**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

When I was about 3, my mother took me to see our doctor because I kept getting a red rash all over my body and I was fainting a lot. He fobbed my mother off with all sorts of remedies; none of which worked. After about 6 months he admitted defeat and sent us to see a specialist. By the time we eventually managed to see the specialist, the red rash had just about stopped, but the burning pains and fainting were still there.

After months of tests, the specialist told my mother that I’d got something called Miliaria Profunda (google it). He said that I probably still had the rash, but because nothing had been done about it, it had developed into a flesh coloured rash - Miliaria Profunda instead of Miliaria Rubra. He told my mother that the only known treatment was for her to keep me cool and for me to stop wearing clothes tight to my skin; that all of my skin must have free flowing air against it every time that I felt quite hot. He told her that it may just disappear over time, but to be prepared for it to stay for the rest of my life.

Apparently, my mother was quite shocked when he told her the list of clothes that I shouldn’t wear to avoid having an attack. I should not wear anything that could make me sweat, no man-made fibres; these usually cause the body of someone with this condition to overheat. If I did then I could easily suffer from heat exhaustion, unconsciousness, or worse. The list included knickers, bras, shorts, trousers; and anything that came into close contact with my skin. She was advised to dress me in loose cotton dresses all the time. I even had to have a special bed that was more like a net hammock than a proper bed.

My early years at home were quite normal. I have two older brothers, and playing at home in a dress and no knickers never bothered me. Even horse-playing with my dad and /or brothers where my dress ended up above my waist seemed normal. I often caught all three of them looking at my pussy, but at that age I didn’t think anything of it.

The doctor had told my mother that if I got hot and started to feel faint, the best way to stop things from getting worse was to take my dress off and blow cool air at me. My parents went and bought a big fan.

As I was growing up, like any other kid, I would mess about with my brothers and father; and occasionally would feel faint. One of my parents would stop things, remove my dress and stand me in front of the fan; often with the rest of the family watching. As a kid this never bothered me, especially as I always felt better after it.

At junior school the teachers knew about my problem, and frequently annoyed me by not letting me take part in most of the physical activities. I didn’t realise it at the time, but they were trying to protect my modesty. On the odd occasion that I did start feeling bad, I would tell the nearest teacher and she would quickly get me to the staff room and cool me down with a fan that was in there. Most of the teachers were women, but there were a couple of men teachers, and I remember one day when I got over-heated and was stood naked in front of the fan in the staff room when one of the male teachers came in. I just didn’t understand why the women teachers ushered him out telling him to come back later.

In my last year at junior school I often saw some of the boys looking up my dress whenever they could, but I didn’t see anything wrong with that; after all, my brothers often saw me naked.

My problems really started when I went up a school. I was the only person in that school not wearing the school uniform. At least my mum got dresses in the school uniform colours for me to wear. Everyone wanted to know why I wasn’t in school uniform. Trying to explain that I had something wrong with my skin that they couldn’t see was difficult.

Rumours got round that I didn’t wear underwear and as my age group were starting to reach puberty, the boys wanted to know if the rumours were true. Other girls were being careful to cross their legs, but I couldn’t, in case my crotch got too hot.

I got embarrassed each time that I caught boys trying to look up my dresses. Heavens only knows how many saw my butt or pussy without me realising. I guess my knickerless state became more noticeable when my pubic hair started growing. Fortunately, my school dresses were a dark colour, but out of school I usually wore light coloured ones and I could make out the shape of my new dark pubes sometimes. I hoped that no one else would notice.

Then my breasts started growing and my nipples started getting hard at times. Of course the boys talked about my nipples a lot, and the embarrassment got me close to hot flushes quite a few times. I had big problems with boys trying to look down my loose tops. Fortunately, my breasts never grew big; somewhere between an ‘A’ and a ‘B’ cup.

All this time some of the other girls were sympathetic; but others didn’t believe I had anything wrong with me. They called me a slut and other such names.

PE was a problem; baggy T-shirt and loose fitting shorts so that air can circulate. It was a good job that the boys and girls had separate PE lessons. Sometimes when both boys and girls were on separate sides of the same playing field the boy’s lesson would stop because some of the nasty girls would gang up on me and pull my T-shirt over my head, or pull my loose fitting shorts down. They always made sure that the boys got a look at me.

At home, my older brothers and my father started taking more notice of me. When I was relaxing on the sofa I had never been as careful as I perhaps should have been and I frequently caught one of them looking at my pussy. They were family, and had seen me naked many times, so I wasn’t that bothered. Even when my breasts started developing and my nipples poked little bumps in my tops, I was never bothered – at home. My nipples got quite a bit of attention. Occasionally one of my brothers would squeeze one of them. All I would do was tell him it hurt and think nothing of it. After all, he was my brother.

At school it was different; I walked just about everywhere with my books covering my breasts.

Fortunately, I didn’t get any heat attacks in the first couple of years at my new school, but I did at home. I started to get embarrassed when I had to stand naked in front of the fan with the rest of the family watching. After all, I was changing into a woman and had breasts and pubic hair.

In the warmer months between year 9 and 10 I had quite a few attacks. I had to suffer the embarrassment of standing naked in front of the fan. The thing was that those attacks were different. They happened when I wasn’t running around getting hot.

After the third attack within a week I started to think that they were nothing to do with my Miliaria Profunda; they were more like orgasms. I’d experimented in bed, rubbing my pussy and clit and using the handle of my hairbrush. I’d been terrified when I first made myself cum, but I just had to do it again, and again. It felt good.

When I had my next attack and was stood naked in front of the fan with all my family watching, things got worse, and better. I started thinking that I was sure that I’d just had an orgasm; but why? I hadn’t been playing with my pussy; all I’d been doing was leaning against the washing machine talking to my dad.

Thinking about playing with my pussy and standing there, naked in front of my dad and brothers brought on another orgasm. I started shaking and really struggled to keep quiet.

I experimented and discovered that if I think about sex, press my backside or pubes against anything that vibrates or shakes, or press anything against my genitals or little breasts, then I have an orgasm. Masturbation became a doddle; all I had (have) to do is touch my clit and I cum.

In those weeks I had lots of orgasms experimenting to work out what else brought them on. Each time I had one my family would strip me and stand me in front of the fan, thinking that if I didn’t cool down I would suffer from heat exhaustion, or worse.

Having to stand naked in front of 2 teenage brothers and my father made things more embarrassing; but better. I started to like the idea of being naked in front of them. One time I faked an ‘attack’ and my father pulled my dress off and turned the fan on. As I stood there watching them watch me, a real orgasm hit me, and hard. My legs nearly gave way. I had to grab hold of the table to stay upright. I was getting off just by being naked in front of my brothers and father.

I wanted to explore these new found feelings more, and one hot day when I was at the shopping centre with just my dad, I faked another attack while we were in the electrical part of a department store.

My dad panicked a bit because my mother is usually close at hand at home, but this time he was on his own. I started shaking a bit and told my dad that I was feeling very hot. Dad swore, and then looked round. He almost ran over to one of the shop assistants and told him that I was sick and needed air blowing over me immediately. The male shop assistant was good; he told my dad to get me to where the air conditioning was blowing out.

My dad started wafting me with a bit of card that was on one of the shelves. I told him that it wasn’t working. He told me that he’d have to take my dress of and that he was sorry that we weren’t somewhere more private. I told him that it was okay, so he lifted my dress right off me.

I was naked in a department store with my dad and a male shop assistant looking at me. My breasts and pubic hair were there for everyone to see. My nipples were rock hard and I could feel my pussy swelling and getting wet.

I said that I was still hot. I was, but it was nothing to do with my Miliaria Profunda. When another male shop assistant came over to see what was going on, an orgasm hit me; then another. I had trouble staying on my feet. All 3 men just stood and watched me.

When I calmed down I told my father that I was feeling better, and asked if I could have my dress back. He gave me it and I quickly slipped it on.

We apologised to the men, thanked them for their help and left quickly.

Right, I’d now definitely established that it wasn’t Miliaria Profunda attacks; that it was orgasms that I was having; and what caused them. I thought for a few days, deciding if I should tell my mother what I’d discovered. I knew that she’d be shocked and that she’d take me to the doctors. In the end I decided that I just had to tell her.

It was embarrassing and difficult; and I didn’t tell her everything. I missed out the bit about getting an orgasm just by being naked in front of people; and that I enjoyed it. Of course she was shocked by what I did tell her; what parent wouldn’t be? After a couple of days thinking about it, and one more ‘attack’; we went to see the doctor.

It was embarrassing for me (never mind my mother) having to tell the doctor everything (nearly). As my mother was telling him I tried to think about anything boring, just to take my mind off the subject. The last thing I wanted was to have an orgasm while I was sat in front of the doctor.

Then I heard the words, “I’d better give Emily an internal examination just to make sure that everything is developing normally.” I went bright red; I just knew what was going to happen. But at the same time I wanted it to happen, I wanted the doctor to see me naked, to see me cum.

I was told to take my dress off and get on the table; then put my feet in the stirrups. My pussy swelled even more and opened up; and my clit got hard (so did my nipples).

As soon as the doctor touched me I exploded.

“Yes, I can see that it is a problem.” Then after a few seconds he said, “Sorry Emily but I really do need to do an internal examination. I know that this is going to be difficult but it is necessary. Please try not to be embarrassed, lots of women have had involuntary orgasms on that table. I’ve seen it all before.”

Try not to be embarrassed! Seen it all before! Well not with me, I thought; but what could I do?

As that doctor opened me and probed everywhere that he could I was horrified; and elated. I wanted him to do that to me.

I had 3 more orgasms before it was over.

The doctor finished the examination and told me that I could get dressed. He gave me a tissue to dry myself. He sat at his desk and told us that he just had to check on something.

A few minutes later he looked up at my mother and said, “Physically Emily is quite normal, but she does appear to have contracted something called ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’ (PGAD). It was originally called Persistent Sexual Arousal Syndrome (PSAS). It may be that the Miliaria Profunda has developed into PGAD; or it may be in addition to the Miliaria Profunda. At this stage there is no way to tell. I suggest that you react on the side of caution and treat every episode in the same way that you have been doing. Only time will tell. More research needs to be done to discover where PGAD comes from; but it does appear to be more prevalent in younger women; and women rather than men. Also, it can disappear just as quickly as it has appeared; and there are a number of recorded cases where it has disappeared when puberty ends.

As for treatment, well, there are drugs, but they have never been proven and they are not available on the NHS. Surgery is another option, but that involves the removal of the clitoris; and it’s way too early to consider that.

So, I suggest that Emily does her best to avoid getting into a position that she knows will trigger an orgasm. I know that it will be difficult, especially with Emily being such a beautiful young lady. In a perverse way, it will be less embarrassing for Emily having already got Miliaria Profunda. At least she will be able to pretend that it is a Miliaria Profunda attack.”

And that was it; the doctor could do nothing more for me, I just had to ‘suck it up’. On the way home I begged my mother not to tell my brothers that I was having orgasms, that it was just the same old problem. Fortunately she agreed, but she said that she would have to tell my father.

Although my mother seemed to have a lot of sympathy for me, I got the impression that she wasn’t too happy; especially when she told me to stop thinking about sex. How the hell does a teenage girl not think about sex?

The next time that I had an ‘attack’, my father looked at me differently. From then on he always had a big bulge in the front of his trousers when he was taking my dress off or watching me in front of the fan.

Apart from what I’ve just described, that summer was different from others. As I’d been having fewer ‘attacks’ earlier in the year my parents decided that the family should have their first holiday abroad. They picked a hotel on the Mediterranean that could guarantee that I could have a room with air conditioning and that had air conditioning in all the public rooms. The thinking was that the air conditioning would keep me cool and outside I could easily jump in the swimming pool, or the sea.

My mother and father talked about cancelling the holiday when they found out about my new ‘problem’ and we had a family conference. I told the other that it wasn’t fair on them to cancel and that the air conditioning, pool and sea should keep me cool. I’d done a bit of research on the internet, and talked to some of my friends and found out that most of the shops where we were going had air conditioning as well.

In the end we all agreed that we should go, and we went out and bought me a few new sun dresses and a string bikini that I could tie loosely. All the new sun dresses that we bought and some of my old ones were light coloured. When I tried them on again at home my mother said that I had a problem. In most of them she could see my pubic hair through the material.

At first I said that we’d have to take them back and swap them for darker ones. My mother said, “Maybe not” then asked me what I thought about shaving off my pubic hair. She told me that a lot of women shaved theirs. My first reaction was, “No way,” then I thought about it. I’d heard girls at school talking about shaving their pussies but didn’t know any that did. There were quite a few girls that had bald pubes but I always assumed that their hair hadn’t started growing. Maybe they shaved theirs?

I told my mum that I’d think about it.

An hour later I went back to her and told her that I liked the new dresses and that I’d do it. The next time that she went to the supermarket she got me some more blades for the razor that I use for my armpits.

The next morning in the shower I shaved all my pubic hair off. It took ages. The big problem was that I had to touch my pussy to do it; and that made me cum. I had 3 orgasms before I’d finished.

Back in my bedroom I looked at my bald pussy in the mirror. It was just like a bigger version of what it was like when I was a little kid except for my little clit poking out a bit. I wondered if I could hide my clit with a band aid. I liked what I saw.

I put one of my new white sun dresses on and went down to breakfast. My mother looked at me and told me that I looked much better. My brothers were confused.

**The holiday**

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What I hadn’t thought of was the plane. Okay, it was cool, but the whole damn thing vibrated as it few through the air. After about 15 minutes I could feel an orgasm coming on. I gritted my teeth and pretended to read my magazine. My mother looked over at me and asked if I was okay. I lied and said that I was.

I had 2 more orgasms before the 2 hour flight was over. Then came the coach transfer to the hotel. Two more orgasms.

I was knackered and glad when I got to my room. I switched the air conditioning on, opened the curtains, took off my dress off and lay on the bed.

Just so that you know, we had 3 rooms, mum and dad had one, my brothers shared one, and I had one on my own. My father had booked all 3 to be next to each other, but there was a cock-up and we were spread all over the 6 storey, 3 building hotel.

I must have dozed off because I woke up to hear some young men talking loudly. I looked out onto the balcony and saw one on them looking over the partition wall at me. I pretended that I hadn’t seen him and slowly opened my legs.

I put one hand on my pussy, and promptly had an orgasm. My body was shaking and I thrust my hips up as my fingers went inside me.

As I started to calm down I looked in the mirror on the opposite wall. I could see the young man was still watching.

I relaxed for a few minutes; then got up. The man had gone.

I opened the big glass door and went, naked, on to the balcony.

Unfortunately, because of the mix-up with rooms, I ended up with a room that overlooked a building site.

It was mid-afternoon and I couldn’t see, or hear, anyone else. It felt really good standing out there totally naked. There was a slight breeze and it felt good on my skin.

The next evening when we got back to our hotel I was stood on the balcony again when I heard funny noises. They sounded like someone moaning. I peeked over the dividing walls but couldn’t see anything. Then I looked over the railing to see if I could see anything below. I could, and I could see right onto the balcony of the room below me. What I saw shocked me a bit at first. A naked man lay on a towel and a naked woman was bouncing up and down on his hips.

They were having sex. It was the first time that I’d seen anyone have sex. I looked again, felt my pussy get wet; then had an orgasm.

I managed to move back into my room until it subsided, then I went for another look. They were still at it. They did it every evening just before dinner; and I watched most evenings; each time I gripped on to the railings as I orgasmed.

They did it in different positions and one day the girls got on her hands and knees and he fucked her from behind.

It was the first time that I’d seen a man with an erection. I didn’t know their cocks could get so big. The thought of a cock that size inside me both scared and excited me.

The woman didn’t have any pubic hair either.

The young man in the room next door that had spied on me on the bed must have told his mate because I spotted them both watching me a few times.

I’d decided to sleep naked while on holiday, and because I wanted to wake-up to see beautiful sunny mornings, I left the curtains open each night. Early one morning I got woken up the noise from next door. I think that the men must had been out all night and just got back. I decided to go and sit on the balcony and watch the sun come up to a bright sunny day for the first time in my life.

Apart from the noise from next door, it was an amazing happening; so peaceful and still.

I sat there, naked, until the sun was totally visible. I was just about to go back inside and see if I could get some more sleep when I heard one on of the men say, “Well hi there young lady, what’s your name?” I’d been caught outside naked, and didn’t know what to do. I froze.

“It’s okay, we’re not going to hurt you; we just want to talk.” The voice said.

I stood up and slowly turned to face the voice and saw 2 faces looking at me. My plan was to say ‘Hi” then quickly go back into the room.

“Hi,” I said, “I’m Emily.”

I felt my pussy tingle, get wet, then it hit me. I collapsed back down onto the chair and moaned and grunted. I could feel myself jerking and my pussy pouring out my juices.

The 2 young men just watched in amazement. As I calmed down one of them said, “That looked just like you were cumming.” I stayed silent.

A couple of seconds later the other man said, “You did just cum didn’t you?”

Very quietly I said, “Yes.”

“That’s a cool trick, how the fuck did you do that? I never saw you playing with yourself.”

I bottled it and mumbled something about having to go, and went inside.

After that, every time that I was in my room and I had some spare time, I went and sat out there. I saw the young men watching me a few times and had to go inside. Twice they caught me and tried to talk to me. Each time I excused myself and managed to get inside before the orgasm hit me.

Later on in the holiday I was determined that I was going to talk to them. Before I went out on to the balcony I touched my clit and had an orgasm. I did it again and had a second one. My plan was that I’d run myself dry of orgasms, then go outside and talk to them.

After my third one I opened the door and walked out. They saw me straight away and both said, “Hi Emily.”

They’d remembered my name. I was happy. I said, “Hi,” and we started talking small talk. Neither of them said anything about me being naked. I looked at them and saw that they were looking at my breasts and pussy. I felt an orgasm building, but I was determined not to chicken out. I WAS going to talk to them.

It hit me and I started shaking and let out a couple of moans. One of them said, “You’ve done it again, haven’t you? How the fuck do you do that? I have trouble getting girls to cum and you can do it just standing there.”

I relaxed a bit and started to tell them about my PGAD. Before I’d finished I’d cum again.

“Fucking hell,” one of the said, “I wish I had a girlfriend like you.”

We chatted for another couple of minutes then I excused myself. I couldn’t take anymore.

Other interesting parts of the holiday –

Well, one time when we were walking down a street there was a group of youths walking towards us; all were topless. I was drooling over their six-packs when an orgasm hit me. I stopped walking and my legs went weak. My dad grabbed me and pulled me into a shop where it subsided.

Another time I was going to a shop to buy some bottled water with my eldest brother. We were walking down a road with no shops in sight. I decided to fake an attack just to see what my brother would do. Just as 2 young couples were coming the other way I stopped and said that I felt faint and hot. My brother looked round, said “Shit,” and bent down a little and grabbed the hem of my dress.

Within 2 seconds I was naked in the street. The 2 couples stopped and stared as my brother used my dress to waft air at me. As expected, I felt an orgasm building and then hitting me. One of the girls from the 2 couples came over to me and put her arm around me. I didn’t understand what she was saying, but I told her that I would be okay in a minute. She held on to me as it subsided.

I put my hand out for my brother to give me my dress back then thanked the girl. She asked me if I was okay. I told her that I was, and thanked her again.

As we walked on, my brother told me that it was embarrassing for him when I got these attacks. I snapped back, “What do you think it’s like for me having to get naked with everyone looking at me?” “Sorry,” he said, “I wasn’t thinking.” After a short pause he continued, “but you do look good naked. I like it when your breasts wobble when you’re shaking; Oh, and I like the new look down there, when did you do that?”

I thumped his arm, blushed a bit and smiled as I thought that I liked it when he was looking at me naked. I told him that our mother suggested getting rid of the hair so that my dark hair didn’t show through my light dresses. I told him that it was a pain having to shave it every morning.

“Well I like it,” my brother said; “and I like being able to see your hard nipples.” I looked down and I could clearly see my areolas and nipples. I had never noticed that before. I wondered how many of my other sundresses were like that; and why my mother hadn’t told me.

I blushed again.

Once when we were all in a café I was sat at the side of a table and I saw another customer looking up my dress. My legs were open a bit (as always), so I opened them some more. I felt the gentle breeze on my bald pussy and had another orgasm. I nearly dropped my cola.

The first time that we were on the beach I genuinely felt hot. I made a passing comment that it was hot, and before I knew it my mother told my brothers to take me into the sea. They lifted me up and carried me to the water and threw me in. As they were carrying me I felt the loose bikini top let one of my little breasts escape; and when I surfaced both breasts and my butt were on display.

We messed about in the water ducking and splashing each other. It felt good. My bikini spent lots of time round my neck and knees. It was getting in the way so I took it off and asked one of my brothers to take it back to our towels.

For the next 30 minutes or so we messed about in the cool water with a naked me having fun. I must have been the only naked person on that beach who was more than 5 years old. It felt great.

When we got out I just walked up the beach to my parents and put my bikini back on.

That was the first time that my dad had seen my new-look pubes. He didn’t say anything, but I saw his eyebrows go up as he looked. I’m sure that I would have had an orgasm if I hadn’t been so cold from being in the sea.

After that, I wanted to go to the beach most days. Each time I told my mother that my bikini wouldn’t stay on and she let me take it off before going into the sea. By about the third time we were there I got more confidence, and swam parallel to the beach about 100 yards then walked along the water’s edge back to my parents, still naked. A few people looked at me, and once I had to go back into the water to cool down, and it was nothing to do with the heat from the sun.

It was fun.

One day we went to a water park. By the time I got to the bottom of all the slides my bikini was either round my knees or neck. A couple of times I had to go quickly to one of the swimming areas so that I could have an orgasm in the water.

Another day we went to an animal park. One area had some sort of monkeys wandering round in among the visitors. There were signs up telling everyone to keep tight hold of cameras and all bags fastened; but there wasn’t a sign warning you that they might put their hands up your skirt. One did and touched my pussy. Guess what happened?

One night when I went to my room to go to bed I suddenly had the urge to walk around the hotel naked. Taking my key I walked to the lift. I was bricking it as the lift got close. Was there anyone in it? There wasn’t. As the lift went up to the top floor I kept thinking what I’d do if it stopped and someone got in. I could feel my inner thighs getting wet. No one got in and I got out at the top floor.

In the block that my room was in there were stairs at either end so I decided to walk along the floor and down the stairs at the other end. Then do the same on that floor until I got down to my floor.

As I was doing that I passed my parents room. I prayed that they wouldn’t come out. They didn’t, but on the floor below a couple came out of their room right in front of me. With a big grin on his face, the man asked me if I’d lost a bet. I just managed to say, “Something like that,” before I orgasmed.

I made it back to my room in one piece.

I did that twice more before we went home. Once when I got in the lift I accidentally (I think) pressed the ground floor button. When the door opened a middle-aged couple got in. They stared at me then turned and faced the door. The lift went up in silence.

Towards the end of or holiday, at breakfast one morning, my mother told us that her and my father wanted to go out for the day on their own, but were worried about me. My eldest brother jumped straight in and said that he’d look after me. My mother turned to me and I told her that I’d be okay. After all, I did have 2 men looking after me.

The next day, after breakfast, my parents left to go on one of these trips that included a show and dinner that night. We wouldn’t see them until the next morning. At breakfast I’d told my brothers to come up to my room when they were ready. When they knocked on my door I opened the door while I was still naked. They both just stood there and stared at me. My pussy tingled and got wet. I told them to come in and that I was nearly ready. I went into the bathroom and exploded.

I walked out into the room and picked up a dress. It was one of my shorter ones, with spaghetti straps. It was also very baggy on me. Slipping it on I asked them what we were going to do that day. One brother wanted to go to the beach and the other wanted to stay by the hotel pool.

“Right,” I said, “we’ll decide in a minute; before we go out there’s something that I have to tell you. I have to apologise to you and thank you.”

Mt brothers both gave me a puzzled look.

“These last 14 years you have had to put up with my Miliaria Profunda. You’ve helped me so many times and missed out on all sorts of things because of me. For that I will always be very grateful. You may also have noticed that in the few months before the school holidays started I didn’t have lots of attacks; then since the holidays started I have had even more. The thing is that these latest attacks haven’t been Miliaria Profunda. That appears to have gone away. What I’ve started having is orgasms.”

I stopped there and waited for a reaction. My younger, older brother (Dexter) said, “Say that again; I thought you said orgasms.”

“I did.” I said.

“Fucking hell,” my older, older brother (Tom) said, “do our parents know about this?”

I explained that I’d told my mother and we’d been to the doctor’s and that I’d been diagnosed with PGAD. I explained what it was, and some of what was triggering them. I told them that the Miliaria Profunda may have been replaced by the PGAD or that it may just be hiding, waiting for the PGAD to go. Because of the later, the doctor had told my mother that she should still treat each attack of orgasms as they did for the Miliaria Profunda. Hence the fans and the panic to cool me down. Mother has told father, but he is finding it hard to understand it all, but he has agreed to still respond to my ‘attacks’ as he always has.

I then told them that what I’d told them triggered the orgasms wasn’t the only things; that they came on if I saw someone looking at my tits or pussy. I also told them that I really enjoy it when someone saw me naked.

Tom said, “Are saying that each time you flash you tits or cunt, you cum? Does that apply to Dexter and me as well?” “Err, yes,” I said, “when I opened the door to let you in. I went straight into the bathroom because I was about to cum.”

“I don’t believe you Em.” Dexter said.

“Okay, I’ll prove it.” I said. I stood up and took my dress off. They stared at my naked body as I felt the tingling and wet rush. Then I came. I trembled and shuddered and had to lean against the wall to stop me falling over.

“You faked that.” Dexter said.

“If I faked it, why is my pussy all swollen and wet?” I asked.

As they both took a close look at my wet cunt and clit another orgasm hit me.

Tom said, “That’s fucking awesome Em.” Dexter just stared.

“Can you stop looking at me please?” I asked.

I put my dress back on then asked them if they’d promise not to tell anyone.

Dexter then said, “It’ll cost you.”

“What?” I asked.

“I won’t tell anyone if you let me look at your cunt anytime that I want.”

“Dexter, you’ve been looking at my pussy for the last 14 years; but if that’s what it takes, then yes, you can look at my pussy anytime that you want.” I said.

“Okay, I promise.” Dexter said.

“Yes,” Tom said, Em has a hard enough time at school as it is, if anyone finds out that she’s cumming each time she feels faint then the sluts will make life hell for her.”

“Okay, okay, I get the message, “Dexter said.

“Oh and please don’t tell mum and dad that you know; they’ll go ape shit and keep you away from me if they find out.” I said.

They both nodded.

“Oh, one more thing, if you want to watch a couple having sex we have to be back here by 7 o’clock. The couple in the room below have it on the balcony every night before they go to dinner. And she goes to dinner with no knickers on. I’ve watched them in the restaurant.” I told Tom and Dexter.

Dexter said, “Yeah, I’ve noticed that too.”

Tom said, “Okay, what are we going to do today then? Are we going to go out and keep stripping Em to see if we can go for the world record of number of orgasms in a day; or what?” After a pause he said, “Em, we could go out with you wearing something see through so that people will be able to see you naked body.”

“That would be good,” I said, “but I haven’t got anything.”

“Perhaps I can help you there, Tom said, “You know that green vest that I’ve got, the one made of some sort of mesh; well you could wear that.”

I thought for a minute then told Tom that I thought that it would be too big.

“One way to find out.” Tom said.

We went up to my brother’s room and Tom got the green vest out. I held it against my front and said that it might be okay.

“Try it on then.” Dexter said.

I put the vest down and took my dress off. I was naked in front of my brothers again. I was too busy thinking about the vest to think about sex.

The vest was big. It went down to about 4 inches below my butt, the arm holes were ginormous and the v-shaped neckline went down nearly to my belly button, front and back. I gently knocked the left shoulder strap and it fell off my shoulder down to my wrist. My little left breast was on display.

I asked Tom if he’d got a belt that I could borrow. He got one of Dexter’s and I fastened it round my waist. I pulled the material up a bit to make it look better, then realised that the hemline was half way up my pussy. I put my hand on my butt and I could feel my cheeks. I left it where it was.

I went to the full length mirror and saw just how see through it was. Not only could I see my areolas and nipples, but I could clearly see my slit. I turned round and looked at my butt in the mirror. I could clearly see my butt crack.

I looked at Tom and Dexter and started to tell them that I was ready to go out. They were both staring at me, and their pants told me that they liked what they saw.

I had an instant orgasm.

When it had passed I finished telling them, picked up my bag, and went to the door.

Dexter asked me if I really going out dressed like that.

“Come on, let’s go.” I said. I wanted to get outside before I chickened out.

No one took any notice of me as we walked through reception and out onto the street.

As we walked down the street I was a bit disappointed because everyone ignored me.

We got to the main part of town and headed towards the beach. The only people that seemed to take any notice of me were other tourists. I guess that the locals had seen it all before.

I got thirsty and asked Tom if we could stop for a drink. We stopped at a roadside café and sat at a table right next to the footpath. Tom and Dexter sat with their backs to the café and I sat parallel to the footpath so that I could see the people walking by. It was only as one passer by looked at me that I realised that anyone walking by would be able to see me as well.

Just then a waiter arrived and Tom asked me what I wanted. I was concentrating of the people walking by and Tom talking made me jump a bit. As I turned to face Tom my left shoulder strap slipped off and slid down my arm; and by left breast got uncovered.

I realised, but did nothing as the waiter looked at me as I ordered a drink. I suddenly decided that I wanted an ice cream as well. I went to pick up the menu to see what they had and saw Dexter looking at my chest. I looked at Tom and the waiter. Six eyes were looking at my left tit. I shuddered and felt another orgasm hit me as I slowly adjusted the vest.

I pretended to look at the menu as I bit my lip to supress a moan. It took me a good minute to order that ice cream.

As the waiter walked away I looked at Dexter. He was grinning so I said, “What?”

“Your nipples are hard.” Dexter said.

“So!” I replied.

