**Julie's Wild Week #1 - Julie's Short Skirt Adventure**

by Arthur Saxon

Julie Ward was late.  Dressed only in her underwear, she frantically brushed her teeth while constantly checking her wristwatch.  It was 8:44am – she had just sixteen minutes to get dressed and cycle to school.  She spat, rinsed her mouth out, replaced her toothbrush in its holder then raced through to her bedroom to put on her clothes.  She threw on a shirt and her school tie, then rummaged around for one of her grey pleated skirts.  Normally she would have put on her jeans in order to cycle to school, but today she just did not have time to change twice.

“Dad!” she called out.  “Where’s my skirt?”

“There should be one hanging in your closet,” came her father’s reply.

“Not this one, I mean one of my new skirts.”

“They’re both in the washing machine.  You’ll have to wear the old one.”

Julie cursed under her breath.  Her only clean skirt was about five years old and was far too small for her.  The thought of cycling to school in it … well, it hardly bore thinking about.  Nevertheless, she had no choice.  It was now 8:46am and the cycle ride would take at least ten minutes.  Hurriedly she pulled the skirt on and hoisted it up to her waist, tucking her shirt in before attempting to fasten the waistband.  ‘Good grief,’ she thought to herself, ‘have I really grown so much in the last five years?’

She had to take a deep breath to get the waistband clipped and buttoned into place.  Even on its widest setting it was still rather too tight for comfort.  And the length!  With horror she realised that the hem of the skirt was well above mid-thigh – in fact it was probably only three or four inches below her crotch.  However, there was no time to waste in worrying about it.  She quickly donned her shoes and grabbed her blazer before running down the stairs two at a time.

Her father was at the foot of the stairs, smiling at her and holding her backpack.  “Your lunchbox is in there,” he said.  “Ham sandwiches today.”

“Thanks Dad,” Julie said breathlessly.

“I’ve got your bike out of the garage,” her father went on.  “It’s by the front door.  Hurry now – you have exactly eleven minutes.”

“I know I know,” she said.  “Bye then!”  She kissed him on the cheek.

“Um, that skirt really is short, isn’t it?” he observed with a raised eyebrow, staring at her hemline.

Julie rolled her eyes.  “Tell me about it,” she muttered.  “Just please try to have my other skirts dry for tomorrow, okay?”

“You can count on it,” he replied.  “I’m really sorry you have to cycle – I’ll hopefully get the car fixed within the next couple of days.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she said.  “See you this afternoon.”

Julie flung herself out of the house and jumped on her bicycle.  As she pedalled out on to the road, she realised with a sinking heart that the wind would be against her all the way.  This would add at least two minutes to her journey time.  Her first class was with Miss Weaver, a middle-aged tyrant who abhorred tardiness above all other classroom crimes.  Julie was going to be in trouble.

While in the relative seclusion of the quiet roads around her housing estate, she threw caution to the wind and stood up to pedal, getting up quite a speed despite the breeze.  Her skirt blew this way and that, and her heart pounded as she imagined faces pressed to windows on either side of the road, lustful eyes staring at her frequently-revealed panties.  She forced herself to dismiss these thoughts – at this time of the morning, anyone who had to work today would already have left, and most of those who had the day off would probably not be up yet.  It would be pure chance if anyone spotted her.

When she reached the busy main road, however, she sat down, tucking the back of her skirt under her bottom so that it would stay in place.  She kept pedalling as hard as she could, but the wind made it very difficult to maintain a decent speed.  It was also blowing the front of her skirt up from time to time, and she tried desperately hard not to meet the eyes of passers-by on the pavement.  Some of these, she could tell, had their eyes glued to her crotch in the hope of being afforded just one more flash of white before she passed.  More often than not they were rewarded.  Julie’s cheeks were crimson with embarrassment.

She also noticed that passing cars were slowing down as they approached her, and one or two of them honked their horns in appreciation.  She ducked her head and tried to ignore them.

She finally reached the school at two minutes past nine.  She parked her bicycle in the bike shed, locked it, and ran indoors.  As she approached Miss Weaver’s classroom she tried not to think of what her classmates would think of her skirt.  She tried to pull it down a fraction, but the waistband was already around the lowest part of her waist and would not shift any lower.  Taking a deep breath, she knocked on the door.

“Enter!” came the voice of Miss Weaver.

Julie opened the door and walked in.  “Sorry I’m late, Miss Weaver,” she said.  “This morning just went from one disaster to the next.  First my Dad announced that the car wouldn’t start…”

Miss Weaver held up her hand to stem the flow.  “I’m not interested in your excuses, Julie.  Take your seat – you have a cross.”

Julie’s face fell.  She had already been given three crosses this month, two for running in the corridor, and one for swearing within earshot of a member of staff. One more and she would have to do Extra Work on Saturday, *and*report to the headmaster every morning before school until the end of the month.

“Yes Miss Weaver,” said Julie, and began to walk to her desk.

“And just what do you call that … *thing*you’re wearing?” demanded Miss Weaver.  “Is it a skirt or a belt?”

Julie blushed bright red as her classmates roared with laughter.  “Silence!” snapped Miss Weaver.  “My classroom is not a place for laughter.  You’re here to work. Get to your seat, Julie, and don’t let me see you wearing that skirt tomorrow, is that understood?  The rule is no more than three inches above the knee.”

“Yes Miss Weaver.  My Dad decided to wash all my other skirts today – I didn’t have anything else…”

“Remember what I said about excuses, Julie?  I … am … not … interested.”

“Yes Miss Weaver.”  Julie sat down, feeling totally humiliated.  As she got her books out the boy sitting at the desk to her left leaned over towards her.

“Don’t let old Dragonbreath get to you, Julie,” he whispered.  “*I*think your skirt looks fantastic.”

“Thanks Mark,” said Julie gratefully.  “But it’s only for the one day, I’m afraid, so don’t get your hopes up.  My Dad promised me that my others would be dry for tomorrow.”

“That’s a pity,” Mark commented with a wry smile.

Julie’s next class was history.  Mr Dennis, the history teacher, did not comment on her skirt, but he could hardly take his eyes off it as she walked into the classroom.  She quickened her step and sat down at the back of the classroom.  The desks either side of her were very rapidly occupied by boys who were showing more than a passing interest in her outfit for the day.

“Nice skirt,” said David.

“*Lovely*skirt,” added Chris.

Julie was indifferent to the attentions of David, a freckle-faced little boy with a nasally voice that had still not broken.  Chris, on the other hand, was quite another matter.  He was tall and good-looking, and had at various times been ‘romantically’ linked with several of the prettiest girls in the school.  Julie had no objection whatever to turning Chris’s head.

“Thank you,” she said to him graciously, blushing once again.

“You couldn’t turn a little towards me, could you?” inquired Chris.  “I’d never noticed how nice your legs are, and I’ll like to get a better look.”

Chris was, in truth, inclined to be boorish, but Julie was too busy enjoying the attention to mind his crass forwardness.  She turned her knees towards him, smiling shyly.

“My word!”  Chris’s gaze was transfixed.  “That’s a pretty sight.”  Then he leaned forward and whispered, “Would you mind just parting your knees a little, Julie?”

Julie was, if truth be told, a little shocked by this, but she was determined not to disappoint him.  She leaned forward herself and whispered back to him, “Practically the whole world saw my panties as I rode into school this morning.  I don’t suppose it will make a difference if you do the same.”  She opened her legs a little, taking care that nobody else was watching at the time, and allowed Chris to glimpse her panties before, with a sudden misgiving, she put her knees back together and tucked them under the desk.

“Excellent!”  Chris was delighted.  “Hey, do you want to meet me in the French Room storage cupboard during Break?”

Julie fought hard to suppress the broad grin which threatened to break out on her face.  “Hmm, okay,” she said.

She had pulled Chris!  Her heart pounded so loudly that she feared everyone would hear it.  She never thought she would be alone in the French Room cupboard with a stud like Chris.  It was like a dream come true.

Pencil-droppers abounded during the history lesson.  Julie thought she would be very annoyed about this, but in fact she was beginning to enjoy being the centre of attention.  Of course she did not let any of these boys see her panties, but she was well aware that they could see almost all of her thighs.  A few of the girls gave her some nasty looks, but all she did was shrug helplessly in response as if to say ‘I’m really sorry – but what can I do?’

The bell rang, signalling the end of the history lesson, and the beginning of Break.  She slipped off to the French Room, with Chris following behind at a discreet distance.  A moment later they were both in the storage cupboard, and Chris closed the door behind him.  He turned to face her, grinning mischievously.

“Hello, sexy,” he said.

Julie blushed and fidgeted awkwardly.  She had never done anything like this before, and although she was well-versed in the theory of ‘making out’, she was a little at a loss to know how to begin.  Would he initiate their first kiss?  Or should she step forward and present her lips for him?  Or what?

But it turned out that kissing was not at the forefront of Chris’s mind.  He sat down on the floor and gestured for Julie to join him.  She did so, sitting down next to him with her knees together, and pulled the hem of her skirt down as far as it would go, which was not very far at all.

“No need to be modest on my account,” said Chris, and he placed his hand on her thigh.  Slowly he moved his hand higher up her leg, slipping it beneath the material of her skirt, continuing on until he reached her panties.

Julie was torn between her instinctive outrage that he should touch her in such an intimate place without so much as a by-your-leave, and the intense arousal that she was experiencing as his hand – Chris’s hand! – stroked and squeezed the flesh of her upper thigh.  And then … oh, he was stroking her pussy, through the thin material of her panties.  She felt light-headed.  Her breath was coming in gasps.  Her crotch felt hot and she could feel it getting increasingly wet.  Arching her back, she slid down on to her back as Chris leaned over to kiss her.

The kiss was exquisite.  Julie closed her eyes and parted her lips to allow Chris’s tongue to enter her mouth.  She caressed his tongue with hers, losing herself in the oral embrace, only vaguely aware that his fingers were pulling the fabric of her cotton panties to one side.  Only when he began to stroke around her clitoris with his middle finger did she fully realise what he intended to do.  But she was beyond caring.  She parted her legs and moaned with pleasure as his probing finger began to enter her by now well-lubricated cunt.

Sliding his finger in and out of her with a steady rhythm, Chris worked his way further and further into her until he could go no deeper.  “Not a virgin, huh?” he asked her in a soft voice.

