Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen

*To those who don’t know Cronenville School for Girls, this will seem a strange tale. However, if you are familiar with Cronenberg, it will be somewhat familiar. I make no apology for the apparent plagiarism. I think Dah’s ideas are great and his stories very titillating. However, I felt a need for something more. If you are offended by my presumptuousness, or don’t think a new slant can be given to the Cronenberg tales (I don’t pretend to improve on them just to make them more racy) then stop reading now. And if Dah wants to sue, then that’s his choice. Just remember that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.*

*If you enjoy my slant on the stories, please let me know. As you’ll see, there’s plenty of scope for continuing Linda’s story.*

Chapter 1

To say that Linda Edwards disliked her new school would be putting it mildly. Having spent the last two years in the relatively liberal environment of Ketteridge School as a day pupil, she was unaccustomed to the strict regime in this boarding school. Had she been given her way, she would still be a student at Ketteridge, but, the number of pupils at the school, which was only ten miles away, had dwindled to the point where the local council had declared it uneconomic and, despite the numerous protests of the local people, it had closed in the summer.

It was pure bad luck for the pretty eighteen-year old that the closure had coincided with two devastating events in her life. First of all her mother, a widow for some years, had begun an affair with the father of one of her schoolmates, an affair that had resulted in the couple running off together, leaving behind scandalized friends and neighbors. This had left Linda distressed to the extent that she had neglected her studies, so it was with enormous dismay that she had discovered she had been kept back a year at school.

So it was an unhappy teenager who found herself confronted with the necessity of enrolling at Cronenville as a boarder, and finding herself in the year behind the several of her schoolmates from Ketteridge who had also been sent to the neighboring school.

Worst of all was that Anne Banks was not only joining the school with her, but that the girl had been made a school prefect. It was Anne whose father had run off with Linda’s mother, and Anne had developed a hatred for the unhappy teenager that was shared with her mother, a teacher at Cronenville.

The thing that scared Linda most about Cronenville, though, was the bizarre system of punishments for which it was renowned. A girl who misbehaved would have articles of clothing confiscated according to the seriousness of the offence. The ultimate sanction was loss of all a girl’s clothes apart from her shoes and socks. Even when completely naked, miscreants were required to carry out normal school duties whilst the punishment was in force. Linda was aware of the stories of Cronenville girls being made to walk about in public in the nude, with even the use of a hand or arm to cover themselves treated as a further offence. Worse, with the closure of their school, Ketteridge Town Council had been obliged to change its by-laws to fall in line with this most unusual school. It was now legal for Cronenville pupils to walk nude about Ketteridge, if it could be shown that they had been obliged to do so by the school.

The idea made Linda cringe inside. She had lived in Ketteridge for some years, and could imagine how a girl would be looked upon in such a state. In particular, the pupils at the boy’s school, many of whom she knew, had made no secret of their delight at the prospect of naked teenage girls walking the streets of their town. All of this had made Linda determined to be a model pupil and avoid those awful punishments.

Still, it wasn’t easy to fit in, particularly as she knew that Anne had been spreading poisonous talk about her around the school, so that she already had enemies, especially amongst the seniors who were her equal in age, but not in seniority.

Already she had experienced an unpleasant prank which had left her feeling very apprehensive. It had happened three days earlier in the early hours.

Linda had awoken in darkness, with the distinct impression there was someone else in the room. Before she had a chance to become fully awake, however, her arms had been grabbed and duct tape wrapped about her face, covering her eyes. Moments later her wrists and ankles were forced apart and taped to the corners of her bed.

Then, to her extreme embarrassment, she felt the hem of her nightdress lifted, and fingers reaching down to her most private place. She had struggled, but to no avail, as she felt some kind of ointment smeared over her pubic area and sex lips. There had been a good deal of whispering and giggling, although she had been unable to recognize any of the voices.

The incident had lasted no more than three or four minutes, then they were gone, closing the door behind them and leaving the teenager in the darkness, still wrenching at the bonds that held her.

It had taken Linda about fifteen minutes to finally free one of her hands. All the time she had felt a warm feeling down in her nether regions. She had ripped off the rest of the tape, and then hurried to the bathroom, anxious to get rid of the strange cream that had been applied so intimately. Then, as she turned on the shower and began to wash the substance off, she had given a gasp of dismay. Along with the cream, her pubic hair fell away from her, swirling round in the water and disappearing down the drain. Linda realized at once that it had been a depilation cream they had used upon her. Now her pubic bush had been removed right down to the roots, and she was left with smooth, bare skin.

She stepped from the shower and stood in front of the mirror. To any independent observer, the sight of the naked teenager was a delightful one. Her face was classically pretty, with pouting lips and a shapely nose. Her breasts were the size and shape of ripe oranges, with brown nipples that stood high on the soft mounds, jutting forward proudly. She had a slim waist and rounded hips, her bottom cheeks pert. Despite being small, only five foot three inches tall, her body was perfectly proportioned, with long, shapely legs.

But all Linda could do was stare down at her sex. Her vagina was prominent; the long slit clearly visible even when she had had her pubic hair. Now, completely denuded, her thick lips were even more visible, the bud of her clitoris parting those lips slightly. She bit her lip. She couldn’t possibly allow anyone to see her like this!

That had been three days earlier, and since then she had strived not to show her body, lagging behind the others in her class when taking a shower after gym, always keeping her back turned whilst changing and generally trying to conceal her shameful secret.

The sound of the school bell aroused the lovely teenager from her reverie. She had been spending the last part of the day in private study in the school’s library. Now she had a half hour to herself. She watched the other girls leave then rose to her feet gathering her books. As she made her way across the room she noticed a white envelope on a table close to the door. Across it, in bold letters, was written her name.

She stopped,  staring at the envelope. She hadn’t seen who had left it there. It could have been any one of her classmates. At first her inclination was to leave it where it was, but her curiosity got the better of her. Settling down at the table she picked up the envelope and opened it.

The note inside was written in capital letters. Its message was simple.

"I KNOW ABOUT YOUR SECRET DOWN THERE. MEET ME IN THE MAIN SCHOOL RESTROOMS, CUBICLE 5 AT 5:15 OR I’LL TELL ALL."

Linda stared at the note, her stomach churning. There was no doubt in her mind what the author meant by ‘her secret down there’, but what could this person want? She considered showing he note to a member of staff, but that would have meant admitting to being depilitated, and she couldn’t bear the humiliation. She knew she had little choice but to answer the summons.

The next two hours were a torment to the youngster and, as she watched the time approach, she became more and more apprehensive.

Two minutes before the appointed time she arrived outside the restrooms. There was nobody about main school at that time of day. Taking a deep breath she stepped inside.

So intent was she on her task that she scarcely noticed the strong scent of cigarette smoke inside the facility. She crept forward, counting the cubicles until she came to the fifth one. The door was closed, and she knocked on it tentatively. It was not locked, and it swung open. She stepped inside, closing the door behind her.



It was an old-fashioned toilet, and a pipe ran down the wall from the cistern. Behind that pipe, a small cardboard box had been placed. Lind pulled it out and opened it. Inside was a cigarette. It clearly hadn’t been there long, as it was still alight. The girl stared at it, puzzled. Then she leaped with surprise as the door suddenly crashed open, revealing the tall figure of the school’s headmistress.

"Smoking?" the woman gasped. "Why Linda, I’d expected better of you! Go to my study at once!

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Chapter 2

Linda stood, facing the headmistress across the wide, wooden desk, trembling slightly under the stern gaze of the woman. On the desk between them lay the cigarette packet and the cigarette, now extinguished.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Linda?"

"Please, Ma’am, I wasn’t smoking. I was..."

"Stop! This offence is serious enough without having to hear your lies."

"But I wasn’t. I..."

"That’s enough! Clearly you take me for a fool. Now, you know what the punishment for smoking is!"

Linda knew. It was a first offense, so she wouldn’t get the ultimate. Just loss of her blouse and bra. But even that was too much for the youngster. She couldn’t let people see her topless, could she?

"Now you will lose your blouse and bra for a week," the headmistress said. "Take them off now."

Linda gazed at her in despair. "But I wasn’t smoking," she insisted. "Someone..."

"Right!" barked the woman. "I’ve had enough of this. You know the penalty for smoking, yet you chose not to take it. The penalty for lying is worse, as you know."

"But I..." Linda stared at her in horror. "You can’t mean..."

"Loss of all clothing and underwear for two weeks. Now place them on my desk!"

"But I..."

"Any further argument and the penalty is doubled. Now, you have one minute."

Linda felt the panic rising inside her. She was trapped now. Whoever had intended this trick had got even more than she had bargained for. She stared pleadingly at the woman, but only got a stony stare back. Her fingers shaking, she reached for the buttons of her blouse.

Linda felt her cheeks burning as she pulled the blouse open, revealing the white cotton bra she wore underneath. She placed the blouse on the headmistress’s desk, then her hands dropped to her dark skirt, pulling down the zipper and letting it fall to her feet. She picked it up and placed it with the blouse.

There was a full length mirror on the wall beside her, and the image of her standing in this businesslike study wearing only her underwear sent a shiver through the youngster.

"Come on!"

Feeling tears welling in her eyes, Linda reached behind her and unhooked her bra. As she let it fall from her firm young breasts she was only too aware of the stiffness of her nipples, protruding forward like hard brown nuts as she felt the woman’s gaze upon them. She hooked her thumbs into her knickers.

It was at that moment that she remembered her complete lack of pubic hair. She froze as she thought of the totally sluttish appearance of her sex.

"Linda, you have five seconds, or the punishment doubles!"

"But I..."

"Five seconds! Four... three!"

With a small moan of despair, the lovely young teenager pulled her pants down over her legs and off. As she straightened, she heard a gasp of surprise from the woman.

"Well I never! What kind of girl are you?"



Linda’s cheeks burned. She wanted to say what had happened, but couldn’t bring herself to do so. All she could do was stand, her head hung in shame, her denuded body on open view.

The headmistress stared at her for a short time longer, and then shook her head.

"Well, if that’s how you choose to look, it’s up to you," she said. "Now I suggest you take a quiet half hour in the school contemplating what a wicked girl you are before you return to your house."

Linda knew this was the nearest thing she could expect to an act of kindness. The school would be deserted at this time of day, with the boarders back in their houses and the day girls having left. Still, it was little comfort to her as she turned and caught sight of herself in the mirror, her nakedness accentuated by the sensible shoes and socks that she still wore.

"Go on, off you go. And remember, under punishment you must act in exactly the same way as if you were fully clothed."

"Y-yes Ma’am."

All Linda’s instincts told her to cover herself with her hands. To sneak out of the headmistress’s study and scuttle to the nearest cover. But she knew that, to do so under the watchful eye of the schoolmistress would be to invite further punishment, and she dare not do that. Walking stiffly, only too aware of how she looked, the lovely young teenager opened the door and stepped out.