“Your right nipple is sticking through a hole in the mesh.” Dexter said.

“Good.” I said, and turned back to see if anyone interesting was walking by.

I looked down at the top of my legs and realised that I could see my pussy. As I always do. I was sitting with my knees a few inches apart and I hadn’t sat upright in the chair. I’d sat on the front edge and leaned back. I could see my pussy so anyone walking passed, that looked, would be able to it as well.

I felt good.

The drinks came quite quickly and the waiter came and stood near my legs as he put the drinks down. I’m sure that I saw him look at my pussy. It tingled and I got a wet rush.

A couple passed by and the man looked at me. I saw him smile.

A bit later, 2 girls about my age walked towards me. One was looking towards me. When they were about 10 feet away, the one that was looking at me turned to her friend and said something. The friend turned and looked at me and her jaw dropped. They both giggled as the passed me. About 3 minutes later they walked towards me again; very slowly this time. When they were about 10 feet away they stopped and one turned to the other and started saying something to the other while she stared at my pussy.

I was a little surprised that a girl would want to look at my pussy at first, but then thought that maybe they were lesbos. I thought ‘okay then’ and opened my knees a bit more. If they wanted to look then let them have a good look.

After a couple of minutes they changed places and the other girl stared at my pussy. I felt myself get wetter, but no orgasm. In a way I was a bit disappointed.

After another couple of minutes they started walking passed me. Both of them looked at me. I smiled at them.

The ice creams arrived with a different waiter. He looked at my pussy and I had another orgasm. If I went on that that rate I would be knackered before lunchtime.

We started eating the ice creams and after a minute Tom looked at me and said, “You’re unbelievable Em. You’re sat there with everything on display, you’ve just cum god knows how many times, and you’re eating ice cream as if you did that sort of thing every day.”

“I want every day for the rest of my life to be the same as today.” I said.

Tom laughed and said, “Amazing!”

Two separate young men looked at my pussy as they walked by. One of them bumped into someone going the other way. It was difficult to laugh as I had yet another orgasm.

Tom paid and we left. As I stood up I felt the vest and had to pull it down just a bit because just a bit too much of my pussy was showing.

Both Tom and Dexter kept coming up to me and pushing one of my shoulder straps off my shoulder which meant that it dropped below my breast. Dexter did it just as 2 young men were getting near to us. They saw and I had to stop walking as an orgasm hit me. One of the young men came out with a comment, but I didn’t hear enough of it to know what he said.

The other times that they did it was when cars were passing. No one crashed.

We walked to the beach and along the water’s edge. As we got to the edge of the town, and the end of the main part of the beach, there were fewer and fewer people.

I stopped and told Tom and Dexter that I was going to take the vest off. Dexter said that I would get arrested; but I still did it.

About half a mile further on after we’d passed all the houses, we came to some sand dunes and decided to go for a swim. The gentle breeze had kept me cool and I hadn’t been thinking about sex.

We spread the towels and I lay down with my legs apart. What I hadn’t expected was that Dexter would put his towel at my feet then stare right up my legs to my open pussy. After my next orgasm subsided I told Dexter to get between my knees and have a really good look. He did. I asked him if he knew what all the bits were called. He shook his head sideways so I sat up, opened my pussy and gave him a quick anatomy lesson. It had to be quick because I could feel another one coming on.

After about only 5 minutes I couldn’t take any more and went into the sea to cool down.

When I came out I told my brothers that I was going for a walk, and I walked into the dunes. I was a bit surprised to find a few naked people sunbathing there.

I wandered around having a good look at some of the cocks. There were all sorts of shapes and sizes. I’d learned that they were all different but to see such a variety was quite an education.

I turned one corner and came across a couple having sex. I wanted to watch, but I knew what would happen if I did, so I backed out and went a different way.

It wasn’t long before I went round a corner and came across a beach bar. I stood outside and watched for a while as a few people arrived and left. I was the only one naked, but none of them gave me more than a passing glance.

When I got back to my brothers they were both in the sea. I joined them and we messed about for quite a while before getting out. This time Dexter lay on his towel beside me and didn’t even look at me.

When we’d had enough we walked back. I stayed naked for as long as I dare before putting the vest and belt back on. Again, I adjusted the length so that the bottom of my butt and pussy wasn’t covered.

As we walked back to the hotel we passed a few bars. There were a few people sat outside drinking and I had another orgasm.

One of the bars had a big sign outside telling the world that it was having a wet T-shirt competition that night. I turned to Tom and told him that I wanted to enter.

“They won’t let you, you’re too young.” He said.

“How are they going to know how old I am if I don’t tell them, or I tell them a lie? My tits are as big as some girls a lot older, and they can’t measure your age by the amount of pubic hair you have these days.“ I replied.

“Well, I suppose that you might get away with it.” Tom said.

“Right then we’re coming back tonight. Mum and dad won’t be back till late and they’ll think that we’re fast asleep in bed.” I said.

We stopped to get something to eat, and for me to tease another waiter; and have another orgasm. I also flashed a few people walking by.

Back at the hotel we went to my room and kept checking over the balcony until the couple finally came out and started getting passionate. They had sex doggy style (as Tom called it). Dexter was amazed and couldn’t take his eyes off them. When the girl turned over and relaxed on her towel Dexter nearly fell over the balcony trying to get a better look.

Tom decided that we’d better go out at about 10 o’clock to make sure that we didn’t bump into mum and dad. I wore one of my sundresses that are slightly see through. I was expecting it to be a bit dark in the bar but I wanted to feel good.

We wandered around a bit before going to the bar. No one challenged us about our ages as we found a table and ordered soft drinks.

In the corner of the bar there was a little dance floor with a small stage. We’d been there about half an hour when the DJ announced the wet T-shirt competition and said that any girl that wanted to enter should go and see him.

Tom looked as if he wanted to ask me to change my mind, but he didn’t say anything as I got up and went over to the DJ. There were 2 other girls with the DJ, both asking about the competition as well.

The DJ looked up and down me and I thought that he was going to say something about my age. I’d already decided that I was going to add 5 years to my age if he asked, but he didn’t. He just pointed to a door and said, “Go through there.”

The girl organising things looked at me, and again I thought that I was going to be asked how old I was. But I wasn’t. She gave me a cheap looking T-shirt and told me to put it on. I looked round to see 4 other girls stripping to their knickers and putting a T-shirt on.

I put my T-shirt over my head, pulled it down and took my dress off under the T-shirt. Then I put my arms through the T-shirt arm holes. The T-shirt was way too big for me. It went down to about 6 inches below my pussy.

I watched as some of the girls used some scissors to cut the edges of their T-shirts. I guessed that they were making it easier to rip off, so I did the same with mine.

Before I knew it, the first girl was called out. I heard a lot of cheering and it wasn’t long before she was back in wearing only her wet knickers and carrying a wet T-shirt.

Another girl went out and came back wearing just a see through thong.

It wasn’t long before my number was called and I nervously walked out. As I climbed onto the stage the cheering started and I seriously considered running back into that room.

The DJ came up to me and asked me my name. I gave a false one. He took me over to the other side of the stage and 2 men tipped buckets of cold water over my. I shrieked and felt my nipples harden.

The DJ called me over and told me to do my stuff. The music started and I started dancing. I guessed that I would only get one track. Fortunately I knew it so I knew how long it was.

As I danced I started to rip the T-shirt at the neck. I continued ripping right down the front. There were lots of cheers as my breasts came into view. I could feel an orgasm building as I reached the bottom of the T-shirt.

My dancing slower right down, I started shaking, and the T-shirt fell to the floor.

I was naked in front of god knows how many people; and they were all looking at me.

I had another very strong orgasm, straight after the first.

When it subsided I realised that the music had stopped and everyone was silent. They knew what I had just had.

I got embarrassed and put one arm over by breasts and the other over my pussy.

Everyone started cheering. I turned and ran off the stage.

I went straight into the changing room, put my dress on and ran out to my brothers. Tom put his arms round me and hugged me.

We went outside and Tom told me that I was okay. I was still shaking. “Okay!” I said, “I’m over the moon. That’s something that I‘ve wanted to do for, for ever; and I just did it. I was naked in front of lots of people, men, and they all watched me cum. fucking brilliant.”

My nipples felt Tom hugging my body to his and caused yet another orgasm.

We walked back to the hotel with me with a very big grin on my face.

Back in my room I kicked my shoes off, took me dress off and went out on the balcony. It was only as I opened the door that I realised that the 2 young men next door were out on their balcony; what’s more they had 2 girls with them. They were engrossed it their talking and didn’t see me as I went any leaned on the railings and

watched the stars.

The next thing that I knew was one of the men was calling my name. I jumped up and looked round. All 4 of them were looking at me. I hadn’t put my outside light on so they wouldn’t have been able to see that much of me.

I said, “Hey!” One of the girls said that they were having a party and invited me round. I said that I didn’t have any clothes on, She told me that she knew that the 2 men had seen me that way a few times and that the only other people there were girls; so it didn’t matter.

I thought for a minute. I was still on a high from the wet T-shirt experience so I said that I’d be right there.

Thirty seconds later I was knocking on their door, still naked.

One of the guys opened the door and welcomed me in. He must have known that I was naked because he didn’t really look at me before turning and walking back to the others.

The other girl said, “Wow, look at you!” I blushed and thought, “Here we go again,” and a mini orgasm hit me.

One of the guys said, “Girls, this is Emily, the one that has that medical condition that I told you about, Emily, this is Becky and Liz; and by the way, I’m Harry and this is Dan.”

All 4 of them were looking at me and I had another one.

Becky knew what she’d just seen and told me to sit down. As the guys got back to their beer, Becky and Liz asked me all about my PGAD.

“So you can cum just by touching your clit?” Liz asked. Liz reached over and touched it. I orgasmed.

Harry and Dan had come back in and Harry asked me how many orgasms I’d had that day. “About 50,” I said, “I’d lose count if I tried to count them.”

“Awesome!” Dan said.

“51,” Harry said as I looked at his bulging shorts and had another.

“What happens when you fuck a guy?” Liz asked.

“I don’t know, I’ve never done it.” I said.

“You mean you are still a virgin.” Dan said.

“Fucking hell!” Harry said.

“Don’t worry,” Becky said, “you’ll still be a virgin when you leave here tonight.”

“But you won’t Becky.” Harry said.

“Fuck off Harry.” Becky said.

“Do girls have the same effect on you Em?”

“I don’t think so, but I’ve never really had the chance to find out.” I said.

“How about it girls, do you think that you can turn this little virgin on and make her cum?” Dan asked.

Becky and Liz were up to the challenge. Liz told Dan that it would probably be more fun that getting in to bed with him.

Both Liz and Becky turned to me and lay me flat on the bed. Becky started kissing me. I was a bit shocked at first. I’d never kissed a girl before. What’s more it quickly developed into tongues as well. It was nice; much better than the boys that I’d kissed.

One of Becky’s hands found one of my breasts and Liz started kissing my stomach. Soon after I felt a hand on the top of my thighs; they were already wet, and as Liz’s hand touched my clit I exploded. Liz kept her hand there and even slid a finger inside me.

As my orgasm subsided Liz and Becky stood up.

“I guess that girls do have the same effect on you.” Liz said.

“Anyone touching my clit sets me off. It doesn’t know if the finger belongs to a man or a woman. Me looking at good looking guys naked sets me off, but I don’t know if seeing naked girls has the same effect.” I said.

“Let’s try an experiment,” Harry said, “get your kit off girls and see that happens to Em.”

“Why not,” Becky said, “why should Emily have all the fun?”

“Sorry Becky, I didn’t mean to spoil anything for you.” I said.

“You haven’t babes; I was just having a dig at those 2.” She replied.

With that, Becky and Liz started taking their clothes off; not that they were wearing much. Neither wore a bra and they both had thongs on that were smaller than I’d ever seen before. There was nothing but straps that got lost in between their pussy lips. Needless to say, there wasn’t a pubic hair in sight.

“Wow!” I said, I like the thongs.” I said.

“So do I!” After a pause, Harry continued. ”Okay Em, does that do as much for you as it does for me?” Both girls smiled and Liz shook her breasts.

“It’s nice, but I haven’t cum yet. Now if you 2 guys were naked in front of me I’d be cumming none stop.” I said as I looked over at Harry and Dan.

Liz got on the bed and spread her legs. She picked up my hand and put it on her pussy. I did what comes naturally and started rubbing.

Before I could get Liz to cum I had another little orgasm. As it subsided I apologised to Liz for not finishing her off. She told me not to worry; there were 2 studs that would be happy to take care of her.

I looked over to Harry and Dan. Both were naked with their big cocks pointing to the ceiling. I watched as they moved in on Liz and Becky.

Another orgasm hit me.

I left the 4 of them enjoying each other and went back to my room.

The rest of the holiday was quite boring in comparison to that day, and it wasn’t long before we were on the coach and plane back home. As expected, the vibrations set me off a few times.

As the start of the new school year approached I managed to reduce the number of orgasms by avoiding some of the triggers.

I knew that school was going to be a nightmare, but what could I do? I walked round school holding my books to my chest, but not too hard just in case my body responded to the pressure.

I learned to suppress the moans and screams, but in the process I drew blood sometimes when I bit my lip. My friends worried about my health (I didn’t tell them about the PGAD) and often wanted to take me to the teachers, but I always refused.

Of course bullying is outlawed in our school, but that didn’t stop it happening. One time when one of the nasty girls pulled my dress off she saw my swollen, wet and bald pussy. She accused me of having an orgasm. I tried to deny it, but my face, and pussy, must have given me away. She laughed and I became the schools biggest slut overnight.

These bullies took great delight in calling me every name that you could think of; and pulling my dress up, and sometimes right off, in the playground. I spent many hours hiding away and thinking about how they’d humiliated and embarrassed me. At times I just wanted to die.

Of course, this sexual embarrassment and humiliation brought on more orgasms; which made things even worse. There was a never ending supply of people laughing at me.

The teachers were no help. Shortly after the word about my orgasms got out, I tried to explain my problem to my form teacher. She just couldn’t, or wouldn’t understand. After that I just lived with it.

It was Dexter’s birthday about a month after school started and he got a digital camera as a present. One day when my brothers and I were home alone he came into my room and said, “Em, do you remember when we were on holiday and you said that I could see your pussy any time that I wanted?”

“Yes I remember.” I replied.

“Well can I take you up on that now?” Dexter said.

“Of course you can. You know that I’ll probably have an orgasm if you stare too much,” I said and got up off my bed and lifted my dress off.

I turned and put my dress on my bed. As I turned back to face Dexter I saw that he had his camera in his hand.

Dexter looked down at his camera and said, “Can I take some photos of you?”

“On two conditions;” I said, “That you make sure that mum and dad never see them, and that no one at school will ever see them.”

“I’ll encrypt them so that if mum or dad search though my computer and find the files they’ll never be able to see them, okay?” Dexter said.

“Okay, what do you want me to do?” I said.

Dexter got me to stand, sit, bend-over; you name it, in lots of different poses. The inevitable happened and I had an orgasm. He even took photos while I was in the middle of cumming.

I was just thinking that he was about done when he asked me if he could take some of me in our back garden. I was a bit reluctant at first, but I gave in and out we went.

After a few poses, Tom came out to see what was going on. Tom got straight into it and suggested that I make the poses look a bit sexier. He picked up some of dads garden tools and gave them to me one at a time. He told me to rub my nipples and pussy with them.

Dexter got more photos of me having an orgasm.

Just after one of those orgasms Tom gave me a little hand-fork to rub the handle against my pussy. I got carried away and pushed the handle inside me. Dexter was there with the camera and I came again.

After that I decided that Dexter had enough photos and we went back inside. Good job too, 5 minutes later mum and dad came home earlier than expected.

When I was about 16 (legal age of consent in this country) I met this girl in a clothes shop in the local shopping centre. I walked into the changing cubicle that she was in because I didn’t think that anyone was in there, and it wasn’t locked. She was naked and not at all embarrassed (unlike me) by the situation. I was lost for words, but she was so calm. She apologised and told me that I shouldn’t be embarrassed; after all, we were both girls. We just stared at each other for ages. She was (is) beautiful.

She looked at the dress that I was going to try on, and told me that she was thinking of getting the same dress.

For some strange reason I handed the dress to her and she tried it on while I was still there in the doorway. Other women were walking passed and must have seen her. There was a man in the waiting area waiting for his wife / partner, but the girl never asked me to leave or close the door. I was fascinated by the whole situation.

She asked me to move so that she could look at herself in the full length mirror that was in the waiting area. She smoothed the dress down her front and did a twirl before turning to me, pulling the dress right over her head and off; and handing it to me telling me to try it on.

She was standing in the waiting area totally naked with the man staring at her.

The girl ushered me into the cubicle and urged me to try it on. She stood in the open doorway, where I had stood. For some reason I just pulled my dress off and put the other one on. I didn’t even think about the man. He was certainly thinking about me, and my naked body. I was soooo close to having an orgasm.

“I’ll buy that. We’ll take it in turns to wear it. Pass me my dress please.” She said. She was wearing a very short summer dress with an ‘A’ shaped skirt. The material was thin and I could see her areolas and nipples.

Dumbstruck and / or mesmerised, I just picked-up her dress and passed it to her. She put it on and then told me to get changed. When I was naked she patted my pubic bone and said, “I’m pleased that you shave too!”

That was it; I had an orgasm.

The girl stared at me; then started smiling. When it subsided she said, “Did you just cum?” I nodded. “Cool!” she said, “Get dressed; we’ve got a lot to talk about.”

I did, and we left together, stopping for her to pay for the dress.

We walked to the food hall and she told me to sit while she got us a drink. As she came back to me I saw that her eyes were on my legs.

“I hope that you always sit that way, I can see your pussy,” she said as she sat down.

Finally, I got some confidence and introduced myself. Her name is Sara.

We started talking and just couldn’t stop. She told me all about herself, and I told her all about myself; even my medical conditions. She thought that the PGAD was brilliant; she wanted it. Then she leaned over, put her hand between my legs and found my clit. One tweak and I started cumming. “That’s fucking awesome Em!” Sara said.

Sara is a year older than me; lives with her parents, but they are usually not there. She stopped wearing underwear 5 years ago and has roughly the same measurements as me.

After about an hour I told Sara that I felt like we had been best friends for years. She said that she felt the same.

Sara’s pussy is very much like mine, when she’s not aroused, it’s just a nice smooth slit; very baby-like. When aroused it swells up and her clit comes out to see what’s going on. I say very much like mine, but my clit spends most of its time on show because I’m aroused so much.

Two young men came and sat near us; one of them was sat facing me and looking at me, probably up my skirt. Sara saw him and told me to open my legs a bit more. Without even thinking, I did. The man looked at my pussy, I got a wet rush, and orgasmed.

“Fucking awesome Em, I can see that we’re going to have a lot of fun together,” said Sara.

As I calmed down I thought about what Sara was saying. She had already decided that we were going to be best friends and have lots of fun teasing men. The way I felt about her at that moment was that I more than happy to go along with it.

Sara asked me if I could go back to her place. I phoned my mum and told her that I had met a friend and she’d asked me to stay at her place that night. Before my mother could say anything I told her that my friend knew all about my condition and that her parents were okay with it. In actual fact, her parents were out of the country that weekend.

As we walked out of the shopping centre it was a little breezy and Sara’s dress was blowing up. She never made any attempt to hold it down.

We got the bus to her place. It was a double-decker bus and Sara told me to go up the stairs first. It was only when I sat down upstairs that I realised that 2 teenage boys had followed her up the tight, steep stairs.

“Enjoy that did you?” I asked. She grinned and said, “I just don’t know what you are talking about Em.”

We laughed and Sara put her hand on the inside of my thigh for the rest of the journey.

Sara’s parent’s house is fantastic. It has a room with a Jacuzzi and sauna in it as well as a big private garden. As soon as we got to Sara’s room she took her dress and shoes off. I did the same and Sara showed me around the house with both of us naked. We went out into the garden and Sara did some cartwheels on the grass.

There’s a big tree in one corner of the garden with a swing hanging from one of the branches. Sara told me to get on it and she pushed me to get me started. As I got the momentum going she came round and stood in front of me. She told me to open my legs. When I did she held a finger out and told me to go faster so that her finger could touch my pussy.

I don’t know if I went fast enough, or if Sara moved her finger, but we made contact. The next time that I came forward Sara’s finger just went inside me. The time after that her finger pressed on my clit. I exploded and lost my momentum. As I calmed down I saw the big grin on Sara’s face.

She walked forward and between my legs and kissed me full on the mouth. It was a long tongue job and I loved every second of it. I let go of the swing ropes and put my arms around Sara’s neck. He hands were round my back and they slipped down to my butt. She lifted me off the swing and started to walk backwards a bit before we collapsed onto the grass.

We continued kissing for a few minutes before going inside.

Sara decided that she was hungry and phoned for a Pizza delivery. After she gave all the details she asked if James was working that day. Then she said “good!”

When she put hung-up I asked her who James was. She grinned and said that he’s someone that she likes to tease. She told me that we were going to have some fun.

When the doorbell rang Sara told me to go and answer the door.

“What, like this (still naked)?” I asked.

“Of course like that!” Sara replied.

Nervously I opened the door. James was stood there with a grin on his face. When he saw me his grin went and he stared at me.

“Come in James.” Sara shouted.

I moved to the side and James walked in.

“James, this is Emily. She’s staying with me for a couple of days.”

I looked over to James and smiled.

Sara continued, “Emily has this amazing talent, watch this.”

Sara walked over to me and touched my clit. I shuddered and started to cum. Sara went behind me, put her arms round me and tweaked my nipples. The orgasm got stronger.

As I calmed down, Sara stayed behind me holding my breasts.

“Cool that, isn’t it James?” Sara said.

James nodded.

“So what do you think of my new friend James?” Sara asked.

“She’s amazing, just like you. Does she cum every time that you touch her cunt?” asked James.

“Only if you touch her clit.” Sara replied.

“Have you been practicing your headstands Sara?” James asked.

“You told me that you wanted me to James, so I have. Do you want me to show you?” Sara asked.

With that, Sara went to the nearest wall, got down on her hands and knees, put her head on the floor and pushed herself up. She rested her feet against the wall and spread her legs wide. Her beautiful, smooth, wet pussy opened wide. I could see inside her hole.

“See James,” Sara said, “I’m getting good at it.”

“Have you been practicing staying like that for a long time Sara?” James asked.

“Yes I have, I’m up to 15 minutes now.” Sara said. After a pause Sara said, “Emily can do it as well, Emily, show James what you can do.”

I looked a bit surprised then saw Sara wink at me. I went over to the wall beside Sara and did the same as her. I felt my pussy open and get even wetter.

“Go over and have a close look at Emily; but remember the rules James, no touching.” Sara said.

James walked to right in front of me then bent over so close that I felt his breath on my pussy. I had my first orgasm while standing on my head – which was pounding.

Somehow I managed to stay in that position until I’d calmed down. Sara had got back on her feet so I did.

“James,” Sara said, “Here’s your money, but before you go, please show Emily that beautiful big cock of yours.”

James put the money in a pocked then unzipped his trousers. He pulled out a big, thick cock that was all wet at the end. I was so close to cumming again as Sara told James to put it away and leave.

As the door closed behind James, Sara put her hand on my pubes.

“I told you we were going to have some fun.” Sara said.

Sara bent her middle finger and it went inside me as I had another one.

I told Sara that if I didn’t take it easy I would soon reach my record of more than 50 orgasms in one day.

“Fucking hell Em, tell me all about it.” Sara said.

So as we ate the pizza I told Sara all about that day on holiday when my parents left us alone.

“Shit Emily, that’s amazing, how many times did your brothers fuck you that day?”

I blushed a bit and told Sara that I was still a virgin. I qualified that by saying that I was a cock virgin. I’d fucked myself with a few different things in bed at night.

“We’ll soon put that right.” She said.

**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 2A**

Okay, a quick recap; I reached the legal age of consent a few months ago and have suffered from Miliaria Profunda since I was very small. As a result I have never worn tight clothes; no underwear, trousers or shorts. The only clothes that I could wear were loose fitting dresses. This was never a problem until I reached puberty (which was late for me).

Puberty brought quite a few problems for me. When I went up a school most of the kids didn’t like me because I was different. The boys were always trying to look up my dresses and the girls bullied me. They thought that it was fun to pull my dress off in the playground. The first time that it happened I was mortified. I really did find out all about embarrassment and humiliation quickly. The teachers didn’t understand my medical condition and were no help.

Puberty brought another big medical problem (or was it) for me; I developed Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD). I started having lots of orgasms every day. After experimentation I discovered that they were /are brought on by thinking about sex, pressing my backside or pubes against anything that vibrates or shakes, or pressing anything against my genitals or little breasts (32A).

My mother took me to see the doctor, but he was no real help. He suggested that it would go away as I got older. The alternative didn’t bear thinking about (amputate my clit). Because I still had occasional attacks of Miliaria Profunda, the doctor suggested that my parents treat all hot flushes the same way as for the Miliaria Profunda. i.e. take my dress off and fan me with cool air. That’s when I discovered that I have an orgasm if I’m naked in front of men; even my dad and brothers.

When we went on our first family holiday abroad my mother bought me some beautiful sundresses. The only problem was that they were slightly see-through. My mother’s answer to that problem was to shave my pubes (that was a surprise). I quickly discovered that I like the bald look and feel, and have shaved ever since. On that holiday I also discovered that I love being naked in front of strangers. I walked along the beach naked with my brothers (me naked, not them), and faked attacks to that I would get stripped naked in front of strangers on the streets and in shops. All this exhibitionism brought on more orgasms. It was heaven.

Up until that holiday I’d had a ‘special’, horrible bed that kept me cool at night. I’d used a proper bed on holiday and my dad decided that I could have a proper bed at home. I usually wear just a big T-shirt for bed. When the weather is warm I just lay on top of the bed with no covers on me. Because it was so hot on holiday I slept on top of the bed in the nude. Since we got back home I’ve continued doing that. Fortunately, everyone in our house knocks before going into someone’s bedroom.

One more thing; I’m still a virgin; well a cock virgin. I’ve done the usual hair brush and other objects masturbation; and my new friend Sara has fingered me in a nice way as well; but no cocks in my pussy. Sara has taught me how to give blowjobs; which I like - a lot. The main school girl bully has also fingered me. I’ll tell you about that in a bit.

**School**

**====**

School is still hell. Thank god that it isn’t long before I can leave. I’m doing okay academically but the rest of the time that I’m there I’m a target for the girl bullies. Once they discovered that I usually have an orgasm when boys see me naked, they take great delight in stripping me whenever they can. I have a reputation for being the school’s biggest slut and whore. It’s a shame that they don’t understand the truth; and that I’m still a virgin.

One time just after school had started again the girl bullies waited outside the school at the end of the day. I usually hang back hoping to miss them, but this one day they were there just as I left. There were about 6 or 7 boys with them. They followed me shouting cruel names.

To get home from school I have to walk through a park. As I got near the swings and climbing frame they pounced; within seconds I was naked. They got the boys to lend them their school ties and they tied me to the climbing frame with my legs wide open.

It wasn’t long before I had my first orgasm, and that was before any of them touched my tits or pussy.

The phone cameras came out and photos of my naked body must have been captured on about 15 phones. At the time I was horrified, knowing that those photos would be sent to most of the kids in school within days.

The girls slapped my little breasts and bald pussy. They took great delight in squeezing and pulling my nipples. Of course this treatment was just what it took to give me more orgasms. I can’t remember much of what they said to me because I was almost permanently on a high.

One thing that I do remember was that bitch pushing her fingers into my pussy and roughly finger fucking me. I remember seeing her hold her soaking finger in front of my face and saying something about me being a bitch slut who loved getting it rough.

When she pushed her soaking finger into my mouth I remember sucking it and loving the taste of my pussy.

All this while I was cumming again and again and again.

Eventually they got bored and left me still tied to that climbing frame naked. It took me a few minutes to calm down and I got scared in case someone found me and called the police. I started crying.

After about 10 minutes someone did find me; an old man walking his dog. I saw him walking towards me and had another orgasm while I was still crying.

He was really nice; he untied me and went and found my dress and bag. It was a good job that he was one of these oldies that don’t carry a mobile phone because he would have called the police there and then. As it was I managed to talk him out of going looking for a phone by telling him that it was just some of my friends playing a practical joke on me.

Over the next few weeks I got quite a few kids sniggering and looking at their phones when I was around. Some of the times I would cum just thinking about when they were taken.

After that amazing holiday when I discovered what I really like, I longed for one of the boys to ask me to pose for him. I had almost given up, but about a month after school started again, one cute boy came up to me and asked me if I was the girl in the photo that was going round. I blushed and nodded. He asked me if he could have some more photos of me. When I didn’t say anything he told me that he would be in a specific place in the park at 5 o’clock that night; and that he would be on his own. He said that he wanted me to be there and that he wanted me to strip for him. I didn’t say anything and just stared at him.

The rest of the afternoon was a blur for me. I couldn’t stop thinking about stripping in front of him. Of course that brought on a few orgasms and very wet inner thighs. By the time school ended I’d found the courage to go.

As I walked to the park, anticipation (and 2 orgasms) meant that I had to walk slowly. When I finally got there, the boy (Brent) was waiting.

I asked him if he was alone. When he said that he was, I told him that I wasn’t going to have sex with him. He said that all he wanted was photographs.

I looked around and saw no one else. Brent got an expensive looking camera out of his bag and told me where to stand. I got a bit disappointed when he started talking photos of me with my dress still on.

He must have taken about 20 photos of me in different poses before he asked me to lift my dress up. I started to lift it right off when he stopped me and said,

“Just up to your waist please?”

More disappointment, but then I started to think that maybe he was into photography, and he genuinely wanted a model. His camera was a quality one; and he certainly didn’t look like he wanted to rape me.

I relaxed a bit, but I was naked from the waist down and there was a boy in front of me. I started getting wet. I tried to think about some of the homework I had to do, just to occupy my mind.

Eventually, Brent asked me to take my dress right off. I was naked in front of him.