Julie was instantly brought back to shameful reality.  She brought her knees together and covered her face with her hands.

“Hey, it’s okay,” said Chris.  “There’s nothing to be ashamed of.  I was just making an observation – it doesn’t matter one way or the other.”

“I *am*a virgin,” whispered Julie, blushing bright red.  “But … I once, you know, experimented.  With a carrot.”

“A carrot?”  Chris seemed to find this terribly funny.  “Really?”

“Just, *please*don’t tell anyone.”  Julie was terrified of this information being broadcast to the rest of the school.

“Relax.  I won’t tell anyone.  Now calm down and stop worrying.  Where were we?”

They resumed their kissing, and Chris began to work a second finger inside her.  “Isn’t this nice?” he asked her, and she nodded silently.

A few moments later Chris withdrew his fingers and started to try to pull Julie’s panties down.

“What are you doing?” she asked him, a little nervously.

“I’m taking your panties off,” he said.  “Wouldn’t you like to have sex?”

Julie gasped.  “Isn’t it a bit soon, don’t you think?”

Chris smiled and shrugged.  “Why too soon?  Sex is great!  Why waste time just making out when you could be having sex?”

“Because,” said Julie, “well for one thing I am very definitely too young to get pregnant, thank you very much.”

Chris pulled a small flat package out of his trouser pocket.  “Ta-daa,” he said.  “See?  Protection.”

“How many girls have you had sex with?” asked Julie suspiciously.

“Three,” said Chris.  “And I’m hopefully about to make it four.  Are you game?”

Julie hesitated.  She was definitely horny and she had fantasised about having sex with boys such as Chris, but this was all happening rather too quickly for her liking.

“Maybe tomorrow?” she said.  “I don’t feel ready just yet.”

“Tomorrow,” said Chris, “I may have someone else in here.  You have to take your opportunities when they present themselves.”

“Someone else?” echoed Julie in alarm.  “But … I thought…”   She broke off, dismayed.

“Julie, you are looking sensational in this skirt of yours today.  I never really paid much attention to you before, but today you have really caught my eye.  However you should know that I’m still going out with Tracy, and I’m not about to dump her.”

“You’re not?”  Julie was terribly crestfallen.  She sat up and hugged her knees to her chest.

“Hey, don’t be upset,” said Chris, patting her knee in an awkward attempt to console her.  “I’m not saying I won’t want to make out with you again.  Especially if you wear this skirt again.  It’s really incredible.  Do you realise how irresistible you look in it?”

“I feel practically naked when I’m wearing it,” Julie said dolefully.  “I feel like everyone’s staring at me.”

“They might very well be,” Chris conceded.  “But is that such a bad thing?  Think of whose eye you might be catching.  Do you fancy Freddie Black at all?”

“Gosh yes,” said Julie, her depression lifting for a moment.  “Who wouldn’t?”

Chris chuckled.  “Well, me for one.  But when I saw him after first lesson he remarked to me that you were looking good today.  I think you could pull him quite easily if you try.”

“Oh don’t talk silly,” Julie said dismissively.  Then she frowned.  “Did he really say that?”

“He did.  And I’m not being silly.  I think he wouldn’t take much persuading to come in here with you.  Would you like me to ask him for you?”

“I don’t think so,” said Julie.  “Will he actually want to go out with me, or will he just want a quickie in here and then go back to his girlfriend?”

“Probably the latter,” admitted Chris.  “But it’s better than nothing, isn’t it?”

“Is it?”  Julie was not convinced.

“Why don’t you let me show you how good it is,” said Chris, leaning forward to kiss her on the lips.

Julie thought about this.  “Not this time,” she said, and she got to her feet.  “I’ll see you around, Chris.”  She walked out of the French Room cupboard and left him to his frustration.

The next class was Geography, a subject which she found only a little less enthralling than watching paint dry.  She sat right at the back, and was flanked, as in the history lesson, by two boys who had beaten off the competition in order to sit next to her.

“Hello Graham, hello Rob,” she greeted them.  “I suppose you like my skirt, huh?”

“It’s amazing,” said Graham.

“Fabulous,” agreed Rob.

“Yeah, whatever,” she said.

Graham was a nerd, it was generally agreed, although he was not really smart enough to fit the classic definition of the word.  He was completely and utterly smitten with Julie.  Rob, on the other hand, was a great big football-playing lad, with a pleasant enough personality but a face like a poorly-sculpted breeze block.

Graham seemed to have no conception of the meaning of the word ‘subtlety’.  Not two feet from Julie, he knocked an eraser off his desk and bent down to look for it.  He took a long time about finding it, and Julie, on a sudden impulse, spread her knees wide for a second before putting them back together.  Graham’s face when he surfaced a moment later was a picture of unparalleled joy and wonder.

Rob, despite his size and ungainliness, was far more subtle in his approach.  He was sharing a double-width desk with Julie, and he was sitting on her right, so his left hand was free even when he was writing.  About halfway through the lesson, he casually placed his hand on Julie’s thigh, just below the hemline of her skirt. Julie was startled, and brushed his hand away.  But when it slyly returned two minutes later, she thought to herself, ‘I wonder just how far he intends to go?’  He really was quite a nice boy, despite his wandering hand, and she decided that at least this would liven up the lesson a bit.

Rob’s hand disappeared beneath her skirt.  She nonchalantly ignored it, writing down everything the teacher was saying while not taking in a single word.  When he started to slip a finger inside her panties, however, she stopped him.

At lunch, Julie sat on a bench in the schoolyard, eating her sandwiches, while passing boys kept trying to sneak a look up her skirt.  She was beginning to get a little blasé about it.

“How *can*you wear something that short!” exclaimed Janet, one of her friends, who was sitting on Julie’s right.  “It’s obscene!”

“I know!”  Julie sighed.  “My other two skirts are in the wash, and my Dad neglected to tell me that until this morning when I was looking for stuff to wear.”

“That’s funny,” said Lynn, who was sitting on Julie’s other side.  She chuckled.  “But I think if my Mum did that, I’d just *kill* her.”

“I’m sure he didn’t do it deliberately,” said Julie.  “But I am rather annoyed about it.”

“Maybe he *did*do it deliberately,” suggested Lynn with a grin.  “Maybe he just wanted to see you in a skirt that was too small for you.”

“Oh Lynn, how couldyou say something like that!” exclaimed Janet with a squeal of disgust.  “That’s just *sick*!”

“I think *I’d* wear a short skirt for him,” added Lynn.  “He’s rather sexy, don’t you think?”

“No, I don’t think!”  Janet was adamant on this point.  “He’s old enough to be my father!”

But Julie was thinking back to that morning, remembering the smile on her father’s face as he watched her come down the stairs in her little pleated skirt.  Surely not…

“Good grief, Julie,” said Lynn.  “Look at all the attention you’re getting!”

“Perverts, all of them,” muttered Janet.  “They’re practically tripping over their tongues, and they’re in danger of leaving a trail of saliva behind them wherever they go.”

“Well I don’t know about you,” said Lynn, “but *I’m*going to have a rummage through my chest of drawers tonight and see if I can dig out an old skirt to wear tomorrow.  Old, and short.”

“Lynn!”  Janet was practically beside herself.  “Don’t you dare!  As if the boys need any more encouragement!”

Lynn laughed.  “Relax, Janet, I’m only joking.”

The afternoon lessons passed relatively uneventfully.  The boys who sat beside her in each lesson, she discovered, were now being selected by means of name-cards drawn from a lunchbox, since fights had been erupting over who would next have the privilege.  Most of the winners, however, were content just to watch her, with only one boy attempting a grope in the last lesson of the day.  She let him get to her panties, but would not let him inside.  This, she decided, would be a general rule from now on, since she quite enjoyed having her thighs caressed by boys.  Naturally if it were a boy she disliked, a different rule would apply.

The thought did, of course, cross her mind that word might get around that she was ‘easy’.  On reflection, she decided that it did not really matter that much.  This was her last term at the school, and any reputation she obtained would last only until the end of term.

When the bell rang to signal the end of the last lesson, she mounted her bicycle and rode out of the bike shed and across the schoolyard to the gate.  Wolf whistles followed her, and she plucked up the courage to smile and wave to the congregation of boys that had gathered (in suspiciously large numbers) to watch her leave.

She rode home with the wind, her skirt mercifully staying put for the most part, although she still heard a few car horns being honked for her benefit.  Finally, with a great sigh of relief, she rode up her driveway, put her bicycle away in the garage, then unlocked the front door and entered the house.

Her father was still at work, and would be for another three hours.  Julie changed out of her school uniform and put on a t-shirt and sweatpants.  It had been a tiring day.  Nerve-wracking too.  And embarrassing.  But rather exciting too.  And all because she had worn a skirt that was really too short to be worn to school.

“Well,” she said to her skirt.  “Into the drawer you go.  But you never know, I may have need of you again sometime…”

**Julie's Wild Week #2 - Julie's Messy Banana Adventure**

As Julie contemplated her day at school, she became increasingly aroused.  The thought of having maybe hundreds of men and boys seeing her panties and lusting after her was rather turning her on.  She climbed into bed, pulled down her sweatpants and panties, and began to masturbate.  After a while, though, her hand was getting tired and still she had not reached an orgasm.

‘It’s at times like these,’ she thought to herself, ‘that I wish I had a dildo.  I wonder what vegetables we have in the house?’

She pulled her sweatpants and panties completely off, then got out of bed and trotted downstairs.  Opening the fridge, she looked in the vegetable drawer and was annoyed to find only a lettuce, some broccoli, and a pack of button mushrooms.  Foiled, she closed the fridge door in frustration and then spied the fruit bowl on the counter.  Inside it were three bananas, rather unripe but quite straight and perfect for what she had in mind.  She took a knife and chopped the hard black bit off the blunt end of one of the bananas, then carefully trimmed all of the sharp edges until she was left with a beautifully rounded end.  She did the same with one of the other bananas, then held them both up for inspection.

“Bananas,” she addressed them, “it’s your lucky day.”

She took them upstairs with her and climbed into bed again.  Spreading her legs wide apart, she started to rub the end of one banana along the groove between her pussy lips.  She could feel herself getting wetter as she stroked the tip of the banana in small circles around her clitoris, so she moved the tip down and began to push at the entrance to her vagina.