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Chapter 3

Linda’s heart was pounding as she made her way down the corridor, scarcely aware of where she was going, as the enormity of her situation overwhelmed her. She was destined to stay totally nude for the next two weeks, and was expected to go about her daily duties as if nothing was unusual. She thanked her lucky stars that she had had no plans to leave school premises before the punishment had been imposed. Any such plans would have been an obligation upon her now, and she shuddered at the thought of what might have been had she been on a sports team or had signed up for an excursion.

Then something strange happened. As she walked, gazing guiltily right and left, the youngster became aware of another sensation that was stirring inside her. Her pert nipples were stiff, standing out like hard knobs. She tried to tell herself that it was the cold that was making them do so, but there was something else. A strange warm wetness was seeping into her vagina, a feeling that she knew meant only one thing.

Linda was becoming aroused.

At first it seemed scarcely credible to the girl. Here she was, her naked pussy, bare breasts and backside on open display to anyone she encountered. It should be shame, above all, that she felt. Yet, although she was undeniably ashamed, she was also turned on, the dampness inside her increasing as she walked alone along the empty corridors.

Then she became aware of a noise ahead of her. At first it had been faint, but now it grew louder. It was the sound of voices, male voices, shouting excitedly.

Linda came to a halt, her stomach churning as she realized that, somewhere up ahead, a team game of some sort was in progress. But what could it be? There were certainly no Cronenville girls about at this time. Besides, the girls from the expensive boarding school would never be so raucous.

Whatever it was, Linda wanted to stay clear of the sound. She guessed that it must be coming from the gymnasium, and she was very close to that part of the building. Suddenly seized by panic, she turned and made her way quickly up a flight of stairs. There, as she had expected, she found herself alone once more.

Yet, even in her current state, the youngster was curious as to who could be in the gym. She knew that there were a number of rooms that overlooked that part of the building. They were occasionally used as studies, though most were empty or used for storage. She could slip into one of the rooms and see who was down there. This had the added advantage of being a legitimate excuse for getting out of the corridor, where she still felt incredibly exposed.

She tried one of the doors. It opened and, sure enough, had a window that overlooked the gym. The room was fairly dark and stacked with cardboard boxes and other paraphernalia. She closed the door and made her way cautiously toward the window. There was a table in front of it and she leaned over and glanced down.

There were about thirty boys down there, all wearing an identical red soccer uniform. Almost all were black or dark-skinned. It was a rough game, with much shouting and swearing, quite out of keeping with what would normally be going on in the gym.

Then she remembered. On occasional nights, the school opened the gym to kids from one of the schools from the nearby city. It was a community service scheme. Most of these youngsters were from underprivileged homes and their schools had neither gyms nor playing fields. So they would be bussed out to the schools around the city and allowed to use their facilities. Normally the girls were kept well away from these rough, tough street kids, and Linda had never actually seen them at the school before. Now, as she stared down at them, she became even more aware of her nudity, and a shiver ran through her at the thought of being seen like this.

Yet still, she couldn’t ignore the heat inside her as she watched the virile young men running about the gym, shouting and laughing. There was something undeniably exciting about their presence. Almost unconsciously, Linda felt the fingers sliding round her hips and seeking out her moist vagina.

She gave a little gasp as her hand came into contact with the hard bud of her clitoris. She glanced down at herself and shivered at the sight she knew she made. She pressed her finger harder against her sex lips, penetrating her vagina, a wave of excitement sweeping through her as she touched herself down there. As she did so, she stared down at the laughing young men, imagining herself down there with them, letting them look at her lovely young body, spreading her legs so they could see her vagina, enjoying the scent of their testosterone as they crowded about her.

She shook her head. What was she thinking?  For a moment she removed the hand, feeling suddenly guilty at her wantonness. After all, this was awful. It couldn’t possibly be turning her on, could it? Then her fingers were back between her legs, rubbing hard at her sex, her knees bending slightly as she began to masturbate in earnest.

"Shit!"

"Sweet lady."

The voices were so close that Linda’s entire body leapt, her fingers snatched away from her vagina. She spun round and gasped as she saw the faces staring at her.

The two young men had been seated in the corner of the room amongst a pile of cardboard boxes. They had obviously been seeking a place to get away from the game being played below. Now the pair of black youths, clad in the red soccer strip of their comrades, rose to their feet, their faces swathed in grins.

Lisa stood, her feet rooted to the floor, her right arm wrapped across her breasts while her left hand covered her hairless sex. She was too shocked to move as she stared into the faces of the black teenagers.

"We heard the girls from here sometimes go about flashing their pussies," said one of the pair. He was about eighteen, Linda estimated, tall and strong, his skin the color of ebony, his eyes wide as they took in her lovely curves.

"I guess these rich kids ain’t got no shame," said his partner. "C’mon baby, take your hands away."

"Y-you’re not supposed to be in here," stammered the naked girl. She glanced at the door, but the two young men were between her and it.

The first of the men saw the glance.

"Hey babe," he said. "You can go if you want. Shit, we ain’t gonna rape you."

"’Course we’ll have to take you down to meet all our buddies," said his companion. "And we’ll have to tell them how excited you were to see them."

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"Hell, we saw you was friggin’ yourself. I guess the sight of all those black guys was too much for you."

"I... You mustn’t tell," she said.

The pair moved closer.

"What? Do we look like a pair of snitches? No, we just want to see some more."

"More?"

"Sure. Now take your hands away."

"But I..."

"Unless you want to come and meet our buddies?"

"No. I..."

Linda felt the words die on her lips. She stared at the pair. She was mortified to be standing naked before them, but the thought of all the other boys seeing her, and hearing of her disgraceful behavior was more than she could bear.

"Just to look, not to touch," she said.

"Sure."

Slowly, her cheeks burning, Linda let her hands drop to her sides. The sense of the men’s eyes upon her nude body was almost physical, and she felt her nipples pucker to hardness as she stood before them, baring all.

"Shit, a shaved pussy," said one. "Open your legs and give us a better look."

Linda hesitated for a second, and then moved her legs apart. As she did so, a surge of excitement ran through her and she shivered slightly as she watched their eyes staring intently at her bare sex.

"This turning you on, baby?"  The young man was grinning broadly as his eyes roved from Linda’s stiff nipples down to the lips of her sex. The coolness she felt down there told the young beauty that a sheen of moisture now coated those lips, and she gritted her teeth, wondering at the recalcitrance of her body.

"C’mon, Honey," said the other boy. "You was horny just now. Show us what you were doing"

She felt the color in her cheeks deepen.

"I... I can’t." she stammered.

"Sure you can. You know you want to. Touch yourself down there."

Linda eyed the pair, her body shaking slightly as she stood, baring all. She couldn’t understand what was turning her on so. Her nipples were tingling with excitement, the inner walls of her sex contracting as she stood under the gaze of these two rough youngsters. She stared momentarily at their faces. Then, her hand trembling, she reached down for her pussy.



She gave a low moan as her fingers came into contact with the swollen bud of her clitoris. She ran the tips over it, the pulses of excitement surging through her naked body as she began to masturbate. She could scarcely credit what she was doing. Half an hour ago she had been dressed in full uniform, going about her normal day. Now she was nude apart from her shoes and socks, standing with her legs apart, her knees bent, her fingers embedded in her throbbing vagina whilst two strangers looked on. And all the time the excitement inside her was building to an inevitable orgasm.

"Shit, that feel good, baby?"

"Mmm" she nodded.

"I reckon we can make it better. C’mon Larry."

With a shock, the teenager felt her arms grabbed, as the two men pulled her back and sat her on the edge of the table.

"No, you mustn’t. I... Oh!"

Linda’s entire body shook as she felt a rough, male hand slide up the inside of her creamy, soft thigh and touch her nether lips. She looked down to see that one of the pair had dropped to his knees and reached for her pussy, pressing her thighs apart and sliding a finger into her vagina.



"No, please," she murmured, even as the other man’s hand closed over her bare breast and began to knead the soft flesh.

Linda groaned, her body writhing under the intimate touches of the two boys. All resistance was gone, now as she surrendered to the intimacy of their touches. Her body was on fire with lust, her hips pumping forward, her breath coming in short gasps as the sheer pleasure of their caresses overcame her.

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Chapter 4

She came with a moan, her body stiff, her legs spread wide, her hips ramming up against the fingers that thrust into her. So absorbed in her carnal pleasure was she that she didn’t hear the door open, nor did she register a fourth person entering the room. It was only when she felt the powerful beam of a flashlight shining on her face that she suddenly looked up.



Then she gave a little scream of dismay.

"Well, well. If it isn’t Linda. Having fun, are you?"

It was Anne Banks, school prefect.

Linda blinked into the flashlight, her face a picture of dismay. The two boys had withdrawn their hands but the unhappy youngster was still in the throes of her orgasm, her hips writhing, her sex lips twitching as drops of moisture trickled out onto the table top. The other girl stood watching, a grin on her face as the naked teenager slowly brought herself under control.

At last the panting subsided and Linda drew her legs together, her face glowing with embarrassment as she rose slowly to her feet. Once again her instincts told her to cover herself, but the presence of the school prefect inhibited her and she let her arms fall to her sides, her head hung in shame.

Anne turned her attention to the two black boys. They were standing, looking slightly sheepish, although they still couldn’t keep their eyes of the lovely, naked white girl standing before them.

"What are you two doing up here?" she asked them.

"Just hanging out."

What do you think?" she asked, gesturing to the still blushing Linda.

"She’s a hell of a chick."

"Hell of a pussy," said the other, giving a grunt of laughter.

"She sure as hell seems to like you two," said Anne. "Tell me what happened."

The pair described Linda’s arrival in the room, and how they had watched her . When they mentioned she had been masturbating, the prefect turned to the teenager.

"That true? You were really frigging yourself in front of these two?"

Linda nodded, still unable to meet the other girl’s gaze.

Ann questioned the pair for a while longer, then nodded her head, apparently satisfied with what she had heard.

"You’d better go back to your pals," she said to them.

The two were clearly relieved that they were not to be punished for their behavior, exchanging glances as they made their way to the door.

"Don’t worry," said one of them. "We won’t tell anyone what happened."

Anne laughed. "Tell who you like. She won’t care. Her name’s Linda Edwards, did she tell you that?"

"No ma’am. Hey Linda, you have sweet tits and pussy."

"That’s a nice thing to say."  The prefect turned to Linda. "Aren’t you going to say thank you?"

Linda bit her lip. "Thank you," she muttered.

"And what about your orgasm? You seemed to be enjoying it."

The color in Linda’s cheeks deepened.

"And thank you for the orgasm."

"Good girl. Off you go guys. Tell your buddies what a slut Linda is."

Linda opened her mouth to protest at this remark, and then she thought better of it. Instead she stood quietly, listening to the laughter of the two boys as they set off down the corridor.

Anne turned to the naked girl.

"So, what do you think the headmistress will say about this?"

Linda looked at her in horror. "Are you going to tell her?"

"Of course. It’s my duty as a prefect to tell her when a girl misbehaves. Having two roughnecks from the ghetto feeling up your tits and cunt isn’t exactly the behavior expected of a pupil at Cronenville"

"But I..."

