thnk?  
  
> u nd 2 b ok with wotever, bt stop if nt. T wont force u.  
  
> i guess no harm in fnding out. LOL  
  
> u gettin wet J?!  
  
> mind ur own biz!!!!  
  
> ladeez plz! I cut in.  
  
> will call T. BRB ;)  
  
Emily and I waited while Jo went and telephoned Tom. She soon logged back on.  
  
> T will pik R and me up Sat 2pm my place. ok R?  
  
> K.  
  
> wot abt me??? :(  
  
> T said call him Em.  
  
> K, bye XXXXX!  
  
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On Friday evening Jo, Emily and I met up after school.  
  
"How was your day?" I asked.  
  
"Excellent sweetheart!" Jo gushed.  
  
"Why so excited?"  
  
"Tell him Em!"  
  
Emily blushed and said, "No ... you tell him."  
  
"Go on Emily, you wimp!"  
  
I looked from one to the other. "Will one of you just tell me what's up?"  
  
"Jo ... persuaded me to like, um, take ... er ... my underwear off in the girls' loos this morning ... and spend the rest of the day sans bra and knickers!" Emily said hesitantly.  
  
"Oh my God! You two.... How was it Em?" I ventured.  
  
"It was ... pretty intense. Nobody could tell, thank God, but it felt really weird. I was constantly aware of my boobs swaying around and the air moving about under my skirt. I liked it; it made me understand a bit of what Jo experiences. I really had to take care walking up and down stairs though!"  
  
"I'm gonna get you nekkid girl!" Jo declared.  
  
"No you're not sweetie!" Em replied with just as much determination. "I'm gowna retain ma modesty and ma sweet virtue," she added in a terrible mock Southern belle voice. We all laughed.  
  
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On Saturday, I went over to Jo's house and we waited for Tom to arrive. He pulled up at exactly 2pm, and we made our way out to the car.  
  
"Hi guys," he said as we climbed in, "How are you doing?"  
  
"Good thanks Tom," I replied.  
  
"Fine thanks," Jo echoed, looking a little nervous. "I wasn't sure what to wear ...".  
  
"You look great Jo," Tom replied, taking in her tennis shoes, socks and blue summer dress. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and she had just a little light make-up on.  
  
"Did Emily call you?" Jo asked.  
  
"Yes, she did thanks Jo."  
  
"And ....?"  
  
"And what?"  
  
"Are we meeting up with her?"  
  
"Maybe!" Tom said mysteriously.  
  
"No point asking where we're going is there?" I asked.  
  
"Nope! But calm down you two. I think you'll both enjoy!"  
  
"Easy for you to say", Jo said, and slipped her hand into mine.  
  
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We headed into Brighton and Tom drove across town and into a small road, before pulling up outside an art gallery. The front window was frosted most of the way up, but from the height of the Range Rover we could see through the clear glass further up that there was a photographic exhibition going on. Sixty or seventy people were circulating, looking at the pictures; all of which appeared, from what we could see, to be nude studies. Some featured women by themselves, some were couples, some were groups, but all were beautifully executed black and white shots; erotic rather than pornographic. Down the centre of the gallery was a clear rectangular area, roped off with red twisted cords. At the back of this area was a small platform, about 2-3 feet high, with some steps leading up to it. The platform was brightly illuminated but empty.  
  
Jo and I looked at each other and I felt my mouth go dry.  
  
"No." Jo said.  
  
"No what?!" Tom replied. "I haven't even told you what I would like you to do yet!"  
  
"I think I can guess," Jo replied, and I nodded my head.  
  
"Listen Jo ... Rob. I have never, and will never, force anything on you. I will not cause you any harm or damage. But Jo; I recognise something in you that is a characteristic my wife shared: you are an exhibitionist. Wait, wait - hear me out! You enjoy stripping off in public, and the attention you attract turns you on. And you too Rob. My wife and I indulged in these kind of games for years and we both gained a lot from them. They brought us closer together and nobody got hurt. There's nothing wrong with it, but you need to be mature and sensible about it. I'm giving you a head-start and the benefit of my experience."  
  
Quite a speech, and Tom hadn't finished.  
  
"I know this scares both of you; that's natural and, to be honest, without the fear you wouldn't get the high. Jo, your body is a beautiful gift. You could keep it to yourself ... and Rob; but you would deprive the world of something natural and lovely. Look at those photographs. Are they disgusting, unpleasant, depraved?"  
  
"No," we both agreed, slightly sheepishly.  
  
"It's art, guys; you are art. Jo - I want you, literally, to be a work of art today. Rob and I will go into the gallery and I want you to follow us a couple of minutes later. I want you to enter the gallery and step into that cordoned off area. Don't speak to anybody. Then I want you to remove one article of clothing at a time, leaving each on the floor where you stand and taking a step forward, until you arrive naked at the steps. Climb on to the platform, turn around and enjoy your exposure. You will be an objet d'art, the centrepiece of this exhibition!"  
  
Jo and I were speechless for a moment. Then Jo sighed, "Tom ... I can't deny what you've said. It does turn me on being naked in public places and you're right - it also terrifies me! But surely this is too much? I would be thrown out by the owner; and, if not, I might be recognised. If this got back to my parents, they would lock me in a nunnery and throw away the key!"  
  
Tom burst out laughing.  
  
"Jo ... I am the owner of this gallery! And I promise not to throw you out! In fact, I am willing to pay you 拢200 for one hour of your time this afternoon. Think of it as a modelling assignment. I told you when we met that photography was a passion of mine, and I bought this place a year or so ago to exhibit my own work and that of other photographers. And I already thought about you not wanting to be recognised; I have the solution with me here."  
  
He reached into the glove compartment and pulled out a hand-painted mask with long, curving feathers attached to the top. Only Jo's eyes and mouth would be visible behind this. Tom handed the mask to her and beckoned to me.  
  
"Jo," I said, "I just want you to know that I love you and I'm fine with whatever you choose to do."  
  
Jo threw her arms around my neck and hugged me tight. "I'm scared", she confided. "This is different from before; this would be a slow and deliberate strip in front of loads of people, and not just for a few seconds or minutes...."  
  
"I know my darling. Take your time." I kissed her, looked into her eyes and then reached for the door handle.  
  
Tom and I walked to the gallery and entered. There was quite a buzz of conversation inside, with men and women of all ages pointing out particular photographs and discussing lighting and contrast. Waiters and waitresses circulated with trays of drinks and canapes, and classical music played in the background. Surely Jo wouldn't go through with this; as she said, it was a completely different ball-game. But then again ... Tom had definitely touched on something in his little speech. Jo ... and I ... and Emily ... had all been changed by the events of the past couple of weeks. We all felt a constant undercurrent of excitement, exaggerated by normal teenage horniness! Speaking of Emily, I suddenly noticed her approaching from my left.  
  
"Em," I said, delighted, "How come you're here?!"  
  
"You don't think I would miss this, do you?! Tom told me what he had planned when I called him, but swore me to secrecy - you will forgive me for not saying anything, won't you?"  
  
"How could I not?" I replied and she pulled me into a hug. "Do you think Jo will do this? Do you think she can bring herself to do it?"  
  
"I've known Jo since we were little Rob. She's sweet and good and kind, but she has enormous determination. If she wants to do this, she can and she will. And I think she will want to do it."  
  
Our question was, at that moment, answered as we saw the gallery door open and Jo walked in wearing her mask. I gripped Em's hand and we made our way to the cordon.  
  
Jo gave no indication that she had seen us. She walked slowly and with dignity to the red rope, and stepped over it. For a moment she paused, and then she bent down on one knee and unlaced her right tennis shoe. She stood up and toed it off before taking a step forward. Then she bent and untied her other shoe and pulled it off. It was dropped to the floor, where it fell on its side. There was no announcement, but a murmur went through the crowd, and people started to line up along both sides of the corridor formed by the ropes. They watched in silence as Jo, in her short, white socks, padded forwards before stopping again. She lifted her left leg and managed to pull off her sock with elegance. She dropped it and left it where it fell before moving forwards; the second sock followed the first on to the floor and Jo proceeded barefoot in the direction of the platform. She came to a halt with her feet together on the white tiles of the gallery and, this time, there was a considerably longer pause.  
  
I felt Em squeeze my hand so hard I thought she might break it! Was Jo going to lose her bottle? Part of me wanted to shout out, "Jo, stop! Please don't do this." But at the same time I was mesmerised and couldn't have forced a sound out of my mouth. Jo's hands came up towards the top button on her dress, and slowly undid it, then the second. Once again she hesitated, and then steadily unbuttoned her dress all the way down the front, revealing first the middle of her black bra, then her cute belly button, then her black knickers. The dress hung from her shoulders for a moment before she shrugged it off and let it fall to the floor where it landed in a heap. There was now an intriguing trail of discarded clothes along the ground as Jo stepped forwards in just her bra and panties. The crowd gazed at her with something akin to wonder; who was this pretty girl disrobing in front of them? "She's my girlfriend, keep your damn eyes off her!" I wanted to scream, and yet at the same time I could feel my erection growing. People were standing so close that they could see the fine hairs on Jo's arms, the dimples on her back just above the waistband of her knickers, a slight hint of her ribs beneath her skin.  
  
Jo stopped again about 4 feet from the platform. I saw her swallow, and then lift her arms up behind her back. "She's actually going to do this, she's going to strip completely", I heard Emily mutter under her breath, more to herself than to me. Jo's bra catch came undone and she put her hands back by her sides. We could see the swelling of her breasts covered just loosely now by her bra cups. Jo's hands rose to those cups with a slight tremble, and then she wriggled a shoulders slightly, pulled the garment free of her arms and dropped it. She had deliberately revealed her sweet, sweet breasts to nearly a hundred men and women, who seemed simultaneously to catch their breaths.  
  
After a moment, Jo closed the gap to the bottom of the steps. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband at either side of her knickers and started to pull them down. The crack of her bottom came into view, and the top of her pubic hair. She smoothly pulled her panties down over her thighs until they fell around her ankles. My girlfriend, my Jo, was standing naked in the middle of a room full of people, her knickers pooled around her feet. How did this happen?! What must be going through her mind as she stepped out of her panties and placed one bare foot on the steps, then the other until she stood on the platform in all her splendour, her whole body bared to us unashamedly, except for her face.  
  
Jo put her hands on her hips and stood still. What a sight she was! The quiet was suddenly broken by a ripple, and then a thunder of applause. She never cracked a smile, but I saw her tongue briefly lick her lips.  
  
Tom climbed over the cordons and collected up Jo's clothing, item by item; shoes, socks, dress, bra, knickers. Two waiters came and removed the ropes, and people began to wander into the vacated space. Some returned to the photographs and some made their way over for a closer look at Jo, as Emily and I did. Nobody spoke to her, and she said not a word. Em reached out and briefly touched Jo's hand. In her first sign of recognition, Jo grabbed hold of Em's hand and then, to our surprise, holding on tight, she descended the steps and the two girls walked slowly into the crowd with me behind them.  
  