As I had my first orgasm there (about my 20th that day), Brent took loads of photos of my face and top half of me.

As I calmed down, Brent said,

“So it’s true then; you do cum just by getting naked.”

I was starting to think that Brent wasn’t like the rest; he seemed to be genuinely interested in me. I told him that I had a rare medical condition and that I just couldn’t help it.

I had 2 more orgasms as Brent got me to pose in some very sexy ways. I’m sure that if he’d had a video recorder he would have been able to capture my pussy contracting and relaxing. It was dripping.

Brent filled his memory card and passed me my dress to put back on.

As we walked out of the park, Brent told me that photography was his hobby and that no one else would see my photographs. I told him that as long as it wasn’t anyone at school I didn’t mind.

We parted with me thinking that Brent wasn’t such a bad guy.

**Dexter - 1**

**======**

While we were on holiday abroad, I made the mistake (or was it), of telling my older brother Dexter that he could see me naked any time that he wanted. Well, he keeps taking me up on that. About every 2 weeks when both our parents are out he reminds me of that promise. It’s usually when one of his mates is round at our house that he knocks on my bedroom door and reminds me.

I have to take off anything that I’m wearing and lay down so that they can get a good look at my cunt. Of course I have an orgasm and they stand there and watch me shake and moan. A couple of his mates have commented on how my pussy opens up, gets very wet and spasms as I cum.

So far only 3 of his mates have been there when I’ve stripped for him, but I’m expecting (and hoping for), quite a few more as the weeks go on.

**Sara, my best friend**

**=============**

Sara is my best friend. I met her in an unusual way and we instantly took to each other. I just love her uninhibited ways. She loves to flash her body and tease men; and what’s more, she wears as little as me. She’s always shocking me by doing something crazy like pulling her skirt up while we’re walking down the street. Once she pulled my dress up when 2 men were walking towards us. Of course I orgasmed right in front of them. All Sara did was laugh and then kiss me.

I’ve spent a few weekends at Sara’s house and also the whole of the school half term holiday week. What a week that was. Both Sara’s parents were working abroad that week so we had the place to ourselves. By the end of that week I was a knackered, different person.

Sara told me that she’d been planning that week ever since her parent told her that they would be out of the country. She had just about every hour filled with plans.

The week started straight after school on the Friday. I went there straight from school. The only things that I had with me were my school dress (which I was wearing), shoes, and a bag with all my school books in it. Sara had told me not to take anything else as she would be lending me the clothes that I would need.

When I rang her doorbell Sara opened the door wide. She was stood there stark naked. She wouldn’t let me in until I took my dress off. Sara lives in a big house that is set back from the road a bit, but anyone who was passing could have easily seen the 2 naked teenagers.

Sara kept me standing outside the door for ages, even after I’d got naked. I was sure that she was hoping that someone would see us.

When we finally went in Sara took me to their Jacuzzi where we relaxed and talked for about an hour. Sara told me that neither of us would be wearing anything while we were in the house, apart from a couple of occasions that she’d got planned. She wouldn’t tell me about any of her plans. She said that she wanted them to be a surprise.

A short while after we’d got out and dried, Sara said that she was hungry. She got on the phone and ordered a pizza to be delivered. I asked her if it was from the same firm that delivered a pizza one of the other times that I was there. She said that it was, and that she was expecting it to be the same man that delivered it.

It was. Sara opened the door to James.

“My friend Emily is here today James.” Sara said, “Come in and say hello to her.”

James came over to me. I was stood there with my arms at my sides.

“Hello Miss Emily, it’s good to see you again. Please can you show me your headstand again?”

I looked a bit surprised, then quickly went to the same bit of wall and got down and did a headstand. I wanted to get upside down before the rapidly approaching orgasm hit me.

My legs were straight up, but as soon as I started cumming they spread wide. I felt the cool air on my throbbing clit.

James was stood in front of me watching my pussy pulsating. Sara came over and said to James,

“Emily wants you to just gently touch her clitoris, don’t you Em?”

We’d never spoken about James, but I couldn’t resist saying, “Yes please James; just gently touch it.”

He did and I nearly fell down in a heap as the waves of pleasure went from my clit right down to my head and up to my toes. I felt myself jerking and heard myself moaning.

“That’s enough James. Now come over here while I get your money.”

From my still upside down position I watched James followed Sara’s cute little butt over to the other side of the room. She got some money out of her purse and was about to give it to James when she stopped and said that she had an idea.

Sara walked over to me with James right behind her. She them rolled up the notes and pushed them into my still spread pussy, leaving about one quarter of an inch sticking out. She turned to James and said,

“There you are James, get your money.”

James looked at my still throbbing pussy, then back to Sara.

“Go on James, you have my permission.”

James put out his shaking hand and got hold of the money. He held his hand there and looked over to Sara. His fingers were so close to my pussy that his shaking hand kept touching me.

I came again.

As I was in the throes of yet another orgasm I vaguely heard her say something, and James pulled his money out.

I came down from my peak and heard Sara say,

“James, you are a naughty boy, look what you just did to Emily. I can see that I’m going to have to punish you. Unzip your trousers and get that big cock of yours out.”

As he was doing that Sara turned to me and told me to get down and onto my knees.

I did, and Sara then told James to stand in front of me.

I had never been so close to a cock before in my life. I stared and marvelled at it. It looked wonderful, but scary. I’d never had anything like it inside me and I wondered what it would be like.

Sara told me to open my mouth, which I did, without realising what was about to happen.

Sara turned to James and said, “Put you cock in Emily’s mouth, like you did with me; do you remember?”

I think that I saw James nod, but I suddenly got distracted as James’s cock entered my mouth.

“Suck it!” Sara said.

I started sucking as if there was no tomorrow. Sara came behind me and pushed my head forward. I started gagging as James’s cock went into my throat.

“Relax Em, you’re not going to choke. Just let it slide in and out. You’ll get plenty of chances to breathe.”

I gagged a little more before relaxing and letting it happen. I could feel my pussy throbbing and realised that I was about to cum again. Just then I felt James’s cock grow inside my mouth and it started jerking. “WTF” I thought; then felt this warm creamy substance come out of James’ cock. Some went down my throat and some stayed in my mouth. James stayed still for a minute then pulled out.

Before I could spit or swallow, Sara told me to open my mouth and show her what was inside.

“Well done James. You’ve just had Emily’s first blow job. Swallow it Em!”

I moved James’s cum round my mouth and tasted it before swallowing it. After a few seconds I said, “I wasn’t expecting that. It tasted very much like what I’d read about. Can I do it again?”

Sara laughed then told me that I would do it again soon; then she told James to leave.

As we ate the pizza I thanked Sara for organising my first blow job.

“That’s just the first of your firsts this week my girl. Welcome to Sara’s world.”

I smiled then kissed her.

When we’d finished, Sara took me up to her room. Spread out on her dressing table was her collection of dildos and vibrators. I was gobsmacked by the number of them, and the size of some of them. Some were huge. They never looked that big on the pictures on the internet.

Pointing to the biggest one, I said, “How the hell do you get something that big inside you?” I asked.

“Slowly!” She replied.

Sara told me that before the week was out I was going to have every one of them inside me.

“Not at the same time I hope.” I joked.

I told Sara that I’d never owned a vibrator, so she selected one and told me to get on the bed. I did, and instinctively opened my legs wide. I knew that I was about to experience another first.

I looked at Sara, slightly in anticipation, and slightly scared. Sara was sucking the vibrator.

She grinned as she lowered it to my pussy. It touched my clit and I screamed. She held it there, and I fainted.

When I came round Sara had moved the vibrator to inside my pussy.

“Fucking hell Sara, what the fuck did you do to me?” I said.

“Your clit is amazing; it’s so much more sensitive than mine. I’m jealous. It looks like I’ve found a way of knocking you out without hurting you.”

“What’s that in my hole?” I asked. “It feels soooo good.”

Sara pulled the vibrator out of me and licked it. Then she put it back in me for a minute before taking it out and holding it in front of my mouth. I sucked it like I sucked James’s cock.

Sara used 4 or 5 of her dildos and vibrators that night. She kept them away from my clit, but I still had 2 more orgasms before we decided that we should get some sleep.

I woke up at about 7 o’clock the next morning feeling Sara sucking one of my nipples.

We’d started kissing each other when we heard the doorbell. Sara jumped up, grabbed my arm and dragged me downstairs to the door. She flung it open and the sight of 2 naked teenage girls greeted the postman. At first he looked shocked; then he smiled and said, “Package for a Sara Bennett.”

“That’s me!” Sara said.

I was starting to feel an orgasm brewing.

The postman handed Sara a little clipboard and asked her to sign it. As she was doing that my orgasm erupted. I gasped and started shaking.

“Are you alright Miss?” the postman asked.

Sara replied for me, “Yes, she’s fine, she’s just cumming.”

The postman looked confused. Sara handed the clipboard back to him and he held out the package. Sara took it then thanked him and closed the door.

Sara dropped the package and put her arms round me.

“You were fantastic Em, your turn on Monday!” She said as she dragged me back upstairs to her bed. Before I got chance to ask her what she was talking about, she hugged me and kissed me; her tongue exploring my mouth.

When she broke the kiss she sat up, threw the quilt on the floor then lay back alongside me.

“Here’s another first for you lover.” She said as she started kissing my stomach and bald pubes. My legs instinctively opened as her kisses reached my pussy. She stayed away from my clit (thankfully). As she was doing this she lifted one leg over me and lowered her pussy to my face.

Instinct took over and I started doing to her what she was doing to me.

I quickly reached my first orgasm. But she didn’t stop licking, chewing and fucking me with her tongue. As soon as her tongue found my clit I exploded; but she didn’t stop. She kept going for 2 more orgasms before I passed out.

When I woke up I apologised for not giving as good as I got. I told her that if she wanted me to do a good job on her; she’d have to leave my clit alone.

I found out what Sara was on about when she said that it was my turn with the postman on the Monday. We went out each day, and each day (apart from the Sunday), she went into a post office and posted a similar sized package to herself. Each one was sent by recorded delivery so that the postman had to get it signed for.

On the Monday morning when the postman arrived, Sara left me in bed when she went to see who was at the door. After a minute or so, Sara shouted my name and told me to get down there. When I did, the front door was wide open, Sara was stood, naked, in front of the postman, and he was looking over her shoulder at me (also naked) walking towards him. I had to stand in front of him and sign for the package.

The inevitable happened and I started cumming. Sara let him watch me for about a minute then told him that I was cumming, and shut the door.

Poor man!

During that week we had the postman there 6 times, the local supermarket’s home deliveries twice; and the window cleaner once. Oh, and of course James.

The window cleaner was good. He saw us walking around through the ground floor windows, and by the time he got round to cleaning Sara’s bedroom windows she had me tied spread-eagled and blindfolded on her bed. She gave me a running commentary on what he was doing as she fucked me with one of her dildos.

After a couple of minutes she told me that he was looking at me. I felt her fingers on my clit and started cumming. She didn’t stop and neither did my orgasms. I was writhing all over the place (as much as the ropes would let me), and screaming for her to stop.

Eventually she did, and she said that the window cleaner had gone and that I should rest for a while. I did, and nearly dozed off. When Sara came back she took the blindfold off and told me to look out of the window. The man was still there. He must have been there all the time, looking at my naked body. I came again.

A bit later Sara untied me and I went and had a shower.

**Sara – Going to school**

**==============**

One morning after we’d let the postman see us naked – again, Sara pulled me towards the bathroom saying,

“Come on Emily, we’ve got to get showered quickly this morning; we’re going to school.”

I gave Sara a puzzled look as she dragged me to the shower.

“No touching this morning babe, we’ve got a busy day ahead of us.” Sara said.

She was done and out of the shower within 2 minutes. When I got back to her bedroom she’d got out our clothes for the day. 2 red plaid skirts, that must have been about 8 or 9 inches long, 2 well worn, white school blouses that must have been Sara’s when she was 11 or 12, white knee socks, 2 school ties and 2 bags that looked as if they’d been her school bags at some time in the past. I looked at Sara and said,

“Are you serious? Where are we going dressed like that; at this time of day? We’ll get arrested.”

“I told you, we’re going to school. Well we’re going to school but we might not make it. I’ll explain as we go.”

I put the clothes on and assessed my outfit. The blouse was a couple of sizes too small and very thin cotton. I could easily see the darker shade of my areolas; and my nipples stood out too. It was so tight that the buttons were in danger of popping off at any time. The skirt only just covered my butt. Now I haven’t worn knickers since I was 3, so being knickerless didn’t worry me. What did worry me was that the skirt was so short that every move that I made would probably let people know what I wasn’t wearing.

I looked at Sara. She was dressed and bending over slightly in front of the mirror. I could see her beautiful, wet slit between her legs.

“Cool!” she said, “just the look that I wanted.”

She got me to bend forward slightly and said that I looked good too.

We left the house and walked to the nearest London Underground station. As we walked along the streets the cool morning breeze was keeping my nipples hard and blowing over my pussy. I felt like I was bottomless.

It wasn’t far and Sara bought 2 day tickets that would let us go anywhere on the underground that day. We then joined dozens of commuters on the platform.

“Great,” I said, “not much chance of us getting a seat then.”

Sara smiled. As it happened, the train stopped with the doors right in front of us. As we rushed on we saw one empty seat. Sara ran for it and sat down. As the others piled on I managed to get hold of one of those ceiling straps. Sara opened her legs so that I could stand between them, facing her; well, it was more a case of the front of my skirt about a foot from her face.

I looked down to her lap, her skirt had ridden up a bit and I could see her slit.

I looked at her chest and I could see the dark circles round her protruding nipples. Her tie was over to one side and the blouse button between her tits had popped. I could see flesh.

I looked at her face and saw that she was happy.

I looked at the man stood to my right. He was looking down as Sara’s pussy.

I looked at the man to my left. He didn’t know what he was missing.

I looked at the man sat next to Sara. He was pretending to read a newspaper, but his eyes were on Sara’s legs. Mine too probably.

The train moved off. At the next station it got more crowded. After the station after that I felt a hand on my bare butt. I looked down at Sara with my mouth and eyes wide open. She grinned and winked at me. She must have known what was going on.

The hand squeezed my butt for about 10 minutes until people started getting off. During that time I had an orgasm. I’m not sure if it was the hand that caused it, or the vibrations of the train. The hand never went near my pussy; it just stayed on my butt.

When most of the people had got off we got off at an intersection with the central line. We went up the escalators; then went back down them to the platform for the central line. While I was travelling up the escalators I felt more naked in public than I had ever before. I was convinced that every person below me on the escalator was looking up at my pussy. It was a nice feeling.

The central line platform was busy and neither of us managed to get a seat when the train arrived. I was squashed against Sara. After a while I felt a hand under my skirt again. I thought it was Sara’s and turned to her and whispered to tell her to stop it or she would make me cum.

Sara looked blankly at me; then her eyes lit up. The hand came round to my front, still under my skirt. It found my pussy and my clit. I orgasmed instantly.

When I calmed down, the hand was gone.

By the time the train had gone all the way round the circle line it was starting to get less crowded. We managed to get a seat alongside of one of the carriages. As first we sat with our bags on our laps, but when a cute looking young man came and sat opposite us Sara put her bag on the floor. The next thing that I realised was that Sara’s knees were about a foot apart.

I looked over at the man and he was looking up her skirt. What’s more, the front of his trousers was changing shape.

He got off a couple of stations later, probably wishing that he had the time to stay on the train for longer.

About 10 minutes later the seats opposite were taken by a young couple. At first they only had eyes for each other, but when we both put our bags on the floor the man started looking up our skirts. I slid down the seat a bit and we both opened our knees.

The man said something to the girl and she too looked at us. For the next 3 stations they both stared at our bare legs and naked pussies.

I bet that they had a good time later.

We eventually got bored as there became less people on the train, and got off. Sara had told me that she wanted to go to a particular station on the northern line, so we looked for a map and worked out how to get there. Of course this involved a few more escalators. This time there weren’t as many people on them and I started to think if any of the people behind us could see up our skirts.

When we got to the Angel station we saw the longest escalator that I have ever seen. There weren’t many people on it, probably because it was mid-morning. Sara had already told me that we were going to go up separately because there isn’t much room and she wanted to get a few men in between us. We waited for the right moment then Sara pushed me forward. I got on and after a few seconds I turned my head and looked down. A man in his twenties was looking up at me. I turned back, leaned forward and parted my feet. I was sure that the bottom half of my butt and my shiny slit was showing.

What I hadn’t taken into account was the people walking up the side of those standing still. One woman was carrying a big bag and it brushed my skirt as she passed me. I felt my skirt go even higher. I couldn’t see the man behind me and my pussy was getting warmer and wetter.

I suddenly had an idea. I turned round so I was facing down the escalator. The man was still looking up at me and my now exposed pussy. I had another orgasm. I just managed to calm down enough to turn round as the escalator got to the top.

Sara met me at the top with a big grin on her face. She told me that she’d been facing down the escalator for most of its journey as well. We went down and did the same again; although I didn’t manage to have an orgasm the second time.

When we finally left the underground I asked Sara if she’d travelled on the underground during rush hour before. She told me that rush hour was the best time to have some fun.

We headed for Oxford Street and hit the shops. We didn’t intend to buy anything, just look and perhaps try a few things on.

Now, walking around outside in a skirt with no knickers is something that I’ve done all my life, but wearing no knickers and a skirt that only just covers my butt is something else. It wasn’t toooo bad as we walked from Sara’s house to the tube station because everyone was half asleep and focused on getting to work; but in central London it was different. People had woken-up and were in their place of work or out shopping. Quite a few had time to look around. Lots of the men were probably looking round specifically for scantily clad girls. And then there were the tourists; they were looking at the people as well as the place.

Sometimes I felt embarrassed and tried to pull the hem of my skirt to make it sure that my pussy and butt were covered. Other times I wanted to lift it up and shout,

“Hey everyone! Look at my bald pussy.”

Talk about confusing feelings. I was glad that Sara kept my brain occupied most of the time.

On some of the times that I had an orgasm I had to stop myself from putting my hand up the front of my skirt and touching my clit just to make the orgasm last longer; but at the same time I was embarrassed because people were looking at me.

We went into a big department store and wandered around. We found ourselves in the lingerie department and saw these totally sheer negligees. Sara headed straight for them and picked one up and held it in front of her.

“Just what I’ve been looking for.” She said.

Sara told me that although she sleeps nude, her mother insists that she wears a nightie around the house. She usually wore an over-sized T-shirt, but she wanted something more risqué to tease her dad. The sheer negligee was just what she had in mind.

Sara picked up a pink one and we headed to the fitting room. It was only a few yards away and we were there in seconds. In a cubicle Sara stripped naked and put the negligee on. If I couldn’t see Sara naked; then this was the next best thing, I could see EVERYTHING though it.

Sara said that I should try it on. I said that I could never wear anything like that at home, but she persuaded me that I should seriously think about it. She told me that my dad would love it; and that when I wore it round my brothers I would be able to get them to do anything for me.

I gave in and stripped. Sara took the negligee off and gave it to me. I had to admit that I did like it.

“You should try a white one.” Sara said, “Go and get one and see what it looks like on you. Don’t bother getting changed, go like that”

“I can’t go like this.” I said.

“I sure as hell can’t go like this.” Sara said (she was still naked).

Sara persuaded me to go out into the shop wearing just the negligee.

I stepped out and headed for the other negligees. I did get a couple of funny looks from some women as I went, but I ignored them.

I picked up a white negligee, and a black one; and turned to go back to the fitting room. I was starting to feel another one coming on and I wanted to get back to Sara quickly.

As I turned, I was confronted by a man.

“Very nice sweety, but you’ll look much better in the black one.” He said.

My first reaction was to scream; but I didn’t. My second thought was WTF. My third thought was, “A fucking gay!” My fourth thought was to laugh; but I didn’t. My fifth thought was, “What happened to the orgasm?” It had gone.

I quickly walked back to the fitting room and told Sara what had happened. As we tried on the other negligees we decided that I needed a gay man stood next to me all the time to cure my PGAD.

Sara decided to buy the white negligee for herself, and the black one for me. She made me promise to tell her all about the reactions that I got from wearing it in front of my dad and brothers. I made her promise to tell me all about the reaction she got from her dad.

We wandered round more shops, stopping at a post office to post another package to Sara’s house.

At lunchtime we looked for a fast food place; Sara had a picture in her mind of the layout of the place that she wanted to go, but it took ages to find it.

As we walked up to the place I just knew that it was what Sara had in mind. It had high stools all along the front window with a narrow table to put your food on. I just knew that Sara was expecting me (her as well) to sit on those stools facing the street, with our knees open.

The stools had plastic tops and were cold on my bare bum when I climbed up. The back of my skirt just hung over the back of the stool.

We sat and ate our food and looked out of the window at the people passing by. We had a little game trying to pick out the people who would look at us and our exposed pussies.

Surprisingly, not many did. Most were rushing to get to wherever. Those that did look did a double take to make sure that they’d seen what their brains had registered. Only one young man stopped and stared at us; or should I say our pussies. I don’t think that he ever saw our faces. I was so close to cumming when he walked away and disappointed when the orgasm went away.

After lunch Sara told me that we were going to the library that she knew.

“What for?” I asked. All she would say was,

“School girls study don’t they?”

We arrived at a big library; it was quite nice in there, and we went as far as we could from the staff desk. Sara told me to get a couple of books and go to a table that she pointed to.

I took my time selecting books that I thought might want to read. Sara told me not to worry what they were, I wouldn’t be reading them.

As I walked over to the table I saw Sara sat there facing me, I could see up her skirt to her slit. Something looked different, but I didn’t know what.

Sara pointed to a chair for me to sit on. When I looked at it I saw one of Sara’s dildos stood on it. My brain suddenly knew that Sara’s pussy looked different because I could see the base of the dildo that she’d sat on.

I put my legs either side of the chair and lowered myself onto the dildo. I sighed as my butt reached the chair.

As I opened the books to pretend that I was reading, Sara got a camera out of her bag (I’d wondered why Sara’s bag was so bulky), and passed it to me.

“Take some photos of me please Em.” She asked.

Sara stood up with the dildo still inside her, and walked over to a shelf. I could see the base of the dildo sticking out of her and her skirt. I took a couple of photos. Sara bent over to get a book from the bottom shelf as I kelp clicking away.

I looked round for people; there were none in sight. Sara had picked a good place for what she did next. She told me to put the camera in video mode and then proceeded to do a striptease. She got completely naked (apart from the dildo still sticking out of her pussy).

She smiled at me and licked her lips before slowly pulling the dildo out and putting it in her mouth.

We heard a noise and Sara picked up her clothes and ran to stand behind me as she put her skirt and blouse on. She didn’t fasten the blouse.

No one appeared and the place went quiet. Sara turned her chair to face me and sat on the front edge of it. She lay back with her legs and blouse open and said,

“Fuck me with the dildo Em.”

I looked around to check that we were still on our own; then got hold of the dildo.

I worked the dildo in and out of her soaking wet pussy, getting faster and faster.

Sara was working on het little tits and enjoying every second.

It didn’t take that long for her to cum; she must have been really turned-on by the events of the day. Fortunately she managed to keep reasonably quiet.

Sara came back to the land of the living and sat properly on her chair, keeping the dildo inside her, and tying the bottom of her blouse together. I could see all of her breast bone.

“I hope you got all of that on camera, I want to see how long it will stay on YouTube before it gets taken down as ‘inappropriate’.” she said with a little chuckle.

I had.

“Right Em, it’s your turn to get your kit off.” Sara said.

My jaw dropped. I should have realised that Sara would expect me to strip when she did, but I did think of it. I slowly stood up and pushed the chair out of the way. I had never even been on my feet when I had a dildo in me, never mind walking with one in; and I found it difficult and a bit painful at firstl.

I slowly walked over to the shelves, squeezing my pussy muscles to keep the dildo in.

“Bend over.” Sara said.

I did, and Sara pointed the camera at my butt.

Standing up and facing Sara, I started un-fastening my blouse and gyrating my hips. I was getting used to the dildo filling my hole.

I was soon naked and Sara told me to spread my legs and fuck myself with the dildo.

I did, but after a minute Sara told me to stop. She later told me that she could see that I was getting close to cumming and that she wanted to delay it.

Carrying the still rolling camera, Sara came over to me and told me to follow her.

Sara led me round some of the aisles, all the time I was nervous as hell. I was shit scared that someone would see us, but at the same time I was loving it.

The inevitable happened; we turned one corner and were right in front of a young woman in outdoor clothing. We all stopped and stared. I nearly pissed myself.

“Lost a bet.” Sara said.

The woman smiled and said, “Cute! You go for it girl,” and watched us as we walked passed her and back towards our table; and my clothes.

We got decently (LOL) dressed and left.

Sara told me that we were a couple of other photographs that she wanted to take. She told me that we’d have to walk a bit to get there.

We walked through Hyde Park and as we got to a place with a few bushes we saw 2 boys about our age walking towards us. When we got very close, Sara suddenly said,

“Want to see my friend’s pussy for £5?”

There was silence for a few seconds; then one of the boys said,

“Okay,”

Sara reached over to my skirt and pulled it up at the front.

“£10 and she’ll get naked for you.”

“Sara, please don’t.” I said.

Sara didn’t wait for an answer, or give me one. She un-fastened my skirt and let it drop; then she un-fastened my blouse. I was cumming by the time she got me naked.

The boys were just staring at me.

Sara picked up my skirt and gave it to me as she asked the boys for the money.

They ran off and Sara said,

“I thought that they’d do that, get dressed Emily.”

As we walked on I thanked Sara for embarrassing me – again.”

We got to Buckingham Palace and found one of those Guards in the red jacket and silly hat. He was just stood there not responding to anything anyone said.

After a while the tourists moved away and the guard was alone.

“Right Em,” Sara said, “Go and stand next to him, slightly back. When I say ‘say cheese’, lift up the front of your skirt so that I can see your pussy.”

As I walked over to the Guard as Sara got her camera out. I got into position and did what I was told. When she was finished, Sara told me to swap places.

I took a photo of her, also with her pussy showing.

Next it was a couple of shoe shops. Sara picked these new style shoe shops where all the shoes are stacked in their boxes and you’re expected to look for the right size yourself.

We had great fun bending over and sitting on those low stools to try on the shoes in front of men. Of course, when we’d picked the ones that we wanted to try on we’d go over to the men’s shoes area so that there were more men there; although one or two men followed us back to the ladies section for a another look.

It was getting on a bit and Sara wanted to get to the underground during the evening rush hour.

On the way back to Sara’s house we ended-up on more crowded trains. On one we were squashed in at the end of a carriage. I could hardly move. Both Sara and I were squashed against a cute man. All of a sudden I felt a hand lifting the front of my skirt, but it didn’t rest on my stomach or pussy. I realised that it was rubbing the man’s crotch and it was the back of the hand that had raised my skirt.

Then I felt something wet against my stomach. Sara whispered in my ear,

“Give him a BJ Em; I’ve got his cock out for you.” I glared at Sara, smiled and squat down to his cock. It tasted good. I pumped hard; I wanted him to cum, and I didn’t know how long we had before the train stopped.

Within a minute I felt his cock swell and he started cumming. I swallowed most of it, but I managed to keep some in my mouth. I backed off him, stood up and smiled at him. I turned to Sara, leaned over to her and kissed her on the mouth. Her tongue started probing my mouth. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and let the man’s cum slide off my tongue.

I’d kept my eyes open while I kissed Sara, and when her tongue felt what I had left in her mouth, her eyes opened wide. She pulled away from me and said,

“You didn’t; did you?”

I smiled and nodded.

**Sara – Exposed on the internet**

**===================**

One morning after another package had arrived for me, I went back to Sara’s bedroom to find her sat (naked) at her PC. She had Skype fired-up and was talking to a man. It turned out that it was a middle-aged man in America.

He was telling her to do things (which she did) and also watching to see that she did those things. Sara was doing everything that the man told her.

Sara saw me walk into the room and called me over. As I got into the range of the camera the man’s voice said,

“Ah, you must be Emily, Sara told me that you were there, come close and let me have a look at you.”

I looked at Sara. She stood up and pushed her chair away so that we could both stand in the range of the camera.

“Very nice Emily, I’m pleased to see that your breasts are nice and small like Sara’s. Turn round please.” The voice said.

I shuffled round so that the man could see my butt.

“Sara, slap Emily’s bottom please.”

Sara did as she was told.

“Nice and solid buns just like Sara’s. Good. Emily come closer to the camera please, I want to have a closer look at your vagina.”

I walked to the camera and saw my lower abdomen on Sara’s monitor. In the corner of the screen I saw a middle-aged man with one of those old-fashioned black teacher’s gowns on.

“Step back please.”

As I stepped back to stand next to Sara the teacher continued,

“Emily, Sara has told me all about you, and that she hasn’t told you anything about me. My name is Master Charles, and I’m Sara’s online sex education teacher. I know that you’ve covered the basics of female anatomy and sex at your day school; but I cover the areas that are not covered at school. So far we have covered the use of fingers, dildos and vibrators. I believe that Sara has demonstrated the correct use of these on you already. Is that correct?”

I nodded my head. While I was standing there I started to realise what was going on, and to relax.

“Now that we have a second pupil in the class we can progress on to subjects that involve two girls. Today’s lesson will be ‘How to satisfy each other at the same time. Something with the common nickname of the ‘69’.”

Just as Master Charles said ‘69’ I started cumming. Master Charles paused as I stood there shaking and jerking. When I’d calmed down he continued,

“I see that what Sara told me is true; you are blessed with PGAD. You are a very lucky girl. I suspect that your clitoris is a lot more sensitive than most girls.

Emily, spread your legs.

Sara, lightly touch Emily’s clitoris.”

We did what we were told and another orgasm hit me.

“Excellent; Sara, you be careful with Emily’s clitoris, if you treat it too roughly poor Emily will faint.”

Sara put her hand up.

“Yes Sara.”

“Sir, I touch Emily’s clit with a vibrator the other day and she passed out.”