"You were loving it, Linda. You were acting like a common slut, no better than those awful boys. You were having a orgasm when I came in, weren’t you?"

Linda said nothing, feeling vulnerable and humiliated before Anne. She wished desperately she hadn’t lost her clothes. Somehow her nudity made it doubly difficult to stand up to the prefect.

"Please don’t tell," she said quietly."

"But it’s my duty. Other girls have been punished in the way you’re being, but they managed to retain some dignity."

"I don’t know what came over me. I..."

"I suppose it’s a case of like mother, like daughter."

Linda looked up sharply. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean,"  Anne sneered. "Your mother seduced my dad and then led him off."

Again Linda couldn’t offer an answer.

"There’s only one hope for you, young lady," said Anne. "We need to get to the bottom of your real nature."

"I don’t understand."

"This weekend I’m going to ask if my mother and I can take you out."

"What?"

"After all, my mother’s a teacher. The headmistress will allow it."

"But I..."

"It’s either that or we march straight to her office right now. I might even ask those two roughs to come with us."

"No, please."

"Then how about it?"

Linda stared at the girl. Why would she possibly want her to spend the weekend with her? It was perfectly true that, as Anne’s mother was a member of staff, no further permission would be required.

Then another thought struck her. The punishment was for two weeks. That meant she would have to remain naked during the weekend. She eyed the other girl. There was no doubt in her mind that Anne intended to humiliate her. She had desperately wanted to stay in school for the duration of her punishment. To hide away as best she could. But, seeing the other girl’s expression, she knew she had little choice. The other option was to face the headmistress, and she couldn’t do that.

"All right," she said quietly. "I’ll come with you this weekend."

The other girl smiled. "I thought you might," she said. She moved closer to the smaller girl, reaching out and running a hand over her bare breast.

"Who knows? You might enjoy it. Come on."

She turned and opened the door. Outside Linda could still hear the shouts of the boys. Evidently their game had ended and they were thronging the corridor below.

Anne led the way from the room, walking across to the top of the stairs. Linda held back. She was sure the shouts and laughter were coming from right below.

"Come on," urged Anne again.

"But those boys..."

"You’re under punishment, remember? Don’t make me go to the headmistress about this."

"Couldn’t we wait until they’ve gone?"

The prefect shook her head. "Come."

Linda’s legs felt weak as she descended the stairs beside the other girl. As they reached the bottom and stepped into the corridor, they were suddenly in the midst of about a dozen boys all dressed in the soccer outfits. The boys had been shouting and laughing but, as the lovely, naked girl stepped into their midst, their voices died.



Anne strode through the gang of youngsters, with Linda padding along at her side. The naked girl’s cheeks were crimson as she made her way past the grinning boys, her lovely breasts bouncing with every step, here eyes cast down as she tried not to think of the sight she made.

Linda wanted to get away as quickly as she could, and she gave a gasp of dismay as Anne took her arm and pulled her to a halt right in the middle of the gang of leering young men.

"That notice on the board is out of date," she said. "I’ll just take it down."

Linda gazed at her in disbelief as she turned to the notice board and began rearranging the notices. Seeing that the nude beauty was going nowhere, the black youths moved closer to her, nudging one another and grinning as their eyes took her in.

"Shit, don’t there upper-class girls no nothing about shame?" said one.

"She sure has pretty tits, though."

"I never saw a naked girl with a shaved pussy before."

"You just never saw a naked girl before."

"So take a good look. She don’t mind."

"Look at those nipples. They’re stiff as hell."

Linda simply stood, her hands at her sides, her cheeks glowing as the giggling youths surrounded her. Anne was taking forever to rearrange the notice board, and the teenager was becoming more embarrassed by the second at her predicament.

Yet still there was an odd sense of arousal, a perverse exhibitionism that was welling up inside her. To be standing, stark naked before these savvy city kids, her breasts ass and cunt on display was somehow exciting in a way she couldn’t understand, an excitement that caused her nipples to stand out stiffly and her sex to weep juices, so that she felt sure that the wetness must be visible.

It was. As Anne turned away from the board at last, her eyes dropped to Linda’s crotch and she grinned.

"Your cunt’s wet, Linda," she said in a loud voice. "All the guys can see."

As she spoke the words, the hapless teenager felt a trickle of moisture run down her inner thigh. For what seemed a lifetime, Anne paused as the boys gathered round, their eyes fixed on Linda’s hairless cunt. Then, at last, the prefect took her young charge by the arm and led her through the grinning boys.

As they headed off down the corner, the sway of Linda’s bare behind bringing whistles from the watching boys she leaned across to her naked companion.  "I think you might enjoy the weekend after all, little slut," she whispered.

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Chapter 5

"Okay, girls, you get out here. I presume you’ll be making your own way home?"

"Sure Mother. Come on, Linda, out you get."

Linda stared at Anne in disbelief. "But we’re in the middle of town," she stammered. "I thought at least we’d be going to your house."

"We are. But Mother has a hair appointment, so I said we’d make our own way."

"But I’m..."

"Naked? That’s pretty obvious. I thought you were enjoying it."

"Please I..."

"Come on girls. I don’t want to be late for my appointment."

Linda looked into the face of Anne’s mother, and could see the amusement in her eyes as she let them travel over the naked girl’s lovely young body. She had no illusions that this woman hated her mother, and was enjoying this opportunity to get back at her through her daughter. She let her own eyes drop to her bare breasts, the prominent nipples stiff, then down to her shaven pussy, her thick cunt lips on open view. Then the door next to her was opened and she knew she would be obliged to get out.

The last two days had been among the most embarrassing of her life. She had found little sympathy amongst the other girls in the school, who had greeted her nudity with amusement, giggling and nudging one another as they pointed at her shaven crotch and bouncing breasts. Even the teachers had seemed entertained by the sight of the young beauty; and had made sure she faced maximum exposure during lessons, constantly calling her to the front of the class so that her nudity was on view to all.

But what was happening now was the thing that she had dreaded most. When Anne had told the headmistress she was inviting her for the weekend, the woman had not hesitated in agreeing. Linda had wanted to object, but she knew she daren’t have Anne tell all about what had happened with the two boys. How she had been found naked, her legs spread, whilst they played with her breasts and thrust their fingers into her wet pussy, bringing her a shattering orgasm. So it had been with some reluctance that she had allowed herself to climb into Anne’s car on that Friday night and be driven out of the relative privacy of the school and into the open world. Now, as she gazed out into the town’s main street she felt her stomach knot as she realized she had no choice but to climb from the car.

She eased herself from her seat, only too aware that she was obliged to open her legs as she did so, affording a perfect view of her shaven pussy. Already she had noticed some of the passers-by looking in her direction, jaws dropping as they saw that she wore nothing but shoes and socks. The town, in which she had lived for some years, had been made aware that the by-laws had been changed to allow for girls under punishment from Cronenville school to legally walk the streets naked, but she knew she was the first girl to actually do so, and she shivered as she straightened up on the sidewalk, her lithe young body on total display to all.

Anne looked her up and down and giggled. "This should give you a thrill," she said. "Come on."

She began to walk down the street. Linda hesitated for a moment, but she knew she daren’t be alone in this vulnerable state, so she followed the girl. Somehow being with Anne made the experience even more degrading, to be walking stark naked alongside a fully clad girl mad her feel even more slutty, and she felt the heat in her cheeks rise at the stares of the passers-by.

Fortunately it was not too busy, and the majority of the people around were women. Still she felt terrible shame as they stared at her, some shaking their heads in disbelief, some clearly offended by what they saw, others laughing at her discomfort. The few men she passed simply stared at her with obvious interest, making no attempt to hide their attention as they let their eyes travel from her pert, bouncing breasts down to her prominent shaven pussy.

Yet, even in this shameful situation Linda could feel a perverse excitement rising inside her as she walked naked along the street. She couldn’t understand why, but a latent exhibitionism was coming to the fore as she felt the eyes on her most private places and, to her alarm, she once again felt the sensation of wetness seeping into her vagina.

"Come on, let’s go in here."

Linda had scarcely registered where they were going as they walked down the street, but now her eyes widened as Anne pulled open the door of a shop. It was a sex emporium.

"I... I can’t go in there," stammered the teenager.

"Why, you enjoying being on the street like that? I guessed it was turning you on."

Linda’s cheeks reddened at the remark. Was she really that obvious? Then she caught sight of her reflection in the shop window and realized that her nipples were swollen and stiff, a clear betrayal of her arousal.

"No, it’s just that..."

"You never been in a sex shop before? "Come on then. This place will be right up your street, slut."

Linda hesitated for a moment longer, but she knew she couldn’t stay on the street alone with her breasts and cunt bare. Reluctantly she followed Anne into the shop.

Inside was racks of magazines, none of which she had ever seen before. Every cover depicted naked or semi-naked women in libidinous poses. Linda was slightly shocked at what she saw.

Beyond the magazine racks were shelves bearing other merchandise, much of which was mysterious to the innocent youngster. At the far end was a counter behind which stood a man. He was Asian in appearance, about forty years old. He looked up, and Linda saw his eyebrows rise as he took in the luscious curves of the naked teenager.

"Hi Mister Patli," said Anne. "This is my friend Linda. She’s a bit of a slut, I’m afraid, as you can see."

Linda opened her mouth to deny the remark, then closed it again. She wanted to cover her breasts and cunt with her hands, but knew she mustn’t, so she stood, her cheeks glowing whilst the man ran his eyes over her naked flesh, his gaze dropping to her shaved sex with obvious interest. Then he turned and picked a magazine from the rack. He beckoned to Linda, who stayed where she was, staring nervously at him.

"Go on, girl," said Anne. Mister Patli wants to show you something."

Linda moved forward nervously, and looked down at the magazine that the grinning man was holding out to her. It was called ‘Shaven Sluts’ and the cover showed a picture of two naked women, both with hairless crotches, touching one another up.

Anne gave a laugh. "Why that’s perfect for you. Maybe you should take out a subscription."

She opened the magazine on the counter top and began leafing through it. All of the pages were covered in photos of nude women performing lesbian acts on one another, their legs spread wide as they explored each other’s shaven pussies. Linda looked down with a mixture of shock and embarrassment as she looked at the images. Yet, despite her shame, she couldn’t help experiencing a sensation of arousal as she looked at the pictures and imagined her own breasts and sex being caressed so intimately.

"Fancy a bit of lesbian fun do you?" asked Anne, staring pointedly at Linda’s erect nipples. The youngster closed her eyes, unable to look into the faces of the girl or the shopkeeper.

"Anyhow we’re not here for a magazine, Mister Patli," said Anne. "The girls at school clubbed together to buy something to keep us amused in the evenings."

"What kind of thing, please?" asked the man.

"Something long that vibrates."

"Hmm, I have just the thing over here."

The man led the two girls across the shop to where a series of shelves stood. Linda’s jaw dropped as she took in the myriad shapes, sizes and styles of dildos displayed on the shelves. She just stood, staring numbly as Anne began picking them up and looking at them.

