**Jordan**

by Vanessa Evans

*There is no sex or even nudity in this part of Jordan’s story.*

**Part 1 – Introduction**

**-------------------------**

Hi, my name’s Jordan and I’m a girl. My story starts 6 years ago when I was 13. At that time I was living with my parents and older brother in a flat in a big block in a big city. That part of the city is deprived to say the least, and my parents are representative of that part of the city.

My father works hard but spends most of his spare time down at the pub. My mother is as bad as my father; she too works part-time on one side of the bar and most of the rest of her time on the other side of the bar with my father.

My mother looks good for a 29 year old with 2 kids, she’s slim, 5 feet 2 inches tall, has long dirty blonde hair and ‘B’ breasts. People say that I’m identical to her and when I look in a mirror I’ve got to agree with them; except for my breasts. Whereas mum’s breasts look to be quite normal, mine are different. The base of mine are only about 3 inches in diameter and they protrude about 3 inches from my ribs (they’re still like that and I’m 19 now) including my erect nipples. Someone once told me that they look like traffic cones; I’ll explain that one later on. Mum says that they’ll develop as I get older.

My brother is another loser. He’s only a year older than me but he’s already dropped out of school and is just a layabout hanging out with similar kids and maybe druggies and maybe prostitutes. I have no idea where he gets the money from to buy the drink and drugs; I don’t really want to know.

At home I’m frequently there on my own and I have to do most of the housework.

School was another problem. It’s an inner-city school that appears to have been abandoned by the education system. It was full of kids that didn’t give a damn; and the teachers were no better. Life was difficult for me in school because I felt different to the other kids; I wanted to learn.

About a dozen kids from the estate that I lived on went to school on public transport, busses that were usually quite full. Although those kids lived close-by and I knew them, I never called any of them my friends.

One day, just after my 13th birthday, I managed to get mum to come to the supermarket with me. When we were there we bumped into a woman that mum knew. I hadn’t seen her for a long time and when she saw me she had to say something about how similar mum and I look. She called me a ‘clone’ of my mum and that my mum should keep an eye on me because I’d soon be borrowing her clothes and driving licence and going clubbing. Then she said that I was like Dolly the sheep (the first cloned sheep).

That got me really annoyed and there and then I swore that I would never end-up with a life like mum. I swore that I’d get myself a good education then a good job. There was no way that I was going to have 2 kids before I was 16.

That spring and summer, the weather was unusually warm for England (not hot); and as a result quite a few of the girls at school, including me, started going to school in skirts and tops, or dresses (no school uniform or dress code). Of course the boys never changed from jeans and T-shirts but denim jackets were taken off sometimes.

One clique of girls started wearing very short skirts and quite a few of the other girls followed suit. I suspect that some of them were like me, recycling skirts that I’d given up wearing years ago. It was cheaper that way.

Anyway, one day one of the girls in a short skirt got sharked in the corridor. She screamed and quickly pulled her skirt back down before going on her way. She knew that it was pointless complaining to the teachers because they only intervened if someone got stabbed or something like that.

Quite a few kids had seen the incident, and the girl’s knickers, and word quickly spread. Within a couple of days there had been 4 more sharkings. The boys obviously thought that any girl wearing a short skirt was game.

Some girls started wearing longer skirts again, some went back to jeans, and some girl’s skirts got even shorter. It was like they were asking to be sharked.

My skirts stayed the same short length. After all they were more comfortable and cheaper than jeans; and hey, why would anyone want to shark me? There was nothing special about me; I was just a skinny girl who kept herself to herself.

How wrong could I have been? And for once, I am really glad that I was wrong.

The first time that it happened I was embarrassed, shocked and really annoyed. How dare one of those no-marks do that to me? I’d never done anything to any of them. I quickly pulled my skirt back down, looking round to see who had seen my knickers; not that there was anything special about them, just plain white, young girl’s knickers; but they were mine.

As I walked to my next lesson I realised that my pussy was tingling, and wet.

On the bus home that evening I tried to make sense of why my body had reacted like it had. I gave-up thinking about it as I got stuck in to the housework as soon as I got home.

The next day it happened again and my body reacted in the same way. It was earlier in the day and I had more time to think about it (boring lessons). I couldn’t explain it but I came to the conclusion that I’d actually enjoyed the experience. When I went to bed that night I re-lived both experiences and my fingers brought me to my best ever orgasm.

When I got dressed the next morning I borrowed one of my mother’s thongs, a see-through one (all her underwear is see-through). I thought about borrowing a bra as well but I’d never worn one, with my little tits I could never see the point (no pun intended). My brother once said that I should paint orange lines round my tits and call them my traffic cones. When I asked him how he knew he told me that if I didn’t want him to see them I should wear some clothes at night and stop kicking the quilt off. I blushed but I didn’t change my sleeping habits.

As I stood at the bus stop the next morning I came to the conclusion that I must want people to see my underwear and maybe even my pussy. I got wet thinking about it and that fact must have helped me come to the conclusion that I did.

When I climbed the bus stairs to the top deck, one of the boys who went to the same school followed me up and asked me if I’d forgotten to put something on. At first I didn’t realise what he was talking about but when I realised that he must have seen my bare butt, I blushed and got a little wetter.

It’s fair to say that I stayed excited with the anticipation of being sharked and other kids, and maybe a teacher or two, seeing the thong and seeing through it to my bald pussy.

I had to wait until lunchtime for it to happen. When it did I screamed, more to attract more attention than with the shock, and I just stood there for a few seconds before pulling my skirt down.

I then rushed to the girl’s room to relieve some built-up tension.

Shortly after that I heard a rumour that a girl wearing a dress had had her dress pulled right over her head, leaving her standing there in just her bra and knickers.

I got sharked again at the end of the day, but the boy was a bit rougher; he pulled my skirt up then tried to pull my thong down. Unfortunately (not), when he grabbed hold of the sides of the thong and pulled, it ripped right off. He ran off with the wet thong still in his hand leaving me bottomless with lots of kids all around me, laughing and pointing at my bare pussy.

O.M.G. I had never been so turned-on in my whole life; I was gushing and wanted to shout, “Hey, look at me!” But I didn’t, I quickly pulled my skirt down and ran out of the school.

On the bus the same unpleasant boy who’s asked me if I’d forgotten something that morning, asked me if lost something, and could he have a look. As I told him to fuck off I actually wanted to spread my legs and show him my bald pussy, but I didn’t.

After I’d sorted things out at home I got on our crappy old PC, did some research and came to the conclusion that I was probably becoming an exhibitionist.

In bed that night I made myself cum twice before going to sleep.

After my shower the next morning I decided that I wanted to dress differently. I started going through all the clothes that I hadn’t worn for years. I found what I was looking for, a bunch of my old summer dresses; some of which look a bit like the ones the girls wear in the Australian soaps. Trying some of them on, I found a different one that would do for what I had in mind. It’s strapless with an elasticated top, like a boob-tube, with a skirt part that’s baggy and made of thin cotton. I used to love it when I was 8 or 9 but I grew taller and it got too short.

When I put it on my bare pussy and butt were only just covered. Bending over in front of my mirror I quickly realised that it I didn’t have to bend over much for my butt to be on show. When I sat on my bed my thighs were on display right up to my hips. All I had to do was open my knees a bit and anyone looking would be able to see my bare pussy and stomach.

Wearing only the dress and shoes, I set off to school.

It felt so wrong, and soo nice, walking down the street dressed like that. The cool morning breeze was blowing round my pussy and the thin cotton wasn’t really protecting my little nipples from the cool breeze.

At the bus stop the other kids going to school just stared at me. It wasn’t until one of the boys followed me up the stairs that anyone said anything. The boy following me said;

“I was right; she isn’t wearing anything under the dress.” He said.

All the kids and some of the other people on the top deck of the bus turned and looked at me. My face went red and my pussy tingled and got wetter as I sat next to an old man and put my school bag on my lap.

That boy must have spread the word that I was going commando and as I came out of my second lesson 3 boys were waiting for me. The biggest of the 3 walked up to me, grabbed the hem of my dress and within a second I was naked in the school corridor.

My screams attracted the wanted attention, even the teacher whose classroom I had just vacated. Of course no one said anything other than rude and complimentary comments. Even the teacher was staring at me; but doing nothing.

Twice more I got stripped naked that day and twice more I had to find somewhere to give myself some relief.

It was on the bus going home that I decided that I didn’t need to, nor wanted to wear knickers anymore.

It wasn’t until the next day that I realised just how much I was showing in class. When I went into my maths lesson the teacher asked me to sit on the front row in front of his desk. After about 15 minutes I was starting to wonder why the teacher was picking on me all the time. Okay, it was my favourite subject and I was probably one of the best in the class but this was unusual.

After a while I realised that he was looking under the desk at my legs. My eyes went up and down and I worked out that from his seat he could see right up my legs to my pussy. I was a little surprised at first but I soon got over that and started thinking. I got all the rest of the question wrong, probably because I was trying to find a way of using his desire to see my pussy into an advantage.

For the rest of that lesson I opened and closed my knees lots of times, stretching them as far apart as I could under that desk. At the end of the lesson Mr White told me that he wanted me to stay back for a minute.

As soon as we were the only 2 in the room Mr White said,

“Jordan, over the last few weeks I have seen quite a change in you. You’ve started showing interest in something and whatever it is; it’s making you a happier person; and a happy person is a productive person; a person who can achieve anything that they want. You’ve always been good at maths; with your new attitude, and my help, you might just get good enough to go to university.”

All the time that he was talking he was still sat at his desk and his eyes were glued to my pussy. After quite a pause I replied,

“Mr White, I don’t know what to say, I’m a bit confused. I’d love to go to university but with my parents and this school’s record there can’t be much chance of that. Are you saying that you could help me achieve the impossible?”

“Jordan, sweet Jordan; yes, if you are prepared to SHOW me that you are prepared to work hard then I will help you. But be warned, it will involve extra study time; the speed that we work in this class is total inadequate to cover everything that’s required to get the necessary qualifications.”

I was still confused; why would this man want to help me? Could it have something to do with him staring at my pussy? Could there be any relevance to him emphasizing the word SHOW? Did he really want to see more of my body? Did he want to fuck me? Was it worth getting fucked by a teacher to get good grades?

I decided to test the waters and moved my right hand to my pussy and gave my clit a quick rub while watching Mr White’s face. He sighed and his eyes got that look of lust that I’d sometimes seen in my dad’s eyes as he stared at my mum when she was wearing very little.

“I’ll tell you what Jordan, don’t answer me now, you have another maths lesson tomorrow. If you sit at that desk and SHOW me that you are interested we can start the extra tuition right after school tomorrow. How does that sound.”

“Well…… okay I guess, I’ll let you know tomorrow Mr White.”

“Remember Jordan, you’ll have to SHOW me.”

I stood up and slowly walked out of the room.

In bed that night I rubbed myself to 2 orgasms thinking about what Mr White had said. I was still a virgin and hadn’t really thought about who might be my first fuck. Did I want it to be a teacher? At least a teacher would be experienced and be able to show me things that a boy my age just couldn’t know.

Did he really want to fuck me of did he just want to look at my pussy? No, of course he wanted to fuck me, what man wouldn’t want to fuck a reasonable looking 13 year old virgin?

If Mr White was prepared to help me then maybe some of the other teachers may want to do the same? I smiled to myself thinking about 5 teachers each having their day to fuck me.

My head was full of dreams and questions as I fell asleep.

The next morning I put on what had recently become my standard attire; 5 or 6 year old, very short dress, and shoes, and set off for school.

Ignoring the rude comments and again thinking about what Mr White had said, I didn’t spot the 2 boys that pounced on me as soon as I got through the school gates. They didn’t give me my dress back until the bell rang to tell us to go to our first lesson; me with a very wet pussy.

I still hadn’t decided that I wanted Mr White’s help (well, maybe I had) as I went into my maths lesson and automatically went to the same desk. Mr White smiled as he saw me but I didn’t acknowledge him.

About 10 minutes into the lesson, after Mr White had looked up my dress just about once per minute, I felt my knees drift apart. Then I saw Mr White smile.

I felt my pussy gush as I thought about him seeing my pussy and what I was subconsciously agreeing to.

About 5 minutes later my right hand crept to my pussy and I flicked my clit causing me to have a mini orgasm. Thankfully, I didn’t get asked any questions that lesson.

“Jordan, please stay back for a minute.” I heard as the bell rang.

“Jordan, do I take it that your performance a few minutes ago is your way of telling me that you want my help?”

“Yes sir.”

“And just how far are you prepared to go to earn the required grades Jordan?”

I gulped then replied,

“All the way sir.”

As I said that I felt my pussy gush again.

“Right Jordan, be back here at the end of the day. You may go now.”

“Err yes, thank you Mr White.”

Again, I slowly walked out thinking about what I had just agreed to do.

I was in a bit of a daze for the rest of the day and when I got sharked at lunchtime I didn’t scream or really react at all; I just stood there then put my dress back on when the boy gave it back to me saying,

“I just wanted to check that you are a girl. With a name like Jordan and those tiny tits I wasn’t sure.”

When school ended for the day, I returned to Mr White’s classroom. He was busy marking books or something so I went and stood in front of him. After a minute or so he said,

“Close and lock the door Jordan.”

I did and then went back to where I was.

Another minute or so later Mr White said,

“Take your clothes off Jordan; I find that young girls focus much more when they are naked.”

I just stood there wondering if he was serious, and squeezing my wet thighs together.

“I thought that you wanted my help Jordan?”

“I do, I do.”

“Then take your clothes off.”

Five seconds later I was naked in front of Mr White with one hand over my pussy and the other over my little tits.

“Sit on that desk Jordan and spread your legs; I want to see what you were teasing me with this morning.”

I did, and wondered how obvious it was that I was highly aroused.

What followed next surprised me, I was expecting him to want a blowjob or to fuck me but he started telling me what questions I would get on my next maths exam. About half way through I couldn’t help myself, I started rubbing my clit.

Mr White watched me for a few seconds then continued. When he’d finished he said,

“Your focus wasn’t where it should have been Jordan, next week we’ll have to get rid of that that tension before we start. Finish the job then get on your knees under my desk.”

Shit, he did want a blowjob, and I’d never given one of those before. My fingers got busy and my mind went off the blowjob. One orgasm later, I slowly got to my feet and walked over to Mr White.

“I…. I haven’t done this before.” I said.

“Don’t worry Jordan, it will be just like you imagine. Take my cock out of my trousers and take it in your mouth. You’ll be surprised how instinct will tell you what to do next; and don’t waste any, I don’t want to have to clean my trousers.”

Well, instinct did take over and before long I felt Mr White cum in my mouth. I was surprised about the taste, I liked it.

Thirty minutes after I walked into that classroom I walked out; dressed, ready to go home with some sperm in my stomach and an appointment for the same time the next week. Over the weeks the blowjobs progressed into Mr White fucking me. I asked him to be gentle the first time, telling him that I was still a virgin. It hurt like hell that first time because he ignored my pleas and just rammed his cock into my tight pussy.

Thankfully, I soon got to enjoy it and he usually managed to make me cum.

On the way out of school that evening I realised that I needed a pee. As I was deciding whether to go back into school, or hold it until I got home, I had a naughty idea. I walked into the little park next to the school and found a space in between some bushes. Pulling my skirt up a couple of inches so that it was on my hips, I spread my legs and thrust my pussy forward; then I let rip.

As the stream of piss came out of me I experimented by moving my hips around and discovered that I can pee quite a distance, about 10 feet. I was pleased with myself and I almost skipped out of the park and to the bus stop.

“I’ll never have to sit down to have a pee again; I was as good as a boy.” I thought.

The next day I bunked-off school and went to the local family planning clinic. It was a dump but the ladies there were really nice. They didn’t try to lecture me about under-age sex but they did explain about STDs. I got the pills that I wanted.

About a month after my first ‘coaching’ session with Mr White he told me that I would need good grades in at least 3 subjects. He suggested English and Biology and told me that those teachers were expecting me to SHOW them that I needed their help.

Of course I complied and for the next 4 years I had weekly ‘coaching’ appointments with my Maths teacher, my English teacher and my Biology teacher. I only got breaks during the school holidays.

My Biology teacher was a bit different to Mr White and my English teacher; Mr Green liked my little tits more than my pussy. Most of the extra lessons with him involved him drooling over and mauling my little tits. He just loved how hard and pointed they are. He usually shot his load over them and then got me to rub his jizz all over them. He rarely fucked me.

**Going to school on the underground**

**-------------------------------------------**

When I started leaving school late 3 times a week, I started having problems getting the bus home because they were usually full by the time they got to the school stop; so I decided to use the underground instead. Okay, it was longer walks at each end, but overall it took about the same time, and cost the same.

When I first went that way I’d forgotten just how busy the underground gets at that time of the day; everyone rushing to get home from work.

I quickly remembered the warm breeze that’s always blowing when it first blew up my short dress to my bare pussy; it felt nice.

When I went down the second escalator and turned to look back I realised that I could see up the skirt of a girl behind me, I quickly thought about the people behind and below me. They would have been able to see my pussy it they’d turned round; had anyone? I couldn’t remember. I found myself shuffling my feet apart.

“Hmmm, this has potential.” I thought.

I’d never seen the underground as busy as it was that night, the platform was so crowded that I didn’t think that I’d see the train approaching. I didn’t, but my pussy certainly felt it when my dress billowed out and I felt the breeze go right up to my nipples.

“That’s nice.” I said to no one in particular.

The crowd moved forward and I just managed to squeeze in before the door closed

The rumours about girls getting groped are right, and it was impossible to see where the hands came from. I guess that it didn’t help that I was a lot smaller than most of the people squeezed together.

Those hands quickly discovered my lack of knickers and I was squeezed, prodded and poked until the next stop. Then it started again. It was 3 stations before the crowds thinned out and my butt and pussy were left alone.

The problem was; I should have got off at the second stop. I got off at the fourth station and then went back.

As I rode up the escalator I kept taking a peek over my shoulder to see if anyone was looking up my dress. One youth was so I spread my feet a little more.

I was really getting in to this exhibitionism game.

In bed that night, whilst I was rubbing for England, I decided that I’d keep using the underground and sometimes stay on the train until I could get a seat with my back to the side of the train. That way I could pick a man or two who I could tease by flashing my pussy to them.

**Day-to-day school**

**----------------------**

Back during ‘normal’ school the sharkings continued, although the number of girls wearing skirts diminished a little. I’d seen another couple of girls wearing dresses similar to mine, and as short as mine were; and I’d heard rumours that they’d revealed that they went commando as well; but I’d never seen them get sharked. I had seen a few other girls get sharked, one who was knickerless but she wasn’t wearing a dress and only ended up bottomless.

The whole sharking thing started again after the summer holidays and only really stopped when the weather turned cold and just about all the girls went back to jeans. I of course didn’t, but only occasionally got sharked.

**The debate**

**--------------**

One day a couple of weeks after I’d started wearing just one of my old dresses and shoes to school, one of the teachers decided that the class would have a debate about some stupid topical thing. We were split into 2 groups and each group had to prepare a list of topics for their side of the debate.

After 15 minutes the teacher put 2 groups of 3 chairs at the front of the class, facing the class and asked for 3 volunteers from each group to go and present their groups side of the debate. Of course no one volunteered so the teacher picked 3 from each side.

I got picked and had to sit in the middle seat of one set of the 3 chairs. I wasn’t happy, but hey, who cares.

After the lesson was over and we were leaving the classroom, one of the boys who had been sat at the front of the rest of the class during the debate, whispered,

“I like the flesh coloured knickers Jordan; and that picture of a pussy on the crotch is so cool.”

For a couple of seconds I wondered what he was on about then I remembered that I’d been sat with my knees side-by-side. I must have opened my legs at some point and he’s seen my actual pussy.

“How do you know that wasn’t my actual pussy you could see? Maybe I haven’t got any knickers on.”

“Yeah, right.” He replied.

“You’ll have to shark me to find out.” I taunted.

By that time we were out in the corridor and the boy just turned to face me, bent forward, grabbed the hem of my dress and again, the only thing that I was left wearing was my shoes.

“Fucking hell; the rumours are true;” the boy said and held my dress for me to take and put back on.

I had screamed and attracted some attention and as I put my dress back on I was treated to some rude comments from the other boys around me.

**Swimming Lessons**

**-----------------------**

During year 9, it was compulsory for the school to provide swimming lessons for just one term. Amazingly, and probably because there was an ancient swimming pool nearby, our school complied with this rule. It was the swimming pool that my mum had taught me to swim at when I was a kid and she still cared about me. The place is so old that my grandad learnt to swim there as well.

When the teacher first told us that we were going I had to find something to wear. After rummaging around in my wardrobe I found an old, black one-piece that I’d last worn about 4 or 5 years ago. I used to wear it most of the time during summers and it was definitely showing signs of lots of use.

I looked at it and thought that there was no way that I could still get into it. I was wrong, but it was tight as hell and hurt round my pussy. As I looked down my front I could see my little nipples making little tents in the very worn and thin material.

When I put my arms through the straps and pulled them onto my shoulders, the material stretched even more and I could feel a lot of pressure against my pussy.

I decided that if I was going to wear it for the swimming lessons I would have to do something about the crotch of the suit. The first thing that I did was to cut the crotch lining out and try it on again; that just gave me a huge camel toe.

I liked that look but it still hurt so I knew that I had to do something else. What I did was cut the elasticated edges from all around the leg holes; cutting it high at the sides. I wanted my hips to show. That made it much more comfortable. The next thing that I did was cut the crotch so that it was much narrower, about an inch and a half. That was more than wide enough to cover my little slit. Why do the people who make girls swimsuits, and knickers, think that a girl’s slit goes from side to side?

To finish the look that I wanted I pinched the suit right over my right nipple, pulled it forward then cut off the bit that was between my finger and thumb. When I let go of the suit it sprang back and my nipple popped out through the hole. I smiled as I looked in the mirror; it was just the look that I wanted.

A few months before then, when my mum was in a good mood one day, she’d shown me how to use her sewing machine but I didn’t bother sewing round the edges of where I’d cut because the material didn’t look like the edges would fray.

I took it off and put it and a towel in a bag and I was set.

At the pool the next day, I got changed and went and joined the rest of the class, making sure that my slit and right nipple were covered.

I just knew that the lesson was going to be a dis-organised shambles with most kids just messing about, and I was right. Most of the girls were wearing cute little bikinis; 2 were even thong bottoms, and most of them were flaunting their bodies in front of the boys and the male teachers. The boys were standing in groups and watching the scantily clad girls. Girls in costumes like mine were being ignored.

As soon as my swimsuit got wet I knew that I had a problem. Not only was it stretching and getting baggy but some of the stitching was breaking. My right nipple had popped out and my slit was no longer covered. When we had to get out of the water for a demonstration the crotch of the swimsuit was hanging about 2 inches below my pussy.

No one volunteered when the instructor asked for a volunteer so he picked someone – me. I had to lie on my back on the poolside while he moved first my arms, then my legs, in the required movements for the breast stroke. Each time that I had to part my legs I could feel my pussy getting exposed for everyone to see. It got very wet, and not with pool water.

The instructor shook his head as he did a double take and all the other kids were giggling and pointing to my exposed, spread pussy and my right nipple.

At first I was so embarrassed, but that soon went away as I got more and more aroused. It was a good job that the instructor stopped me when he did otherwise everyone would have seen me having an orgasm.

The next; and all subsequent weeks, I wore one of my mums see-through bras and see-through thongs. Okay, the thong disappeared between my lips and everyone got a great look at my pussy and tits, but at least I felt covered.

The instructor picked on me every time that he wanted to demonstrate something. I of course pretended that I was decently covered.

**School football team**

**-------------------------**

No. I didn’t go crazy. The headmaster had this idea to try to get some of the year 10 and 11 boys interested in something other than themselves and girls.

He and the male P.E. teacher started a school football team and managed to get about 15 boys interested. He even managed to get a local fast food joint to pay for the team strip.

Of course, they were all useless but it did get them playing together and apparently, they did actually score 1 goal during one of their games.

What’s that got to do with me you’re thinking. Well, one day just after the winter term started, the headmaster called me to his office. When I got there 2 other girls were waiting. It was the 2 other girls who wore dresses similar to mine. I looked at them and wondered if they too were naked under those dresses.

When the head teacher was ready he called us into his office.

“Ladies,” he started, “as you know the school now has a football team. As most people had expected, they are not very good. A couple of the teachers have suggested that we get something; or someone to encourage them to improve their skills. ‘What has that got to do with me?’ you’re thinking. Well, those same teachers have suggested that you 3 may like to provide that encouragement.”

“I still don’t understand that that has to do with us sir.” One of the girls said.

“Good question Tracey. You see it has come to my attention that you 3 appear to be quite happy being naked in front of other people; being naked in public.”

I’m sure that the other 2 girl’s jaws dropped just like mine, and possibly, 2 other pussies got wet like mine did as well.

“I…, we were wondering if you would provide that encouragement to the team.”

“You mean fuck them sir?”

“No Liz, I couldn’t possibly tell, or even ask you to do that. Your sex life is your business and you alone make any such decisions, although I would remind you that sex involving anyone under the age of 16 is illegal. What I’m asking is that you attend the training sessions and the matches and provide any support that you see fit.”

“I don’t know sir.” Liz said.

“I’ll leave you 3 to discuss it amongst yourselves and make whatever decision you believe to be best; although any support that you can give will be appreciated in the best possible way. Have a seat and I’ll go and attend to some other business while you talk about it. I’ll be back in a few minutes to hear your verdict.”

The 3 of us sat and watched the head teacher leave the room.

“Fucking hell, Liz said, “that dirty old man is asking us to fuck the whole football team.”

“No he’s not;” Tracey replied, “he’s asking us to help the team in any way that we see fit. That might just be going along to the games and shouting for them.”

“But it might be fucking them.” I added.

“It might,” Tracey said, “what he’s saying is that it’s our decision. Do you want to fuck them all Liz?”

“Not all at once.” Liz replied.

“I wouldn’t mind.” I added.

“Christ, whatever your name is,” Liz said, “you’re only a year 9 and you’re thinking about getting gang-banged.”

“It’s Jordan and I get fucked all the time.” I replied, “Don’t you?”

“Well yeah, but I usually chose who I fuck, not be told who to fuck by our headmaster.” Tracey said.

“Okay girls,” Liz said, “It looks like we’re going to be the football team’s fuck toys, doesn’t it?”

“It could be fun.” I said.

“It better had.” Tracey said.

“Do you think that they’ll expect us to be naked all the time?” Liz said.

“I hope so.” I replied.

Just then then the head teacher returned and asked us if we were prepared to encourage the football team.

“What’s in it for us?” Liz asked.

“Hmm,” the head teacher replied; “You 3 were selected because you obviously enjoy taking your clothes off, and rumour has it that you all have a good sex life, even if you are below the age of consent.”

As he said that I wondered if he knew about my ‘extra coaching’ sessions with the 3 teachers.

“I suppose it could count towards your work experience requirement or maybe even count as community service. It would have to be described as something different on your CV though.”

“Yeah,” I thought, “I couldn’t put ‘School football team’s fuck toy,’ could I?”

“And if you ever need a reference I will be quite happy to give you a glowing one. How about I put you 3 on the school students committee so that you can influence new school rules?” the head teacher continued.

“Could we make a clothing optional rule that would stop the prudish girl’s getting sharked.” Liz said.

“Why would we want to stop the sharking? I like being sharked, and it probably does those girls good.” Tracey said.

“It we had a clothing optional rule you could be naked all the time Tracey.” Liz replied.

“Oh yeah, can we make that rule sir?”

My pussy was getting wetter all the time and my nipples were starting to hurt.

“I don’t see why not girls; you’d have to discuss it with the rest of the committee.”

“We’d have to be able to make some rules about the football practices and game days as well sir; we don’t want the team telling is that we have to get naked in front of a lot of parents or younger kids.” I said.

“Yes, yes, of course. You can sort all that out with the gym teacher Mr Brown. Now, I need a decision girls.”

Liz looked at Tracey then they both looked at me. I nodded and Tracey said,

“Yes sir, we’ll do it. When do we start?”

“Thank you girls, I’m sure that the whole school will be grateful. The next practice in in the gym after school on Friday then there is a game the day after.”

“We’ll be there sir.”

As we walked out Tracey said,

“Can we get together at lunchtime and discuss the rules?”

That lunchtime we wrote down our rules: -

When a girl says ‘stop’ you stop whatever you are doing to her.

The girls will not get naked if there are parents or younger kids around.

All girls are to get fucked an equal number of times each day.

Anyone who physically hurts a girl will be thrown off the team.

The girls will not be told to do anything illegal if there are any policemen around.

On the Friday after school we met outside the gym then went in. We went into the boy’s changing room and were met with the sight of about a dozen boys in various stages of undress. My pussy immediately started gushing.

Mr Brown saw us and came over to us.

“Thank you for supporting the team girls. I believe that you have a set of rules that you want approving, and I have a few of my own. BOYS can you shut your gobs and listen to this please. If any of you don’t agree with everything that we’re about to discuss then leave straight away and don’t come back.”

Liz read out our list then Mr Brown added,

“The only rule that I have that hasn’t been mentioned is that ‘What happens in the team stays in the team’. None of you are to discuss anything that happens at practices or games with anyone other than a team member, or me. I will not have any of you slagging off these girls anywhere on this earth.”

As all this was being said, the team continued getting changed; well most of them did. One of them was naked when we arrived and he didn’t put his sports gear on; and another got naked and stayed naked. Both got semis that I stared at.

“Right gentlemen, and ladies; if any of you are not happy to comply with these rules then leave now. If any of you break the rules you will be out on you face. Okay?”

After a short pause Mr Brown continued,

“Right, let the games begin. Girls, you can get changed anywhere that you like.”

“You mean we can hang our dresses wherever we like.” Liz replied.

Mr Brown smiled and the boys continued getting ready.

We 3 girls went to the nearest clothes pegs and within seconds I confirmed my suspicions that both Liz and Tracey wore nothing under their dresses.

There was a bit of a cheer as our naked bodies came into the view of the boys and we watched them as they went through the door into the gym.

Practice / training started with Mr Brown getting the boys doing some exercises. We weren’t sure what to do so we just joined the queues and did what the boys did. When it came to things like squats, press-ups and jumping jacks, Mr Brown said that it would be better if we stood at the front, facing the boys.

After about 10 minutes of that Mr Brown split the boys into 2 teams for a game in the gym. One team took their shirts off then one boy asked what the girls were going to do.

Mr Brown looked at us, and our sweaty bodies, and said,

“You can either stay on the side and cheer or you can join in.”

“Which team?” Liz asked.

“Skins of course.” I said and walked over to the skins team.

Of course we were useless, even worse than the boys, but it did give the boys chances to ‘accidentally’ bump into us, and I got my little tits and butt man-handled a couple of times.

After the game Mr Brown told us that the training sessions always finished with a run round the school and the park next door. He said that we could call it a day there and then if we wanted, but Tracey said,

“What; and be in the showers on our own. No, we’re coming with you.”

When I realised what was being said I got a little concerned, and quite excited. I’d never been outside totally naked before and it was turning me on.

Most of the boys wanted to be behind us 3 girls as Mr Brown led that train of joggers outside. The school was just about deserted bar for the cleaners and the odd teacher that was staying to finish something; and we didn’t see anyone until we went out of the gate and immediately turned into the adjoining, pokey little park.

Being such a grotty little park there was only the odd homeless person in there and we made it back to the gym having only seen 1 tramp pushing a supermarket trolley. I was actually quite disappointed and all the time that I’d been running I’d been looking around hoping to see someone looking at me. I’d actually wanted to be seen; well my pussy had, it was gushing and tingling like hell.

When everyone was back Mr Brown said,

“Right, I’ll leave you all to have a shower. Last one out check that the showers are turned off and switch the lights off. Remember that you have to be back here at 10:15 tomorrow morning.”

With that Mr Brown was history. Liz looked at Tracey then me; then the 3 of us headed for the showers.

I’d never seen so many cocks; hard cocks, and the 3 of us did get gang-banged; In the shower, on the benches, on the floor, on our backs, stood up, hands and knees; you name it. Well not quite, but I did learn a lot; and I did get it up my bum for the first time ever. It hurt like hell at first but I soon got used to it. I soon got used to having a cock in my throat as well. That gag reflex that girls talked about didn’t happen but I did have to push one boy off me so that I could get some air.