“The correct word is ‘clitoris’ Sara, please use the proper names.”

“Sorry Sir.”

“I hope that Emily was laid on a bed at the time Sara. Yes, this is the negative side of PGAD. I’m sure that Emily will be pleased with the positive sides though.”

I smiled and put my hand up.

“Yes Emily.”

“Sir, one positive that has developed is the desire to expose my naked body to men. Is that normal Sir?”

“Yes Emily, it is; and you should not try to supress this. You should however, be aware that exhibitionism isn’t understood by everyone and that you will need to be careful where you exhibit yourself. You are lucky that you are a woman. Men with this condition frequently suffer because society does not understand; and what society doesn’t understand; it supresses.

We digress a little. Back to today’s lesson; the purpose of the ‘69’ is for both parties to use oral sex to both give and receive pleasure. Everyone likes to receive sexual pleasure. Part of the pleasure of receiving is giving. You’ve probably heard the old saying; ‘Give as good as you get’. This is very true in this case. A successful ‘69’ is where both parties are equally pleasured.

You may have noticed that I haven’t used the words ‘men’ or ‘women’ when describing the ‘69’. This is because the parties involved in a ‘69’ can be any combination of both sexes. I don’t know your feeling on some of the combinations, but today we are dealing with two women; you two.

When you participate in a ‘69’ with a new partner you want to ‘give as good as you get’; so the best way is to start by doing to your partner what you want them to do to you. However, what is pleasurable to you may not be pleasurable to them. You have to adapt as you go. When you receive something that pleases you, let them know.

Enough of the theory, let’s get on with the practical. Girls, I’m pleased to see that you are already naked; please get on the bed. Sara, to start with it may be best if you go on top. You have already discovered one thing that causes Emily to faint; if you discover another while she is on top of you we may have a slight problem.”

“Emily, you stand back against the bed, lay back and open your legs wide. Sara, before you get on top of Emily, adjust the zoom on your webcam so that Emily’s genitals fill the screen.”

I watched Sara work on the computer then as she got onto the bed I looked at the screen and saw one window full of my pussy.

“Right girls; you may begin.” Master Charles commanded.

A ‘69’ was something that Sara and I had done quite a few times, even earlier that morning; so we had no problems pleasing each other. However, that didn’t stop Master Charles issuing a few commands.

I don’t know if it was Master Charles getting a screen full of my pussy, or what Sara was doing to my pussy; but I was getting close, very close. Just before my first orgasm I Master Charles said,

“Emily, caress Sara’s breasts.”

I just managed to squeeze Sara’s nipples when the first one hit me.

“Sara, stop pushing your tongue into Emily’s vagina;” Master Charles commanded, “Let her recover then she’ll bring you to an orgasm.”

I calmed down and between caressing Sara’s breasts and chewing her clit, I managed to make her cum quite quickly. As Sara recovered Master Charles said,

“Right Sara; now it’s your turn to chew Emily’s clitoris.”

Sara did as commanded and I started cumming within seconds.

“Keep going Sara.” I heard Master Charles say.

Another orgasm hit me; then another; then another; then I passed out.

When I came round Sara was no longer on top of me, she was shutting down her computer. I asked her what happened to Master Charles.

“He had to go, something he had to take care of; but he promised to contact me soon; and he hoped that you would he here when he did. You were out for over 10 minutes you know. I had to check that you were still breathing.”

I got Sara to explain how she’s met Master Charles - in and online chat room. He’d given her a few lessons in female anatomy, all with her naked. She told me that she loved teasing him and pretending that she knew nothing about sex.

I asked her if she got naked on her webcam for anyone else. She said not, but that she was thinking about it; also, she suspected that Master Charles was recording their sessions and possibly putting them on goodness knows how many web sites.

“You may well be a famous porn star and you don’t know it.” I said.

Sara laughed and said, “I hope so.”

**Sara – Modelling**

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After lunch one day, Sara told me that we were going out. We went to her bedroom and she got out 2 pairs of 3 inch heels and 2 coats. As I put one of the coats on I noticed that it didn’t have any buttons, only a belt, and that it was only mid-thigh long. I looked at Sara, hers was the same.

I asked Sara where we were going, but she wouldn’t tell me. We walked to the tube station then went 2 stops. After walking for 5 minutes we came to a pub. Going in, Sara saw a sign ‘Class Art Photography Club’ and we headed in that direction.

As we went into the room Sara told me that the club wanted 2 nude models for the afternoon and that we were them. I quickly looked round and saw about 15 men and 6 women.

“Sara,” I said, “All these people looking at me will make me cum.”

“I know, and so does the president of the club. I told him all about you when I booked us in for the job. He told me that your facial expressions would make excellent photographs.”

Sara had just finished telling me when a man came over and introduced himself as the president of the club, Jonathan. He thanked us for coming then said that we looked quite young. Sara assured him that we were both over 18 and offered to show him our driving licenses (which we obviously haven’t got).

“That won’t be necessary, I’m happy to take your word for it.” Jonathan said.

He then clapped his hands and announced to the club members that their models had arrived and the session would be starting shortly. He then told them that,

“One of the models suffers from a medical condition that makes her orgasm involuntarily. Being naked in front of people is one of the things that triggers those orgasms; so I’m expecting her to provide an abundance of facial expressions this afternoon. Please try to capture a lot of them as I’m sure that they will make excellent photographs. Please do not ignore the other model; she is a beautiful young lady who will be an excellent subject. Well both of them are beautiful young ladies; but you know what I mean. Please take it in turn to direct them into any pose that you wish.”

He turned to Sara and I, and pointed to a screen and told us that we could get changed behind it.

Sara thanked him then told him that it wouldn’t be necessary. She untied her belt and took her coat off.

“I’m ready to start. Where do you want us?” Sara asked.

I followed Sara’s lead and too my coat off.

Jonathan pointed to one corner of the room that had white screens against the walls. He then selected 2 people to start photographing us first.

Each one of them got us to stand, or sit in a variety of poses. I only managed about 2 minutes into the first session before I started to cum. Jonathan wanted facial expressions so I gave him them. I also gave him moans and quite a few expletives that I often use when Sara is making me cum.

Each person’s session lasted about 5 minutes. I didn’t manage to cum for all of them, but I think that I gave most of them a few good expressions. I also gave them a couple of very wet thighs to photograph. I was a little disappointed that none of them wanted close-ups of my pussy.

I had stopped looking at the people taking the photographs after about the sixth or seventh one; and only listened to their commands. After about the fifteenth person I suddenly though that I recognised the voice. I turned towards the voice and saw Brent, the boy from school. I blushed and said,

“Brent! Shit, what are you doing here?”

“I’ve been a member of this club for about 2 years now. Don’t worry Emily, I won’t tell anyone at school about this. Oh, and your age secret is just that. I won’t tell anyone.”

I smiled and thanked Brent; and I believed him. He seemed to be an honest, nice guy.

Then another one hit me as Brent took his turn photographing me.

I looked over at Sara, she was well into it. She looked to be having fun. I turned back to Brent and asked him to, “Pose me.”

I have no idea how many times I came, but I was knackered by the time I’d finished. Sara finished about the same time. Jonathan came over to us and thanked us for our services. He also gave Sara an envelope; then asked us if we’d like a drink.

“Just a coke for me please, I’m driving.” Sara said.

I nearly choked as I told Jonathan that I’d have the same please.

We sat and drank our cokes, forgetting (LOL) to put our coats on. When we’d finished we ‘remembered’ our coates and got up to leave. As I walked to the door I looked round and saw Brent. He smiled and winked at me; and we left.

“Did you enjoy that Em?” Sara asked.

“Year I did, but I’m knackered.” I replied.

“Who was that bloke you were talking to?”

“Oh you saw that did you? He goes to my school.”

“He fancies you.” Sara said.

“90% of the boys at school fancy me. With a reputation of being the biggest slut in school, and the photos that are going round, there’d be something wrong with them if they didn’t fancy me. But they’re not going to have me.” I said.

“Not even that boy in there?” Sara teased.

“Well, maybe, but he hasn’t asked me out.” I said as we walked towards the tube.

“He will.” Sara said.

As we stood on the underground platform Sara told me to give her my belt. Of course I did, and quickly realised that I had a problem stopping the coat from opening and showing the people in front of me everything that I’ve got. The coat doesn’t have any pockets to I had to put one arm across my front to hold it in place.

We managed to get seats opposite a young couple. The guy stared at our legs, right up to our waists, while pretending to look at his girlfriend. Sara let her coat fall wide open. You should have seen the guy’s face. He didn’t know what to do. He muttered a couple of incoherent answer to his girlfriend. She looked puzzled then looked round. She saw our pussies then turned to her boyfriend and gave him a right gob-full. Poor man.

We got off the tube and walked back to Sara’s house. On the way, Sara got me to open my coat wide in front of a couple of older men, just so that I could orgasm again.

**Sara – Leggings – Yuk! Or was it?**

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After the postman’s presence had given me another orgasm while I signed for yet another empty package, Sara and I were in the shower when she told me that we were going into central London again.

“Going to school again are we?” I asked.

“No, today is all about pussies. We’re going to show our beautiful little bald slits to as many people as we can, so it’s no skirt for you today my girl. I’ve got another first for you.” She told me.

When we got back into her room Sara got out 2 cute little ‘bomber’ jackets and a couple of little plastic bags with something black in them. She gave one to me. I read the label.

‘Footless, knitted, seamless tights’.

“What? I’ve never worn tights in my life; they’re horrible, restrictive, unhealthy things that cover your pussy and stop the air from getting to it.” I said.

“These are different Em,” Sara said, “please try them on before you refuse to wear them. Oh, we’ll be wearing them as leggings; just like thousands of girls do.”

“Okay, I will, just for you; but don’t expect me to like them.”

Sara put hers on as I did mine. They felt horrible, all woolly and tight. I just knew that they were going to keep my legs hot. I thought about my Miliaria Profunda.

Having had some practice at putting tights on, Sara completed the task first. She stood up and I looked at her. She was wearing nothing but those tights and I had to admit that they looked good on her. They fitted her so tightly that they could easily have been painted on.

Then I looked closer. I could see through them! Then I remembered that the packet said, ‘knitted’. Knitted jumpers stretch and have holes between the threads.

“Turn round Sara.” I said.

Sara turned so that her butt was a couple of feet from me. I could see every detail of the crack of her butt.

“Bend over please.”

The tights stretched more and the holes got bigger. Because she was bent at the waist with her feet apart I could see every detail of her pussy.

“Stand up and turn round please.”

Sara did and I could see the front of her pussy.

“Hmm!” I said, “maybe they aren’t as bad as I thought.”

I stood up and finished pulling mine up then went to the mirror. I could see every part of me that I’d seen of Sara. I sat on the edge of the bed in front of the mirror with my legs open and looked at my crotch and then at the mirror image. I could see every detail; even my little clit.

I walked to the other side of the room and looked at Sara. At first glance she looked like she was wearing the same type of leggings that thousands of girls wear. As I moved closer and looked harder, I started to be able to see through the material.

“Wow! This could be fun.” I said and looked at Sara’s face.

“I thought that you might like these. They took a bit of finding and this size if for a 9 year old. I wanted then to stretch a lot for the best effect.”

“Okay, I admit it. I still think that tights and leggings are a horrible invention, but you do look good in them, and I don’t feel too bad in them. Just so long as I don’t have to wear them for too long.” I said.

“You’re not expecting me to go out wearing only these are you Sara?”

Sara got out some ankle socks and trainers for both of us. The jackets just came down just about to where the tights / leggings ended.

As we picked up our bags to set off I noticed that Sara’s bag was a bit bulky. I wondered what she had in it.

As we walked to the underground station Sara asked me if I remembered the line of dildos and vibrators on her dressing table. How could I forget them, I’d never seen anything like them in my life, and some of them looked very painful. Sara then asked me if I remembered the egg shaped one. Again I told her that I did.

“Well,” she said, “that egg shape vibrator is inside my pussy; and it’s got a remote control.”

Sara put her hand in her bag and gave me this matchbox sized piece of plastic with a knob on it.

“If you turn the knob clockwise it will turn the vibrator on. The more you turn it the faster it will get.”

Instinctively, I turned the knob right the way round. Sara gasped and stopped walking.

“Ooops, sorry,” I said; and turned it back down.

“Right, now that you’ve proved that it works, today I want to experience involuntary orgasms like you do. Every time that you cum I want you to turn the remote control up to full, and leave it there until I cum as well.”

“Okay,” I said, “this could be fun.” I said with a grin on my face.

The tube was busy and we didn’t manage to get a seat. Instead we were stood in between 2 rows of people, facing 2 men that were seated. We had to hold those leather roof straps.

It didn’t take long for me to realise that their faces were only about 2 feet from our stomachs. All they had to do was look slightly down and they’d see our pussies through the leggings. I shuffled my feet apart then looked at Sara. Her feet were apart as well.

Looking back down at the men I saw that they had both lowered their newspapers and were looking straight forward. They’d seen that our leggings were see-through.

I started to feel an orgasm building. Before it hit me I reached into my jacket pocket and turned the vibe on. Sara gave a little gasp then smiled.

I couldn’t watch her anymore because my orgasm was fully occupying me. When it subsided I looked back to Sara. Her hips were gyrating as she squirmed. Finally she came. For once, it was me watching her cum in public. It was a beautiful sight,

We stayed in front of those men even when other seats became vacant. They didn’t look like they were about to complain.

When we got off the underground, Sara confessed that she’d not planned what we were going to do that day, so we headed to the nearest McDonalds to make a plan.

Over a coke Sara told me that the objective was to get as many people as possible looking at our butts and pussies. I told her that it wasn’t going to be easy because we were dressed like hundreds of other girls. We’d have to get close to people for them to realise that out leggings were see-through. The only places that I could think of where people’s heads were close to our butts and pussies were on the underground and places like food halls. We could slowly walk round them and hope that people looked up from their food.

“Hmmm, I may have made a mistake here,” Sara admitted.

I reached over to her and kissed her and told her that it was okay and that I forgave her.

Then Sara said, “I do have a bit of a contingency plan though. I thought that you might get sick of your body being strapped up in those tight leggings so I brought a couple of skirts with me.”

Sara opened her bag and pulled out what looked like 2 headbands. I picked one up and stretched it as far as I could. I had my doubts that it would fit over my butt.

“Okay, let’s go and find somewhere that we can try to get into these.” I said.

“We can’t use the toilets here, they’re way too small. Let’s go to a clothes shop and use their fitting room.” Sara said.

We found one, grabbed a couple of dresses and went to the fitting room. We both went into the same one and took the leggings off. I have to say that my body from the waist down felt much better without the leggings.

I held the headband as open as I could and put my feet in. It was an effort, but I managed to pull it up and get it to cover my butt. Pulling it up and down, I managed to get it to look like a microskirt. It was even tighter round my butt than the leggings were; at least my legs were bare.

I looked at Sara. She’d managed to get to the same stage as me.

“Can we really wear these as skirts?” I asked her.

“Yeah, why not?”

I said that I thought that they would ride up as we walked. I could easily see us with the bottom half of our butts exposed and out pussies saying hello to the world.

Sara laughed and said, “Isn’t that what you want?”

My turn to laugh, then I told her that I was willing to give it a go if she was. Sara nodded. Leaving the dresses untouched and putting the leggings in Sara’s bag, we left.

I hadn’t gone more than 50 yards down the road when I found myself pulling the hem of the skirt down. Sara insisted that we keep going and she told me to look for places with escalators. We found a couple of small ones but didn’t have any luck with men to flash. Sara said that she wanted to back to the Angel underground station.

We headed for the nearest underground station and soon discovered what would happen when we went down stairs in those skirts. By the time I’d got to the bottom of the first small flight of stairs my skirt was up round my hips. What’s more, people were coming up those stairs. We’d accidentally found the best way to flash in a very short, tight skirt.

We both pulled our skirts down to their ‘proper’ place and headed for the second flight of stairs. Just as we got to the bottom a man walked into another man as he stared at my exposed pussy. I felt on orgasm coming on. When I saw another man staring at me, it hit me. I managed to get to the side of the staircase and leaned against the wall. I’d started to calm down when I remembered Sara’s vibrator. I quickly put my hand into my jacket pocket and turned it on full.

Sara had moved to my side and hadn’t seen my hand go into my pocket.

“Fuck!” she said and lifted one leg up a few inches. Her expression was amazing; a mixture of shock, pain and pleasure. I watched as she tried to fight it. She lost the fight and started shaking. Her butt was going backwards a bit then forwards a bit; just like I’d seen a girl do when she was fucking a man – in a movie that is.

Sara was doing this in an underground station with her skirt hem so high that people must have been able to see her pussy. I looked round, 99% of the people were ignoring us. The odd one or two people that did look at us just stared for a few seconds them continued down the corridor.

It was then that I saw a heap of clothes just a few feet from us. I looked again, it was a beggar sat on the floor. He’s seen us and was having a good look. My pussy warmed up again. I lifted the front of my skirt and gave him an eyeful; then I came again.

As I calmed down I thought about Sara. “Shit,” I said, I’d left the remote control on full. I turned and looked for Sara. I couldn’t see her. I looked all round again; then down. There she was; she’d slumped down against the wall and was sat with her legs open and her pussy fully exposed.

Again, no one took any notice of her. I turned the vibrator off and went over to her. Her face was covered in sweat and she looked delirious. I squat between her legs, not caring that I could feel the back of my skirt halfway up my butt; and stroked Sara’s hair. She opened her eyes a bit, smiled a bit, then lifted her hand and touched my pussy. I shivered and thought, “here I go;” but it didn’t arrive. I asked Sara if she was okay.

“Fuck yes!” she said, “That was fucking amazing. I want one of those every day.”

I laughed and asked her if she could get up. I stood up and helped her to her feet. We then straightened our skirts and continued down the corridor – slowly.

We found the platform we needed, waited, and got on the next train. We sat with our hands on our laps. We both needed a rest.

After a long period of silence, Sara said,

“You’re a lucky girl Emily. It was so embarrassing so humiliating; but at the same time it was wonderful. I want to have one of those every day.”

“How about 20 smaller ones every day?” I asked.

“Okay, you’ve got me there; I don’t know how you survive.”

“You learn to live with it.” I said.

We looked at the underground map on the wall of the train and realised that we’d missed the intersection station. We got off at the next station and went to look for somewhere to relax and eat. As we went up the escalators and stairs neither of us were thinking about flashing anyone; although neither of us made a great effort to keep our skirts ‘decent’.

We found a shopping centre with a food hall and got something to eat. Without even thinking about it, we sat at a table against the wall where a lot of people walked passed. Neither of us crossed our legs (I never do) and with skirts that tight and short, anyone who looked would have been able to see our pubic hair – if we’d had any.

The food and drink made us feel better and we soon started thinking about what to do next. I looked down at Sara’s legs, her knees had drifted apart nearly as wide as mine had. I looked round, 2 youths were looking at us. I nudged Sara and told her. Her response was to open her legs wider.

I turned the remote control up to full. She jumped and squeezed her legs together.

“Not yet Em, please.” She said.

I turned it down low.

“That’s nice.” She said, and opened her legs as she gave a little sigh.

I told Sara that we were leaving, stood up then pulled her up. We both turned to the youths and straightened our skirts after letting them get one last look.

As we walked out of the food hall with Sara’s egg gently vibrating, and towards the street, Sara saw a bed shop and said,

“I know what we’ll do; we’ll go and lay down for a bit.”

“What!” I asked as she hooked my arm and changed our direction.

We walked into a bed shop and looked round. Sara picked a bed and said that we should see if it’s comfortable. There was a sign above most of the beds inviting people to try them, so we did.

We flopped down side by side; neither of us crossed our legs, in fact, both of us had our feet about a foot apart. I just knew that if anyone walked by the end of the bed they would get the best upskirt view of their lives.

We lay there for ages. So long that one of the male shop assistants came over and asked us if there was anything that he could help us with. I could see a mischievous grin on Sara’s face. I was expecting her to say something like,

“Yeah, just stand at the bottom of the bed and make my friend cum just by looking at her cunt.”

But she didn’t. Instead she thumped the mattress and said,

“It’s a bit too soft for me; have you got anything harder?”

The man was stood at the end of the bed and, with our legs open a bit, he was getting a fantastic upskirt view. That familiar tingle started. I remembered the remote control and went for it. I wanted us both to cum at the same time, with him looking at us. However, Sara was a bit too quick for me. She sat up and swung one leg off the bed. She started to stand-up, but the egg starting to run at ‘full’ got to her and she sat down again.

For some reason, my orgasm was only a little one, so I turned the remote right down. Sara glared at me and I just knew what she was thinking -

“Why did you turn it down? Why are you teasing me?”

Looking at the man’s crotch I said,

“Have you got a hard one then?”

The man stood silent for a couple of seconds then said,

“We have a really hard mattress over here,” he said and started walking over to the bed that he wanted to show us.”

We’d just laid down on the bed when an older man came up to us,

“Girls, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. I’m sure that you have no intention of purchasing anything so I’d appreciate it if you would leave now.”

I’ve never been thrown out of a shop before then, so it was yet another first for me that week.

We decided to go for a ride on the underground for a while to see if there were any opportunities to have some fun. If not, we would head back to Sara’s house.

On the central line we came to a section where it got quite crowded. At one station we got off then got back on, but to a different carriage. We managed to get stood facing a seated man. Sara had only managed to get behind me. I was holding the ceiling leather strap and I could feel my skirt was at the point of my little bald slit being on display to the man. As the train started moving I felt Sara’s hands come round me.

“Hmm, that’s nice.“ I whispered.

Sara’s hands moved. One slid up my front and started unzipping my jacket while the other went to my pussy.

“Sara, what are you doing?” I whispered.

My jacket was open and one hand was massaging one of my little tits. The other hand was rubbing my slit. I looked down and saw that the man and the men either side of him were all looking up at me. I orgasmed.

Sara felt me going over the top and moved her hand from my pussy. She slid it up my body to my other little tit. She pulled on my nipples then spread her arms wide so that the jacked front opened wide, exposing both of my tits to the 3 men. My orgasm reached a new height. How I managed to keep quiet I will never know.

About 2 stations on I had calmed down enough to get decent again. Sara left my goodies alone and I didn’t dare look at the men.

As we got off that train I turned to Sara and said,

“Right Sara; we’re going to get on the next carriage and I’m going to do to you what you just did to me. Come on.”

“Oow goody!” Sara said as we quickly got back on the train.

We shuffled in amongst the other people until we found a place to stand in front of 3 young men. Sara stood in front them and got hold of a ceiling strap. I stood behind her and turned the remote control up to full.

Sara let out a little gasp. I put one arm round her middle and stroked her flesh under the bottom of her jacket. I don’t know if it was the vibrating egg, her partially exposed pussy, the anticipation, or what; but it didn’t take long for me to realise that Sara was getting really turned-on.

I put my other hand round her and un-zipped her jacket. I pulled it open a bit so that the men (who were all watching by that time) could get a glimpse of her little tits.

Next I slid one hand down and over her stomach. As I reached the bottom of her minute skirt I moved my hand under to her slit. It was soaking wet and very hot. I slipped a finger into her hole, then pulled it out and rubbed her clit.

She started cumming so I did just the same as she did i.e. moved my hand back up and held her jacket open for the men to see her little tits and rock hard nipples.

As she started to come down from her high I turned the remote control down then turned her round, kissed her and held her tight. I looked down to the 3 men. All were just staring at us.

The train stopped and we got off with Sara’s jacket still unfastened. We found the connecting train and went back to Sara’s house.

**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 2B**

**Sara – Swimming**

**===========**

A lunch time another day, Sara went up to her room and came back down with 2 towels in her hand. She told me that we were going swimming.

“But I haven’t got a costume.” I said.

Sara unrolled one of the towels and a few scraps of material fell out. She picked them up and told me that she’d got a bikini for me to wear. She asked me what colour I wanted. One bikini was white and the other yellow. I chose the yellow.

I spread it out and found a very small bikini made out of very thin material.

“I’ll get arrested if I try to wear this in public.” I said.

“No you won’t; come on, put this dress on and let’s go.”

We both put short sundresses on, the towels and bikinis into a bag and we were out of the door before I could think. As we rode on the bus, while I had a couple of minor orgasms, Sara told me that we were going to an old leisure centre. She told me that it had more than a swimming pool and that it would be fun. It wasn’t one of these new leisure centres that had slides and all sorts of other things, it was an old fashioned one but it had what Sara was looking for. She told me that she’d spent days going to different pools looking for the best one for her needs.

I asked her which bikini she’d worn when she’d gone to them. She told me that she’d worn the white one with a thong bottom. She’d been asked to leave one of the places. The bottoms that Sara had packed for us to wear weren’t thong bottoms, but they didn’t have much material and the bottom half of my butt was going to be on show.

When we paid to go in we had to buy 2 of those stupid rubber swimming caps. I got a yellow one to match the bikini I was going to wear.

The changing room was one big one with rows of cubicles. One end was labelled ‘Men’s’ and the other end, ‘Ladies’. We went into a family cubicle in the middle. Sara left the door open.

I was very nervous as I put the bikini on. It was minute. It was 4 triangles of very thin, un-lined material held together with string. Most of my butt was exposed and it was a good job that I shaved all my pubic hair off. As for the top, the 2 small triangles didn’t even cover all of my very small tits. The thin material clung to my skin like paint. I could see every little bump on my areolas. As for covering my smooth little bald slit; okay it was covered, but the material went into my crack and bulged where my little clit was. I was sure that we’d get thrown out.

Sara told me that she got the bikinis mail order from a company in Australia called Wicked Weasel, or something like that.

We really did look stupid in those swimming caps; Sara said that I looked like a little kid.

I was nervous as we locked our clothes into a locker and walked to the shower; but the people there just ignored us.

If I was nervous before we got into the shower, I was a nervous wreck when we got wet. Sara’s white bikini went transparent. When I told her she told me to look at mine. It was transparent too. Not only could you see every little bump and curve, but you could now see the colour of our skin beneath.

Before I could chicken out, Sara pulled me out to the poolside. I relaxed a bit as soon as I realised that everyone was ignoring us. I still jumped into the pool PDQ though.

After a while I relaxed and started to have fun. Sara got me swimming breast stroke on my back. I practiced floating with my little tits sticking up out of the water. While I was doing that, Sara said that she had to adjust her bikini and her hands were busy underwater.

When she started swimming backstroke her bikini top had slipped (Ha!) sideways and one of her tits was there for the whole pool to see. I looked at her bikini bottoms. One side was very loose and as her legs opened I could clearly see her crack and little clit.

I was jealous of her exposure; I stopped her and asked her how she’d re-tied her bottoms. “Easy,” she said, “one side tight, and the other very loose.”

I did the same and also loosened my top.

We both swam on our backs for the next 10 minutes, exposing our goodies to anyone who cared to look. It was difficult to tell how many people saw our goodies, but 2 youths certainly did; they followed us close to our feet for ages.

When Sara got bored she pointed to a sign above a door at one end. It said, “Sauna / Steam Room / Hot Tub”

“Come on.” She said. And we raced to that end of the pool.

As I got out I saw that both my tits were uncovered. The bottoms felt odd, but I couldn’t see my pussy; nor Sara’s.

Through the door we saw a sauna, steam room a big hot tub and a little pool with a sign over it warning people that it was very cold, and something about heart attacks.

Sara opened the door to the sauna. I could see 2 middle-aged men in there, both were wearing towels round their waists. In a very little girls voice Sara said,

“Mister, a man told us that we couldn’t wear our bikinis in there; that we had to be naked. Is that right?”

One man looked at the other, then smiled and said,

“Yes, that’s right, come on in.”

Sara and I looked at each other and Sara said,

“Shall we?”

I said, “I don’t know, I’ve never been naked in a place like this. It would be embarrassing.”

“Come on Emily. Get that bikini off.” Sara said as she untied her bikini.

I did the same and we were soon stood there naked in front of the 2 men.

“Come on right in and close the door,” one of the men said, “You’re letting all the cold air in.”

Holding our little bikinis in our hands we went in. It was the first sauna that I’d ever been in (we hadn’t used the small one at Sara’s house), and the heat hit me like a brick wall.

We went to the other end of the sauna to the 2 men and I sat on the edge of the bench. As I leaned back against the higher bench I looked down along my naked body. My tiny breasts had rock hard nipple and my smooth slit was there for the men to see. Without realising it I had kept my knees about a foot apart. The men could see the full length of my slit.

I looked over to Sara; she was sitting on the end of the bench above with her back to the wall. Her feet were on the bench and her knees were bent and wide apart. Her pussy lips were slightly open.

I looked over at the 2 men. Both were looking at us and I could see bulges in their towels. How I didn’t cum right there and then I don’t know, maybe it was the heat?

One of the men smiled and asked if we’d ever been in a sauna before. I said that I hadn’t. Next he asked how old we were. Sara said that we were 13.

I suppose we did look about that age. We both have small tits and we both have bald pubes with slits that look just like little girl’s slits.

Sara said, “My friend learnt a new trick yesterday, do you want her to show you?”

“What trick is that?” one of the men asked.

“Well, you’ll have to take that towel off for her to show you.”

I looked at Sara, then the men’s bulges. Both were getting bigger. It suddenly dawned on me what Sara meant.

“Shit! She wants me to give the men blow jobs.” I thought.

I froze; then felt my pussy tingle. I knew that I was going to do it.

The man nearest me un-wrapped his towel and his big cock sprang free. I went and knelt in front of him and bent forward. It looked bigger than James’s. I licked the end of it and it jumped a bit. I couldn’t wait any longer; I took as much of it as I could into my mouth then started going up and down on it. As it went further and further into the back of my mouth I started to gag. I suddenly remembered that Sara told me to relax. I did, and the next time I went forward I felt his cock go into my throat.

He didn’t last long. My mouth and throat filled with his cum. When he stopped jerking I stood up. The other man was staring at me, and Sara was frigging herself. I turned to Sara and opened my mouth to show her his cum on my tongue.