The banana began to slide inward, then came to a friction-induced stop.  Pushing it any harder was painful, so she took it out and had a think.  ‘Vaseline,’ she thought to herself.  She hurried through to the bathroom and fetched the jar that was sitting on top of the cabinet.  Returning to her bed, she opened the jar, scooped out some of the petroleum jelly, then smeared it liberally all over the banana.  Then she lay down, spread her legs, and tried again.

This time the banana slid deep with hardly any resistance.  “Mmmmm,” Julie moaned as she felt her cunt become filled to capacity.  She pulled the banana out until its tip was no more than half an inch inside her, then she buried it deep once more.  She continued to thrust it in and out while she rubbed her clit with the fingers of her other hand.  In next to no time her loins seemed to explode into a delicious orgasm that spread outwards to suffuse her whole body in a warm and pleasurable glow.

Basking in the afterglow, she continued to use the banana to stroke the inner walls of her cunt at a more leisurely pace as she smiled happily to herself.  ‘This is lovely,’ she thought.  ‘Much better than a carrot.  I could happily spend all day with a banana in my cunt.’

And then she thought, why not?  If she wore an especially sturdy pair of panties, or maybe two pairs, one outside the other, along with a panty-liner, then perhaps she could go to school with a banana stuck inside her cunt.  Obviously she would have to cut a bit of it off – she was not deep enough to have an entire banana inside her without at least part of it sticking out – but otherwise it seemed like a wonderful plan.

“Hmm, what would Chris make of *that*, I wonder?” she said aloud.

She looked at her watch.  It was four o’clock.  Her father would not be home for at least two hours.  So maybe she could carry on pleasuring herself for a while…

The following morning she put her plan into action.  First of all she lubricated the remaining banana with Vaseline, then she cut off the sharp end and slid the rest into her cunt.  It felt wonderful, and for a moment she considered masturbating before she left for school.  However she knew she did not have enough time for that, so she donned two pairs of panties and carefully placed a panty-liner in the inside pair.  Thus armoured, she put on her jeans and headed down the stairs to say goodbye to her father.  Into her backpack she had already placed the skirt (one of her newer ones, thankfully, which came down to about three inches above the knee) which she would change into once she reached the school.

“The people at the garage told me the car will be ready tomorrow,” said her father, “so I’m afraid you’ll have to cycle to school tomorrow as well.”

“That’s okay,” said Julie.  “Well, have a good day – I’ll see you this evening.”  She kissed his proffered cheek, then left the house and cycled to school.

On this journey, of course, she attracted no stares from pedestrians or motorists, and for a moment she almost regretted not having worn a skirt – she found she was missing the adrenaline rush of the constant fear of showing her panties to the general public.  ‘Maybe,’ she thought to herself, ‘I’ll wear a skirt tomorrow on my way into school.’

As she pedalled, she could feel the banana moving about inside her, sliding against the inner walls of her cunt.  It was beginning to make her very horny, and she started to fantasise about riding her bicycle in her old skirt, the very short one, displaying her panties indiscriminately to anyone who cared to look at her.  It was thrilling to think about, though she felt that her fear would overcome her horniness, if she ever tried it.

She arrived at her school with a few minutes to spare, and she went into the girls’ toilets to get changed.  Once dressed in her school skirt, she regarded herself critically in the mirror.  Compared to what she was wearing yesterday, this skirt seemed positively puritan.  She turned around a couple of times, then pulled her skirt up a little by the waistband.  She liked the effect and, as an experiment, she folded the waistband inside, thus shortening the skirt by an inch and a half.  She turned this way and that, pleased with the look, then decided to try folding it over again.  Now the skirt was almost as short as yesterday’s had been.  Thinking about what the boys would think of it, she grew more and more horny.  She pulled up her skirt in front of the mirror to reveal her white panties.  Slipping a hand inside, she began to caress her pussy, rubbing her clitoris to ease her sexual tension.

Coming to her senses, she dropped her skirt and untucked the waistband.  It would not do to get caught like this.  Still, there was always one of the stalls…  She looked at her watch.  It was five to nine.  Time enough for a quick orgasm before the first lesson.  She hurried into a stall and locked the door.  Sitting on the toilet seat, she put her hand inside her panties and started to masturbate.  With her other hand, she began to push the banana further into her cunt, then let go so that it slid out a little.  She pushed in again, then let it out.  A few more repeats of this exercise brought her to a toe-curling orgasm, and she sighed happily.  Then she smartened herself up and went to the first lesson.

There was little in the way of male attention today.  One or two comments were made about the way she had looked the day before, but it began to look as if the previous day’s uncharacteristic exhibitionism might blow over and be forgotten.

One thing that could *not*be forgotten, however, was the banana in Julie’s cunt.  Every second of every minute of the day she could feel it inside her, and it felt sensational.  She was constantly horny, and she was sure that her flushed cheeks would betray her sooner or later.  She could hardly refrain from squirming in her seat, so great was the itch between her legs.  She felt she needed to masturbate so badly that she would have to run from the room and relieve herself in the toilet. She squirmed as much as she could without risking drawing attention to herself, and the muscular walls of her vagina were continually contracting and relaxing, massaging the banana into a pulpy mess.

After the first lesson, Julie practically fled to the toilet.  Locking herself in one of the stalls, she masturbated again and quickly climaxed.  She noticed with a little dismay that bits of mushy banana had leaked out of her, though fortunately the panty-liner had caught them.  She dropped the bits in the toilet and flushed it, though she was not about to remove the banana yet – not when it felt so amazing inside her.

The second lesson was a nightmare.  With each squeeze of her cunt walls, more gooey banana mush was forced out into her panties.  Halfway through the lesson, the banana smell was only too apparent to Julie, and she was terrified the boys and girls around her might smell it, and figure out where it was coming from.  Slowly and carefully, taking care not to attract attention, she reached underneath her skirt and put her fingers inside her panties, hoping to force some of the mush back inside her.

It was hopeless.  The banana was too runny, and she merely succeeded in coating her fingers with the mess.  As the lesson continued, she noticed those around her beginning to sniff and pass comments like, “Can you smell something?  Does that smell like banana to you?”  Terrified, Julie clamped her legs tightly together and tried not to expel any more of the mush.

This proved very difficult.  She was desperate to flex the muscles of her vagina, and forcing herself not to was almost intolerable.  As the bell went for the end of the lesson, she heaved a huge sigh of relief and squirmed for all she was worth, while her fellow pupils were too busy gathering their books together to notice.

This was unfortunately something of a mistake.  The entire contents of her cunt flooded out into her panties, filling them with mushy banana.  It felt divine, but instantly Julie realised that it was going to be very tricky to get to the toilet without spilling bits of banana goo all over the floor.

“You coming, Julie?” inquired Janet.

“Uh, I’m just finishing up here,” said Julie.  “Got a couple more things to write down.  You carry on – I’ll catch up with you in a minute.”

While the classroom emptied, Julie reached into her panties and started to massage the mush into her pussy.  She continued to squirm, and the goo worked its way back towards her anus and up the crack of her bottom.  She found some quite large pieces of banana still intact, and squished them against her clitoris.  She reasoned that she might as well have some fun while she delayed her exit.  But alas, her delay was not going to help her.  As her class filed out of the room, another class filed in.  There was nothing Julie could do except take a chance.  So, taking a deep breath, she wiped her messy fingers on the outside of her panties, got her books together, and stood up.

So far, so good.  The mess was staying in place.  She began to walk, and almost immediately felt a wetness creep out around the edges of her panties.  Her heartbeat quickened, but she forced herself to walk slowly and with small steps.  She reached the door to the classroom, and made her way carefully out into the corridor.  The toilets were a mere twenty yards away, but could she make it?

She made her way carefully through the throng of swarming teenagers, hugging the wall so as not to get jostled too much.  Then it happened.  A piece of banana slipped out of her panties and fell to the floor.  The splat it made was not audible over the noise of chattering boys and girls, but had anyone seen?  A quick glance around her told Julie that probably nobody had.  She continued towards the toilets.

Finally she reached them, and she quickly claimed an empty stall.  Pulling down her panties, she stared in fascination at the pile of yellow mush that was piled up along the length of the panty liner, and beyond.  She sat down and put her hand between her legs, stroking her pussy.  The skin of the banana, in several bits by now, was protruding from her vagina, and reluctantly she pulled it out.

What a thrill it had all been!  The danger, the excitement, the delicious feeling as the mush had poured out of her cunt into her panties … it had all been an incredible sensation.  She felt drunk on an adrenaline high, and she scooped a handful of banana out of her panties in order to mash it into her pubic hair.  With her bottom and pussy coated in the slimy goo, she masturbated yet again, reaching a climax that made her whole body shudder with ecstasy.

Then she removed the inner pair of panties and shoved them well down into her backpack.  The outer pair were fortunately not too messy.  She emptied her cunt as well as she could, and used toilet paper to wipe as much banana as she could from her pussy and bottom.  She flushed away all the paper and bits of banana, and her clean-up was complete.  Rearranging her skirt, she took a deep breath and left the stall, confident that she had perfectly executed a brilliant and intensely pleasurable fantasy, with no adverse repercussions.

‘What *will*I do with the rest of the day?’ she wondered to herself.

**Julie's Wild Week #6 - Julie's Miniature Microskirt Adventure**

Julie entered her room and found Lynn sitting on her bed.  “Hi,” she said.

“Hi.  How did it go?”

“Dad and I had an interesting discussion.  Things are different between us now.  I told him about us, by the way – I hope you don’t mind.”

“Um, no.  How did he take it?”

“I’ve no idea.  It doesn’t matter.  He’s not in a position to object anyway.  So you and I can sleep together, if you like.”

“I’d love to,” said Lynn with a smile.  “But are you okay?  You look a little shaken.”

“It’s just adrenaline, from the confrontation.  I was on a roll.  I’m afraid I don’t really have the energy to break any more boundaries tonight, though.  I just want to go to bed.”

“Sure, sweetheart,” said Lynn.

“Sweetheart?”  This surprised Julie.  “Hmm, I like that.”  She kissed Lynn on the lips.  “I could very easily fall in love with you, you know.”