"He’s got quite a collection, hasn’t he?"

The voice mad Linda jump and she turned to see a man standing, eyeing her up and down. He was in his late thirties, balding slightly, a grin on his face. He had clearly been behind one of the magazine racks when they had come in. Now he moved in between the two girls, and began pointing at various boxes.

"That one I’ve heard is pretty good. See the roughness of the rubber. That’s supposed to give a heightened sensation. This one here is meant to vibrate well, though. And what about this one, with a clitty tickler?"

Anne laughed. "You seem to know a lot about them."

"Oh, I’m a regular customer in here, ain’t that so Mister Patli?"

The shopkeeper nodded. "Always buying gifts for your girlfriends," he added.

"Hey, Mister Patli," said the man. "Maybe they could try some of these out?"

The Asian looked at him then smiled broadly. "Of course, why not?

Linda looked at him, then at the other man. Both were staring at her naked body. She felt a sudden chill run through her.

"Anne. We can’t..."

"That’s a great idea," put in the girl. "Which ones do you recommend?"

The man looked at the shelves, then down at Linda’s crotch.

"Nice tight young pussy," he said. "Open your legs and let me have a better look."

"What?"

"Come on, girl, do as he says," snapped Anne. "We haven’t got all day you know."

"But I..."

"Do it!"

Linda stared at the girl for a moment longer, then at the two men, whose expectant expressions sent a shiver through her. Then, reluctantly, she moved her legs apart.

"A bit wider," said the man. As he spoke he dropped to one knee in front of the naked girl and fixed his gaze on her pussy. Linda knew that her t labia and clitoris were clearly visible to him now, and she felt a wave of shame as she spread her legs still wider.

"Hmm, we ain’t gonna need any lubrication, anyhow," remarked the man.

The words sent a new shiver through Linda’s body as she realized that he could see the juices that were seeping from her cunt and could tell that she was perversely aroused by the situation.

"Yeah," put in Anne. "She sure enjoys having her tits and cunt on display."

The man turned back to the shelf. He picked off a smooth, shiny tube and a long, black, rough-looking instrument shaped like an erect penis with what looked like a hook at the base.

"These are the ones I’d suggest," he said, holding them up for the girls to see. Linda eyed them with a mixture of trepidation and excitement, once again feeling her pussy walls twitch as if in anticipation of what was to come.

"Come into my back room," said Mister Patli, indicating a door behind the counter. Linda stood for a moment, unable to move. Then Anne was grasping her arm.

"C’mon, slut," she said. "I bet you’re gonna enjoy this."

**Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen**

Chapter 6

They went through the door into a small parlor and kitchen behind the shop. It was sparsely furnished, with a large table in the middle. The man indicated the table.

"Sit on there," he said to Linda.

"Look, I’m not sure," began the nervous girl.

"Oh for god’s sake get on with it," said Anne. "Can’t you see these guys are doing you a favor? Get on the damned table."

Linda moved forward to the edge of the table, then turned round. She hesitated a moment longer, then pulled herself up, so she was sitting on the edge, the rough wood feeling cool against her bare behind.

The man moved up beside her, placing the dildos on the table.

"Now lie back and spread your legs," he said. "Let’s see that wet pussy."

She stared up at him. His lips were spread in a broad grin, his eyes fixed on her shaven crotch. Her cheeks burning, she parted her knees slightly.

"No," said Anne. "Spread them wide. You ain’t embarrassed are you? These guys have seen a cunt before."

Linda bit her lip. Then, slowly, she spread her legs, aware of the perfect view she was giving of her vagina.

"Shit, she is wet," said the man. I guess she’s enjoying this more than she’s letting on. Which one shall I start with?"

"This, I think," said Anne. She picked up the smooth tube and handed it to him.

"Yeah," he said. "I’m told the great thing about this one is the vibrations."

He leaned over the naked teenager and, reaching out, ran the tip of the object over Linda’s nipples. The girl stiffened at the contact, avoiding his eyes as he gazed down at her.

"You see, it doesn’t do much switched off," he said. "But take a look at the difference when it’s on."

With that he twisted the base of the dildo, and at once it emitted a harsh buzzing sound.

"Here, Mister Patli, he said, passing it across the table. "See how it works on her tits now."

The Asian took the buzzing object and glanced down at the youngster. Then he reached out, running the tip of the smooth vibrator across Linda’s nipple.

This time the response was immediate, the beauty giving an involuntary moan as her nipple stiffened to full erectness at once. Again she bit her lip, trying to blot from her mind what would have been an exquisite sensation had she not been in such a shameful situation.

"There you go," put in the man. "See how hard her nipples are? You’re loving that, ain’t you baby? Here Mister Patli, do the same to the other one."

It was all Linda could do to stay still as her left nipple was now rubbed by the throbbing tool, sending another thrill of arousal through her. A thrill that was as unwelcome as the first. She couldn’t believe the recalcitrance of her young body, the way it responded to this totally unwanted attention by the men.

"It’s the same with the cunt," the man went on. "I think her teats are as stiff as they’re ever going to get. Pass it over here."

The grinning shopkeeper gave him back the phallus, and he twisted the base again, turning it off. "Now watch the effect," he said.

He moved the tube down between Linda’s open thighs. The girl stiffened, determined not to show any emotion, just wishing they would leave her. She suppressed a gasp as she felt the cool plastic pressing against her sex lips. Then he pushed, and her vagina was suddenly filled. She closed her eyes, her cheeks glowing even redder as she contemplated the sight she must make.

"See, it’s inside her, but nothing much of a reaction," the man said. He gave a little laugh. "Maybe she’s used to having something up there."

The others laughed too. Linda wanted to cry out, to deny that she would normally be allowing her body to be exploited in such a way.

Then he turned the vibrator on.

Linda gasped aloud as she felt the object begin to throb deep inside her vagina. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before, her body stiffening as the waves of pure sexual pleasure drove through her lovely young body.

"Looks like she’s enjoying that," said Anne. "What do you think, babe?"

"Yeah," said the man. "How do you like it?"

"It-it’s..." Linda couldn’t find the words. She dare not tell them how much pleasure the dildo was giving her. She was already totally ashamed at what was happening to her.

"Okay, let’s try the other one," said Anne.

The man slid the vibrating object from Linda’s vagina, bringing a fresh gasp from the naked youngster as his fingers brushed her open sex. She fought to keep her bottom from writhing as she tried to regain her composure.

"Now this one’s a bit different," said the man, holding up the long, thick false penis. "The vibrations are softer but the thing itself is rough. I’m told that gives more of a sensation. Let’s see."

As Linda watched in trepidation, he twisted the base of the dildo and it began to emit a low hum.

"Keep those legs apart," he said. Then he moved the black tube down between her open thighs.

Once again the teenager was unable to suppress a gasp as she felt the throbbing tip rub against the lips of her sex. Unlike the previous tube, this one was rough and rubbery, bringing new thrills to the girl as he pressed it against her.

"This one’s a bit harder to force inside," said the man. "It’s a good thing her cunt’s so wet. See, I just need to twist it as I push it up her."

Linda bit her lip as she felt the thick, rubbery dildo slide deeper and deeper into her vagina. The roughness was extraordinary as it ran over the walls of her sex. She fought to retain her control, hating the way her body was responding to this humiliating treatment. She could hardly believe that such shameful behavior could arouse her, yet the sensation of having a sex toy pressed into her was extraordinary. Even more extraordinary was the way her nakedness was arousing her. Normally she would have expected herself to be overcome by shame, but somehow, having people see her bare breasts and sex was turning her on in a way she had never imagined possible.



"She’s enjoying this one," said the man. "And watch what happens when I move it back and forth."

He began to pump the vibrating dildo up Linda’s open vagina, bringing new sensations of sexual pleasure to the girl. She was losing control now, her hips thrust upwards against the object, her breath coming in short gasps as the virtual fucking overcame her.

"Then there’s the final advantage of this one," said the man. "See, when I push it all the way in, the clitoris teaser starts to do its stuff."

All at once he was twisting the instrument and pressing it harder. Then Linda gave a muffled cry as the knob at the hook at the base of the phallus came into contact with her swollen clitoris.

It was like nothing the young beauty had ever experienced, the thick, throbbing object filling her cunt deliciously whilst the very center of her desire was being stimulated in an extraordinary way by the hard protrusion. She as almost out of control now, her hips gyrating as she thrust her naked pelvis up against the man’s hands, her breath coming in short gasps, her bottom slapping noisily against the table.

She came with a shout, her cries echoing about the room as her whole body shook with desire, her breasts shaking, her legs spread wide, her juices flowing freely and dripping from the base of the dildo. It was an extraordinary climax and somehow, the eyes watching her naked body brought an increased excitement to the gasping, naked teenager.

She came down slowly as he continued to thrust the object into her vagina, her movements becoming less frenzied until she was done, her breasts rising and falling with her gasps as she stared up red-faced at the grinning trio.

"Well," said Anne. "It looks like the little slut preferred that one. We’ll take it!"

**Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen**

**Chapter 7**

For a while longer, Linda was left lying on the table, her legs spread, her open vagina seeping fluid as she recovered from the extraordinary orgasm she had had in front of these three people. Then she felt a hand on her arm.

“Time to get up” said Patli. “I must get back into my shop.”

He took hold of her hand and pulled her to a sitting position, then helped her off the table, his hands moving about her body and caressing her bare breasts as she got to her feet. Linda knew the man’s touches were being watched by Anne and she felt the blood rise in her cheeks as he toyed briefly with her hard, protruding nipples.

The man who had brought Linda off, rinsed the dildo under the kitchen tap, then handed it to Anne, who took it with a smile.

“I guess I’d best pay for this,” she said. “Looks like you enjoyed that. Mister.”

Linda saw that Anne was staring down at the front of the man’s pants, and felt a shiver run through her as she saw the bulge down there. There was no doubt that this man had an erection, and that it was her nudity and promiscuity that had brought it about. Anne saw the teenager’s expression, and a new smile crossed her face.

“You like having that effect on men?”

“I-I don’t know what you mean,” stammered the red-faced beauty.

“Sure you do. Since you’re responsible, don’t you think you should do something about it?”

“Do something?”

“Well, he brought you off when you were obviously horny.”

Linda stared wide-eyed at the other girl.

“You mean…”

“Just a hand job. Mister Patli will let you use one of the booths, won’t you Mister?”

The Asian grinned. “They’ve been used for that many times.”

Linda couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She looked at Anne and the shopkeeper, then across at the man, whose expression had changed from one of amusement to expectancy as his eyes continued to be fixed on Linda’s naked charms.

“Go on,” said Anne. Otherwise I’ll have to tell my mother about what just happened.”

“No, please,” stammered Linda. She knew that if a teacher learned of how she had behaved it would take no time to get back to the headmistress, and she couldn’t have that.

“Well, then,” said Anne, “I think you should show your gratitude for the nice way this gentleman saw to your needs. After all, it’s only fair.”