One young woman turned and ran her hand gently down Jo's back as she passed, stroking from her shoulders to her buttocks. Others took that as a sign that they too could touch this work of performance art, and Jo was stroked and touched as she walked round the gallery. She didn't object and she still didn't speak. For the remainder of the hour until the gallery closed, Jo was gazed at and caressed by people young and old, male and female. Nobody was rough, and nobody took liberties; this was appreciation of a wonderful, brave piece of living sculpture, with smooth warm skin and gentle curves.  
  
The last guest left the gallery and Tom showed Jo, Em and I into a large and well-appointed office at the back. Jo turned and collapsed into my arms, hugging me tight. I felt her shoulders heaving and realised with a start that she was sobbing her heart out. Em carefully removed her mask and joined in a group hug.  
  
Tom came over, looking very concerned.  
  
"Jo, I am so sorry; I must have misjudged .... If I had known this ...."  
  
"Tom," Jo said through her tears, "hush! I loved every single, terrifying, wonderful minute of it! I am just completely and utterly overwhelmed at the moment; give me a minute."  
  
For once, Tom seemed to be speechless.  
  
I left Jo to Emily for a moment and went to get her an orange juice.  
  
As I returned Em was saying, "Jo, you were unbelievable. I will never forget what you did today. You were, like, awesome!"  
  
"You were Jo," Tom agreed, and I nodded.  
  
  
"Sweetheart, I love you so much," I added and took her back in my arms.  
  
"I love you too."

**Brighton Rocks 11**

Once Jo had collected herself, she was on a high.  
  
"Did you hear everyone applaud?" she bubbled. "It was amazing when people were touching and stroking me! I just can't believe it! Thank you Tom; you've opened something in me."  
  
Tom looked wistful. "You remind me so much of Sarah...", he murmured, looking at her.  
  
"Sarah...?" I asked.  
  
"My wife," Tom explained.  
  
"What happened to her," Emily asked.  
  
"She ... had an aneurysm - a burst blood vessel in her brain. It could have happened at any time, there was no warning and nothing that could be done. I'm told it would have been quick and painless, but..." Tom tailed off.  
  
Emily reached out and touched his arm.  
  
"Come on!" he said, snapping us out of the moment, "I need to lock the gallery up and drop you lot off home."  
  
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Jo remained on a high for the next few days. Whenever I spoke to her, she was still buzzing with the experience. Then on Thursday, when I met her and Em at the bandstand in the park, she was even more excited. She had evidently called Tom, who told her that she'd received rave reviews from the guests at the gallery. One curator wanted to recreate the performance in a large London gallery! Many had asked why there were no photographs of the masked model amongst the collection on display; and Tom had asked Jo if she would be willing to pose for some.  
  
"And what did you say?" I asked.  
  
"I said I would have to discuss it with you of course!"  
  
I looked at Em, who shrugged, and back at Jo.  
  
"You want to do it, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, I ... I do."  
  
"OK, but I want to be there."  
  
"Duh! I wouldn't have it any other way! Thank you Rob ... for understanding."  
  
"Can I come too?" Em chipped in.  
  
"Course you can sweetie; I bet you could even join in if you wanted to!"  
  
"Yeah, right!" Em responded, sticking her tongue out.  
  
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It was arranged that Tom would collect me from school on Friday afternoon and then we would drive the short distance to the girls' school to pick Jo and Emily up. Tom would then take us to his chosen "location". He arrived promptly as ever, and I climbed into the front of the Range Rover. It was starting to feel very familiar.  
  
"Are you OK with this Rob?" Tom asked.  
  
"Yes, so long as things don't get out of control. The gallery was pretty intense, but Jo has been so ... excited! I guess you were right about her. I'm just trying to get my head round it."  
  
We spotted Jo and Em standing outside school in their summer uniforms and Tom pulled up so they could get in the back.  
  
"Hi sweetheart!" I said to Jo, "Hi Em."  
  
"Hi guys," they replied.  
  
"How are you both?" Tom asked.  
  
"Yeah, good thanks Tom. Glad it's stopped raining at last." We had endured muggy conditions with heavy showers most afternoons this week, a sign that autumn would soon be here. But today the sun was back out and it promised to be one of those long, lazy, late summer evenings.  
  
"Tom," Jo said, "I've decided that I don't want to take money for getting naked any more. It feels more like a ... I don't know ... hobby or lifestyle or something, not a job; and it just doesn't feel right now. I would be happy to do some real paid work for you though!"  
  
"I completely understand Jo," Tom replied, "and I think that's very admirable. I would, however, wish to pay you for modeling today; as far as I'm concerned that is a proper job and I would normally expect to pay for a model to pose. I hope that won't offend your honour!"  
  
"Sure," Jo laughed, "I can live with that! Hey, how much would a model charge for a session?"  
  
"About 拢500 for what we're doing today."  
  
All of our mouths fell open. "Way to go Jo!" Em chimed in.  
  
"Tom - you've got a deal," Jo said. "Em - you could make some dosh too ... if that's OK with Tom of course."  
  
"Fine by me," Tom replied, but he didn't sound as though he expected Emily to agree, and indeed she didn't....  
  
"No, no; it's not for me guys."  
  
"Damnation!" I thought to myself.  
  
"Emily's not a natural exhibitionist," Tom suddenly declared, "At least, I'm pretty sure she isn't."  
  
"You're right Tom, I'm not," Em confirmed shyly.  
  
"If you're so good at sizing people up, what do you think presses Em's buttons?!" Jo piped up. Emily dug her in the ribs!  
  
Tom stayed silent.  
  
"Well?" Jo pressed.  
  
"If I had to guess, I would say ... oh, I don't know, forget it," Tom said.  
  
"Come on Tom!" I goaded, but noticed that Em was staying silent and looking down at her feet.  
  
"I think Emily is ... submissive," Tom declared.  
  
"Huh?" Jo said, "What does that mean?"  
  
"Jo ... leave it," Em said in a tiny voice.  
  
"You mean, like, she submits ... to what? I don't get it." Jo pressed on, confused.  
  
"It means..." I said, "that she gets off on being told what to do ... ordered around, maybe tied up ... whatever."  
  
"Shit!" Jo exclaimed, "Is that right Em?"  
  
Em blushed bright red, and refused to meet Jo's eye. "No," she whispered. "I've never done anything like that."  
  
"But ... would you want to?" Jo said.  
  
I saw Emily swallow hard, but she didn't say anything.  
  
"Em ... it's OK," Jo said, putting her arm around her. We won't judge you. Hey, after what I've done in front of you, after what we've shared; I hope you feel you can trust me, and Rob and Tom. Whatever works for you sweetie!"  
  
We lapsed into silence as we drove north out of Brighton and then east into rolling countryside, with the south downs creating a beautiful backdrop. Tom turned on to smaller and smaller roads and, eventually, on to an unmade dirt track, which we followed for a couple of miles.  
  
"Talk about middle of nowhere," I joked, "we'll end up in Timbuktu soon!"  
  
Shortly afterwards Tom stopped the car on a patch of grass overlooking a muddy field that sloped down to a solitary tree. More fields and gently rolling hills surrounded the area, and a large farmhouse was visible about half a mile away.  
  
"OK," Tom said, "this is our location for today's shoot. Or, more specifically, that tree down there."  
  
"What, outside?" Jo asked. "Not in a studio or anything?"  
  
"Nope, right here," Tom confirmed. "I have lights, reflectors and other kit in the back, but basically I want to photograph you in the evening sunlight. They don't call it the 'golden hour' for nothing!"  
  
"What if someone sees?" Jo queried, starting to sound a bit nervous now that we were here.  
  
"Well, it's pretty unlikely," Tom reassured her. "We have the occasional dog-walker or horserider around here, but not much else."  
  
"'We'?" I asked.  
  
"Sorry; I was going to explain - this is my land," Tom explained. "That farmhouse is our ... my home."  
  
"Wow!" Emily exclaimed, seemingly having recovered from the earlier exchange in the car. "How many acres have you got?"  
  
"About 125. But I rent most of the fields out to real farmers. This one's lying fallow."  
  
"And it seems to have turned into a bog!" Jo commented, casting an eye over the wet, muddy surface. "Are we really going to trudge through that to the tree?"  
  
"We are," Tom replied, taking a pair of wellie boots from the back of the Range Rover and pulling them on. "Sorry, I only have one pair of boots!" he added with a grin.  
  
"I can't walk through that in my school shoes!" Jo complained.  
  
"I agree!" Tom replied, "They would be ruined. I suggest you take them off and leave them in the car!"  
  
Jo huffed. "The things I do for my art!" She leaned against the car door and lifted her left foot, then slipped off her flat, black pump and put it on the floor of the car. Holding her foot off the ground, she then pulled off her white sock and stuffed it into her shoe. Then she gingerly put her foot down on the wet grass.  
  
"Umm, that feels really nice actually," she said, and took off her right shoe and sock. She stood barefoot on the grass in her school dress and cardigan while Tom took a couple of digital SLR's and several bags from the back of the car.  
  
"I could use a hand with these," he said, looking at me and Em. I looked at my shoes and resigned myself to following Jo's example. I pulled off my shoes and socks and could now feel what Jo was experiencing underfoot. It felt chilly at first, but I quickly got used to it and ... she was right ... it did feel good - soft and cool and damp! I then realised I would have to either roll up my long trousers or take them off. My mother would not be happy, and would be asking lots of questions, if I came home with muddy trousers.  
  
"I'm going to have to take these off in case they get muddy," I declared, undoing the button and zip.  
  
"No problem," Tom said, and Jo and Em grinned at me.  
  
I folded my trousers and placed them in the car, then felt a bit ridiculous standing there in boxer shorts and a shirt.  
  
"Rob," Jo cooed, "lose the shirt sweetheart, or I'm not going to be able to keep a straight face!"  
  
"Go on Rob," Emily echoed, "it's a warm evening and it will be no different to a swimming costume."  
  
"Easy for you to say Em, I don't see you undressing in the middle of a field!"  
  
"I don't want to risk getting muddy. I think I'll stay up here," Em replied.  
  
I quickly unbuttoned and took off my shirt, enjoying the feel of sun and air on my chest and back.  
  
"No you don't Emily!" Jo said, with her hands on her hips. "You wanted to come with, and I want you down there with us. Now get your shoes and socks off!"  
  
"I could do with some extra help with the bags actually", Tom added.  
  
Feeling under some pressure, Em gave in. "Fine, OK." She bent down and unstrapped her right shoe, then pulled it off and put it in the car. She peeled off her sock, revealing her pretty foot, and then stood down. "Oh! Umm, yes ... that does feel good!" She repeated the process with her other shoe and sock and then, like Jo, stood barefoot in her dress and cardigan.  
  
Tom handed me and Em a bag each and he lugged another couple, together with his cameras. As the model, Jo was let off carrying anything.  
  
"What's in all these bags?" I asked.  
  
"Lights, equipment, battery packs, props ..." Tom replied, heading for the nearby gate. "We won't need it all, but I like to be prepared."  
  
Tom opened the gate into the field and Jo paused before stepping into the mud. He foot sunk in several inches, and mud squeezed up between her toes.  
  
"This feels really weird!" she exclaimed, taking another step with a loud squelching sound. As she proceeded, the mud became deeper until her feet sank completely and she was up to her ankles with every step. Tom followed her, and Em and I looked at each other before taking the plunge ourselves.  
  