“I hope so,” said Lynn, snuggling up to her.  “I’m already in love with you.”

“Really?  Wow, Lynn, this is very sudden.”

“Well I’ve always admired you and liked you.  You’ve always been confident and self-assured, and it’s been great being your friend.  But I never really thought about you in a sexual way until the day before yesterday, when you wore that wonderful skirt.  I don’t know – I guess when you combine friendship and lust, love is an inevitable result.”

“That’s an interesting equation,” remarked Julie.  “You think that friendship plus lust equals love?”

“I wouldn’t put it quite that way,” said Lynn.  “I think it’s more complicated than that.  But it’s not far off, I think.”

“Well,” said Julie.  “You’re my best friend, and I must admit I do lust after you.  But love … well, that will come, I think.”

Lynn kissed her.  “Let’s make love,” she whispered.

The next morning both girls trooped down to breakfast dressed in t-shirts and panties.  Julie’s father looked up as they approached, then stared into his cereal.

“Don’t look so worried, Dad,” said Julie.  “We won’t bite.”

After breakfast the girls changed into their uniforms.  Lynn was trembling as she put her skirt on.  “This is the scariest thing I’ve ever done,” she confessed to Julie. “But I’m kind of looking forward to it, even so.”

“Hey, would you like to ride to school?” asked Julie.  “There’s a spare bicycle in the garage that used to belong to my mum.  You can call your dad up and tell him not to bother picking you up.”

Lynn’s breath was quite taken away by this suggestion.  “Okay,” she said.  “I’ll cycle to school if you will.”

“Oh I will, don’t worry about that,” said Julie.  She grinned.  “This is going to be *such*fun!”

“Are we going to take anything to play with in the toilets?” asked Lynn.  “Like bananas or baked beans or something?”

“Crumbs, I hadn’t thought of that.  There should be two more cans of beans in the cupboard – I opened a four-pack on Tuesday.  We’ll take along a can opener as well, and I’ll see if there are any more suitable foodstuffs around.”

In the kitchen, Julie picked out the remaining two cans of beans, but could not find anything else that would suit their needs.  She fetched the can opener and put it with the cans in her backpack.  As she left the kitchen and came to the foot of the stairs, Lynn was just coming down.

“My goodness, Lynn, I have a wonderful view of your panties from here,” said Julie.  “Come on, let’s go.”

“Okay.  Goodbye Mr Ward!  Thank you for the lovely meal last night, and for these sandwiches.”

“Don’t mention it,” said Julie’s father, coming out of the living room.  “You two girls have a good day now, and … be careful.”

“Thanks Dad,” said Julie, and she kissed him on the cheek.  It was an old habit and she saw no reason to break it.

They left the house, fetched their bikes, and began to cycle to school.  Julie elected to ride behind Lynn, because she wanted to see what it looked like to be behind an exhibitionistic schoolgirl cyclist.

It was wonderful.  Julie had instructed Lynn to stand up on the pedals, and Lynn was doing just that.  Her panties were in full view, even when her skirt was hanging down, and when the wind blew even slightly, practically all of her bottom was revealed.  Julie increased her speed and drew alongside her friend.

“You look fantastic!” she said.  “Your panties are showing one hundred percent of the time – it’s incredible!”

Lynn blushed.  “I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she said.  “May I ride behind you for a while?”

“Sure,” said Julie, and she pushed ahead.  By this time they had come to the main road, and she lapped up the horn-honking and the wolf-whistling.  The wind was hardly blowing at all, but with her skirt the length it was, it mattered little.  Her panties were almost as much on full display as Lynn’s.

When they reached the school, the crowd of boys that had gathered to watch them ride in cheered.  They parked their bikes, then walked out into the yard to lap up the attention.  Lynn was especially popular, and she had to fend off a few groping hands.

The hard part was walking past a group of girls, who hissed and jeered at them, calling them sluts, whores and worse names.  This troubled Lynn more than Julie, and she walked past the girls as fast as she could.  Inside, she turned to Julie.

“I wish they wouldn’t be so mean,” she said.  “I’m beginning to regret this – I don’t want to earn the enmity of the girls here.”

“Do you want to swap skirts?” asked Julie, concerned.  “I don’t want you to be upset.  Here, let’s go to the toilets and change.”

“No, it’s okay,” said Lynn.  “You made this skirt for me, not for yourself.  I’ll stick it out until the end of the day.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.  What’s our first class?  English?”

“Yes.  Oh crumbs!  Miss Weaver!”

“Oh…  She’s not going to like this, is she?” surmised Lynn.

“Too right she’s not.  We’d better get in there and take our places before she comes into her room.  With any luck she’ll not notice what we’re wearing.”

The two girls entered the classroom.  Miss Weaver was fortunately not there.  Julie and Lynn took their seats at a double desk at the back of the room, and waited for nine o’clock.  Julie looked down at her friend’s skirt.  Now that Lynn was sitting down, her skirt was actually covering her panties.

“That will never do,” said Julie, taking the hem of her friend’s skirt and folding it over so that her panties were revealed.  “I didn’t make your skirt this short so that you could hide your panties.  There, that’s better.”

“Thank you, sweetheart,” said Lynn.  “I know you’ll keep me on the straight and narrow.”

Other pupils now began to enter the classroom, so the girls kept quiet for a time.  Naturally the boys were fascinated by the girls’ skirts, and clustered around their desk, staring in awe at Lynn’s panties, since Julie would not let her friend cover up.  Some of the boys began to grope both Julie and Lynn, putting their hands not only on the girls’ pussies but also on their breasts.  Julie fended them off for a while, then finally snapped.

“Look,” she hissed.  “Any minute now, Miss Weaver’s going to come in here.  If she sees a sexual assault in progress, she’ll probably have all of us expelled.  At the very least, you’ll draw her attention to the fact that we’re wearing indecently short skirts, and we’ll never get away with wearing them again.  So if you want us to carry on flashing our panties for you, then for God’s sake let us do it on our own terms.  That means no touching unless we invite you.  Which we might, from time to time.  But any boy who touches me without permission will never, I repeat *never*, be invited to touch me again.  The same goes for Lynn.  Is that understood?”

The boys fell back, nodding their heads.

“That seems very fair,” said Mark, who was one of those standing near.  “I for one think it’s a smashing thing you’re doing, and I don’t want to risk losing the opportunity to see a lot of you both in the future.  Come on chaps, let’s give these girls a break, eh?”

There was a general murmur of assent.

“Thank you,” said Julie.  “If you’re all very good, one of these days we’ll come to school wearing short skirts *and no panties*.  How would you like that?”

A cheer went up.

“You’re both fucking sluts!” said Sophie Richmond, who was one of the girls in the same class.  She was looking over the shoulder of one of the boys and she was disgusted to see what Julie and Lynn were wearing.  “Look at you!  You should be standing on a street corner in Soho, dressed like that.  People like you set feminism back fifty years!”

“You stand up for feminism,” said Julie, “and I’ll stand up for freedom of expression.  Between us we’ll put the world to rights.”

“Don’t make me laugh.  Why the hell are you doing this?  It isn’t even as if you have a particularly nice body.”

This stung, but Julie was not about to let it show.  “Maybe not,” she said, “but don’t you think my panties are pretty?”  She lifted her skirt to show her panties off. They were white cotton briefs with little pink hearts.

“Good grief,” said Sophie.  “They’re the sort of thing a little girl would wear.”

“I like them,” ventured David.

“Me too,” said Chris.  “Why don’t you just leave these two alone and stop being such a bitch.”

“Nobody will respect you,” Sophie went on, “if you carry on like this.  People will just see you as a sex object and not as a person.”

“Hear hear,” said a couple of the other girls, who had gathered around to see what was going on.

“Anyone who knows me,” said Julie, “thinks of me as a person.  Anyone who doesn’t can think what they like.”

“Miss Weaver’s coming!” warned one of the boys.

“Back to your seats, everyone,” said Mark.  “And Sophie, please, as a favour to me, don’t say anything to Miss Weaver.  A tell-tale is far more likely to lose the respect of her classmates than an exhibitionist.”

“I’m not a tell-tale,” said Sophie.  “It wasn’t me who ratted on Lynn.”

“Yeah I know, it was Susie.  Fortunately she isn’t in this class.  But please, everyone, try to respect other people’s right to choose their own lifestyle.  Okay, enough said.”

Miss Weaver now entered the classroom.  “What was that about choosing your own lifestyle?” she inquired, walking over to her desk and placing her books upon it.

“I said everyone has the right to choose their own lifestyle,” said Mark.

Miss Weaver nodded.  “Quite right, so long as it conforms to the conventions of the society you happen to be in.  And in this school, you have very little choice in your lifestyle.  While you are under this roof and in the school grounds you conform to the school rules.  Now, please open your textbooks and turn to page 178.”

While Miss Weaver taught, Lynn’s hand crept up Julie’s skirt and her fingers wormed their way into Julie’s panties.  Pretending not to notice, Julie took notes on Miss Weaver’s ramblings as she parted her legs to allow Lynn to slip a finger or two inside her cunt.

At the end of the lesson, Julie and Lynn hung back while the other pupils left.  To their dismay, Miss Weaver appeared to have no intention of leaving the room. When the next class began to file in, Julie grabbed Lynn’s hand and together they made for the door, hiding behind the newcomers.  Gasps of astonishment erupted as the incoming pupils noticed the girls’ skirts but, by the time Miss Weaver looked up to see what the fuss was about, Julie and Lynn had left the room.

In their next lesson, however, they were not so lucky.  Mr Edmonds, the Chemistry teacher, took a dim view of their apparel, and sent them to the headmaster.  Two minutes later they were pressing the buzzer on the door of Mr Dean’s office, hearts pounding with trepidation.

“What do you think he’ll do to us?” asked Lynn.

“I have no idea,” said Julie.  “Maybe he’ll spank us.”

Lynn giggled.  “Shall we invite him to?”

“Hmm, I don’t know.  It could get us into even more trouble than we’re already in.”

“You think so?  I’ve always considered Mr Dean a nice, good-humoured chap.”

“Yes, but he can be ferocious when angry.  Let’s just be contrite and accommodating.  If it looks like he’s enjoying looking at us, then perhaps we can flirt a little. But let’s not get ourselves expelled – I’m heading for some good exam results and I don’t want to jeopardise my chances.”