It was a knackered Jordan that slowly walked to the underground to get the train home. I didn’t care who saw up my skirt as I collapsed down onto the seat. After a while I did see that a man was looking up my skirt so I spread my knees and let him look at the cum that was still seeping out of my vag. He didn’t get a long look because my station was the next stop.

The next morning we 3 girls joined the team on a coach for the short ride to the pitch that the game was on. Neither of the 2 schools had a sports field and someone had arranged for the game to be played on another school’s pitch.

There was only one game being played and none of the players had brought any parents with them; only a couple of teachers. I saw our head teacher talking to one of them.

“You know what this means?” Liz said as the whistle blew for the start of the match.

Neither Tracey nor I answered, we just started getting undressed. Before long 3 naked girls were running up and down the side of the pitch cheering our team on. Each time one of the opponent players got close we started shouting at them, rubbing out pussies and tits and telling (and showing) them what they were missing.

It must have worked because our team scored the first goal of the match just before half time.

Then it happened. One of the other team’s players shouted to me,

“I’m going to fuck your brains out just as soon as this game’s over.”

That was it; within seconds one almighty punch-up was going on, on the pitch. The referee didn’t stand a chance at stopping it, nor did the teachers who tried.

Our head teacher came over to us 3 girls and ushered us away and into his car. As we drove out of the carpark we saw an ambulance and a police car driving in.

We got dropped off at our school and the head teacher headed back to the other school.

On the Monday morning, Liz, Tracey and I were called to the head teacher’s office and told that one boy was still in hospital and 2 others wouldn’t be back at school for a couple of weeks. The school football team had been disbanded and our services would no longer be required.

Liz’s reaction was,

“Will we still get a good reference from you sir?”

“Well, I guess so, what happened wasn’t your fault.”

As we left his office Liz said that it was a shame because she’d had fun; we all had.

One thing that I did learn from the football team experience was that I got really turned on by being naked outside with the threat of someone seeing me. I wanted more. I told Liz and Tracey that I missed the feeling of being naked outside. Tracey said that she liked it too, then she said that she wondered if Mr Brown would let us use the gym on a Friday after school; after all. It was free now.

That lunchtime the 3 of us went looking for Mr Brown. We found him in his office eating some sandwiches.

“The football team’s been disbanded girls.” He said.

“We know,” Liz said, “we were wondering if you could give us some keep-fit and self-defence lessons on a Friday after school as well; and maybe some jogging as well.”

“Wow, I never saw that coming,” Mr Brown said.

After a few seconds he continued,

“Well, I do have some free time on a Friday and you girls were good enough to help the team, so yes, I will help you. Straight after school on a Friday for an hour; is that okay with you?”

We all nodded then left him to his lunch. As we walked out of the gym Liz said,

“I’m assuming that both of you intend to do this in the nude girls?”

In stereo we replied,

“Of course.”

I added that I didn’t have any gym kit anyway and that I always used to bunk-off when we had PE.

We split up to go to our respective classes, all with grins on our faces and a lot of girly juices between our legs.

I was still happy when I got sharked on my way to my extra maths lesson. It was a little nerdy boy who obviously fancied his chances but he got more than he bargained for. Instead of letting my arms go up so that my dress came off, I grabbed his head and pulled it to my pussy.

“Is this what you want to see little fucker?” I said as I rubbed his nose into my slit. “Get a good look; you may never see another one.”

I rubbed his nose in my pussy again then pushed him away and walked off.

That Friday after school 3 girls did what they’d done the previous Friday, walked into the boy’s gym changing room, but there were no naked boys that time. Mr Brown wasn’t even there.

“What shall we do?” Tracey asked.

“Let’s get naked and go looking for him.” Liz replied.

We did, and we did. We found him in the gym sorting out some equipment. When he saw us he was a little flustered.

“Oh, I wasn’t expecting you to come in from the boys end, and I didn’t expect you to be like that either.”

“Is it a problem sir?” I asked.

“Err no, I guess not, but some of the things that I was going to teach you involve putting your hands on the other person. That might be a bit of a problem with you like that.”

“Not to us it won’t. Where shall we start Mr Brown? Can we do some gym work then go for a run please?” I asked.

“Err yes, of course we can.”

Over the next year Mr Brown taught us many things and took us jogging whenever the weather permitted. Our jogging route got more adventurous and we went places where we definitely got seen. Thankfully, Mr Brown planned the routes well and we never saw a policeman.

In return, the 3 of us made Mr Brown a very happy teacher. We took it in turns to relieve his ‘needs’ in the shower afterwards. It was a win, win arrangement for all of us.

Both Liz and Tracey were in the year above me so they left at the end of that first year. I feared that our Friday night’s exercise session would end but when I talked to Mr Brown he said that he couldn’t see any reason why they should.

During that last year at that school I got lots of one-on-one tuition with Brown; in the gym, in the showers and changing room, and out running. The jogging did change a bit; from 1 man running after 3 naked girls to 1 naked girl running after 1 man. Mr Brown thought that anyone we might have seen would have called the police if they saw him running after the naked me.

**Normal P.E. lessons**

**----------------------**

Up until then, I’d never gone to any P.E. lessons; I’d always bunked off. That fun with the football team and then with Mr Brown, got me thinking and I decided that I’d go along and see if there was any fun to be had. I borrowed a tennis type skirt from my mum (didn’t tell her) and packed it, an old, worn thin white tank top, some trainers and some shower stuff.

Before I tell you about my fun let me tell you a bit about the layout of the gym. As expected, it’s a big rectangular room. On one of the long sides is the rest of the school and on the other side is the changing rooms. Between the changing rooms and the gym is a corridor the length of the gym. The doors into the gym are half way along the corridor and the doors to the girls changing room are at one end of the corridor and the boys at the other end.

Go into either of the changing rooms and the first thing that you come to is the lockers and the changing area. After that it’s the showers and toilets. The building was designed so that all the plumbing was where the 2 sets of facilities are closest i.e. either side of a shared wall.

As I mentioned above, the school doesn’t have any playing fields but it does have a big playground that is marked out for tennis and basketball / netball.

PE lessons are designed so that when a class has P.E. the girls use the gym and the boys exercise outside. The next week they swap round. This works fine until it rains; then boys and girls have to share the gym.

The female P.E. teacher had to ask who I was when I first went to a P.E. lesson; I told her then said that I was a new starter. I didn’t finish the sentence that would have told her that I was a new starter to P.E. lessons.

The girls were inside that first week, and I have to say that I enjoyed it. Only one girl joked about my lack of knickers under the tennis skirt that I had rolled the top to shorten it. The P.E. teacher either didn’t notice or didn’t say anything.

At the end of the lesson I got naked and had a long shower. By the time I’d finished most of the other girls, and the teacher, had left to go home.

The next week the girls were outside and I quickly realised that people walking passed on the street could see us. A couple of boys leaving school early stopped and watched us as we ran round playing netball.

My nipples were rock hard and tenting my T-shirt but I don’t think that I flashed my butt to anyone.

The fourth week, when we were outside, a sudden heavy shower of rain sent us all scurrying inside and into the gym. The female P.E. teacher had a word with Mr Brown and the gym was split into 2. I didn’t notice it until one of the boys shouted,

“Cold outside was it?”

The rain had soaked my thin T-shirt. My traffic cone tits and hard nipples were just about visible through the wet, white T-shirt. I looked at the other girls and saw that 2 other girls with small tits had the same problem (not).

I ignored my tits as the teacher got us doing all sorts of exercises. Some of them caused my skirt to bounce up and I looked over to the boys and saw that a few of them were staring at us.

After a while our teacher got a phone call and left, telling us try different exercises. I decided to do headstand and handstands, knowing full well what would happen. It did, and I was rewarded with cheers from the boys.

Mr Brown also saw what I was doing, and as I stayed upside down I watched him walk over to me. As he got close I spread my legs showing him what he had seen many times before.

“Jordan,” he said; “I know that it’s a wonderful sight, but please can you refrain from distracting the boys.”

“Yes sir.” I replied and got to my feet.

PE lessons continued in the same way and I actually enjoyed them; especially when I got the chance to flash the boys or people passing by.

It was the 5th or 6th lesson that I discovered the hole. As usual, I was taking a slow shower and just about everyone else had left, when I heard boy’s voices. I looked round and at the 2 remaining girls. One of the looked at me then said,

“Didn’t anyone tell you, there’s a couple of holes in the wall down there; if you look through you might see a cock.”

I looked at the wall. Lots of the tiles were cracked and damaged and then I saw it. Yes there was a hole. I squat down and saw a boys butt, then an eye.

I jumped back and moved to the side; my mind going crazy. I moved to another shower head and slowly continued soaping myself.

Then I had a thought and my pussy started lubricating itself. I really took my time and waited until the 2 girls left. Then I went and checked that I was the only one left.

Next I went back to the showers and looked through the holes. I couldn’t see anyone but I could hear a shower running so I started singing, loudly, while standing in front of one of the holes.

A minute later I heard a boy’s voice,

“There’s one still in there.”

I stepped back so that I was between the 2 holes and at an angle that I thought I could be seen through both holes; and started rubbing my pussy.

It didn’t take long for me to cum then I slowly moved my fingers up and down my slit, occasionally dipping a finger inside my hole.

A couple of minutes later I went and got dried and put my dress and shoes on.

Then I waited just inside the door to the corridor. About a minute later I heard 2 boys walking along the corridor.

“Fuck Ben, I’m gonna take a late shower again next week. With a bit of luck that girl will be there again.”

“Even if she is there she might not put a show on for us.”

“Yeah, but she might.”

As soon as they got near the door to the girl’s changing room, I stepped out, right in front of them. I smiled at them and said,

“Seeya boys; did you enjoy the show?”

There was deadly silence until we were just about to go out of the school. Then I heard one of them say,

“I guess that sharking isn’t the only thing that Jordan likes.”

Then the other shouted,

“Same time again next week Jordan?”

I ignored them but I did put a show on for them, and / or their mates a few times (quite a few times actually – I liked doing it). I don’t know who or how many boys saw me because I was always long gone before they left.

Some maintenance man tried to block the holes once but it was only a week or so before they were there again, and a bit bigger.

I wondered about asking one of the boys to stick his cock through one of the holes and giving him a blowjob, but I didn’t.

**When the weather got bad**

**--------------------------------**

As the weather got colder, most girls reverted to wearing jeans to school and the instances of sharking reduced dramatically. I didn’t go back to wearing jeans, I’d decided that I was having too much fun and kept wearing skirts but the length did get a bit longer.

As the weather got warmer, the skirts started appearing and the hems got higher; and the sharking started again. Life at school got more interesting again.

**Weekend job**

**---------------**

Just after the football team got killed-off I decided that I needed some money. My old clothes wouldn’t last much longer and besides, I wanted to experiment using clothes to tease men.

Not far from the area that I lived in there is a shopping area that has quite a few restaurants that are busy during the day as well as the evenings; so one Saturday afternoon I walked along the street looking into a lot of them. I looked for one that was busy and had waitresses that weren’t wearing a uniform.

When I found one I went in and asked a man, who looked as though he could be the manager, if they were looking for any staff. At first he said not and my heart dropped a bit. But then I found myself trying to persuade him that I could help him get more customers in. I was wearing the dress with the elasticated top and I started smoothing my hand down the front, slowly pulling the top down a bit.

Putting on my best sexy voice I asked him if he was sure. He was staring at my chest, at my nipples poking at the thin top that was slowly getting lower.

“I think that your customers would love to be served by a girl dressed like this, don’t you?” I said as my areolas started to be exposed.

“Or maybe like this.” I said as I picked-up a knife off a table, dropped it on the floor then turned and bent over to pick it up. My back was to the man so he could see the backs of my legs, right up to the middle of my butt.

Standing up, I turned to face him, pulling my top down a bit more so that my nipples were exposed.

“Are you sure that you don’t need any more staff? Maybe I could work for a couple of days and see how it goes?”

The man’s eyes were glued on my rock hard nipples.

“Well…..” he replied, “I suppose I could give you a try….. Okay, when can you start? Oh, how old are you?”

“Old enough;” I replied; “and I can start right now if you want. By the way, I’m Jordan, what shall I call you?”

“Simon, or Mr Green or the Manager; I’ll take to you to Sarah, she’ll teach you what you need to know.

As we walked over to Sarah I pulled my top back up, over my nipples.

Sarah taught me well; well the waitressing side of it, and Simon Green watched me quite a lot. Whenever I saw him looking I’d bend over letting him see my bare butt or down my top.

I quickly discovered that men like looking down a girl’s top and with my first pay packet I bought a couple of white blouses, baggy blouses that I could leave a few buttons open at the top and bend over so that the blouse fell away from my tits when I bent over. I had to do that quite a bit because I am so small and I often couldn’t get between the tables. I also got very clumsy, dropping knives and forks near tables with men at them.

I’m pretty sure that business at the restaurant went up and I certainly got lots of tips. They were always more than the wages.

**Home wear**

**-------------**

Wearing so little at school started to affect what I wore at home. I didn’t have many of my old dresses and I wanted to keep them for school so as soon as I got home I started changing into one of my mum’s thongs and a tank top. I often looked at myself in the mirror and tweaked my nipples so that they made nice little tents, then slid my hands down from my shoulders to my thighs then back up inside the tank top; that always made my pussy tingle. Then I’d go and get on with the housework.

Dad looked me up and down a couple of time and said that I looked cute but mum never said anything. As for my brother, he was always too drunk or drugged-up to even notice.

After I got my weekend job I spent a lot of the money on clothes. A fair number of the clothes were see-through to some extent. The most see-through things I wore at home at first. Mum thought that I looked good; dad stared for a bit then said that I looked cute; and again, my brother never even noticed.

After I’d got used to wearing a see-through top or skirt at home I started going out in them; at night to start off with, but I slowly built-up the courage to go out in them during the day. Never where I thought I might get seen by the law.

Other new clothes that I bought were skirts. I found a shop in town that has lots of skirts that are 6 - 10 inches long. Although I did buy a few very tight skirts, I mainly bought floaty skirts made of thin cotton or silky material. I love the tight ones that ride up revealing my pussy and butt all the time but I sometimes get fed-up of having to pull them down if I’m in a place where I think displaying my pussy is inappropriate. They’re not the type of skirts that you wouldn’t know that your pussy is on display.

The floaty light-weight skirts give me lots of opportunities to ‘accidentally’ flash my goodies and I can just forget about them. When I’m wearing a skirt like that I usually feel like I’m bottomless so if the skirt blows up or I bend over or squat down nothing feels different. If anyone every stopped me and accused me of flashing I can always say that with the skirt being so light I just didn’t realise.

Luckily I’ve never got into a confrontation about my skirts.

That same shop has a few dresses that have skirts like that too; and the tops of them are all plunging or backless. I bought a couple of backless, very deep ‘V’ front, ultra-short floaty dressed that I love. The halters are tie ones that I tie loosely so that I only have to bend a little and anyone who cares to look can see my tits.

I’ve also discovered that I can wear those dresses with the skirt part twisted round a bit and it then doesn’t take much for a tit or two to pop out of the top parts.

If I didn’t have any new clothes try on at home I started wearing only a tank top or cami. No one seemed to care; that’s if they ever noticed.

Going out in see-through clothes that show my pussy and tits all the time IS different to wearing a skirt that only just covers my butt and pussy. See-through clothes are not an accident. I read somewhere that if you’re wearing something see-through and you act as if it’s not see-through then most people treat you as if it isn’t see-through. After having tied that a few times I can say that it does work, most of the time.

I also started wearing slightly see-through clothes to school. I got the odd ‘slut’ from some of the more prudish girls who always wore jeans, and the odd favourable comment from some of the boys. None of the teachers said anything, not even the 4 that were fucking me.

Wearing slightly see-through clothes on the underground was more fun as well; more men seemed to notice me and I got groped even more; finger fucked almost every morning. I’m sure that some of the men waited for me and squeezed onto the trains next to me. I say that because the method was often the same; a quick squeeze of my thigh up near my pussy then straight in with 2 fingers. My legs were always spread ready and my pussy was always wet enough.

**My Vibrator**

**--------------**

The money that I got from working at the restaurant didn’t only go on clothes. Okay, I saved a lot of it but I also wanted to spend some of it on ME.

One day when I was wandering around town I came across this ‘adult’ shop. Feeling adventurous, I went in. The woman behind the counter asked me how old I was so I said that I was 18. She just accepted it even though I didn’t even look the 14 that I actually was.

Anyway, I wandered round looking at the products in amazement. One thing that I saw really got me thinking, and my pussy got wetter and wetter as I read what it said on the package.

‘The Bullet’, as it is called, is a small metal tube that unscrews at one end where you can put an AA battery. With it comes a little black box that has a switch with 3 settings; off, slow and fast.

I was a little nervous as I took the package to the counter and paid for it but the woman just treated me like I was buying a packet of cornflakes.

Anyway, I was keen to try it out and quickly took it out of the packaging and put the battery in. The street was a little busy so I went into an alleyway and quickly pushed the Bullet up my vagina.

I didn’t switch it on straight away (probably should have so that I could get used to the vibrations) and went off down the main street looking for clothes.

It was only when I was in a shop’s changing room that I decided to switch in to.

I let out a gasp so loud that a shop assistant asked me if I was okay.

That was it; I was sold on it. After that shop I went straight to a place that sold batteries and bought a box full of them.

That vibrator spent more time inside my pussy than it did outside. I still wear it when I want to have some ‘special’ fun.

The first day that I wore it at school I had an orgasm in 3 different lessons.

One time I forgot to take it out before I went for my extra maths lesson and Mr White found it when he rammed his cock in to me. He cursed me like hell as he fished it out before giving me a red butt and telling me not to do that again.

**The Pizza delivery guy**

**---------------------------**

One day when there had been no food in and no one else was at home, I decided to splash-out on a pizza, and to get it delivered. The delivery guy was a youth from school that I’d seen around but never spoken to.

I answered the door wearing only the tank top, having decided that I was going to flash my pussy to whoever arrived.

“I know you don’t I?” I asked, “I’ve seen you at school, you’re in year 11 aren’t you?”

“Err, yeah, I think that I’ve seen you. You wear those short dresses don’t you?”

“That’s right, but as you can see, I take them off as soon as I get home, I don’t want to get them dirty.”

As I said that I stepped back and slid my hands down my front and watched his eyes follow my hands.

“Is that my pizza?” I asked.

“Err, yeah.”

I took it off him and took it over to the table. As I returned to the door with the money I saw the guy staring at my pussy, I had an idea. As I gave him the money I said,

“Do you think that you could do me a favour please?”

“Err, yeah, sure, I guess.”

“My boyfriend is away on some SAS training exercise and I want to send him some sexy photos of me; do you think that you could take some photos of me please?”

“Err, yeah, sure, what do you want me to do?”

I went and got my phone and showed him how to work the camera. I had to show him twice because he didn’t understand me the first time.

I got him to take a few photos of me standing in different poses then I said,

“Do you mind if I take my top off? My boyfriend really likes my little titties.”

“Err, yeah, okay.”

I posed some more then sat on the sofa with my legs spread wide. Putting the tip of my middle finger inside my vag I said,

“Can you take a close-up please? My boyfriend likes it when I do this.”

“Err, yeah.”

As he bent forward I finger fucked myself a couple of times as the camera clicked.

“You’re not going to do anything stupid are you? As I said, my boyfriend’s in the SAS and he’s very protective of me. He’d get really pissed if anyone else touched me.” I said as I saw his eyes glaze over.

The guy stood up and held the phone out for me to take. I got up too and followed him to the door.

“Thank you, what did you say your name was?”

“Err, Duncan.”

“Thank you Duncan, you’ve been a great help; my boyfriend will love the photos and I won’t tell him that you took them Duncan.”

“Err, thank you.”

With that the guy just walked off.

“What an idiot.” I thought as I closed the door and went and lay on the sofa and made myself cum.

I did the same quite a few times over the next few years. Each time that the delivery guy was a different man I did it. All seemed to enjoy the experience as much as I did and I always used the story of my boyfriend being in the SAS. It always seemed to put them off trying to rape me. Actually, there were a couple of them that I wouldn’t have minded a quick fuck with.

**Kid’s play area**

**------------------**

At the bottom of our block of flats is a play area for young kids. The parents take their kids there on a morning but during afternoons and evenings they stay away because teenagers hang out there.

Sometime when I got bored and had a bit of spare time, I’d go down there and slowly swing backwards and forwards on one of the swings. When I was going forward I’d look around to see who was around. If it looked okay I’d swing forward with my legs open and hope that someone looked over to me.

A few did and I got rewarded with a few nice smiles. One young man stopped and stared for ages before coming over to me. He watched me for a while before saying,

“You should be careful little girl, someone might rape you.”

I just stared at him with a blank face until he turned and walked off.

**The school summer holidays**

**----------------------------------**

**The Leisure Centre 1**

When I was 14 a new leisure centre opened a few miles away. It’s one of those ‘we’ve got everything’ places. It’s actually quite good; and the staff aren’t too up-tight about what the girls wear. I decided to go and have a look and see how little I could get away with wearing.

When I first went I didn’t know what I could get away with so I took that old swimsuit, one of my mum’s see-through bras and one of her see-through thongs.

I got my first pleasant surprise when I waked into the changing room. It’s one big one with cubicles for the men at one end, family cubicles in the middle and cubicles for the women at the other end. The showers and the way to the pool is at the women’s end.

I picked a cubicle at the end nearest to the main walkway to the showers and pool and went in. I didn’t close the door. When I looked out I could see down the walkway to the pool and 2 kids walking towards me. If I could see them, they could see me.

I waited until a man was coming towards me and slipped my top and skirt off. Facing the man I stood there pretending to fold my skirt as the man walked about 3 feet from me, looking at me as he passed.

“Success,” I thought, 1 down 999 to go.”

Quickly putting my top and skirt back on, I waited until another target came along. This time it was 2 teenage boys. When they got real close they stopped and stared. Pretending that they weren’t there I folded my skirt then turned, bent over, put my skirt and top in my bag and got out the old suit.

Then I turned back to face them and lifted one foot then the other and started pulling the suit up. As I wiggled it up my thighs I looked at them and smiled.

“Hi.” I said.

Just as the suit started to cover my pussy the boys turned and walked away.

I heard a couple of bits of thread snap as I pulled the suit into place; making sure that my pussy and my right nipples was covered. The nipple was threatening to escape.

As I smoothed my hands down the front it felt a bit like sandpaper and when I looked at my hands there was lots of little black bits on them. I didn’t realise at the time but that suit was so old that the stretching was starting to disintegrate the material.

I put my clothes into a locker then walked out to the pool. I felt good.

As I walked all around checking out the place I felt the suit start to spread my pussy lips. I guessed that the suit was going to disappear between my lips but I didn’t look, or touch.

I could see lots of places for little kids to have fun, and a wave machine and big slides. I jumped in and went into the waves. It was fun; at one point I saw that my right nipple had escaped but I ignored it.

When the waves stopped I decided to have a go on the slides. Unfortunately, lots of other people wanted a go and there was a queue up the stairs to the start. It was only when I was stood half way up the stairs that I realised that then suit had got baggy and more see-through; that bits of the material were dropping off.

When I looked behind, and down, 2 boys about my age were staring at my butt. I clenched my butt muscles and realised that I had a butt wedgie. I wondered if they could see my pussy because the suit crotch was sagging down.

The slide attendant looked at my face, then down to my exposed nipple then back to my face. He smiled then said, “go.”

By the time I’d got to the bottom of the long slide the stitching on the crotch had

given way and the suit was bunched up round my waist. As I stood up at the bottom I saw 2 girls looking at me, pointing and laughing. I put one hand in front of my pussy, the other on my butt and walked back to the changing rooms.

That was the end of that suit.

Opening my locker, I got the bra and thong out and changed in front of the locker. I wasn’t looking but I did hear voices behind me as I pulled the thong up.

This time when I went out I looked at other girls and was pleased to see 3 other girls wearing thongs. Okay they were proper bikini thongs but they were still thongs. In a way I felt more secure even though both things that I was wearing were see-through.

After I jumped in the water, then got out, I looked down my front. The bra was perfectly formed round my traffic cone tits with a little circular air pocked round each nipple. I could see every detail of my areolas.

The thong was plastered to my pussy as well, leaving a camel toe, only interrupted where my little clit bulged out. Again, I could see every little detail.

Ignoring what I was displaying, I started wandering round the place. Okay, a few young men stared at me but no one else really took any notice of the short 13 year old who looked a little lost.

I didn’t feel lost even though I didn’t know where I was going; I was exploring and I was virtually naked as I was doing it. As I walked down one corridor I came across some long, tall glass windows on both sides of the corridor that were nearly floor to ceiling. When I looked through the windows on one side I could see down into a big workout room. Lots of people were using a lot of energy.

On the other side I looked down into 3 squash courts. I watched for a few minutes wondering what it would be like to play squash.

Walking on, I found a steam room, a sauna, a funny little pool that had a sign over it saying, ‘Plunge Pool, Warning, Very Cold’; a couple of showers and a rest area with sun loungers, all of them fixed in the reclining position.

“Great;” I thought, “I’ll be able relax here and watch everyone else in the room.”

I’d never been into a steam room or a sauna before and wondered what they were like. I’d read somewhere that Scandinavian people were naked in saunas so I thought that I’d try it.

When I opened the door the heat hit me. Ignoring that I stepped in and saw a man sitting at the end of a long bench; he had a towel wrapped round him and he was the only person in a room that could probably seat 30 people.

I quickly realised that I had an opportunity and I said,

“Excuse me, would you mind if I took my bikini off, I’ve been told that it’s better without any clothes on.”

“No I don’t mind, do whatever you want miss.”

I quickly took the thong then the bra off and placed them on the opposite end of the bench that the man was on. Then I lay on it, on my back, with my head on the bra and thong. I spread my legs so that my heels rested on the sides of the bench. Just to finish my pose, I interlaced my fingers behind my head; partially to push up my little tits, and partially so that I could squint and watch the man.

As he stared at my pussy, 2 things happened; firstly a tent appeared in the towel, and secondly I started clenching then releasing my pussy muscles.

I was in heaven, but it was a hot heaven. After a few minutes the heat was getting too much for me. I got to my feet and went out, leaving the ‘bikini’ on the bench.

The cold shower was wonderful, and when I started to get cold I decided to go back in. The man was stood up and wrapping the towel round himself. He left as I moved over to my ‘bikini’ and as I sat on the bench I saw white blobs on it. I smiled to myself, realising that he had cum on it.

I rubbed his cum all over my tits (one of the girls at school said that semen makes tits grow), then lay down again.

Five minutes later I was getting cooked and ready to leave when a twenty something couple walked in. Both looked down at the naked me. The man smiled and the woman said,

“Oh, I didn’t realise that it was clothing optional.” She sat down and they whispered for a minute before she stood up and took her bikini off. I wanted to stay and see if the man took his shorts off but I was getting too hot. I stood up, picked-up my ‘bikini’ and walked out to the shower.

I didn’t stay in it for long, just long enough to rinse off and rinse my ‘bikini’ out; then I went and sat on a sun lounger and relaxed, still totally naked.

A couple of minutes later, a young man came into the room. He was wearing shorts and a T-shirt that had the name of the leisure centre’s name on it. He looked at me, smiled, then checked a couple of things and straightened the sun loungers.

Walking towards the door he turned and looked at me then said,

“Don’t forget to put your swimsuit on before you leave here.”

I smiled back at him, felt a tingle in my pussy and realised that it must be okay to be naked in there. As I closed my eyes and relaxed I wondered when the sauna would be at its busiest.

Another couple came in looked at me then went into the steam room before I decided that I was going to move on. I put my ‘bikini’ on and left the room.

I walked round other areas of the leisure centre and found a small café that was in 2 halves; one accessible from the main pool and the other from outside. Deciding that I wanted a drink, I went back to the changing room and got some money.

Back at the café I queued and got my drink. As I paid I looked at the girl on the till. Her eyes were going from my tiny tits to my pussy and back. As she gave me my change she said,

“I like the bikini, real cute; I bet your boyfriend likes it.”

I laughed then went and sat near a man on the outside part of the café. After a while he realised what he could see. I finished my drink, stood up facing him, scratched my clit then turned and walked back to the pool.

I had another session in the waves and a ride on a different slide before deciding that it was time to leave. In the changing room I took my ‘bikini’ off near my locker, got my shampoo and soap and walked, totally naked, to the showers.

I got a few funny looks and a few stares, but otherwise no one seemed to care that I was naked. My pussy certainly knew that I was naked in a public area with people looking at me; it was tingling like hell. I had to take care of that in the cubicle as I got dressed.

As I flashed a man on the underground train on the way home I decided that I was going back to the leisure centre again, soon. I also decided that I wanted a proper bikini; well, a homemade one.

**My homemade bikini**

I got off the underground at the stop before mine and went to a market. There I bought some white, cotton, thin rope and some white see-through material.

When I got home I got mum’s sewing machine out and got started.

After a couple of failures I finally got the bikini that I wanted. It has 4 triangles, well, 3 and a half (explain later) all held together with that thin cotton rope.

One triangle was only about 2 inches high by 1 inch wide (at the top). It goes just at the top of my butt crack and joins the rope that comes up through my butt crack to the short ropes that tie at my hips.

The rope going down my butt crack splits into 2 over my bum hole then the 2 ropes go either side of my pussy and go out to my hips to tie in place. As those 2 ropes come out my front they go through the sides of another triangle. It’s not actually a triangle, more a ‘V’ with the bottom half cut off. When I’m standing with my legs closed my pubic bone is covered and I look like I’ve got a normal, thong bikini bottom on. It’s when I open my legs that things get better.

As for the bikini top, 2 small, narrow triangles that barely cover my areolas. The ropes attached to top of the triangle go up round my neck to tie. I can adjust the height of the triangle with these.

The rope going round my chest and tying at the back goes through ‘tunnels’ at the bottom of the triangles. I can easily slide the triangles from side to side revealing as much, or as little of my tits as I want. Also, If I tie it loosely it always slides up round my neck when I swim of go down the slides.

All-in-all; a great flasher’s bikini. Six years later it’s still my one and only bikini.

**The Leisure Centre 2**

I went back to that leisure centre many times during all of the school holidays. I split my time between swimming, the sauna, steam room area and the café. I used the same changing cubicle every time and always left the door open. I usually managed to flash 3 or 4 men every time that I went.

The café was great because I could easily expose a nipple or two and when I was sat down I could open my legs and flash anyone that I wanted.

Swimming and the slides was also good as again, I could easily flash my tits and pretend that I didn’t know that I was exposed; not that I ever had to pretend to anyone. On the slides I’d get the water pounding my exposed pussy and I swam a lot of backwards breaststroke exposing my pussy as I slowly swam passed people and kicked my legs wide open.

The sauna area was the best though; I always got totally naked. If I wasn’t in the sauna or steam room I was laying on one of the sun lounger, legs spread, pretending to read a magazine and watching people watching me.

I found that evenings were best because there were more people there; more men to see may naked body. I would have liked to go on a weekend but by that time I had my weekend job and the money (tips) were too good to miss.

As I said, the sauna could accommodate about 30 people. If there wasn’t enough space for me to lie flat on my back I’d sit sideways on the end of a bench with my feet up and knees apart, always naked.

I saw quite a few other naked people in there, girls as well. In a way it was quite educational for me, all those different shaped people and different shapes and sizes of cocks. If there was only me and one or two men I usually got to see hard cocks as well. I frequently had to use the plunge pool to cool off and always went back in to the sauna feeling less likely to cum soon, but with rock hard nipples.

I did cum in there lots of times; and with men watching (I find that to be an awesome experience).

One time when I was in there on my own and was rubbing away, I’d just started cum when 2 girls a little older than me came in. They both stood and watched me cum then one of them said,

“Good for you kid.”

Both had bikinis on when they went in. Shortly after I’d cum I went and sat on a sun lounger. I’m sure that I heard them cum too, and when they came out they were carrying their bikinis. They left the sauna area naked as well and I quickly decided to follow them. I put my bikini on and went after them. They walked passed the big windows to the workout area and squash courts then down to the pool before they put their bikinis back on.

I took my bikini off and did the reverse walk back to the sauna, stopping at the big windows. Unfortunately, I didn’t see anyone looking up at me but I did have a quick rub of my clit as I watched.

After that day whenever I was going to the sauna or steam room I took my bikini off in the main pool area and walked to the sauna or steam room total naked. One day I took my bikini off in the pool, got out and walked the 20 feet to the door with my bikini screwed-up in my hands. I didn’t even look back to see if anyone was watching me.