After the initial surprise, it was great fun walking through the mud in bare feet. It was cool and slick and slidy. I enjoyed watching Em's eyes widen as she experienced the same sensations, her beautiful, lightly tanned feet and legs contrasting with the dark mud as she sloshed along. We made out way down towards the tree and Tom laid out some plastic bin liners on which we set the bags. He explained to Jo that he would be shooting her by the tree and then he started arranging some lights and reflectors. Jo wandered over to the tree and ran her hand along a branch that came out horizontally at just below waist height.  
  
"Emily, could you please take the mask over to Jo and help her take off her cardigan and dress?" Tom asked.  
  
Emily took the mask and walked over to Jo, who took it and pulled it over her head. She then took off her cardigan and passed it to Em, before unbuttoning her school dress. She took a look around and then pulled it over her head, taking care not to dislodge the mask. Jo looked stunning in just her bra and panties, with the golden sun shining on her legs and arms and tummy. Em took her dress and walked back over to me.  
  
"She looks gorgeous doesn't she?" Em said.  
  
"She does," I agreed, "and ... so do you Em." What made me say that?! Oh, how stupid; I wanted to kick myself. How embarrassing?! But Em smiled at me and simply said, "Thanks Rob, that's a lovely thing to say. You don't look so bad yourself!"  
  
"Now Jo," Tom said, getting down to business, "could you please stand in front of that horizontal branch and lean back slightly against it. Great! Now lift your head slightly ... lovely." He started taking shots, asking Jo to adjust her pose slightly between each one, and regularly checking the screen on the back of the camera to make sure he had what he wanted.  
  
"OK. Relax for a minute. Emily - could you take this to Jo to put on please, and take her bra off?"  
  
Tom handed Emily a black, men's tuxedo jacket. Em took it down to Jo and handed it to her. Then Em walked behind Jo and unhooked her bra, sliding it down her arms and off. Jo's breasts were bared to us in the sunlight for a moment, until she slid the jacket on. Em rolled up the sleeves a little and stepped away. Jo stood in the mud with the jacket covering her boobs, but open all the way down the front to her white knickers.  
  
"Hmm, knickers are the wrong colour for this," Tom decided. "Em, could you give these to Jo to put on instead please?" and he handed her a lacy black thong.  
  
"Wow!" Em said, taking the tiny scrap, "Those are pretty sexy!"  
  
She went back to Jo, and Jo asked if Em could please change her because it was a bit awkward with the mask on and jacket hanging open. I watched as Em bent down in front of Jo and pulled her white panties down, Em's face just inches from Jo's pubic mound. She slipped them carefully over Jo's muddy feet and then replaced them with the thong. I realised I had a boner developing and my mouth was going dry!  
  
"Oh damn!" Emily shouted as she stood up, I've got mud on the hem of my dress. She trudged back over to me and placed Jo's knickers on a bin liner.  
  
"Em," Jo called. "Take your dress off!"  
  
"No ... I can't Jo."  
  
"Em ... don't be an idiot. It's bound to get muddier if you don't! Take it off now!"  
  
"O ... OK," Em replied shyly. She looked at Tom and Jo, and then at me. She gulped and took off her cardigan. Then, with her fingers trembling, she started to unbutton her dress. My dick stood to full attention as more of Em's cleavage appeared, until the dress was undone all the way to her waist. She hesitated and then slowly she reach down for the hem and began pulling the dress up her glorious legs. I was mesmerised as her thighs appeared, and then her white underpants and then her tummy and then her white bra supporting her beautiful breasts. Finally she pulled the dress completely over head and dropped it on top of the other clothes. She immediately crossed her arms over her breasts and hugged herself.  
  
"Good girl!" Jo shouted, "Well done Em!"  
  
Em glanced shyly at me, and I couldn't do anything but stare stupidly back. Then, to my horror, I saw her eyes flick down to my boxers, which were tenting out, and I felt my face burn. The corners of Em's mouth turned up in a smile.  
  
"Right," said Tom. "Jo, could you please cross you arms. Great! Now put your hands on your hips ... no, underneath the jacket so it is pulled back ... brilliant."  
  
As the sides of the jacket were pulled back, Jo boobs came into view once more. It was so casual but at the same time so effortlessly sexy!  
  
"OK, now please turn around."  
  
The jacket covered most of Jo's back, but the bottom of her buttocks showed as two white curves beneath the hem.  
  
"Jo - could you please lean forwards and rest your hands on the branch?"  
  
Now the jacket rose up higher, and her bottom was mostly exposed at the top of her long legs. The back of the thong could be seen emerging from the crack between her buttocks into a small triangle of black lace. Em's eyes were glued to the scene.  
  
"Thanks Jo. Emily, could you please take these to Jo and bring the jacket back?" Emily had to lower her hands from her bra to take a riding crop and a pair of white, Victorian-style bloomers from Tom. She blushed again as she did so, but made no objection.  
  
Emily laid the skirt over the branch while she helped Jo off with the jacket.  
  
"What about the thong Tom?" she asked.  
  
"Umm, off please Emily, otherwise they'll show through."  
  
Emily turned back to Jo and once again bent down to pull Jo's thong off, this time leaving her completely naked and exposed. Jo stretched her arms up in the air and Tom shouted, "Hold it right there", before snapping off some shots.  
  
"Hey, was I in those?" Em asked.  
  
"You were, but only from the back, not your face! I can delete them if you don't like them."  
  
"Oh my God!" Emily exclaimed. Then she helped guide Jo's feet into the white, linen bloomers and pulled them up to Jo's waist, before handing her the riding crop. "Wow! Jo, you look awesome; so sexy, and like you're about to dispense some discipline!"  
  
"Stick around and I might dispense some on you, you little minx!"  
  
Emily giggled and scuttled back with the black jacket. Jo did look magnificent with her blonde her falling around her shoulders, her breasts standing proudly on her chest, the little shadowed dip of her belly button, and bloomers covering her from waist to just below her knees. Then her calves tapering into slim ankles and her bare feet in the mud.  
  
Tom continued shooting pictures of Jo in various outfits and poses, and then he said, "Rob, would you mind being in some pictures?"  
  
"Me?!"  
  
"Oh, yes, come on Rob!" Jo called. How could I disappoint her?  
  
"Sure, why not?!" I said, "So long as I have a mask too."  
  
Tom handed me a black mask that just went over my eyes and the top of my nose; pretty cool I thought, and went to stand with Jo. It was strange being on this side of the camera looking back at Tom, and at Em standing a little to one side. Tom asked Jo and I to stand facing each other, and side-on to him. We put our arms around each other and hugged, looking into each other's eyes.  
  
"I love you," Jo whispered.  
  
"I love you too," I replied.  
  
Tom took some shots and then I saw Emily approaching.  
  
"Tom said ... um ... could you please take off the boxers?" Em asked nervously, biting her bottom lip.  
  
"What?! I don't know...." I looked at Jo, who was grinning back at me. Then she nodded, "Strip, boyfriend!"  
  
"But Jo ... I'm ... I've ...."  
  
"You think I can't feel it?! Come on, you're pressed up against me - it won't be visible."  
  
"OK. Um, Em ... would you mind, er...."  
  
"Sure," Em whispered, and went behind me. I felt her soft hands at my waistband, and then her thumbs pushed under the elastic to pull down my boxer shorts. Oh my God! Emily was stripping me!  
  
I felt my boxers slide down and had to wriggle a bit to free my erection whilst still trying to keep it hidden. Shortly, my boxers were round my ankles and Em took them off me as I lifted each foot in turn. Jo's eyes sparkled at me, and she lent forward and kissed me.  
  
After several more shots, Em came over again.  
  
"Bloomers this time Jo!"  
  
Jo started to back away so she could get to the buttons at the front but I grabbed her and pulled her back against me.  
  
"Jo...," I hissed.  
  
"I've got to get these off sweetie! Turn your back to Tom."  
  
I did so, holding my hands over my dick. I heard, rather than saw, the whisper of the soft linen bloomers being lowered down Jo's legs and then she was as naked as I was. She put her arms round me and pressed herself into my back. I could feel her soft boobs pushing into me and a slight grinding of her mound against my bum. I could hear the camera going off!  
  
"OK, guys; could you please go around the other side of the branch and face this way. Rob, stand behind Jo."  
  
We managed to arrange ourselves, but not without me giving Tom and Emily a few flashes in the process. Tom took no notice, but I noticed Em looking me up and down.  
  
"Great! Now Jo, rest your hands against the branch and bend over like you did before."  
  
Jo lent away from me, bending at the waist, and I could see the sides of her breasts as they swayed forward and then hung down, capped with hard pink nipples. What a sight she must be for Tom ... and Em.  
  
"Lovely! Now Rob, stand right up behind her and lay your head on her back."  
  
I did so. We were kind of spooned up against each other, and my erection was pressed into Jo's bottom. This was heaven! She was definitely wriggling against me, and I could feel a wet heat. We were both getting very turned on.  
  
"Tom," Jo called, after a few more shots. "Would you mind if we took the masks off and you just took some private pics just for us?"  
  
"No ... of course, that's fine Jo; go ahead."  
  
It was actually a relief to take off the masks and hand them over to Emily. She added them to the piles on the black bin liners and stood in her underwear looking at us.  
  
Tom changed the lens on his camera and came closer to take some more photos. He asked me to stand up now, which I did, then realised that the tip of my dick was showing above Jo's back. Jo groaned as I tried to lower it and ended up rubbing against her slick pussy.  
  
Tom lowered the camera. "Rob ... for heaven's sake, put the poor girl - and yourself - out of your misery and put it inside her!"  
  
I flushed bright red. Was Tom really asking me to ... my girlfriend in front of him and Emily?!  
  
"Please Rob..." Jo said quietly. Who was I to argue? I lowered myself and felt my tip slide between Jo's lips and up against her hot, wet opening. I held still for a moment and then slid forwards into her, slowly, until I was buried in her delicious tightness. I dared not move as Tom once again started photographing. Em's mouth was open and her eyes were wide; she inched closer to us until she was standing just to one side of Tom, one leg crossed in front of the other and her thighs squeezed together.  
  
"Stand up Jo, and lean back against Rob. Lay your head on his shoulder and lift your arms up and behind his head. Jo followed his instructions and I brought my hands around her front, resting them on her flat stomach. Her upper body was curved like a bow, totally open and exposed to Tom's camera; and to Tom ... and Em; no hint of self-consciousness. I kissed the side of Jo's neck and she moaned. I felt her vaginal muscles squeeze me and almost came. Jo lifted her head from me and as I looked up I realised that Tom had stopped taking pictures; the camera hung loose around his neck and he was just drinking in the sight of Jo. The next few moments were dream-like, surreal. Jo reached a hand out towards Tom and he stepped slowly forward, stopping in front of her. Then to my shock, he took her face in his hands, lent forward and kissed her gently. Another man was kissing my girlfriend, while I was buried inside her, in the middle of a muddy field!  
  