“But I couldn’t.”

“Sure you could. Where are the booths, Mister Patli?”

“Follow me.”

The shopkeeper led them to a door near the back of the kitchen and opened it. They filed through into a narrow corridor. Linda looked about herself anxiously. At one end was a worn, faded curtain that she guessed led into the main part of the shop. All down the corridor were doors, with lewd photographs on them and titles such as ‘Teenage Lust’ and ‘Girls Go Crazy’.

“These are film booths,” explained Patli. “But, in this case I’ll allow you to use one.”

“Great,” said the man. He took hold of Linda’s hand. “Come on.”

“No!” she held back, but he had a firm grip of her.

“Go on, Linda,” insisted Anne. “Show a bit of gratitude.”

The man pulled open the door of the cubicle and pushed the naked youngster inside. As he closed the door, Linda looked about her. It was a small, narrow room, not much bigger than a closet. At one end was a TV screen, and at the other a low chair. The walls and floor were gray and undecorated. Above a bulb illuminated the room. She watched as the man closed the door, then turned to her.

“Listen,” he said, “I’m not a fucking rapist. If you want out of here, I’ll let you.”

Linda looked at him. She did want out, but at the same time, she didn’t want to face up to Anne.

“Wh-what did you want me to do?”

“To jerk me off. You ever jerk a guy off before?”

“No.”

“You wanna learn how?”

She lowered her eyes. “It’s wrong,” she said.

“No it ain’t. It’s natural.”

“I shouldn’t.”

He moved close to her and ran a hand over her bare breast, rolling the stiff nipple between finger and thumb. Linda shivered slightly at the intimacy of his touch.

“Shit, you are sexy,” he murmured. “I’m gonna have to jerk off anyhow. Okay?”

Nervously the youngster nodded.

“Sit down, babe.”

Linda glanced behind her at the seat. She moved back and sat down slowly. The plastic seat felt cool against her bare behind.

“Open your legs. Let me see your pussy.”

She looked up at the man, whose eyes were fixed upon her. Then, gradually, she parted her thighs, giving him an unrestricted view of her vagina.

He undid his jeans and slipped down the zipper, reaching inside. Moments later his cock came into view. It was long and hard, stiff as a pole, his foreskin drawn slightly back so she could see the eye. It was the first time she had ever seen a man’s penis and, despite herself, she found herself staring at it in fascination.

He reached a hand down and wrapped it about his thick erection. Then he began moving it back and forth.

“God you’re something,” he murmured, his eyes fixed on her as he masturbated. Linda felt a shiver of excitement as she sensed his arousal. She was almost tempted to touch her vagina again.

“You wanna try?” he asked.

“I-I’ve never done it before.”

“It’s easy. Here, give me your hand.”

Hesitantly the naked teenager held up her hand. He released his cock, which jutted stiffly from his jeans, and took hold of the hand, guiding it to his erection. Linda wrapped her fingers about it, amazed at how hard it was, feeling it twitch under her touch.

“That’s it. Take a firm grip. Now move your hand.”

Slowly at first, the girl began to move his foreskin back and forth.

“Like that?”

“Yeah, baby. A bit faster. Shit that feels good.”

Linda looked up at him. She could scarcely believe what was happening. Here she was, sitting naked in front of a complete stranger, a man about twice her age, masturbating him. Yet there was something oddly exciting about what she was doing, and the feel of his cock in her hand brought new shivers of stimulation to her.

He was clearly aroused now, his breath shortening, his eyes glued on her breasts and vagina as she stroked him hard. She moved her hand back and forth faster, feeling his erection throb under her fingers.

Then, without warning, he was coming, a jet of thick semen spurting from his cock and spattering onto her face. Linda was shocked and surprised by the sudden burst of come, yet she continued to work him, her fingers squeezing his thick organ as another spurt splashed into her face, running down her cheek and dripping from her chin.

A third jet flew from his erection, landing on her breast, trickling down over her pert nipple, then another and another and still she masturbated the man, looking on in wonder at his semen as it jetted from him.

She went on jerking him until the flow had reduced to a dribble, and his breathing became less labored. Only then did she sit back, her fingers still caressing his erection, her naked body dripping with thick, creamy spunk.

He looked down at her and smiled.

“That really the first time you tossed a guy off?”

She nodded, feeling the heat rise in her cheeks as she considered what she had just done.

“Believe me,” he said. “You’re fucking good at it.”

**Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen**

**Chapter 8**

As the man pushed open the door of the cubicle, Linda found herself shrinking back once more, knowing she would have to face Anne again, and knowing what the senior girl would think of her. And there was no denying what she had done. The thick sperm that had ejected from the man’s cock was all over her face and body. There could be no doubt that she had been spunked over, and the gob that ran down her fingers was proof that her ejaculation n had been caused by her.

Anne was reading the notice outside one of the film booths, and when she turned to face Linda her jaw dropped.

“Shit, did he really have that much spunk in him? You’re covered, you little slut. What did you do?”

Linda didn’t answer, her cheeks glowing as she thought of how she must look.

“I-I need to go back in that room and clean up,” she muttered.

“Too late. Mister Patli keeps that door locked. C’mon, back into the store.”

“But I can’t.”

“Where else you gonna go? Can’t stay here.”

Even as she spoke one of the cubicles opened and a middle-aged man emerged. He stopped short at the sight of the naked youngster.

“Shit. Didn’t know Patli offered a jerking off service. Wanna do me?”

Linda shook her head, shrinking back as the man’s eyes took in her spunk-covered body.

“See what I mean?” said Anne. “You stay here you’re gonna end up jerking off men all afternoon. Still, I guess you’ll enjoy that won’t you?”

She turned to the man Linda had brought off.

“She any good?”

“Sure.” The man grinned. “It’s been quite an experience. Gotta go, though. I’ll see you around, sexy.”

He gave Linda a slap on her bare behind. Then he was past them and heading out of the shop.

“I have to clean up,” Linda said again.

“C’mon then,” said Anne.

She led the humiliated youngster back into the sex shop. Once again Linda was in for a shock. Whereas it had been almost empty before, now there were at least a dozen customers, all men. As they caught sight of her their expressions told her their desires, their eyes hungrily devouring her breasts and sex, nudging one another and laughing as they realized that her body was splattered with fresh sperm.

Linda looked for the door to the kitchen. It was shut and, when she tried the handle, she found it locked. She looked about herself in despair. Mister Patli was on the other side of the store, clearly busy with customers.

“Come on,” said Anne impatiently. “We gotta get going.”

“But look at me!”

“I’m looking. So’s everyone else, you silly bitch.”

“I have to get cleaned up.”

“Look, there’s a public toilet in the square. You can go in there.”

“You mean walk down the street like this?”

“You can stay here if you want. I reckon you’d be pretty popular.”

Linda looked about her. She was the center of attention now, as the men who had been browsing the pornography eyed the naked teenager hungrily. Some of them were moving closer, suggestive grins on their faces.

“All right,” said Linda. “We’ll go down to the square.”

Anne grinned broadly, then held open the door for the humiliated youngster.

As Linda stepped out into the sunshine again she was more conscious than ever of the sight she must have made. Being stark naked, her bouncing breasts and shaved pussy on open display was bad enough, but now she was spattered with fresh semen, that trickled down her face and body, feeling cold and slimy as she walked along. The street was still busy, more and more eyes turning in her direction as she walked beside Anne, her cheeks bright red, her nipples standing out stiffly.

“Shit, look at that.”

“What a shameless bitch.”

“She’s showing everything.”

“She’s been having sex. Look, she’s covered in spunk.”

“The little whore.”

Linda tried to close her ears to the comments as she walked along. She could see that Anne was thoroughly enjoying her humiliation. Yet, even now, in this totally shameful state, she could still feel a surge of arousal bringing a new wetness to her cunt. A wetness that was beginning to leak onto her bare sex lips.

The walk to the square seemed to take forever, but at last it came into view. The public toilets were on the far side, and they needed to cross the road to get there. To Linda’s dismay the traffic was heavy, and they had to walk down to a light-controlled crossing, joining a crowd of people waiting to cross. As they stood there, more people crowded about them, many of them giggling and pointing at the naked teenager as she stood there, her arms at her sides, her body on open display.

Suddenly Linda felt a hand on her bare behind, squeezing the smooth, soft flesh. She turned to see a man about thirty years old standing right behind her, his hand caressing her pert bottom.

“Please,” she said.

“Hey babe, just admiring your body.” He slid a finger down the crack of her bottom, seeking out the tight star of her anus. For a moment she felt his finger penetrate. Then the people in front of her moved and she realized with relief that the light had turned green. Pulling away from the man she hurried after Anne, hearing the laughter of the man as she escaped from him.

“Come on,” said Anne. “I thought you wanted to clean that stuff off you. It’s just around here.”

They rounded the corner, then Linda froze. The Ladies toilet door was shut, a notice on it reading ‘Closed For Renovation’.

“Oh God!”

Anne surveyed the notice, a smile playing on her lips.

“Looks like you’ll have to find somewhere else.”

“But where?” Linda was becoming panicky now as she felt more eyes upon her. There was a narrow alley just off the square and she scuttled into it. It was scarcely shelter, but it felt better to her than standing in the busy sidewalk.

“Hey Anne!”

She heard the voice, but couldn’t see who it was who was greeting her companion, standing as she was in the alley. Still she found herself shrinking further back as the other girl turned and smiled.

“Pete, Andy. How are you doing?”

Linda felt a shiver go down her spine as she heard the words. Pete and Andy were two boys from the local school. She had known them well before being sent to Cronenville. In fact, she had long suspected that Pete had a thing for her.

“Hi guys, come see Linda.”

The panic stricken girl shook her head, but Anne was already pointing at her and Linda gave a little moan of despair as the two boys rounded the corner and came into sight.

“Hey Linda I… Oh wow!”

Pete was eighteen years old, slim and still not very mature looking. His pal Andy was of similar age, quite a good-looking boy with a slim, athletic figure. Both stopped short at the sight of the beautiful, naked teenager who stood before them, her arms at her sides, her charms on open display.

“Shit, you’re naked,” said Andy. “Where are your clothes Linda?”

“She lost them. You know the rules at Cronenville,” said Anne with a laugh. “What do you think?”

Both boys just stood and stared. Linda could see the lust in their eyes as they examined her shaven pussy and swelling breasts. Then Pete’s jaw dropped even further.

“Is that spunk on you? My god it is. Some guy’s come all over you!”

Linda’s cheeks burned. “I… I need to get washed up,”

“Who was it?”

Anne laughed. “Some guy in the sex shop. She took him out back and jerked him off. I guess she liked him. What was his name, babe?”

“I-I don’t know.”

Pete shook his head in wonder. “You’re walking around town naked and jerking guys off that you don’t even know? Shit, Linda, I always thought you were a modest sort of girl.”

Linda clenched her teeth. “Look guys, I need to find somewhere to clean up. The Ladies is closed.”

“There’s the Gents.”