“I don’t either,” agreed Lynn.

“Come!” called Mr Dean from inside.

Julie opened the door and stepped inside, closely followed by Lynn.  “Good morning, sir,” said Julie.  “We’re very sorry to trouble you, but we’ve been sent to you by Mr Edmonds.”

“I can see why,” said Mr Dean, putting his glasses on.  “Naturally you have a very good explanation for this.”

“No sir, not a very good one, I’m afraid,” said Julie.  “We were taking in the hems of our skirts last night, to fix some frayed edges, and we got a little carried away.”

“Masterful use of litotes,” observed Mr Dean, sitting back in his chair.  “You know what that means?”

“Yes sir,” said Julie.  “Understatement for effect.”

“Very good.  ‘A little carried away,’ you say.  Have you two seen yourselves in a mirror?”

“Yes sir,” said Julie.

“And do you think that you convey the right image for our school?”

“Um, perhaps not, sir.”

“Lynn, I know your father well.  Does he know you are here dressed like that?”

“No sir,” said Lynn, staring at the floor.

“I didn’t think so.  Whatever possessed you to come to my school wearing such an outfit?”

“Um, well, I promised Julie I would.”

“Ah, so Julie is the brains behind this little operation is she?”

“Well, no…”

“Yes I am sir,” said Julie.  “I dared Lynn to wear her skirt, though she did not really want to.”

“Do you know about the rule governing skirt lengths?”

“Yes I do, sir.  Three inches above the knee.”

“Correct.  So you knew you were breaking the school rules?”

“Yes sir.”

“So you do not believe that you need to adhere to the school rules?”

“Oh no sir – I normally abide by the rules, pretty much.

“Julie, this puts me in a very difficult position.  As you may know, we introduced the three-inch rule a few years ago because residents of this neighbourhood were complaining about the shortness of the skirts worn here.  Immediately after the rule was put in place, I cracked down on short skirts with a will, and for a long while now our girls have been dressed very decently.  Yet you stand here today, both dressed in skirts shorter than any I have ever seen here.  Shorter, in fact, than any I have ever seen *anywhere*.  What do you suggest that I do with you?”

“I don’t know, sir.  I know that whatever you do, it will be fair.”

“Don’t crawl, Julie.  Now, I obviously cannot let you stay here today looking like that.  If word got out, there’d be hell to pay.  I am going to have to send you both home.  I shall call your parents and ask them to pick you up.  Until they arrive, you will remain here in this office.  I’ll not have people seeing you around the school until you are led out in disgrace.  Tomorrow, and every morning for the rest of term, you will both report to me at a quarter to nine, wearing skirts that conform to the three-inch rule.  Is that clear?”

“Sir, may I make a suggestion?” asked Julie.

“You may.”

“Sir, if I can have access to a sewing kit, I can make both our skirts a little more decent.  It will not take me long – an hour maybe.  If I do that, could we please both stay for the rest of the day?  I don’t want to miss any lessons – exams are coming up as you know – and we would both very much like to avoid the disgrace of having our fathers pick us up in the middle of the day.”

“Don’t you think you deserve it?” asked Mr Dean.

“Yes sir, possibly, but please sir, I beg you to be lenient.”

Mr Dean sighed.  “Oh very well.  But if I am not satisfied with the results, then home you will go.  Ring the doorbell at the end of the corridor and ask my wife to let you use her sewing kit.  Tell her I have sent you.  I will see you both back here at eleven o’clock sharp.”

“Thank you very much sir,” said Julie, and she and Lynn left the room.

“Whew!” said Lynn.  “That was awful!”

“It could have been a lot worse.  So much for the spanking idea.”

A leftover from the days when the school had taken boarders, the headmaster’s house adjoined the school.  Julie and Lynn rang the doorbell and waited.  A moment later, the door was opened by Mrs Dean, a small, middle-aged woman with blonde hair and a cheerful personality.

“Hello girls,” she said.  “My word, what *are*you wearing?”

“That’s what we’ve come about, Mrs Dean,” said Lynn.  “Could we please use your sewing kit?  We need to lengthen these skirts.”

“I should say so.  Did my husband send you?”

“Yes he did,” said Julie.  “Either we lengthen them or we get sent home in disgrace.”

“I’m not surprised.  Good heavens Lynn, I can see your knickers!  Come in, come in, before anyone else sees them.”  She ushered them into her living room, then went to fetch her sewing kit.

“She’s nice, isn’t she?” commented Lynn.

Julie nodded.

“Here we are,” said Mrs Dean, coming back into the room.  “Can either of you sew?”

“I can sew,” said Julie.  “Thank you very much.”  She took off her skirt and began to get to work.

“Oh, don’t mention it.  So what’s the story behind these extraordinary creations?”

“I’ve developed a taste for showing off,” confessed Julie.  Lynn stared at her in surprise.

Mrs Dean laughed.  “Well, that’s the honest answer, anyway!” she said.  “I must say I admire your bravery, but you must realise that the school cannot be seen to tolerate such exhibitionism.”

“I do realise that,” said Julie.  “We were just hoping we wouldn’t get caught.”

“Ah, but if you take that chance, you must be prepared to face the consequences of getting caught.”

“I agree,” said Julie, nodding.  “And we are facing them now.”

“Here,” said Mrs Dean.  “Lynn, give me your skirt, and I’ll get unpicking.  Many hands make light work.”

“Thanks a lot,” said Julie gratefully.  “I was a bit worried about finishing in time.  We have to report back to Mr Dean at eleven.”

“Crumbs, that’s not much time.  We’d better work quickly.”

Julie had actually anticipated the night before that some lengthening might be required for both skirts, and although she had trimmed the skirts with scissors, she had left a few inches of material folded over in case she had to undo her work.

The result, an hour later, was that though the skirts were still very much breaking the three-inch rule, they were at least a lot more decent than they had been.

“Well,” said Julie.  “It was fun while it lasted.”

“You may still get sent home, you know,” warned Mrs Dean.  “Those skirts are still awfully short.  But good luck.”

“Thanks Mrs Dean, for everything,” said Julie.

“My pleasure,” said Mrs Dean.  “Cheerio, and take care.”

Back in the headmaster’s office, Mr Dean looked over the two of them thoughtfully.  “Better,” he said, “though not as long as I had hoped.”

“We just couldn’t get them any longer,” said Julie.  “There was no more material to work with.”

“Very well.  I suppose they’ll do, for the rest of today.  Now get back to your classes, both of you, and I’ll see you tomorrow morning at 8:45 sharp.”

“Yes sir,” said the girls, and Julie turned to leave.

Lynn, however, stayed where she was.  “May I ask a personal question, Mr Dean?” she inquired.

Mr Dean raised an eyebrow.  “That depends on the question,” he said, then added, “Go on, go on.”

“As our headmaster I know you disapprove of the length of our skirts,”  said Lynn, “and I can appreciate why.  But speaking as a man, what do you think of them?”

“Lynn, you know very well that I can’t possibly answer that question.  As your headmaster I cannot speak to you as a man.  I’m surprised you ask.”

“I understand, sir.  I’m sorry.”

“Very well.  Now get back to your class.”

The two girls left, closing the door behind them.  “What was all that about?” asked Julie.

“I was just sowing the seeds,” said Lynn.  “Don’t forget, we have to see him every morning for the rest of term.  Maybe we can win him around in that time.”

“A dangerous game,” said Julie.  “I hope you know what you’re doing.  What lesson do we have now?”

“Double Maths.  You’ve got Mr Jedburgh and I’ve got Mrs Thewes.  “I’ll see you for fifth lesson, okay?”

They parted company and Julie went to Mr Jedburgh’s classroom.  The lesson was halfway through, and when she entered, Mr Jedburgh demanded to know where she had been.  Julie had never liked him.

“I had to see Mr Dean, sir,” she explained.

Mr Jedburgh frowned.  “Oh?  Why was that?  Please explain to the class.”

If he was hoping to humiliate her, the plan rather backfired on him.  Julie had no objection to explaining herself.  “Well,” she said, “I got sent out of Chemistry because my skirt was far too short.  It only just covered my crotch.  Every time I moved, and especially when I bent over, everyone could see my panties.  So Mr Dean told me I had to use his wife’s sewing kit to make the skirt longer, which I have been doing for the last hour.”

Mr Jedburgh looked most embarrassed.  “I see,” he said.  “Well, sit down please.”

Julie smiled sweetly at him and took her seat at the back of the class.

It was a long, boring lesson.  Julie worked hard for the most part, but took a five-minute break to masturbate while fantasising about making love to Lynn.  She was determined to thoroughly enjoy today’s Lunch Break.

In the fifth lesson of the day, Julie and Lynn sat next to each other, and they caressed each other’s thighs and pussies for most of the lesson.  When the lunch bell rang, they headed straight for the toilets and stripped each other’s clothes off.  They kissed, licked and fondled each other to orgasm, then collapsed on to the toilet seat lid, snuggling.

“How are you feeling, my love?” asked Lynn.

“Still horny,” said Julie.  “How about you?”

“Still horny,” replied Lynn with a smile.

“Right then,” said Julie in business-like tones.  “Let’s break open these cans of beans.”

**Julie's Wild Week #8 - Julie's Anal Sex Adventure**

Lynn was feeling better by the time Julie’s father got home, though she still could not sit down.  Dressed in a bra and panties, she went downstairs to greet him, to Julie’s mild disapproval.

“Hi Mr Ward,” she said.

“Please,” said Julie’s father, “call me Martin.”

“Certainly Martin.  How was your day?”

“Fine thanks.  Um, aren’t you cold?”

“No, not at all.”

“Oh.  Is Julie around?”

“She’s upstairs, still in bed,” said Lynn.  “We’ve been making love.”

Martin winced.  “Must you be so … forthcoming?”

“I’m sorry, does it bother you to hear that I make love with your daughter?  I’d have thought it would be quite a turn-on for you.”

Martin coughed.  “Please,” he said.  “I’m having a hard enough time with all this.”

Julie appeared at the top of the stairs.  She was dressed only in her panties.  “Hi Dad,” she said.

Martin started in surprise when he saw her.  “Julie,” he said, “are you deliberately trying to make me feel uncomfortable?”