Tom and Jo broke their kiss and I once again became aware of Emily; she and Jo evidently exchanged some wordless communication, because the next thing I knew Emily put her hands round my neck and kissed me. Her soft, warm lips felt glorious and then the tip of her tongue poked between them to touch mine. I tasted her sweet mouth and simply couldn't believe that I was snogging this girl whom I had fancied for so long. I could hear Tom and Jo also kissing again, and this pushed me over the edge. I shot deep inside Jo, spasm after spasm, as I moaned my ecstasy into Em's willing mouth. Jo herself began to come, and I felt her pulsing inside as she leaned her head against Tom's chest. He stroked her hair and our eyes locked. To my surprise I felt no jealousy or anger, just a calm fulfillment and the sense that we had shared an important intimacy.  
  
I looked at Em and she smiled at me. There was lust burning in her eyes and I couldn't help but wonder what would result from these momentous events.

**Brighton Rocks 12**

When we had disentangled ourselves, I put my boxers back on and Jo slipped her dress over her head, not bothering with underwear. We helped Tom clear up his kit from the photoshoot and headed back to the car. I think all of us were a bit stunned by what had just happened and Tom suggested we come back to his farmhouse where we could shower and have something to eat and drink.  
  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
Tom directed us to a hosepipe where we could rinse off our muddy feet before going into his house through a kitchen door. The farmhouse was old, maybe 17th century I guessed, and the ceilings were low, with wooden beams. The kitchen was large, with a range cooker, a big wooden table and chairs, and an uneven stone floor that felt cool and smooth underfoot. The girls looked around with typical female curiosity and Jo drew our attention to a large photograph printed on canvas. It showed a pretty young blonde woman sitting on a chestnut horse. She was wearing a long, loose green skirt ... but was otherwise naked; she sat straight, her bare torso proudly on show and her bare feet dangling down beneath the hem of her skirt.  
  
"Who's this?" Jo asked.  
  
"Ah, that's Sarah, my wife", Tom replied, wandering over.  
  
"She's ... I mean, er, she was ... very beautiful," Jo said.  
  
"Thank you. Yes, she was. She was full of love and life, and always up for any adventure.... She had just had her hair cut shorter before I took that picture; it was almost down to her waist, but she fancied a long bob for a change. It highlighted her jaw ... and she had this habit of tucking it behind her ear...." Tom's voice tailed off. "Who would like some tea, or coffee ... or hot chocolate? And I'll make some pasta."  
  
We stated our preferences and Tom directed us to a shower room while he set about making drinks.  
  
"Emily; you're very quiet", Jo said as she and I undressed again for a shower, "are you OK?"  
  
"Yes, I'm fine. I guess it's just ... that was pretty intense earlier. Are you OK with me kissing Rob?"  
  
"Yes sweetie; it seemed only fair and right in the circumstances...." Jo looked at me with some uncertainty in her eyes, and I knew she needed some reassurance about her kissing Tom.  
  
"I'm fine with what happened ... with both of you. I'm a bit surprised that I am! But I am. It was just ... I think we were all caught up in the moment. It felt ... right somehow."  
  
Jo and Emily both looked relieved.  
  
"I'm going to help Tom with the drinks and food while you two take a shower", Emily said, and left the shower room.  
  
"Are you sure you don't mind what happened with Tom? I'm still not sure what came over us; one minute he was taking pictures, and the next we were kissing...."  
  
"I thought I would be jealous; and it was a shock to start with. But then it seemed ... like I said - just, right ... so long as you're not going to dump me for him or anything."  
  
"Of course not Rob!"  
  
"I guess it was OK because I was there and we were making love and then ... well, Emily and stuff.... I wouldn't want you kissing Tom behind my back though or anything".  
  
"I promise I will never do anything behind your back Rob; and I hope you wouldn't either. I really do love you and I want to be with you. I admit that I did enjoy kissing Tom, but only as part of what was going on ... and I think you enjoyed kissing Em too, didn't you?!"  
  
"I guess."  
  
"You loved it! I know you've fancied her for ages!"  
  
Jo was right; I had loved kissing Em. It was a dream come true for me - literally!  
  
We cleaned up and got dressed before heading back to the kitchen.  
  
Emily was standing at the range, stirring sauce into a pan of pasta. Tom was placing mugs of hot drinks on the table. We all sat down and Tom said, "About earlier ... I must apologise Jo ... Rob. I don't know what came over me and I took advantage of the situation. I'm sorry."  
  
"There's nothing to apologise for Tom," Jo reassured him. "We talked about it and we're cool. Actually, you're a pretty good kisser ... for an old guy!"  
  
Tom's mouth turned up in a smile. "You are a cheeky - and pretty special - young lady!"  
  
"She is that", I added between mouthfuls of food. "Do you think the photos will turn out well?"  
  
"There are one or two that I think will be quite special", Tom replied. "You'll see them after I've edited them, maybe next week some time."  
  
"Cool!" Jo said, chewing and swallowing, "I can't wait!"  
  
"Can we see some of your other work Tom?" I asked.  
  
"Sure", he replied, and retrieved a portfolio from a cupboard near the door.  
  
We flicked through the photographs while we finished eating and drinking. There were some amazing pictures, of naked and semi-naked men and women, some indoors, others outdoors. Many of them had a humorous twist, with props and settings that captured the viewer's attention. It was clear that Tom appreciated the naked human form and they were all erotic without being very explicit.  
  
"Em; you're still really quiet", Jo commented suddenly, "Are you sure you're OK?" I noticed Emily's downcast eyes. She seemed uncomfortable and nervous.  
  
"Tom," she suddenly blurted, "I ... I think, um ... I think I'd like you to take some photos of me ... um, if that's OK...?"  
  
"Emily," Tom replied, "I would love to photograph you. But you do realise what that means, don't you?"  
  
Emily nodded, still without looking up.  
  
"Emily, you do realise that, if we do this, I am going to make you strip naked, don't you?"  
  
We actually heard Em gulp and the colour drained from her face. I think Jo and I were both holding our breath. But again Emily nodded, and whispered, "Yes Tom."  
  
"Very well. Emily, this is what we'll do. I'm going to take you into my studio and you will follow my instructions. If, at any time, you want to stop, you must say the 'safe word' - RED! Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes Tom. Um, can Jo and Rob come in too please?"  
  
"Of course they can Emily. Now I just want to check one more time; you are sure you want to do this, and you do realise what you're getting into? You do understand that you will be expected to follow my instructions unless and until you say 'RED'?"  
  
Emily simply nodded.

**Brighton Rocks 13**

We cleared the table in silence, each lost in our own thoughts, and then Tom said, "OK. Emily, follow me. Jo, Rob, you too." We followed him out of the kitchen, through a dining room and across a spacious, comfortable lounge. He opened a door and lead us into his studio: It was painted white, and there were a variety of lights, reflectors, tripods and other equipment sitting about the place. Boxes and cupboards contained additional kit.  
  
Tom turned on some bright lights and directed Emily to go and sit on a black chaise longue in the centre of the room. He then started arranging extra lights and screens around her. Emily sat quietly looking down at her feet.  
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" Jo asked.  
  
"Jo," Tom said, "Emily has made up her mind and we must respect that decision."  
  
Jo and I glanced at each other and back at Em. She looked so small and vulnerable, sitting under the lights in her school uniform. Her hands were clasped tightly together and she was clearly very tense. Her long dark hair hung forwards over her face.  
  
"Emily," Tom said, "I am going to ask you some questions while I photograph you. You will answer honestly and accurately. OK?"  
  
Emily nodded.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily, please describe yourself ... your appearance."  
  
"Um ... I'm 5 foot 7 inches tall and I weigh about 118 pounds."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"I have long, dark brown hair and brown eyes and ... um, I'm 16 years old. I'll be 17 in three months' time."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Do you have a boyfriend Emily?"  
  
"Yes ... um, I mean no. I mean ... I did have, but we split up. He ... split up with me."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Um, because he said ... he said I was ... frigid."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Are you a virgin Emily?"  
  
Em looked up briefly and then back down.  
  
"I can't hear you Emily!"  
  
"Yes. I'm still a virgin."  
  
"What have you done, sexually?"  
  
"Well, with Darren ... we kind of touched each other and I gave him blowjobs sometimes."  
  
"Were you ever naked with him Emily?"  
  
"No ... not completely. I mean, he undid my shirt sometimes, and my bra and he put his hand down my ... knickers...."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Did he come in your mouth?"  
  
"Y-yes."  
  
"Did you swallow his sperm?"  
  
Emily shook her head.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"It was ... yucky!"  
  
"Do you masturbate, Emily?"  
  
Emily blushed red.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Sometimes," she replied in a tiny voice.  
  
"What do you fantasise about when you masturbate?"  
  
"I ... I imagine having ... sex."  
  
"Just straight sex?" Tom pressed.  
  
"Sometimes ... I think about more than one person having sex with me at the same time. Sometimes I imagine I have been kidnapped ...." Her voice tailed off.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily...".  
  
"Y-yes Tom?"  
  
"Take your shoes off now Emily!"  
  
Em reached down and undid the strap on each of her shoes, then she toed them off.  
  
"Jo, could you please take Emily's shoes away from her please?"  
  
Jo stepped forwards and picked up Em's shoes, placed them off to one side. Emily didn't meet her eyes, just sat there in her dress and white socks, one foot on top of the other.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily ... you are a very beautiful girl; you do know that don't you?" Tom asked.  
  
"I ... I guess I'm OK looking", she replied modestly.  
  
"Do you think that boys fantasise about you?"  
  
"I ... don't know ... maybe."  
  
"Do you think they imagine what you look like without your clothes on?"  
  
Emily swallowed. "Maybe...."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Do you think that some girls may fantasise about you too? Does the idea of that turn you on?"  
  
Emily said nothing.  
  
"Emily, I asked you a question and I want an answer!"  
  
"I ... it ... does turn me on Tom, yes."  
  
"Are you turned on now Emily?"  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Y-yes, I am."  
  
"Rob, would you go and take Emily's socks off her please?"  
  
I looked at Jo and stepped forwards. I knelt by Em's feet and she lifted one up so that I could pull her sock off. I heard her let out a breath as one foot was bared, and then the other. Then, on a whim, I lifted her left foot and kissed her dainty toes.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily, how do you feel right now?" Tom asked.  
  
"I ... feel ... nervous but ...."  
  
"But what?"  
  
"Excited too!"  
  
"Sexually?"  
  
"Y-yes."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily, you know what you must do now, don't you?"  
  
"N-no."  
  
"Emily, don't mess me about! Tell me what you must do now!"  
  
"T-take off my dress?"  
  
"Yes. Do it Emily!"  
  
{CLICK}  
  
You could hear a pin drop. Jo reached out and squeezed my hand. Emily reached up to the top button on her dress, but her hands were shaking so much that she could not undo it.  
  
"Rob, go and help her please."  
  
I glanced at Jo, and she nodded back. I walked over to Em and she dropped her hands and gazed at me with a pleading look in her eyes. Her lips parted slightly as I took her top button between my fingers and undid it. I then moved on to the second, the third, the fourth, looking into her beautfiul face the whole time; until all the buttons were undone and the sides of her dress were parted down to her slim waist.  
  
"Emily, say thank you to Rob!"  
  
"T-thank you Rob."  
  
"Now take that dress off!"  
  