“Swallow it Emily. Sara said. As I did, Sara continued, “You’re getting better at it Emily, but I think that you need a bit more practice.”

She nodded towards the other man. I stood up and went and knelt in front of him. He un-wrapped his towel to reveal a cock that was just as big as the first one.

I went down on him. As his cock hit the back of my mouth I came. How I’d lasted that long I will never know. My head stayed still with my mouth full. I moaned and shook.

The man looked at Sara and asked if I was okay. Sara said that I was; that I was cumming. The 2 men didn’t know what to say.

As I calmed down I started going up and down on his cock again. He didn’t last long either; but he pulled me off him and he shot his load all over my face.

Sara told me to get up and go and sit below her. As I stood up I felt faint. The next thing I knew I was in freezing water. I surfaced and screamed and swore. I turned to the ladders and quickly climbed out. A naked Sara and the 2 men (now with their towels back on) were stood looking at the shivering me.

“Are you alright Emily?” Sara asked.

“No, I’m fucking freezing.”

“Apart from that?”

I calmed down and remembered feeling faint in the sauna. I guessed that Sara thought that I was having an attack of Miliaria Profunda, and I had told her that if it happened she had to cool me down quickly. In a calm voice I said that I was okay and thanked her for looking after me. I turned to the 2 men and thanked them as well. One of them went back into the sauna and the other decided to leave. Sara and I decided to go into the hot tub; I needed to warm up a bit.

We climbed in, sat facing the door and turned the bubbles on. I asked Sara how I got into the freezing water. She told me that when I fainted the 2 men picked me up, one holding my legs, one either side if his hips, and the other man lifted my top end with his hands round me and holding my tits, She told me that my head was leaning against his cock as they walked out.

I told her that I was a bit pissed. A man had held my tits for the first time and I couldn’t remember anything about it.

Sara reached over to me and started playing with my rock hard nipples under the water. They were still throbbing from being in the cold water.

The door opened and a young man in staff uniform came in and had a look in the sauna and steam room. Just as he came passed the hot tub the timer for the bubbles cut off. As the water settled I could see Sara’s hand massaging my right tit. If I could see it then the staff man could see it as well. I don’t know if he saw and ignored us, or just didn’t look; but he smiled at us and walked out.

“Okay,” Sara said, “it will be ages before he comes round again, now it’s my turn for some fun.” With that she got up, sat on the side of the tub, opened her legs wide and said,

“Eat!”

Who was I to argue. I could still remember her taste from our session before the postman arrived, and I wanted more of her. I got on my knees with my head in between her legs and started teasing her clit and hole with my tongue.

After a few minutes I heard the door open. Sara pressed my head into her slit and said,

“Don’t worry. It’s only that man leaving.”

I brought Sara to a pleasurable orgasm and then sat beside her. She reached over to my pussy and touched my clit. My turn to cum.

We were still sat on the side of the tub facing the door, when the door opened again. Two couples in their twenties came in. They all looked at the 2 naked teenage girls; then went into the sauna.

“Shit!” Sara said, “Our bikinis are still in there.”

We both laughed then played rock-paper-scissors to see who would go and get them. Sara won and told me that I had to go and get the bikinis.

After a minute or so of searching for the courage, I got out of the hot tub and went into the sauna. Four pairs of eyes watched me as I looked for the bikinis and picked them up. I just managed to get out of the door before another one hit my. I stood with my back to the door trembling and listening to one of the men in the sauna asking his girlfriend if she was going to get naked.

I went back to the hot tub, put the bikinis on the side, and we slid back into the water. Sara got me to press the button to get the bubbles started and we started talking.

A bit later a middle-aged man came into the room. He started walking towards the steam room then saw us and changed his mind. He came and climbed into the hot tub and sat opposite us with his back to the door. At that time, only our heads were out of the bubbles so he couldn’t see what we weren’t wearing; although he would have been able to see our bikinis on the side.

A couple of minutes later the bubbles stopped and the water got very still and clear. I could see Sara’s little tits so he could see them and mine as well. We all sat in silence for a minute or so then Sara said,

“Press the button again Em.”

I stood up and leaned over and pressed the button. When I straightened up the water was only up to my thighs. My naked slit was about 2 feet from the man’s face. I sat down again and we both looked at the man’s face. It was red, but he was grinning.

Sara said to the man, “She’s got a nice body hasn’t she?”

He didn’t answer.

“She learnt a new trick today; do you want her to show you?”

Again no answer.

“You’ll have to sit on the side of the pool for her to show you.” Sara said.

Without saying anything, the man pushed himself up and sat on the side with his legs still in the water. There was a nice bulge in the front of his swimming short.

“Emily, show the man what you can do.”

I stood up and leaned over to the man and pulled the front of his shorts down enough to let his cock spring out. I bent over a little more and took his cock in my mouth.

I started sucking, and started cumming.

Now girls, have you ever tried to give a BJ while you’re cumming? It’s not easy, and in a way it’s not fair on the man.

Anyway, as I sucked Sara decided to prolong my orgasm. She pushed 2 of her fingers into me. Moaning with a cock filling your mouth isn’t easy either, but it can be done.

When I felt the tell-tale sign that he was about to cum, I stopped him and got off his cock. As soon as I was off him I felt his warm, creamy cum land all over my face. I licked as much as I could reach but some blobs were out of reach of my tongue.

I was stood in front of the man when one of the staff men came in. As soon as Sara saw him she pulled me back into the water. The staff man looked into the sauna and walked passed us to the seam room. He didn’t react to my cum covered face. The man I’d just given a BJ to also slipped back into the water and adjusted his shorts.

Sara wouldn’t let me wash the man’s cum off my face. Instead she picked up our bikinis and told me that she’d had enough and wanted to go back into the pool.

We got out and Sara handed me my bikini. I didn’t look at the man, but I’m sure that he was watching us put the bikinis on.

As we were putting them on, Sara told me to let her fasten mine. The top was just hanging there and felt the same as before. The bottoms felt loose and I told Sara. She told me that it would be alright; and we went back to the swimming pool. No one took any notice of us as we walked round to the end of the pool. Sara dared me to race her to the other end. We dove in and swam as fast as we could.

Sara just beat me. We stood up in the waist deep water and I saw that both of Sara’s breasts were uncovered. I looked down at my chest and saw that mine were as well.

As we were adjusting our tops I realised that my bottoms were gone. When I told Sara she laughed.

“You knew that would happen didn’t you?” I said to her. We both had grins on our faces.

It was a nice feeling being virtually naked in that pool with all those people around.

We guessed that the bottoms would have come off somewhere near the middle of the pool so we concentrated our search there. Trying to find a flimsy, small, yellow piece of material was going to be difficult. I guess that it helped a little that I was wearing the yellow bikini and not the white one. It didn’t help that lots of people were swimming all around us.

After about 5 fruitless minutes I realised that a boy of about 13 or 14 was swimming round and round us. He was wearing a face mask. My first thought was that the cheeky sod was checking out my pussy. My second thought was that as he could see clearly underwater then he might help us find my bikini bottoms.

The next time he swam right in front of me I grabbed his arm and pulled him up. He stood in front of me and looked scared. He’d been caught looking at a naked girl.

I explained to him that I’d lost my bikini bottoms and that we wanted him to help us find them. When he said that he would and I let go of him. He swam round and round, always coming back to us for another look at our bodies.

Eventually he came back with my bikini bottoms in his hand. We thanked him and Sara said that for a reward he could touch my pussy. I opened my legs a bit and he put his hand there. He obviously didn’t know what he was doing and only fumbled around a bit. He didn’t even push a finger into me. How I didn’t cum I don’t know.

Sara then told him that we’d be getting out soon and that we’d be using the shower. She told him that he might find it interesting.

We messed about a bit more. At one point Sara got out of the water and sat on the side of the pool with her feet dangling in it. She had her knees wide open. I could see her slit and little clit through her transparent bikini.

A bit later we got out and went to the changing room. Sara opened our locker, took her bikini off and put it in the locker.

“Sara, what are you doing?” I asked.

“We’re going to have a shower, come on girl, get naked.”

I slowly took my bikini off leaving us both completely naked out in the open.

Sara put my bikini in the locker, got some soap and shampoo out and locked the door. I felt really exposed as we walked to the communal shower. A few people were looking at us. My pussy was starting to tingle and get wetter. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the boy that had retrieved my bikini bottoms. He’d understood Sara’s message.

I made it to the shower before cumming. Sara soaped me as I stood there shivering and jerking. As I calmed down I looked round. Two teenage boys were pretending to get showered and watching us. A teenage girl was watching us as well.

Sara soaped me all over, and I mean all over. She must have soaped my tiny tits and pussy 20 times.

If she could get away with soaping me for so long, then I could take as long soaping her. When I soaped her tits I pulled on her nipples. When I soaped her pussy I slid 2 fingers into her.

We had a slightly bigger audience by the time that we finished and walked back to our locker. As we turned one corner we saw one of the young male staff people right in front of us. He saw us and said,

“You kids can’t be out here without any clothes on, where’s your locker?”

“Sorry mister, we’ve only been to the shower.” Sara said in her best little girl voice.

“Hurry up and get dressed.” He said; and walked off.

“I guess that we do look like 12 year olds.” Sara said as we watched the man leave the changing room. “Right, let’s go for a walk.”

“Sara,” I said, you’ll get us in trouble.”

“No we won’t, it’ll be a bit of fun. You like men looking at you don’t you?

With that Sara held my hand and we walked all around the men’s area of the room. Quite a few men looked at us, and one man had left the door to his cubicle open. He has naked and facing us while drying his hair. We stopped and watched him. When he lowered his towel and saw us his soft cock started getting hard and rising up. We giggled and walked on. His door was still open when we went round the block and got back to where he was. He saw us and turned to give us a full frontal.

The cubicle opposite him was empty so Sara pulled me into it. On one side of the corridor was a naked man with a hard-on; and on the other side was 2 naked girls watching him.

The man put his hand on his cock and started wanking. I started cumming. Sara however, surprised me; she darted across the aisle and pushed the man to the back of the cubicle. He fell back onto the seat. Sara then knelt down in front of him and took his cock into her mouth.

He didn’t last long. Sara lifted her head and he shot his load all over her face, hair and chest. She stood up and turned to me. She was smiling and licking what cum her mouth could reach. She came out of the cubicle and said,

“Come on, I need another shower.”

As we walked to the shower she said that she thought that it was time that she had some cock. Two men looked closely at us as we walked. One looked puzzled; the other had a knowing smile on his face.

In the shower 2 teenage boys came and showered next to us. They stared at us, probably not believing their luck. Both had hard-ons. Of course we ignored them.

As we walked back to our locker we saw the same male staff person. Sara’s thinking was lightening. She lifted her left foot and said, “Ooow!” She was hopping as the man came up to us.

“Are you all right?” The man asked.

“Do I look all right?” Sara snapped back.

The man put his arm round her waist and said,

“Here, let me help you; come and sit in this cubicle.

Sara sat on the front edge of the bench seat and leaned back. The man squat down in front of her and told her to lift her left foot onto his thigh. As she did that, Sara moved her right leg away from her left. Her pussy was clearly visible.

The man slowly inspected Sara’s left ankle for any damage. As he did so he asked her what happened.

“I slipped of some creamy stuff on the floor.” Sara said.

I suddenly remembered that I still had the shampoo in my hand. I went back round the corner, the way that we’d come and squirted most of it on the floor. I then slid one foot through it – just in case anyone checked.

Back round the corner I heard Sara say,

“There wasn’t a sign anywhere to say that the floor was slippery. I know about these things because my uncle works for the council; he’s a health and safety officer.”

The man looked up at Sara and was deep in thought.

After a couple of minutes he looked up from Sara’s ankle. He paused half way up to her face as if he was looking at her pussy or little tits, Then he said,

“How old are you?”

“Eleven Mister.” Sara lied.

His head bent a little as if he was checking out her pussy again. From where I was standing I could see her pussy. It was wet, shiny, and swollen; and her clit was just showing.

He then said,

“I’m pretty sure that you’ve only sprained you ankle. If it still hurts tomorrow you should go and see your doctor. Can I phone your parents to come and get you?”

“My mum and dad are both at work, you can’t contact them. Maybe you could call my uncle Mister, he’ll want to know how I got hurt.”

“How about you get dressed and we’ll pay for a taxi home for you?” the man said.

“Okay, but I think that you’ll have to help me get dressed; I don’t think that I can put any weight on my ankle.” Sara said.

The man thought for a minute then said,

“Okay, where’s your locker?”

Sara told him then tried to stand up. She pretended to collapse a bit. The man grabbed for her and Sara turned so that her tit went into his hand. Sara ignored it and pointed in the direction of the locker.

As they were hobbling along, the man asked Sara why she was still there; he thought that she would have left ages ago. Sara said that she had to take another shower because a boy squirted a gooey slime all over her hair, face and chest.

I smiled and though about the man’s cum that had been all over her hair, face and chest.

We got to the locker and the man let go of Sara. She leant against the lockers and took the key from her wrist.

“I’ll get those,’ I said. Please can you help my sister into a cubicle Mister?”

Sara put an arm round the shoulder of the man and pulled herself to him. He half carried her to a cubicle. She sat on the edge of the bench and said,

“Can you check my ankle again please Mister; it hurts like hell.”

The man squat down again and lifted her foot to “Aarghs” and “Oows” from Sara. As he lifted her left foot, her right knee moved to the right – again.

Her pussy was even wetter.

“You’re going to have to help me dry myself Mister.” Sara said.

“Err! Okay.”

I passed him a towel and watched as he carefully rubbed Sara’s arms and legs. He stopped then, so Sara got up onto her right foot and said,

“You can do the rest now Mister.”

She hopped round so that her back was to him. He rubbed her back and patted her butt with the towel.

Sara hopped round to face him. He looked Sara up and down and just stood there.

“You don’t have to be nervous Mister, I’m used to men drying me, my dad and uncle dry us whenever we get out of the bath, don’t they Emily?” Sara said.

The man turned and looked at me.

“Yeah, all the time. They help get us get clean in the bath as well.” I said.

As I was saying that I looked down at the man’s shorts. There was a big bulge just where I was expecting to see one.

The man turned back to Sara and said,

“If you’re sure.”

“Yeah, come on Mister, I’m getting cold and I can’t hop for much longer.”

I smiled as the man started towelling Sara’s front. She lifted her left leg out wide and said,

“Under there as well.”

As the towel patted her pussy I watched Sara’s face. She was enjoying it.

When he’d finished Sara asked me to pass him her dress. I got it out of the bag and passed it to him.

“What about your underwear?” the man asked.

“Naah, I haven’t got enough to put in a bra yet and my dad says that he isn’t wasting money on knickers or bras.” Sara said. As she said it she put her hands on her tits and squeezed them, then pulled on her nipples.

The man was watching her every move. A few seconds after she let go of her nipps he looked at her dress and moved it around a bit.

“How does this work?” He asked.

“I have to step into it, hold it open at the top please Mister.”

He did; Sara sat back on the bench then lifted her feet into the dress. Then she stood back up and hopped as she wiggled her butt and pulled the dress up. When she got to her tits she paused, as if to let the man have one more look, then finished putting it straight. Sara sat back on the edge of the bench and asked for her shoes. She put her right one on; then asked the man to put her left one on. She lifted her left foot up high enough for her dress to fall up round her waist. The little minx was giving the man one last chance to see her pussy.

With quite a few “Aarghs” and “Oows”, the man managed to get her shoe on.

“Are you going to get dressed then Emily?” Sara said.

They both watched me as I dried myself. When I got to my pussy the towel rubbed my clit. I gasped and started cumming. I dropped the towel as I started shaking. I struggled to keep quiet, but managed it.

The man looked at Sara and asked if I was okay.

“Yeah, she’s okay,” Sara said, “she’s got this medical condition that makes her cum all the time.”

“What? How old is she? The man said.

“She’s eleven like me.” Sara said.

I put my dress on, then my shoes.

“Can you help me get to the entrance please Mister?” Sara said.

He held her round her waist and we walked out to the entrance where he sat her down on a chair.

“Please can you wait here for a minute,” he said, “I need to get the accident book to write down all the details of the accident.”

As he walked to a door Sara whispered,

“Get ready to run for it.”

As soon as he was through the door we stood up and bolted for the exit door. We kept running until we were about 100 yards away. We stopped to get our breath and to try to stop laughing.

**Sara – Fitness Centre**

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In the middle of the day after the swimming Sara told me that we were going to a fitness centre at a big hotel not far away. She got out 2 little tennis skirts, trainers and 2 strapless, thin cotton tops and put them in a bag. She then chose 2 summer dresses and shoes for us to wear.

It only took about 5 minutes to walk to the fitness centre in a big hotel. Sara matched up to the reception and said to the girl,

“My sister and I are thinking of joining a gym and I hear that you’re offering a free 1 day try-out session. Is that right?”

“Yes it is, and this week we’re offering a 15 minute session with one of our personal trainers to assess your workout requirements. Does that interest you?”

“Would it be possible for someone to give us a quick look round the facilities; then we can make up our minds?” Sara asked.

“Sure, I’ll just get hold of one of our personal trainers. They will show you round and then you can decide. You can leave your bag here if you like.”

The girl picked up the phone and Sara put her bag round the side of the counter.

A couple of minutes later this cute, guy in a tracksuit top and shorts walked up to us.

“Hi, my name’s Mark. I believe that you 2 are thinking of joining us and would like to look round. Is that right?”

Sara gave him our names and we followed him on the little tour. All the time he was telling us about all the facilities and machines. I understood about 10 % of what he was saying.

The tour ended back at reception and Mark asked us if we would like to try-out the facilities and have a training requirements session. Sara and I looked at each other and we both nodded.

“Yes please.” Sara said.

“Okay then, first I need you to sign-in in the visitor’s book. After that if you’d like to go and get changed them meet me in the work-out room. I’ll be doing the assessments.”

Sara signed the visitor’s book first. When I went to sign it I saw that Sara had put a false last name, so I signed the same false name.

Sara collected her bag and we walked to the changing rooms.

Sara opened the door to the men’s changing room. When I pointed out that it was the men’s room she told me that she knew, she said that it would be more fun.

The men’s changing room was one big room with toilets and a communal shower at the end near the door out to the main equipment rooms. There was no one in there so we took our dresses off and hung them at the side of the room.

“That will give the men something to think about.” Sara said.

We put the little tennis skirts on. Sara told me that her mother had bought them for her a couple of years ago when she’d tried to get her interested in tennis. She’d failed. When we put the tops on, I realised that they were about 2 sizes too big. The top half of my tiny tits were showing. This didn’t bother me, but I made a mental note to remember that fact. I looked at Sara, she had the same problem.

We went out of the other end of the room and found Mark. He looked a bit surprised at our outfits, but didn’t say anything. He got out 2 forms and started filling them in. We gave the same false names.

He then asked us our height then weighed us. Next he asked us if we had any medical conditions that could affect any training that we would do. Sara told him that I had a medical condition, and that it might mean that I have to stop what I’m doing for a few minutes. Mark looked a bit puzzled then asked if it was anything to do with my heart.

Sara laughed a little then told him that it was nothing like that.

“Okay then, Nark said, “I’m going to ask you to do 10 simple exercises; some may sound stupid, but they do help me to work out an exercise schedule for you. Just do your best, and don’t worry if you can’t do any of them.”

He then asked us to: -

1. Lift our hands high in the air.
2. Stretch our hands out sideways as far as we could.
3. Bend over and touch the floor without bending our knees. Mark was stood in front of us with a clipboard in his hand. As soon as he said this one I realised what was going to happen. As we went over I felt my top fall away from my body. Mark would be able to see our little breasts and hard nipples. I look up at Mark; his eyes were quickly going from my chest to Sara’s chest to something behind us. I looked behind us to see what he was looking at. I smiled as I saw the mirrored wall; and our uncovered butts with what was uncovered between our legs showing as well. I felt my pussy start to tingle.
4. Lift each knee in turn as high as we could get it.
5. Stand on one leg and stretch the other leg as far out as we could. I had a feeling that Mark would be able to see our smooth little slits, but I wasn’t sure. My pussy got warmer.
6. Squat down, and stay down for a count of 20. I felt my pussy lips part.
7. Mark got some not too heavy dumbbells and put them on the floor in front of us. He then told us to bend over, pick them up and hold them high in the air for a count of 10. As I bent over I felt my top slide up my back and fall away from my chest. I don’t know if Mark looked down my top when I was bent over, but my top had a wardrobe malfunction when I stood up, it was lopsided back to front; higher at the back and lower at the front. As a result, the front was lower than my nipples. They were showing. I ignored them.
8. Lift our arms out sideways, while still holding the dumbbells, for a count of 5.
9. Lay flat on our back with our hands behind our head; then sit up trying to keep our feet in contact with the floor. Mark was stood at our feet during this one. He must have had a wonderful upskirt view of our shiny, wet, bald slits. This knowledge took me over the edge. I collapsed back onto the floor and started shaking. At first, Mark just stared at me. This attracted Sara’s attention. She realised that I was cumming and told Mark to give us a minute; that I would be okay soon. As I lay there, shaking with the occasional jerk, I realised that my legs were slowly spreading to give Mark a better view of me. This prolonged my orgasm. Mark asked Sara if I needed any medical help. She said not.
10. I’m sure that Mark changed this last one, and it was a good job (not) that there was no one else in the room at that time. He told us to stay on the floor and lift our legs high in the air. Then we had to support our hips and do a cycling movement. Of course our skirts ended up round our chests as we gave Mark a beautiful view of us naked from the waist down (or should I say up).

When we were back on our feet Mark told us that we’d done well, that he was pleased with our efforts. The bulge in his shorts told us how well we’d done. He then told us that we could use all the facilities that we wanted. When we were ready to leave we were to go to reception and they would have our training schedules ready for us.

Mark then left us, thanking us for our efforts. If only he knew.

We decided to wander around looking at the different machines to decide which ones we wanted to try. We went into one of the smaller rooms first. It had rowing machines and indoor cycles. We tried the rowing machines first, but I didn’t like them; they seemed too easy. I guessed that they weren’t setup for us. The cycles were ‘interesting’. As soon as I sat on one I realised that I was squashing my little clit. I just knew that they would make me cum. I did a couple of rotations of the pedals and had to stop. I could feel my pussy getting ready for another one.

Sara really enjoyed the cycles. The seat was probably set too high and she had to slide from side to side as she peddled. She said that the seat was rubbing her pussy and that she was getting excited. I told her to keep going. It was Sara’s time to cum. She almost screamed as she climaxed. When she got off the cycle I saw that it was a good job that the seats were plastic. Hers was VERY wet.

We went back to the other room to try some of the other machines. When we got there we saw that there were now 2 men and 1 woman there, all in their twenties. The men gave us casual glances when we went in.

We tried a few of the machines; some seemed easy (probably not setup right) while others were impossible for us. The 2 men watched us all the time.

We got bored and decided go and use the little swimming pool. Neither of us had a costume with us and Sara said that we’d be okay going in as we were. After all, the only other places that we might want to go into were the sauna or Jacuzzi; and we had something to change into to go back to Sara’s.

There was only an old man in the pool when we jumped in. It was nice swimming in a little skirt with nothing underneath. We couldn’t understand why other women don’t do it.

The Jacuzzi was just as nice. The warm bubbles lifted our skirts. It was nice backing our pussies to the water inlet; I’m sure that I could have cum if I’d stayed there for another couple of minutes.

The sauna was next. We’d been to the one at the leisure centre so I knew what to expect. As this was the last place that we were going to use, we decided that it didn’t matter if we got thrown out. Before we went in we took our tops and skirts off and hung them up outside the sauna door.

We went in, naked, and sat at one end; Sara with her back to the end wall and one foot up on the bench; so all of her pussy was visible; and me sitting on the front edge of the lower bench and leaning back. There was no one else there. We started talking and I said that I hoped that I didn’t faint again. After a couple of minutes one of the young men that we’d seen earlier came in (he was only wearing a towel) and sat at the other end. I know that he was only wearing a towel because he sat with his back to the wall and both his feet on the bench. Sara and the man were facing each other with me in between. With his knees bent I could see up his towel to his cock and balls.

I looked to Sara and smiled. Sara didn’t see me; her eyes were focused on the man’s exposure.

Human nature took over, the man’s towel started to change shape and one of Sara’s hands started sliding up and down her body. It stopped at her little tits and started massaging one of them. The man’s towel fell open to reveal a beautiful cock. He started rubbing his cock. I looked back to Sara, she was rubbing her pussy.

My own body was responding too. I touched one nipple and my clit. I started cumming. This time I didn’t try to hold back; I let myself go, moaning and jerking. It was a very satisfying orgasm.

When I was back in control I realised that I felt hot, very hot. I had to get out of there. As I walked out of the door I looked back to Sara and the man. They were at opposite ends of the room, both totally exposed, and both masturbating while staring at the other.

I stood outside the sauna and cooled down.

A few minutes later I heard Sara’s moans get louder as she started to cum. A few more minutes and the door opened and Sara came out.

“That was good,” she said with a big smile on her face.

We decided to leave and then remembered that we’d got changed in the men’s changing room. We also realised that we’d forgotten to bring soap and shampoo.

As we picked-up our skirts and tops (not putting them on); Sara said,

“Never mind, we’ll just rinse off and shower properly when we get home.”

We opened the door to the men’s changing room not knowing if there were any men in there. There were; 3 of them that we could see; none were looking towards us. The communal shower was at the end of the changing room that we’d come in to so we went in there.

We were silently rinsing ourselves when one of the men came in. He was naked and holding a towel. He stopped and stared at the 2 naked teenage girls.

“I think that you’re in the wrong changing rooms.” He said.

“I don’t.” Sara said.

The man shook his head, obviously surprised by Sara’s reply. He obviously decided that he wasn’t going to chicken out and he hung up his towel and moved to one of the shower heads.

“Could we borrow some of your shampoo please Mister?” Sara asked the man.

His back was to us and he pointed to his shampoo bottle that was standing on the floor. I went and picked it up. As I did, I looked over to him. He still had his back to us because he had a hard-on and obviously didn’t want us to see it.

We’d just got the shampoo worked in to our hair when another man appeared. He too was carrying his towel. After the initial shock he too hung up his towel and went to a vacant shower head.

This second man was a lot less shy. He started showering facing us. He watched us, we watched him, his cock started to rise; and I started cumming.

The first man turned off his shower, collected his towel and left; all with him keeping his back to us. Poor man.

As I was standing there, trying to get back to normal, Sara walked over to the man and knelt in front of him. She held his cock then put her mouth round it. He was watching me as Sara was blowing him.

I was massaging my little tits as the man who’d been in the sauna came in. He smiled as he saw the scene in front of him. He got an almost instant hard-on. He walked up to me and pressed down on my shoulders. I knew what he wanted (the same as me). My knees bent and I lowered my head to his hard cock.

As I gave him the BJ I started to cum again. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and covered my face with his cum as I knelt there shaking and moaning. When we’d both finished I looked over to Sara. She too had a face covered in cum.

We got back under the shower to rinse off the cum while the 2 men watched us.

“I’m glad that daddy didn’t come in and catch us.” Sara said in her little girl’s voice.

“He always takes a long time in the pool and then the sauna.” I said, “He’s promised me that he’ll let us go in the sauna with him next week. He said that now were going to big school were getting old enough to spend a couple of minutes in there.”

“How old are you 2 anyway?” One of the men asked.

“Twelve Mister.” Sara said.

“Fuck!” the other man said.

They both quickly finished their showers and left.

“You naughty girl Sara.” I said and we both giggled.

When we went to get our towels the changing room was empty.

As we were drying ourselves another young man came in from the reception end. He looked at the 2 naked teenage girls, looked back at the sign on the door, then looked back to us and said,

“I think that you’ve got the wrong room girls.”

“No we haven’t,” Sara said in her little girl’s voice. “We always get changed with daddy. He says that we’re not big enough yet to go in the girl’s room on our own.”

“Where is your daddy?”

Putting on my best little girl’s voice I said,

“He’s in the sauna. He won’t let us go in there.”

Sara started to put her dress on. I guessed that she’s done enough teasing so I put mine on. The man was still watching us as we walked out of the door and round to the reception.

Sara told the girl there that we liked the place and that we’d go home and think about joining. She asked her for a price list just to make it sound that we were interested. That went in the first litter bin that we saw outside.

**Sara – Skype with her father**

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One evening while we were looking at some porn on Sara’s computer her Skype butted-in to tell her that her father was calling. I turned to grab a top for her to put on but she stopped me saying,

“It’s okay Em, daddy’s sees me naked all the time.”

With that she clicked to answer his call. With a surprised look on my face I started to leave the room to give her some privacy, but again she stopped me.

“It’s okay Em. We won’t be saying anything private so you can stay; besides daddy wants to meet you.”

The windows came to life and I saw Sara’s father. What’s more, I was as naked as Sara was; the small window told me that he could see us both. He looked like he was in a hotel room somewhere, and he had clothes on.

They greeted each other before Sara introduced me.

“Great to see you at last Emily, Sara’s told me a lot about you.”

I blushed a bit.

“All good stuff I hope.” I said.

“Oh yes, and I can see that you 2 are very much alike.”

I blushed again.

Sara and her father talked about a few family things and told he told her that he might be back home on the Sunday, but her mother wouldn’t be back home until later in the week. He apologised for not being able to meet me in person, and said that he was looking forward to seeing me in the flesh. Again I blushed.

Sara’s father asked what we’d been doing during our days off school. I was a bit surprised to hear Sara tell him ALL about our adventures; even the blowjobs. When they finally hung-up I told Sara that I was shocked that she told her father things like that; that I could never tell my father.

“Tell my father instead then.” Sara said.

I’m looking forward to meeting Sara’s father.

**Sara - Jogging**

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One evening we’d been listening to music and talking for quite a while. I was starting to think that it would be nice if we went to bed and had a little passion, when Sara suddenly got up and ran up to her room. She came back down with 2 pairs of trainers, gave 1 pair to me and told me to put them on.

“Why do I need these?” I asked.