The steam room is bigger than the sauna, with 2 circles of benches round a machine pumping steam into the room. I couldn’t get seen much in there because of all the steam, but I could masturbate with people only a few feet from me and they never even knew.

The leisure centre wasn’t the only place that I went to during the school holidays; I spent hours on the underground just riding around flashing men and getting groped. I frequently got up the same time that I did when I went to school and caught the same train. Those times though, I didn’t have to get off at the school stop and got groped some more.

**Shopping**

I often went into town shopping, and just looking or trying clothes on. I’ve lost count of the number of times that I’ve got naked in changing rooms with the curtains open or even in the main part of the store. When you’re 13 or 14, or even older but still have tiny tits you can get away with so much more than if you look older or have big tits.

I always wore ultra-short skirts, some see-through, and tops that were either baggy and gaped open when I bent forward, or ones that were see-through or so tight that you could see the shape of my hard tits and nipples. Those were the types of clothes that I looked for and tried on.

I had this one tube top; that I wore when I was a kid; that I wore as a skirt. It was so tight and short that it only just covered my butt and pussy when I stood still. As soon as I walked it rode up leaving me exposed. I wore that a lot for 2 summers, even though I had to keep pulling it down when anyone I didn’t want to see my goodies was around.

**The Parks**

If it was a sunny day when I was in town I usually got a coffee and something to eat and went to one of the big parks where I’d sunbathe on the grass. I always picked a busy part and lay there on my back, propped up on my elbows pretending to read and eat my lunch like a lot of other people who were there.

The thing was, my ultra-short skirts always gave a great upskirt view; especially when I spread my legs a little. It was great watching the expressions on people’s faces when they realised what they could see.

Sometimes I’d sit on a park bench or one of the little walls and leave my knees open a bit. That was always good for getting the odd voyeur or two.

**The Forest**

I was feeling energetic one morning and missed the exercise with Mr Brown. On a whim I decided to get the underground out to where there is a forest. When I got there I studied a map that was on a notice board then started off down a trail. I’d selected a circular route and just after I got out of sight of the carpark I decided that I wanted to run dressed the same way as I did with Mr Brown; naked.

Looking round and seeing no one, I went into the bushes and stripped naked; it took all of 2 seconds. Then I hid my clothes and set off.

Oh, it felt so good running like that out in the fresh air; the nervousness, the excitement, the thrill; were all driving me crazy and horny as hell. I’d never been in a forest before either and it was kind of nice; all quiet and earie.

After about half a mile I could see a couple walking in the same direction that I was going. I decided that I didn’t care if they saw my butt as I ran passed them so I just kept going.

A bit later it was a man and a dog coming towards me.

“Fuck it.” I thought and kept going.

Then it was 3 teenagers, 2 boys and a girl.

“Fuck it.” I thought and kept going.

I got a few choice comments from them.

All together I passed 11 people before I got back to where I thought my clothes were. After a few minutes of looking I started to panic a bit. I had visions of trying to get on the train naked and getting kicked-off.

Then I found them. In a way I was a little disappointed and wondered what it would be like to be naked 15 miles from home and have to find my way back on my own.

Compared to those thoughts my journey home was boring; only 1 opportunity to flash one old man. He got a big smile on his face.

**The Carnival**

One day during the summer holidays when I was 14, I saw a poster for a big Caribbean Carnival and parade and I decided to go along to see what it was like. I got up dead early to get groped on the underground, and when I got to my final station I tried to work out which way I needed to go. Then I saw a policeman. Pulling my ultra-short skirt down as far as it would go; I walked up to the policeman and asked him. He was very nice and explained which way to go. As I walked away I wondered what he would have said if he knew that I was only wearing the clothes that he could see, and if he watched me walk away he’d be able to see my bare butt?

I got there long before the parade started and wandered around. I came across the area where people were getting dressed-up for the parade. I stood and watched young girls getting fancy patterns painted ALL over their bodies. All were young and wearing nothing but thongs; all looked younger than I was. Most were black skinned but a few were white like I am.

The women doing the painting were doing a great job and I watched in awe at their skill. One woman finished a kid then turned to me and said,

“Come on, your turn.”

I nearly said something but managed to stop myself and stepped forward.

“I can’t paint you if you’ve got those on.”

Quickly deciding to see how far I could take it, I pulled my top off then my skirt.

“Oh, going for the full monty are we; you’re the third this morning and one was white like you but a bit older, well she had bigger titties; it’s not so easy to work out kids ages these days. Okay treasure, stand there and let me get on with it.” The woman said, pulling me in front of her.

As I said, these women were good, and quick. Before long I had these bright coloured twirls all over me, all over my chest, my back, my butt, my legs (front and back), neck and face, arms; and she even painted over my pussy, which felt nice.

I was naked, but not naked. I certainly felt naked.

“Don’t worry about your shoes, clothes and bag kiddo,” the woman said, “they’ll be safe here until the end of the day.”

“Fucking hell,” I thought, “this woman was expecting me to be like that all day, with hundreds of people around, and going on a parade round wherever it was going.”

I was soo turned-on.

“Go on kid, go and join the others.”

I turned and saw the other girls that were covered in brightly covered paint. They were stood, taking and dancing to the music that had already started. As I walked up to them one friendly girl said,

“Hi there, you must be with the Dulwich crowd, come and have fun.”

She handed me a cup of something that some of them seemed to be drinking. I took it and started swaying with the music, saying ‘Hi’ to some of the other girls.

The drink turned-out to some sort of Caribbean fruit cocktail and tasted good. I got talking to some of the girls and discovered that we were going to dance along the streets for about a mile in a circular route, back to where we were then all the girls were going to put on a dancing display then a few lucky ones were going to enter a competition. When I asked what sort of display and competition a girl told me that it was just shaking our little tits and bums at whoever we were near. I had to smile at that statement because mine were the biggest tits amongst the girls, bar one, and mine barely wobble when I walk never mind when I went jogging or exercising with Mr Brown.

I looked round at the girls that were there; all looked younger than me and most had tits that were hardly worth calling tits, some were flat chested. I saw the white girl with tits, yes, they were bigger than mine, probably a good ‘A’ cup. I couldn’t see any evidence of a thong and wondered if she was as turned-on as I was. I moved over to her and said hello.

She looked a bit surprised when she saw me but when she looked up and down my body she smiled and said,

“Hmm, you too, it’s amazing what you can get away with on days like this isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I’m creaming myself and it sounds as if things will get better.”

“They did last year.”

I didn’t ask the obvious. Instead I said,

“So what’s the dancing that we have to do for the demonstration and competition?”

She laughed and said that it was easy. Then she bent forward and started shaking her butt. She bent so far forward that I could see her paint covered pussy; definitely no thong.

“Nice!” I said, “I can do that.”

I did but the girl told me to bend over some more. My feet were about 2 feet apart and I just knew that she was looking at my pussy.

“Yeah, you are creaming yourself aren’t you?” She said.

Then the girl bent over backwards and started shaking her little tits. They may only have been ‘A’s but there was a definite wobble and bounce.

I was about to tell her that she was luckier than I was but everyone started moving, the parade was underway.

Wow, was it so weird dancing down the street totally naked? But at the same time it was so cool; so sexy. I daren’t look down at my pussy, it was so wet and I worried that the paint might have run. I just hoped that my juices were running over the top of the paint.

Whenever we stopped moving I practiced trying to shake my tiny tits and my butt. I also tried standing with my feet about 2 feet apart, leaning back like I was going to shake my tits but instead, gyrating and thrusting my hips forward as the circle came to the front. It felt so sexy doing that. As I got used to doing that I tried shaking my chest as well. My little tits barely wobbled.

The next time that we stopped I moved to the outside, turned to the crowds lining the street and gyrated. I was stood quite close to a group of youths and I got a few comments from them. The one that remember was,

“Fucking hell, she hasn’t got a thong on; I can see everything.”

My pussy got even wetter and I was close to cumming but the procession started moving again.

How I didn’t cum a hundred times while I was dancing down the street I will never know, but I still hadn’t cum by the time we got back to the start.

I followed all the girls as we went over to where demo / competition was. It was an area about 25 feet by 25 feet. At one side there was a table with 3 men sat at it. All round the outside were dozens of, mainly men, watching us girls.

After standing around for a couple of minutes, some different music started and all the girls started shaking their butts and chests. I was near the table with the 3 men and when I shook my butt I turned away from them; then turned back to face them when I gyrated my hips and tried to get my tits to wobble.

I watched all 3 men staring at my wet pussy and finally lost it. I stopped shaking and gyrating and started jerking and my pussy started convulsing; all whilst I was bent over backwards, thrusting my hips forward. It was a good job that the music was loud.

As I started to come down from my high and started gyrating again, I put my hand over my pussy. I have to admit that I dipped a finger in front of those 3 men, and the audience that was stood behind them.

Then the music stopped.

The 3 men stood up and came round the table then each selected 2 girls by walking up to them and grabbing their arms. One of the men selected the naked white girl and me.

“Hey, we’ve made it into the final.” She said as the 6 of us were led to a screened-off area.

“We have to take it in turns to dance for them.” The other white girl said when I asked.

“We have to strut our stuff for them.” She continued.

And we did. Two young black girls went first and I have to say that they were really good. Then the white girl went. She was good at shaking her tits and her legs were real wide as she shook her butt.

The other 2 black girls took their turn and they too were good.

Then it was my turn. By then the competitive side in me had emerged and I really wanted to put on a good show. When I shook my butt my feet were 3 feet apart and my hands were on the floor. All 3 of them had a great view of my dripping pussy. I wondered just how much of the paint was left on me.

When I turned to face them and started gyrating my hips I spread my legs as far as I could without falling over. I twitched my pussy muscles a few times then moved my right hand to my pussy. Then I finger fucked myself; right in front of them.

They let me dance (?) for much longer than the others and I did make myself cum again; right in front of them with the 5 other girls stood watching behind me.

When the music finally stopped I stood up and went over to the other girls.

“Fuck girl, that was good; I’ll have to try that next year.” The white girl said.

Then I was pronounced the winner and given some sort of voucher.

I was just walking out of the screened-off area when a man came up to me. He introduced himself as a reporter from the local BBC TV station. He took me back into the screened-off area and started asking me some question. I lied to some of the question.

Then he asked me if I could give a repeat performance for the cameras.

My pussy gushed and my stomach churned.

“Am I going to be on television?” I asked.

“Yes, probably, it depends on there not being any big news but there’s good chance that you’ll be on the evening news tomorrow.”

“Okay.” I said.

The reporter waved a hand and 3 men appeared with big cameras and light. I didn’t understand the light because it was a sunny day.

While the men were setting up the cameras the reporter lifted a boom box onto the table. I looked round, 1 camera was pointing to where my butt would be; 1 to my side; and the third was low down in front of me.

“That’s a bit of over-kill.” I said.

“We need to get every angle then the producer can pick the one that he wants to go with. Are you ready now?”

“I guess so.” I said.

I was still on a bit of a high from cumming in front of the judges so it didn’t take much for me to give it my all. When the orgasm hit me I just froze for a couple of seconds then started jerking and screaming and cursing; and it was all on camera, 3 cameras. I was happy.

The reporter thanked me then left, closely followed by the 3 cameramen.

By then I was used to being naked in public, apart from some paint, and I decided that I wanted to see what else was at the carnival. I wandered all around the place, no one really taking much notice of me; after all, there were other girls there wearing only the same as me. The only real exception was that white girl with the ‘A’ cup tits. I only saw her once again and she was surrounded by boys. I smiled, probably a bit jealous of her.

When I’d had enough I thought about going home. I went back to where I’d got painted.

“Have a good day sweety?” The same woman asked.

“Yeah, it was great but I’m tired now. I need to go home.”

“Will you be able to get home okay on your own, do you live far away?”

“No, only a couple of streets (I lied); thank you.”

I put my shoes on and everything else into my bag and left.

Once I got onto the street I looked at the voucher that I’d won. It was for £100 worth of groceries at a Caribbean store. It was no good to me; the shop was miles from home; so I gave it to the next kid that I saw and told him to give it to his mother.

My journey on the train, and then the walk home was ‘interesting’. It was the first time that I’d done such a journey without any clothes on. The paint certainly didn’t feel like clothes. Most people didn’t give me a second glance, but some did stare, and some stared and smiled. The more I thought about it the more I got excited.

I actually orgasmed when a man came and sat opposite me and looked at my exposed pussy; it was soo nice. I didn’t dare look down to my pussy to see what state the paint was in.

I made it home okay, one of the other boys from our block saw me but he just laughed; obviously not bright enough to realise that I was naked.

When I got in I looked at my pussy in the mirror. All the paint on and around my pussy had gone and there were streaks of bare flesh down the inside of my thighs. I wondered how long I had been like that.

I spent nearly an hour in the shower getting all that paint off. Getting it off my back was the worst problem and I had to keep getting out and check in the mirror.

I was still up the next night when mum and dad got back from the pub. Mum asked me if I’d gone to that carnival.

“No, why?” I lied.

“The television was on at work and the news covered that carnival. There was a girl there that won some sort of dance competition and she showed her moves to the camera. She looked just like you. Are you sure that you weren’t there?”

“No mum, I don’t dance anyway; remember? I went to the leisure centre yesterday. Are you sure that it wasn’t you; after all, we do look the same.”

Mum let it go, but dad added,

“It was only a side shot but she had little tits like yours.”

I ignored the comment but wondered what happened to the front and rear view videos; were they now in someone’s private collection or out on the internet somewhere.

I got wet and went to bed then masturbated to the thought of my pussy being on thousand of computers all over the world.

I went back to that carnival every summer; each time getting painted and dancing naked in the streets then travelling home on the underground still in just my paint.

**6th form**

**----------**

When I finished year 11 I had to leave that school; all year 11 kids did. Most of the kids either left to go on benefits. A few went to college to learn a trade and a handful went to 6th form colleges to get a higher qualification. I was one of those.

6th form was both good and bad for me. Okay, it was a stepping stone to university but they had rules; rules that I didn’t like. They didn’t have a uniform but they did have a dress code. For starters no one could wear even slightly see-through clothes. Girls had to wear either trousers (not jeans), or skirts that had to be no shorter than 6 inches above the middle of your knee caps. Then there were the teachers; I had to leave my extra tuition and gym teacher behind. I was really worried that I’d get withdrawal problems from the lack of sex.

The college that I chose was a bit further along the underground line so at least I still managed to enjoy the rush hour crushes on the trains. I managed to find some skirts that I could roll the top to give the gropers access to my pussy; then unroll them as I walked the last bit to college.

I did try to tease my teachers but they were so professional. After about 6 months I finally gave up and concentrated on the work. The teachers couldn’t help me much anyway; the exam system is such that the teachers have little influence.

At least I had my weekend job and the school holidays. I still got up to the things that I had on the previous year’s school holidays. I even went to the carnival each summer, each time I really enjoyed getting painted and dancing round the streets. I gyrated and played with my pussy in the dance competitions and got into the finals each year but I deliberately flunked the finals for 2 reasons.

Firstly I didn’t want the publicity, I might have got on the television again and mum and dad may have got a better look at me; and the kids and teachers at the 6th form college may have recognised me, and that would have given me all sorts of problems.

Secondly, that white girl was there both years and she seemed desperate to get on the television. She was over the moon when she won and she had put on a hell of a performance for the judges. She must have watched me playing with my pussy the year that I won because she really pounded hers those 2 years.

I did 2 other things differently the other 2 years that I went to the carnival. The first was to take a pack of tissues and as soon as the women had painted me I went round the back and wiped the paint off the parts of my pussy that couldn’t be seen when I was stood up with my legs closed. I wanted everyone to see it in all its natural glory when I was dancing and gyrating my hips.

The second was to take my little Bullet with me (see below). I put it inside me before I left home then switched it on (on low) as I got undressed to get painted. All day long it was purring away inside me and adding to the number of orgasms that I would have had it I hadn’t of had it inside me.

With it switched on low the battery will last all day so it was still making me cum as I travelled home.

**6th form P.E.**

**---------------**

There wasn’t any; but, my lesson schedule for Friday afternoons were assigned to ‘home study’ and as soon as I discovered that, I phoned Mr Brown at my old school and asked if I could start the Friday evening exercise sessions again. He sounded pleased and the next Friday I was back in the school gym, totally naked and exercising and grappling with Mr Brown on a one-to-one basis. I didn’t have to share him in the showers either. He also took me out on the naked runs as well.

**Jordan**

**by Vanessa Evans**

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when any sexual events took place.*

**Part 2 – Jordan goes to university**

**-----------------------------------------**

**Recap**

**-------**

My name is Jordan and I’m 5 feet 1 inch tall, I weigh 99 pounds and have a 32aa 26 33 figure and dirty blonde hair; your average skinny teenager.

I come from a self-induced poor family living in a not very nice part of a big city. Because of my parent chosen life-style I had to look after myself and often my parents as well. I have a brother who is 1 year older than me and is very much like most of the kids in that area – a loser.

The school I went to must have been forgotten by the education system because it’s a dump, run by teachers who (mostly) don’t give a shit about the kids; the majority of which were only there because they had to be and were just waiting to go and live on benefits and spending most their time drinking, smoking and going on holidays to do the same but in the sun.

Having said all that, I made the most of my early teen years and had lots of fun. If you haven’t already done so you can read all about it in the full version of Part 1 of my story.

The 6th form college that I went to was a ‘proper’ college with lots of standards and rules. A lot of my mid-week fun was curtailed and restricted to weekends and college holidays. Again, you can read all about it in the full version of Part 1 of my story.

**University**

**------------**

I’d done the impossible. I was both the first person in our family and the first kid from our school to go to university. The fact that I’d found a way to help me on my way was irrelevant. I’d done it.

The debt that I was taking on to be there was terrifying but I had some ideas as to how I could help with that.

The university is in a big city in the north of England; lots of miles from home. The hall of residence that I’d been allocated to is a newish building with a couple of hundred individual rooms grouped together in clusters of anything from 4 to 12. I was in a group of 6 x 18/19 year olds with 3 boys and 2 other girls. The rooms all have en-suite facilities but I wouldn’t have minded sharing a bathroom with the boys.

I moved into my room the first day that they would let me; I wanted to get to know the lay of the land as soon as possible; and get away from home. I’d already decided that when I got there I was going to wear as little as I could get away with, and that included our flat.

As soon as I moved in I took off my skirt and put on one of the new see-through thongs that I’d bought. On my top I wore a thin tank top that was quite short, leaving lots of stomach exposed and my nipples making little tents nearly all the time. I’d already decided that a tank top and thong was the most that I was going to wear in and around my room.

I left my old school dresses at home and only brought my ultra-short skirts and dresses. No trousers or shorts of course; and not forgetting, no underwear.

I was the first to move into our flat but the next day one of the boys moved in. I was in the kitchen area when he and his parents arrived. I went up to them and introduced myself. Ben and his father smiled but Ben’s mother wasn’t impressed by how little I was wearing. She didn’t say anything but the look on her face said it all.

Ben’s really nice, but a bit nervous. He started to relax a bit after his parents had left and I got him to help me connect my laptop to the WiFi system; just so that I could get him to look at my body.

The others arrived over the next couple of days; the guys seemed impressed that they were in a group with a girl who wore so little. The girls didn’t seem bothered by my attire and they soon started walking around in sleeping shorts and T-shirts.

One of the guys had a bit of an ego problem and thought that he was god’s gift but I found it easy to lay down a few rules and we soon got on just fine; but I did catch the boys perving at me at times, especially when I forget to put a thong on.

One thing that I did discover quite quickly was that the hall of residence is 1of 3 built next to each other. My window looks directly over to one of the other buildings. I’d never closed the curtains in my room at home and I wasn’t going to start when I got to university. I left them open, not caring if any students wanted to spy on me.

Undergraduates have a lot to cope with and learn during the first few weeks that they are there and I was pleased that I had got some new friends to help each other get through all the challenges. None of my flatmates are on the same maths course as me but we still had a lot of things to do that we could do together.

As we went around doing whatever, there were lots of ‘moment’ where my micro skirts blew up (it’s wind up north) or we had to go upstairs or we were sat on low sofas or seats waiting. I saw lots of boys looking at me (and my butt and pussy). I just acted like nothing was on display but my pussy said otherwise.

I did get quite a few guys trying to hit on me but I wasn’t interested. I wanted to get settled in and organised for my course. That was my main priority. I was sure that there would be plenty of time for some serious teasing and other such fun later.

**The medical examination**

**-----------------------------**

I got another thing to get done, three days after I arrived, when I got an email from admin. They told me that I had to go and have a medical exam, telling me that all new undergraduates had to have one; something about them knowing all about the people who they were responsible for.

The university has a medical college and the appointment was in there. I took my thong off (they were for in and around my room only; and I hoped to discard them soon and get the others used to me being bottomless, and topless); and put a skirt on and went searching for the medical college.

When I found it I discovered that the examinations were being carried out by third year medical students. Apparently the professors trust them enough to do those routine tasks.

I was asked if I minded being examined by male medical students.

Of course it didn’t bother me and I told the receptionist that as long as they were competent to do the job they could be aliens for all I cared.

The 2 medical students were both quite cute and I could see that I was going to enjoy the experience. They tried to relax me (not necessary but nice) with chat and when I told them that I hadn’t been to see my doctor at home since I was 5; that there had never been a reason to so I hadn’t a clue what to expect during the examination, I could see their eyes light up. It was like I was telling them that they could do anything that they wanted to me and I wouldn’t know if it was necessary or not.

I thought that I’d get it off to a good start and I said,

“I suppose that these examinations are done with the patient in the nude.”

That surprised them a bit and after a bit of throat clearing one of them said that it was but I could wear a medical gown if I wanted to. He then asked me to get undressed and gave me a gown.

They both watched me as I got naked in seconds. It was clear to me that they liked what they saw. I picked up the gown, opened it up, laughed and then put it back on the table saying,

“Silly thing; it’s not worth putting on.”

One of them laughed a little then invited me to sit down. The other one started asking me all sorts of questions, some of which I couldn’t understand the relevance.

At one point I had to get up and let them measure my height and weight. When they looked at the numbers they both laughed and told me that according to the BMI figures I was over-weight. I looked down at my skinny body and tiny traffic cone tits and laughed as well then said,

“Well that really does inspire confidence in the system doesn’t it?”

More questions followed then they started getting more personal. Well I suppose that everything was personal but they asked me about sexually related things; the first being about how regular my periods were and if I thought that they were excessively heavy or painful.

“No, I’m very regular and they never really hurt me and are over in a couple of days.” I replied.

“Are you a virgin?”

I laughed and told the truth.

“At what age did you first have sexual intercourse?”

“Thirteen, with my maths teacher.”

That answer got the student who was writing the answers down to look up at me for a second.

“Are you sexually active now?”

I thought about Mr Brown then said,

“Not as often as I’d like to be.”

That caused 4 raised eyebrows and 2 smiles.

“Have you had anal sex?”

“Yes.”

“Have you had oral sex?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like corporal punishment?”

That one surprised me and I replied,

“I like the idea but I’ve never tried it; well not seriously.”

“Do you use sex toys?”

Surprised again but I said,

“Yes, the bigger the better.”

“Do you like the idea of being naked in public places?”

Again I was surprised but answered with the truth.

“Have you been naked in public in the last 5 years?”

Again I told the truth, giving them a brief summary of the fun at the carnivals (see the full version of Part 1).

At that point I noticed that the student who was asking the questions and writing the answers down has stopped writing. I guessed that he was making it up but I didn’t care; I’m not ashamed of anything that I’ve done and now that I was away from home and family and relatives I didn’t care who knew. Also, I wondered if I could embarrass them and maybe get some sort of advantage out what they were doing.

I thought that it may be fun to pretend that I needed a pee so I asked if there was a toilet that I could use.

“Yes, of course, and you can save some time by putting some urine in this bottle for me;” one of the guys said, “we need a sample for testing for drugs and other things. There’s toilet just down the corridor on the left. There won’t be anyone around to see you but you can wear that hospital gown if you wish Jordan.”

I stood up and picked up little bottle, saying,

“No, that won’t be necessary but I’ll have to be careful filling this, I don’t want to pee all over the ceiling.”

Stupid thing to say but I was starting to enjoy my medical examination and I wanted to have some fun. I turned and walked out of the room knowing that the 2 guys were watching my bare butt as I walked.

I left the door open and stood just out of sight for a few seconds wondering if they were going to talk about me. They did,

“We’ve got lucky here bro, who would have thought that a skinny kid like that would be a nympho?”

“Yeah, shame about the tiny tits.”

“I like them like that.”

“Those hard nipples look very chewable.”

“I wonder if she fucks as good as she talks. She can certainly talk-the-talk, I hope that she can walk-the-walk as well.

“She certainly looks like she can; and that skirt and no knickers; I hope that I bump into her around campus.”

“You don’t think that she’s making it all up do you?”

“No, you’ve just got to look at the way she dresses; she’s a girl who knows how to party.”

I quickly tip-toed down to the toilet and peed into the bottle.

One of the students was fiddling with his phone when I went back into the room and sat down, leaving my knees apart and lounging back in the chair.

“Have you had sex with a woman?”

“Not solely with a woman.” I correctly answered.

“So have you had sex with more than one person at the same time?”

“Yes.”

“How many people?”

I paused then mouthed a count. I stopped and said,

“Eighteen.”

“Was that a gang-bang?”

“Yes, I suppose it was.”

“Do you always practise safe sex?”

“Well no, but I’m not sure what you mean. If you mean does anyone who I have sex with every get hurt then yes they do. There was this one time when I went to a school football match, it wasn’t really sex but it would have been if things had gone as they were supposed to, you see we, me and 2 friends, were supporting our team and we were naked and running up and down the side of the pitch cheering on our team when of the boys from the other team told me that he was going to fuck my brains out. One of our team heard and a big fight started and 3 boys ended up in hospital.

Then there was my teachers, 2 of them hurt me. One spanked my butt as he was fucking me doggy style and the other spanked my pussy when he was ramming his cock down my throat. They both really hurt me.”

“Well Jordan that wasn’t what I meant, do you always get the man to wear a condom?”

“No need; I went on the pill when I was 13.”

Then one of them told me that the questions were over and that we had to move on to the physical. Those questions had gone on for ever but I had quiet enjoyed answering them; especially once I’d realised that they were getting me to tell them things that they didn’t need to know.

One of the students asked me if I minded if he videoed the physical examination for medical training purposes. I knew what he was up to but it sounded like fun. The videos of me winning the dance competition at the carnival that first year were probably all over the internet so another one from a medical examination didn’t bother me at all.

“Yeah sure, no problem but can I ask that you email me a copy please?”

“Oh yes, certainly, I can’t see any reason why not, after all, it is your body.”

“Yeah, and it’s what you are going to do to it that I’m interested in.”

I fully realised that I had virtually told them I knew what they were probably going to do to me and that they were probably going to put the videos on the internet; and that it was okay with me.

“Oh, please be assured that these videos are for medical training purposes only Jordan.”

“Yeah right,” I thought, “like I believe that.”

I was asked to stand up and move over to an open space where they got me to do all sorts of bending and stretching exercises. They seemed to linger on ones where my pussy was spread wide. The guy with the camera always seemed to be moving to where he’d got the best view of my butt and pussy.

I was already dripping from all the questions but spreading my pussy for them like that got me so wet that I was thirsty.

After that I was asked to get on the examination couch and lie on my stomach.

One of the guys then examined all of my back with his fingers. When he got to my butt and his fingers went between my legs I let out a long moan. I just knew that he’d discovered how wet I was.

Then I was asked to turn over. As I did I thought that best bits of the examination were about to start.

The other student’s fingers started feeling all around my head and neck. My nipples and my clit were starting to hurt.

Then he went passed my tits and examined the bottom half of my ribs and stomach down to my pubes. Was he teasing me, making me wait for my pleasure?

He pressed on my stomach in a few places and asked if it hurt. It didn’t and when I answered I realised that my voice sounded sexy.

The hands finally found my little tits and I was soon moaning as he squeezed, poked and pulled my tiny tits and nipples.

“Jordan, I’m sure that you know that your breasts are not the same shape as the majority of women’s are. Let me assure you that you are definitely not some sort of freak; thousands of women have breasts like yours; many women have no breasts at all. Have you ever worried about your breasts?”

Thankfully he’d stopped massaging them before he said that and I managed to coherently replied,

“No, I like them as they are, they make me look younger. My brother calls them my ‘traffic cones’.”

“Oh, I’ve never heard of breasts being called that before, but I can see how he got that idea.”

The massaging started again and I felt my arousal level rise. If he kept that up for much longer they’d be able to watch me cum.

Maybe he had realised what he was doing and was just teasing me because he kept going until I was soo close; then he stopped. Maybe he recognised the change in my breathing.

I heard noises of metal banging together then one of them said,

“Jordan, please can you lift your feet and put them in the stirrups for me?”

I looked down to my feet and saw that the stirrups had appeared. Getting another wet rush, I spread my legs and lifted my feet.

“Can you shuffle down a bit please Jordan; it will make things easier for all of us.”

I did, going so far down that my knees were over my hips, but no further; I wanted my head to still be on the raise part of the couch so that I could watch what they were doing to me.

“Thank you Jordan, that’s much better. I’m going to start examining you down there so you’ll feel my fingers; please don’t be alarmed.”

I really did want to say,

“Shut the fuck up and get on with it.” but I didn’t.

Instead, I moaned at the first touch of his fingers.

I orgasmed before he’d even touched my clit or my vagina.

“Don’t worry Jordan; it’s perfectly natural for a woman to react like that.” I heard as I started to calm down. I opened my eyes and saw the phone that one of the students was holding and pointing down to my pussy.

“Is it okay to continue now Jordan?”

I nodded and gasped as fingers touched my clit and moved it around. I had a mini orgasm but managed to keep my body still.

“You’ll be pleased to hear that everything looks quite normal on the outside Jordan. I’m just going to insert this speculum into you vagina so that I can spread it apart and check that everything is okay inside. Don’t worry, it won’t hurt.”

I wasn’t worried; I’d seen pictures of one of those things and I really wanted one inside me. I wanted to be stretched so wide that I could put my fist in there.

“Err, can I ask that you get a close-up video of the inside of me please; I want to see what I look like in there.”

“Of course Jordan, that’s no problem.”

By then my eyes were glued to the speculum. I couldn’t see it actually going in but I could feel it; and after lots of it had disappeared I watched as the knob was turned and I felt myself being stretched.

Oh, that was soo nice.

Both students took it in turns to lower their heads so that they could get a good look; one of them holding the phone so close that I couldn’t see it.

“Could one of you touch my clit so that you can video inside me whilst I cum please?” I asked.

The student holding the phone looked up at my face smiled and the other guy’s hand moved in.

Twenty seconds later my hands went to the sides of the couch and I held on tight as another orgasm rippled through me.

As the waves subsided I said,

“That was fucking good; did you get it all on video?”

“Yes Jordan we did, it will make excellent training material.”

“Fuck the training,” I thought, “I want the videos so that I can drive my boyfriend (when I get one) wild.”

“Okay Jordan,” one of the students said as he removed the speculum; “we just need to check your sexual responsiveness. Can you masturbate for us please?”

I looked up at them, smiled and my left hand went to my tiny tits and my right hand went to my pussy.

“Keep that camera rolling.” I said as my fingers got busy.

Just as I was getting close, I stopped and waited.

“Can’t you reach an orgasm Jordan?”

“Of course I can, it’s just that it’s better if I take a break then start again.”

“Hmm, I’ve never heard that before.”

My hands got busy again, but my left hand moved down and started finger fucking me. Then I stopped again.

“Can one of you do it please? It’ll be so much stronger when a man does it?”

I pulled both my hands away and 2 male hands moved in. As they got into a nice rhythm I said,

“You’ve had practise haven’t you?”

Neither of them answered and 10 seconds later it hit me like a train. My body arched up and went still for a second then I was jerking and spasming all over the couch. What’s more, I was getting a bit loud.

When I finally calmed down I looked at the 2 students and said,

“That was awesome; did you get it all on video?”

 “Good; now put that phone down and fuck me please.”

They did, one fucking my pussy and the other my mouth. After I’d had another orgasm I told them to swap ends and keep going until they had cum.

When they were both done I lay there for a while then got up. As I put my skirt and top on I said,

“Gentlemen; I may not have had any contact with a proper doctor since I was a little kid but I do know that what you’ve done to me this morning had nothing to do with any university requirements. I’m pretty sure that I could get you both into a lot of trouble if I told anyone about this. Please can you write your names and mobile numbers on a piece of paper; I may just want some help from you at some point…. And, you WILL email the videos won’t you?”