Emily stood and slipped the dress off her shoulders and down her arms. It slipped down to her waist, where she caught it for a moment before allowing it to fall to the floor. {CLICK} She bent and picked it up. {CLICK} Jo stepped forward and took the dress from her, and Emily sat down again with her hands under her thighs. She placed one bare foot over the other and curled the toes of her top foot over those below. It was clear that she was very embarrassed to be slowly undressing in front of Tom and two of her close friends.  
  
"Emily, did Darren ever go down on you?"  
  
"Do you mean ... kissing me ... down there?" she gestured to her groin.  
  
"Yes Emily - did he kiss and lick between your legs?"  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Oh my God!" Emily exclaimed. "No!"  
  
"Did he ever get you off ... did you orgasm with him?"  
  
"Not ... really."  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily, I want you to take your bra off now."  
  
"I ... can't Tom ...".  
  
"Emily; do you want to say your safe word?"  
  
"N-no Tom."  
  
"Put this on Emily", Tom said, handing her a black, silk blindfold. Emily took it and slipped it over her head so that it covered her eyes.  
  
"How do you feel Emily?" he asked.  
  
"Vulnerable and scared and ...".  
  
"And ...?"  
  
"And very turned on."  
  
"Thank you for your honesty Emily. Now lay down on the chaise." Em lay back with her legs together and her hands clasped on top of her belly.  
  
"Rob. Go and take hold of Emily's arms. Lift them back above her head."  
  
"What?" I said stupidly.  
  
"You heard Rob. Go on!"  
  
I stepped over to Emily and gently took her by the wrists. She resisted for a moment, but then allowed me to lift her arms up above her head and press them down on the chaise. This had the effect of stretching out her tummy and pulling up her breasts, the top parts of which I could see above the cups of her bra.  
  
"Jo, take these please. I think you know what to do with them." Tom handed Jo a pair of tailor's scissors and she took them wide-eyed.  
  
"You mean ...?" she queried, and Tom nodded.  
  
"What is it?" Emily called. Nobody answered.  
  
Jo opened the scissors and inserted the bottom blade under the front of Emily's bra strap. There was a sharp intake of breath.  
  
"Oh please ..." Emily whispered.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Please what Emily?" Tom asked.  
  
"Please ... strip me!" Emily said, apparently emboldened by the denial of her sight. I guess it was like maybe this was now happening to someone else.  
  
My eyes were locked on Em's chest as Jo snipped through the strap. The bra cups instantly parted and dropped to the sides of Emily's beautiful, full, soft breasts, heaving up and down as she breathed deeply. Jo too seemed mesmerised by the sight of Em's boobs, tipped with hard brown nipples, the aureolae crinkled. Emily's back arched slightly, and I noticed that she was now rubbing her thighs together. She was clearly very turned on, and I realised that - whereas Jo and I had come earlier in the field - Em's sexual tension had been building up for hours now.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Can I ... touch you Em?" Jo asked, and I looked at her in surprise.  
  
"Please!" Emily replied. Jo tentatively reached out a gently stroked the sides of Em's breasts. Emily breathed even harder. Then Jo ran her fingers over and around Em's nipples and she moaned out loud and bit her bottom lip.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Kiss me ... please ... kiss me!"  
  
Both Jo and I lent forward simultaneously. Our eyes met, and I gestured for Jo to continue. Wow! Once again I seemed to be living a dream with these two wonderful girls! Slowly, so slowly, Jo lowered her head over Em's and then their lips touched briefly. Then Jo pressed her lips harder against Emily's and Em kissed back. I could see their mouths moving against each other, and realised their tongues were probing, licking and tasting for the first time.  
  
I felt a soft touch against the front of my trousers and looked down to see Em's finger tips touching my hard-on experimentally. I pressed against her hands, still holding on to her wrists. Jo broke their kiss and looked at me. My turn! I lent my head down and kissed Emily upside down. It was incredible to think that my girlfriend's mouth had just been here, that I was experiencing what she had just experienced. I stood up and left Em panting. The sight of her bare chest was just glorious, everything I had ever imagined and more. What a fool Darren was!  
  
"Emily" Tom said. I had almost forgotten he was there! "Emily, are you going to take your own knickers off? Are you going to show us your vagina voluntarily?"  
  
Emily just moaned in response! Her legs were bent, her feet flat against the chaise, and her hips pushing gently upwards, writhing in the air.  
  
"Rob, let go of Emily's wrists please. Emily - pull your knickers down now!"  
  
Without hesitation, Em reached down and pulled her knickers down her legs until they were round her ankles, then kicked them off. The smell of her perfume now mixed intoxicatingly with the scent of her arousal. Her knees were pressed together and her body was still wriggling slightly.  
  
{CLICK}  
  
"Emily - open your legs; show all of us your most intimate parts!"  
  
Emily didn't move for a moment and I thought she was going to refuse. But then, to my amazement, she put her right foot on the floor and spread her legs wide. The sight of her - completely opened to Jo, Tom and I was stunning. I realised my mouth was literally hanging open! Emily's dark public hair was neatly trimmed. Her vagina was pink and slick, her inner labia protruding slightly from her outer labia.  
  
"What now Emily?" Tom asked.  
  
Em just moaned.  
  
"I asked you a question Emily!"  
  
"I ... need ... to ... get ... OFF - PLEASE!"  
  
Jo stepped forward and beckoned to me. I looked quizzical as she knelt in front of Em's wide-spread legs. She pulled me down so that we were side by side. Surely she wasn't going to ...! But then she put a hand behind my head and maneuvered us next to each other, before gently kissing Emily's pussy. I couldn't believe my eyes! Jo gestured for me to do likewise, and I closed my eyes as I tasted her for the very first time. Emily groaned and started to writhe, pressing her wet pussy up against me. Jo squeezed her mouth next to mine, and our tongues touched as we licked Emily thoroughly. Her juices were flowing freely out of her vaginal opening, over our tongues and down to her little anus.  
  
"Jo, may I suggest something?" Tom asked. Jo looked up at him. "Rob, would you please take care of Emily's upper half and Jo - stand up! Great; now push the two middle fingers of your right hand gently inside Emily, and press your left hand over her clit.  
  
I watched as Jo stood and arranged herself as requested. I went to work kissing Em's mouth and sweet breasts. Jo slowly and carefully pressed two fingers up inside Emily. Emily grunted.  
  
"Now Jo," Tom said, "curl your fingers to rub Emily's G-spot. Make 'come here' motions...."  
  
Jo did so and, almost immediately, Emily began to buck hard. I had to latch on to her nipple to stay in contact! Em was sweating and heaving and making unintelligible noises. Then, suddenly, she reached down with both hands and pulled Jo's fingers out of her vagina before shouting "I'm cumming!"; this was followed by a stream of clear liquid shooting from her pussy and splashing on to the floor. She lay convulsing with her orgasm as Jo and I looked on, stunned.  
  
"What...? Is she OK?" Jo asked.  
  
"It seems that Emily is fortunate enough to be able to ejaculate," Tom responded.  
  
"Is it ... urine?!" I asked.  
  
"No," Tom laughed. "It's a fluid similar to a man's ejaculate that carries his sperm. It's just watery...."  
  
Em was still shaking, but with a big grin on her face, as Jo went and put her arms round her, hugging her close.  
  
"Em ... that was ... beautiful!" she said, kissing her again on the lips. Em pulled her blindfold off and hung on to Jo.  
  
"Thank you ... thank you all!" Emily panted, "That was ... amazing; I've never felt anything like it!"  
  
What a day!

**Brighton Rocks 14**

Tom excused himself to go and upload or download or something-load his photographs, leaving Jo, Em and I to recover. Emily hugged us each in turn; she seemed to be quite exhausted, but very relaxed.  
  
"You two must think I'm a complete weirdo!" she said. "I'm so embarrassed."  
  
"Don't be silly!" Jo replied, pulling her into another hug. "You ... we ... were all caught up in the moment. I thought you ... squirting like that ... was cool. I never even knew that was possible!"  
  
"Me neither", I said with silly grin.  
  
"It's never happened to me before. You two ... you mean a lot to me. Jo, do you think I'm ... you know, like ... gay?"  
  
"What about me?!" Jo countered. "Look Em, I don't think what we did means we're lesbians, but I don't mind saying that I enjoyed it. Maybe we're bi?"  
  
"Do you need to label it?" I asked. "It was just sex ... great sex! Don't beat yourselves up about it."  
  
"Oh, Mr Experienced!" Jo said, nudging me. "Just 'cos you got to make out with two girls at the same time!"  
  
"I think Rob's right," Em said. "I ... enjoyed it too ... with both of you. I really admire you Jo; you're ... beautiful and brave. And you're special too Rob. You both made me feel good. It was so, like, different, to being with Darren."  
  
"I think you're beautiful too Em," Jo responded.  
  
"Um, so do I!" I added, and Jo cocked an eyebrow at me.  
  
"Come on, let's get cleaned up."  
  
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I really missed the girls during school the following week. We had effectively become a threesome instead of a couple plus a friend. Jo was still my girlfriend, and I loved her very much, but we both had special feelings for Em too, and it was clear that she felt the same way about us. On Wednesday, we arranged to meet at the bandstand in the local park. Jo had received a text message from Tom; that he had chosen three photographs from the many that he had taken. He wanted us to come over and see them rather than emailing; we decided to give him a call while we were all together, and Jo pulled her mobile out and switched it to speaker-phone so we could all talk and hear.  
  
"Hi Tom, it's Jo. I'm with Rob and Em."  
  
"Hi guys! How are you all?"  
  
"Yeah, good thanks," we chorused.  
  
"So tell us about the photos," I called, "What are they like?"  
  
"Ah, there were some good ones, if I do say so myself!" We hooted and heckled loudly! "But three in particular stood out," Tom continued. "One is of Jo, one of Jo and Rob together, and there's one of Emily. I've printed the ones with Jo on to large canvasses to go in the gallery; I have a smaller print of you Emily, because your face is showing and I'm guessing you don't want it displayed?"  
  
"Thanks Tom, no," Emily replied, "... but I am looking forward to seeing it!"  
  
"Are you all free to come over on Friday evening? I'm having a couple of old friends over for dinner, and I would love you to join us. I can show you the pictures before we eat."  
  
We conferred and agreed that this sounded good.  
  
"Also," Tom went on, "I wanted to ask if you'd all like to visit a place called Abbey House Gardens with me on Sunday. It has 5 acres of beautiful gardens that are open to the public...."  
  
"Sounds pretty dull to be honest," I chimed in, and Jo elbowed me in the ribs; "Rob, don't be rude!" she hissed.  
  
"Actually," Tom said, "there is a particular reason why I thought a visit this Sunday would be anything but boring: It's the last day the gardens are open for the season when the owners make it clothing-optional!"  
  
"You're kidding!" I said.  
  
"I kid you not!" Tom replied. "Apparently the owners are naturists themselves and a few years ago they decided to test the waters with a clothing-optional day. It was a great success, and they have been holding similar events ever since."  
  
"That sounds awesome!" Jo exclaimed. "You mean anyone can, like, just strip off and walk around naked in the gardens?"  
  
"Yes, absolutely! Are you up for it?"  
  
"Definitely!" Jo replied enthusiastically, "... if that's OK with you Rob?"  
  