The words were spoken by Andy. Linda stared at him.

“What?”

“The Gents. It’s right over there.”

“But I couldn’t go in there?”

“It’s the only place you’ll find tissues and water.”

Anne laughed. “Not embarrassed are you? Not after the way you’ve been flaunting your tits and cunt all afternoon? Now give me that bag and get moving.”

She snatched the yellow bag from the young beauty.

“I…”

“Come on Linda,” said Andy. “We’ll come in with you.”

He took hold of her hand and began to pull her out of the alley, with Pete following close behind.

**Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen**

**Chapter 9**

As the naked teenager accompanied the boys back into the square she was only too aware of the new eyes all around her feasting on her lovely young body. Once again crude comments assailed her ears as she walked down the crowded sidewalk, her nakedness made worse by the obvious streams of semen all over her bare flesh. She knew the boys, too, could hear what was being said, and she could tell that her humiliation was amusing them as they took her down the street.

As they came to the entrance to the Gents lavatory, she held back once again. Never in her life had she imagined entering such a place, and she glanced about herself, wondering what people would think when they saw her entering with two boys. Still, she knew she had to get cleaned up, and that there was nowhere else she could go, so, with reluctance, she allowed herself to be led up the steps.

Inside, the building smelt of disinfectant. Unlike the Ladies that she was used to, this was a stark place, the walls lined with tiles, the floor bare concrete. On one side was a row of white urinals, some of which were occupied. To her relief nobody was looking in her direction.

“Go on, in there,” said Andy, indicating an open cubicle. Linda didn’t need telling twice. She scuttled into the small toilet and began closing the door. But Andy stopped her.

“We’re gonna help,” he said.

“No. I can do it myself…”

But the two boys had already pushed their way into the small room and closed the door behind them.

Linda moved as far back as she was able. To avoid the toilet bowl she was obliged to spread her legs, a movement not missed by the two boys, their eyes fixed on her bare sex. Then Pete reached for the toilet roll and tore some off.

“Let me clean your face,” he said.

Linda stood stock still as he came close to her. She wanted to turn away and hide her shame, but he placed a hand on the back of her head and began wiping the sperm from her hair. He did it gently, his eyes fixed on her face and, once again, she remembered how he had seemed to be attracted to her in the past. She wondered what he must think of her now as he removed another man’s semen from her bare flesh.

Then she gave a start of surprise as she felt another hand on her. This time it was running over the soft flesh of her bare breast. Andy had torn off another strip of paper and was cleaning her. She bit her lip as she felt his hand move across her swelling mammaries, aware that his touch was causing her lovely brown nipples to swell to tight buds as he touched them. Andy seemed to sense what his touches were doing to her, his hands running the thin piece of tissue back and forth over her naked breasts, his eyes fixed on hers as she felt her desires begin to grow once more.

To Linda it was the most extraordinary situation, standing here naked whilst these two boys touched her, only a small piece of paper between their probing hands and her naked flesh. She closed her eyes, trying to blot out the sensations that their touches were bringing out in her.

“What’s going on in there?”

The voice brought a sudden start of panic to Linda. It was very close. In fact she could see the man’s legs in the gap at the bottom of the cubicle door. She could tell that the boys, too, were disturbed, as they snatched their hands from her body, their faces a picture of guilt.

“I said what’s going on? Open this door!”

“We’re doing nothing,” said Andy. But the strain in his voice was unmistakable.

“Open this door.”

“Look, you can’t make us…”

“I’m the attendant. This is my lavatory. Now open up.”

“But…”

“Right. If you won’t, I will.”

There was a clicking sound and Linda realized with a start that the attendant had a device to unlock the door from the outside. Moments later the door swung open and the naked youngster found herself staring at the man.

He was black, in his mid-forties. He was heavily built, his chest swelling against the vest he wore. Below was a pair of scruffy jeans. He stared at the teenagers in surprise.

“What the fuck…”

“Listen Mister, we weren’t doing nothing wrong," said Andy.

“Keep quiet you.” He stared at Linda, his eyes running over her curvaceous body.

“Where your clothes, missy?”

“I… I don’t have any.”

“What?”

“She’s a pupil at Croneville,” put in Pete.”

“Crone what?”

“The girls school. In the next town.”

“Oh yeah. I read about that.” He eyed Linda with renewed interest. “I heard about girls like you.”

Then his eyes narrowed. “What’s that stuff on you. You been jerking these guys off in here?”

“No,” said Linda. She lowered her eyes. “It was someone else.”

“What?”

“Sure,” put in Andy. “We’re just cleaning her off in here. The Ladies is shut.”

He eyed them suspiciously, but said nothing.

“C-can we go please?” asked Linda.

“How you gonna get cleaned up?”

“I’ll find somewhere. Please?”

“You come with me.”

“Where?”

“You want me to call the cops?”

Linda’s jaw dropped. “No. Please…”

“Then come with me.”

He stood aside. Linda gave a gulp, then she stepped forward, past the boys and out of the cubicle. It was only then that she realized that the commotion had attracted the attention of others. There were at least ten other men in the building, and all had their eyes fixed on the naked girl as she stepped out of the cubicle.

“Over here.” The attendant led the way across the room toward a door on the far side. The men stood aside to allow the naked youngster to pass, grinning and nudging one another as they eyed her private parts and watched her bare breasts bounce deliciously with every step. The boys followed on behind.

The man unlocked the door and gestured for the three of them to enter. Nervously Linda stepped inside. It was a small room. With mops and buckets stacked in the corner. Against one wall was a kitchen cabinet with a sink.

But what caught Linda’s eye, and those of the boys, were the pictures on the wall. All about were photographs, clearly cut from magazines, of naked women. Some were in pairs, many performing lesbian acts upon one another, wielding dildos and other sex toys. The other thing that was not lost on Linda was the fact that all the pictures were outdoor shots. She couldn’t help thinking of her own dilemma as she cast her eyes over the naked beauties.

The attendant closed the door, then moved up beside her. “You like the pictures?”

Linda said nothing.

“See? Like you these girls go around naked outside. It turns them on, just like it turns you on.”

“What? I…”

“Sure it turns you on. Your teats are standing out like knobs. I can always tell when a girl’s horny.”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

“Yeah you do. You fancy the photos? Perhaps you’ll pose for one? Those sure are pretty tits and cunt. They’d look good on my wall. Still, we’d better get that spunk off you, shameless. Sit up on the unit.”

Linda glanced at the sink unit. It was quite high, with a plastic-covered surface beside the sink.

“Come on, get up there,” said the man.

Slowly Linda turned to face the boys, who were staring at her expectantly. She reached behind to grasp the edge of the top, then lifted herself up. The surface felt cool and hard against her bare behind, making her shiver slightly.

Being up on the unit she felt as if she was on display, and was suddenly more conscious than ever of her nudity.

“Lean back,” ordered the man. “Spread your legs.”

She looked at him. “Do I have to?”

“Sure. You’re not shy are you? Of course not. Otherwise you wouldn’t be walking the streets with no clothes on. C’m on now.”

Reluctantly Linda leant back, so that her hips were pushed forward. Then, her cheeks glowing, she opened her legs. She heard a murmur from the two boys as they fixed their eyes on her open vagina.

“That’s better,” said the man. He moved across to the sink and picked up a cloth. He let it soak for a short time under running water. Then he moved over to the naked youngster.

Linda gave a little shiver as he ran the cold, damp cloth over her bare flesh. He did it in easy strokes, beginning with her breasts, kneading them in his strong hands so that, once again, the nipples puckered to hardness under his touch.

He went on running the cloth over her, his eyes fixed on her nudity as he worked. His touches continued to have an unwelcome effect on the lascivious youngster, her lovely body tingling as he wiped away the spunk. Linda’s arousal wasn’t helped by the gaze of the two boys who were clearly fascinated by seeing their beautiful friend on open display, her legs spread, the wetness on her vaginal lips plain to see.

The man’s hands slid lower, wiping across her bare belly, then moving down toward her crotch.

“Shaved cunt, eh?” he said. “You like guys to see that?”

Linda didn’t reply, but once again she could feel the heat in her cheeks increasing.

His hand moved lower, the cloth running over her pubic mound. Then it brushed her clitoris, bringing a sharp intake of breath from the young beauty, a sound that was not lost on the man, who glanced at her face, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He began to wipe hr inner thighs, his hand running the cloth smoothly over the soft, creamy flesh. Linda felt her embarrassment increase as she realized that it was not spunk he was wiping away but he own vaginal fluids. His caressing of her young body had caused her perverse nature to come to the fore once again, and her sex had been weeping its arousal more than ever.

He moved the cloth higher, and she tensed as it ran over the thick lips of her sex. Then, almost before she knew it, he dropped the cloth and his fingers returned to the center of her desires.

Linda gave a gasp as she felt his two thick fingers enter her vagina, pressing hard, thrusting deep into her hot sex.

“No!” she whispered, glancing across at the boys, whose gazes were riveted upon her naked body, watching in fascination as he fingered her open cunt, seeing how she involuntarily thrust her pelvis up against his hand, as if willing him to thrust deeper into her.

“Boy, you’re real wet in there,” he said, his rough fingers twisting inside her, brining fresh gasps of desire from the young teenager.

Linda could scarcely credit what was happening to her. Naked in this scruffy room full of pornographic pictures, her body writhing as this stranger fingered her open pussy. And all the time the two boys were looking on, watching her shameful dance of lust as he masturbated her.

She came suddenly, a cry emanating from her lips as the overwhelming pleasure of yet another orgasm swept through her naked body, her hips thrusting lewdly upwards, her lovely breasts quivering deliciously as she surrendered to her desires. The man grinned down at her as she writhed beneath him, her moans echoing about the room, her backside tensing and releasing as her cunt muscles tightened about his fingers.

The passion of her orgasm lasted almost a full minute. She knew the boys were watching her every move, and that she was behaving shamelessly, but somehow, being watched as she came was making it even more exciting as she writhed and gasped under the black man’s intimate caresses. At last, though, she could take no more, the tension draining from her as she slumped back against the wall, her legs still spread wide.

He slid his fingers from her. They were shiny with her juices as he held them up for the boys to see.

“Looks like you’re clean now, little exhibitionist,” he said.

**Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen**

**Chapter 10**

“So this is where you’ve been hiding.”

Linda looked up to see Anne grinning at her. The young beauty was sipping a glass of water that the toilet attendant had given her whilst Andy had gone out to find Anne. The small room to which Linda had been taken had a back entrance onto the street and it was this that the black man had opened up to allow the other girl in. No doubt Andy had told Anne what had happened in the last few minutes and Linda saw that Anne was examining the puffiness of her sex lips after the intimate attentions she had just experienced.

“Been having fun again, I hear,” she said.

Linda said nothing.

Anne’s eyes turned to the lewd photographs that covered the walls, all of naked young women and all taken out of doors.

“It seems your new friend has a liking for shameless sluts like you,” said the girl. “Look at those pictures. I don’t know how they can do that, walking about in the open with no clothes on, but I guess you do.”