Lynn turned around, saw what Julie was wearing, and laughed in delight.  “Well,” she said, “if *that’s*the dress code…”  And she took off her bra, dropping it on to the floor beside her.

“Girls, please…” began Martin helplessly.

“Please what, Dad?” inquired Julie.  “Please take off our panties too?  Isn’t that what you’re really thinking, deep down?”

“You think he is?” asked Lynn, with a raised eyebrow.  “Well, that’s no problem…”  She began to reach for her panties.

“No!” exclaimed Martin.  “Look, I know I’ve behaved badly.  I’ve lost my relationship with my daughter.  Must you continue to persecute me?”

“Taking off my panties is persecuting you?” inquired Lynn innocently.  “Don’t you want to see my hairless, freshly-shaven pussy?”

“Of course he does,” said Julie.  “He’s a pervert, isn’t he?  He’s been dreaming about this sort of thing for a long time, I’ll bet.”

Lynn turned around and trotted up the stairs.  She cupped her hand around Julie’s ear, then whispered, “Does it bother you when I flirt with him?”

Julie looked up and then shook her head.

“What if I were to seduce him?”

“Please don’t,” Julie whispered.  “As soon as you start sleeping with him, then I get left out, and I’m not having my father take you away from me.”

“I wouldn’t let that happen,” Lynn replied.  “But could I not seduce him for both of us?  You know he wants to have sex with you.”

“Lynn, please.  I still haven’t forgiven him, by a long shot.  You can befriend him, if you like.  You can flirt with him, tease him, even confide in him.  I know I can trust him to keep our secrets, if nothing else.  But don’t start making out with him or anything like that.  I just couldn’t bear it.  Not yet anyway.”

“Okay, okay my love, I’m sorry.  But it would be kind of nice to have someone else involved with what we do, even if it’s only in a passive manner.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, for instance, if we stripped naked in the city centre, it would be nice to have your Dad in a car nearby, ready to get us out of trouble.”

“I see what you mean.  That *would*be a good idea…  Okay, I’m happy with that.  Just stop short of kissing him, okay?”

“Okay,” agreed Lynn.  “So you won’t mind if I tell him about all our adventures?”

“Hmm, I’m not sure.  Oh what the heck.  If he’s shocked, it serves him right.  If he’s angry, then he has no right to be and I’ll give him a piece of my mind.  But I think he’ll just be embarrassed, and more than a little aroused.  Go for it.”

Lynn smiled happily and bounded down the stairs to where Martin was taking his tie off.  “Martin,” she said, “you and I are going to have a little talk.  Will you come into the living room with me?”

“Sure,” he said, eyeing her warily.

Julie watched them disappear into the living room together.  She did not particularly want to be a part of this conversation, so she went back up to her bedroom.

“…And that’s why I’m standing up, instead of sitting down to talk to you,” said Lynn.

Martin looked as if a bomb had gone off in his vicinity.  “Good grief, Lynn, and you say all this has happened in four days?” he asked incredulously.

“Yes, although I only started getting involved in Julie’s adventures yesterday.  She’s quite a girl, don’t you think?  Well of course you do – you have the pictures to prove it.”

“Steady on,” said Martin with a pained look.  He sighed.  “I can’t believe Julie has done all this.  I had no idea she was turning into such a … kinky young woman.”

“Well she is, and I love her for it.”

Martin shook his head to clear his thoughts.  “So, why are you telling me all this again?”

“Because, as I’ve already said, I’d like you to get involved.  Help us.  We want to go into the city centre this weekend and have some kinky adventures.  Will you take us in your car?  Be there when we need to escape after having done something outrageous?”

Martin shook his head.  “Lynn…  We could all get into a lot of trouble,” he said.  “I don’t want to land up in court on a charge of aiding and abetting your indecent exposure.”

Lynn frowned.  “Is that even a crime?”

“Indecent exposure?  It certainly is.”

“No, I mean aiding and abetting it.  I honestly don’t think you’d have anything to worry about.  Julie and I would be the ones exposing ourselves, taking the risks… If we got caught, you could deny all knowledge of our intentions.  We’d back you up, obviously.”

“Hmm, I just don’t know…”

“Oh come on, Martin,” Lynn pressed him.  “Look at me.  Look at my body.  I don’t mind.  Here…”  She took off her panties.  “See?  I’m naked in front of you. What do you think?”

“You’re … extremely attractive,” Martin conceded.  “Very sexy.”

“I’m glad you think so.  And I know you fancy Julie.  So can you think of a better way to spend your weekend than by escorting the two of us around the city, watching us flash our panties and do other outrageously sexy things in public?”

Martin thought.  “I have to admit,” he said, “that the prospect is an enticing one.  And I suppose I would like to be there even if only to look after you both and make sure you don’t get into trouble.”  He sighed.  “How can I refuse?”

“That’s better.”  Lynn beamed.  “This weekend is going to be perfect!”

That night, as the girls were getting ready for bed (Lynn had talked her father into letting her stay another night), Martin knocked on the door to Julie’s room.

“Come in, Dad,” said Julie.

He entered, looking a little sheepish, and he could not meet his daughter’s eye.  “Hi,” he said.

“Hi Martin!” Lynn greeted him.  “How’s it hanging?  Or is it pointing up?”

“Ha, um, very funny.  I’ve been thinking.  Um, if you’re at all interested, I have an idea for something you could do on Saturday.  If you’re interested.”

Julie frowned slightly, but Lynn was all ears.  “I’m interested,” she said.  “What’s your plan?”

“Well, I’ll start by showing you something.  Here, have a look at this.”  He handed the girls what looked like a couple of pieces of toilet paper.”

Julie looked at it, then gave her father a hostile look.  “Is this a joke?” she demanded.

“No!  Take a good look at it.  You’ll notice that it’s two pieces of toilet paper joined together.  Not by the perforated edges, you’ll notice…  What I’ve done is, I’ve dipped the very edge of each piece in water, and then pressed the wet edges together, with about half an inch of overlap.  Now that the paper has dried, the two pieces are effectively glued together, and with nothing other than plain water.  Try to pull them apart – you’ll see that they’re attached very firmly.”

Lynn tugged on the outside edges experimentally.  “You’re right,” she said.  “But while that’s fairly interesting, I don’t see what this has to do with our plans for Saturday.”

“Well,” said Martin humbly, “I thought, that, if you like the idea, tomorrow I could tear off a series of long strips of toilet paper and stick them together, using my water method, to make a couple of large sheets.  Then I could make a kind of a dress out of the material – I’m not bad at sewing, as Julie will tell you, and I have a couple of patterns I could work from.”

“A dress made out of toilet tissue?”  Lynn looked puzzled.

But Julie had seized on the implications of this.  “Oh my gosh!” she exclaimed.  “And one of us could wear this dress when we go into the city centre on Saturday. It will look slightly bizarre, but it will be decent enough, I imagine.  Except,” she continued with mounting excitement, “except that rain is forecast for this weekend!  Just think of it!”  She turned to Lynn, her eyes shining.  “Imagine me walking down the street, wearing this tissue-paper dress, when suddenly it starts to rain.  Wet spots appear on my dress, and they’re quickly soaked up by the tissue.  Before long, my entire dress is wet, and probably totally see-through!  And then…”

“And then,” continued her father in a quiet voice, “as the rain continues to fall, the dress will slowly dissolve away, leaving you with whatever you are wearing under the dress.”

Lynn’s mouth was agape in delight.  “How wonderful!” she exclaimed.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll be wearing under the dress,” said Julie in a determined voice.  “Nothing at all, except for a pair of panties made out of the same tissue paper. You think you can make me some, Dad?”

“Sure.”  Martin nodded.

“So my panties will be the last part of my clothing to cling to my body,” said Julie excitedly, “but eventually they too will be washed away, leaving me totally, absolutely, wonderfully naked!  And on the street, in front of everyone!”

“And I,” said Martin, “can be waiting nearby in the car, so that the instant you decide you’ve had enough attention, you can jump in the back seat and we’ll be away.”

“Dad, you’re wonderful!” cried Julie, getting up and running across the room to give him a hug.  “My goodness, your being a pervert certainly has its advantages!”

Martin smiled and returned the hug.  “So I take it you want to be the one wearing this dress?” he asked.

“Yes please!” she said.

“But what about me?” asked Lynn plaintively.

Martin shrugged.  “I probably have time to make two,” he said.

“Don’t you have to work tomorrow?” inquired Lynn.

“I only work Monday to Thursday,” said Martin.  “That is, I only have to go into the office from Monday to Thursday.  On Fridays I work from home, although, of course, if I have more important things to do…”  He broke off with a grin.

Julie smiled.  “And you *do*have more important things to do,” she said.  “You might as well start sticking that toilet paper together tonight.  No sense wasting time waiting for it to dry tomorrow morning.”

“Fair point,” conceded Martin.

“Make sure you make my dress shorter than Julie’s,” said Lynn with a playful wink in Julie’s direction.  “Now, if you’ll excuse us, we have to strip naked and start licking each other’s bodies.”

Martin blushed crimson and retreated out of the room, closing the door behind him, and leaving both girls giggling in his wake.

The following morning, Lynn and Julie donned skirts of a respectable length, then turned over the waistbands several times so that the skirts became as short as any they had yet worn.  Both were determined to wear the shortest skirt, but as their hemlines climbed ridiculously high, they decided to compromise and both leave their skirts at exactly the same length, which they carefully measured to exactly two-and-a-quarter inches above the crotch.  As they went outside to mount their bikes, though, Julie began to suspect that Lynn had cheated by bending forward slightly during the measurement process – Lynn’s skirt seemed more than a little shorter than Julie’s.

“Maybe one day we should dispense with skirts altogether,” said Lynn, ”and ride to school in just our panties.”

“Hmm, I kind of like wearing a tiny skirt though,” said Julie.  “It seems more unintentionally erotic.  I think it would be too unsubtle if we didn’t wear a skirt at all.”

“Maybe,” conceded Lynn, “but I just like the idea of breaking the rules.  If I thought I could get away with riding to school naked without getting arrested, I’d do it in a second.”

“Well, me too,” admitted Julie with a grin.