"Um, I guess - although I'll have to check that I'm around on Sunday." Personally I was pretty lukewarm about the idea of stripping off with a load of strangers in the gardens of a big old house; but the idea of the girls doing it was a turn-on!  
  
"I'm away," Emily said, looking in her diary. "We're going to visit my brother at uni this weekend. To be honest, I don't think I would have had the guts to do it ... but I would love to have seen you go for it Jo!" Jo stuck her tongue out at Em and they giggled.  
  
"Let's talk about it on Friday," Tom said. "Shall I pick you up from school again like last week?"  
  
"That would be great thanks Tom," Jo replied. "Hey, I can wear my white silk dress; would that be OK for dinner Tom?"  
  
"Perfect! See you then."  
  
We stayed and snogged for a while in the bandstand before heading home. I wasn't sure whether I preferred kissing the girls, or watching them kiss each other!  
  
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4pm on Friday arrived and at last I could put school behind me for another week. I picked up my bag with a change of clothes and headed out to Tom's car. The Range Rover gleamed in the afternoon sunlight and I noticed some admiring glances from friends. Tom and I drove over to the girls' school and spotted Jo and Em waiting for us in their school uniforms. They settled themselves in the back and we set off for Tom's place.  
  
"God, it's hot isn't it?!" Jo exclaimed.  
  
"You're welcome to take off a few layers!" Tom suggested.  
  
"I only have one layer!" Jo replied. The girls were both wearing only their dresses; their cardigans must have been in their bags - or abandoned at school.  
  
"Well, take it off then!" said Em.  
  
"After you!"  
  
"You wish!"  
  
I wished....  
  
Jo unbuttoned her dress and slipped it off her shoulders, so that it fell around her waist.  
  
"That feels much better." She reached down and pulled her shoes off, then her white socks. "Umm," she sighed, wriggling her toes. "Em, you don't know what you're missing."  
  
Em promptly bent over and took off first one shoe, then the other. Her socks followed and she too sighed with pleasure. A short while later the car turned on to the unmade road, and we knew that we were nearing Tom's house. Jo pulled her dress back over her shoulders but didn't bother to button it. The middle of her plain, white bra broke up the stretch of soft, white skin running from her neck to her belly button.  
  
Tom stopped the car and we climbed out, the girls carrying their shoes and socks, and all of us juggling bags of clothes. Tom lead us into the kitchen, on the far side of which two stands had been placed with sheets covering the pictures that were evidently displayed on them.  
  
"No peeking!" Tom shouted as Jo and Em headed straight for the stands. "Come and sit down, and I'll get some drinks."  
  
We sat impatiently at the table until Tom came over with drinks and a large, cardboard folder.  
  
"The picture of Emily is in here," he said, placing it on the table. "But ... Em - you have to get naked if you want to see it!"  
  
"Oh Tom!" Em moaned, "that's not fair!"  
  
Jo and I started chanting, "Off, off, off!" and clapping our hands. Em's face reddened but she realised that she was outnumbered. She bowed to the inevitable and started unbuttoning her school dress from the top. I hadn't seen her naked since the previous week at Tom's house, and I was excited for Em's beautiful body to be revealed again. The look on Jo's face told me that she was thinking much the same thing.  
  
Em finished unbuttoning and sat still, with her hands in her lap, her head down and her long, dark hair falling over her face.  
  
"Come on Em," Jo chided. She stood behind Emily and gently pushed the dress off her shoulders. Em didn't resist as Jo pulled her to her feet and the dress fell down around her ankles. Emily was wearing a light blue bra and matching knickers, perfectly modest, but emphasising her curves even as they covered them. Jo undid the bra and ran her hands across the top of Em's smooth back to push it down her arms. Em herself finished the job, and then put her hands over her breasts. Jo knelt and eased Em's knickers down, over her buttocks, down her thighs and then off her feet. Em's neatly trimmed pubic hair disappeared from sight as she sat down again and crossed her long legs. One foot bobbed up and down, betraying her anxiety.  
  
"Good!" Tom declared, and opened the folder.  
  
The photograph was beguiling. It was in a high contrast black and white, with a grainy finish. It showed Em sitting on the chaise longue, one bare foot on top of the other. She still had on her underwear and, although her head was tilted down, her eyes must have just looked directly into the lens. Her wide eyes were a spellbinding combination of fear, lust and uncertainty. Like all good pictures, it drew the viewer in and made you ask questions: Who was this girl? What was happening to her? What was her story? What would become of her?  
  
"I love it Tom!" Em exclaimed. "It's perfect! Thank you."  
  
"And now...." Tom declared in a showman's voice, walking over to the two stands, "the moment you've all been waiting for ... oh, you two still seem to be dressed!"  
  
Jo and I looked at each other, and then without hesitation began to pull our uniforms off, dropping articles of clothing on the table and the floor in our hurry. We were both quickly naked and, I have to say, both comfortable in our nudity.  
  
Tom took hold of one of the sheets and lifted it off the canvas underneath. The picture was of Jo, dressed in the white bloomers and holding the riding crop. The mask covering her face gave her an air of mystery and there was a slight, enigmatic smile playing across her lips. Brown mud streaked her white feet and ankles, like a parody of a pair of boots. Her breasts looked soft and gentle and achingly feminine.  
  
"Jo ... you look beautiful", I said.  
  
"Amen to that!" Em whispered.  
  
"Oh thank you Rob, Em! And thank you Tom; it's fabulous!"  
  
Tom acknowledged her thanks with a nod and took hold of the other sheet. When he lifted it off there was a collective intake of breath. If the first picture had been beautiful, subtle and humorous, this one was highly erotic. Jo stood in front of me, naked but for her mask. Her back was arched, her head laying back on my shoulder. Her hands were behind my head, and I was kissing the side of her neck. My hands were on either side of her waist, framing her belly; her breasts stood proudly on her chest, nipples pointed; you could just make out the bottom of her ribs; a triangle of pubic hair hid her most intimate parts. What the viewer could not see, but what we all knew, was that I was buried deeply inside her at that moment.  
  
"Oh ... my ... God!" Em exclaimed. "That is breathtaking!"  
  
Jo's eyes were like saucers as she gazed at the photograph, one hand over her mouth. "Tom - that is astonishing! I can't believe it's me ... us!" I just nodded.  
  
"Thank you all. I'm so glad you like them. I don't often print colour portraits, but it was appropriate for these two. They are going to look fantastic in the gallery."  
  
"I can't believe that hundreds of people will be feasting their eyes on my naked body!" Jo laughed. "Thank God for the masks!"  
  
"Why don't you three go and get ready for dinner. Greg and Lucy - my other guests - will be arriving at 6pm."

**Brighton Rocks 15**

I took a shower and changed into some black jeans, a white shirt and black jacket, and was back in the kitchen way before the girls. Why does it take them so long to get ready?!  
  
I helped Tom prepare canapes, and set the table in the dining room while he put together starters, and starting preparing a main course and deserts. I wasn't used to eating fancy dinners, and had no idea in which order to place the gleaming silver cutlery until Tom explained what went where. Likewise there were three glasses for everybody, despite each of us - I was pretty sure - having only one mouth!  
  
Back in the kitchen Tom seemed to have everything under control. Was there anything this guy couldn't do? He excused himself and went to change while I checked out the music collection on his iPod. Some of it was ancient stuff from the 1960s, but there was more modern music as well as jazz and classical. I thought that Kenny G might be a good bet, and soon had saxophone solos soaring from Tom's Bose speakers, which were discreetly hidden in each room downstairs.  
  
The girls were still not ready when Tom returned in a pair of chinos and a graphite grey, V-necked T-shirt. I realised he was pretty well-built and guessed he must go to a gym to keep in shape. Or perhaps he had one tucked away in the house somewhere; it was certainly large enough.  
  
"Good choice of music Rob," Tom complimented. "How are the girls getting on?"  
  
I was just about to reply that I would go and check, when Jo and Emily came into the kitchen. Both Tom and I stopped in our tracks: now I realised why they took their time, as they had been transformed from gauche schoolgirls into graceful and gorgeous young women. Emily had on a black, knee-length, strapless dress and black high-heeled shoes. Her smooth shoulders and shapely legs were bare. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. Jo was wearing the silk dress Tom had bought for her, with several buttons undone on the front. Underneath she had on a white silk camisole with a lace trim along the top and delicate straps over her shoulders, and the outline of a pair of white lace French knickers could be seen. Jo was barefoot, with her toe-nails painted deep red, and her glossy blonde hair fell in loose waves. Both girls had on a little make-up, and both looked about 2 or 3 years older than they actually were.  
  
"Wow!" Tom exclaimed.  
  
"God! You both look ... fantastic!" I added.  
  
The girls smiled shyly, but you could tell that they were pleased with the reaction. While I stood gawping, Tom offered the girls drinks. They decided to stick to orange juice and were giggling together about something or other when the front doorbell rang.  
  
"That'll be Lucy and Greg," Tom explained, and went to let them in.  
  
We wandered through to the lounge and noticed that Tom had left the two canvasses on display. Jo was just suggesting we cover them when Tom returned with his friends.  
  
"Guys, I would like to introduce you to Lucy and Greg, old friends of mine ... and Sarah's ... from university. This is Rob ... Jo ... and Emily."  
  
We exchanged greetings and I had a nagging feeling that I recognised Lucy from somewhere; but couldn't place her. She was maybe 5 foot 6 inches tall, with very dark hair cut in a long bob, with the sides slightly longer than the back. She was slim and attractive and looked to be in her late twenties. Her crisp white shirt and jeans were casual but elegant, and she'd completed her outfit with a paid of cowboy boots. Greg must have been the same age, with close cropped hair and an open, engaging face. He was the type of person one immediately warmed to, with laughter lines around his eyes and an easy-going nature. He too was in jeans but with a Sussex University rugby shirt over the top.  
  
"Have we met before?" Emily asked Lucy and Greg. She clearly thought that Lucy ... and Greg ... looked familiar too.  
  
Lucy glanced at Greg and smiled. "Not 'met' exactly, but Greg and I were at Tom's gallery for the recent ... um ... 'exhibition', if you'll excuse the pun!"  
  
Jo's hands flew up over her mouth. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "How embarrassing! Tom ...."  
  
"Hey, hold on a minute," Greg interrupted with a chuckle. "Lucy and I have to take the blame for this. Jo - we were blown away by your performance at the gallery. Tom refused to tell us your identity, but eventually agreed to gather us together for dinner ... on condition that we maintain absolute confidentiality. You have nothing to worry about; we just wanted a chance to see you again ... as it were ... and to say that, genuinely, you were very impressive."  
  
"Yes," Lucy confirmed, "not just because you were ... are ... beautiful; but your poise - and confidence, were extraordinary. We couldn't believe it when Tom told us that were only 16!"  
  
"Well ... thank you ... I guess," Jo replied. "But ... it's just ... hell, you've seen me naked! And now we're going to have dinner together. It just seems kinda weird!"  
  
Lucy continued to reassure Jo as Tom passed around the canapes and then popped open the cork on a bottle of champagne.  
  
"I thought we should treat this as a celebration," he declared, "of youth and beauty, and fun and adventures!"  
  