The attendant grinned at the remark. “Not just walking around,” he said. “Look at these.”

He pointed to some shots that were pinned up by the sink, exactly where only a few minutes earlier he had brought the naked Linda to orgasm. One of the photos depicted a girl sitting naked in a park, her legs spread wide, pushing a dildo into her vagina. Across from it was another, this time two naked girls splayed in the grass, one of them pressing a phallus into the other’s sex.

Anne shook her head. “Those are quite something,” she grinned. “Don’t you agree, Linda?”

Once again Linda could find no words, her eyes cast down.

“Maybe she’d like to be up on my wall with them,” said the man, laughing.

A sudden gleam came into Anne’s eyes.

“That’s an idea. Why not?”

Andy looked at her quizzically. “What do you mean?”

“Why shouldn’t our slutty little friend here pose for some photos? Then you could put them up on the wall with these.”

The attendant laughed. “Sure, great idea,” he said. “But I ain’t got no camera.”

“The store across the road sells disposable ones.”

Linda stared at Anne. Surely the girl couldn’t mean it? There was no way she could be expected to pose for photographs in this state, was there?

The man, too was slightly incredulous.

“You serious?”

“Perfectly. Why not? You’d be happy to pose for him wouldn’t you, slut?”

Linda shook her head. “I-I couldn’t,” she stammered.

“Course you could.” She turned to the attendant. “You okay to take half an hour off?”

“Don’t see why not.”

“Let’s go across to the park, then. Here, give Andy some money. He’ll get the camera and then catch up with us.”

Linda stared at her in disbelief. “But we can’t. There’ll be people around…”

But nobody was listening to Linda. Already the man was pulling a bill from his pocket and handing it to Andy. Then, as the boy set off out of the building he locked the door that led to the toilet.

“Come on,” he said to Linda.

“But I…”

“Oh get a move on,” snapped Anne. “You can’t stay in here now, can you?”

“She sure can’t, I’m locking up.”

Linda knew she was trapped. She had no choice but to go with these people. She glanced down at herself, appalled at her situation. Her nipples were still hard as nuts and she could feel the wetness of her sex lips. Normally she would have been embarrassed by this in her own bedroom. Now she had to step out into the street in this state.

“Come on babe,” said the attendant, holding the street door open.

Reluctantly she made her way across to the door.

Outside it was still warm, and the sensation of the sunshine on her naked flesh felt strange to the young beauty. She had sunbathed in a bikini before now, but to feel the sun’s rays on her bare breasts was extraordinary. Once again she was aware of the people around her, their eyebrows raised as they saw that she was totally naked apart from her shoes and socks. She wanted to run, or to hide away, but there was nothing she could do about it. Her cheeks glowing she set off down the street with her companions.

The park was about three blocks away, through the center of the town. Linda felt herself to be once again on display, her cheeks scarlet as she made her way, her delicious breasts bouncing with every step, bringing admiring looks from the male passers-by.

“Come on, slut, keep up.” Anne was clearly enjoying Linda’s acute embarrassment, her lips creased in a smile as she glanced at the naked girl. The toilet attendant too could scarcely take his eyes of the teenager’s nude body. As he eyed her, Linda remembered that only a few minutes earlier he had been fingering her cunt, bringing her to a shattering orgasm in front of the two boys. The memory brought a new gush of sex juices into her vagina, and she new her nether lips were shiny with her arousal.

Still she struggled to understand how this could possibly be turning her on. She was a modest girl, wasn’t she? So why was having her breasts and vagina on open display exciting her so?

The park was quite a large one, with a lake in the middle and many trees. It was a place Linda had loved when she was younger. Now, though, the thought of walking down its paths in the nude seemed awful to the teenager. Still, she had no choice and she padded along in silence, trying not to glance at the people on the benches and the grass who stared at the beautiful youngster.

As they reached the park Andy caught up with them. In his hand was a bag and he pulled from it a small disposable camera. Linda eyed it with dismay. She had never for a single moment imagined that she would allow herself to be photographed naked, yet she knew she was about to do just that.

“Stand there, on the grass,” said the man suddenly.

Linda looked about her. There must have been twenty people close by enjoying the sunshine, most of whose eyes were fixed on her.

“I-I thought we’d go to a more private place,” she said.

“Naw, this is fine for a starter. Face me, legs apart, hands behind your head.”

Linda hesitated for a moment, then moved onto the grass. She stopped and turned to face the man.

“Come on, pose for the camera.”

Linda hesitated for a moment, then did as he asked, spreading her legs and clasping the back of her head, a pose that caused her breasts to be thrust forward enticingly. The black man put the camera to his eye and snapped a shot.

“Shit, talk about shameless.”

“Wish I had my camera.”

“Look at that shaved pussy. Has she no sense of embarrassment?”

“What about the way she’s posing for that guy. What a slut.”

Linda tried to close her ears to the comments that were coming from all around her as the man snapped more shots of her nude body, making her turn in different directions and pose.

“That’ll do,” he said at last.

“We’ve finished then?” asked Linda.

“Heck no, there’s loads more film.”

“Come on, we’ll go over by the lake,” said Anne.

Once again Linda hesitated, but she knew she had no choice and, as they set off, she fell in behind them.

The path took them to a low stone wall that stood between it and the lake. It was an ornate structure about two and a half feet high, formed of small pillars in a Grecian style. There were people nearby, though thankfully not as many as when she had been posing on the open grass. Still she was incredibly exposed and it wasn’t long before a dozen or more pairs of eyes were fixed on her young body. Especially embarrassing was a group of young men who had been sitting chatting close to where she was. They were all in their early twenties, and were clearly fascinated by the sight of this naked beauty.

“Sit on the wall,” said Anne. “Face the camera. That’s right.”

Linda perched herself on the wall. It’s concrete structure felt warm and rough against her bare behind.

“Okay,” said the man, raising his camera, “Lean back a bit. Press those tits forward. That’s it. Now pose.”

Linda did as she was told, scarcely able to look at the man as he snapped the trigger, capturing her nudity on film. Then she heard another click and looked in the direction it had come from. Her jaw dropped when she saw that Andy too had one of the small cameras and had the lens trained on her lovely body.

“Andy! What are you doing?”

“Just a few shots to remember you by,” said the grinning boy.

“But you can’t.”

“Course he can,” said Anne. “After all, you’re posing for this guy. Why not Andy? Now open those legs and let them get a decent view of your pussy.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Let’s see how wet you are down there.”

Once again the humiliation almost overcame the young beauty as she slowly moved her legs apart. Sitting as she was, her body leaning back, she knew this gave a perfect view of her cunt. Behind her companions she could see the group of young men rising to their feet to get a better view as the two cameras snapped away.

“Make sure you get her face in as well as her pussy,” said Anne. “We wanna make sure people know who it is. C’mon babe, spread those legs wider, push your hips forward.”

Linda obeyed, setting the crudest imaginable poses as the men photographed her, only too aware that, once again, her vagina was weeping arousal, a small trickle running onto her exposed thighs.

“Hey,” said Anne suddenly. “Those pictures on the wall. Weren’t the girls frigging themselves?”

Andy laughed. “Better than that, they were using a dildo.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the girl. “I’ve got just the thing.”

She had been carrying the yellow bag from the sex shop ever since Linda had ventured into the Gents. Now she reached inside and pulled out the long, black dildo.

“Shit, that’s perfect,” said the black man. “Give it to her.”

Linda felt the panic rising inside her as she stared at the object. They couldn’t ask her to use it here, surely? Not out in the open with all these people around. She inwardly cursed the women in the man’s photos. To have used such an instrument in the outdoors was appalling. And now she was being asked to do the same thing.

“Come on,” said Anne holding out the phallus. “Take it.”

Nervously the young beauty reached out a hand and took the long penis-shaped object. It felt rough and rubbery under her fingers, making her shiver with anticipation.

“That’s it,” said the attendant. “Put it in your mouth. Now look at me. Suck it. Good!”

Linda let the object run between her lips, looking up through her eyelashes at the camera whilst the man snapped away. The young men who had been watching her were goggle-eyed now, nudging one another and moving closer. Somehow, she knew not how, their eyes were bringing a fresh surge of excitement to the naked girl as she tried to fight down her emotions.

“Now use it on yourself,” said the man. “Slide it into your cunt.”

Linda winced slightly at the words. She looked despairingly at Anne, but could see no mercy in her eyes. She glanced down at the phallus. Its tip was shiny with her saliva. Reluctantly she moved it down to between her legs.

“Oh!” The cry was involuntary from the teenager as the thick, rubbery object brushed against her swollen clitoris. She hesitated for a second, then began to press it into her vagina.

A murmur of surprise struck her ears and she looked up to see that the young men had moved even closer. She could discern the bulges in their pants and she knew this was arousing them. Somehow the thought increased her arousal and she found herself pressing harder, sliding the thick, black dildo deep into her sopping vagina.

“Shit that’s good,” said the man. “Look at me. Work it back and forth. Does that thing vibrate?”

“Sure it does,” said Anne. “Come on, girl, turn it on.”

Linda bit her lip. “Just for a moment then,” she said.

She operated the control and a sudden spasm of excitement shook her body as the dildo began to vibrate deep inside her vagina. She knew that the expression on her face betrayed her excitement, and that the two cameras had captured it on film.

“That’s it. Open your legs more. Work it in and out.”

Linda began moving the throbbing device, her nipples puckering, her vagina muscles tightening about the phallus as the excitement inside her increased. She was losing control, now, her libidinous nature coming to the fore as she masturbated, her hips thrust forward, her fingers working the dildo back and forth inside her.

Once again she was shocked by the way her body was responding. What she was doing was totally shameful, leaning back stark naked in a public park and pumping a phallus into her wet vagina whilst a group of strangers looked on. But somehow the sheer audacity of what she was doing seemed to make it even more exciting and she pumped the dildo harder, pressing the swollen end against her clitoris, small cries coming from her mouth as she did so.

It was her third orgasm of the afternoon, and the most violent, her cries echoing from the trees as she came and came, her breasts shaking with the force of the climax, her cunt juices flowing out and down the length of the phallus as he hips thrust up against it. She could hear the laughter of the watching men, and the snapping of the cameras as they caught her on film, but somehow that spurred her to new heights as she moaned with desire.

Then she was coming down, the writhing of her body decreasing as the passion slowly drained from her lovely naked body. She continued to work the dildo back and fort, but slower and slower until she lay gasping across the low wall, her breasts rising and falling as she brought her breath under control.

It was only then that she realized that the noise she could hear was applause and catcalls from the watching young men and the shame suddenly overwhelmed her as she slid the black toy from her gaping cunt.

“Right,” said Anne, grinning down at her. “We’d better get those pictures developed.”

Linda’s Change
A Cronenville story
by Lia Anderssen

Chapter 11

“Why don’t you two go to the photo shop? We’ll meet you in the café when you’re done.”

“What?” Linda looked at Anne. The girl was obviously referring to her and the toilet attendant.