“We’re going jogging!” Sara replied.

“At this time of night?”

“It’s only 10 o’clock.”

“It’s dark and cold,” I said, “and where’s the rest of our clothes?”

“That’s all we’re wearing, we’ll soon get warm, and we’re going now because it’s dark. Stop asking questions and let’s go.” Sara said.

Okay, I’d been naked outside Sara’s front door, and in her back garden; but to go jogging down the street! I was nervous. As soon as the door opened the cold air hit me and my nipples got hard. By the time we got to the end of the drive they were so hard that they were hurting.

I put my hand down and checked my pussy. No chance of my clit coming out to play.

“Sara,” I said, “I’m cold and scared. What if someone sees us?”

“That’s the idea.” Sara replied.

We slowly jogged / walked down the deserted street in the direction that I’d never been before. A car passed as we were hidden by a parked car.

“There’s a park just up here, we’ll jog round there and see how we get on.” Sara said.

We made it to the park without seeing anyone. I wasn’t too bad when we were in the dark, but every time that we went under a street light I imagined people looking out through their windows and seeing us. In a way I was starting to enjoy it.

We turned into the park. I could see street lights along a path, but there was no one in sight. We jogged along the path. After going under one street light I suddenly heard a ‘whooshing’ sound and a dark object flew passed us. Sara screamed and I nearly pissed myself. As the object disappeared we realised that it was a cyclist.

The path went round a corner and we could see someone with a dog running round them. We decided to hide behind some nearby bushes until whoever it was had gone. As they got closer the dog must have smelt us. It came running up to us and started sniffing us. Sara recognised the dog as belonging to one of her neighbours and squat down to stroke it a couple of times.

We daren’t tell the dog to go away and just had to stay there and hope that it got bored, or its owner called for it.

Human female arousal must smell something like female dog arousal because the damn thing started sniffing first Sara’s pussy, then at mine. Sara had moved her hand to cover her pussy, but for some reason I didn’t. Before I realised it, the dog started licking my pussy. In spite of the cold I started to cum. I really had to fight to stop myself from making a noise.

As my muscles were jerking I heard a man shout what must have been the dog’s name, and it ran off.

“Bloody hell Em, even I haven’t had a dog lick my pussy. You look like you enjoyed it. That’s another first for you this week.”

“I did, but I don’t think that I want a repeat performance.” I said.

After the man and dog got a reasonable distance from us we jogged back to the path and on the way we had been going.

After a few seconds I asked Sara what was at the end of the path. I got a little worried when she told me that there was the high street of the next suburb.

“Shit!” I thought. High street, shops, pubs, people. I got a little more worried. We got close to the exit from the park and I saw a kids play area. I told Sara that it reminded me of when the girl bullies tied me to a climbing frame. Sara told me that she’d like to tie me to the frame there and tease my clit until I’d had 50 orgasms.

“Trying to kill me off are you? 5 maybe; but 50 would definitely kill me.” I said.

“So you’d like to be tied up and at my mercy then?” Sara said.

I didn’t answer.

We stopped jogging when we got to the entrance. On the other side was a street with houses. After a short discussion we agreed to walk to the end of that road, then turn round and come back. Sara said that it wasn’t as warm as she’d expected. Four nipples confirmed that statement.

We’d got about 100 yards along the road when the front door of a house right in front of us opened and a couple walked out.

“Fucking hell!” the young woman said as they stopped and watched us walk passed.

“That was cool.” Sara said.

“Fucking freezing more like.” I replied.

We made it to the end of the road and back to the park entrance without seeing anyone else. We also jogged back through the park and to Sara’s hose without seeing anyone.

We went and warmed up in the Jacuzzi before going to bed.

**Sara – the end of a week that changed my life**

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The Sunday came way too quickly. Unfortunately, Sara’s father didn’t make it back before I had to leave.

**Back at home**

**========**

That week with Sara changed my life forever. My mum noticed a new confidence in me almost as soon as I walked through the door. She wanted to know all about my week away. I told her about half of it; definitely not the interesting bits. There’s no way that she would understand.

When I got ready for bed on the second night that I was back home I put on the black sheer negligee that Sara bought me. I went downstairs to watch some television. My mum saw me first and asked me where I’d got it. She said that I looked good, but that she didn’t think that it was a good idea to wear it around my father and brother (Tom has gone off to university).

“Why not mum, they’ve seen more of me hundreds of times? Do I really look that much different?” I said.

“Well, you are older and your breasts have started to grow.” She said.

“Mum, it’s only a few weeks since we were on holiday and I was naked on the beach with them and I was naked on the streets with them when I had an attack. I haven’t changed since then.”

“Well, okay then, but be careful.” Mum said.

“Be careful of what?” I thought, but didn’t say it.

I went and sat in the lounge. My dad didn’t take any notice of me at first; he was too engrossed in the latest episode of NCIS. At the interval, dad got up and went for a pee. As he sat down again he said,

“That a new nightie you’ve got Emily?”

“Yeah, Sara bought it for me.” I said and stood up for him to have a better look at it.

“Do you like it?” I asked.

I did a twirl then looked at my dad.

“Err yes Emily, I do. It’s a bit revealing isn’t it?” He said with a red face.

“All the girls are wearing them these days dad.”

“Oh are they now?” He said and turned back for the start of the next part of the programme.

That was the big hurdle with wearing my new negligee over. I knew that Dexter wouldn’t object.

When he got back home later, mum and dad had gone to bed. I was alone watching television. Dexter came and sat on the sofa to see what I was watching. He suddenly turned to face me and said,

“Wow sis! The new nightie looks good. Stand up and let me get a proper look.”

I did and he showed his approval in the way that teenage boys do – with a growing bulge in his trousers.

“Does that mean that you won’t want to see me naked anymore Dexter?”

“Hell no sis; in fact, let me see you now.”

I lifted the negligee up and off; and promptly had an orgasm. I fell back onto the sofa with my hand covering my pussy.

“Don’t cover it up sis, I like watching your muscles contract and your pussy leak. It’s like it’s trying to suck something in.” Dexter said.

As I started to calm down, Dexter got up, smiled and said,

“Thank you sis.”

He went to bed.

I didn’t bother putting the negligee back on just to go up to my bedroom. After all, I would be taking it off as soon as I got there.

A few days later when Dexter and I were at home alone one evening I was doing my homework in my room when Dexter came in and asked me to keep my promise – again.

“Okay,” I said, “but there’s one thing that I want you to do for me.”

“What’s that?”

“You get naked as well.” I said.

“That’s not right. You shouldn’t see your brother naked.”

“Why not?” I asked, “You see your sister naked.”

Dexter couldn’t answer that one so I told him that if he wasn’t getting naked then I wasn’t.

“But you promised.”

“And I’ll keep my promise just as soon as you get naked. I want to see that cock of yours.” I told him.

After a bit of thought, Dexter stripped off. As he took his boxers off, I slipped my dress over my head. Brother and sister were naked in front of each other.

I lay on my bed, opened my legs and watched Dexter’s cock grow. That lovely warm feeling in my pussy started and it wasn’t long before I was cumming. Dexter hadn’t moved from the side of my bed, and when I started to calm down I reached out and grabbed Dexter’s cock. Before he could say anything I started wanking him.

“Emily, you shouldn’t be doing that; you’re my sister.” Dexter said.

“Okay,” I said, “How about this?”

As I was saying that I sat up, swung my legs round so that my legs were either side of his, leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth.

Dexter was going on about us not doing that, but he wasn’t moving away or pushing me off.

I took him deeper and deeper into my throat. He stopped protesting and I felt the end of his cock swell. Within seconds he was shooting his cum down my throat.

I kept his cock in my mouth until is started to go soft. As soon as I could speak I told him not to feel bad. It wasn’t as if he’d had his cock in my pussy; so it wasn’t incest.

Dexter wasn’t sure that he agreed with me, and felt some guilt. He took his clothes and left.

He obviously didn’t feel that guilty because a few days later he was back for more.

He’s been watching me cum and I’ve been giving him BJs for a few weeks now.

**Brent**

===

A week after school started again I bumped into Brent. We said “Hey!” then chatted for a while. Brent seemed a bit nervous then suddenly blurted out that he would like to take me out. Now I liked Brent, he wasn’t like the rest, he treated me with respect; but I wasn’t expecting to be asked out. It was my turn to be nervous, but I did manage to say that I would like that. We arranged for him to come to my house on the Friday evening then we’d go to the cinema.

As soon as I got home I phoned Sara and told her. She sounded pleased. As I was telling her I realised that we’d never talked about her and boys. She’d told me that she wasn’t a cock virgin. That she’d had a few boyfriends and that she’d fucked most of them, but there was no one at the moment.

I told her that I was nervous and asked her if I should let Brent fuck me. Sara laughed a bit and told me that she couldn’t answer that one. She said that she thought that I should tell Brent all about my ‘conditions’ before letting him get in my knickers.

“Ooops, I forgot,” Sara said, “You never wear any.”

**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 3**

**School**

=====

That amazing week long sleep-over at Sara’s changed my life, and my outlook on life. I finally realised that because most of the girls, and lots of the boys, at school thought I was a slut and a whore then I may as well act like one. Sara had introduced me to the wonderful world of blow-jobs and I wanted more.

The next time that one of the girl bullies started giving me some verbal abuse I turned to one of the older boys that was watching and told him to meet me in the park after school.

I was nervous as hell during that 5 minute walk to the park. When I got there I was surprised to see 3 guys and 2 girls. As soon as I got close to them the 2 girls started taunting me.

“Going to get naked and cum for the boys are you slut?” was just one of the nicer comments.

After a couple of minutes of insults, I turned to the nearest boy, dropped my bag and knelt in front of him. I reached over to his trousers and, as they all went quiet, I unzipped him and pulled his hard cock out. I wanked him a couple of times then opened my mouth. I turned to look at the girls with my mouth wide open and a grin on my face. Both girls looked gob-struck as I turned back and just managed to get the tip of the boy’s cock to touch the back of my throat as my first orgasm hit me.

Now I like (no, love) giving head, and I love cumming; but I find doing both at the same time quite difficult. The orgasm makes it difficult to give a good BJ.

I needn’t have worried because it only took seconds for the boy to shoot his load inside my mouth. I kept as much as I could in my mouth the turned to the girls and opened my mouth showing them most of his cum.

I smiled, then swallowed; then opened my mouth again. The girls just stared.

I repeated the exercise with the 2 other boys, getting 2 more orgasms as I did so.

When I finished, I stood up and turned to the girls,

“Your turn now girls! Get those skirts up and knickers down. Oops sorry, I bet that you’re not wearing any.” I taunted them.

Neither girl knew what to say or do. They both just stood there. I went over to between them and lifted their skirts. Neither was wearing knickers. One was shaved bald and the other trimmed her pubes to a heart shaped stubble.

“Cute little heart Kate. I see that you’re not a natural blond then. Oh, and you call ME a slut because I never wear knickers!” I said, “Here boys, look at these two cunts.”

I turned my head and saw that the boys were already looking.

One of the girls got over the shock of me turning on them and pushed my hand away letting her skirt drop. The other girl did the same. They both turned and walked away, shouting insults at me as they went.

I turned to face the boys and said,

“That was fun, same time tomorrow boys.”

I left them staring at me as I walked away.

I didn’t have too much trouble from the bullies after that, but I did give lots of BJs. There were usually a couple of boys waiting for me in the park on the way home and I’ve lost count of the number of different boys that I’ve given BJs to.

I won’t bore you with all the mundane details of my last year at school, suffice to say that in-spite of my problems I did quite well and managed to get results good enough to get me into the university of my choice.

**Dexter**

**====**

My brother Dexter still keeps taking me up on my promise to let him see me naked anytime that he wants. I’ve lost count of the number of his mates that he’s brought round to be there when I strip. It’s always good for an orgasm, and sometimes 2, especially if they let me give them a blowjob.

**Sara – my BFF**

**=========**

One weekend Sara invited me for a Saturday night sleepover. It started out quite quietly because both her parents were there. Sara and I both kept our clothes on because Sara’s mother isn’t too happy about her being naked around the house.

Anyway, Sara’s mother had to leave just after breakfast on the Sunday morning. All 3 of us (Sara, her father and I) were in the lounge when her mother left; and no sooner than she was out of the door Sara removed the T-shirt that was the only thing that she was wearing. We’d put the T-shirts on when we got out of bed. Her father grinned and looked her up and down.

“My gorgeous little princess,” he said. “You’re getting more beautiful every day.”

Sara turned to face him and thanked him for the complement; then turned to me and told me to take my T-shirt off.

I’d never been naked in front of him before (not counting Skype), and I just knew what was going to happen. My pussy was getting hot and wet even before my hands reached the hem of the T-shirt.

As soon as the T-shirt was off I looked at Sara then her father. He started to say that I had a beautiful body too, but I didn’t catch what he said after that; a big orgasm hit me. Sara came over to me and put her arm round me while her father watched and smiled.

“Dad, stop staring at Emily; can’t you see what you’re doing to her?” Sara said.

“And a truly amazing and beautiful sight it is too.” He replied. He turned to me and said,

“Sorry Emily. I know it must be hard for you, but it’s hard for the men who see you like this; such a beautiful body is bound to get the men staring.”

“That’s okay, I understand. Besides, I like men looking at my body.” I said.

We spend the rest of the day naked with Sara’s father trying to concentrate on the work that he had to do. I had real trouble eating my lunch as the 3 of us sat at the table eating. I had 2 small orgasms as Sara’s father looked at my little breasts and hard nipples.

Sara was her usual mischievous self; whenever we were in the same room as her father she touched my clit, or slipped a finger into my wet pussy.

Sara’s father is getting used to seeing me have orgasms, and I love it when he watches me have them.

By mid-afternoon I’d decided that it was time for payback. We were in Sara’s room and I said that it was unfair that I was having lots of orgasms and that she was having none. I persuaded her to let me put her vibrating egg inside her. While we were still in her room I used the remote control to make her cum twice. After that I left her alone.

About 30 minutes later Sara’s father called for her to go and look at something. Sara went straight away, either forgetting that she still had the egg inside her, or expecting to be back soon. Anyway, I followed her, grabbing the remote as I went.

When I caught up with her she was stood beside her father looking at something on his laptop. I switched the remote onto full and Sara jumped a little then continued talking to her father about what was on the screen.

I went and stood behind Sara and put my hand on her butt, letting it creep down the crack to her soaking pussy. Sara automatically opened her legs a bit and I found her clit.

I could feel Sara getting hotter, and wetter, and her speech became a bit erratic. Within 2 minutes she stopped talking and moaned. Her father looked at her, smiled, and watched her have a very strong orgasm.

When the waves of pleasure passed, and I’d turned the remote down, her father told her that it had been a wonderful experience for both her and him, and that she should do it more often.

After a long silence, Sara said,

“Yes dad, I will;” then started talking about whatever it was on the screen.

One other time when both Sara’s parents had been at home (I wasn’t there) Sara had been complaining that she wasn’t getting enough exercise and that she was putting weight on. Now Sara is as skinny as me and her parents managed to convince her that she didn’t have a weight problem, but as a compromise they’d agreed the get her fitness assessed by a personal trainer. Her father agreed to organise it. Before he could do anything, Sara had had a word with him without her mother being around. She’d got him to agree that the trainer must be a cute young man.

Sara’s father immediately knew why she had asked him for that, and said that he would only agree to it if one of her friends were there as well. Both him and Sara’s mother are usually out of town (and often the country) most weekends. He was a little worried about his young daughter’s safety, knowing that she would probably tease the poor man for every second that he was there.

Anyway, Sara phoned me and told me to get myself over there the next Saturday afternoon. When I asked her what she was planning, she told me about the trainer. I asked her what I should take to wear, and she told me that I would have all that I needed when I got there. I assumed that she would be lending me the clothes that I needed.

Sara opened the door naked as usual, and I stripped as soon as we got to her room. When I asked when the trainer was due to arrive she told me 10 minutes. I asked her what we were going to wear and she reminded me that she’s said that I’d have everything that I needed.

“And?” I said.

“And you’re wearing it silly! Your skin.” Sara replied.

I should have known better, Sara was going to have us exercise in the nude, with a man trainer.

My pussy warmed up and the doorbell rang.

Sara went and opened the front door while I stood back and watched. The poor man was shocked at first. For the first few seconds he just stood there with his mouth wide open; then he smiled and said,

“Would you be Sara?”

“Yes, please come in.” Sara replied.

Sara was stood partially in the door way and she didn’t move. He had to turn sideways to get passed her. As he did so I could see him looking down at Sara’s little breasts. Her nipps were rock hard.

Then he saw me. All of a sudden I could feel my pussy tingling and getting wet. Sara started to introduce me, but I missed part of it as an orgasm hit me. As it subsided a bit I heard Sara apologising for me, she told him (Matt) that I suffered from a medical condition, but it was nothing for him to worry about.

We went and sat at the kitchen table and Matt started talking. He told us that Sara’s father had employed him to do an assessment of our fitness. He wanted a written report on just how fit we were, and what it would take to get us up to an acceptable level. He told us that he didn’t normally do assessments at people homes, but he was glad that he’d decided to make an exception in our case.

Matt’s eyes were going from Sara’s breasts to mine, and I had to grit my teeth as another small one hit me.

Matt then explained that he’d be asking us to do a number of exercises which he would observe. Before and after each one he would check our heart rate. When he asked if we had any medical conditions Sara took delight in telling him that I had a condition whereby I had frequent orgasms; but they would not affect my performance. Matt looked a bit flustered, he obviously didn’t understand and he stopped looking at me.

After a slight pause he asked if there was a room where were could do the exercises.

“Oh! I hadn’t thought about that. I guess that my bedroom won’t be big enough then?” Sara asked. “Perhaps we could do it in the back garden. It’s not that cold outside. Anyway, I suppose you’ll be making us get a sweat on.”

“Is your back garden overlooked then?” Matt asked.

“No,” Sara replied, “we can get up to anything we want out there and no one will ever know.”

Matt sorted out a few papers then we all went out the back.

On the patio, Matt put his papers on the table then looked up at the 2 naked teenage girls in front of him.

He looked us up and down, cleared his throat then told us that he’d check our heart rate before we started, then after each exercise. We’d do some basic exercises to start with and see how it went.

He asked Sara to go up to him and hold her arm out. As Matt checked her pulse at her wrist, Sara looked up at him and smiled. Matt blushed.

My turn next, and I had to grit my teeth and look down to stop me having a full blown orgasm.

Matt wrote the numbers down then said that we both had slightly raised heart rates, but nothing to worry about. I smiled and wondered why that was.

Matt then had us do 20 jumping jacks. All the time he watched our little tits wobble. They’re too small to bounce up and down.

We had to run to the end of the lawn and back 4 times next. I was getting hot, and for once it wasn’t anything to do with my pussy.

Twenty press-ups were next; although neither Sara nor I managed the full 20.

The next exercise wasn’t very nice; Matt had us do 50 sit-ups. To do them we had to lie on the grass. It was cold on my back.

Sara and I then had to stand with our feet about 2 feet apart and our hands as high as we could get them, Matt then told us to bend side-ways as far as we could. Standing like that I looked at Matt; his eyes were definitely looking at our pussies. I had another little orgasm.

Still standing with our feet about 2 feet apart, Matt told us to bend forwards and keep our knees straight. As we were doing this Mat walked round behind us. He must have had a great view. I shuddered again and felt my pussy get warmer.

The next exercise really gave Matt a good look at our goodies, still standing with our feet about 2 feet apart, Matt told us to bend backwards until our hands touched the floor behind us. Matt had us stay like that for ages. My orgasm got stronger and I was amazed that I didn’t collapse onto the floor. My pussy was gushing, I could feel my juices escaping and running down between my butt cheeks.

Sara said something to Matt and he moved from in front of my feet to in front of Sara’s feet.

Sara screamed and collapsed onto the floor saying that her legs hurt like hell. Matt knelt down in front of her and started massaging her right leg. I got back up on my feet and went over to them. Sara said that her left leg hurt as well so I knelt down and started massaging her left leg.

I just knew that she was faking it and only wanted Matt to get nearer to her pussy. I winked at her and pulled her left leg far away from her right as I continued massaging it. I looked to her beautiful pussy. Her lips were wide open and swollen. Her juices were seeping out. There was no way that Matt could not have noticed.

After a couple of minutes Matt stood up, said that she’d be alright and held out his hand to help her up.

One final heart rate check and Matt said that he’d collected enough information for his report. He thanked us for being so patient and co-operative and said that he was leaving. On the way to the front door he said that it had been an ‘interesting’ session and that he’d submit his report to Sara’s father.

After Matt had left Sara said that Matt was either gay, or VERY professional.

We went and had a lovely warm shower together. I did my best to get Sara’s orgasm count a lot closer to mine.

A week later Sara phoned me and told me that we wouldn’t be seeing Matt again. His report had told her father that we were both quite fit considering that half the teenagers these days were way too fat.

Another Saturday when I got to Sara’s house she didn’t let me in, instead she grabbed a bag and we walked off to the bus stop. She told me that we were going swimming, but not to the pool that we’d been to before.

On the bus I asked her what she’d brought for us to wear, and were we going to get thrown out or arrested. She laughed and told me not to be so silly, we’d be fine. The problem is that Sara’s version of ‘fine’ is borderline unlawful.

When we arrived (2 minor orgasms later) I saw that the place was a modern leisure centre. It was big and dozens of people were arriving. We joined the queue.

We passed through the turnstiles and looked for the changing rooms. I was a little surprised to find a big room with lockers and a shower area, and then a man’s and separate women’s changing room. Sara wanted us to strip in the locker area, but I refused saying that I wanted to see what she’d brought for us to wear before I stripped off.

Reluctantly, Sara agreed and we went into the women’s changing room. It was one big room with bench seats and coat hooks round the walls.

“Come on then, get naked Em.” Sara said.

Within seconds we were both naked and Sara was delving into the bag. First she pulled out 2 bikini tops. They were the same ones that we’d worn when we’d been swimming before. The triangles don’t even cover all of our little breasts and they’re made out of very thin, see-through material. You can see every little bump of our areolas and dark nipples. We fastened each other’s top and I asked Sara to make sure that mine was tight.

Sara pulled out 2 lumps of material next. She gave one to me and told me to put it on. I held it up and said,

“What’s this?”

“It’s a swimming skirt.” She replied.

I looked at it closer. Yes it was a skirt, a very short skirt, about 7 inches long. It was the same colour as the bikini top but made of different, thin material. It had a thick, elasticated waistband then it flared out. The material was patterned with dolls and ponies. Looking at the inside of the waistband I saw that something had been cut out.

“What the hell’s this? I said.

“It was a little girl’s bikini bottom, but now it’s your swimming skirt.” Sara replied.

I looked at Sara who had hers on. She did look like a little girl. I lifted the front of her skirt up and confirmed that the pants part of hers was missing as well.

“Turn round.” I said.

Her butt was covered so I presumed that she wouldn’t get arrested when she was walking around, but what would it be like in the water I thought?

I put my swimming skirt on, low on my hips; and smoothed my hand down the front and back. My hand didn’t slide onto my pussy or butt so I was legal too.

I was just thinking that I would have to be careful out in the pool when Sara got some hair bands out of the bag and started to put my hair into pigtails. Then she got me to do hers.

I went and looked in the mirror and saw a 10 year-old me. The problem was, my pussy didn’t feel like it did when I was 10 and my breasts were just a little bit bigger. I needed a distraction before I started to cum.

We gathered our things and went to find a locker. No one took any notice of the 2 little girls as we walked to the pool area.

The place was massive; slides, shoots, rapids area, obstacle course with water jets on it, hot tub, and more. It would take hours to get round everything.

We stood beside the first swimming area that we came to and tried to decide what to go on first. After a minute or so I looked down to see 2 teenagers looking up at us, and up our skirts. My bare pussy got hotter and wetter. I had to get into the water – quick so I jumped over the teenagers and bombed into the water.

It was a bit colder than I expected, but it felt good with nothing to stop the water rushing passed my bare pussy. I put my hands down to my sides and realised that my skirt was flared out, and up a bit. I looked round to see if there was anyone there wearing a face mask. I didn’t see anyone.

I decided to test the skirt a bit and swam and jumped about. I discovered that as long as I was going head first in any direction, my pussy and butt were covered – except when I did the crawl. If I went feet first in any direction, the skirt would go up round my waist and leave me exposed.

I’d been concentrating on what the skirt would do, and ignoring my bikini top. It was only when a teenager stopped in front of me and stared at me that I decided to check that my breasts were still covered. They weren’t. Sara’s ‘tight’ fastenings had come loose and both my little tits were exposed. I quickly covered up and swam to Sara. She laughed at me when I told her what had happened. Neither of us tightened the chord on my top, but Sara did let me loosen hers. I wanted her to have the same fun that I had had.

I’m sure that you can imagine what happened when we went on the rides. Every time that we got to the bottom we pretended to be embarrassed and cover-up.

There was one ride that we went on quite a few times. It’s a steep tube that you go on feet first. At the bottom you go into what I can only describe as a large car tyre. You go round and round, getting slower and slower. Gravity eventually takes over and you drop through the hole in the middle into a pool. The thing is, part of the ‘car tyre’ has a large viewing area so people can watch you going round and round. By the time Sara or I got into it, our bikini tops were round our necks and our skirts round our waists. We got quite an audience of teenagers and men watching us.

After about an hour, Sara decided that she was hungry and wanted to go to the poolside café. We straightened our bikinis and went and got some money out of our locker.

The café staff talked to us like we were little kids, the woman on the till even asked Sara if she wanted any help counting the money.

The café area is raised up a few feet and surrounded by railings. Sara wanted us to sit at a table near the steps up and we managed to find one. Sara moved our chairs so that we could watch the people coming up the steps.

Half way through my burger I realised that anyone coming up the steps would be able to see under our table and up our legs. I looked at Sara; her knees were about a foot apart. I opened mine about 18 inches. Sara looked down at my legs, grinned and said,

“I wondered how long it would take you to realise.”

When we’d finished eating we slid our butts forward on the seats and lay back in the chairs while we finished our drinks. We made sure that the skirts covered our pussies from the way that we were looking, but anyone on the steps would get a great view.

Not many people noticed, but a couple of teenage boys kept coming back again and again. Each time they took their time going up the steps and had a good look. One time I saw them looking I had an instant orgasm. It was wonderful.

A bit later, a man came and stood at the bottom of the steps. He told his young kids to go and play in the water jets while he stayed there and watched them. He kept looking over to us. I bet that he thought that he was looking at 2 10 year-old pussies. I wonder what he would have thought if he knew that they were 17 year-old pussies. I had another little orgasm as he looked.

We went into one of the swimming pools to relax for a while. We were standing at the side of the pool when I noticed a man and a young teenage boy swimming near us. The boy was wearing a face mask but not taking any notice of us. The man kept looking towards us. I looked down and both our skirts seemed to be hanging like a skirt should and my bikini top was covering my nipples, so I ignored him. A bit later I realised that the man was now wearing the face mask and kept swimming passed us. As he got close to us he turned his head towards us.

“What the hell!” I thought, the next time that he passed I pulled my skirt right up and opened my legs as far as I could. When he came up for air he looked at me. I smiled, He blushed and turned away.

We got bored after a while and went to find some more rides. After a few rides and a similar number of accidental (LOL) wardrobe malfunctions, we came across the Jacuzzi. It was big enough for about 15 people and you can sit with your back to the side and lift your feet and float.

We shuffled round as people left, and found the water jets. Wow, that was good. They managed to make Sara cum too.

Eventually, we’d had enough, and returned to the locker room. Sara had told me that there was no way that we were going to use the women’s changing room again.

“What about the men’s?” I asked.

Sara grinned and said,

“After we’ve showered.”

Sara got the soap and shampoo and we went to the communal show. The 6 or 7 people there still had their costumes on, but that didn’t stop Sara undressing me, then herself.

One of the men there watched us as we shampooed our hair and soaped our bodies. I looked over to him and grinned. He turned away and held his towel in front of his costume as he left.

We took our time, and others came and went. None of them said anything, but some of the men, and young women stared at us for a while. One young man had a hard-on and didn’t mind showing us the bulge in his costume.

As we walked back to the locker naked only a few teenage boys stared at us.

“Okay, Em, your idea, let’s go.” Sara said, and we walked towards the men’s changing room with everything in her hands.

There were a couple of middle-aged men getting dressed in there. One of them turned to the 2 naked little girls and said,

“Shouldn’t you be in the room next door, this is the men’s changing room.”

Sara said,

“It’s okay, we’re waiting for our daddy; we always get changed in here with him.”

The man ignored us and finished getting dressed while we pretended to dry ourselves.

A young man in his twenties came in and looked surprised to see us. He went and put his things opposite us and messed about in his bag until the other 2 men left. That left him and us in there. We were still naked and pretending to dry our hair while watching him. He turned to face us and picked up his towel. He had a hard-on.

He put his towel round his neck and unfastened his shorts. He was still staring at us as he dropped his shorts to the floor; his hard-on proudly pointing to the ceiling.

He stared at us and we stared at him, all of us naked.

The orgasm hit me, hard. Neither of the other 2 moved or said anything as my body twitched and shook. I let out a long moan and moved my hand down my front. I held my pussy and let out a long “Aaaaaargh.” Both the others took that as a cue to start masturbating. The man wanking and Sara frigging herself with one hand while playing with one of her nipples with the other.

I joined the mutual masturbation session and brought myself to another orgasm quickly. Sara was next to cum. She moaned and rammed her fingers into her pussy.

Shortly afterwards the man shot his load across the room towards us. I wished that I’d been close enough to catch some of it; instead it went all over the floor.

We heard the door start to open and all 3 of us quickly turned to face the wall. A man came in and went passed us.

Sara and I looked at each other, both of us realised that it was time to go so we quickly dressed and left. I stood in a blob of cum as we left.

As we walked to the bus stop I thanked Sara for taking us. She giggled and said that we must do it again sometime.

