**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

All characters in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.

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

**Sara – Swimming**

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At 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**

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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.”

END OF PART 2B

*Feedback and any ideas for further parts greatly appreciated.*

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