We all sipped the delicious drink, and Em giggled as the bubbles tickled her nose.  
  
"And as a celebration of these two stunning photographs!" Lucy added, wandering over to the two canvasses. "You two both look amazing. Great job Tom!"  
  
"Thank you. I couldn't have done it without excellent models." I was glad I had been standing behind Jo in the photograph! "Right ... come on and sit down in the dining room. It's time to eat!" Tom announced, saving any further embarrassment for Jo and I.  
  
As we tucked into a starter of prawns and smoked salmon, Jo asked, "So, you were all at uni together, is that right?"  
  
"Yes," Lucy replied. "We - Tom, Greg, Sarah and I - all met in our first year. Greg and Tom had rooms next door to each other, and Sarah and I bumped into each other when we were trying to sort out new bank accounts in the campus bank."  
  
"Greg and I spotted the girls in the bar one night in the first week. Got chatting ... hit it off; and we've been good friends ever since," Tom continued. "Well, better than good friends in the sense that Sarah and I ended up getting married, and so did Greg and Lucy. After Sarah died, these two saved me from disappearing into a bottle."  
  
"Wow, that's cool!" Em chimed in. "I can't wait to go to uni. My brother's there night now and he loves it."  
  
"We certainly had some good times," Greg added. "The parties, the cheap beer, the games we played...."  
  
"What games were those?" asked Jo with a sparkle in her eyes.  
  
"Ah," said Tom. "The kind of games you've started playing!"  
  
"You mean ... like, getting naked and stuff?"  
  
"Well, it didn't start out that way. We used to play cards and other betting games, but were all impoverished students - so instead of betting for money, we quickly started playing for favours and dares."  
  
"Like what?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, you know ... do the others' washing for a week; carry someone's bags around for a day. And then it developed into things like, 'kiss the person sitting to your right'; 'flash the person across from you' and so on."  
  
"Do you remember when I had to run topless around the accommodation block, and the old guy who worked in the cafe saw me? His eyes nearly popped out of his head!" Lucy collapsed in laughter.  
  
"But it was Sarah who seemed to get the toughest time," Tom said. "It was that time leading up to the hockey calendar that really kicked things off ...."  
  
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Greg, Tom, Lucy and Sarah had been sitting on the floor in Greg's dorm room playing poker one evening. Sarah was losing badly, and had already pledged to clean all their rooms, wash and iron their clothes for a week, and go shopping to maintain their supplies of snacks.  
  
"I can't pledge any more favours," Sarah complained, after losing yet again, "I'll never have any time to do anything else. Tom ... take pity on your beautiful, kind, loving girlfriend!"  
  
"Hmm," Tom considered. "How about you do some dares from now on instead?"  
  
"Yes, anything; just no more horrid jobs for you lot!" Sarah replied.  
  
"OK. I dare you to ... undress down to your underwear?" Tom suggested.  
  
"What?! Are you crazy?" Sarah replied, giving Tom a shove.  
  
"Go on Sarah," Greg encouraged, "it'll be a laugh!"  
  
"For you maybe. Men! Come on Luce; help me out here?"  
  
Lucy bit her lip, but didn't say anything.  
  
"Oh, not you too?!"  
  
"It seems only fair," Lucy said. "After all, you do owe us...."  
  
"Fine!" Sarah said, and pulled her T-shirt over her head before throwing it at Tom. She pulled off her shoes and threw one at Greg and the other at Lucy, both of whom ducked and laughed. Sarah stood up in her black bra and unbuttoned her jeans. She wriggled them down her legs and chucked them at Tom.  
  
"Happy now?"  
  
"Almost," Tom replied. "But you forgot your socks."  
  
"Socks are underwear," Sarah retorted.  
  
"Not in my book," Tom countered.  
  
With a theatrical sigh, Sarah pulled off each sock, rolled them into a ball and then tried unsuccessfully to shove them into Tom's mouth. They collapsed into a tangle on the floor, while Tom tickled Sarah until she begged for mercy. She made quite a sight, her long blonde hair contrasting with her black bra and knickers.  
  
"Let's play another hand," Greg suggested, "give Sarah a chance to win something back."  
  
"You're on!" Sarah replied, sitting with her legs folded under her and pushing her hair over her shoulders. "But we need to decide what the stakes are...."  
  
"Let's all bet items of clothing," Tom proposed.  
  
"I'm not taking anything else off!" Sarah replied.  
  
"OK, listen. We'll credit you 5 'virtual' items of clothing ... if you walk down the stairs, across the lawn to the oak tree, and back again."  
  
"Sounds too good to be true," Sarah replied, reaching for her T-shirt.  
  
"Dressed as you are Sarah, you dope!" Tom clarified.  
  
"Oh, what?! Come on guys...!"  
  
"Go on Sarah," Lucy encouraged, "it's dark anyway, nobody will see you. And even if they do, it's no different to having a bikini on!"  
  
"A bikini on a cold, dark night ... right!" Sarah retorted. She sighed, "OK, I must be mad, but here goes nothing."  
  
Sarah stood up and made her way to the door. She opened it and stuck her head out into the corridor, which was, thankfully, empty. With the others behind her, Sarah stepped out on to the cold, hard tiles. "It's bloody cold!" she hissed, clasping her arms across her chest.  
  
"Don't be a wuss!" Tom replied.  
  
Sarah began tip-toeing down the corridor towards the stairs. It remained quiet and deserted. As she started to descend, there was the sound of a door opening behind them. Sarah squealed and walked more quickly down the stairs, followed by Tom, Greg and Lucy. Sarah reached the bottom and peeped round the corner. Again, all was quiet, and she padded across to the outside door and peered out. Seeing no-one, Sarah pushed open the door and stepped out on to the path. At that moment, a couple of students holding hands came around the corner and broke into broad grins at the sight of Sarah.  
  
"Didn't you forget something!" the guy shouted, "Like, clothes?!"  
  
"What's going on?" his girlfriend asked.  
  
"Oh, Sarah's just lost a bet and agreed to pay it off by walking to the tree and back in her underwear," Tom explained.  
  
"Aren't you cold?" the girl asked.  
  
"Of course I am!" Sarah responded, "and, if you don't mind, I'm going to get this over with."  
  
So saying she stepped off the path on to the dew covered grass.  
  
"God, this is even chillier!" Sarah shouted, and marched over to the oak tree. She touched its gnarled bark, and then turned back towards the others; who all clapped as she reached them.  
  
"I hope you're happy!" Sarah said accusingly, but her grin suggested that, although embarrassed, she had enjoyed the experience. She lead the way back to the door of the dorm and entered, leaving wet footprints on the tiles until her feet dried off as she climbed the stairs. As she reached the top, there was a wolf-whistle. A long-haired student in a black leather jacket had just come out of his room and almost walked into Sarah. His eyes scanned up and down her, and Sarah blushed before pushing past and heading for Greg's room.  
  
"That was very cool!" Greg said, as they settled themselves back down.  
  
"It was bloody freezing!" Sarah replied. "Tom, I can't believe you made me do that! Don't you care that other people got to see me in my bra and knickers?"  
  
"Not at all," Tom replied. "You look fantastic in your bra and knickers!"  
  
Sarah leaned over and kissed him.  
  
"Break it up you two, let's play," Greg said.  
  
"One item of clothing to be in the game," Tom announced, and pulled off his shoes. Greg and Lucy did likewise, and sat cross-legged. "Sarah - you're down one credit."  
  
Sarah looked at her cards and folded. Greg did likewise. Lucy and Tom decided to stay in. Tom pulled his sweater over his head and Lucy slipped her socks off. Another card was turned over in the centre and this time Lucy folded and Tom put his socks back on and left his shoes as his opening bet for the next hand.  
  
Greg pulled his socks off and Lucy took a deep breath before taking her T-shirt off, revealing a plain pink bra. Sarah grinned: "Now you know how I feel!"  
  
They all checked their cards and Greg folded. Sarah decided to call and Tom and Lucy stayed in too. As the hand played out, Lucy had to take off her jeans, much to her embarrassment, leaving her in the same state of undress as Sarah. Greg eyed his girlfriend lustfully. Sarah was down to three credits, and then to two as she held her nerve. Tom gave nothing away as he pulled off his T-shirt to remain in the game.  
  
Lucy decided to fold at the next opportunity and Sarah and Tom faced off against each other. Sarah went for broke and raised, using her last two credits. Tom looked her in the eye, before raising again, leaving him in just boxer shorts.  
  
"If you want to stay in the game, you're going to have to take off the bra or the knickers," Tom said.  
  
Sarah gulped and closed her eyes. Then, with trembling hands, she reached behind her back and undid the catch on her bra.  
  
"Sar..." Lucy said, before her voice petered out.  
  
"It's OK Luce."  
  
Sarah slipped the bra down her arms and placed it on the floor next to her. She made no attempt to cover herself, and Tom, Greg and Lucy all feasted their eyes on her breasts, which were heaving up and down with her rapid, nervous breaths. The cards were revealed and everyone realised that Sarah had been bluffing. Tom recovered his lost clothes, and Sarah's, leaving her almost naked in front of her friends.  
  
"Double or quits Tom!" she suddenly said. "Just you and me, one on one. Flip a coin - heads or tails. If I win, you strip."  
  
"You're on," Tom replied. "If you win, I strip. But if I win, you repeat the oak tree walk of shame ... naked."  
  
"OK," Sarah said in a small voice.  
  
You could have heard a pin drop as Tom pulled a coin from his pocket. Lucy and Greg watched intently as the tension in the room mounted. Tom flipped the coin and caught it on the back of one hand, covering it with the other.  
  
"Heads," Sarah called.  
  
Tom looked at her for a long moment. "Are you sure you want to do this Sarah?"  
  
She nodded.  
  
"It's ... tails Sarah," Tom declared and showed the coin around the room.  
  
"No!" Sarah shouted, and put her hands over her face. "Tom ... Can I change my mind. I'm really sorry. I just got carried away...."  
  
"Would you have let me off Sarah?"  
  
"I ... I guess not."  
  
"I know you wouldn't. Which is why you need to take your knickers off now my love!"  
  
"Oh Tom. I just can't ... not in front of Greg and Luce.... Please have pity!"  
  
"No pity sweetheart; get 'em off!"  
  
"Tom," Lucy interrupted, "give her a second chance...."  
  
"I'll tell you what," Tom said, "I will let you off ... if you can persuade your team mates in the hockey team to pose for a naked calendar to raise money for charity. I can take the photographs and I will make sure they are tasteful ... like that calendar the Women's Institute did a while ago."  
  
"Um ... OK, I'll do it," Sarah replied uncertainly, "but I don't know if I'll be able to pull it off."  
  
"If you don't, then you must honour the original bet and get completely naked for us all. Deal?"  
  
"Deal!" Sarah said.

**Brighton Rocks 16**

"Oh my God! What a laugh!" Jo exclaimed. "Sarah sounds like my kinda gal! Did she manage to persuade the hockey team to get their kit off?"  
  
"She did, Jo," Lucy replied, "and I should know, because I was in the team!"  
  
"And I did get to take the photographs!" Tom added.  
  
"Cool!" I said, and then wished I had stayed quiet as Jo gave me a look.  
  