They mounted up and began the ride to school.  Both girls had pulled their panties right up between their buttocks, and their bottoms were almost completely uncovered as they stood up and bent over their handlebars.  Only when a police car unexpectedly overtook them did they sit down suddenly, a little shocked.  It did not stop, though, and Julie could only assume the driver had either somehow not seen them, or had appreciated the view.

Upon their arrival at the school, they dutifully reported to the headmaster, carefully fixing their skirts before pressing the buzzer on his door.  Just before entering, however, Lynn suddenly grasped hold of her waistband and pulled it upwards.  It stayed in place, and Lynn winked at Julie before entering.

“Good morning girls,” said Mr Dean.  “Ah good, looking a bit more respectable I see.  But, hmm, Lynn, you still seem to be breaking the three-inch rule there.”

“Really?”  Lynn feigned surprise.  “I measured it this morning and it was exactly three inches, wasn’t it Julie?”

“Well we’ll see what the ruler says, shall we?”  Mr Dean took a ruler out of his desk and came over to Lynn.  Bending down, he held one end of the ruler against the top of her knee-cap, and pointed to where Lynn’s hem came to on the scale.  “Five-and-a-half,” he said.  “Rather too short, I think.”

“Oh, wait sir, I think my skirt must have got hitched up while I cycled in.  Hang on a sec.”  She tugged her waistband back into position.  “Is that better?”

Mr Dean’s eyes narrowed.  “Three inches,” he said.  “Very well.  But be careful, Lynn, that your hemline does not stray upwards again.”

“Yes sir,” said Lynn.

“Okay girls, you may go.  I’ll see you again this time tomorrow.”

Julie and Lynn left the room, and, once outside, Julie playfully slapped her friend’s bottom.  “Naughty!” she chided Lynn.  Her friend simply giggled.

The morning was spent in similar manner to the day before.  The girls spent most of their lessons with their skirts wrapped around their waists, and once or twice they allowed themselves to be groped, though they would allow no penetration except by each other’s fingers.  Lynn’s anus was still very sore, and although she could fortunately now sit down, she constantly shifted uncomfortably from one buttock to the other in order to relieve the nagging pain.

“I need to poo,” she whispered to Julie, “but it hurts too much.”

“You’ll just have to hold it in then,” replied Julie.

“But what if I don’t recover for days and days?”

“Then more and more will build up inside you, until you just can’t hold it in any more and you have to let it out, no matter where you are.  Whether you are walking down a busy street, or sitting in the crowded carriage of a tube train, you’ll have to let out all that poo into your panties.”

“I love it when you talk dirty,” said Lynn with a grin.

“Are you wearing a bra?”

“Nope.”

“Good.  Mind if I fondle your breasts?”

“Be my guest.”

“I’ll have to undo all your shirt buttons.”

“All of them?  Okay.”

As usual, they were sitting at the back of the classroom.  The teacher, Mr Edmonds, could not see them well enough to notice when Lynn’s shirt slowly but surely came undone.  Julie, having unfastened the last button, untucked her friend’s shirt and parted it slightly in the middle.  This action was not lost on the surrounding boys, whose attention now became riveted to Lynn’s chest.

Julie slid one hand inside Lynn’s shirt, began to stroke the smooth skin of her tummy, then moved up to Lynn’s left breast, cupping it with her hand, squeezing it gently, and brushing her fingers across Lynn’s erect nipple.  Lynn moaned very softly, her eyes closed.

“Hey, are you two lesbians?” inquired Mark, who was sitting on the other side of Lynn.

Julie liked Mark, but she wasn’t sure she wanted word to get around that she and Lynn were lovers.  “No Mark,” she said.  “We’re just *really*good friends.  Hey, can you slip Lynn’s shirt off her shoulder on your side?”

“Gladly!”  Mark began to pull Lynn’s shirt off her left shoulder, and Julie did the same on Lynn’s right.  Lynn opened her eyes and stared at Julie with a mixture of alarm and excitement.  Julie smiled reassuringly at her, and she relaxed, smiling.

Lynn’s shirt fell down to her elbows, leaving her upper body completely exposed.  Her tie hung loosely around her neck and dangled between her naked breasts. She stared defiantly at the girls who were glaring at her in disgust, and lapped up the attention of the enraptured boys.

“Mark,” whispered Julie, “would you please be so good as to start massaging Lynn’s left breast?”

Mark’s look of joy was wonderful to behold.  He quickly fastened his hand to Lynn’s breast before Julie could change her mind, and began to squeeze and caress it lovingly.  Julie was by now doing the same to Lynn’s right breast.

“What’s going on back there?” demanded Mr Edmonds.  He began to walk over.

Lynn dithered.  On the one hand she was longing to be caught like this, but on the other, could she really afford to be sent to the headmaster twice in one week (and by the same teacher each time) for indecently exposing herself?

She made her mind up and hastily pulled her shirt back into position, arranging her tie carefully over the opened buttons, and pulled her skirt down.  “Nothing’s going on, Mr Edmonds,” she said.

“Let me see your skirt,” the teacher ordered her.

Lynn swung her legs around to demonstrate how decent she was.

“Hmmph.  Well good, I’m glad to see you’re wearing something sensible today.  If I were Mr Dean I’d have had you suspended.”  He turned on his heel and walked to the front of the class.

“No libido at all, that man,” remarked Julie, and Lynn giggled quietly.

“Hey,” said Lynn, “what would you think about inviting Mark to join us in the toilets for our lunchtime naked romp?”

“Um, sure, if you like.”

“Excellent!”  Lynn turned and whispered to Mark, whose eyes suddenly widened.  He nodded enthusiastically, and Lynn smiled at him.

During Lunch Break they all met in the girls’ toilets.  Julie did not strip naked, as she normally would have done, for she was not yet sure about displaying all of her body to Mark.  Lynn, however, had no such compunctions.  She undressed completely in front of the basins, then casually sauntered into a stall with her clothes. Mark, who was standing nearby, watched with his mouth open.

“Come on in, Mark,” Lynn invited him.

“Is there room in there for all three of us?” asked Mark.

“There is if we all squeeze up together really close,” said Lynn.  “Think you can handle that?”

Mark did not have to be asked twice.  He entered the cubicle, and somehow they managed to get the door closed.  Mark placed one hand on Lynn’s breast, staring down at it with awed delight, and began to caress it gently.

Julie watched him, and she smiled as she began to become aroused at the sight of Mark fondling her lover.  “Kiss her, Mark,” she instructed him.

Mark looked questioningly at Lynn, unsure of whether she would permit this.

Lynn nodded.  “Do as Julie says, Mark,” she said.

Mark placed his lips to Lynn’s, and they began to kiss, parting their lips and sliding their tongues into each other’s mouth.  Mark put his arms around Lynn and held her naked body against him, french-kissing her as if this was their last day on Earth.

Lynn broke free first.  “Mmm, that was nice,” she said.  “What else does Julie say?”

Julie smiled.  “Julie says: Mark, unzip your trousers and take out … whatever it is you’ve got in there.”

Mark chuckled nervously and, with some hesitation, proceeded to pull out his hardening member.  Lynn cooed with delight as she saw it, and she looked at Julie expectantly.

“Julie says: Lynn, get down on your knees and take Mark’s cock into your mouth.”

Lynn rolled up her skirt into a ball, dropped it on the floor, then sank to her knees, using her skirt as a cushion.  She took Mark’s penis in her hand and guided into her open mouth.

“Now suck it,” instructed Julie.  “Suck it and masturbate it at the same time.”

Lynn obeyed, while Mark put out his hand to steady himself.  His breathing grew heavier and he closed his eyes.  “That feels great,” he murmured.

“Julie says: swap positions.  Mark, you get on your knees and lick Lynn’s pussy.”

Lynn stood up and placed her feet wide apart, while Mark knelt on Lynn’s skirt and began to lick her pussy.  He ran his tongue in between her labia and then began to suck on her clitoris.  Lynn moaned with pleasure and began to squeeze her own breast with her hand.

Julie pulled up her skirt, slid a hand into her panties, and began to masturbate as she watched them.  She let Mark continue licking for a couple of minutes, then she said, “Julie says: Mark, lick two of your fingers and slide them into Lynn’s cunt.”

He did so, and Lynn sighed happily as Mark’s probing fingers caressed the moist flesh deep inside her.  She leaned over to kiss Julie, and their tongues met in a passionate oral caress.

“Now,” said Julie, “Julie says: put two fingers of your other hand in *my*cunt.”

Mark could hardly believe his luck as he found himself with his fingers buried deep in the cunts of two different girls at the same time.  He slid his fingers in and out, stroking the girls’ vaginal walls, for a couple of minutes until Julie stopped him.

“Mark, do you have any condoms with you?” she asked.

“No, I’m afraid not,” said Mark.  “It’s not a standard part of my schoolbag inventory.”

“That’s a shame.  I’d have let you fuck Lynn if you’d had one.”  Julie sighed.  “Still, never mind.”

Mark looked very disappointed.  “I’ll bring some in next week,” he said.

“Who says we’ll feel the same way next week?  But take heart – I’ll let you put your fingers in my arsehole if you like.”

Mark removed his fingers from Lynn’s cunt and began to push them against Julie’s tight anal sphincter.  Slowly her resilient flesh gave way, and his two fingers started to disappear into her rectum.  Two fingers of his other hand were still working away at her cunt.  Julie moaned with pleasure.

“Lynn,” she said, “start sucking on his cock again.  See if you can get him to come.”

As Lynn started sucking on his erection once again, Mark continued to work his fingers deeper into Julie’s anus.  As he did this, he slid his tongue between her labia and licked hungrily at her clitoris.  Julie’s smile spoke volumes – she was in heaven.

Lynn, however, had other ideas.  “Julie,” she said, “why don’t you let Mark screw your anus?  You can’t get pregnant that way.”

Julie considered this.  “I don’t know if I’m ready for that,” she said.

“Oh come on,” pressed Lynn.  “You know you’ll like it.  I’d offer my own arse, but I’m still very sore back there.”

“What the heck,” said Julie.  “But there’s not enough room in here.  We’ll have to get out of this stall.”

Lynn listened.  “Sounds pretty quiet out there,” she said.  “But I’ll keep watch, just in case.”

They exited the stall and Lynn went to the door.  Opening it a crack, she reported that the corridor was empty.  Julie got on to her hands and knees, using her clothes as padding against the hard floor, and Mark positioned himself behind her.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” he said.  “Will it be really messy?”