As they gave me their names and numbers I picked up the pen and wrote 2 girls names on it.

“These are the names of my flatmates. Can you arrange for them to have the same medical exam please?”

We were all grinning as I walked out of the door and back to my room.

A few days later, Mia came up to me and asked how my medical examination had gone.

“Okay, that was my first ever medical so I didn’t know what to expect.”

“Oh, was yours with 2 male medical students as well Jordan?”

“Yes.”

“Did they ask you any questions about your sex life?”

“Yes, weren’t they supposed to?”

Mia was a bit flushed and I guessed that she’d had the same treatment as I had.

“Did they make you, you know, cum Jordan?”

“Yes, weren’t they supposed to?”

“Well it’s not normal, well in my experience that is.”

“So they made you cum in front of them Mia, did they fuck you as well?”

“Err yes, they did.”

“And they got you to give them a blowjob as well Mia?”

“Err yes, they did.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

By that time Mia’s face was bright red.

“Yes I did.”

So what’s the problem, don’t you normally enjoy it when you get fucked?”

Olivia joined us and asked what we were talking about. Mia was reluctant to tell Olivia so I said,

“Mia’s been for her medical and she ended up fucking the 2 medical students.”

“Oh, so it isn’t just me then.” Olivia said.

“They were bloody good when they fucked me as well.” I added.

The conversation subject changed.

That conversation with Mia made me think, her tone and answers made me wonder if she was a bit submissive. I’d never thought about it before but I started having visions of telling Mia to flash her tits and pussy to people and that she’d actually do it.

**Living naked**

**---------------**

Note quite, but after about a week I was sat in the lounge area browsing the internet on my laptop and talking to the others. I kept spotting the 3 guys all trying to look under the laptop to see if I was wearing a thong. I was, but the elastic was flesh coloured so it wasn’t that obvious.

After a while I got a bit sick of them trying to ‘accidentally’ drop something and bend to pick it up and things like that, so I said,

“Guys, stop being so immature, if you want to see me naked and get a good look at my pussy all you have to do is ask; it’s not a big deal. Does anyone want to look at it now?

None of the 3 said anything but Ben nodded his head.

I put the laptop beside me, stood up, pulled my top off then the thong; then I said,

“Okay, I’m naked, who wants a closer look?”

None of them answered so I walked over to Ben, pushed him back onto the sofa, pulled him round so that he was flat on his back then straddled his head.

“Have good look Ben.” I said.

After a few seconds I got off him, pulled him up then walked over to Lucas and did the same. When I got off Lucas, Caleb was flat on his back on the floor waiting hopefully.

All the time Mia and Olivia were just sat there watching with looks of amazement on their faces.

I looked at Caleb and felt my pussy get wetter. I straddled Caleb and squat down on his face. I pressed down on Caleb’s face and nearly had an orgasm.

I got off and went back to my laptop, not bothering to get dressed.

“Right guys, no more sneaky looks, if you want to see me up close and personal again, just ask; okay?”

None of the guys spoke, they just stared at me in shock. Mia said,

“Fuck Jordan, that was awesome. I could never have done that.”

“Me neither.” Olivia added.

After a while, Ben said,

“So are you going to stay like that Jordan?”

“Like what?”

“Naked.”

“Do you want me to?”

“Fuck yes.” The 3 of them said, almost at the same time.

“Okay.”

“Are you really going to be naked all the time Jordan?” Olivia asked.

“Yeah, why not? I only started wearing a thongs cos I didn’t want to risk upsetting anyone, and as for the top, it isn’t as if I’ve got much to hide is it?”

No one disagreed and that was the start of me being naked in our flat about 99% of the time.

If I was feeling horny when I got back to our flat I’d sometimes put my little Bullet in and leave it switched on, on low all evening. Sometimes, if I was in the right mood, I’d actually cum while I was sat out in the lounge area with some of the others around. Only once did one of them (Caleb) realise, and he just gave me that knowing smile.

One thing that I quickly noticed was that the boys started getting lots of visits from other boys. They pretended that they were there for all sorts of stupid reasons but I knew the truth; and I didn’t care; in fact I enjoyed the extra attention that I was getting.

**The videos**

**-------------**

Later that evening I was alone in the flat, the others having gone to the pub. I was sat on one of the sofas with my laptop in the place that its name implies when I received an email. When I opened it I saw that there were 12 attachments, all videos. The message read: -

*Jordan,*

*Thank you for your valuable contribution to medical science; your medical records have been updated accordingly. Also, thank you for recommending your 2 flatmates who both gave valuable contributions as well.*

*Please find attached the videos of your session as promised. I have also attached the videos that were made of your flatmates. They didn’t ask for them but if they later decide that they wished that they had then you will be able help them.*

*If you know of any other undergraduate females who haven’t yet had their examinations please let me have their names and I will arrange for Simon and myself to give them.*

*Also, if you are not feeling well at any time or think that you need a consultation or examination or even relief from any sort of tension; please do not hesitate to contact me.*

*Kindest regards,*

*Pete.*

I saved all the attachments to a new folder then opened the one named Jordan1.

There I was, naked and sat at a chair, the camera was just above knee height and my knees and stomach were well focused. As I listened to myself answering those question I worked out that the camera must have been attached to the underside of the desk top. It must have been very small because I hadn’t noticed it; possibly because I had other things on my mind.

The thing was, and I hadn’t realised it at the time, I’d kept opening and closing my knees. The video kept showing flashes of my pubes and the front of my slit.

I watched the whole video, laughing at both questions and answers.

The second video was of me doing all the bending and stretching. I didn’t find that all that interesting.

The third video was taken from up high somewhere beyond the bottom of the examination. It was hi-res and looked down with my pussy in the centre of the screen. About half of the video was of the backs of the med students.

The 4th video was the most interesting, it was the one that one that the med students took on his phone camera. It has really close-up shots of my pussy, outside and inside. I could clearly see my cervix and it moving about as I orgasmed. It was amazing seeing the building amounts of my pussy juices.

I was looking at that video when Caleb came in to the room. I’d sort of seen him but I’d ignored him saying hello. I didn’t see him walk behind me and look down over my shoulder.

“Is that a pussy?”

“Yeah.”

“I thought that you were doing maths not biology.”

The video ended then.

“I am; I’m just doing some research.”

“Maybe I should do the same research; hey, are all those attachments of pussies; and what’s that about ‘your valuable contribution’?”

I slammed the laptop lid shut and said,

“Nothing to do with you Caleb.”

“Go on Jordan; let me look; I won’t tell anyone.”

Watching those videos had got me a bit horny and on an impulse I opened the laptop. As the screen burst into life Caleb came round the sofa and sat next to me. He leaned over to me and I turned my laptop a bit so that he could see better. Caleb read the email.

“Fucking hell Jordan, what have you done?”

“Nothing.”

“Just what was ‘your valuable contribution’? Come on open that first video.”

“What the fuck.” I thought and clicked on the attachment.

We both sat there watching me get undressed the answering all those questions. When it ended Caleb said,

“Eighteen! Fucking hell Jordan, you got gang-banged by 18 blokes? When you were 13!”

“Well yeah, it was fun.”

“And how many teachers fucked you?”

“Four.” I confessed.

“Fucking hell Jordan, I feel like a total amateur compared to you. You really know how to party.”

We both watched the other 3 videos of me in virtual silence. I looked at his trousers a few times and could tell that he was enjoying them. At the end of the last one Caleb said,

“Fucking hell; and you knew that it was a set-up?”

“Not to start off with.”

“Wow! And those other videos?”

“Mia and Olivia I think, I haven’t looked at them yet.”

“Can you forward that email to me please?”

“No.”

“Go on, you know that you want me to see them.”

“Fuck off.”

Caleb then started tickling me telling me that he’d stop if I agreed to forward the email.

I never agreed but Caleb did stop tickling me because we started kissing. Within a minute I was leading him to my room by one hand, the other carrying my laptop. We spent the whole night fucking and eventually sleeping.

In the morning when I woke up, Caleb was standing at my window looking out. When he realised that I was awake he said,

“You can see right into the rooms over in that block; and if I can see into them, they can see into this room.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“And you don’t wear clothes in here do you?”

“Nope.”

“Prick teaser.”

“Yep!”

I got up and we went and put the kettle on.

About 3 weeks later when I was looking out of my window and the sun was shining on a window opposite, I saw a telescope pointed my way. I decided to ignore it and not change my habits.

**House rules**

**--------------**

We had the first ‘house meeting’ the day after all 6 of us had arrived. It was only to agree the boring basics, but after Caleb spent the night in my bed I had told him not to get any ideas, spending the night was a one-off and that I just wanted to be good friends; and maybe, occasionally, friends with benefits.

I also decided that it might be a good idea for all of us to set a couple of rules about sex between flatmates. The following evening when everyone was there, I got everyone’s attention and then said,

“Right everyone, I’m guessing that all of you know that Caleb spent the night in my room; and yes, we did fuck; and no we are not an ‘item’; it was a one-off.

What I just want to say, well ask, is that, can we agree that if anyone of us has sex with another one of us it will not cause any problems between us. We all have ‘needs’ and I’d like to think that sex ‘happens’ and that we’re all mature enough to accept it and continue the same way as we do now. What do you think guys?”

Mia seemed a little shocked by what I’d said, but all the others agreed.

One thing that was different after that meeting, but I didn’t mind, was that if Caleb was standing or sitting close to me for any reason, he would occasionally gently squeeze my butt or sometimes one of my tits. As I say, I didn’t mind a bit; in fact I often got a little wet rush when he did it.

Since that meeting I had ‘friends with benefits’ nights with all 3 guys a few times. Well, I miss my extra education lessons with my school teachers.

**Mia**

**----**

I hadn’t watched the videos of Mia and Olivia having their medical examination but Caleb kept asking me to forward the email to him, So far I haven’t. One evening when I was too knackered to go out with the others, I decided to look at them and was watching and listening to Mia’s question and answer session when Mia came back.

She heard her own voice and asked me what I was watching. I didn’t need to answer because she quickly realised where she’d been when she was saying what she could hear herself saying.

At first she was annoyed but I easily managed to convince her that the video was for medical research purposes and that it had been sent to me by mistake.

Mia then asked me to promise that I wouldn’t let anyone else see it. It was as she was asking me to promise that I remembered our previous conversation about medical examinations where she’d given me the impression that she was a bit submissive.

I decided to try something.

“Mia, I’ll promise not to let anyone else see the videos if you’ll do something for me.”

“What; and you just said videos; are there more?”

I clicked on the 4th Mia video and dragged the place marker to about half way through.

“Oh my gawd; oh may gawd! Stop it please, stop it.”

I did and looked at her. She went all quiet, obviously deep in thought for a few seconds then she said,

“Jordan, please don’t show that to anyone, I’ll do anything that you want; anything.”

“Mia, it’s not a big deal, you were only getting fucked; we all do it, you said that you’ve done it.”

“Well yes, I have but that was different.”

“Of course it was different; it’s different every time but it’s still fucking. Anyway, I think that you should show your videos to the guys.”

“No, no, I can’t.”

“Yes you can, it’s easy. Tell you what, I’ll show them mine if you show them yours.”

“No, no, what would they think of me?”

“Hey Mia, look at me; I’m naked, totally naked. Do you see the guys treating me any differently than you?”

“Well no but…. I can’t ………. can I?”

“Mia, you can, you want to and you’re going to. Yes?”

“Well… maybe.”

“Come on Mia; admit it, you want to show them and you’re going to show them. Tomorrow night, I’ll get everyone to stay in and we’ll have a little, private showing.”

“Well I suppose it would be exciting for them all to see me without my clothes on.”

“Of course it will, I get turned-on every time that I see someone looking at me when I’m like this; don’t you? Right then; it’s settled; I’ll organise it, you just have to be here tomorrow night at 7 pm. And don’t you dare chicken out.”

Mia went to her room and probably didn’t get much sleep. I couldn’t make up my mind if she’d worry all night or masturbate all night.

The next morning I told all the others to be back by 7 pm because there was going to be a showing of some ‘personal’ videos. Of course the guys were up for it assuming that it was porn videos but Olivia wasn’t that keen on the idea. She too made the same assumption and said that she wasn’t that interested in porn.

I told her that it wasn’t porn and that they were educational videos that I guaranteed she would find ‘interesting’. Olivia relented and promised to be back in time.

Mia emerged after most of the others had left for classes or whatever.

I put some clothes on and walked out with Caleb. He asked me if they were medical examination videos. I confirmed that they were but wouldn’t say anymore. I also asked him if he knew where he could borrow one of those projectors that you can connect to a PC.

Caleb smiled and said that he probably could get one.

That evening, 6 of us were there by 5:30 pm; Mia being the missing one.

After some beans on toast Caleb setup the projector and send a uni promotional video to the wall to check things out. I went and copied all 12 videos on to a memory stick.

At 6:45 the 3 guys from the neighbouring flat arrived ‘to see their mates’. At least one of the guys must have told them about the show.

It wasn’t unusual for some of the guy’s friends to come over and they were used to seeing me naked. Quite a few other students in the building were as well as I’d stopped putting any clothes on to go to the laundry or the common room.

At 6:55 Mia arrived, looking slightly happy. She had a bottle of vodka in her hand.

Thankfully she wasn’t pissed because she tried to talk me out of showing the videos of her and just show the ones of me.

“Hi guys,” Mia said to our neighbours; “what are you lot doing here?”

“We’ve come to see you and Jordan.”

“Okay, you know that I don’t want you to see the videos of me don’t you?”

“Yes you do Mia.” I said as I led her to a sofa and sat her between Caleb and Lucas; then double clicked on ‘Mia 1’.

My original idea was to show the 4 videos of me then show the ones of Mia but because she’d had a couple of drinks, her inhibitions would be lowered so I decided to show the ones of Mia first.

“Hey, that’s me. I thought ………”

Mia started to say, but stopped at she realised that what she feared, but actually wanted, had started to unfold.

Of cause there was excitement from the guys as they realised what they were seeing; after all, they too had been for medical examinations, but not like the one that us girls had had.

“Fucking hell Jordan;” Olivia said, “Where did you get that? I didn’t even know that they were recording those sessions…… You haven’t got the video of mine have you?”

“I don’t care if you’ve got the one from mine; it was boring.” Lucas said before I could answer Olivia.

“Don’t worry Olivia.” I replied, “You haven’t got anything to worry about. I won’t show them; unless of course you want me to.”

Olivia didn’t answer me; she too had got engrossed in watching Mia getting undressed on the wall. Meanwhile, Mia’s face was getting red.

If Mia was telling the truth at her examination, she’d had quite a bit of fun before she came to university; in the examination she said she’d: -

Had quite an active sex life

Had oral sex

Had anal sex

Been spanked a few times

Masturbated with quite a few sex toys

Had sex with another girl

Was on the pill

Streaked in the school playground

Been to a nudist beach

I was sure that everyone’s eyes had been opened about Mia. I know mine had. Another thing that I noticed was that when Mia got undressed she sat with her legs crossed but as the questions went on she uncrossed them and even spread her knees a bit. It was like she was enjoying answering questions like that.

As the first video ended I double clicked on the second one then looked at Mia. Her face was red and she was squirming in her seat.

“Kinell,” I thought, “she’s enjoying this.”

Meanwhile, the guys were saying some rude and some nice things to Mia.

There were a few more comments about her tits bouncing up and down as she was told to do jumping jacks.

As I started the third video Olivia said,

“Wow Mia, you’re a dark horse. I knew that Jordan liked to enjoy herself but I didn’t expect you to have done those things; good for you girl.”

I looked over to Olivia as she was speaking and saw that she’d got Mia’s bottle of vodka in her hand. It had a lot less in it than it had when Mia had brought it in.

Then I looked back to Mia, she was still squirming but her eyes looked like she was far away.

Back on the wall, Mia was getting groped, poked and prodded by the 2 med students. When they started fucking her I looked back to Mia; her knees were open and her hips were thrusting up and down in time with those in the video.

Looking round, some of the guys were adjusting the fronts of their trousers and Olivia was licking her lips and looking at the guys.

I quickly started the 4th video and there were quite a few comments as the camera got so close that everyone could see her cervix. Mia’s hand went to her pussy as the Mia on the wall was masturbating for the med students; she (the real time one) looked like she was about to cum.

The were a few seconds silence as the 4th video finished then one of the guys said,

“Come on Mia, let’s see the real thing.”

Mia shook her head sideways.

“Go on.” Another guy said.

“Mia,” I said, “come on, you know that you want to; you’ve got to be creaming your pants after watching that.”

Mia did nothing until I raised my voice and said,

“MIA!”

Mia slowly stood up and her hands went to her top. The well-known ‘stripper theme tune’ started playing on one of the guy’s phones and Mia started swaying as she started stripping.

Once naked, Mia continued swaying, with the fingers of her right hand rubbing her pussy, until the music stopped. The guys kept cheering her on, telling her to keep going. She looked over to me; I smiled and nodded my head. Her fingers started rubbing again and everything went silent as her breathing got heavier and heavier and her moans got louder and louder until her orgasm finally hit her.

Mia didn’t look like she knew what to do next so I stood up and went and gave her a big hug, whispering to her,

“That was awesome Mia, I’m so proud of you; aren’t you glad that you did it?”

She didn’t answer me but I’m sure that I felt her head go up and down.

I let go of her and I was going to take her to where I had been sat but she plonked herself down where she had been; in between 2 of the guys; and she sat with legs uncrossed and her hands on her thighs.

I suddenly thought,

“She’s enjoying this.”

Sitting down again, I double-clicked on Jordan 1 and everyone went quiet.

As the video played I heard a few comments: -

“13!”

“I wanna be a teacher.”

“Fucking hell, I’ve gotta go to that carnival.”

“**18**! Fucking hell, that’s like us guys 3 times.”

All the time I was getting wetter and wetter.

I went straight into the second, third and fourth videos; and when the last one ended one of the guys said,

“Well Jordan, I was going to ask you to get up and strip like Mia did but since you’re already naked how about just dancing for us, like you said you did at that carnival?”

“I thought that you were never going to ask guys.” I said as I got up and the same music started.

I slowly danced and gyrated my hips, thrusting my pussy forward at the appropriate time. I was getting more and more worked up and I couldn’t really stop my hands going to my pussy as I danced.

Yes, I did make myself cum in front of my flatmates and some of our neighbours; and it felt fucking awesome.

“So did you get some videos of Olivia Jordan?” One of the guys asked as I slowly got back to normal.

“Yes I did, but I haven’t looked at them and I don’t know if Olivia would want us to.” I replied.

“Go on Oli.” One of the guys said.

“Come on Olivia, it’s only fair, we’ve seen Mia and Jordan. It’s your turn now.” Another said.

“Yes Olivia, we need to see them and you need to let us; it’s your duty.”

“What!” I thought but I didn’t say anything.

The guys kept badgering Olivia until she finally agreed. I wondered how much the vodka had contributed to her decision, but hey, it was only videos; it wasn’t like they were trying to get her to agree to a gang-bang.

As I double-clicked on Olivia1, Ben got up and got Olivia to take his seat at the front, next to the still naked Mia.

Wow, it turned out that Olivia isn’t the quiet studious type that she looks like. She’s been around the block a few times as well (assuming that her answers were truthful). She has ‘C’ cup tits and the guys loved to see them bounce about. She never once tried to cover herself and when she was on the couch I’m sure that she orgasmed when the med students were mauling her tits.

She certainly looked like she was enjoying herself when she was being fucked and deep-throated by the other student and afterwards she frigged herself to an orgasm in near record time.

When the 4th video finally finished Olivia actually had a big grin on her face; like she was proud of those videos. I know that I was proud of mine; I’d already backed them up, just in case.

Olivia didn’t need any prompting from the guys to get up and strip either; she was loving every second of it. She even masturbated for the guys without being asked.

There were now 3 naked girls in our flat and all 3 had recently orgasmed. The guys were obviously happy as they all clambered around us. Someone went and got a load of beer and an impromptu party got underway; about 6 or 7 guys and 3 naked girls.

I know that I took 3 of the guys to my room at different times and both Mia and Olivia disappeared a few times. I have to say that it was a real turn-on for me standing around talking to the guys whilst I was naked and they were all trying to hit on me (Olivia and Mia as well). I was like a kid in a sweet shop trying to decide which sweets to buy.

Both Olivia and Mia were less reserved after that night and they frequently wandered around the flat in bra and knickers; and often in less.

Word must have got around the campus because the 3 of us got lots of invites to parties. I always ended-up naked, often fucking one or more of the guys there; and both Mia and Olivia sometime got naked and maybe got fucked. Quite a few other girls ended up naked as well. It was as if some girls went to the parties just to get naked and fucked; how strange (not).

**Art classes**

**-------------**

About 3 weeks after our courses started, part-time jobs started appearing on the student’s notice board outside the student union office. One that caught my attention was for models for the art department.

My mind immediately imagined me being stark naked in front of a group of horny, male art students with my fingers eagerly making myself cum so that they could capture my expressions of pleasure.

It didn’t quite turn out like that, but it did get me some extra money.

The first session that I went to was quite boring and disappointing. Yes there was about 8 or 9 male students there but none of them were cute; and okay I had to pose with my legs open but my mind was on the aching of limbs that I had to hold in the air for so long.

The second session was ‘different’. The teacher told me that he wanted me to have an expression of nervous anticipation. When I asked him exactly what he meant by that he said,

“Imaging you and lying on your back naked and someone is moving a lighted candle above you and dripping hot wax down onto your sensitive parts.”

I got what he meant straight away but, as I told him, I didn’t think that I could easily fake it. Then I asked him if he had any candles.

The end result was that I did get hot candle wax dripped on my pussy and tits although I did get more around my tits that on them. The teachers had trouble hitting his target. It hurt like hell when the hot wax landed on my pussy so the expressions went from nervous anticipation to pain and back each time a drip landed.

I was in a reclined position so that the students could see my face and thankfully didn’t get the wax dripped on me for all of the hour, I managed to fake the expression after a while but the teacher was watching me all the time and whenever he thought that my expression was fading he would light the candle and drip some more on me.

It was a good job that the students weren’t supposed to draw my pussy because, by the end of the hour, it looked nothing like my pussy. It was a good job that I keep everything very bald down there.

The third time that I went it went similar to the first session. At the end I went over to the art teacher (still naked) and asked if he needed me the following week. As I stood there talking to him I was stretching my legs and arms trying to get the muscles working properly again.

I was stood next to him and looking at his diary while he checked.

“Ah yes please Jordan, we’ve got a double next week, 2 models next to each other in different poses. I’ve got one model booked so it would be great if you could take the other slot.”

Just then one of the students called him and he went over to see what the problem was.

While I was waiting for him to come back I had a naughty thought. I grabbed a bit of paper and a pen and wrote down the model’s name and number. With the piece of paper screwed-up in my hand I waited for him to return then confirmed the booking.

When I got back to our flat I got talking with Olivia and Mia and told them that it would be great if one of them could come with me to keep me company.

Nothing else was said about it until the day before my modelling session. Firstly, I phoned the other model and offered her the money that she would have got if she met me outside the building 10 minutes before the start of the class where I’d give her the money; then she’d phone the teacher and tell him that something had come up and she couldn’t make it. She was happy with that.

Part 1 completed.

Secondly I went to see Mia and asked her if she would come to the art class to keep me company. After a bit of persuasion she agreed.

Mia and I left in plenty of time to get to the class on time.

Thankfully there was only 1 girl hanging around the entrance to the building.

“Hi, I’m Jordan, is this still okay?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, here’s the money, please remember to make the call.”

“Will do.”

Mia tried to get me to tell her what that was all about as we walked in but I managed to put off answering and we arrived at the class.

I said hello to the teacher, introduced Mia and asked if she could sit at the back and wait for me. Just after he said that it was okay, his phone rang and after a short conversation he called for the attention of the whole class then apologised saying that there would only one model because the other one had just cancelled.

“Excuse me,” I said, “I have a solution to the problem if it’s okay with you, my friend here would be quite happy to stand-in; if it would help that is.”

Turning to Mia, who had a look of horror on her face, I said,

“Mia, you wouldn’t mind helping us out would you?”

If looks could kill, I was dead. She opened her mouth and started to say something,

“I….”

But I interrupted and said,

“Yes, you’d love to, wouldn’t you?”

Mia’s looks could still have killed me but in a very quiet voice she said,

“Yes, yes I would.”

The teacher thanked her then asked us to get undressed. As we were doing so, Mia whispered that she WAS going to kill me.

For the next hour or so, one very embarrassed Mia posed with her legs wide enough apart for the students to draw her pussy in glorious detail. From where I was I could see that she was actually enjoying the experience; her pussy got all swollen and wet. I smiled to myself wondering how many of the students had noticed.

When the time was up Mia couldn’t get dressed fast enough. The teacher tried to book both of us for the following week but Mia said that she already had an appointment that afternoon.

On the way back to our flat I dragged Mia into the student’s bar and bought her a drink. I talked to her all the time and managed to calm her down, then to admit that she’d actually enjoyed it. When she finally did, I asked her if it was okay for me book another session for her. Her response was,

“Maybe.”

**The strip club**

**----------------**

This job wasn’t up on the student’s notice board. When I was out shopping one day I walked passed a club and there was a notice say that they were looking for strippers. Of course that caught my eye, and got me a bit wet.

I knocked on the door and a cleaning lady opened it and asked me what I wanted. I told her and she let me in and took me to an office.

When I told the man that I was interested in the stripper’s job he looked me up and down (again) and told me that I didn’t have the attributes for the job. I knew just what he was talking about and I’d sort of been prepared for it.

“Just because I haven’t got big tits doesn’t mean that I can’t get the customer’s hard and wanting to fuck me.” I said. “Not all men like big tits, and a lot who say that they do don’t, and they actually prefer small tits. Give me a try and if you don’t think that I’ve done good then okay, tell me not to come back.”

“Well little lady, I’m guessing that you’re a student, and a very ballsy student at that, okay, put on a show for me and if I get hard you can have a slot tonight. How does that sound.”

“Sounds good to me but I haven’t exactly come prepared to strip.”

“You mean that you’re not wearing any underwear.”

“No.”

“Yeah, I can see that. Not a problem, it’s probably a good start, it tells me quite a bit about you; go out to the stage and I’ll put some music on. Do what you can and I’ll be able to tell if you’ve got what it takes.”

I was only wearing one of my micro, flippy skirts and a top that left little to the imagination but there was still plenty of scope to tease by bending a little and touching myself on the interesting bits as I danced and gyrated to the music; although it did seem a little strange being the only person dancing and stripping in a nearly empty club. I tried to imagine that I was back in my bedroom back at home when I used to practice stripping quite a lot.

As the music played I gave some quick and some slow flashes of my butt and pussy and massaged my little tits over my top before finally, slowly peeling my top up over my head, massaging my tiny tits and rolling and pulling my nipples.

Okay, the manager would have been able to see my pussy as I leaned back while dancing but I gave him the full monty as I slowly shimmied my skirt down my legs before kicking it away.

Then it was down onto my spread knees, thrusting my pussy forward while finger fucking myself.

The music stopped and the manager walked over and stood in front of me, but I kept going until the orgasm hit me and I screamed my head off.

“Hmm, quite impressive; you’ll need to have a finale like that every time if you’re going to make up for your lack of tits ……………. Okay be here at 9 pm tonight.

I got dressed and left, making sure that I knew where I was. I didn’t want to be late for my first night as a stripper.

I wasn’t late, and I’m pretty confident that I did well, basing that on the amount of tips that I got. I think that I got more than most of the other girls who just appeared to be going through the motions; some of them looking like they’d get more pleasure out working on a production line in a chocolate factory.

I guess that the manager agreed with me because he offered me a couple of slots every Friday and Saturday night. The only condition was that I had to have the same finale each time that I performed.

I have to say that stripping and masturbating in front of lots of unknown men who were there to see me do just that is a mammoth turn-on for me. There was absolutely no chance that I would have to fake the orgasms.

Sometimes, if I wasn’t in a sexy mood before I started, I’d put my bullet in before I started and let it change my mood.

Between my slots I’m expected to go out into the club and talk to the punters. The idea being that I get them to buy me drinks at ridiculous prices. The management gave me a short-see-through robe to wear for those times. I usually wear it open so that they can see, reasonably close-up, what they are going to see me play with later.

If I’m in the right mood, and the customer is cute, I’ll stand close to them while we’re talking and not stop his wandering hands. The lighting in bar area isn’t that bright so if I’m stood in the right place a hand can give me quite a bit of pleasure whilst I’m stood there. And without anyone seeing what the man is doing to me.

Stripping is a very lucrative part-time job for me. I was (still am) clearing an average of £500 per week. My bank balance now looks quite healthy, so much so that I had to do some research into the student loans repayments system and how I thought I could use the taxation system to my advantage when I leave university.

**My Professor**

**---------------**

My tutor (John) is 30 something; taller than me and I think that he’s cute.

For the first few lectures I was as good as a girl in a micro skirt and no knickers can be. I kept my knees together and did not deliberately flash him at all. I wanted to get to know what he’s like, and find out how difficult my course was.

Thankfully, John has a way of explaining things that make things easy for me to understand and I was finding things relatively easy.

Once things had settled down, I started relaxing and started paying very little attention to modesty. In fact I deliberately didn’t cross my legs or keep my knees closed and I stopped wearing a tank top under my see-through tops.

I often watched John’s eyes when I’d caught him looking up my skirt or at my chest but he was always the perfect professional and never once stared for too long, or said anything; so much so that I sometimes used to wonder if he was gay.

All that changed one Saturday night at the strip club. I was still on my spread knees, starting to come down from my orgasm, when I saw John stood right in front of me, staring down at my still pulsating pussy.

I had a quick panic attack and rushed through collecting the money that was on the floor around me and rushed off the stage.

Stupidly (not), I still decided to go and try to get some drinks bought for me, put my robe on and went out to the bar. I figured that I’d be able see John and keep out of his way.

Wrong!

Stood at the bar were 2 men talking (men in groups are often easier to manipulate because they like showing their macho side to their mates). I went over to them and introduced myself. After a few pleasantries, one of them offered me a drink and when he ordered it he added 3 beers.

At first I thought nothing of it, but a couple of minutes later my professor joined the group.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.” I thought as John said hello and told his 2 mates that I was one of his students.

To cut a long story short, after my second slot, the 4 of us went to one of their houses and I got gang-banged. It was my choice but at the same time I didn’t want to upset John and risk getting a revenge bad grade by refusing to go with them; having said that, I quite enjoyed it.

The next time that I saw John at the university he acted as if he had never seen me off campus but as he lectured the class I saw him looking at my legs a lot more often. Because I’d had a great time at his mate’s house, and because I still think that he’s cute, I opened my legs and let him look as often as he wished.

Nothing was said by either of us until about a week later when I received an email from him using a non-university email address. He thanked me for the good time and asked me if I was working on the Saturday night.

I replied saying that I was, and that I too had had a good time; and hoped that it could be repeated sometime.

I didn’t get a reply but on the next Saturday night John was there. After my first slot I mingled with the men getting drinks bought for me but I didn’t see John or his mates. I was beginning to think that I might just be getting a taxi back to the campus on my own.

During my second slot John was back, standing right in front of me. I was thinking about our gang-bang and had a strong orgasm during my finale as I stared straight at John’s eyes.

As I came out of the changing room to mingle, John was waiting for me and he led me straight to the bar.

“Where are your mates?” I asked.

“It’s just me this time Jordan; are you disappointed?”

“A little; the gang-bang was fun.”

“So are you up for a little one-on-one fun with me later?”

“Are you asking to fuck me John?”

“Yes Jordan, will you let me fuck you all night long?”

I opened my see-through robe so that he could get a better look at my naked front, put my hand on the front of his trousers and gently squeezed his hard cock and replied,

“What do you think big boy?”

In the next minute I’d got my clothes on and we were walking out of the club. We got a taxi to a flat not far from the university and after an hour or so of fucking John told me that it was his flat. He lived there during semester time after which he’d go back to his house, wife and kids down south.

We fucked again and again, and dawn was breaking when I finally got to sleep.

Over coffee, sometime around noon, John asked me if I’d submitted to the gang-bang request just because he was my tutor, or for the fear of him telling the other students that I was working as a stripper.

I had a quick laugh then told him not to worry because I had done it of my own free will; and I’d enjoyed it. As for telling other students; I told him that I didn’t care; that my flatmates already knew and that I was sure that the word that there was an undergraduate stripper on campus would already be spreading.