Tom started to clear the dishes from the first course, and Jo and Greg got up to help.  
  
"So, Emily," Lucy asked, "how do you feel about what Jo has been doing?"  
  
"I can't believe how brave she is. When I first saw her walking along the road naked in Lewes I was sooo shocked! It makes me feel sick with fear just thinking about stripping off in front of people!"  
  
"Why do you think that is? Do you like your body?"  
  
"I dunno. I've always been pretty shy about it. And now I think I'm too tall, and my boobs are too big ... and I'm too fat...."  
  
"What?!" I exclaimed. "Em, are you serious? You're ... stunning!"  
  
"That's really sweet of you Rob, but you're just saying that."  
  
"I doubt that Emily," Lucy said. "Rob's right: By any definition you are an exceptionally beautiful girl. Remember that you're young and your body has changed a lot in the last few years. I know from experience that it takes some time to get your head around it. Some girls find it easier than others."  
  
"Darren ... my ex-boyfriend ... used to say I was overweight. He was very critical ... I guess I just came to see myself that way."  
  
"Darren was a pr\*\*ck!" I said angrily.  
  
"Emily," Lucy said gently, "it's very important for a girl of your age to have a realistic and positive body image. Otherwise you could become anorexic and depressed."  
  
"What's this about anorexia and depression?" Tom asked, as he and Jo came back in carrying dishes of chicken caserole and potatoes.  
  
"Emily was just telling us that she's fat and ugly!" I volunteered.  
  
"What?!" Jo blurted, "are you crazy sweetie?!"  
  
"I already told her...."  
  
"... that she's gorgeous I hope," Jo finished for me.  
  
"Of course."  
  
Greg sat down, looking concerned. "Emily, I don't really know you but, for what it's worth, and with all due respect to the other ladies here, you are genuinely one of the most beautiful girls I have seen in a long time. You could be a model easily."  
  
"Thank you all," Emily said, and there were tears in her eyes. Jo put her arm around her.  
  
"Hey, I forgot to ask," Tom said, changing the subject, "are you up for the visit to Abbey House Gardens Rob?"  
  
"I'd completely forgotten about that," Jo said.  
  
"Me too," I added. "But I did check my calendar and I can't make it anyway. Visiting grandparents with my family...."  
  
"How about you Jo, do you still want to come?" Tom asked.  
  
"Well ... I am free ...."  
  
"Oh," I said, "um ... I assumed ... I mean, would you be taking Jo by herself?"  
  
"I'm happy to ... if she wants to come." Tom replied. "As I mentioned the other day, it's the last opportunity for the year."  
  
"Jo?" I said.  
  
"Rob ... um ... I would really like to go. But not if you're bothered about it."  
  
"Can I think about it?" I asked.  
  
"Of course," Tom replied. "Think about it, talk about. But now, let's eat!"  
  
"It's a beautiful place," Greg offered. "Lucy and I went a couple of years ago; we were soon totally comfortable wandering about in the nude, along with lots of other people. Not everyone gets naked, there's no problem one way or the other. But you really feel part of nature; it's like the Garden of Eden!"  
  
"It does sound great," Jo said wistfully.  
  
"It is," Lucy confirmed. "I think you'll regret it if you don't go.  
  
"OK, you go for it sweetheart. I know you want to and I don't want to stand in your way," I said, but felt far from comfortable.  
  
"Thank you darling, it'll be fine; don't worry." Jo touched my arm.  
  
"Excellent!" Tom said, "I'll pick you up from the seafront near the cafe where we first met, at 9am on Sunday. It's a couple of hours' drive, but well worth it." It looked as though Jo was going to get naked in a public place again, with Tom ... and without me ... or a mask.  
  
"Tell us about the hockey calendar!" Jo said enthusiastically.  
  
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A week after the card game Tom, Sarah, Lucy and Greg were back in Greg's room after lectures had finished for the day.  
  
"So," Tom said, opening a beer, "congratulations are in order: Sarah succeeded in persuading the hockey team to shed their kit for a charity calendar."  
  
"Yes, outstanding!" Greg chimed in.  
  
"I have to admit, I couldn't have done it without Lucy's support. Thanks Luce; when you chipped in in favour, it tipped the balance."  
  
"Well, most of the girls thought it was a great idea anyway. The W.I. 'Calendar Girls' made it easy. Everybody's doing nude calendars now!"  
  
"When's the shoot?" Greg asked.  
  
"Sunday week," Tom replied, "and the girls have agreed to 'yours truly' doing the David Bailey bit!"  
  
"Better hope for decent weather," Greg added.  
  
"You can say that again!" Lucy agreed. "It's been pretty chilly the last few days. Definitely autumnal."  
  
"It'll be bracing!" Tom said encouragingly. "Anyway, they're all tough sportswomen. And we'll make sure everyone is well fortified with alcohol!"  
  
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The following Sunday, the four turned up at the tea house that adjoined the university hockey pitches. A group of young women in hockey kit, together with some boyfriends and girlfriends, were gathered in the porch. Tom's bag of vodka, orange juice, beer and wine was greeted with a cheer, followed by boos from some when they were told in no uncertain terms that it was for those being photographed only. Eleven girls plus half a dozen substitutes made up the team, ranging in age from 18 to 21 and in size from tall and slim to stocky.  
  
"OK," Tom said, taking charge. "The first shot is going to be in the porch. Could all those who are not in the hockey team please go inside and stay out of the way for the moment!"  
  
There were jeers and whistles, but the girls in the team were in favour of reducing the audience as far as possible, and helped to herd their other halves inside. Faces appeared at the windows, but the girls felt more comfortable. Although the air was crisp and cool, the sun was shining and there was a great deal of excitement in the air.  
  
"Girls!" Tom shouted, and everybody quietened down. "I want this to be fun for you all. You are going to look great ... and raise loads of money for the St Steven's Hospice." There were cheers from the team.  
  
"I am going to show you how I want you to pose and then I want you to take off the bits of your kit that I tell you to."  
  
Tom made his way over and arranged each girl on the porch; some leaning against the railing, others sitting on chairs. They all held their sticks, and some had hockey balls.  
  
"Excellent! Now, please take off your shirts and bras!" Tom had arranged the girls cleverly so that, although it would be clear to the viewer that they were partially naked, their nipples would be covered by sticks, balls or parts of the porch structure. When all met his approval he fired off some shots.  
  
"That was great everyone, well done! You can put your shirts on again now. Leave the bras off. Next shot will be in the goal mouth."  
  
The other boys and girls came out of the tea house. Some hugged and kissed their girlfriends.  
  
"OK, you lot stay here on the porch while we go over to the goal. Nobody is to come any closer!"  
  
"No fair!" shouted Greg, and Tom gave him a grin.  
  
"Girls, can you please take off your shoes and socks and leave them here," Tom called. Eleven girls started pulling off their hockey shoes, long socks and shin guards. There were several exclamations about how cold the ground felt, and 'oohs' and 'aahs' about how soft the pitch was under bare feet.  
  
The girls and Tom made their way over to the goal mouth on the furthest pitch from the tea house. Little would be visible to the onlookers. Once again Tom arranged the girls, some standing in the goal mouth and some kneeling in front. The girls were then instructed to remove their skirts and knickers. Those kneeling in front would hold their sticks between their legs to shield their most intimate parts. The girls standing behind, including Sarah and Lucy, would be shielded by the heads of those in front, but the sides of their bare legs would be visible up to their waists. It made a great shot.  
  
Tom then decided to up the ante. "Listen everyone! For the next shot, I want you to take everything off and run in a group along the sideline over there. I want to take a long shot of you all running. There will be sufficient distance that 'details' will be scarcely visible. Remember, you all get a right of veto over the final pictures!"  
  
With this final piece of encouragement, the girls agreed, and started shucking their shirts. There was a lot of giggling ... and jiggling ... as the girls set off at a gentle jogging pace. They seemed to have lost their self-consciousness in front of Tom, probably because he was treating the exercise so professionally. The sense of fun and joy on the faces of the girls as they ran was captured perfectly, and they looked glorious against the green of the grass and trees behind. The team came panting back to the goal mouth and slipped on their shirts and skirts, most of them not bothering with their knickers. Sarah came over and pressed herself against Tom.  
  
"I don't know about anyone else," she whispered, "but I am getting as horny as hell!"  
  
"I'm delighted to hear it!" Tom whispered back. "Do you think the rest of the girls will be OK being photographed closer to other people?"  
  
"Yes, I think so; they're all getting pretty relaxed, and the drink helped loosen everyone up."  
  
"Are you OK with it?"  
  
"Very!"  
  
"OK everybody, I want to photograph you simulating some training exercises," Tom shouted. He arranged the players so that some were in defensive positions, and other attacking. The goalkeeper stood in the goal.  
  
"Right! Attackers will be topless; defenders will be bottomless; goalie, you will have on just your helmet and leg guards!"  
  
The girls shrieked as they realised how exposed they would be, but started removing tops and skirts as directed. Tom collected them and walked them over to the tea house. He then took plenty of shots from different angles and distances. Careful editing would ensure that none of the final photographs would be too revealing, but Tom had the privilege of seeing seventeen fit, young women in all their glory.  
  
There was applause as they returned to the tea house, and the girls sought out their clothing.  
  
"Leave the kit girls!" Tom called. I want you all naked for the next shots!"  
  
Again there were shrieks. More booze was downed, and the team were soon bare naked and buzzing with excitement. Tom arranged them lying on the grass so as to create shapes and an overall 'texture', pink on green, rather than having them viewed as individual bodies. His inspiration was the work of photographer Spencer Tunnick and the effect was stunning.  
  
"Brilliant everyone!" Tom enthused. "For the final picture, I want you all to bring just your sticks and a ball each, and sit at the tables in the square outside the library."  
  
"But there'll be loads of people around there!" exclaimed a pretty, blue-eyed brunette. "We can't do that!"  
  
"Don't worry; I've cleared it with the University authorities. There will be people about, but it won't be a problem," Tom reassured her.  
  
"But it'll be embarrassing," another girl complained.  
  
"Oh, come on Zoe!" Sarah said, 'It'll be a buzz! When are you ever going to do anything like this again?"  
  
"I guess...."  
  
"Come on, let's go for it!" Lucy shouted and lead the way. A huddled group of nervous, naked hockey players followed her towards the centre of the campus. Soon other students began to notice the girls and gather around. As word spread that they were doing a nude calendar, shouts of encouragement came from the growing crowd. The girls started to feel like minor celebrities, and it gave them confidence. They sat at tables as directed, and Tom drafted some of the clothed onlookers to walk past them as if there was nothing out of the ordinary about seventeen naked girls sitting out on an autumn day. He arranged for some of the hockey players to have drinks and ice creams, to enhance to image of normality. Some of the girls really started to get into the modeling, and struck poses for each shot.  
  
"Thank you everybody," Tom shouted eventually, when he had finished photographing. "You have all been absolutely fantastic today, and I am sure the calendar will be a big hit!"  
  
There were huge cheers from everyone present ... and then the girls realised that they had to run all the way back to the tea house, through the large crowd of their fellow students, to retrieve their clothing. This was a day that would not be forgotten on campus for years to come!