“Go on. I’m sure you’ll get on together.”

“But the pictures will take a couple of days.”

Anne shook her head. “That new place has a machine that develops them straight away. They’ll do it while you wait. Then you can help him choose which one to blow up for his wall.”

Linda looked at the man. The idea clearly appealed to him, if the smile on his face was anything to go by.

“Yeah,” he said, “come on with me.”

Before she could say anything else, Linda felt her wrist grabbed and he was pulling her off with him. She glanced back at the other three, who were clearly amused at the sight she made, her naked, petite form overshadowed by the big black man.

Once again the teenager was obliged to run the gauntlet of stares as she made her way down the street, trying not to listen to the mocking comments of the people she passed. She knew her cunt lips were still glistening with moisture after her recent masturbation and, from the way passers-by fixed their eyes between her legs, she knew too that it was visible to all.

The photo shop was on a busy street. At first the youngster hesitated as they arrived outside, but her companion still had hold of her wrist and he opened the door and pulled her inside.

Fortunately for the humiliated girl the place was not too busy. Still she felt the eyes of everyone in the shop on her breasts and sex as she followed her companion to the counter.

The black man handed over the camera to the shop assistant. He was young, no more than twenty years old, and his astonished gaze was fixed on the naked girl.

“Express service, please. Then we want an enlargement.”

“What? Oh, certainly sir. Just take a seat.”

The man tore his gaze from Linda’s naked charms, looking down at the camera. Then he disappeared into the back of the shop.

“Sit down, babe,” said the man.

Linda made her way across to where a row of plastic seats was lined against the wall. There were other customers there. Two were girls of a similar age to her and she recognized them as pupils from her old school. They were clearly amused by her predicament and she saw them giggle and nudge one another as they eyed her naked body.

“Look. It’s that girl Linda.”

“My god, she’s stark naked.”

“Look, you can see her pussy. It’s shaved.”

“What a cheap bitch she is.”

Linda tried not to listen to the sniggering girls. She perched herself on one of the chairs, the plastic feeling cold and hard against her bare backside. Sitting there she was immediately visible to anyone entering the shop, and she pressed her knees together, wishing there were some way to cover up her breasts as well. The black man sat down next to her.

For the next ten minutes Linda was on display, turning the heads of everyone who entered the shop, her nakedness bringing laughter and comments. People were coming from the back of the shop as well, men and women in white coats peeping through at the young beauty.

Linda tried to concentrate her attention on the machine that stood on the counter. It turned out photographs one at a time into a series of perspex boxes. As each box became full, the young assistant would put them into an envelope and then call the owner to the counter. Linda watched as pictures of parties and groups dropped one after another from the whirring machine.

Then a thought struck her. If she could see the pictures so clearly, so could everyone else in the shop. And soon her own pictures would be arriving.

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than she heard a murmur from one of the girls sitting next to her and, with a feeling of dread, she watched as a photo of herself, posing naked on the park grass, dropped into the transparent box for all to see.

By the time the third and forth picture had emerged from the machine there were many eyes staring at the images. Linda sat, frozen to her chair as the pictures dropped, one after another. When the first one showing her holding the dildo appeared she heard a gasp from the girls beside her, followed by more high-pitched giggles.

It seemed to take forever, but at last the final shot dropped from the machine and the young man pulled them out. He looked across at Linda’s companion.

“You wanted an enlargement?”

“Yeah. C’m on babe, let’s take a look.”

Reluctantly the teenager rose to her feet and moved across to the counter. There she was embarrassed to see that the young man was spreading the shots out. She was also aware of the two girls following her, and of their whispered comments as they began to examine the clearly laid out photos.

The black man moved behind the naked young beauty, looking at each of the photos in turn. Linda was only too aware of the other eyes examining the humiliating images, and of how the young man’s eyes kept wandering from the printed pictures to her exposed breasts and sex.

“This one, don’t you think?”

To Linda, the pictures had been no more than a blur, but now she was brought back to reality as she stared at the photograph. It showed her, legs spread wide, pumping the dildo into her open vagina, the expression on her face one of pure lust. She felt the heat rise in her cheeks as the man handed it to the shop worker.

“How big can you blow that up?” he asked.

The man pointed to a picture on the wall. It was as large as the magazine images Linda had seen pinned to the wall in the lavatory office, and the black man nodded.

“That’s fine,” he said. “Go ahead.”

The man began to fiddle with the buttons on a machine, placing the photo into a slot. As he did so, Linda felt her companion move closer, the rough material of his jeans pressing against the soft flesh of her bare backside.

“You sure look good in those pictures,” he said. As he spoke she felt his hand rest on her hip.

She said nothing, beginning to gather up the photographs, anxious to hide them from the eyes of the two girls, who were making no secret of their amusement as they stared at the shots laid out on the counter.

“No, don’t put them away,” said the man. “I want another look at the one of you sucking the dildo. Show it to me.”

Linda closed her eyes for a moment, then began shuffling through the pictures. As she did so she became aware of the man’s hand sliding slowly from her hip to her belly, then moving downwards.

She found the picture. It depicted her with her legs spread wide, her pussy clearly glistening with her juices as she wrapped her lips about the dildo. She held it up for her companion to see. As she did so, she felt one of his fingers come into contact with her clitoris, and she bit her lip to stop herself gasping aloud.

“Yes, I like that one,” said the black man. As he spoke he slid a finger into Linda’s vagina. Linda wanted to pull away, but his grip was firm, and she felt her nipples harden as he probed the wetness of her vagina.

“He’s fingering her.”

“My god, you’re right. Look, she loves it.”

The whispered comments from beside her sent a hollow feeling to the pit of Linda’s stomach as she realized that the girls could see what was happening. Her backside squirmed as the man continued to press his fingers deep into her vagina, making an audible squelching sound as her juices flowed anew.

“Here’s the picture. I…”

The shop attendant stopped speaking as he saw the naked girl, her legs wide apart, her hips pumping down against the fingers that were clearly embedded in her cunt.

The black man looked at the enlarged picture of Linda fucking herself with the dildo.

“Look, baby,” he said. “That’s going up on my wall for all to see.”

Linda gazed at the picture, her eyes taking in the wetness of her own vagina as she pumped the thick black dildo into it, and a new surge of sexual excitement swept through her lovely body.

“She’s going to come!”

“What a slut!” The giggles of the girls beside her brought Linda momentarily back to her senses.

“Please,” she murmured. “Not here.”

The man twisted his fingers. “Come back to my office?”

“Y-yes. I’ll come back.”

He pressed his hand hard up her crotch. “Bring me some relief?”

“Yes. Just not here. Please?”

He held her for a moment longer, then slipped his fingers out of her vagina. Linda leaned forward against the shop counter, still panting, her exquisite breasts rising and falling as she struggled to regain her composure. She could feel the wetness trickling down her inner thigh and she knew that those around her could see it and were aware of her arousal, but there was nothing she could do. All she wanted was to get out of the camera store and away from the staring eyes.

The man paid the shop worker and gathered up the photographs. Then he took hold of Linda’s arm and guided her out into the open once more.

Again Linda was overwhelmed by the shame of her situation as she was led, naked along the street. The interest shown in her lovely young body by the other pedestrians was undiminished, and her cheeks burned as she listened to their mocking comments, keeping her eyes fixed straight ahead. She wondered what they might think of her relationship with this older black man dressed in his scruffy jeans and vest. Still, there was nothing she could do about it.

They arrived at the door to his room and he opened it. Linda stepped inside. As she looked around at the scruffy little room, she felt her heart sink once again. As much as she had wanted to get off the street and out of the public eye, she now felt a new hollowness at the pit of her stomach as she considered what was to happen next.

The man pulled the picture from its envelope and she watched as he pinned it to the wall, a new flush of shame running through her as she gazed at it. Then he turned to her.  “Come over here.”

For a few seconds Linda hesitated, staring at him. Perhaps she could make a run for the door. But he was between her and the exit and she knew she wouldn’t make it. Slowly she made her way across to where he was standing.

He reached out a hand and caressed her young breast, his fingers toying with her nipples.

“Listen,” he said. “I ain’t gonna force you to do nothing.”

Linda looked up at him. It was extraordinary the way she had allowed him access to her naked body. She told herself it was because she had no choice – that this enforced nudity made her vulnerable to him. But deep inside she knew also of the desires that he and the others had kindled inside her. Perverse desires that were totally out of her normal behavior.

“What do you want me to do?” she asked quietly.

“You’re body’s been making my cock hard as hell. I need to be brought some relief.”

Linda’s eyes dropped to his pants. Sure enough they were bulging. She hesitated a moment longer, then her shaking hands reached down and began undoing his belt.

She unhitched the buckle, then slid down his zipper. Almost at once his cock sprang to attention. Linda stared at it. It was longer and fatter that the man in the sex shop’s penis. It stood proudly from the man’s groin, black and throbbing.

She wrapped her fingers about its shaft, bringing a slight gasp from the man. She looked up at him shyly.

“W-will you clean me up afterwards?” she asked.

He grinned. “Sure. But there’s a way of doing it where you won’t get covered in spunk.”

“H-how?”

“Kneel down.”

Still grasping his thick shaft, the naked teenager dropped to her knees, so she was staring right at his crotch.

“Put it in your mouth.”

“What?”

“Put it in your mouth. Suck me off. That way you get to swallow the spunk.”

“But I…”

“Do it.”

Linda stared at his twitching organ. She had heard of girls sucking guys off, but had never imagined doing it herself. It was a disgusting habit wasn’t it? But there was also something erotic about the stiff black penis that she held in her hand. Slowly she opened her mouth and, leaning forward, took him inside.

The taste and scent of his arousal was unmistakable and, as she closed her lips about his shaft, the innocent young beauty felt a new surge of excitement run through her young body. All at once she was sucking greedily at his pole, her hands working his foreskin back and forth as she fellated him.

For Linda, kneeling before this older black man, her lips wrapped about his erect penis, her saliva dripping from her chin as she sucked him, it was the strangest experience. Yet she could sense his excitement, and that spurred her on to new heights. She moved her head back and forth, sucking hard on his cock, her fingers feeling the twitching as his arousal increased.

Then her mouth was filling with hot, thick spunk, spurt after spurt rushing into her throat as she gulped it down, barely able to keep up with his ejaculations as she swallowed hard. He was grunting his satisfaction now, his hips thrusting forward against her face as he emptied his balls into her open mouth. And still she kept sucking, milking every last drop of semen from him until his movements ceased and he stood over her, watching as she licked the last of his seed from him.

Linda gazed up at him. She could scarcely believe what she had just done. She had never imagined she could possibly bring a man to orgasm with her mouth. And yet she had relished the taste of his spunk. What was becoming of her? Where was the innocent young beauty she had always thought herself?

The man took her hands and pulled her to his feet. Then he was pressing her back against the wall, one hand mauling her young breasts whilst the other rammed against her sex, two fingers penetrating her vagina. Linda tried momentarily to fight him off. Then she was coming again.