Then I added,

“John, as I just said, I don’t care about myself, I’m only here for 3 years, but what about yourself, aren’t you worried that your wife will find out what you get up to when you’re living up here or, maybe even other professors or the Dean? Or maybe your wife will find my knickers in your car when you go home.”

“Jordan, I’ve only known you for a couple of months and during that time I’ve never seen you with any knickers on; all I’ve ever seen is that gorgeous little cunt of yours. Hell girl, do you even own any knickers? No Jordan, there’s an un-written rule amongst university staff, ‘what happens at university stays at university’. My wife knows not to ask about anything other than academic issues.”

“That’s good to know John; but maybe there is something that you can do to help me; that is if you want to keep fucking me; maybe you could do something to help me get a First (grade).”

“Jordan, from what I’ve seen of your work so far you probably don’t need any help to get a First, but you scratch my back and it’s only fair that I scratch yours. Oh, you’ve got to keep flashing that little cunt of yours and those little ‘traffic cone’ tits, as you call them.”

“I’ll happily flash my goodies to you John; I’ll do my best to distract you in classes if that’s what you want.”

“I do, but not just me, everyone; it’s great to have someone around who likes wearing as little as you do. You liven-up the place. So, have we got a deal Jordan?”

“Just to be clear John, if I keep flashing my bits to you in class, and around campus; and keep fucking you and maybe your mates, you’ll make sure that I get a First. Is that right John?”

“It is Jordan.”

I reached over and gently squeezed his cock through his trousers. I knew that I had no guarantee, but if he went back on his word I could tell my story to the Dean, and his wife. Maybe they’d care, maybe they wouldn’t; but I was quite happy; I had nothing to lose and plenty to gain.

Since then, every time that John, and sometimes with his mates, have turned-up at the club I’ve left with them and we’ve all had a good time.

Also since then I’ve tried to get a seat at the front of all my classes and flashed whoever was running them. Sometimes I’ve even rubbed my clit for John to watch. Amazingly, he’s never lost track of where he was up to.

I’ve also spent quite a bit of time at John’s flat. He likes me to strip off what little clothing that I’m wearing just as soon as I walk through the door, and not put anything on again until I have to leave. As you’ve probably guessed, I have no problem with that. I wouldn’t describe John as my lover, I don’t love him, he’s more of a fuck-buddy; one that I’m hoping will lead to a First Class degree, preferably ‘with Honours’.

Twice so far, John has invited other professors / managers over to his flat for dinner. John’s not very good at cooking anything other than basics so each time he’s had the food delivered. Both times he got me to be there to accept the delivery (much to the delight of the food delivery guys) and then to serve it. Of course he wanted me to be totally naked all the time.

I was a little nervous the first time because these were people that I sometimes come across at the uni and I didn’t want it to have any adverse effect on my chances of doing well. John just laughed and told me that it would probably have the reverse effect.

When the dinners arrived John introduced me as ‘Jordan, my friend’.

I understood why he had said that later on. As I was serving I’d sometimes get a hand slide up my inner thigh and rub my pussy. The first time that it happened my mind was instantly taken back to my rush hour rides on the underground back home.

When the men were sat around drinking after the food, John asked me to sit on their laps and let them play with my pussy whilst they talked. One by one, all of them finger fucked me; 2 of them making me cum.

When I sat on the second man’s lap and he started rubbing my clit, he asked me how I knew John. Before I’d had the chance to answer (I find it hard to think straight when a man I hardly know is rubbing my clit), John said,

“Jordan is my star undergraduate.”

One of the men replied,

“I can see why John; I think that I’ll have to find myself one of those.”

“Actually, I meant that she gets the highest marks for all her assignments; without any favours; but yes, she’s my star undergrad ‘with’ the benefits that we’re enjoying at the moment.”

I was glad when they left each time; I jumped straight onto John and fucked him on the floor in front of the sofa.

Another time, John invited 3 of mates over when I was there. John watched as the 3 of them gang-banged me, filling all 3 holes at once. I came 5 times while they were doing that to me.

John likes to buy clothes for me and each time we go shopping he gets me to model everything that he buys for me, there and then, in the shop. I go into the changing room, put on whatever then go out into the shop and let him have a good look at me. The thing is that if he’s buying me a top I have to go out wearing just the top. If it’s a skirt then I have to go out wearing just the skirt.

That sounds like I wasn’t happy about it, but I was; the thought that I might be seen by someone not expecting to see a partially naked girl; and actually being seen, always turns me on.

So far we’ve had a few funny looks, and a few men staring at me, but we haven’t had any problems. Maybe that’s because John takes me to more ‘up-market’ shops and maybe that’s the sort of thing that the ‘up-market’ customers do. I wouldn’t know; I normally go to shops like that and I don’t care anyway.

If it’s a Friday or Saturday night and John wants me to spend the night with him he’ll come to the club and watch me perform, then take me to his flat.

If it’s another night he’ll phone me then I’ll shower and almost run over to his place.

We rarely get much sleep on the nights that I’m at John’s flat. In between the fucking we talk, usually about what John is going to do to me, and where; but sometimes about the things that I used to get up to before university. I told him all about the sharking, the teachers, the extra PE lessons, the leisure centre, the carnival and my weekend job.

**The psychology experiment**

**---------------------------------**

Just before that first Christmas another part-time job went up on the board: -

Students wanted for psychology experiment. Must be prepared to get naked in unusual places - £35 per ‘situation’.

Okay, the money was peanuts compared to the stripping but it looked to be fun; to have opportunities to get naked where 99.99% of the population would never dream of doing so.

I went to where the advert said and at the appointed time and got one hell of a shock; Mia was there along with 2 other girls that I didn’t know.

“Mia; what the fuck are you doing here?”

“Oh Hi Jordan, do you remember telling me to go and have some fun; that I needed to flash my goodies more often. Do you remember that night when you showed those videos of me to all those guys? Well you were right; I do get turned on when people see me without my clothes on. Well I just knew that you’d come here and I was hoping that you’d give me some support, push me to do things that deep down I want to do but don’t have the nerve to do on my own.”

I hugged Mia and told that it was great to have her with me and that we’d make a great team.

The psychology professor called us all together and explained that his students were doing a study into how people react to seeing naked people in situations where they would never expect to see a naked person or persons. He continued saying that these situations would be very public but we shouldn’t worry because there would always be at least 10 students close by; most would be lookouts just in case anyone in an unwelcome uniform arrived, and the rest would be very close by with clothes close to hand and that they would surround us and hide us whilst we got dressed. All would be carrying 2-way radios.

Mia was quaking in her shoes as the prof was talking and I had to hold her hand to try to calm her down.

All 6 of us said that we were happy to go ahead and the prof then gave us a list of the ‘situations’ that we were to be put in.

**Dancing in the street**

We were taken in a minibus to the centre of town on a Saturday afternoon. Four large coats were taken out of plastic bags and us 4 ‘volunteers’ were told to strip, apart from our shoes, and put a coat on.

While we were doing that, 2 of the psyc student put on costumes of disney animals, compete with VERY large animal heads.

We all went to a sort of mini-square, the lookouts spread out and the other psyc students moved back a bit except for 2 who were waiting for our coats and 2 who had the video cameras.

I squeezed Mia’s hand as we waited and told her that she’d be fine. She said that she was turned on. When we were given the nod, a boom box was turned on, off came our coats and 2 big animals and 4 naked girls started dancing.

We danced for 4 tracks before a whistle was blown and the students moved in and formed a circle round us while we put our coats on.

While we were dancing, quite a little crowd gathered around us. I managed to look at a few faces while I was dancing and saw amused, slightly shocked and blank faces; interspersed with a couple men who making it obvious that they wanted to fuck us.

Once covered in the coat, I looked at Mia. Her face was a mixture of relief and pleasure. She was relieved that it was over without us getting locked-up and she was happy that she’d gone through with it. She told me that she’d nearly cum just after we’d started dancing.

I told her that I was close to cumming as well. That wasn’t quite true, okay I was turned-on but I’ve been naked in places more public than that.

On the way back to the uni, in the minibus, everyone couldn’t stop talking about how well it had gone.

When we got back we all went up to a big room and the videos were played. I thought that we looked a bit stupid but I kept my mouth shut because everyone else was so happy.

Mia said that she was just relieved that she’s survived but I could tell there was more.

As we walked back to our rooms Mia admitted that she’d really loved it and couldn’t wait for the next time. I told her that I was the same, which was true, except for the fact that the weather was cold.

**The tram ride**

The psyc students had obviously picked the route and time carefully so that the tram would be reasonably full. What we had to do was to get on wearing the coats then as we walked down the aisle we’d give the coats to one of the students.

We then had to stand, or sit next to another passenger and the other students would video their reactions. I managed to sit next to a middle-aged man who seemed quite happy that a naked me was sat next to him. Mia was a bit luckier; she had to stand near a couple of young men and one of them had put his hand on her butt. She hadn’t dared to tell him to get it off.

**The pub**

This was a busy pub on a Thursday night and all we had to do was go in with the other students and stand around talking. One of the staff came round collecting glasses and didn’t even look at us as he went passed.

Before we went on this one I was feeling horny so I’d put my little Bullet in, on low, and was in a really good mood. While the other 3 naked girls were just chatting to the other pub goers, I was trying to hit on some of the guys with ‘come-on’ comments. I don’t know what I would have done if one of them had reacted favourably; maybe I’s have taken him out the back and fucked him. I wonder how that would have gone down with the psyc prof and students.

**The Park**

This was just walking through a busy, central park at lunchtime. This was boring because we got ignored all the time. Also, there was a cold wind.

**The street market**

One Saturday morning we were bussed to the market and had to take our coats off and wader around looking at anything that we wanted. This was more fun as some of the stall holders were quite chatty; and suggestive.

A couple of old biddies called us unpleasant names, but apart from that we had a good time; even though it was a cold time.

**Ten pin bowling**

Now this was fun. Four naked girls playing ten pin bowling attracted quite an audience. We got lots of comments and requests to do something with our bodies; especially when one of us fell over. None of us had played before so all of us ended up on the floor at least once.

I’d half expected the management come over and throw us out but they didn’t.

**The supermarket**

This was the last one. They’d chosen a big supermarket and we had to go in wearing our coats, pick-up a basket then take our coats off once we’d got away from the security guard. We then had to do any shopping that we actually wanted. We’d been told about this before we left the university and one of the other students carried our purses for us.

As expected, we got a few unpleasant and laughable comments but we got most of the way round before the security guard and a manager came and asked us to leave.

None of us managed to actually buy anything.

When it was all over, Mia told me that she’d had fun and was sad that it had ended. I asked her if she wanted to get naked more often; she only said ‘maybe’, but her face told me that she wanted more.

**Shopping**

**-----------**

Since I became a stripper I’ve had a lot more money to spend; therefore, I spend more time at the shops. I’ve done a bit of research into people’s reactions and come to the conclusion that shop keepers and sales assistants give better service and are open to negotiating a lower price when a young girl wears see-through tops and short skirts. A bit of flirting helps a lot as well. As John says,

“If you’ve got it you may as well use it.”

Surprisingly it also works with some female shop people; maybe the ones that it works on are lesbians. Who cares, just so long as I get a nice discount.

**University social life**

**------------------------**

As you’d expect, there is lots of this; and as I’ve somehow managed to get to be known as the girl with no knickers who’s always taking her clothes off; I get lots of invitations to go to parties. I reject most of the ones where I suspect that there’s only going to be a handful of guys and me there. I’ve rejected a few simply because I want to study to get a good degree so that I can get a good, well paid job. The last thing I want is to end-up like my parents.

Whenever I do go to a party lots of people keep asking me if I am the girl who gets naked in her flat with all the others there. The other thing is that lots of the guys invite me just to get a naked girl at their party. Sometimes I do, it depends on the place, the people there and the mood that I’m in.

I try to take Mia and / or Olivia with me to the parties so that there’s someone there that I can trust and we can look after each other. Twice so far, I‘ve managed to get Mia to get naked as well, and Olivia just once.

Sometimes, when I get asked to get naked, I’ll reply saying that I will if they will. For some strange reason most of the guys back away and stop asking me; which sometimes is a little disappointing if it’s a cute guy. One time when I told a guy that, he got me to agree that I would if he could get 2 more girls to get naked as well. Mia was with me but she didn’t want to, but surprisingly that guy did manage to get 2 girls so there were 3 of us naked, surrounded by guys, all wanting to talk and dance with us.

Impromptu parties in our flat seem to be quite common. Friends of the guys just turn-up with cans of beer and want to stay in and drink. Of course we girls get invited; sometimes we’ll join them, other times we’ll just stay in our rooms. Mia and Olivia have been talked into getting naked as well a few times.

It was sometime in the November that someone brought a game called twister to one of the impromptu parties. Now I’d never heard of that game before so I was interested; and very interested when I found out how it’s played. That game should be played at all parties where there are naked girls. We managed to get Mia to play it a few times and twice when she was naked. All that touching of bodies and accidental collapsing on to one another, wow; and I’m still trying to work out how the guys always seem to end up between my legs.

That first semester was the best for parties; there were dozens of them, especially in the build-up to Christmas. Some of the more organised parties were theme parties. I’ve been to a Hawaiian party, sleepwear party, ****An ABC (anything but clothes) party, a DnotPC (definitely not politically correct) party, a DTGL (dress to get laid) party, a sex toy swap party,**** a LYCATD (leave your clothes at the door) party and a FIWHAP (fuck it we’re having a party) party. Lucas says that I’ve been to loads of OON (only one naked) parties and not even realised it.

Most of them were good for girls to get naked and at the sex toy swap party about 9 or 10 girls ended-up naked with their legs wide open while boys used a whole variety of sex toys on them. I had to go out before hand and buy a vibrator (that I didn’t mind losing) to swap.

I went back to my flat from that party with a Venus Butterfly Vibrator. I think that someone must have got a few of them that had ‘fallen off the back of a lorry’ because 5 of us girls went home with one strapped to them.

I’m seriously thinking of wearing it under one of my micro skirts and going round town like that one day.

It was those themed parties before that Christmas that seemed to be the start of girls getting naked at parties. After them girls were always getting naked at parties even if it wasn’t a themed party. In a way I was pleased about it because other girls were realising the fun that they can have, but at the same time it was taking the attention away from me. I like to be the only one naked.

**Christmas break**

**--------------------**

A lot happened during that first semester but it was soon Christmas and I went back home for a few days. I had to cook the Christmas dinner and just about order mum and dad to be there to eat it. My loser of a brother managed to be there as well but his brain was often somewhere out in space. Mum did manage to thank me for a nice dinner.

I went to the leisure centre on both the next 2 days and had a great time flashing my tiny tits and pussy to unsuspecting people before deciding that it was time to go back to university; even though I would be the only one in our flat.

Having said that, I didn’t spend much time there; I went and bought myself a nice, warm, short coat then spent quite a bit of time window shopping and trying clothes on. I love getting naked in shops and I soon discovered that it easier to wear just the coat and shoes when I went out. John was a little surprised the first time that we left the club and got into the taxi to go back to his flat. The taxi driver got a nice surprise as well.

The club owner was grateful when I got back as well; most of his girls wanted time off but more men wanted to go to a strip club.

When John got back and phoned me I was straight round there and we fucked for hours. So much so that I wondered if his wife had kept her knees closed all the time that he was home.

**Second semester**

**-------------------**

The second semester seemed to go a little slower even though I still did everything that I’d done before. The endless parties soon started and Mia and Olivia seemed to get naked more often. It seemed to take less and less persuasion from the guys for them to get their clothes off at parties. To be fair to them, quite a few other girls keep getting naked as well.

It seems to be the norm at parties for the girls to get naked or at least topless. Themed party costumes never seem to stay on the girls for long.

I’m happy and not happy about it. On the one hand it’s good to see other girls naked as well but I do like the attention when I’m the only one that’s naked.

**My clothing**

**-------------**

With the weather turning colder I’ve had to re-think my wardrobe. Thankfully, the heating in our flat is good so there’s no change there, and the heating is good in all the university buildings that I go to as well.

It’s when I have to go outside that it’s a problem. Okay, if it’s just a short distance I can live with it, although my nipples really show that it’s cold out; it’s when I have to go longer distances that I had a problem.

My answer is a button down hoodie that I found in town. It’s more like a coat really; its fur (fake) lined and goes down to about 2 inches below my butt. I got naked (as usual) when I tried it on in the shop and the fur felt really cosy against my naked flesh. So much so that I asked the sales assistant if it was okay to wear it ‘to go’. I left that shop wearing just my new hoodie and shoes.

If I’m going shopping or to the club or to John’s place, that’s all I wear. The first time that I went to John’s flat and he saw what I wasn’t wearing he pulled me straight back out of the door and he took me to a pub where he un-fastened most of the buttons and got me to flash lots of flesh to both him and anyone else who cared to look our way.

We were like 2 sex-starved rabbits by the time we got back to his flat.

**The porno movie**

**--------------------**

You’ve heard of some of the stupid things that students get up to, well a couple of enterprising guys decided that they were going to make some money by making porno films and selling them over the internet; and they had the crazy idea that they could get other students to star in their movies.

I found out about it because they had the nerve to advertise for porn actors on the student jobs notice board. I was walking passed it one morning and the word

‘porn’ jumped out at me. Of course I stopped and read it.

As I was looking up and reading a guy came up behind me and said,

“You look like a girl who’d be interested in that; you could earn lots of money.”

“And what makes you think I’d be interested?”

“I’ve watched you around campus, and at a couple of parties. You like showing lots of skin and I’ve seen you having a good time with a couple of guys. All you have to do is what you obviously like doing; and you’d get paid for it.”

“How much?” I asked.

“£100 up front and 5% of all sales.”

“£200 up front and 10% of all sales and maybe I’ll think about it.”

“You drive a hard bargain what’s your name; I’ll have to discuss it with my ‘co-directors’. Give me your number and I’ll get back to you.”

“It’s Jordan; my number’s 07555 xxxxxx. Don’t take too long, I may just get a better offer.”

Just as I was about to get on with my day, he (Tom) asked me if I knew any other girl that might be interested. My brain immediately thought of Mia.

I spent quite a lot of the day thinking about what it might be like to be a porn star, how I could tell Mia that she was going to be in on it as well, and that I’d have done it for nothing because it sounded like fun.

He (Tom) didn’t take long to get back to me. That evening I was in the middle of a written assignment when my phone rang. Tom and I haggled a bit about the money and what we’d let them do to us, and we agreed that both Mia and I would get £200 each up front and 7.5% of the sales. In the end I told him that I was up for it. Then I went looking for Mia.

I found Mia in the shared area watching television and dragged her back to her room. When I first told her what I’d agreed we’d do she threw a wobbler; she wasn’t a happy bunny.

It took me nearly an hour before she’d agreed to go to wherever and see if she’d actually do it. Back in my room I phoned Tom and explained Mia’s reservations and asked if we could start with something tame. Tom said that we could discuss it when we all met.

The following Thursday afternoon Mia and I met the 3 third year guys in the uni café. Tom, Ethan and Carter, and they told us about their plans.

They explained that to start off with they wanted to shoot loads of upskirt scenes and scenes where we flashed our tits and pussies to strangers. I thought that that lot was pretty tame and Mia was happy because it was very much like what we’d done for the psychology experiment.

Tom went into his backpack and got out 2 of those GoPro cameras and an envelope. Showing us the cameras, Ethan said that they thought that we could start by flashing our tits and pussies there and then; in the café.

My knees had already started parting and my wet pussy could feel the slight, pleasant breeze but Mia stopped things by asking them for the money.

Tom slid the envelope over to Mia saying that there was half the money in it and that we’d get the other half when the serious stuff started.

Mia complained saying that the agreement was £200 each, up front, but I managed to calm her down and the envelope went into her bag.

We spent the next hour or so filling the camera’s memory cards with videos of Mia and me spreading our legs, playing with our pussies and flashing our tits. Thankfully, Mia had come out without a bra or thong and I joked with her saying that she must have wanted to do it because she’d come out ready to flash her goods.

Ethan had his laptop with him and he loaded the videos onto it and played them back to us. I was just commenting on how good the quality was when another student behind me agreed with me. The cheeky bastard had crept up behind us and was watching the video.

Mia told him to ‘fuck off’ but I just laughed saying that before long the whole world would be looking at our pussies. Mia’s face went red and she said,

“Oh fuck, I didn’t think of that, I hope that my parents don’t see it.”

“Do they watch a lot of porn then?” I asked.

“No, I doubt that they’ve ever watched any.”

“So what’s the problem then?” I asked.

“Nothing I guess.”

Mia was happy and the guys left after we agreed to meet them on the Sunday morning.

I had to rush back from John’s flat to get to the meeting on time. When we were all there Tom explained that we were going into town and that the guys were going to follow us around, getting quite close to us so that they could video up our skirts as we walked around and went up the escalators.

“I’m glad that you both turned-up in very short bouncy skirts, and you did remember not to wear any knickers didn’t you?” Carter asked.

Mia laughed and replied,

“She never wears any, and yes, I didn’t put any on this morning.”

Mia and I went on what was just like a normal window shopping few hours. The only difference being that we kept bumping into these 3 guys that we knew.

Those GoPro cameras are so small that only once did I see one of them.

After a couple of hours the guys said they’d got enough footage of us wandering around the shops and took us to a McDonalds. While we sat and ate, and flashed other diners, the GoPro cameras were switched on again. This time they were alternating between our tits and pussies, and the faces of the people who were enjoying the view.

Mia told me that she was enjoying herself and that she was all wet. I had an idea and told her that I’d get something for her and that we’d have a repeat performance in a week or two.

What I didn’t tell her was that the ‘something’ that I’d get her was a little Bullet vibrator and that we’d both wear them, switched on, on our next little window shopping experience.

The 3 porn film producers took us back to the uni and asked us to be free the following Sunday. Carter told us that they’d take us to the next level. But didn’t say what that was. I was hoping that it was going to be Mia and me getting fucked.

That ‘next level’ turned out to be nude sports. Somehow, the guys had managed to book the university’s sports hall and they were selectively letting other students in to watch the naked Mia and me trying to play badminton. Neither of us had played the sport before and it was a bit of a laugh; but not really sexy from our point of view.

It was after about an hour that I noticed that all the other people that the guys had let in were other blokes. There must have been about 30 guys and Mia and me. When I realised that my pussy started tingling again and it got all wet. The next time that Mia ended-up on the floor I saw that she was all wet as well. She must have noticed the split between males and females as well.

What was sexy though; was what happened after our pathetic attempts to play that game. The guys took us into the men’s changing room and told us to lay on 2 of the benches that were in there.

As the guys setup 2 of the cameras on tripods the guys that had been just watching us filed in and stood around us.

I looked over to Mia through a gap in the legs and saw that she too had automatically spread her legs enough for our audience to get a good look at our pussies.

The camera crew, Tom, Ethan and Carter, said that they were ready and Ethan said,

“Right lads, get them out and get those girls covered.”

It took me all of 1 second to realise that they were all going to wank and shoot their loads all over our naked bodies. Wow! I’d never experienced that before and it took me a couple of minutes to remember the word ‘bukake’.

It was weird, but nice; to look up and see all those wanking cocks, then see their streams of cum squirt down on me. When any landed on my face I tried to reach it with my tongue and eagerly swallowed it.

I must have had well over a dozen guys cum sprayed on me before Ethan called a halt to it.

The guys who had cum got dressed and left while the others watched Mia and I take a shower – all on camera of course.

After that Carter told us to get on our knees and we had to give blowjobs to all of the guys that were left. Neither Mia nor I had cum by then so our hands got to work on our pussies while we were giving the blowjobs.

About 30 minutes later, and 2 orgasms by me, and all the guys had cum; Mia’s and my mouth got a rest and we had another shower. Some of the guys had wanted to cum in our mouths whilst others had wanted spray their cum all over our faces. I’m not sure which I prefer; both are nice.

We had another shower then what little clothing that we’d arrived in was brought to us and that was it for the day.

As we were walking back to our dorm; Tom told us that the third and final session was going to be a rape scene; well 2 actually, one for Mia and one for me.

The 3 of them were arranging for all the girls on one floor of their hall of residence to be out for the day because we were going to be chased all around that floor before getting raped. I told Tom that it sounded fun but they’d have to get us some clothes to wear because rapes normally involve clothes being ripped off.

Mia didn’t sound too happy about it, but later that day I managed to convince her that it would be fun.

It was fun. The following Sunday we went to their dorm block and into one of the rooms. Tom, Ethan and Carter were there along with 3 other guys. Mia and I were given schoolgirl uniforms, complete with horrible knickers and as we changed into them Ethan explained that Mia and I were to ‘arrive’ at the flat and pretend to be innocent girls who just there to meet a friend. Tom and the 3 new guys would meet us, invite us in, give us a drink and then ‘force’ themselves on us.

Mia and I would resist and manage to escape then get chased all over the floor. We had to try to open the doors to the floor but they’d be locked so we’d have to keep running around trying to hide. Of course we’d be found and have to submit to the carnal desires of the 2 men that caught us and ripped our clothes off. Ethan told us that he’d made little cuts in strategic places on our clothes so that they’d rip off easily.

It worked out pretty much like that except that I had a bit of a problem getting Mia to go there. In the end I just told her straight,

“You’re coming with me and that’s that.”

The other thing that wasn’t as Ethan had told us was that the guys that were supposed to ‘out for the day’ weren’t. We had an audience of about a dozen guys all cheering us as we got chased up and down the corridor totally naked. When we got caught we were frog-marched back to the lounge area with the ‘actors’ ripping our clothes off as we walked; and when the ‘actors’ ‘raped’ us, those dozen guys were watching.

I was loving it but Mia looked really scared to start off with, but as soon as she started getting fucked it was VERY obvious that she was enjoying as much as I was.

I was hoping that some of the other guys that were watching would join in but they must have been told what was going on and to just watch.

When it was all over Mia and I were told that we could have a shower in Tom’s room. I probably shouldn’t have been, but I was surprised at the amount of electronic equipment that was in there. Apart from the odd piece, I hadn’t a clue what it was all for.

Mia and I got into the shower together and washed each other. The inevitable happened and we were quickly kissing and rubbing each other’s pussies.

Tom came in to bring us our clothes and when he saw us he invited us to use his bed while he went and got Ethan and Carter, and the cameras.

Those 3 ‘film producers’ got a bonus as Mia and I had our first girl-on-girl action. I have to say that I really enjoyed it. Mia knew all the right things to do to me and I hoped that I was doing the same for her.

We both had an orgasm and it was all caught on camera.

As we got dressed the 3 guys gave us our money and asked us if we’d be interested in making a sequel. Both of us said that we were. Mia asked why the other guys had been there because she thought that they were all going to be out for the day leaving us alone. Carter laughed and said that we’d got it wrong; it was just the girls that would be out for the day.

Tom added,

“I thought that you’d like the guys being there?”

“We did.” I said, “Mia was just a little surprised, that’s all.”

“Err yeah.” Mia added.

On the way back to our rooms, as Mia bubbled over with excitement; she’d loved every bit of it. I told her that I’d really enjoyed it too and that I’d like to try something like that again, but the next time we’d be out in some woods somewhere and we’d be hunted down then raped.

Mia wasn’t too keen on the idea saying that there’d be too much dirt around and she might get scratched by branches or rocks. She also said that she’d enjoyed the action in the shower and afterwards on Tom’s bed.

I squeezed her hand and told her to come to my room that evening.

She did and we both found a new way to relieve the stress of keeping up with our course work; not that there’s anything to beat getting fucked by a real cock; it’s just ‘different’; and nice.

A week later Tom phoned me and told me that their website was up and running and that they’d sold a few copies of the videos. I told him about my idea of the naked girl hunt in a forest. He liked that and told me that he’d discuss it with Ethan and Carter and let us know.

**Third semester**

**------------------**

This was quite quiet as far as social life was concerned. The parties became very infrequent and even the pubs were quiet.

John got into the habit of coming to the club on a Saturday night, watching me cum then taking me to his flat and fucking my brains out. Then on the Sunday he’d take me out on a drive into the countryside and we’d stop at a pub and have some lunch.

I loved every bit of it. Being a town girl I’d never really seen the countryside and the animals other than on the television or from on the train. John took me to one of those kid’s farms and I think that I enjoyed the animals as much as the little kids did.

The thing was, John wanted me to dress in next to nothing all the time. I, of course, was happy to comply but I was had to be careful when we went to the kid’s farm. I didn’t want the young kids to see human reproductive organs as well as the animal’s ones.

I said before that John likes to buy me clothes, and one thing that he got me that he loves to wear (me too) is a lace bandeau top. It’s only 3 inches wide and perches on top of my nipples. It’s not wide enough to go to the base of my traffic cones and I can see all of my breastbone; and if I can see it ….. Also, the lace is quite see-through when you are close to me.

The top also has matching little sleeves so it looks like the band of material goes all round me. The sleeves are attached to the body bit so every time that lift my arms the sleeves pull the body part up off my tits.

John, of course, loves lifting my arms for me, especially when we’re out, and I’m quite happy to let him, except when there are kids around.

Of course, my ultra-short skirts aren’t so uncommon when the weather is warmer and I often feel virtually naked when we’re out enjoying the countryside and the sun.

John likes driving with me having my feet wide apart on the dash, and with his left hand rubbing my pussy. It’s nice reclining the seat, laying back and getting my pussy rubbed as the fresh air blows in. I often pull my top open and close my eyes, not caring if anyone can see in.

**Porno movie 2**

**-----------------**

Tom phoned me just after the Easter break to tell me that he’d got some money for Mia and me, and to tell me that Ethan had found a little forest that would be ideal for a little ‘hunt and rape’ scene if Mia and I were still interested.

I spent hours trying to persuade and tell Mia that she was going to do it, but in the end I failed.

The following Sunday morning I left John’s flat early, telling him that there was something that I had to do, but not saying what. I met Tom, Ethan and Carter and the 4 of us drove for about an hour, out into the countryside.

When I thought that we were out in the middle of nowhere, the car stopped in a layby near lots of trees. This was going to be the first real forest that I’d ever been in; all the others had been pretty small with clearly defined paths and signposts telling you which way to go.

We all got out of the car, Tom gave me some clothes to change in to and all the guys got the cameras ready as I stripped then put the clothes on. Tom told me to be careful because he’d put some cuts in the material so that they’d rip off easier. Carter also got a long rope out of the back of the car and put it in a backpack.

The plan was that Carter would drag me out of the car then start to rip my clothes off. Just when I was naked I’d manager to kick Carter in the balls and run off. He’d then chase me through the woods, eventually catching me then rape me. Tom told me not to climb over any fences and that there was a big, flat rock at the other end of the wood and that was where the dirty deed would be performed. Meanwhile Tom and Ethan would record it all on the GoPro cameras.

I laughed and said that the only dirty part of it was the muck that I’d probably pick up on the way.

Carter and I got back in the car while Ethan and Tom backed away a bit. Tom was acting as the director and when he said ‘action’, Carter leaned over and started kissing me while one of his hands started to ‘wander’.

I kept pushing him away and after a minute or so Carter got out of the car, came round to my side and pulled me out. Pushing me back against the car he started kissing me again and groping me.

When I pushed his hands away again he started to rip my clothes off while calling me a prick tease (probably true) while I pathetically tried to resist and tell him to stop.

When Carter had ripped all my clothes off, Carter took his hands off me to un-fasten his trousers. That was my cue to kick him in the balls and run. I did, hoping that I didn’t hurt him too much; then I ran towards the trees.

As soon as I was a few feet inside the forest I was lost. I saw Tom holding his camera for a second but I was in running mode. I was so relieved that Carter hadn’t taken my shoes off.

On I ran, hoping to see Ethan soon but after what seemed like an hour I was starting to get worried. I hadn’t seen any of them since Tom just after I’d started.

I stopped moving and looked around; trees and trees and more trees. I couldn’t even see the sun; not that I would have known what that meant apart from the fact that you can’t see the sun at night. I had a horrible thought that the guys might not find me and that I’d be stuck out there all night.

After I’d got my breath back I decided to walk; then I shouted all the guy’s names.

Nothing.

There I was, naked apart from shoes, in a forest with no idea of where I was or which way to go. I shouted again but got no reply. I started running again and tripped over a branch, falling flat on my face.

Rolling onto my back I heard a sound and looked round. I saw no one again then a rabbit hopped out near my feet. We both stared at each other but when I put my hand out to stroke it, it bolted.