**Brent**

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After the ‘incident’ with Brent photographing me in the park, then the photography club session, I’d been thinking about him quite a bit (lot). I wanted to lose my penis virginity to him; but I didn’t know how I could do it. What must it be like for a man trying to fuck a woman when she’s having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm? The poor man must feel quite inadequate knowing that he isn’t directly causing it.

Anyway, I bumped into him as I left school one evening and he asked me out.

It was the classic first date – the cinema; and, apart from holding hands and a quick kiss, we saw all of the film. Brent took me to Starbucks afterwards.

I feel so relaxed with Brent, and we talked about his photography, my medical conditions, and Sara. He believed me when I told him that I was still a virgin.

He knew all about my fun in the park after school, and he told me that he’d considered going along a few times. I told him that I was glad that he hadn’t. He looked a little disappointed until I told him that I wanted to give him a special, private blowjob.

I told him how difficult it was to give a BJ when I’m having an orgasm. He said that judging by the school gossip I had nothing to worry about. There were dozens of boys at school talking about my skills; not one of them was complaining.

When we left Starbucks to go home I asked Brent if we could walk home via the park. We walked there hand in hand while continuing to talk about everything and nothing.

In the park I led Brent to the place where he’d photographed me. When we got there we kissed. Brent seemed a little reluctant to let his hands wander so I lowered one of my hands to his butt and pulled him closer to me. I could feel his hard cock pressing against my stomach.

Still Brent was a bit shy so I reached for one of his hands and put it on my butt.

Brent finally got the message and his other hand came down and he held both of my butt cheeks.

As we went for the world record for the longest kiss, his hands started caressing my butt. My dress wasn’t very long so I pulled it up enough for his hands to be on my bare butt. It felt good and it wasn’t long before I had to break the kiss to have an orgasm.

Brent apologised, saying that it was his fault. When I could, I said that it was his fault, but I wouldn’t have it any other way; that I wanted him to touch my naked skin, and I wanted to have orgasms caused by him.

I stepped back, lifted my dress right off and moved back close to him for another kiss.

His hands found my butt again, and then got more adventurous. I let him caress my back and butt for a while then broke the kiss. I turned and faced away from him and leant back against him. Brent put his arms round my waist and held me.

After a minute or so his hands were still round my waist so I got one of his hands and moved it to my breasts. As he caressed them I had another orgasm.

I wanted to feel Brent’s hands on my pussy. I knew what would happen, but I still wanted it. I held one of his hands and slid it down my front. I stopped for a few seconds on my stomach and then continued to my bald pubes. His fingers found my lips and clit.

I shuddered and shook as I came again. It was wonderful. Brent held my pubic bone firmly as I came all over his hand.

When I’d calmed down, I turned round, gave him a 10 second kiss and then squatted down in front of him. He ran his fingers through my hair as I unzipped him and released his rock hard cock.

I was pleased to find that it was quite big compared to most of the boys at school. I couldn’t see it too well because of the dark, but I could certainly feel it. I kissed the tip and tasted his pre-cum. I was good.

As I sucked on the first couple of inches Brent let out a few moans. I held his balls as I took all of his cock into my mouth and throat. As my nose touching his curly pubic hair I paused for a few seconds before going up and down on his beautiful cock.

It only took about a minute for him to cum and I sucked every drop out of him.

As he started to go soft I kissed his cock and stood up. I kissed him so that he could taste his own cum.

Brent was done for the night, and I was happy. I was still a virgin but I’d had a man’s hand on my pussy. I put my dress back on and Brent walked me home with his arm round me. As he kissed me good night, I whispered to him,

“Brent, next time that we go out, can we try and have sex please. I want to lose my virginity to you.”

As I got ready for bed I cursed pubic hair, I’d got one of Brent’s short and curlies stuck in the back of my mouth.

The next time that Brent asked me out he told me that no one would be in at his house. As I walked there I was determined that I was going to let him fuck me. I didn’t care if I had a hundred orgasms and I passed out; I was going to get his cock in my hole.

I wasn’t disappointed; after about 15 minutes snogging on their sofa, we moved to his bedroom. I was expecting to see a young boy’s bedroom with silly comic strip posters all over the place. Instead the walls were covered with photographs; and good ones too. As I looked round at them I suddenly saw one of me, full frontal naked, in the park.

I thumped Brent’s arm and said that anyone could see it up there. He told me that that particular photograph had nearly won him an award at his photography club. The thought of all those people seeing me naked got me all warm and wet between my legs.

I turned to Brent and kissed him. We fell back onto his bed and continued kissing. After a few minutes of kissing and wandering hands, I stopped and asked Brent if he minded if I turned the light off. I explained that I knew that I’d start having orgasms as soon as he saw me naked and that being in the dark might just delay them a bit.

Brent didn’t mind so I got up and switched the light off. As I went back to the bed I took my dress off and climbed on.

After kissing for a few minutes I got on my knees and started taking Brent’s clothes off. As his rock hard cock sprung free, I bent forward and licked the tip. I held onto his cock as I straddled him and positioned myself over his cock.

The thought of what I was about to do made me cum. As the waves of pleasure subsided I lowered myself so that my pussy just touched the tip of his cock.

I came again.

As I started to come down from my high I decided that the moment had arrived. I quickly lowered myself and impaled myself fully on that wonderful cock. As it went into me another one hit me. As it subsided I was well pleased with myself. I’d done it; I was no longer a cock virgin.

I suddenly realised that Brent’s hands were on my tits. I had been so engrossed in his cock and my pussy that I’d been numb to everything else. I started to relax and started to enjoy the pleasure that his hands were giving me.

I started raising, then lowering myself; properly fucking him. Another orgasm hit me but I willed myself to keep fucking him.

After yet another orgasm I had to stop. I got off him and asked him if we could try it another way. He asked which way.

I got off the bed, knelt at the side and lay forward onto it.

Brent took the hint and came behind me.

“Do me from there Brent.” I said.

Brent entered me from behind and I came again.

“Don’t stop Brent.” I said as he thrust in and out of me. “Keep going until you cum.”

And he did. I came twice more and thought that I was going to pass out before I felt him cum.

Brent collapsed on top of me and we lay there for ages before getting properly on the bed. I looked at his cock; even with the light off I could see that it was covered in his cum and my juices. As soon as I found the energy I moved and took his cock in my mouth. I licked his cock clean as he started to get hard again.

I didn’t know how much more I could take, but I needed to feel him inside me again. I straddled him and slowly impaled myself on his cock. This time I bottomed out and just sat there without even moving, I came again.

As I was cumming I realised that my pussy was squeezing, then releasing Brent’s cock, over and over again. I wasn’t controlling it, it was just happening.

Brent came again and as I felt him shoot his cum into me as another orgasm hit.

That was the last thing that I remembered until I woke up. I was laying on a bed with a quilt over me. As my senses came more to life I realised that I was still naked and my legs were spread wide; and the light was on.

I opened my eyes and saw Brent smiling down at me.

“Hey! How are you feeling?” He said.

“Happy.” Was all I could think to say.

After a while I asked Brent how long I’d been out. When he told me that I’d been sleeping for about 30 minutes I apologised, but Brent would have none of it. He told me that he’d used the time to take some photographs. He pointed to his computer and I saw myself on his screen.

I got up and went over to his computer and asked him to show them all to me.

Brent scrolled through them.

“Brent, you’ve got to keep those hidden, I look like a well fucked whore. My hair’s a mess, my nipples look massive, and as for my pussy, look at it, it’s all red and swollen. My hole is wide open and there’s your sperm coming out of me.”

“Emily, those are amazing pictures, you should be real proud of yourself. I’m sure that I can win competitions with those.” Brent said as he put his arm round me and squeezed me gently.

I thought about what he’d said, and gradually came round to his way of thinking.

Within 5 minutes I was proud of all of those photographs. So proud that I asked him for a copy of them; I wanted to show them to Sara.

As Brent was copying the photos to a memory stick I suddenly remembered that I was still naked. Brent had got dressed. I was naked in front of a clothed man – again. My pussy started to warm up so I quickly put my dress on and asked Brent if I could have a drink.

Brent made some coffee and we sat and talked. We were so happy. We’d both lost our virginity and had a wonderful experience doing so.

Brent walked me home and gave me a long kiss outside my front door. His hands wandered to my nipples. It felt good, but I told him to stop before he made me cum again.

Before going to bed I emailed one of the photographs to Sara. She must have been up and on her computer because within 2 minutes she mailed me back with a photo of her impaled on a naked man.

I had sex with Brent 3 more times before we finally left school.

The first time I passed out on him again. When I came round Brent had covered me with the quilt again, and he said that he didn’t take any more photographs – not that I would have minded if he had.

The second time I impaled myself on him and just sat there while I had lots of orgasms. I did my best to think about anything but what I was sat on and I think that helped. My pussy muscles contacting made Brent cum and I climbed off him before I passed out.

The third time was with me on my knees beside the bed and my body resting on the bed. I told Brent to keep going even if he thought that I had passed out. Brent told me afterwards that I went quiet for a few minutes but he was a bit busy and didn’t try to talk to me. I can’t remember passing out, but I may have done, and then come round with Brent still pounding in and out of me.

**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 4**

**Intro**

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I’ve now left school (I’m 18 now) and am getting used to the adult world. I enjoyed an amazing holiday with my really good friend Sara before going off to a fantastic university; both of which I will tell you all about later.

What do I look like? If you’ve read the earlier parts of my story you will know that I’m short and slim with little 32A breasts. Like most young women these days, I shave my pubes and have no hair below my neck. My pussy is just a little slit with just a hint of my clit poking out most of the time. The skin around my pussy is the same colour as the rest of my body. All in all, I’m proud that my pussy looks just like it did when I was a little girl.

I have two (maybe) medical conditions that affect my life quite a bit. I was diagnosed with Miliaria Profunda (google it) at an early age. Because of this I had to dress in loose clothing; anything tight fitting like knickers, tights, trousers and bras were banned.

As I developed into a woman, the Miliaria Profunda seemed to fade, but I developed a condition called Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD) (again, google it). It was sooo embarrassing having to tell my mother, and then having to explain it all again to my (male) doctor. He wasn’t much help; the only ***possible*** cure that he could suggest was to have my clitoris amputated. Not a cat in hell’s chance of my mother or me letting that happen.

After experimentation I discovered that the PGAD orgasms are brought on by vibrations and contact with my genitals. Later on I discovered that being seen naked by men, and sometimes women, also brings on these involuntary orgasms.

School was embarrassing and humiliating, but we won’t go into that here (see the earlier parts of my story), other than to say that the teachers weren’t any help and I learned to live with my problems. I even managed to get good grades.

In spite of the sexual nature of my medical conditions, I’d waited until I was over the legal age of consent before losing my virginity.

**Sara – my BFF**

**=========**

Sara is nearly a year older than me and was in the same year as me, but at a different school. I’ve never got round to asking her why that was, I’ve always assumed that it was to do with the month that our birthdays fall. Before going off to the same university we had an amazing holiday with her parents. I say ‘with her parents’, her mother had to leave (work) after a few days, and her father let us do what we wanted.

Sara’s body is virtually the same as mine, same height, same figure, same shoe size, and roughly the same colour and length of hair. The only real difference is our faces and Sara has a little mole on her left inner thigh just below her pussy.

Sara’s parents are quite well off, and workaholics. They insisted that they paid for me to go on holiday with them saying that they were so grateful that Sara had found a friend like me. I’ve spent a lot of time at Sara’s house and only actually met her mother and father a couple of times. Okay, I’ve met them both over Skype, but it’s not the same.

Sara has a very open relationship with her father. She tells him EVERYTHING that she and I get up to and he even encourages her a bit.

Anyway, both Sara’s mother and father managed to free themselves up to go on holiday. Well it started that way. They’d rented a villa on the island of Ibiza and we all flew out early one morning. Sara and I were both wearing only shoes and very short summer dresses, and Sara spent lots of time bending over to check that she’d got everything in her case and carry-on. I caught her father looking at her exposed butt a few times. I deliberately didn’t bend over, I didn’t want to have an orgasm in the airport; well not when Sara’s mother was there.

The first few days there were a little tense at times. Okay, Sara and I sunbathed and swam naked at the villa but whenever her mother was around I felt a little uncomfortable, and Sara obviously wasn’t totally relaxed. When the 3 of us women went to the shops or a restaurant Sara was very ‘ladylike’, even though she wasn’t wearing underwear.

It was on the third day that Sara’s mother took a phone call and then told us that she had to leave and fly to America. Things improved from that day.

We spent most mornings sunbathing by the pool or swimming (sometimes waiting for the hang-over to go), afternoons shopping or at the beach; and evenings out on the town.

Sara’s dad always managed to get up before us. We’d wander out to the pool and find him reading a book or having a swim. Breakfast was always there waiting for us. Sara and I slept naked in the same bed and we didn’t bother to put any clothes on until we left the villa around lunchtime. Sara’s father always wore swimming shorts around the villa.

After breakfast it was into the shower then some serious sun tanning. We’d lay on the sunbeds with our feet either side (we didn’t want to have white inner thighs). Sara’s father would usually stay round the pool tanning while reading; sometimes a book and sometimes some business documents.

Sara and I put lotion on each other about 4 times each morning. I usually lay with my eyes closed so that I couldn’t see Sara’s father looking at me.

On the second morning (after Sara’s mother had left) Sara started lingering around my little pink slit as she put the lotion on. She’d flick my clit or slip a finger inside me. Of course I had an orgasm. At first I tried to hide them from Sara’s father. He soon realised what Sara was doing to me and he watched me closely every time Sara came near me. It wasn’t long before he told us that there was nothing more wonderful than watching a woman mid orgasm. After that I stopped trying to hold back and let myself go. I’d be moaning loudly and jerking and twitching.

On the third morning whenever Sara came near me I would plead with her not to make me cum saying that I wasn’t comfortable cumming in front of her father. Of course she took no notice of me.

After she caused my first orgasm on the fourth morning I decided that it was time for some payback. I went inside saying that I needed to pee. I went to our room and got the remote vibrating egg. I covered it with a towel and carried it back outside.

The next time that Sara asked me to lotion her I did to her what she had been doing to me. She was wet even before I started on her pussy. I told her to close her eyes and relax.

Seconds later Sara let out a loud gasp as I pushed the egg inside her. I continued with the lotion then whispered for her relax and enjoy that full feeling.

I went back to my sunbed and lay there for about 10 minutes without touching the remote.

Sara’s father came over and asked us if we’d like a drink. Just as he was about to ask Sara I turned the remote up to full and then down. Sara screamed, jumped up then fell back down with a long sigh. She shuddered a bit then got that satisfied smile on her face.

Sara’s father asked her if she was okay. When she said that she was, her father turned to me to ask me what I wanted to drink.

I held the remote control up so that her father knew what was going on. He smiled then held out his hand. He wanted the control.

After he got us our drinks he went and sat down where he could watch us. He then proceeded to tease his daughter something rotten with that control. He brought her up to close to her peak then switched it off. Then he’d do it again; and again.

I was watching her the whole time. Her little nipples were rock hard and her pussy lips were swollen. Her clit was the biggest I have ever seen it. Her feet were on the floor either side of the sunbed before the egg got switched on. By the time her father switched it off they were as wide as was possible and I could see her pussy convulsing. It was like she was trying to suck something in.

I wondered if my pussy did the same.

After that session, Sara openly masturbated in front of her father each morning. He loved every second, and I enjoyed watching her too.

Early each afternoon Sara’s father would either go and play golf somewhere, or go inside and work on his laptop. He had an internet connection and could do quite a bit of his work from there.

Meanwhile Sara and I would shower then get a taxi to Ibiza town or San Antonio most days. We had a great time wandering round the shops. We bought quite a few skirts and tops that we wore when we went out at night.

Some of the clothes were:-

A tube top where the top half is a cotton band that covers the breasts; and the bottom half is made out of mesh – with holes about half an inch. When Sara or I wore it when we went out at night we wore it upside down with our nipples poking through the holes. That one went down well with the guys in the bars.

Sara wanted a small wrap bikini bottom cover-up. One that wasn’t long enough to go right round her. We eventually found one in a kids shop. When we wear it, it only just covers our butt and pussy. It’s obvious that we have nothing underneath.

An 8 inch mesh skirt. The holes are about a quarter inch and anyone who looks will be able to see everything that is, or isn’t, underneath. We both wore it a couple of times when we went out at night. Sara’s father liked that one.

A 7 inch pleated, flared hip skirt. This also only just covers our butt and pussy. The guys in the bars liked lifting the front or back of this one.

A couple of net triangles big enough to tie round my waist. I don’t know what they call them, my gran used to have something that size and shape and used to call it her shawl. I’ll call them shawls for want of a better name. Anyway, the idea Sara had was to wear them as bikini bottom cover-ups; only we didn’t have any bikini bottoms.

It was getting later one afternoon when we were wandering round the shops in Ibiza town when we discovered a sex toys shop. As soon as Sara saw it she was straight in.

They have an amazing collection of toys. One thing that Sara spotted looked a bit strange at first. It took a few seconds for us to realise what it was. It was a bit like one of those ‘C’ strings (a bit like a thong but without the straps). The ‘C’ strings that we’d seen before were a bit like a ‘U’ shaped spring, and held in place by the pressure of the 2 uprights.

The ‘C’ strings in this shop were different. They are more ‘L’ shaped with a small dildo on the bit that covers your vagina. What keeps them in place is your pussy keeping the dildo in.

Sara loved that idea and bought 2. She also bought another remote controlled vibrating egg.

Every day that we went shopping we would stop for a drink and sometimes an ice cream. We always sat outside facing the people walking by; and always kept our knees open. We usually got at least 1 person each day that realised what they could see. Some of the waiters got an eyeful too.

We went to 3 different beaches. The first was quite near the villa, we could walk there. It’s quite popular with teenagers. Sara decided that we’d pretend to be a LOT younger than our 18+ years. We put our hair in pigtails and wore those kids swimming skirts that we’d used at the leisure centre in London; and the see-through bikini tops. When Sara’s father saw us he said,

“Bloody hell Sara, what are you 2 wearing? You look like you did when you were 10 or 11. Are you going to gate crash a kid’s party at McDonalds?”

We both laughed and Sara said,

“No, Burger King actually.”

A soon as we got near the beach we took the tops off leaving just the silly swimming skirts. Sara was a little disappointed when she realised that no-one was taking much notice of us.

When we went for a swim we dumped the skirts and let them float off to wherever; and walked out of the sea naked. Again, no one took much notice of us and Sara was even more disappointed. I guess that we looked too much like little girls.

We sunbathed naked on our towels for a couple of hours. Okay, a few men looked at us for a few seconds, but no one took much notice of us.

As we’d dumped the only clothes that we had to cover our lower halves we had to walk back to the villa naked. I suppose that we could have wrapped our towels round us, but that would have spoilt the fun.

One of the other beaches involved a boat ride from San Antonio harbour. The boat was only about 30 foot long and quite narrow. Most of the deck was taken-up with 4 long bench seats – lengthways; two down the middle (back to back) and the other 2 down the sides of the boat. Each row was facing another. We sat opposite some young men and took pleasure (literally – I came twice) in sitting with our knees apart.

Getting off the boat was fun too. We had to climb up steep steps. We waited until so we could be in front of some other guys.

The beach wasn’t that big, but it had plenty of sand. At one end people sunbathed and swam naked. Guess which end we went to.

Sara wanted to walk along the water’s edge. I was nervous about there being so many people with swimming costumes and I didn’t want to go because we didn’t have any bikini bottoms with us. Sara had an answer to that; she’d got the ‘C’ strings in her bag (I didn’t know she had them with her). We hadn’t tried them since getting them in the sex shop.

One man looked at us as we stood up holding them, the little dildos on show. You should have seen his face as we pushed the dildos into us and settled the ‘C’s into place.

It felt strange walking in amongst all those people with a dildo in. We had to stop twice for me to have orgasms. The pressure on my pussy was too much.

We even went back to our things to get some money so that we could get some ice creams.

Okay, we got a couple of funny looks in the shop, after all, the only parts of us that were covered was our pubic bones and pussies.

A bit later we got a bit more daring and went up onto the coastal path and walked for about half a mile. The only clothes that we took with us were our flip-flops. I had an orgasm when 2 men came the other way and stopped and watch us walk by. Sara had to hold my hand and help me walk. They were the only 2 people that we saw.

Another afternoon Sara’s father didn’t want to use the hire car so Sara and I decided to go for a drive. Sara was a bit nervous at first because it wasn’t long since she passed her test; and it was the first time that she’d driven on the ‘wrong’ side of the road. Anyway, we ended up on the part of the island near the airport where they extract the salt from the sea. We’d just started to think that there was nothing of any interest down there when we saw a beach with quite a few people on it. We found the car park and decided to go for a walk.

Sara was wearing only the ultra-short hip skirt and a see-through bikini top. And I was wearing only the too small bikini bottom cover-up and a see-through bikini top.

The car park was quite quiet, and just as Sara was locking the car I had this crazy idea. I said to Sara,

“Let’s leave all our things in the car.”

“You mean EVERYTHING!” Sara asked.

“Yeah, let’s try and surprise a few people.” I said.

Standing beside the car we took off what little clothes we had on and covered ourselves with suntan lotion. Then, wearing only flip-flops, we set off. We walked out of the car park on the same path that we saw others use. It went through a few trees and bushes then arrived at the beach right next to a beach bar.

We turned onto the beach and saw a young woman selling clothes under a big umbrella. They were mainly sarongs and bikinis. As we walked passed her she invited us to have a closer look. She had some really nice things.

Neither Sara nor I had worn a sarong before and the woman offered to show us the different ways that we could wear them. It seemed a bit weird having this woman dressing us while we were both naked, and on a public beach.

Some of the bikinis were more like squares of material held together with bits of string. Anyway, Sara liked some of what she saw and promised to go back later and buy some.

That evening Sara’s father told us a bit about Ibiza’s history, about the hippies that lived there in the 60s and 70s.

We walked through the clothed part of the beach and on to an area where about 50 people were all naked. Sara commented on how friendly the people on the naked part were compared to the clothed part.

We walked on, occasionally seeing couples on little sandy areas in amongst the rocks. We saw some couples engaging in various sex acts. None seemed bothered that people were walking passed.

Further along the path we came to a part with sand dunes. That part had more men there. Some were obviously gay. Between 2 dunes we saw something that neither of us had seen before; 2 men having sex. Sara and I stopped and watched for a few seconds before moving on. As we walked we talked about gay men. Neither of us can understand why a man could fancy another man when there are so many beautiful women around. We came to the conclusion that neither of us could understand it; but we respect their wishes. Live and let live.

We came to the end of the beach and decided to follow a path through the trees that looked like it ran parallel to the beach. It did, and about 15 minutes later we arrived back at the other side of the car park.

We got some money and towels out of the car and went back to the beach.

Before going to buy some clothes we went to the beach bar to get an ice cream. It was only after we’d been served and sat at a table to eat the ice creams; that we realised that we were the only people there that were naked. A little orgasm hit me.

Sara bought 2 see-through sarongs and we went and sunbathed for a bit before going for a swim.

It was an amazing feeling swimming naked in the warm sea; we wanted to stay there forever. When we eventually came out we realised that we had drifted right along to the other side of the clothed area.

“Sod it!” Sara said, and we walked through the clothed area back to our towels. A few people stared at us, but no one said anything.

We sunbathed for about another hour before deciding to leave. When we got back to the car we decided to leave our clothes off and drive naked. As we drove out of the car park we saw a little shop with about 20 people standing outside at a bus stop. Sara decided that she wanted another ice cream and stopped in the little car park next to the shop.

I picked-up one of the sarongs and started to put it on, but Sara stopped me and told me that we were going to go in like we were - naked.

No one took any notice of us as we went in. The old woman serving muttered something in Spanish as she served us, but that was it. It was a bit different outside. We stood at the side of the car eating the ice cream, in full view of everyone at the bus stop. People started staring at us. I had another orgasm and nearly dropped my ice cream.

The nights out were fun. Sometimes we went to Ibiza town, and sometimes to San Antonio. Ibiza town seemed more sophisticated; there were less drunk people there. Having said that, we had a great time; the bars were lively, and the clubs were great. We hardly wore anything and neither did most of the other girls there.

There’s one bar that I remember well, it was crowded, but it seemed the norm for people to grope each other. I saw a young man slide his hand right up a girls skirt first; then we saw others doing it.

It wasn’t long before a young man got a wet hand when it went up my skirt. I had my first orgasm of the evening and nearly squashed his hand between my thighs.

Sara didn’t want to leave, but after my fourth orgasm I managed to persuade her to move on.

The San Antonio bars were a lot noisier; hundreds of drunk young people. There were lots of police everywhere. The thing was, a lot of the trouble makers spoke German until the police got involved. Then they spoke English to the police. I guess that’s part of the reason why young English people get a bad name.

We had a great time there, and didn’t spend much money. Young men always seemed to want to buy us drinks. A lot of them thought that if we let them buy us a drink then they had our permission to grope us. Most of the time we did, it was fun; though it was sometimes funny watching a young man’s face as I orgasmed all over his hand.

In one crowded bar a couple of young men were hitting on us and the conversation got quite sexy. They were doing their best to get us to go back to their hotel. After refusing for about the tenth time I offered to give the one who was hitting on me a blowjob.

He grinned, grabbed my hand and tried to lead me outside. I refused to budge, knelt down and unzipped him. I gave him a blowjob, right there in the middle of that crowded, noisy bar.

In one of the clubs that we went to we somehow managed to lose out tops. One taxi driver refused to take us home because of that. He was muttering something in Spanish and holding the little cross that was round his neck.

He was the only taxi driver that we had a problem with, most were quite happy when the 2 nearly naked girls climbed into the back of their cars. We saw a few of them adjust their interior mirrors so that they could watch us. Whenever Sara was wearing a low cut top she always bent over to pay them through their door window. Once I gave her exposed butt a slap as she paid a driver.

One night in San Antonio we walked along the side of the harbour. There were people selling jewellery and all sorts of other things. One man was doing a caricature drawing of a girl. He gave her enormous tits. Sara had an idea and asked the man if he’d draw both of us. The thing was, she asked him if he’d draw us while we were naked. I tried to tell her that she shouldn’t strip off there but she wouldn’t listen.

When the man was ready she quickly took her top and skirt off leaving her naked. I didn’t have much choice; I stripped too. We stood there naked for about 15 minutes with Sara having an arm round my shoulder and pretending to kiss my cheek.

We gathered a small audience, but fortunately, no police.

The drawing looked good. He’d drawn Sara’s mouth looking like she was about to eat my head, and both our pussies were gaping open. We both had huge breasts that hung down to our stomachs; but you could recognise our faces.

Another night we ended up in a bar that was having a wet T-shirt competition. I’d already told Sara about the wet T-shirt competition that I’d entered in Tenerife, and she wanted me to have the same fun again.

We had a bit of a problem getting the organiser to let us take part; he had some doubts about our age. It didn’t help that he had our hair in pigtails.

We managed to convince him that we were old enough and we joined the other girls in a back room. There were 4 other girls there, all with breasts a lot bigger than ours. Two of the girls were standing around in just their knickers while the other 2 were naked. We stripped while I wondered why no one had a T-shirt on.

I soon realised why, when the organiser came in holding a pile of T-shirts. No one seemed bothered that there was a man in the room with 4 naked girls and 2 wearing just their knickers.

As he handed the T-shirts out he told us that there would be 2 rounds. During the first he told us we had to introduce ourselves, get wet, and then dance for a few minutes. He told us that we had to leave the T-shirts on but we could rip them at the top to show our breasts.

During the seconds round we were told that we could do whatever we wanted.

He then gave us all a number. Sara was 4 and I was 6 (last).

The competition soon started and it wasn’t long before it was Sara’s turn. She came back with her T-shirt ripped down to her waist, her tits on display, and a big grin on her face. She told me that she couldn’t wait for the second round.

When it was my turn, everything went well until I ripped my T-shirt. As soon as my little tits were exposed I had a little orgasm. I managed to hide it and came off the stage quite pleased with myself.

The second round was more fun. The first 3 girls came back completely naked. One looked embarrassed, but the other 2 had grins on their faces. When Sara came back I quickly asked her what she’d done. She told me that she’d quickly ripped the T-shirt right off and then danced naked while playing with her tits and pussy. She said that she’s ended by standing at the front of the stage with her legs wide apart and finger fucking herself.

Wow, I was going to have to be good (or should I say naughty).

I went out and quickly ripped the T-shirt right to the bottom. For a few seconds I teased the audience by covering my tits and pussy with the T-shirt or my hands. I turned round and dropped the T-shirt. Bending at the waist I put a hand on my pussy and picked up the T-shirt.

Turning to face the audience, and to shouts of ‘skin, skin, skin’ I held the T-shirt in front of me for a few seconds then held the top and bottom of it with my hands. I lifted one leg and put it between my hands.

For the next 10 seconds I rubbed the T-shirt backwards and forwards, hard against my pussy. That was when the first orgasm hit me. There was so much noise from the audience that I just let myself go and screamed out loud.

After about 10 seconds I managed to force myself to dance around the stage, swinging the T-shirt round, way above my head.

I realised that the record was getting towards the end so I threw the T-shirt into the audience and dropped down onto my spread wide knees. I leaned back so that my head nearly touched the floor and started frigging myself.

No sooner than I touched my clit another orgasm hit me. I kept my hand going and heard the music stop just before another one hit me. I screamed again and shouted,

“YES, YES!”

As I came down from my high I suddenly realised that everyone as quiet, and staring at me; well my pussy.

I froze.

A man in the audience shouted,

“Fucking hell, that was hot!”

The rest of the audience started cheering and 2 hands lifted me to my feet by my upper arms. The DJ asked for a round of applause for me and I ran off the stage and back to Sara.

She hugged me and asked me if I was okay. I nodded just as the DJ called us all back onto the stage.

One by one the DJ called out our names and asked for a round of applause. The girls with big tits wobbled them with their hands when their names were called. Sara was going to be different; she slid a finger in her pussy then sucked it clean. I did the same, but as I sucked my finger another orgasm hit me.

