**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.*

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**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.

END OF PART 5

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