Moving on, I ran a bit, walked a bit and shouted a bit. I started to think that maybe I was going round in circles when suddenly I came to the side of the wood, a clearing near a fence and there were rocks there; and one big flat one right in the middle.

I looked around and, seeing no one, I wandered around and saw a space between 2 rocks that might be big enough for me to hide in. The problem was, as I went over to it Carter jumped up out of it.

I screamed and turned to run off and saw Tam and Ethan both holding their cameras.

Carter was too quick for me and he tackled me to the ground then pulled me up and to where he had been hiding. He picked up the rope and pulled me over to the big, flat rock where he pulled me up on to it and forced me to sit down.

The rock was at about 45 degrees and facing the fence, and big enough for what Carter started to do. I was struggling and Carter pretended to hit me in my face and I lay back pretending to have been knocked-out.

As I was ‘unconscious’ I felt my feet being spread VERY wide and my ankles being tied to something. As I ‘regained consciousness’ Carter was tying my left wrist to something out and up.

Then I heard something that I’d never heard before, and it was getting louder. Then I saw it, on the other side of the fence was a track wide enough for a car to drive down it. On the other side for the track was another fence; then a railway line. Coming along that railway line was a steam train pulling 4 or 5 carriages.

There was no way that I could hide and I looked at Carter. He looked at me then told me to wave. I waved to all the passengers on that train as it slowly went passed. The 3 guys were waving as well and I just hoped that the passengers wouldn’t think that I was actually going to be raped by the 3 guys and call the police.

As I waved I told Carter that they’d have to cut that bit out of the finished video.

Carter finished tying me spread-eagle on that rock then proceeded to fuck me as I pretended to struggle and shout.

Carter actually made me cum but I think that I managed to hide it.

After he climbed off me, Tom and Ethan moved in and I was released.

“Ready for some more?” Tom asked.

“I was beginning to wonder if Carter was going to be the only one fucking me; what did you have in mind?” I replied.

“Trees; Tom turned and pointed to two trees near the fence and said,

“How do you fancy being tied between those two?”

I held up my arms and grinned. Five minutes later I was firmly tied, spread-eagled between 2 trees.

“What now?” I asked.

Tom got out a felt-tip pen and wrote on my stomach,

“I’ve been bad; FUCK ME.”

Just as he was finishing Carter said,

“Fuck, there’s someone coming.”

Tom quickly went into his backpack and pulled out what looked like the ripped knickers that I’d worn and stuffed them into my mouth.

“Shit;” I thought as the 3 of them disappeared into the trees; “This might get real.”

My pussy started tingling, a lot, and leaking. My body was really turned-on by the thought of getting raped for real; well I don’t suppose that it could really be called rape.

I looked over to the track between the forest and the railway line and saw 2 men in the distance. They were talking and hadn’t yet seen me.

As they got closer one of the men stopped and stared at me. When the other man turned to see why his mate had stopped he just pointed at me.

I watched as the 2 of then climbed over the fence and came and stood and stared at me.

One of the men took the knickers out of my mouth, threw them on the ground and asked,

“How old are you girl?”

“18 sir. I go to xxxx university where I’m studying to get a maths degree.”

“Wow, quite impressive; try calculating the chances of us finding you out here…… These are cute little titties for an 18 year old.”

“They’ve been like that for the last 6 years sir.”

“So you’ve been a bad girl have you?”

I just knew what was coming next so I had to think quickly.

“What did you do girl?”

“I stole something.”

“What?”

“A bra sir.”

“A bra; what the hell did you want one of those for? You’ve got nothing to put in one.”

I didn’t answer that one.

“Who tied you up like this?”

“My father sir; he says that I need punishing, and humiliation and pain are the best ways for a girl to learn right and wrong.”

“A sensible man your father; where is he?”

“He’s gone home; he’ll be back for me at tea time.”

“So you’re stuck here like that for a few hours with no one coming to rescue you.”

“Yes sir.”

“Maybe we should punish you, what do you think James?”

“Well Mike, if she’s stolen something she should be punished.”

“I concur James. How do think we should punish her? What about you girly, how do you think that we should punish you?”

I didn’t answer that one.

“Perhaps we should spank that cute little butt of yours?” James said.

“Or her pussy or those pointy little tits.” Mike added.

“How about all 3; but what with; there aren’t any canes or paddles out here.”

“True, but my belt is made of leather.”

“Good one Mike. Err taking it off isn’t going to embarrass this young lady is it?”

I nearly laughed but at the same time I my pussy was oozing.

“So are we going to fuck her like it says on her stomach?” Mike asked.

“Good question Mike. We don’t know if she’s got any nasty disease so unless you’ve got any condoms with you I think that I’ll pass on that one.” James replied.

“But that doesn’t stop us fingering her and getting her to give us blowjobs. We could un-tie her arms but not her legs so she couldn’t run away.”

“Sounds like a plan to me. I guess that we’re going to be late arriving at the meeting point.”

“Sod our wives; this is too good to miss.”

Mike took his belt off and I got a red butt; and red tits. Then they took it in turns to finger my pussy and play with my little tits. The Mike guy was good with his fingers, finding my G spot and making me cum.

After that they untied my wrists.

“Down on your knees girl, you’ve got a job to do.” Mike ordered.

By then I would have happily let them, and a dozen other men fuck me but it was not to be; I had to settle for getting their cum all over my face. Luckily, I managed to catch some of it in my mouth.

When they were both satisfied they re-tied my wrists to the trees and walked-off with Mike saying,

“Let that be a lesson to you girl.”

Then they both laughed.

When they were out of sight the 3 guys re-appeared, Ethan asking me if I was okay. Before I could answer Tom said,

“We’ve got it all on video Jordan.”

“In that case, if you’re going to put it on your website I should get some money for it.” I replied.

“I’m sure that we can come to some arrangement Jordan. Before we were interrupted Ethan and I were going to fuck you. I’m guessing that you’re still up for it. Shall we leave you there or un-tie you?”

“If you free me I can take care of both of you at once.”

They did, and I did. It had been ages since Carter had fucked me and he was ready for another go so he got sloppy thirds.

My proper clothes had been left in the car so I had to walk back with them, still naked. As it turned out we were quite close to the road and as we walked the half mile or so, I told them about getting a bit scared and thinking that I might have had to stay out there all night. Tom told me that I shouldn’t have worried; all 3 of them had been watching me all of the time; they’d been hiding so that they’d get the genuinely scared look on the video.

I didn’t know whether to be annoyed or happy so I tried not to think about it.

Two cars passed us as we were walking; one beeped his horn so I waved at him.

I decided to leave my clothes in the rear of the car on the journey back but I did get the ripped clothes out and sat on them. I didn’t want to stain the seat when their cum leaked out of me.

I got dressed in the university carpark before going back to my room to get clean and look at the scratches and my red butt and tits.

**Exam Time**

**------------**

Things went really quiet around the end of year exam period; but I still went for my stripper nights. The money was too good to miss. I seemed to be tensed-up a lot around that time and Ben, Lucas and Caleb all helped me with that with one-on-one relaxation sessions, usually in my room.

John still wanted his share of my body and I usually went with him to his flat on a Saturday after my second turn and stayed there until sometime on the Sunday afternoons. Our little trips out into the countryside stopped because I wanted to revise.

There’s a grassy square of land between the halls of residence buildings and if it was sunny around the exams period, some of the students would go out and sit on the grass and sunbathe whist revising. I was one of them, and like most of the other girls, we’d strip down to our bikinis to make the most of the rare sunny days.

As I’m sure you’ll remember, my bikini is quite revealing and as a result I got quite a few guys coming over to see what they could see, and to try to hit on me. Three times I had to abandon my sunbathing revision and go back to my room; I just couldn’t get enough ‘alone’ time.

**Laser Hair Removal**

**-----------------------**

Just as soon as my last exam was over I went for my first appointment to get rid of all hair below my neck permanently. Okay it cost me a lot of money but it’s worth every penny. No more shaving; a lot less time spent in the bathroom.

The only disadvantage that I could think of was that it was no more men shaving my pussy for me.

**Summer Break 1**

**--------------------**

John has virtually guaranteed that I’ll pass my exams and be back for my second year so, knowing about my loser family and that I only want to spend as little time as possible at home, he asked me to be his ‘flat sitter’ over the summer break. I’d be there on my own, unless some of his mates decided call round for a piece of me that is.

While all my new friends were packing to go home, I packed to move about 1 mile down the road to John’s flat. It was really sad saying goodbye to all my flatmates. I gave all the guys a goodbye fuck even though there was a chance that we might be flatmates for our second year.

It was a bit strange being in John’s flat all on my own but I soon got used to it and spent the first few days totally naked doing very little. One day when I started to get a bit bored I decided to explore a bit. The whole building was deadly quiet; I guessed that all the residents were out working so I went out of the flat, hid the key under a plant pot and started wandering around. I didn’t see anyone but I did find a door with a label on it saying ‘Roof’.

Wanting to know more, I went through the door and up some stairs to another door and then out onto the roof. The building has a big flat roof and has taller buildings all around it.

Wandering around the roof I could see into some of the building. Some looked like offices and some looked like more flats. Of course I was still naked and when a man in one of the buildings saw me I just waved at him like it was perfectly normal for a naked girl to be on a roof.

The man waved back and the next time that I looked over to that floor on that building there were 5 more men looking over to me. I waved again.

It was a warmish day with a bit of sunshine so I decided to go back to the flat and get a towel and my tablet (I’d already loaded lots of erotic stories on to it) and do some sunbathing.

When I got back to the roof I chose a place where the men would be able to see me, if they looked over again. They weren’t looking when I lay down and started reading; ignoring anyone who may have been looking.

About 30 minutes later I turned onto my back and looked over to the building. Ignoring the faces in the windows, I smiled and got back to my tablet.

Unable to concentrate on the story any more, my legs drifted apart and my right hand moved to my pussy.

After a satisfying orgasm I tried to get back into the stories but I couldn’t concentrate so my fingers got to work again, and again; until either the sky clouded over or I remembered something else that I had to do.

Each sunny day that I was alone in John’s flat, I went up onto that roof and masturbated for anyone who cared to look.

**My results**

**------------**

John was right, I did pass my exams. I started planning my next year at university.

**Summer Break 2**

**--------------------**

My conscious got the better of me after about 3 weeks and I decided that I should really go and spend a few days with my parents. My conscious and the fact that I wanted to go and repeat some of the fun that I’d had during the previous few summers; especially as it was carnival weekend coming up. I packed a bag and got the train home. One thing that I didn’t have to pack was my razors and shaving cream; all my hair below my neck had final dropped out and I was smooth for ever.

No one was home when I got there and I was, and wasn’t, a little surprised to see that someone was living in my old bedroom. The bed was un-made and there were girl’s clothes all over the place. There were thongs and short skirts all over the floor but not a bra to be seen anywhere.

Feeling a little pleased, I left and went to a reasonably priced hotel that I knew of near the underground station, got a room then decided that, because it was near 5 pm, I’d go and find a busy train hoping that I could get groped. I changed my top from the tank top that I was wearing a button down sleeveless blouse that has deep arm holes and tails that tie at the bottom front. I didn’t fasten the buttons so that it was easy for someone taller than me to stand next to me and see down my top and my little tits. The skirt I was already wearing was a floaty one that only just covered my bare butt and pussy.

I timed it just about right; the platform for the train towards the city centre was crowded and I could feel my skirt blowing up as the train approached. When I gt on the train, I did as I always used to do, stand at the end of a carriage and get surrounded by men.

As we got pressed in, there was a man stood in front of me facing me who was a good foot taller than me. He naturally looked down at me and he had a great view of my right tit and rock hard nipple.

As soon as the doors closed I felt a hand on my bare leg. My legs were already spread a bit to help with balance, but I spread them a little more. After a couple of seconds, and no scream from me, the hand slid up and discovered my uncovered, wet pussy.

The man in front of me watched my face as I moaned. As we pulled into the next station the man looking down at me was smiling. As the train started moving again the man said,

“Are you okay little girl?”

“Oh yes,” I said, “this happens every time that I get this train; people just can’t keep their hands to themselves.”

“It’s not me; I’d never do anything like that…. So why do you get this train?”

“I know it’s not you, I can see your hands. I have to get this train to get home on time; besides, it’s nice.” I replied as I twisted my shoulders so that he could get a better look at my right tit.

The man in front of me smiled and one of his hands moved between us and went into my blouse and found my right tit.

“Hmmm,” I said, “that’s nice.”

The fingers in my pussy went in and out quickly and my right nipple got squeezed, rolled and pulled. Just as the train started slowing down I started to cum. I leaned forward into the man, burying my face on his chest to hide my moans of pleasure. His hand left my tit and went round my back and held me tightly as my body shuddered.

As I started to come down from my high I felt the man’s hard cock pressing against my stomach and lower ribs. I looked up at him and he said,

“Are you okay young lady?”

“Yes, thank you, that was wonderful.”

As the train slowed down again, the man said,

“I’ve got to get off here; I’ve already missed my station.”

I smiled and replied,

“Me too;” but I stayed on the train for another couple of stops, hoping to get groped again. I didn’t, and when the number of people got quite low, I got off the train and went back the other way; this time finding a seat and spreading my knees for a stuffy looking man in a pin-striped suit to have a good look even though he was pretending not to.

When I finally got off the underground I walked to the pub where my mother works. My father and brother were there as well and as my father hugged me I felt the back of my skirt rise a bit.

“Still not wearing any sis.” My brother said as I sat down.

“Wearing any what?” father asked.

“Underwear.” My brother replied.

“You leave your sister alone; she can wear as much or as little as she wants.” My mother said as she came over, hugged me then sat beside me.

As we sat talking I kept noticing that my brother was looking at me all the time, he was on my left and after a while I realised that he was probably looking at my left tit through the large armhole. I smiled to myself thinking,

“Whatever; it’s not as if he hasn’t seen them lots of times before.”

My father came and sat on my left side when my brother got up and left saying that he had to be somewhere and I could swear that my father was also checking out my tits through the arm hole.

After a few minutes talking we went and stood at the bar and talked to mother as she had to get back to work.

It turned out that the girl that had taken my room was another barmaid working at the same pub. She’d got thrown out of her flat and mum had given her my old room.

As soon as I realised that the alcohol was starting to get the better of me I said that I had to go and after a couple of hugs and a promise to be back soon, I left and went back to my hotel.

The next day was Friday and I went shopping and enjoyed a bit of flashing before going to the leisure centre for more flashing. While I was I town I went to that shop where I got a few ultra-short skirts. I found a rack with skirts that are so short that they don’t even cover my butt. All are light weight with a band round the top and the rest of the material just flares out. I deal for flashers like me. I bought 5 of them in different colours and slightly different styles

The leisure centre was busier than the last time that I’d been there, which meant more people in the sauna area to see me naked; and for some of them to see me rubbing my pussy.

I also went on a long, circular ride on the underground to get there, flashing as many people as I could. I switched to the busier line at rush hour and managed to get groped again.

That evening I went and ate at the restaurant that I used to work at. It was good to see everyone again but Simon (the manager) told me that trade had gone down since I left. I laughed and asked him if he knew why.

“Of course I do, but it’s difficult to find another you. I can’t advertise for a girl that’s happy to flash her tits and pussy to the customers; that’s illegal.”

“Yes, but you can advertise saying that the job would suit students, and when you interview them you can tell them that the last girl always wore short skirts with no underwear. If they get up and run then you don’t want them. If they don’t run then just let them think about it for a minute or so then ask them if they’d be prepared to do the same. If they still don’t run then you can tell them that the job’s theirs if they’ll wear similar clothes.”

Simon liked the idea and said that he’d try it.

Just to remind him what he hadn’t seen for a year or so, I gave him a flash of my pussy before I left.

The Saturday at the leisure centre was lots of fun; lots more people of all ages.

The swimming was fun, and as usual my home-made bikini ‘managed’ to slip off my tiny tits quite a lot and I took every opportunity to open my legs and let men see that part of my bikini bottom was ‘missing’.

I had to laugh at a couple that came into the sauna one time that I was there; they were about my age and both wearing swimsuits. There were 2 middle-aged men in there as well and they were watching me, laid on my back with my legs open with my right index finger rubbing my clit.

When the couple saw me they sat at the other end of the bench that I was on and started whispering to each other while they both kept looking over to me.

After a couple of minutes whispering, the girl stood up and took her bikini off. When she sat down she sat sideways on the bench with her back to the wall and her legs up and bent so that her feet were on the bench with her toes touching her partner.

Over the next 5 minutes the youth slowly eased her knees apart until they were wide enough for him, and maybe one of the other men, to see her pussy. I couldn’t see it but hell, I’m not a lesbo.

I got too hot and went and had a shower then a rest on one of the sun loungers.

Five minutes later the couple came out and sat on 2 sun loungers opposite me. The girl’s legs weren’t exactly clamped together and the youth kept looking from her pussy to mine and back.

Maybe the girl was getting jealous or maybe she was just relaxing more, or maybe she was getting turned on; but her knees slowly drifter further apart.

I left them to it and went into the steam room to finish what I’d started in the sauna.

Another time that I went into the sauna there were 7 men there; 3 of them as naked as I was. I was a little disappointed that none of them had hard-ons but I hoped that I could change that. I lay against one end of the bottom bench with both my legs up on the bench. Only my little tits were visible at that point but I slowly opened my legs and within a couple of minutes my whole pussy was on display.

I looked up at the men and saw that one cock was moving towards the ceiling. I nearly smiled but managed to keep a straight face. Another couple of minutes later and my right index finger was touching my clit. Out of the corner of my eye I could see a second cock starting to rise.

I moaned a little as my finger flicked my clit and got to work. Those men watched me cum, a couple of them wanking as they watched. I didn’t hang around to see if they came; I was way too hot and I need to get out of there.

After a long, cool shower, I sat on one of the sun loungers with my feet up and knees spread. While I pretended to read an old magazine I contracted then released my pussy muscles over and over again. I wanted to exercise them as well as giving anyone who looked an interesting view.

About half a dozen men did stare at me (well my pussy) for a while, one even sitting on the sun lounger opposite for a while.

Three times on that Saturday I left my bikini hanging outside the sauna and went for a walk to the swimming pool totally naked with nothing with me that I could slip into. Each time I went along the long corridor, and passed the workout room and the squash courts, I stopped and watched people exercising.

One time when I was watching 2 young men play squash, one of them spotted me (remember the almost floor to ceiling windows?). Anyway, he told his mate and the 2 of them looked up at me.

I waved and they waved back; then one of them started massaging his balls, so I massaged my pussy. The other rubbed his chest so I massaged my tits. Then the first guy mimicked wanking so I rubbed my clit.

This went on for a couple of minutes and I started to cum. I pressed my front against the window to steady myself and watched the guys clapping me. When I was able I turned and walked away.

The first 2 times that I went on that walk I went through the door into the swimming area, stood there for a few seconds then turned and walked back.

The third time that I stood in the swimming area, still totally naked, I got a bit braver and walked the 10 feet or so and jumped into the swimming pool. I swam around for a good 5 minutes before losing my nerve and quickly getting out and quickly walking back to that corridor.

While I was swimming, totally naked, I felt different to when I was swimming in my bikini. Okay, my tits were usually exposed and my bikini doesn’t cover my pussy, but being total naked was different; nice, natural and sexy. I decided that I was going to find places where I could swim naked without the fear of getting thrown out, or worse.

When I got back to the sauna area there was a young woman sat on one of the sun loungers reading a magazine. She was completely naked and sat with her feet on the floor either side the sun lounger. Opposite her were 2 middle-aged men staring at her spread pussy. I was still feeling extremely horny and suddenly had the urge to do the same; so I did. The thing was, as I thought about the 2 men that now had 2 pussies to look at, my pussy was getting wetter and wetter. Natural instinct got the better of me and my right hand drifted to my pussy and before long I was rubbing away.

After my orgasm I looked over to the other girl there; she too was rubbing away.

Sunday was carnival day. I was up early, and after making myself cum in the shower, I decided that I wanted to be as horny as hell all day so I put a new battery into my little bullet vibe and eased it deep inside my vagina.

Putting on just 2 tube tops and stretching the one round my hips so that my butt and pussy were just covered, I set off to the underground. I had to keep pulling the tube top skirt down so that I wasn’t exposed all the time; well, when there were kids or policemen around.

There was a queue to get the body painting done so I took my clothes and shoes off, put them in my bag and joined the queue behind another white girl about my age. She was still dressed and when she saw me she asked me if I was going to put a thong on before getting pained.

“Fuck no!” I replied; “that would spoil my fun.”

The girl laughed and said that she knew what I meant but her boyfriend had wanted her to keep her thong on.

“You’re not going to let him tell you what to do are you?” I replied.

“Well I don’t know, he might finish with me if take it off.”

“Hey girl; never let a man tell you what you can and can’t wear. It’s your body not his, so you do what you want to do.” I said then,

“I didn’t see you here last year.”

“No, my mother didn’t want me to enter but she’s gone to see her sister I’ve come on my own today. My boyfriend says that he’ll come and watch the parade later.”

“He can’t be bothered to come here and support you. Hell, is he really the right guy for you? You do what you want to; not what he wants.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.”

“I know I am. Men don’t rule my life; I do what I want and if they don’t like it they can just fuck off. Oh, by the way, I’m Jordan, what’s your name. ”

The girl smiled then after a pause she told me she was called Rose then she asked me what it was like dancing down the streets and what was this competition thing at the end. I started to tell her but 2 more big, fat, black women had setup to paint the girls and the girl in front of me got called over.

I watched as Rose stripped totally naked then get painted.

Rose was about half done when I got called to get painted.

Rose was waiting when I took my clothes and bag into the tent. I got some tissues out of my bag and started wiping the paint of my pussy. Rose asked me why I was doing that and if I was going to put a thong on.

“Hell no, I don’t want my pussy hidden by paint, I want everyone to see it.” I said as I wiped the last bit of paint off the whole length of my slit.

Looking at Rose when I was done I thought that maybe she wanted to do the same so I offered her some tissues.

“I don’t know, I want to but what if my boyfriend sees what I’ve done?”

“Rose, who’s in charge of your body? If he doesn’t like it he can lump it.”

Rose took the tissues and got wiping.

“That’s better,” I said, “If you’ve got it flaunt it is what I say. Flaunt it and get off on it.”

“Fuck yes Jordan, fuck him, I’m going to have fun.”

“Me too, I want to cum at least a dozen times before I leave here today.”

“Only a dozen eh?” Rose joked.

I put the used tissues in my bag and switched my little bullet on. We went to join the other girls and were given the same fruit juice to drink while we waited. The white girl who I’d seen the other times that I’d been there was there. We said hello and I looked down to her pussy. She too had wiped the paint off right up to the top of her slit; she was really going for it.

No sooner than we’d started off down the street I had my first orgasm. I just stood there shaking as my little bullet did its job.

As we all danced along the street I kept turning to face young men on the pavement, bending backwards and gyrating my hips and thrusting my pussy towards them. One time when I was doing it I looked to the pavement and got one hell of a shock. There on the pavement was John, a young woman and 2 teenagers, one girl, one boy.

The shock of seeing John was enough to take me over the top again and I watched John get a big grin on his face while his wife (I presumed) wasn’t looking too happy. The teenage boy had a big grin as well and the girl looked like she was taking in every move that I made.

I didn’t react to John being there and kept gyrating until my orgasm passed then danced off wondering what John would say the next time that I saw him.

I had 4 more orgasms as I danced along with the rest of the girls, stopping occasionally to thrust my pussy at unsuspecting men on the pavements.

When the parade was over it was competition time. All 3 of us white girls positioned ourselves in front of the judges and we all went for it. I think that I must have gone into stripper mode because I found myself on my knees finger fucking myself to another wonderful orgasm in front of the judges.

The 3 judges each selected 2 girls, one black and one white. As there were only 3 white girls there, all 3 of us went through to the final.

“What happens now?” Rose whispered to me.

“We take it in turns to strut our stuff in front of them.”

“So all 3 will be staring at me all of the time.”

“Yep.”

“Oow goodie, I just know that I’m gonna cum for them.”

“Me too.” I whispered back.

One by one we went and did our bit in front of those 3 judges. I was third to go and again I went into stripper mode and made myself cum for them. The white girl from previous years went just after me but for some reason she didn’t seem to be enjoying herself as much as she had on previous years.

Rose was next and she did everything that I did. It was obvious that she too had an orgasm as she fingered herself. I smiled to myself and was pleased that I wasn’t the only girl that could make myself cum so easily. I didn’t count the fact that my little vibrator was still purring away inside my pussy.

I squeezed Rose’s hand and smiled at her when she came back over to where us girls were stood.

There was a long pause after all 6 of us girls had performed and the anticipation caused me to cum whilst I was just stood there. Rose looked at me as I shuddered, then she smiled.

“Have you?…..”

“Yes.” I whispered back.

A couple of minutes later one of the judges stood up and announced that for the first time in the history of the carnival there was a tie for first place. Both Rose and I had won.

Rose squealed and jumped up and down, her brightly painted ‘A’s wobbling on her chest. My emotion came out of me in the form of another orgasm.

The judge who had stood up to make the announcement handed us both a gift voucher then the reporter from the local BBC TV station walked up to us.

“Ladies, I’m from the BBC; …….. hey I know you, didn’t you win this competition a couple of years ago; I recognise your ti….. err…… your coloured chest.”

“You mean my pointed little tits.” I replied.

“Well, err yes.”

“It’s okay; I know that they’re different to Rose’s here.” I said as I turned to Rose and pressed an index finger on one of her nipples. “I like them this way, they get me noticed.”

“Yes, I can believe that.” The reporter said, “We’re doing a program on cultural integration this year and you 2 winning a Caribbean Carnival dance competition is a perfect example of how well it’s going”.

Rose looked at me and said.

“I don’t know Jordan, what if my parents see the program?”

“Don’t worry Rose,” I replied. ”I’m sure that these guys can blur out your face if you want. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, of course we can; what about you Jordan?” The reporter replied.

I quickly thought and then said,

“Yes you can show my face; I’m not bothered who sees me dancing and talking on television; if fact I’d like you to show ALL of me on the box.”

“Have we got to dance again?” Rose asked.

“Well we’d like you to if that’s okay? We’ve got a full camera crew here and we can talk while they setup their equipment.”

“Let’s do it.” I said.

The reporter waved to the camera crew and they all walked in and got to work. There was 6 of them which meant 7 men and Rose and I both totally naked apart from some thin paint. I looked at Rose and saw that nervous, excited look on her face.

“Right ladies, let’s start with your names – for the microphone please; just first names will do.” The reporter said as he thrust a microphone in my face as a man with a hand-held camera moved in front of us.

“My name’s Jordan and this is Wendy.”

“So why did you enter this Caribbean dance competition?”

“Because we love the Caribbean music and enjoy the dancing.” Rose replied.

“Doesn’t it bother you that all you are wearing is a couple of ounces of paint?”

“Not at all,” I said, “it’s a dance outfit just like clubbing wear. The Caribbean girls dance dressed like this so why shouldn’t we?”

“Some of the dance moves are a little, shall we say erotic; doesn’t that bother you?”

“Why should it? Erotic dancing has been going on for centuries. You’ve just got to look at some of the music videos out there. This is no different.”

Just then, my vibe got the better of me again and I started cumming. I managed to keep quiet but my body couldn’t keep still.

“Are you …….. cumming?” the reporter asked.

I just nodded.

“Shit, we can’t broadcast that.”

If I hadn’t been in the middle of an average strength orgasm I would have probably laughed.

I don’t know if the reporter was trying to embarrass us or not but he didn’t succeed; well not with me, although Rose did look a little uncomfortable. Maybe she was worried about her parents seeing her. Anyway, the reporter gave up on the questions and asked us to dance for the cameras.

The music started, Rose and I moved to the middle of the room and started going for it. I looked round at the different cameramen; all were looking at our crotches. So were some of the cameras. I again thought about what part might get aired on local television and what part would make it to the internet. I also wondered if my parents would see their daughter flashing her pussy at the television cameras.

I soon got into stripper mode and made myself cum twice before the music stopped.

When the music did stop I stood up and looked at Rose. She was almost trembling. I wondered how much of that was pleasure and how much was trepidation.

The reporter thanked and congratulated us. I held Rose’s hand as we walked out of the tent into the crowds of people milling around.

“This is weird.” Rose said, “Weird and awesome; I’ve never felt so happy, so free, so scared, so excited. How can we get away with being so naked with all these people around? I’m sure that I’m going to cum again quite soon.”

I pulled on Rose’s hand to stop her walking, stood in front of her and looked into her eyes.

“Rose; this is a Caribbean carnival; you can get away with just about anything; and yes, it is awesome, I just love the feeling as well. But no, you aren’t totally naked, you’re covered in paint. From a distance you look like someone in brightly coloured clothes.”

“My pussy doesn’t; there’s no paint on that; only my juices.”

“Yes but your legs are closed.”

I held Rose’s hand again and we started walking towards some of the stalls.

“Thank you Jordan,” Rose said after a minute or so, “You’ve been a tower of strength today. I couldn’t have done half of those things without you.”

“You’re so welcome Rose; now shut up and let’s have a look round the place.”

About 10 minutes later a young man came up to us.

“There you are Rose; I hardly recognised you. Hey, you’re naked; I can see your pussy. I thought I told you to keep your thong on.”

“You did, and I didn’t.” Rose replied squeezing my hand. “You can’t tell me what to wear; you don’t own me.”

“You’re my girlfriend and you’ll wear what I say.”

“The hell I will; and if you don’t like it then we’re finished.”

The youth started to say something then stopped, turned and walked away.

“I guess that means that we’ve split up.” Rose said.

“You’re better off without him.” I said; “you don’t need anyone who tries to tell you what to do and wear. Don’t worry, you’ll easily find someone who really appreciates you.”

“I will if they see me in all my naked glory on the television.”

We both laughed then I reminded her that the reporter had agreed to blur out her face.

“Damn;” Rose said, “I should have kept my mouth shut.”

About 30 minutes, some free food and quite a few men staring at us later, Rose decided that she’d had enough and wanted to go home. We walked back to the tent where our clothes were and found our bags.

“Are you going to get dressed then?” Rose asked as she sorted out her things while I just stood there.

“Nope; I’m going back to the hotel just like this.”

“You’re not are you?”

“Yep, I’ve done it every time that that I’ve come here.”

“Really! ……. Do you think that I can go home naked as well?”

“Of course you can.”

“I don’t know if I’ve got the nerve to do that.”

“Of course you have. Tell you what let’s go together. I’ll come with you right to your last train station. It’ll give me more chances to flash unsuspecting men. Come of girl, let’s go.”

“I pulled Rose’s hand and off we set, walking out of the carnival and down the street.”

“This is weird;” Rose said, “but nice, I’m soo wet.”

“So am I, and I’m about to cum again.”

“Bloody hell Jordan you cum one hell of a lot.”

“I’ve got a little help there.”

I just managed to say before I had to stop and wait for a couple of minutes. When I was able, I told Rose about my little bullet that had been vibrating all day.

“You cheat! Where can I get one?”

We laughed and continued walking.

We passed a couple of youths who stared at us but I don’t think that they realised what they were seeing; and everyone in the underground station just ignored us.

The trains were quiet as well and we only managed to expose our pussies to one old man. He smiled.

When we were on the last train to where Rose lives I thanked her for a great day, telling her that it wouldn’t have been so much fun if she hadn’t been there. Rose nearly jumped down my throat saying that I shouldn’t be thanking her; she had to thank me. She told me that she’d had an awesome day and that it was all down to me.

I suddenly had a thought,

“Rose, what have you got planned for tomorrow?”

“Well I was going to hang with my boyfriend but I haven’t got one of those anymore, so I’m free. What have you got in mind? I thought that you were going back up north tomorrow.”

“I was, but I could put it off for day if you fancy doing something amazing; a bit like what you’ve done today.”

“Keep talking.”

“I know this leisure centre where girls can get away with wearing thong bikinis and they’ve got a sauna and steam room where you can get naked.”

“That sounds like fun but I haven’t got a thong bikini.”

“You’ve got a thong and a bikini top haven’t you?”

“Well yes.”

“Right Rose, I’ll meet you outside this station (we’d just arrived) at 07:30 tomorrow morning. Wear your shortest skirt, skimpiest top, shoes and nothing else. And bring your smallest thong and smallest bikini top. We’ll go and see if we can get groped on the underground then go to the leisure centre; okay?”

