**Jordan**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 1 – Introduction**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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**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**

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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.**

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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.