I bit down on my finger, closed my eyes and shook all over. The DJ looked at me (along with all those randy guys in the audience), and wondered if he really was seeing what he thought he was.

A few seconds later the DJ announced that number 6 (me) had the loudest applause so I had won.

He gave me my prize then told me that I had to dance for the boys. I gave Sara my prize the stepped to the front of the stage. The music started and I danced, gyrating my hips. After a few seconds I thought,

“What the hell?”

And dropped to my knees, opened them wide, and leaned back. Supporting myself with my left hand on the floor, I frigged myself with my right hand.

Another orgasm hit me. I screamed again.

The music stopped and I managed to stand up. Turning my back to the audience I saw Sara and the other 5 girls at the back of the stage. All 6 of us left the stage.

As we were putting our clothes on, one of the other girls asked me how I managed to make myself cum like that. I just told her that it was the effect of all those men seeing me naked.

Another night we tagged along with a group of girls who were being ‘encouraged’ by their 18-30s rep. We followed them from bar to bar as they got louder and louder and drunker and drunker.

About 2 a.m. some of them started passing out in the corner of a bar near the toilets. Their skirts were round their waists (nearly all were knickerless) and their tops were hanging off. None of their friends attempted to cover their pussies or tits. The guys had to pass them to go for a pee. All the guys looked down to the girls. Most just stared at the tits and pussies but one or two leaned down and had a quick grope. That gave Sara an idea. She said,

“I’m going to do that, but not here. Come on Em.”

She grabbed my arm and pulled me outside. We walked to the harbour, to where there are concrete benches alongside the path. It was after 2 in the morning and the only people there had been in the bars like us. Most were drunk or half-drunk. Sara lay down along one of the benches with one foot on the bench and the other on the ground. Her skirt was up round her waist and her pussy was on display for anyone to see. She also pulled her halter top to one side so that one of her little tits was uncovered.

Sara sat back up and told me that she was going to lie like that when some guys came passed. She was going to pretend to be passed out and see what happened.

“Nobody’s going to do anything with me sat next to you.” I said.

“You’re right, that’s why you’re going to be hiding behind those trees over there.” Sara said pointing to some big palm trees.

We didn’t have to wait long. We saw 2 men in the distance, walking our way. Sara lay back and told me to disappear.

From behind a tree I watched them stagger towards Sara. When they got close to her they stopped and stared at her, then walked right up to her.

One of them bent over and nudged her shoulder as if he was trying to wake her. He did it again, but harder. Sara didn’t move.

The man stood up and said something to his mate. He then bent over again and put a hand on Sara’s exposed tit. He massaged it a bit then squeezed her nipple.

He stood up and his mate bent over Sara. Instead of going for her exposed breast, he went for her pussy. He finger fucked her for a few seconds then stood up.

The men then laughed and walked off.

As soon as they were out of sight I ran over to Sara. She was still on her back with her eyes closed. I didn’t say anything; instead I put one hand on her pussy and started to frig her. After a few seconds she said,

“That’s nice Em, don’t stop.”

I finger fucked her to an orgasm.

We sat there thinking about heading back to the villa when we saw another man staggering towards us. Sara told me to go and hide, and she lay back.

From behind a tree I saw that Sara had pulled her skirt up so that her pussy was exposed. She has one leg on the bench and the other foot on the ground again. I imagined her pussy gushing as she lay there anticipating what might happen.

The man nearly missed seeing her. He was nearly passed her when he stopped and turned to look at her. It took almost a minute for him to realise what he was looking at; then he decide to take a closer look. He walked over to her and stood over her looking down.

I got wetter just thinking what Sara would be thinking.

The man nudged Sara twice. When he got no reaction he looked round to see if anyone was looking at him. Satisfied that they were alone, he reached down and touched her pussy. When he got no reaction from Sara he got braver and fingered her.

I don’t know what I was expecting him to do next, but it wasn’t for him to get his cock out and start wanking. It didn’t take him long to cum, and to shoot his load all over Sara.

He zipped up and then gave Sara one last finger fuck before turning and staggering off.

When I got back to Sara she was licking her lips, trying to reach a bit of the man’s cum that was on her cheek.

About the third night after Sara’s mother had left we came back to the villa a little worse for wear. Sara had drunk more than me and I had to help her. After stripping myself, I took what little clothing Sara was wearing off, and then made her cum with my tongue. Unfortunately (or I should I say fortunately) she fell asleep straight afterwards. I was feeling a little thirsty and went to the kitchen for a drink. On the way back I saw that the door to her father’s bedroom was open a bit. I looked in.

Sara’s father was asleep on top of the bed, on his back, and he was naked. Being a bit drunk myself, I sneaked in and stood beside him looking down at his cock. After a few seconds I bent forward and kissed it. It stirred.

I watched it swell and get hard. I kissed it again and it jerked.

Feeling drunkenly brave, I gently climbed on to the bed and straddled him. I held his cock and lowered myself onto him. Fighting the orgasm I managed to lower myself right down on him. As my orgasm got stronger I went up and down on his cock.

I couldn’t stop myself; I let out a loud moan. Loud enough to make him wake up.

Fortunately I hadn’t put the light on, and the moon wasn’t too bright.

I stopped going up and down as Sara’s father said,

“Oh Sara that’s nice, I’ve missed you.”

“Fucking hell, did I hear that right.”

That sort of killed the orgasm I was having.

“Relax daddy.” I whispered then continued raising and lowering myself.

He didn’t last long and as he started to get soft I gently climbed off and went to bed. As I climbed on the bed I looked at Sara and whispered,

“What haven’t you been telling me girl?”

Of course she didn’t hear me, and I soon fell asleep.

The next morning Sara was up before me. Her head hurt so I decided to leave the confrontation until later. Her father didn’t say anything so I guessed that he hadn’t realised that it was me that he’d fucked a few hours earlier.

While we were sunbathing, Sara’s father got a phone call and went inside to take it. I sat up and asked Sara if there was anything that she wanted to tell me about her and her father. Sara quietly looked at me for a few seconds as her brain was working overtime.

“You know don’t you?” She said with the question in her tone.

I told her what had happened and she came clean saying that she wanted to tell me months ago, but something that I had said one time made her think that I wouldn’t approve; and that she didn’t want to risk our friendship.

“Of course I’m not mad,” I told her, “I am a little disappointed though. If I’d known that he would actually have sex with someone our age I might have flirted with him a lot more. He’s quite cute for someone his age.”

“Em, I’m really pleased that it’s out in the open, I’ve been feeling quite guilty about not telling you, and it’s been real difficult since mum left. I’ve wanted him to fuck me every day, but we decided that it was best that we left each other alone while you were here.” Sara said.

“You go for it girl,” I said, “But can I have a bit occasionally please?”

When Sara’s father came back outside Sara said,

“Dad, did you enjoy fucking me last night?”

Sara’s father looked a bit shocked then said, “SARA….. What ARE you talking about?”

I thought that I’d help him relax and said,

“It was me that you fucked last night. Sara was fast asleep and I went for a drink and saw you. One thing led to another and we fucked.” I said.

“I’m so sorry Emily. If I’d realised it was you I wouldn’t have touched you.” Her father said sounding a bit embarrassed.

“It’s okay, I enjoyed it. At least we can now all stop hiding things and fuck each other out in the open.” I said.

“I don’t want to get my butt sunburnt.” He said.

We all laughed and said,

“That’s all right daddy, you can go lay on the sunbed and we’ll do all the work.”

We went back to our sunbathing.

A bit later Sara and I agreed to share her father for the rest of the holiday. We’d just see how it went.

Both Sara and I fucked her father at least once a day after that.

**University**

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After that fantastic holiday we had a few weeks before we went off to university. Both Sara and I had managed to get into the same university, although on slightly different courses. Nothing of any interest happened in those few weeks, I think that we were both a bit too nervous about starting our new life.

University life is very different to what we’d both experienced at home and school; different, but nice. Okay, Sara had experienced the independence because of her parent’s jobs, but I hadn’t.

We were both quite quiet and nervous the first few weeks as we started to get used to our new life. One good thing for us was that we’d both managed to get dorm rooms in the same building.

One thing that intrigued us both was that we occasionally saw a naked girl walking around campus. After the second or third time we realised that it was different girls; what’s more, both they and the people around them weren’t taking all that much notice of them. Of course the boys checked them out, but no one (adults as well) said anything to them.

As I said, for the first few weeks we kept ourselves to ourselves, but we gradually felt more at home and started having more than polite little chats with others.

One afternoon we were sat in the uni café when one of these naked girls came in and ordered a coffee. We watched her as the staff served her as if she had every right to be naked. Sara just couldn’t resist going to talk to her. She was really nice, her name is Leah and she is a similar build to us, but her hair is blonde. We couldn’t check if it is natural blonde because her head is the only place that she has hair.

Anyway, the subject got round to her nudity (surprise, surprise) and Leah explained that the nudity was a condition of one of the courses that she’s signed-up for. A course called ‘Females in the 21st Century’.

Both Sara and I were amazed that the university would run such a course, and we told Leah. I asked Leah for more details; not only because I was interested, but because I could see that sparkle in Sara’s eyes. She wanted in.

The bad news was that the course was full, but Leah suggested that we phone university admin and see if there was a waiting list or something.

We asked Leah about any university clubs that she could recommend to us. Leah told us that she was in the cheerleading squad and also went swimming each Sunday morning. Then she remembered that neither of what she’d mentioned was generally available to all students. She told us that we had to be a member of the sorority that she was in.

We asked Leah for more details, but she wouldn’t tell us, she took our names and told us that she’d pass them on to the other members and if and when they were recruiting we would be considered.

We got chatting more and we told Leah about some of the fun and games that we’d got up to in the last couple of years. Leah seemed quite interested.

I asked Leah to tell us more about the cheerleading squad, what sort of uniforms they wore, and when and where they were performing next. Leah told us that the uniforms were a short, purple skirt and that they had to perform at a hockey game the next Saturday and then a rugby game 2 weeks later.

Sara told Leah that we’d probably go and watch her. Leah said that we might get a surprise and maybe even get shocked. That bit got Sara and I more interested.

Leah had a lecture to go to and left us thinking that we may just have been lucky to be in a place where we could have some fun.

When we got back to our room we immediately phone university admin and asked them to put us on the waiting list for the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. They promised to let us know if any of the girls on the course dropped out and the professor would allow late starters.

The next Saturday we went to the university sports field to see the hockey game. It was men’s hockey, our university against some other university’s team. As we walked there we decided that if the cheerleading squad weren’t there we would leave. Both of us had had enough of hockey at school.

The cheerleaders were there, 8 of them all dressed in very short purple skirts with a yellow trim, matching skimpy tops and pom-poms. They were all just standing around talking when we got there, but just before the game was due to start music blared out and the girls started their routine.

They were good. Within seconds their leg kicking and cartwheel revealed that they had nothing on under those skirts. A couple of minutes later they did something that I could hardly believe. They stripped each other completely naked; and then got on with the routine.

Sara said,

“I want into that squad.”

The girls stayed on the pitch throughout the game, doing another long routine at half-time.

Our team won (I think), and the events straight afterwards really amazed both Sara and I. Eight players from our team carried one of the cheerleaders (each), off the pitch and into the changing rooms. They carried them on their shoulders; but the amazing part was that the girls weren’t facing the same way as the guys; they were facing the opposite way. The girl’s pussies were in the guy’s faces. The guys must have been eating the girl’s pussies.

“Now that’s a good incentive for our team to win.” Sara said, “I really do want to be in that squad.

Over the next 2 weeks Sara was planning something but she wouldn’t tell me what. We went to the rugby game, but Sara told me to take nothing with me other than what we were wearing. The thing was that Sara had a plastic bag with her. She wouldn’t tell me what it was for.

The cheerleading went just the same as for the hockey game. Our team obviously had the same incentive; they won. A few minutes before the end of the game Sara dragged me to the changing rooms. We went in and to the ladies room. Sara told me to strip naked and we stuffed our clothes in the plastic bag and hid it behind the rubbish bin.

Sara then told me that as soon as we heard the final whistle we were going to run out and mingle with the cheerleading squad. The plan was that we’d get picked up by some of the team and get eaten out like the other girls.

I said,

“That it sounded great, but what happens when we get back into the changing room?”

“We’ll probably get gang-banged.” Sara said.

“SARA!”

I said, but didn’t have time to say anything else; the whistle went and Sara dragged me out.

Everyone was looking at the team and no one saw us go and stand behind the cheerleaders. The team went straight for the cheerleaders and us. All naked girls got lifted onto a player’s shoulders. The guy who picked me was a real hunk. As soon as I was in place on his shoulder I started to cum. I grabbed the guy’s hair and pulled his head into my pussy.

It was a good job that it wasn’t far to the changing rooms; I’m sure that I would have passed out.

We ended up in the men’s showers. Ten naked girls and something like 15 naked guys. Needless to say that everyone had sex. It was everything that I imagined an orgy to be. How I managed to not pass out I will never know because I quickly lost count of the number of orgasms and the number of guys that fucked me. Sara was right, we did get gang banged; so did 9 other girls; and none of us were complaining.

At one point my eyes met with Leah’s. She looked a bit surprised to see me, but was soon distracted by another guy.

Things started to slow down and I suddenly saw Sara standing over me.

“Come on Em; it’s time to go.” She said.

We left before anyone could ask who we were.

We went back to the ladies to get our clothes, but the bag had gone. We were left with no choice other than to walk the half mile or so back to our dorm naked.

The thing was, no one stopped us to ask what we were doing. Okay, some guys checked us out for a few seconds, but that was it. Well, not quite it, I had 3 more orgasms on the way when guys stared at us.

Back in the dorm we showered and then collapsed on Sara’s bed. We woke up 3 hours later.

Sara was well pleased with the day, me as well. We decided that we’d find out when there were more hockey and rugby games.

A while later Sara remembered that Leah had seen us and wondered if she’d have a go at us the next time that we bumped in to her.

We needn’t have worried, a few days later we were in the uni café when Leah appeared next to us. She was naked. My first reaction was, ‘Oh shit!’ but I needn’t have worried. Leah talked to us like old friends, asking us how we were getting on, and was there anything that she could help us with.

Then the bombshell dropped.

“It was you 2 at the rugby match wasn’t it?” She said.

“Err, yes,” Sara said, “I hope you’re not mad at us, it’s just that we wanted to see the cheerleading squad in action; and when you were all getting eaten out at the end we wanted some of it as well.”

“No, I’m not mad, neither were the other girls in the squad. We’ve talked about you 2 a bit, and were going to talk about you again the next time that we have a formal meeting.” Leah told us.

“The good and bad thing that happened after the shower fun was that someone stole our clothes, we had to walk back to our dorm naked.” I told Leah.

Leah laughed then told us that we now knew what it was like to walk about naked. Sara told her that we’d done it before and recalled a couple of times to her.

“You know that you can get away with walking around the campus and even town naked all of the time if you want. I know a couple of other girls that aren’t on the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course that spend most of their time naked. If you’re thinking of doing it, remember to take your student ID card with you, you’ll need it if you get challenged.”

“Fucking hell; you mean that we can go into shops, restaurants, swimming, even pubs naked, and we won’t get arrested.” I said.

“Yes, the university has this agreement with the local police. You’re okay so long as you’re not doing anything sexual. If you start frigging on the bus you’ll end up in jail.” Leah said.

“How will I get on when I start having orgasms in the middle of Marks & Spencer?” I asked.

“How good are you and hiding your pleasure?” Leah asked.

“I’ve had lots of practice.” I said.

Both Sara and Leah laughed.

Leah asked if we’d done anything about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. Sara told her that we were on the waiting list.

We parted at that point as we all had lectures to go to.

A few days later Sara decided that we were going to go for a walk round campus naked. With our student ID cards in our purses we set off.

We visited the library and restaurant and, apart from a few young men checking us out, no one seemed to care that we were naked, it was amazing. I was quite surprised that I only had 2 orgasms while we were out.

We did it again a week later. That time we went and had a game of badminton. It felt so weird being able to go straight up to the sports hall reception and borrow the equipment without getting kicked-out, or worse; and even more weird, to be able to play badminton with clothed people all around us.

Two weeks later we both got a phone call from university admin. Some girls had quit university and Professor Jones had agreed to let us on the course. We were quite excited as we walked to our first class.

**‘Females in the 21st Century’ course**

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We walked through the door and saw 20 odd girls either naked or getting undressed. We just stood there for a few seconds before Sara decided that we should strip as well. We did.

Everyone sat down and the Professor welcomed Sara and I. We had to briefly introduce ourselves. While I was talking I suddenly had an orgasm, I tried to hide it as much as I could but the Professor noticed and I had to explain my medical conditions to the class. There were quite a few gasps when I told everyone that my doctor had suggested that my clitoris be amputated.

Anyway, Sara and I had to stay back at the end so that the Professor could briefly bring us up to date.

Neither of us got dressed at the end of the class and as we walked back to our dorm we tried to decide what we should do with our clothes.

**Emily's embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.*

*Author’s Note – I would strongly suggest that you read ‘Amy the Exhibitionist’ Part 27 before reading this document. The lives of Amy and Emily have come together and everything will make a lot more sense if you read Amy part 27 first.*

*V*

**Emily's embarrassing problems - Part 5**

Sara and I are getting used to being naked all the time. I seem to be getting fewer orgasms during normal day-to-day activities. Possibly because I'm having to concentrate on my university work; or because the young men at uni are getting used to seeing naked girls all over the place.

I still get them every time that someone or something touches my pussy or I see someone staring at it – especially men.

I remember the first time that Sara and I went into town naked. I was horny as hell and must have cum 50 times before I started to relax and get used to it. The first time that we walked passed a policeman I was convinced that he was going to arrest me, but he just smiled at us and kept walking.

Sara took great delight in taking us up and down just about every escalator in town. I had to go in to just about every toilet that we passed so that I could dry my pussy and inner thighs.

Going to my first lecture, while naked was a bit traumatic.

“Joined the Females in the 21st Century course have you Emily?” my male professor asked.

My hard nipples got even harder and I blushed and had a little orgasm as those who hadn't already seen me turned and looked at me. I was the only one naked there and I had difficulty concentrating on what the professor was telling us. I had a few nice complements from some of the young men as we were leaving. One even asked me out. One of the other girls asked me how she could get on that course.

Anyway, Amy has asked me to document what happened at the Trade Fair. Before I do I think that I'd better tell you how Sara and I got involved with those girls.

Amy appears to be the leader of a sorority that these second year girls are in. They seem to go everywhere naked. I've never seen any of them with clothes on. Oh, that's not quite correct; the 8 of them are this cheerleading squad and for the first 3 or 4 minutes of their cheerleading routine they wear theses very skimpy uniforms. After that 3 or 4 minutes they strip each other and finish the routine naked.

We'd met one of them (Leah) in the café a couple of times, and one day she phoned Sara and asked us to meet her and a few others there. Sara thought that it might be a good idea if we wore some clothes to meet them. Both of us thought that they were going to have a go at us for gate-crashing the rugby game after match orgy and that it would be better if we had some clothes on.

Thankfully we were wrong.

When we got there all 8 of these girls were sat in a corner, naked, and looking as if they were enjoying themselves. Leah came over to us and took us over to them.

Amy asked me about my PGAD. After I told them, one of them (Zoe) said that she didn't believe me and told me to prove it by stripping in front of a couple of guys that were in the café.

I agreed to do it and Zoe went and got these 2 guys. I stripped right in front of them and had the inevitable orgasm. Zoe put her finger in my pussy and then told everyone that I was genuine.

I didn't put my skirt or top back on, and Sara stripped off too.

Oh, Sara's got a new name – Young Sara. One of the 8 girls is called Sarah so Sara agreed to be known as Young Sara when we're with any of them.

Anyway, Amy gave Young Sara and me a quick summary of how she and Katie are being blackmailed by one of the professors. Amy had to find 9 other girls to help out at a Trade Fair. I had this vision of 10 naked girls posing against sports cars and handing out leaflets whilst naked. The thought really excited me, but I was apprehensive about having lots of orgasms with lots of people all around me. Young Sara was really looking forward to it.

How wrong could my vision of the Trade Fair have been? It was a Sex Trade Fair; and we were the guinea pigs for them to demonstrate all their products on. When we found out we were stunned at first. Then I was nervous as hell. I strongly suspected that I would have to have full sex at some point in the next 3 days, I'd only had full sex with one man before (Brent) and I was nervous and excited all at the same time. My pussy was wet just thinking about it. It was a good job that I didn't have long to think about it before things got started.

There were 8 companies that had ‘hired' our services.

When we walked out into the main exhibition hall I was so excited; I was going to be naked in front of hundreds of people. My pussy was wet and tingling.

These are the companies that I spent time with: -

**Clover Massage**

I too thought that I would have a relaxing time there. I was expecting to be able to tell the masseuse to stay away from my breasts and genitals because I knew that I would cum if he touched them; but as soon as that man told me that I was going to have a full body massage and that it would probably progress to a full body orgasm, I resigned myself to cumming lots of times on that table, with goodness knows how many people looking at me. My pussy was dripping before he even touched me.

That man was good. Lying on my stomach he massaged my back from head to toe and I was very relaxed. It felt so natural when he pummelled my butt.

As I turned over and saw all those people looking at me I had a little orgasm.

The man ignored my orgasm and massaged my head, arms and legs. When he started on my breasts I resigned myself to the inevitable. I just knew that I was going to cum and cum and cum.

As I did, the man moved to my stomach and pussy. I have no idea what he was doing to me but it was good, bloody good.

As the man lifted me up by my pubic bone my orgasms got weird. Like nothing I'd had before. My whole body was going crazy. I tried to ask the man what was happening but all that came out was giggles. I couldn't control my arms or legs, they were jerking all over the place.

The man stopped finger fucking me and whatever else he was doing, but I still kept on jerking about.

I eventually stopped and just lay there. After a few little ‘after-shock’s I looked around, the man had gone, but the audience had not. A couple of men were looking at me; both had big grins on their faces. I'm sure that if I'd had the energy I would have cum again.

After about 5 minutes the same man came over to me and asked me if I was okay. He then told me that I'd had a full body orgasm.

“Wow, I want more of those.” I said.

**XXX Magazine**

I didn't know what to expect here; and was a little disappointed when they told me that I'd have to put clothes on then take them off. There was a photographer there taking shots of me as I stripped. I liked it when he kept taking photos of me when I was naked. It gave me 2 more orgasms.

**Toys-4-Us**

The man told me that I had to choose some of their toys and use them on myself, on the bed that was in the middle of their area; with anyone who was passing by watching me. At first I was nervous; the only person that I'd ever used toys in front of before was Sara, and that was in the privacy of her house.

I selected a basic dildo to start with, and it wasn't long before I was having an orgasm. As it started to subside I looked round. One of the Toys-4-Us staff was watching me, and so were 2 men that had been passing by. My legs were wide apart and my pussy was gaping open. I had another one.

I went to choose another toy, one that was in a big box, and was told not to choose that one, it would take too long to explain how it worked, and they wanted me back on that bed reasonably quickly. The man told me that I'd get to try that toy later. He didn't tell me that they'd be giving one of them to each of us at the end of the 3 days.

I tried about 4 of their toys. The ones that I liked best were the vibrating ones; I could just lay there holding them against my clit and I would cum multiple times. I'm not sure if it was the toys that were making me cum, the little audience that I had; or both. Whichever it was, I enjoyed it.

On the way to the Trade Fair on the second day, Amy had told me about this machine called a Sybian. I asked to try it that day. I can see why Amy likes it, but it would be too much for me. I would cum the second that my clit touched the rubber spikes,

Days 2 and 3 were the best days to be at Toys-4-Us because the audience were members of the public, and there were more of them; some even shouting comments to me. I had lots of orgasms there.

That freebie toy is amazing. It took Sara and me a while to figure out how it all worked. I got quite a shock twice (no pun intended). The electric shock insert really did make me scream and jump; and the inflatable bell-end got me scared at first. I like the butterfly that turns it in to a sort of ‘C' string. I told Sara that I had visions of wearing it some place where we couldn't be naked. She told me that I'd probably get so wet that it would just slide out of me. After a few seconds thought I said that I could inflate the bell-end to a point that there was no way that it could slide out; then attach the butterfly.

We're going to try it one day in our dorm to see how comfortable it is. We’ll put it in, inflate the bell-end, attach the butterfly, and walk around showing everyone. That should tell us if we can walk out in public like that.

**Latex Wear**

I refused to go to this company. I was worried that my Miliaria Profunda may flare-up if I squeezed myself into those restrictive garments. When I explained my predicament to Wendy she arranged for me to swap with one of the other girls.

**Ropes-R-Us**

That one was ‘interesting'. I've never played tie-up games before. I'm still not sure if I liked them or not. I certainly enjoyed being in a position where I was totally exposed with people looking at my naked body and not being able to do anything about it; but I'm not sure about just being trussed-up. Maybe I need to try it again with someone that I really trust.

I certainly had lots of orgasms when I hanging upside down with my legs spread wide and the big audiences on days 2 and 3. My juices ran all the way down to my head.

**Party Wear**

They had some really nice and sexy clothes there; great for teasing the boys. I made a mental note of their web address for future reference.

**Pink Pleasure**

Once I saw what sort of company this is, I just had to tell them about my PGAD. I wasn't sure that they believed me until the dildo on the first machine touched my pussy.

I managed to get them to let me change my mind about using a machine if I didn't like it. I was scared that I'd pass out and choke if I was strapped at an angle that might cause my tongue to fall back into my throat.

I did pass out on 2 of the machines. Fortunately, on both of them my head was hanging face down so it wasn't a problem. It's a funny feeling waking up to find a machine ramming a dildo in and out of your pussy. Amy's told me that in the past she's woken up a couple of mornings to find that her brother had decided to start fucking her while she was still asleep. She says that that it is a funny, but nice feeling. I guess that the feelings that I had were similar.

Yes, Amy has told Sara and me all about her past with her brother. He sounds real cool.

There was one machine there that really scared me. It was a dildo attached to an electric drill. I suppose that the knowledge of what an electric drill is normally used for was the scary bit.

I did like the bicycles that they had. I'd love to take long bike rides on a nice day, passed people who wouldn't realise that I was being fucked as I peddled along.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

This was the best experience of my life. I got watched by lots of people as I got fucked right there in the exhibition hall.

At the start I was a little concerned when the man told me that one of the creams would make me cum PDQ. I told him about my PGAD and he appeared a bit confused. He took me over to talk to their head research chemist. He sounded very interested. I didn't want to, but as we were talking I had a little orgasm. I think that convinced him that I was genuine.

The chemist explained to me that Viagra doesn't make men cum over and over, but keeps them erect for a long time before they have an orgasm (I already knew all that). He told me that he thought that I would be the ideal girl to test Formula ‘L' on. He double checked a few notes then told me that there was a good chance that Formula ‘L' would suppress my PGAD and leave me wanting to have sex, lots of sex; but that it would delay me having any orgasms.

That sounded good to me, so I told him that I'd had continual orgasms when I'd been having sex and had passed-out a few times. He said that he doubted that I would pass-out, but I would certainly be good research material; and he promised to keep a close eye on me all the time.

He then told me about the porno studs out the back and asked me to lie on the medical couch. As soon as I got on it and opened my legs I saw a few people watching me. I had one.

A man in a white coat and rubber gloves came over to me and asked me to hold out my hand. He picked up a tube marked ‘L' and squeezed a pea sized blob onto my index finger.

“Rub that on your clitoris.” He said.

Well that made me cum again.

As I continued to rub my clit I was expecting to cum again, but I didn't. Okay, I felt randy – very randy, but no orgasm.

Within a minute I decided that I wanted a cock inside me.

I told the man that I was ready for the porno studs, and he went and got them. As they walked over to me I saw their massive cocks bouncing about. It was at that moment that I got scared.

It is one thing having a really trusted friend fucking you with a massive dildo, but it's something else when it's a massive cock attached to a man that you have no control over. I was scared that one of them would ram their cock into me and split me wide open. I wondered if there was a doctor on site.

I needn't have worried; the 2 men were gentle with me. Well I say gentle, if you can call it gentle when you have one massive cock going in and out of your throat and another going in and out of your cunt.

The best thing about it was that the formula ‘L' did what that man said it would. After the initial orgasm I didn't have another one for what seemed like hours. When they were fucking me doggy style I could feel the stud's balls bouncing onto my clit, but I didn't cum.

Another good thing was that I wanted more and more. I was like a raving nymphomaniac.

After an eternity first one of them shot his load down my throat, I had a strong orgasm, and the other stud shot his load deep into my pussy. It felt really good.

I lay there for a while getting my breath back, then the chemist came over to me. He asked me how many orgasms I'd had, and when. He seemed pleased when I told him. He told me that he had never considered PGAD during his research, but maybe formula ‘L' could become a treatment for it.

“Maybe, but you'll have to do something about me feeling horny all the time, have you got any more porno studs hidden out back?” I asked.

He said not, but asked me if I'd be prepared to trial the cream again the next 2 days. He said that one isolated trial wasn't enough. When I agreed he told me that he'd clear it with Wendy.

I had a session at Acme Pharmaceuticals with those 2 studs on each of the 2 remaining afternoons. The results were the same each day.

The other things that were the same after each session were that I was real sore for a couple of hours after each session, and that my clit could be touched without an automatic orgasm. Sara discovered that for me when she touched it in the shower before we drove back to our dorm rooms.

Looking back, that formula ‘L' did work. The 3 times that I went to Acme Pharmaceuticals were the 3 longest and best fucks that I've ever had and I only came twice each time (at the Acme stand that is) . I'm not sure that I would like to use formula ‘L'. On the one hand it certainly held back the orgasms, but it made me extremely randy. On the other hand, I like having orgasms all day, even if some of them happen at the most embarrassing times.

Well, that's about all that I can remember about the sex trade fair. I have to thank Amy and the rest of her team for letting Young Sara and me be a part of it. I hope that we can share more of the amazing things that they get up to.

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