“Err yes, sure, but the skirt you saw me in this morning is my shortest one. I never thought that I’d need one as short as yours.”

We were on the platform about to part at that time so I got my tube skirt and tube top out of my bag and gave them to Rose.

“Wear these; and nothing else but shoes.”

“Thank you Jordan. I’ll be here. Now all I’ve got to do is get home.”

“How far is it?”

“Only a few hundred yards, but I’m naked.”

“No you’re not, you’re clothed in paint.”

“Well yes, but I’ll have to put my clothes on; my dad might be at home.”

“Does he have a car and does he ever go out without the car?”

“Well, yes and no; why?”

“If his car is there get dressed; if it isn’t then don’t.”

“Maybe.”

We kissed and parted with Rose saying that she’d see me in the morning. I watched her painted little butt get on the escalator. She was obviously still turned-on because she stood with her feet about a foot apart. I could see her pussy and clit as she disappeared up towards the street.

I turned and went to the other platform to get the train back to my stop. By that time the battery in my little bullet was getting flat but the breeze blowing through the tunnel was enough to make me cum again.

As I sat on the nearly empty train I tried to count how many times I’d cum so far that day, but I lost count when I got into double figures.

Back at the hotel I smiled at the male receptionist when I asked for my key. As I walked to the lift I heard talking from the bar so I stopped and went and looked. Four young men were sat drinking. I smiled and decided to go in; perhaps I could have some fun.

When the guys saw me they all went deadly silent for a couple of seconds then one of them asked me if I’d like a drink. I looked all around then back to the guys and said,

“Yes please, have you started on the shots yet?”

“Just about to gorgeous.” One of them said; “come and join us and tell all about your amazing outfit.”

To cut a long story short, I left quite a bit of that body paint on the bed in the room of one of the guys. There were 5 happy people as I left that room and went back to mine.

The next morning I was up bright and early and standing outside Rose’s underground station at 07:30. It was a bit ‘fresh’ and my nipples and exposed clit were throbbing with the cold air.

Rose came running up, my tube skirt having ridden up revealing her shaved pussy to anyone who cared to look and my tube top showing 2 nice little tents,

After a quick hello kiss, Rose pulled her skirt back down while I said,

“Right, let’s get on the circle line; that’s good for getting groped at this time of the morning,” I said.

“I like your outfit.” Rose said as we went down the first escalator and my floaty skirt blew up letting anyone who cared to look, see my pussy or butt.

We went the short journey to the circle line with the train being busy, but not busy enough for us to get crushed between any people. Rose had to grab a ceiling strap and her skirt rode up above her pussy. I’m pretty sure that there were enough people standing around her to shield her from anyone’s view.

The circle line was just as I’d expected; rammed. Rose and I soon got parted but I’d told her to stay on the train if we got split up.

I soon got felt-up, chest, butt and pussy. It was heaven being groped and not being able to see who was doing it. At one time I was pressed up against a man’s back. I think that it was one of his hands that were fingering me but I’m not sure. The 2 men behind me were each squeezing one of my tits.

Those 3 men made me cum.

When things finally thinned out I found Rose, leaning against the end of the carriage with her skirt up and a tit out. She looked knackered. When I asked her if she was okay she replied,

“Fucking amazing; I never in this world expected to have so much fun on a train. I’m definitely doing this again.”

I pulled her skirt back down and lifted the tube top back up over her exposed tit; then we went and sat down and planned a route to the leisure centre. The rest of that train journey being quite boring compared to the first part.

As we walked into the leisure centre Rose asked if I was sure that she’d be okay in a thong. When I said that I was, she asked if she’d be okay in a lace thong that doesn’t hide much. I laughed as said that I was sure that it would hide more than my thong bikini bottoms.

I didn’t explain but when we were getting changed Rose said,

“You can’t wear that you’ll get locked-up.”

“This, and less, just you watch me girl. Rose, give me your thong, it needs a little adjustment.”

“What adjustment?” Rose said as she slid it back down her legs then handed it to me.

I held it up and looked closely at it. The wide part that goes over the pubic bone was lace but the bit over the pussy was slightly see-through. I went into my bag and got out a pair of little nail scissors that I carry around and started cutting out the pussy covering bit.

“Hey; don’t do that, I’ll be all exposed.” Rose complained.

“Isn’t that why you’re here Rose?”

“But……”

By that time it was too late Rose now had a crotchless thong.

“Put that on.” I said as I gave her the thong back.

Rose pulled it on then asked,

“That feels….. err nice. Can you see my pussy?”

“Not from where I’m standing.”

We put out bikini tops on, me adjusting mine so that parts of my areolas were showing. Rose’s bikini top wasn’t very flattering, way too much material; and wired cups.

“Poor girl having to wear that.” I thought.

Rose was a little nervous as we walked out to the pool but I just marched out and stood there looking around.

“See, I told you, now let’s have a swim them we’ll go and get in the sauna.

The pool wasn’t anywhere as busy as it had been on the Saturday. Okay, it meant fewer men to flash at but at the same time it meant less staff to potentially get in trouble with.

I, of course, was swimming on my back with 1 or sometimes 2 nipples on display, and my legs open most of the time and when we started fooling around a bit I put my legs round Rose and squeezed her waist a bit. Rose’s response was to put a hand under my butt and 2 of her fingers invaded my vagina.

“Oh Rose, don’t stop.” I said; but she did, and she managed to get free.

After a while we got out and went to the door to the corridor to the sauna. I stood there; looking around for staff, then when I saw none I started taking my bikini off.

“What are you doing Jordan?”

“Come of Rose; get ‘em off. It’s okay; I’ve done this loads of time.”

Rose looked round then stripped naked.

“Let’s go.” I said, opening the door and going through.

Rose was amazed when I stopped at the big windows and looked down into the workout area and the squash courts. Unfortunately no one looked up and saw us.

The sauna was empty but we still went in and sat at either end of the long bench. I put one leg up and started playing with my clit.

“What if someone comes in and sees you Jordan?”

“They’ll get an eyeful and with a bit of luck I’ll cum.”

“Okay.” Rose replied and lifted a leg up.

Just then the door opened. Rose dropped her leg down but I continued rubbing my clit. The man looked at Rose, then at me. He climbed up and standing in between us, he sat in the middle of the bench above us.

I decided to lie on my back on the bench with my feet near the man’s feet. Natural instinct took over and my knees parted and my hand got busy.

After I’d cum I looked over to Rose and saw that she’d taken my lead and was about to cum. I smiled and looked up to the man. His shorts were bulging and he looked very flushed.

As Rose reached her peak the man suddenly got up and left the sauna. As Rose calmed down she complained about being very hot.

“Come on.” I said and took her out to the plunge pool. I held her hand and we both jumped in.

“FUCKING HELL!” Rose shouted as she did her best to get out as quick as she could. “That’s fucking freezing.”

“It certainly is;” I replied, “but it cooled you down didn’t it?”

“Well yes, but look what it’s done to my nipples. I daren’t look down at my clit, I might not be able to find it; I definitely can’t feel it.”

I looked her up and down then told her to spread her legs.

“It’s still there Rose, and it looks as hard as your nipples. They’ll probably be like that until tomorrow; I know mine will.”

“Fuck, I’m not going back in there.”

Rose said as I led her to the sun loungers and we sat with our feet up and out knees bent. I automatically spread my knees but Rose kept hers together. That is until I put my hand on my clit and said that it was rock hard. Rose spread her knees and touched her clit.

“Bloody hell, I’ve never known it to be that hard; and sensitive. Hmm; that’s nice.”

I started rubbing mine and Rose soon followed. We were both still doing that when 2 girls walked in. They giggled and went into the steam room. Both were wearing bikinis.

Both Rose and I kept going until we’d finished what we started.

“That’s the first time that I’ve been truly naked in front of a man Jordan;” Rose said, “it was awesome.”

“You were naked in front of lots of men yesterday; and you made yourself cum in front of some of them.”

“But I wasn’t totally naked, I had that paint on me; and it took me ages to get it off by the way.”

Just then, the 2 girls came out of the steam room, with their bikinis in their hands. There were now 4 totally naked girls in the room, and not a single hair below any of our necks. They were just coming out of the showers when 2 middle-aged men walked in. By the looks of the men’s faces I guessed that they couldn’t believe their luck.

After staring at all of us for a good minute they went into the sauna. I looked at Rose, she looked at me, we smiled and both nodded towards the sauna.

Standing up we walked into the sauna and took the same places that we’d been in there before. The other 2 girls followed us in, saw Rose and me on our backs with our legs spread, and climbed up to sit next to the 2 men. One of them sat at the end of the bench and put both her feet next to her mate.

Meanwhile, the 2 men were staring down at the 2 pussies below them. It was then that I wished that I’d put my little bullet in and that it would make me cum right there and then, without me even touching my pussy.

Unfortunately I had to settle for just thinking about those male eyes staring at every square millimetre of my pussy. That was enough to make me get wetter.

The 2 girls started talking about boys and the men just stared. After a few minutes Rose got up and I followed her out. After another quick shower I told Rose that we were going for a swim. Rose went to get her bikini but I told her to leave them on the coat hooks.

As we walked down the corridor Rose said,

“We can’t go swimming like this; we’ll get thrown out.”

“Yes we can, I went skinny-dipping on Saturday.”

With Rose with me, I was feeling a lot braver than I had been on Saturday. If we could get into the pool we’d be able to swim around and no one would know.

As I opened the door to the pool I looked around and saw no staff people.

“Come on Rose, there’s no one around; let’s get in the water quickly.” I said and we both dashed over and jumped in.

“Bloody hell Jordan, I never, ever imagined that I’d be doing this.”

“Good isn’t it?”

“Well yes, but we’re going to get thrown out.”

“Not if we don’t get found out.”

After a minute or so Rose said,

“Hey Jordan, this nude swimming is quite nice isn’t it? The water rushing passed my nipples and pussy feels really good.”

“Yeah,” I replied; “I wonder what it’s like going down one of the big slides. The water pressing on your pussy must be really nice.”

“No Jordan, I know what you’re thinking; I’m not going to get out and join the queue to go down a slide.”

“Why not? What could possibly go wrong?”

“Well for starters we could get thrown out. Then maybe they’d call the police and we’d get locked-up. Is that enough for you?”

“Hmm!” I replied.

I let it ride for a while as we swam and splashed about; no one realising that we were both totally naked.

Then the buzzer to say that the wave machine was starting sounded.

“I bet that it’s nice getting your bare tits pounded by the waves.” I said.

“Yeah, but there’s those lifeguard blokes stood all around watching. We’d never make it over there.” Rose replied.

“Maybe, follow me.”

The pool that we were swimming is joined to the wave pool by a little kids play pool that’s only about 12 inches deep. I stayed flat on my stomach and pulled myself across the shallow part into the waves pool hoping that if anyone of the staff looked at me they’d just think that they could see my butt because I was wearing a thong bikini.

It worked so I turned and waved to Rose to do the same. She did, and soon we were getting moved around by the waves.

“Don’t stand on the floor Jordan;” Rose said, “If you do they’ll be able to see that you’ve got nothing on between each wave.”

She was right of course, and I think that we both managed to let our chests be out of the water only once. I wasn’t too worried because of my tiny tits but Rose’s are a bigger. I saw her holding them a couple of times.

When the waves stopped we slid back to the main pool in the same way without any problem.

After messing about a bit more I said,

“Come on Rose, we’re going on one of those slides.”

“No, we can’t.”

“Yes we can, just follow my lead; and keep those arms of yours down; you don’t want to look like you’re doing anything wrong.”

We both got out and walked over to the steps up to the slides. No one really took much notice of us. After all, unless you looked closely, we just looked like 2 girls in thong bikinis.

Two youths joined the queue behind us and at first they didn’t say anything. The queue was moving fast and it was just before we got to the top that one of them said,

“Hey girls, I didn’t realise that this was a naturist pool.”

We ignored him but just as we were about walk over to the staff man at the top of the slides the youth shouted,

“Hey, those 2 girls are naked, they haven’t got anything on.”

The staff man turned and saw Rose and me.

“Girls, you can’t be out here like that, where’s your swimsuits?”

I was ready for that.

“We did have them on but we had to throw them away.”

“What!” the young man said.

“You see, our mum knitted us some really nice bikinis out bits of old wool that she had. They tickled us a bit but they looked really good. Everything was alright until we jumped into the pool then they stretched and went all baggy. They kept sliding off so we took them off and put them in the rubbish bin over by the café.”

“Wow, that’s different,” the staff man said, “I guess that she didn’t remember that wool stretches. Couldn’t she afford to buy you some proper swimsuits?”

“No, she hasn’t got a job.”

“Well you can’t stay like that. Tell you what, go down to the office and tell them what’s happened, they might have something that will fit you in the lost and found box.”

“Can we still go down on the slide please, it is the quickest way.” I asked.

“Yes, go on, but go straight to the office.”

We jumped on the slides and within seconds we were in the little pool at the bottom.

“That was awesome.” Rose said; “did you see him looking at us?”

“Yes, and I saw you taking your hands off your tits so that he could get a good look at them.”

Rose giggled.

“Quick.” I said; “get back into the big pool.”

We did, and messed about around in there for a few minutes before picking our moment to get out and go back to the corridor to the sauna.

We stopped at the big windows to look down to see if anyone was looking up to us, but no one was. At one point Rose started waving but it was her trying to attract someone’s attention.

It didn’t work.

Thankfully we saw that our bikinis were still hanging where we’d left them and we went into the steam room.

As expected, you could hardly see you hand in front of you but we managed to get to the outer bench ring and sat down. After a few seconds I spread my legs and started playing.

“Come on Rose,” I said, “no one can see you.”

Rose looked around then got to work on her pussy. After a couple of seconds I had an idea. I stopped playing with my pussy and told Rose to lie along the bench. When she was flat on her back my right hand went over to her pussy and got to work.

Rose smiled (I think) then spread her legs.

I did to her what I do to me and she seemed to like it; so much so that she started cumming quite quickly.

When she was okay I got up off my knees and was surprised to see that a man had come and sat inches from Rose’s feet. Not that he would have seen anything in any detail because of the steam, but he would certainly have heard her.

I grabbed Rose’s hand and led her to the showers. There were only 2, one was occupied by what turned out to me a woman not too much older than me, but with enormous breasts. So big that I felt sorry for her; how the hell could she manage with those 2 bouncing around on her chest?

Anyway, I went and sat on one of the sun loungers, lay back as far I could, then said to Rose,

“Come on Rose, it’s your turn to do me now.”

“What out here? People will see us.”

“What people, we’re on our own.”

“There’s that poor woman in the shower and who knows who’s in the sauna or steam room. Besides, I’ve never done a girl before.”

“Forget other people; I haven’t really spent much time with other girls either; I just did what felt good to me. Come on, get started.” I said as I spread my legs. Rose sat on the edge of the sun lounger next to me and started rubbing my pussy.

It worked out that Rose was on the side of the sun lounger furthest from the sauna and door into the place; I was be able to see everyone going in and out whilst Rose was diddling my clit.

Rose was quite good at it too. She stopped and just sat there when the woman got out of the shower and went into the steam room; and again when a man came out of the sauna and went into a shower.

When a couple about the same ages as us came in I told Rose to keep going. By that time I was getting quite worked-up and I didn’t want her to stop.

I watched the couple as they stopped and stared at us for a few seconds before the girl said,

“This looks promising.” To the boy with her; then she reached behind her body and pulled the strings on her top. As that came off she went to her hips and pulled those strings.

“Get them off then Pete.” She said; bring the boy out of his staring trance.

By the time his shorts slid down his legs he had a big hard-on and it sprang to attention as it got free. The sight of that cock took me over the edge and my moans got louder as my body started jerking about.

“Fucking hell,” the boy said as he followed his girl into the sauna; “did you see her jerking all over the place?”

After that, Rose and I rotated between sneaking into the pool for some skinny dipping and making ourselves cum, or each other, in the sauna or on the sun loungers. We were so high on sexual adrenalin that we didn’t care who saw us. At one time there were 3 men and one girl sat or stood around the sun loungers as Rose made me cum again.

Eventually, Rose realised that time was getting on and that her mother would be getting home soon. We went and had a naked shower with a few people watching us then we put on the clothes that we arrived in and walked to the underground station.

We just managed to catch the end of the rush hour and Rose was lucky enough to get a quick grope. It was only when we got to Rose’s station that she had a horrible thought. She’d come out that morning in my tube skirt and top, without anything to change into before she got home.

She was panicking for 2 reasons; firstly it was my skirt and she wanted to give it back to me; and secondly, her mother might be back home and she’d get grounded for ever.

I laughed and told her that she’d have to go home bottomless and take her chances. I let her suffer for just a couple of seconds then told her that she could have the skirt and top and to get home quickly and tell her mother that she’d only been round to her mates house.

We hugged and kissed the Rose ran off, hoping to beat her mother home.

I got the underground back to my hotel and went into the bar for a drink. I was just about to go up to my room when the same guys from the previous night arrived. We ended up having a sort of repeat of the previous night except that they took me out for a meal before we went back to one of their rooms.

I was aiming to get the mid-morning train back up north and I was a bit late getting up. I made it then slept most of the journey.

**Summer Break 3 - My first holiday**

**----------------------------------------**

Two days after I got back to John’s flat I was restless and wanted to do something. It was 3 weeks before John was due back and I was starting to go crazy. On an impulse I went into town and into a travel agents; suddenly glad that I had followed John’s advice to get a passport. I told the girl there that I wanted to go to somewhere hot and lively; where I could have a good time.

She suggested San Antonio in Ibiza, telling me that it was very popular with young people. She checked what was available for next day departure and offered me a hotel that she said would be full of young people looking for fun.

I booked it and went and got the only 2 things that I thought that I would need that I didn’t already have; suntan lotion and some Euros. Back at John’s flat I got onto the internet and checked-out San Antonio and the hotel. I was pleased that it looked like the girl in the travel agents was right. Then I threw a few things in a small bag and went to bed. I had to be up early in the morning. I fell asleep diddling my clit and thinking about the sun and all the cute guys.

The alarm went off early and I was up, showered and dressed and out the door within 30 minutes. I’d decided to wear just a thin, floaty micro skirt and a tank top. The fresh morning air soon had my nipples rock hard.

The plane was about 50% young people and I was sat next to 2 girls about my age. We soon got talking and they were eager to tell me what they were going to do, and how many guys they were going to have.

Getting off the plane it soon became obvious that Ibiza IS a party island; young people were everywhere; all wanting to party 24x7. I was going to have a great time.

Walking in to the baggage area I realised that it was going to be quite a while before everyone was on the busses to go to the hotels; so much for just taking hand luggage. I strolled out into the arrivals hall and was met by a holiday company rep. She looked at my ticket then told me which coach I was on.

I slowly wandered out the door and could soon see the numbers on the front of the coaches. I spotted mine when I was about 30 yards away; there was a really cute young man rep leaning against the front looking really bored.

I suddenly had an idea and turned and walked back into the terminal. I found a ladies toilet and got changed into a tight, yellow tube skirt, which was bought as a tube top, and my lace bandeau top. I walked out again and you should have seen the face on the rep light up as I walked towards him.

My yellow skirt had ridden up and my pussy and butt were out for all the world to see. Not bothering to pull the skirt down I walked straight up to him and said the hotel name.

He eagerly confirmed that this was the right coach and he told me to get on. He followed me up the steep steps which cause my skirt to go even higher. He was able to see everything.

“Sit anywhere you like love; what’s your name, I need to tick you off on the list so that I can make sure that every one’s here.”

“I’m Jordan,” I said as I stopped at the second row of seats and lifted my bag up into the overhead racks. As I did so, the sleeve of my top pulled the rest of my top up over my tits.

I turned and flopped down into the seat, pretending that I didn’t know that he could now see both my tits and my pussy.

Noah (name tag on his chest) stood leaning against the back of the seat in front and said,

“When I saw the name Jordan on the sheet I was expecting a bloke and I can see that you clearly aren’t one of those but I bet that you’re good with the balls though.”

“Ha, very funny Noah; I’ve heard that one a few times. So what’s Ibiza and San Antonio like; and the beaches and the nightlife like?”

Noah went into his well-rehearsed spiel for about 5 minutes before I interrupted him saying,

“You’ll have to show me where all these places are Noah.”

“My pleasure Jordan.” He said, still staring down and my tits and pussy.

Just to make it easier for him I shuffled my butt forward and opened my knees a bit. He kept staring whilst telling me things about Ibiza. At one point I asked him if there were any nudist beaches near the hotel. After clearing his throat he told me that there weren’t any close by, then he told me all about the ones that are a short boat ride away.

Noah turned and got some leaflets out of a bag and passed one of them to me. As I took it I looked down at my chest.

“Oops,” I said, “that’s always happening with this top; it just won’t stay in place. I think that I need to get a boob job so that they’re big enough to keep this top in place.”

I pulled my top back over my tiny tits as Noah said,

“I don’t think that you should Jordan, they look great to me.”

Somehow I managed to blush a little and I pretended to be embarrassed; and to pretend that I hadn’t realised that my pussy was still on full display.

Noah continued to tell be about the attractions that his company took people to, passing me a leaflet each time that he started telling me about a different on. Each time, one or both of my tits escaped. Sometimes I ignored it and sometimes I apologised and quickly covered them.

Noah must have talked to a good 20 minutes before the rest of the people started to appear. By then my pussy was drenching the seat and I thought that it would have been more appropriate for my parents to have called me ‘Brook’ or ‘River’.

The coach was only about half full and no one sat next to me, but I did see a few guys looking down at my exposed lap as they walked passed me.

All through the hour long journey to the hotel Noah was stood in the aisle just in front of me. When he wasn’t telling everyone all the things that he’d already told me, he was trying to hit on me while looking at my pussy. He passed a few more leaflets to me and my top went up off my tit each time. One time I pretended not to notice and it was out on display for about 10 minutes.

I pulled my skirt down before stepping into the aisle to get off, but everything got uncovered again when I reached up to get my bag. I quickly covered up before getting off the coach but the walk over to the hotel and up the few steps ensured that those left on the coach saw my bare butt.

The hotel was just what I’d expected, not big and not small; full of life and right in the middle of the resort. It was around lunchtime and there were young people everywhere. I wasn’t really surprised to see lots of thong bikini bottoms and quite a few topless girls.

Being a single traveller, I expected to get a dingy little room but it was a standard twin room, with a balcony and on the second floor.

I opened the balcony door and looked across the road to another hotel. The sun was shining, there were lots of cute guys on the street below and in the hotel, plenty of booze, and it was obvious that clothing was going to be optional most of the time. What more could a girl ask for?

Taking a quick shower then putting just my bikini bottoms on, I set off to explore. I got as far as the bar where I was soon asked what I wanted to drink.

I perched on a bar stool chatting to 3 guys while they looked at my tits and tried to make up their minds if they could see my pussy or not. Eventually, and after a few shots, one of them said that my thong bikini bottoms looked a bit strange.

I laughed, leant back, opened my knees and said,

“Have you seen a bikini bottoms like this before?”

It took a few seconds for them to register that I’d said something; then, as one of them said that he hadn’t, I sat up straight and closed my knees. The guys did their best to get me to go up to their room but I wasn’t interested. I left them saying that I’d be back in the bar that evening.

I wandered around some more, and watched the fun in the pool. Some of the girls were naked and I almost went to join them. Instead I wandered round the rest of the hotel then went out to a shop to get some water. I wasn’t the only girl wandering around the streets in a thong bikini bottoms and no top.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped and got an icecream in a café; no one cared how little I was wearing.

Back at the hotel I decided to have a nap on the balcony before what was promising to be a hectic night. I got completely naked and took a room towel out and draped it over a chair that I turned to face the street. Then I sat on the front edge of the chair; lay back and put my feet up on the balcony railings (feet well apart of course).

I wanted to get some sleep but there was too much going on all around. There were some guys on their balcony across the street shouting to me telling me that I had nice tits and a nice pussy. In the end I gave up and put one of my ultra-short skirts on and went for another walk.

The bottom half of my butt was on display but I could easily have been wearing a thong. From the front it was very obvious that I wasn’t wearing a thong; the skirt stopped just above the top of my slit.

This time I went further, wandering round the streets full of bars and down to the harbour. The place was buzzing with young people all enjoying themselves. Quite a few girls were just wearing a thong and no one seemed to care. No one seemed to care about my tiny skirt not covering my pussy either.

I sat on one of the stone seats and looked out over the harbour to the hotels on the other side of the bay. San Antonio is a really pretty place.

I hadn’t been at all careful about how I’d sat on the seat and a few guys wandering along the sea front checked me out; one of them saying,

“Nice pussy little girl.”

I smiled but said nothing.

Back at the hotel, I went straight to the bar and saw Noah. He came over and complimented me on my outfit before telling me that there was a new-arrivals meeting about to start. He got me a drink and I went and sat on a big chair next to a sofa that had 3 girls, wearing bikinis, sat on it.

I smiled as I sat down and 2 of them said hello.

By the time that the meeting was over I’d made friends with the 3 girls and booked a trip to a big nightclub, a booze cruise, a beach party and a horse riding day. Why the hell I booked that last one I have no idea; possibly because the 3 girls said that they wanted to go bareback riding and possibly because Noah and a couple of the other reps kept coming round and filling our glasses.

Noah came over to me at the end of the meeting and asked me if would like to go for a drink, telling me that it was his only night off that week. I said okay and asked him where we were going and if I should go and get changed.

“You look great to me but if you want to go and freshen-up I’m happy to come up and watch you.” Noah said.

“Hmmm.” I thought, a bit cheeky, but hell, I’m on holiday.

“Okay then, let’s go.” I said getting up and leading him to the stairs.

I knew full well that he was staring at my bare butt and wet pussy as he followed me up the stairs.

When we got into my room I turned to face Noah and said,

“Noah, you’ve been staring at my pussy all day, I know that you want to fuck me and I want to fuck you get so those fucking clothes off and take me.”

As I was saying that I unfastened my skirt and let it drop to the floor leaving me totally naked apart from my shoes. I lay back on the bed, opened my legs wide and said,

“Come and get it.”

Noah was inside me within seconds and it wasn’t long before we both came. Afterwards, in the shower, I knelt in front of him and took him again, but in my mouth this time.

As Noah got dressed I asked him if I‘d have any problems going out at night wearing just an ultra-short skirt and shoes like I had in the afternoon. Noah laughed and told me that lots of girls went out drinking wearing next to nothing, and some with nothing on above their ankles.

Noah did take me out for something to eat; only a burger in a café, but it was still a free meal, and he fucked me again down a side street before he said that he had to go on an airport run.

**The rest of the holiday**

If I tried to write down everything that I did on that holiday it would take forever and would fill my hard drive, so I’ll just tell you about the more exciting parts.

**The pub crawls**

Wow! People, noise and drunken people everywhere; all having a good time. It was great. It was so easy for me to make new friends and get drinks bought for me; especially as I was only wearing a way too short skirt, shoes and nothing else. And all those hands that kept getting everywhere. I was permanently turned on and had my juices running down my thighs; and that fact kept getting pointed to me by the guys that stuck their hands there.

Noah and the other reps took us to the first pub and tried to get us to follow them round a circuit of pubs that they were probably getting a back-hander from, but it was so easy to drift off where ever some guys wanted me to go.

**The big nightclub**

Truly awesome; a massive place and there must have been well over a thousand young people there. It took about an hour to get there on the coach because we stopped at other hotels to pick up more people. Most people had started drinking long before the coach picked them up so everyone was in a great mood even before we got there.

A couple of male reps came with us, Noah and Zac. I wasn’t really having a repeat performance with Noah so I sat up the front and talked to Zac for most of the journey. He complimented me on my outfit, 4 inch heels and an ultrashort belt skirt, nothing else; and I, of course sat with me knees open.

After Noah and Zac had got us through the doors Zac grabbed my hand and took me to an outside part of the club that wasn’t busy yet. He fucked me under the stars and when we were done I looked around and saw Noah on top of another girl and what looked to be another couple of girl reps getting fucked as well.

I wondered how many other girls Noah and Zac had taken up there.

The club is massive; I have no idea how many dance areas and bars there are.

I wasn’t the only girl there wearing next to nothing but it was quite dark just about everywhere there so I didn’t see any point in taking off my skirt and probably losing it. After all, it didn’t get in the way when I fucking the guys.

**The beaches**

There are 3 of them that are about a 30 minute boat ride from San Antonio. These are the ones that Noah had told me about and yes, I sunbathed and swam totally naked at each of them.

Each time that I went to a beach, the only clothes that I took with me was one of my ultra-short skirts. Apart from a handful of people who realised that my pussy was on display, no one seemed to care that most of my butt was on display. Thong bikinis have made showing your butt quite acceptable.

The boats that are used to ferry people to the beaches are quite small, holding about 30 or 40 people sat in 4 rows (length ways). The outside 2 rows facing in; and the central rows facing the outside rows; the perfect opportunity to stare at the people facing you.

I always tried to sit opposite men so that I could open my knees and let them look at my pussy as well as my tiny tits.

After the first time that I went to one I put my little bullet in and toyed with the control throughout the days that I went to a beach. I find it a real turn-on to have an orgasm whilst laying on my back, legs spread wide, and people all around me. Unfortunately I had to buy most of my own drinks because there was always a shortage of young guys on the beaches but I never put my skirt on to go to the cafés to get those drinks.

I took the opportunity of being flat on my back with my legs spread, to practice something that I discovered on the internet called Kegel exercises. Tightening my pelvic muscles for 10 seconds then releasing them. When I first tried it back in my room I did it in front of a mirror and watched my pussy muscles moving as I tightened then relaxed.

I enjoyed doing that on the beach when a man was staring at my pussy.

Another thing that I often did when I was on my stomach was to put my right hand underneath me and play with my clit. Doing that while my bullet was purring away inside me brought me to many orgasms on the beaches. Most of the time that I was doing that I had no idea if anyone was watching me or not; not that I cared.

Sometimes when I got restless I’d go for a swim, other times I’d go for a walk. I often walked through the clothed area of the beach or off the beach into the café or carpark or bus stop areas; all totally naked of course.

When it came time to go back to the hotel I’d put just my belt skirt and shoes on, but a couple of times it was just my shoes. Unfortunately, both times the boat owners started talking to me in Spanish and one of the other holidaymakers told me that I had to put some clothes on.

Each time I dug out my skirt and put it on; the old Spanish men smiling and letting me on. I couldn’t see what difference a tiny skirt that didn’t cover my butt or pussy made to him but it obviously did. As soon as the boat started chugging back to San Antonio I unfastened the skirt and put it back in my bag.

Both times the old man was mumbling something to me when I got off the boat but I didn’t care.

I walked back to the hotel totally naked.

**The hotel swimming pool**

This was the centre of all the life in the hotel; apart from other people’s bedrooms when you got invited there.

As well as the pool there is a bar, a pool table, a table tennis table, loads of sun loungers and a little raised area that doubles as a little stage.

Possibly because the youngest guest was supposed to be 18 the hotel staff either didn’t care what people got up to, or they’d given up trying to control what people did. I think that so long as you don’t damage anything you can do whatever you want.

Having sex in the pool or on a sun lounger appeared to be acceptable; well no one complained on the occasions when I did it. Everyone was so friendly and the guys were always wanting to buy you (well the girls) a drink. The only time that I heard a bad word was from someone suffering from a bad hang-over when someone tried to get them to join-in some game.

Just about all the girls round the pool were either wearing just a thong or nothing at all. When I went there straight after I got back from somewhere the first thing that I did was to take my skirt off – if I’d been wearing one. I quickly decided that it wasn’t worth putting any clothes, or shoes, on if I was just going down to the pool from my room.

**My room neighbours**

On one side was a couple of guys who kept climbing over the balcony to see me, or climbing over the other side of my balcony and going to the 2 girls that were there. All were friendly and both of the guys spent at least one night in my bed.

Climbing over the balcony wasn’t the only way to get into someone else’s room, most people never locked their doors and often left them wide open; an open invite for anyone of the opposite sex to come in and climb into bed with you. It also meant that there was a gentle breeze blowing through if you left your balcony door open as well.

I had some more neighbours, the guys in the rooms in the hotel on the other side of the street. I had quite a few conversations with them and twice I put on a show for them, making myself cum for them. I also got fucked from behind as a stood on the balcony, leaning on the railings and talking to those guys across the street.

**My first full-blown public lesbian experience**

I wasn’t the only lone holidaymaker there; there was this girl that arrived the day after me. She’s slim, small tits and quite attractive really. She soon got into wearing very little, or nothing, just like the other girls.

The thing was; she (Jenny) never really seemed interested in the guys. Okay, she happily talked to them but whenever they tried to hit on her she sort of ignored it and the guys always left on their own.

One night, about half way through my holiday, when there were lots of people drinking round the hotel pool someone suggested a talent competition. A karaoke machine appeared (I think that it belonged to the hotel) and there was some awful, drunken singing. After that people took it in turns to do their own little party piece.

By that time there were signs in the sky that the new day wasn’t far away, and there was only 1 barman left to get the drinks.

We’d been going round the tables getting people to get up and do their bit and when it got to the table that I was sat at one of the guys suggested that I do a stripper routine. No, I hadn’t told anyone what job I did on a Friday and a Saturday night.

I tried to object saying that how could I be a stripper when all I was already naked.

“Well just get up and dance.” One guy said.

By that time of the morning I was ‘quite happy’ so I agreed.

I must have gone into automatic stripper mode because I ended up doing the last part of my stripper routine; masturbating to an orgasm right there in front of everyone.

Of course that went down well with the guys.

Sat at the next table, in amongst the half dozen people there, was Jenny, the other lone girl traveller. Everyone there was trying to get her to get up and sing or something and eventually Jenny told them that she had to go up to her room for something then she’d get up on the little stage.

Two minutes later Jenny was back with a carrier bag. Instead of going back to her table she came to me and pulled me back to the stage.

Jenny started dancing and sliding her hands up and down her body. I started to think that she was going to do something like I had, but where did I come into her act?

I stood there feeling like a dummy for a while then Jenny turned to me and put her hands over my shoulders so I started swayed from side to side like Jenny was. Jenny was staring straight into my eyes and before I realised it we were kissing and our tongues were wresting in the other’s mouth.

Jenny got me to get down on the floor where she lay on top of me and continued the kissing. Instinctively, I’d spread my legs and her knee was rubbing up against my pussy.

Jenny suddenly broke the kiss, got up and turned round. Before I knew what was happening her pussy was in my face and mine in hers.

No one could have expected me to resist and 2 tongues got busy. As I was cumming I felt Jenny’s finger invade my vagina. I say finger but it felt more like her fist. I’d never been stretched so much before.

In between my gasps of surprise and almost shock, I managed to rub her pussy but I couldn’t really concentrate and I didn’t manage to make her cum.

After I’d cum again, Jenny got up and went over to the carrier bag. I saw her stepping into some sort of harness and when she turned round she was wearing a monster strap-on dildo.

Instinct took over and I turned over and got onto my knees. Jenny proceeded to fuck me good and proper with that monster dildo, much to the delight of the 2 dozen or so drunken young people who were all watching and cheering.

I of course loved every second of it and came yet again.

Jenny let me rest for a short time while she took the strap-on off; and put it on me. It was my turn to get vague idea of what it’s like for a man to fuck a woman.

I gave Jenny hell with that dildo. I wasn’t annoyed with her; after all, she’d made me cum 3 times. I really wanted to give her as good as she’d given.

I did my best and Jenny finally orgasmed.

When it was over I worked out how to take the strap-on off and listened to the comments coming from the audience. Those comments alone were nearly enough to make me cum again.

Both Jenny and I went back to our tables, both of us still naked. I finally knew why I hadn’t seen Jenny going off with a man.

**The booze cruise and the beach party**

These 2 were very much alike. The only real difference was that the beach party took a break from the partying on a boat and everyone went and played silly games of a secluded beach.

Both were an excuse for lots of the girls to get naked and couples to make-out where ever they happened to be.

Jenny came on the beach party and seemed to be enjoying herself on the boat, but when we got to the beach she went off and sunbathed about 50 yards from where all the games were. When I needed a break from drinking and making a fool of myself I went over to Jenny and lay next to her. She too was working on her all-over tan.

When Jenny realised that I was there she got up onto her side, facing me, and started talking; suddenly getting all lively. At first I didn’t realise it, but she was coming on to me. That got confirmed when she asked me if I’d like some suntan lotion rubbing on.

Not thinking what that might lead to I said,

“Okay – thank you.”

Jenny started with my back and legs and she briefly touched my pussy as her hands slid up my legs. Asking me to turn over, she continued doing the rest of my legs then she moved up to my arms. By that time I had relaxed and was actually enjoying it.

Then she started on my chest and tiny tits. She lingered on my tits way longer than it took me to put any lotion on them. She was rolling and pulling my nipples and massaging my tiny traffic cones.

By then I was moaning and didn’t want her to stop, but she continued down my chest and stomach and by the time she got to my pussy my legs were spread to nearly 90 degrees to my body.

As soon as she pinched my little clit I exploded into an amazing orgasm.

As I started to calm down I could hear voices and when I opened my eyes there were about 20 guys and girls all standing watching Jenny and I.

Jenny wasn’t finished there; she went into her backpack and got out a dildo which she proceeded to use on my clit then fuck me until I orgasmed.

Of course I reciprocated Jenny’s actions and gave her as good as she’d given me.

Although I’d enjoyed my experiences with Jenny, I was on holiday to get fucked by men so I started avoiding Jenny as much as I could. We never got together again.

**Horse riding**

This was the longest time that I went without some booze and loud music. In hindsight, I wish that I hadn’t put my name down to go on this.

Okay, I’d never ridden a horse before but this was just sat on an old nag that plodded along.

I got some funny looks from the stable guys because I was wearing a too-short skirt and not trousers or shorts like the rest of the girls. I also got my clit squashed against the saddle, and the sunbathing was good; but apart from that it was a waste of time; not my idea of fun.

I was glad to be back at the hotel and jumping into the swimming pool.

**The end of my first real holiday**

My first ever real holiday came to an end way too soon. I’d had an amazing time with plenty of booze and plenty of sex. What’s more I’d got myself s great all-over tan.

I spent most of my first day back at John’s flat in bed, on my own and fast asleep. I had a lot of sleep to catch up on and nothing to do for a week before John got back.

**Jordan**

**by Vanessa Evans**

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when any sexual activity took place.*

**Part 3 – My second year at university**

**-------------------------------------------**

**Second year starting early**

**-------------------------------**

John told his wife that he had to be back at the university on the third week of August to get all his preparation work done. That was great for me as I’d have him to fuck me every day for nearly 3 weeks.

The first few days were spent with lots of fucking and talking. He asked me about how my time back at home had gone and we both laughed about us seeing each other at the carnival and how his wife had been shocked that girls were flaunting their naked pussies as they dances along the street.

When John asked me how I’d got such a deep all-over tan I told him that I’d spent a lot of time on the roof sunbathing. For some strange reason which I couldn’t pinpoint, I didn’t want to tell him about my 2 weeks in Ibiza.

After 4 days John told me that he’d got a surprise for me; he was taking me on a one week holiday to Spain - Ibiza. I was shocked and thought that maybe I should confess that I’d just got back from Ibiza but I decided that it might spoil his fun if he knew. Thankfully, it was a quieter part of the island and I was relieved to realise that there wouldn’t be lots of male eye candy for me to get distracted with.

John took me shopping and bought me some more skimpy clothes, but the skirts did cover all of my butt and my pussy – when I was just standing there.

**My second holiday that summer**

**-------------------------------------**

When we landed and walked out of the airport I just hoped that the male reps wouldn’t be there and that I’d have to explain how I knew them. It turned out okay, probably because it was a different holiday company and different flight times.

The hotel was much, much quieter; and had families in it so I was going to have to keep some clothes on.

By comparison, my second holiday in Ibiza was dull and boring, although, to be fair, we seemed to be doing similar things to all the other young couples there.

One thing that the girls in the other couples weren’t doing was wearing a bikini like mine. John had offered to buy me a new one before we left England but I’d told him that I was perfectly happy with my own, homemade one, and that I doubted that we could find another one like it. I’d told John about it before but he was quite surprised when he first saw it. I really had to be careful where I opened my legs when I was wearing it.

There were quite a few topless women around, and I went sans top by the pool and on the beaches all the time; and I didn’t worry about my bikini top being see-through either.

There were a few places where I could open my legs and let the sun see my pussy; one was at the waterpark; plenty of opportunities to flash the young men that were working there, or on holiday.

I was quite happy (so was John), when he took me to a ‘clothing optional’ beach. We both spent most of the day without clothes, even going to a café; that was on that part of the beach, without any clothes on.

**University accommodation cock-up**

**------------------------------------------**

My booking for a room in the halls of residence got lost and after a few strong words I was offered a room in a house not far away. The house is actually owned by one of the students (his daddy bought it for him) and he wanted some other students to share it with him.

I went to visit my old flatmates to see if there had been another cock-up and if my old room was free, but it wasn’t; another girl was there. Lucas wasn’t there either; his room having been taken by another guy.

I couldn’t, and didn’t want to move in with John because his wife occasionally comes to visit for the weekend so that wouldn’t have gone down well. I didn’t have a lot of choice.

When I arrived at the house I was greeted by a cute looking guy who told me his name was Mason. He looked a bit surprised when I told him that I was Jordan and that I was there for the room.

“Oh sorry,” Mason said, “I was expecting a young man. We’ve only got male students staying here. We’ll have to have a house meeting to see if anyone objects to sharing with a girl. But come in, I’ll round up the guys and you can meet them all.”

As I walked in I thought that Mason’s reaction had been a little surprising, after all, why wouldn’t 4 guys want a girl staying with them; especially one that loves to get naked. Then I remembered that they didn’t know that last bit; well not yet. My microskirt and tank top with no bra might have given them a clue but hey, they are men after all.

Anyway, 3 other guys trooped in and were introduced as Harry, Aiden and Logan; each one of them looking me up and down as we shook hands.

Mason explained the error and asked if any of them had any objection. None had, but I had a reservation;

“Okay,” I said; “thank you for that, but if I’m coming into a house full of men I need to know that you don’t all live like animals and that you won’t expect me to do all the cooking and cleaning. Everything has to be split 5 equal ways.”

It was then that Aiden realised where he’d seen me before.

“Hey, aren’t you the girl that always gets naked at parties?”

I actually blushed; it was the last think that I expected to hear.

“Well err… it’s not just me,” I replied; “there’s usually a lot of girls that take their clothes off. You guys usually manage to talk us into it.”

That last sentence sold it for the guys and after a few nods, Mason said that the room was mine if I still wanted it.

“Does that mean that you’ll get naked for us here?” Logan asked.

I didn’t answer that one. Instead I asked to be shown the room. Mason led the way followed by me, then the others. As we went up the stairs I smiled knowing where the guys behind me were looking.

The room was quite nice actually, bigger than my dorm room with a view over the back garden. The only disadvantage was that I’d have to share a bathroom with 4 guys.

As Mason pointed out the features of the room I looked at the guys and thought,

“I’ll soon get these suckers knocked into shape.”

I accepted the room and left to get my belongings. Aiden offered to come and help me and we walked the half mile or so chatting about my new flatmates.

Aiden followed me up the stairs to John’s flat (John was at the uni getting organised for the start of the new year), and I made sure that Aiden got a good look at what I hoped he was going to see a lot more of. I even lingered as I bent over to pick up some of my belonging. I didn’t tell Aiden that the flat I had been temporarily living in was my tutor’s; I just said that it belonged to a friend.

Back in my new room I quickly took my skirt and top off and put a thong and a see-through top on; then got myself organised. When I got to my laptop I had to go and ask what the WiFi password was and the guys all stared at me as I stood there waiting for them to come down to earth.

“You don’t mind me wandering around in my underwear do you? I’m guessing that you all do the same at times don’t you?”

Mason offered to come and help me set it up but I said that I could manage.

After I’d got organised I went downstairs to talk with my new flatmates. As I walked in still wearing just the see-through top and see-through thong the conversation just stopped and the 4 of them just stared at me - again.

I sat on one of the sofas and got offered coffee and beers in abundance; I think that they just wanted to look at me from different angles. We all gave a brief summary of who we were and what course we were on; and a lot of trivia.

After about an hour Harry said,

“I remember where I’ve seen you before; you work at the club don’t you?”

“Which club?” Aiden added.

“The strip club down by wots it called; you know.”

“Oh yes…. That’s where I remember those tits from.”

“Okay guys, you’ve got me. So I’m a stripper on a Friday and Saturday nights, so what? A student’s got to earn some money where she can. I hope that it isn’t going to affect our living arrangement; after all, we did shake on it.” I replied.

“Well, I don’t know; maybe we’ll have to change the agreement slightly.” Mason said.

“Hey, that’s not fair; would you say the same if one of you worked as a stripogram getting your rocks off on getting naked in front of loads of screaming women?”

“That’s not the same.” Aiden said.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Because…”

“Because nothing; it IS the same thing, so why should things be different for me?”

“Maybe we could give you some sort of incentive.” Mason said.

“Incentive for what. One minute you’re saying that the rules should be different for me because I’m a girl, then the next second you’re trying to bribe me to do something. What’s going on? What is that you want of me? What would it cost me and what would I get out of it?”

I could easily guess what they wanted, and I wanted it too; but I wasn’t going to get naked for them unless it was costing them something.

“Team meeting; err, a boys team meeting; in the kitchen lads.” Mason announced.

The 4 of them got up and disappeared into the kitchen. Five minutes later they came back, sat down and Mason said,

“Right Jordon, we’ve all agreed that it isn’t fair that you should suffer just because you are a girl; but…. We’ve come up with a proposition that we hope you’ll go along with.”

“I’m listening.”

“Well, how about you getting naked whenever you come down to the lounge.”

“So what do I get in return?”

“How about you get out of bathroom cleaning duties?”

“How about I get out of bathroom AND kitchen cleaning duties? Oh, and you guys have to keep both rooms clean all the time.”

The 4 guys looked at each other and all nodded.

“Okay Jordan,” Mason said, “you’ve got a deal. So get those clothes off.”

“Err, not so quick guys, I’ve just been in the kitchen and the bathroom and I wouldn’t call either of them clean.”

I didn’t have to say anything else; all 4 of the guys got up and disappeared. Five minutes later they were back saying that both rooms were clean.

I smiled, stood up and peeled my top up and over my head. As I looked round at all 8 male eyes that were locked on my tiny tits, I pulled on my nipples and rolled them between finger and thumb.

Turning round, I slowly slid the thong down my legs then turned back round to face them. Eight eyes moved down to my pussy.

“Nice one Jordan.” Harry said.

“But if I find a filthy bathroom or kitchen then these clothes go back on.”

“Yes, okay Jordan that’s fair….. Now that we’ve established that you’re open to negotiations, what will it cost us for you to take your clothes off before you come in the front door and stay naked all the time until you leave the house?”

“Wow; that’s a tough one.” I lied, “I’ll have to think about that one. Can we talk about it tomorrow night?”

The guys seemed a bit disappointed but hey, a girl’s got to get everything that she can. I can’t let the guys get the upper hand.

I stayed naked for the rest of the evening, making some more coffees just to give them the chance to see me walking around.

The following evening when I got home I went straight up to my room and didn’t really see the others. It was the same the day after but on the third evening when I got in Mason called me in to the lounge. I dropped my bag and walked into the lounge.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” Logan said.

“What?” I replied, knowing exactly what he meant.

“Lounge… clothes…”

“Oh yes; I forgot.” I lied again and dropped my skirt and peeled my top off, tweaking my nipples when it was off.

“Better?” I asked.

By then the others had appeared and Mason said,

“Jordan, do you me remember me asking you what we would have to do to get you to be naked all the time that you’re in the house?”

“Yeah, you did say something about that didn’t you?”

“Yes Jordan I did; so what would it cost us?”

“Hmmmm; how about you guys cook for me as well as cleaning the bathroom and kitchen? And you have to keep the heating turned up high in winter.”

The 4 of them looked at each other then Mason said,

“Deal.”

We shook hands then he continued,

“You have to strip off and get dressed outside, remember?”

“Oh yes, you did mention that part didn’t you. Okay, no problem.”

Aiden then told me that I might regret getting them to cook for me, telling me that they were lousy cooks and Mason can’t even cook toast.

Since that day I’ve never worn any clothes in the house, but I’m not really looking forward to having to strip and get dressed outside in winter.

After a few weeks there was another flatmates meeting; Mason said that there was something that he wanted to talk about.

“Err Jordan,” Mason said, “this you being naked all the time deal seems to be working well; we were wondering if you’d be prepared to extend the deal a bit?”

“Maybe guys, it depends on what you are thinking about and what you’re prepared to pay for it?”

“Well,” Mason continued, “some of us have seen your finale at the strip club and we were wondering if you’d be prepared to put on a similar show for us here?”

“Hang on a minute;” I replied, “that’s one hell of a big leap; what the hell makes you think that I might go along with that?”

“Jordan” Harry interjected into the conversation; “After having seen your performance at the club it’s obvious that you get off by masturbating in front of guys so we’d actually be helping you.”

“Guys, I get paid for what I do at the strip club, and I always get good tips. So why on earth would I give you guys a freebie? No, if I do it for you it’s going to cost you.”

“How much?” Aiden asked.

“A lot; well, if I add what the club pays me to the tips that I get, I usually average somewhere between £250 and £300 per night. You guys would at least have to match that.”

“Bloody hell Jordan,” Logan sad, “no wonder you work at that club; it almost makes me wish that I was a girl.”

“Yeah, there are some good things about being a girl.” I replied.

“Team meeting.” Mason announced, and the guys disappeared into the kitchen.

A few minutes later they returned and Mason said,

“Jordan, we’ve decided that we are prepared to pay your rent for you if you’ll do your strip club performance for us once per week. Do we have a deal?”

“No,” I replied, “that would mean me stripping for you for about half the amount that I’d get at the club. I’m not doing it for you for less than what I’d get at the club; it’s not financially viable for me. Now if you were talking about rent free and I’ll get myself off for you once every fortnight then we MAY have a deal.”

“Team meeting.” Mason again announced.

Two minutes later they were back,

“Okay,” Mason said, “every other week at a day and time that is suitable for all of us, and you must cum for us; none of this faking crap that a lot of you women do. We want the real McCoy.”

As soon as they’d asked that I do what I do at the club; but just for the 4 of them, I knew that I’d do it but I wasn’t going to agree without me getting more than my rocks off for them. Even talking about it and negotiating with them was making me quite horny. I would have made myself cum right there and then but Mason wanted to talk more about when.

“So when’s my first performance guys?” I asked.

“How about right now?” Mason replied.

I deliberately said nothing for about 30 seconds during which my I felt my pussy get wet with anticipation; then said,

“Okay, but you’ll have to put some decent music on, and you do realise that with me not being able to put any clothes on I’m going to have to go straight to the frigging part. Where do you want me to do it?”

“Hadn’t thought about that;” Mason said, “how about on the table?”

I looked at it, to remind myself that it wasn’t one of those cheap, flimsy things; then said,

“Okay, get some decent music on.”

They did, and I did. All 4 of them staring at my pussy as I rubbed and finger fucked myself to a glorious orgasm. I just love it when I do that with men watching me.

I performed like that every couple of weeks for them; and sometimes one or two of their friends who ‘just happened to be there’. I didn’t mind; after all, I was living there rent free and I didn’t have to do any cooking or cleaning.

**Sunbathing in the back garden**

**------------------------------------**

October was unusually warm (not hot); the weather some days was better than it had been all summer. As a result, if I was at home and had little to do or just reading, I’d get a towel and go and sunbathe in the back garden.

I know that I only had to be naked in the house but I figured that they guys wouldn’t mind if I extended that to the back garden.

Anyway, one nice day I’d been sunbathing and reading and had started thinking back to my holiday in Ibiza (the first one). My course book got discarded and my hand drifted to my pussy while my legs spread wide.

I was just getting ‘happy’ when I heard a buzzing noise above me. It wasn’t too loud and I figured it must be a helicopter way up in the sky. I couldn’t be bothered to open my eyes and look; and just kept dreaming about the fun I’d had while my fingers kept rubbing.

Something startled me and I opened my eyes and saw this drone thing hovering about 20 feet above me. At first I was confused but my brain sorted itself out and I realised that the bloody thing had a camera underneath it. Some perv was videoing me masturbating.

After about a second I thought,

“Fuck him; have good look and see what you won’t be getting your hands on.”

I carried on and had a wonderful orgasm while looking straight at the camera.

After the waves had receded I lay there letting the sun warm my still exposed pussy when I heard the noise from the drone get louder. I squinted at it and saw it come down and land between my legs at my feet. I suppose that I could have thrown my book at it and smashed it but I didn’t want to spoil someone’s fun so I just let them stare at my pussy. I couldn’t see any movement from the camera but it could have been zooming in.

I tensed then relaxed my pussy muscles a couple of times just for the fun of it then the noise got louder and it took off and disappeared over the house roof. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

I woke-up to the sound of Mason asking me if I wanted a beer. Opening my eyes I saw all 4 of them looking down on me. Being convinced that they all would have had a good look at my pussy before Mason had spoken, I didn’t bother closing my legs when I got up onto my elbows to take the bottle.

We all sat out there talking for about another hour before it started to cool down. I told them about the drone hovering over me but I didn’t mention what I was doing at the time.

**The Gentleman’s Club**

**--------------------------**

One Sunday morning just after John and I had fucked, John said,

“Jordan, you’re interested in earning lots of easy money aren’t you?”

“Of course I am; you’re not about to tell me to go into politics or something stupid like that are you?”

“No, hell no, not politics, you’re way too honest for that. What I was thinking was that I’ve heard that the Gentlemen’s Club in town is looking for a new hostess.”

“What; a waitressing job, no thanks. Besides, waitress’ don’t even get minimum wage.”

“No, slow down, this is nothing like a normal waitressing job. Okay, you have to get drinks for the customers but the girls usually get asked to stay and keep the customers company. And they tip VERY well.”

“What do you call ‘very well’ John?”

“I’m taking hundreds, and it could go up to thousands if you provide ‘extra’ services.

I smiled, knowing what John meant by ‘extra’ services. John continued,

“I’ve heard that a girl can get tens of thousands if she’s prepared to go away with a customer for a few days.”

“Just who are these ‘Gentlemen’?”

“Judges, top policemen, politicians, top business men; basically any man who can afford the ten grand a quarter membership fee.”

I gulped the coffee that John had made and brought back to bed.

“Forty grand a year just to be a member!” I said rather loudly.

“It is really nice in there, and they do have really nice rooms for the private entertaining. Some of them are themed as well.”

“What sort of themes are we talking about?”

“I didn’t see all of them but I did see a dungeon, a school room and a nursery.”

“Okay, I get the idea John.”

“And the girls wear a cute little uniform that I’m 100% sure you’ll like. And what’s more, the uniform cleaning cost is tax deductible as well.”

“So what’s this uniform like? Is it some sort of French Maids?”

“Well… Yes and no. You know that a French Maid’s uniform sometimes has a lacy garter. Well imaging a lacy garter round your wrists and ankles; and nothing else.”

“Do you mean that the uniform consists of a lacy cuff round each wrist and ankle and nothing else?”

“No; the girls wear high heels as well. Oh, and they carry a little towel over their arm to wipe the tables and clean-up after any little accidents. They also drape them over the gentlemen’s lap if they get asked to sit on it. They can’t have the girl’s pussy leaking all over their five thousand pound suits can they?”

“Heaven forbid that!” I sarcastically said.

“So where is this place and how do I apply?”

“I’ll phone the Dean tomorrow and find out for you.”

“Anyway, how do you know about all this? I didn’t think that professors got paid that much.”

“They don’t, the Dean invited me there last week and when I saw the waitress’, and found out about the perks, I immediately thought of you Jordan.”

John did, and he phoned me on the Monday evening. Straight away, I was back on the phone to the ‘Gentlemen’s Club’. I went for an interview on the Wednesday evening.

Wow; talk about money. I’d never seen a place like that before. I had a flash-back to the pub that my mother and father drink in; a totally different world. As I walked in I saw a girl wearing just the ankle and wrist cuffs and got a little worried. The girl was carrying what looked like ‘DD’ tits. On the one hand I was jealous because it might be a requirement to have big tits to get the job; and on the other hand I wouldn’t like to have to carry those around every day.

I needn’t have worried; when I walked into the office and saw the 2 men that were doing the interview I got yet another surprise, one was my boss at the strip club. Talk about both ends of the spectrum.

Of course they wanted to see me naked and as I stripped I couldn’t quite hear what my boss was saying to the other guy. Whatever it was it worked; the other guy wanted to see my body close-up so I went and stood next to him and slowly did a 360.

He then told me that I’d have to have a medical examination, and if I passed that I’d got the job.

I was told to go to a doctor’s house in town and that I would be expected.

I got dressed and went straight over there. On the way I wondered if it was going to be another fake doctor and just an excuse to use and abuse my body (I hoped); but it was far from that. It was private practise and by the looks of it, an expensive one.

The examination was very thorough and not at all sexual. Okay, the old man gave me a gyno exam but he never once tried to make me cum. In a way I was a little disappointed.

I got a phone call on the Thursday evening telling me that I’d got the job if I still wanted it. The only bad thing was that they wanted me to work Friday and Saturday evening; the same as the strip club.

I phoned the strip club and told them that I was quitting. Then I told my flatmates that I wouldn’t be at the strip club the next time that they went.

Aiden’s first reaction was to ask me if still be doing my fortnightly masturbation sessions for them. I leant forwards and kissed him on the cheek and told him that I would.

Mason said that he was pleased that they wouldn’t have to re-negotiate my rent.

Harry looked relieved.

I spent a little longer getting ready on the Friday evening but I needn’t have bothered; when I got to the Gentlemen’s Club I was taken to my own personal undressing room, complete with en-suite shower room.

When I emerged wearing a new pair of heels and my little 4 piece uniform I was met by another man who was more like the butler’s that I’d seen on television. A really nice guy actually.

He, Charles, took me round the place showing me where everything was and telling me what I had to do.

It wasn’t long before a middle-aged man waved me over and asked me to get him a scotch. When I took it to him he asked me to sit down and talk to him. We chatted about a few topical things for a few minutes then he asked me if I would like to join him in the dungeon.

Okay, I’d seen the dungeon and it had got me excited, but to be taken there by a man who was expecting me to submit to who knows what, was a bit terrifying; and exciting.

When I told him that I’d never done anything like that before, he squeezed my bare thigh and told me not to be scared. He explained what a ‘safe’ word is and asked me to pick one. He then told me that he’d take it easy with me and that he’d stop just as soon as I used my safe word.

As he led me into the dungeon and I again saw all the ropes and whips and contraptions that looked like girls got tied them, I really did wonder why I was there; but my pussy was telling me that I wanted to be there; it was oozing.

“Okay Jordan,” the man (Henry) said, “Get undressed and just stand there with your legs slightly apart for a few minutes.”

‘Undressed’ I only had some shoes and 4 little lace cuffs on but I did as I was told as Henry went out of my sight. When he came back I nearly burst out laughing; he was stark naked and wearing a black leather hood. A slightly over-weight, middle-aged man wearing a leather hood is not a pretty sight.

“Right slave; elbows right back and stay like that.”

I felt a thin wooden pole slide between the inside of my elbows and my back then Henry came round to my front and tied my wrists together with some soft rope.

Next it was my ankles that were tied together. I felt really helpless but aroused and scared. Looking back I now realise that I liked being like that.

I was half expecting Henry to stop there but no, he got another rope and tied it round my chest. He wrapped it round so many times that all I could see of my little traffic cones was my nipples and areolas.

“That’s got to be it.” I thought, but no; the end of another length of rope was attached to the ropes between my tits and it was then fed between my legs.

I gasped as Henry went behind me and pulled on the rope. I went between my lips and pressed on my clit. The end was looped through the ropes going round my back and fastened leaving me feeling that I was getting cut in half.

Henry still wasn’t finished, he went and got a ball-gag and put it on me then lowered me down to the floor. He finished off by lowering a rope from the ceiling, attaching it between my ankles and hauling me up, upside down; leaving me hanging there, with my head about 3 feet off the ground.

“What the \*\*\*\* have I got myself into?” I thought as my blood rushed to my head.

I lost sight of Henry for a while then out of my mouth came a muffled scream. Something had hit my butt; then again and again and again. I must have been hit a dozen times with what I later found out was a riding crop. After about half way through, my butt started to go a bit numb; and I realised that my pussy was throbbing. Could I really be starting to enjoy it?

I didn’t get the chance to find out because Henry stopped hitting me and came round to the front of me. My face was about level with his hard-on. It wasn’t that big but in the state that I was in I wanted that cock in my pussy.

I had to settle for it in my mouth. Henry bent down and released my ball gag then pushed his cock into my mouth. He must have been really excited because he came in next to no time then he held his cock in my mouth until I’d sucked him dry. Thankfully he wasn’t pressing against me and I managed to breathe.

As his cock started to go soft, Henry started sliding his hands all over me. It felt nice and I wanted him to play with my pussy but my legs were tight together and that damn rope was still pressing on my clit.

I don’t know if Henry got an attack of guilt or what, but he said “Thank you,” and disappeared.

I was left hanging there for something like 15 minutes before Charles came and released me, asking me if I was okay and saying that there was no permanent damage.

I went and had a shower in my personal en-suite then got dressed into my uniform again. I spent the rest of the evening talking to a couple of elderly gentlemen whist standing up. They were quite amused by my red butt and kept asking,

“Who’s been a naughty girl then?”

When those 2 left, Charles told me that I could go, and that he would transfer £1,500 into my bank account first thing in the morning.

That was my first night at the Gentlemen’s Club. Since then I’ve: -

Had my butt spanked on 3 different occasions by a high court judge.

Been tied down by the chief constable and fucked by a machine. That was fun; I want one of those machines.

Taken to dinner by a business men on 3 different occasions and spent the night in his hotel room.

Taken to a posh dinner and dance by a councillor who introduced me as his ‘escort’. He’d arranged to meet me in the afternoon and bought me this beautiful long gown that I wore with nothing underneath.

Been tied onto a sybian machine twice by the same business man. Each time he left me on the machine for over an hour. Each time I lost count of the number of orgasms I had, and each time I needed another hour to find the energy to go home.

I got paid between £1000 and £2000 on each occasion and my bank balance is looking very healthy these days.

**John (my tutor)**

**-------------------**

With me being ‘busy’ more on a weekend, my sleeping at John’s flat has become more infrequent. To compensate, John’s been getting me to go to his office before lessons, or after lessons. If I’ve visited him before lessons I’ve let him watch his cum slowly trickle out of me during the lessons as I’ve sat there perched on the front of the chair with my legs open wide enough for him to see it all happen.

**The strip club**

**----------------**

I miss my Friday and Saturday stints at the club so a few weeks ago I went there on a Thursday evening and had a word with the manager. I’m now going and getting my rocks-off on a Thursday evening. There aren’t as many men there so the tips aren’t as good but the pleasure that I get is still amazing.

**The university party scene**

**-------------------------------**

This is thriving again with a quite a few parties every weekend. I haven’t been to as many so far this year and they don’t seem to be as much fun as last year. Maybe this is because more and more girls are getting naked at them and blowjobs and fucking is getting more common.

**Video selfies**

---------------

Meanwhile, university life goes on and I still want to get a good degree. Hopefully my brain will still be in a better state than my body will be in 20 to 25 years.

Tom, one of the 3 guys who made me a star of a couple of porno movies and has now moved on, phoned me one evening to ask me if I would do him a favour. The 3 of them were going setup some websites and wanted me to put up some adverts to get them some material for those sites.

One site is for university girl’s selfies of them masturbating. Their plan is that for every video that they put on there they will donate £50 to the university’s student’s union.

Another is a site that will only have 2 pages; one with only photos of breasts and the other with only photos of girl’s butts. They aren’t going to pay anything for the photos but it’s an opportunity for girls to get their tits and butts on the internet anonymously.

Tom had hacked the university’s admin computer and got a list of all female student’s email address’ and he was about to send them an email telling them all about it. With girls being so much more liberated and comfortable with their bodies these days they are expecting to get this site up and running quite soon.

What Tom wanted me to do was to print out a load of posters that he’d send me, and for me to pin them on as many noticeboards that I can. These posters will explain all to the girls, tell them to read their email and that it isn’t a scam, and that it is an opportunity for them to raise money for the union’s charitable causes.

Tom also asked me if I’d make a video and take some photos and submit them.

The next time that I masturbated for my house mates I asked Mason to make the video and take the photos. Tom hadn’t told me what angle the photos should be taken from, nor if the girls legs had to be closed or open. The photo that I sent Tom was of me bending over with my legs wide open. My wet pussy filled the middle of the photo.