“Possibly,” conceded Julie, “but I’m sure Lynn will lick you clean afterwards.”

Mark placed the head of his erection at the entrance to Julie’s anus.  Already slick with her juices, it seemed well-lubricated already, but Mark surreptitiously spat into his hand and rubbed his saliva around his penis before attempting entry.

Julie’s anus began to give way, and she closed her eyes with pleasure, absorbed in the sensation of being penetrated.  This was her first time, and it was incredibly exciting to her that she was losing her anal virginity before ever having had a man’s penis in her vagina.

Mark got his penis part-way in, then stopped.  “Ouch,” he said.

“Ooh, don’t stop, that feels nice,” said Julie.

“Yeah, but…” Mark grunted a little.  “Every time I try to push it in, my foreskin gets pulled back, and it hurts.  It would no doubt be easy if I were circumcised, but as it is I’m having a little trouble here.”

“Well I’m sorry Mark, but I didn’t bring any Vaseline.  You’ll just have to do the best you can.”

“My brother Tom isn’t circumcised,” said Lynn conversationally.  “I think he has trouble with anal sex too.”

“Your brother talks to you about anal sex?” inquired Julie, surprised.

“Yeah, we talk about lots of stuff.  He uses baby oil as a lubricant mostly, I think.”

“Well we don’t have any of that either.  Still struggling, Mark?  Ow!”

“Sorry,” muttered Mark, who had just inserted a finger alongside his penis and was trying to use it like a shoehorn.  “I never thought it would be this difficult.”

“Are you making any progress?” asked Lynn.

“Yeah, slowly,” said Mark.  He continued to work himself further and further into Julie’s rectum, helped, from time to time, by a fresh infusion of spittle.

“I’m in!” he suddenly announced proudly, as his loins pressed against Julie’s buttocks.  He grasped her hips and wiggled a little, achieving a few more millimetres of depth.

“That feels *wonderful*,” Julie moaned blissfully.

Mark eased himself out a fraction, then thrust slowly back in, wincing slightly as he felt himself peeled back a little.  With subsequent thrusts, however, he grew more confident, and he spat on to the base of his shaft in order to inject more liquid into Julie’s rectum.  Before long he was pumping with gleeful vigour, and Julie’s moans were becoming loud enough to carry out into the corridor.

“Hush there, sweetie!” Lynn cautioned her, looking out nervously.  But it was still all quiet.  Then, tired of being left out, Lynn let the door close and came over to lie down beside Julie.  She lay on her back and spread her legs.  “Why don’t you finger me while you’re buggering Julie?” she suggested.

Mark, his face red with exertion, reached down and slid two fingers into Lynn’s vagina.  He began to thrust them in and out of her in time with the strokes of his penis inside Julie’s anus.

“Come on, I can take more than two,” said Lynn.  “See if you can get your whole hand inside me.”  She knew he wouldn’t be able to, but she also knew it would be nice to feel him try.

Mark obeyed.  Working five fingers into her pussy, he came to a halt at the third set of knuckles, but by this time Lynn was happily masturbating, gyrating her hips and thoroughly enjoying having a full cunt.

“Oh gosh I’m coming,” whispered Mark, and he quivered as his jerking penis pumped semen up into Julie’s bowels.  He collapsed on to her back, exhausted.  “That … was … fantastic,” he panted.

“For me too,” said Julie, removing herself from underneath him.  “Well done, Mark – you came through for me in the end.”

“What a terrible pun!” remarked Lynn.  “Come on, let’s get dressed and go outside to flash car drivers.  I feel the need to have an orgasm, and I don’t mind who sees me have it.”

“Coming to watch us, Mark?” asked Julie.

“Sure,” said Mark, getting to his feet.  “You’re going to masturbate out in front of school?”

“I thought I might,” said Lynn with a sweet smile.  “Come on, loverboy, let’s get you cleaned up.”

**Julie's Wild Week #9 - Julie's Paddling Pool Adventure**

After yet another entertaining cycle ride, the girls arrived back at Julie’s house with their panties imitating thongs and their skirts imitating hula hoops.  They trooped indoors and found Julie’s dad.

“Hi Martin!” said Lynn.  “How are the dresses?”

Martin looked smug.  “Come and see,” he said.  He led them through into the living room and gestured towards the sofa.  Draped over the back of the sofa were two white dresses, made entirely out of toilet tissue.  “What do you think?” he asked.

Lynn picked one of them up, carefully.  “Wow!” she breathed.  “This is a work of art!  Can I try it on?”

“Of course.  Actually the other one’s yours.  I had to guess your measurements, and I’ve been a little on the generous side with both of you, but that one’s meant for Julie.  Go ahead, though, try them on, both of you.  But be very careful – they’ll rip at the slightest excuse.  They won’t come apart, I hasten to add, but being tissue paper they’ll tear easily enough.”

Julie undressed to her bra and panties, then took the dress Lynn had picked up first.  With a great deal of care, she pulled it over her head and tucked her arms through the holes provided.  Each dress was of a simple design, with shoulder straps about an inch-and-a-half wide.  Julie let hers fall into place around her, then hurried out of the room and up the stairs to view the effect in her long bedroom mirror.  A few moments later she was joined by Lynn.

“Aren’t they awesome!” exclaimed Lynn.

Julie nodded.  “He’s done very well.  I’d prefer mine a fair bit shorter, though I dare say that can be fixed.”

“Mine too,” agreed Lynn.  “And mine’s a little baggy – do you think he could take it in a bit?”

“I dare say,” said Julie.  “Mine’s baggy too.  But they’re both excellent otherwise.  They almost look like real dresses.”

“They do.  This was a fantastic idea of your dad’s.”

“It was,” Julie admitted.  “You know what, Julie?  If you still want to sleep with my dad, then go ahead, you have my blessing.  I figure he’s earned it.”

“Are you sure?” asked Lynn.

“No.  But I think I will get used to the idea.  It helps if I don’t think of him as my dad.”

“Are you going to start calling him Martin?”

Julie shook her head.  “I’m not vindictive,” she said.  “Besides, I can say ‘Dad’ without thinking about what it means, whereas if I say ‘Martin’ then I’ll be constantly reminded of why I’m calling him that.”

Then she fell silent as Martin himself appeared, coming up the stairs.  “Do you like them?” he asked.

“Do we!”  Lynn smiled happily.  “We love them!  But I think they could both do with a couple of alterations.”

Martin nodded.  “Okay, I see what you mean.  They do look rather big on you.  I’ll take care of that.”

“And make them both shorter,” added Lynn.  “We’ll look frightfully conservative like this.”

“Sure, I can do that.  I intentionally made them a little long – it’s easy to chop some off, but rather harder to lengthen them.  Oh by the way, I did some other stuff today while you were at school.”

Julie raised an eyebrow.  “Oh?  Like what?”

“Well, I went shopping, and then I put some finishing touches to a game I devised last night.”

“A game?” inquired Lynn.

“You never told us anything about that this morning,” Julie accused him.  “You were working on this last night?  What kind of a game?”

“Well it’s all to do with what I bought today,” said Martin.  “Come downstairs to the kitchen, and I’ll show you.”

Puzzled but intrigued, the girls followed him downstairs.  When their eyes alighted on what was spread out on the kitchen counter, they gasped in unison.

“What on EARTH!” exclaimed Julie.

“Are we having a party?” inquired Lynn, her brow furrowing.

“Of sorts,” said Martin.  “You’ll notice that each item is of the squishy or runny variety.”

“How much did all of this cost?” asked Julie, staring in disbelief at the vast array of foodstuffs that were arranged neatly on the counter.

“Quite a lot,” admitted Martin, “but I hope you’ll find it was worth a little expenditure.”

There were seven cartons of Ambrosia Devon Custard, each one litre.  There were ten cans of rice pudding, ten cans of tapioca, eight of red cherry pie filling, four of black cherry pie filling, six cans of golden syrup, five bottles of chocolate syrup, nine cans of whipped cream, four cans of mushy peas, two tubes of pate, two boxes of mashed potato powder, four tubs of plain yoghurt, three jars of mayonnaise, four jars of honey, six jars of jam, ten cans of spaghetti and sixteen cans of baked beans.

“Do you remember when you were little,” said Martin, “and we used to stick you out in the garden in that old blue inflatable paddling pool?”

Julie’s eyes widened at the recollection.  “Don’t tell me you still have that!” she said.

“Well, no,” admitted her father.  “But I went out and bought one almost exactly the same today.”

“Oh my goodness,” whispered Lynn.  “I’m beginning to like this game already.”

“I made a board,” said Martin.  “It’s a board game, you see.  Each of you has a counter, and I’ve pinched some of your D&D dice to play with.  The board’s right here – have a look.  The idea is, you start out fully clothed, wearing something that you don’t mind getting messy in, and you start here, at the beginning of the board.  I’ll move your pieces around – no sense in them getting messy too – and you two will be in the paddling pool.  When you land on one of the ‘Disrobe’ squares, you have to remove one item of clothing.  When you land on a ‘Splosh’ square, I roll the dice and look up on this table to see what happens to you.  Do you see?”

“I see enough,” said Julie, warming to the idea.  “When do we start?”

“Right now, if you like,” said her father.  “But, um, we need to make up the mashed potato first.  I’ll stick the kettle on.”

“Where’s the paddling pool?” asked Lynn.

“It’s out in the middle of the garden,” said Martin.  “I thought we’d play it out there.”

“Good idea,” said Julie.

“Won’t the neighbours see us?” wondered Lynn.

“Only if they happen to look out of their windows,” said Martin, “but don’t worry – I’ll be out of sight under the tree.”

“That’s comforting to know,” remarked Julie wryly.  “But perhaps it’s best that way.  Well Lynn, we’d better go and change.”

A few minutes later, they were both sitting in the paddling pool, dressed in miniskirts and t-shirts.  Lynn, who had developed an aversion to covering up her panties, was sitting cross-legged so that Julie could see right up her skirt.

“Right,” said Martin, ferrying out the last of the messy food items.  He placed them on the ground by the pool and then took up a position beneath the tree by the garden shed.  “Okay, I’ll do the dice rolling for both of you.  Let’s see who will go first.  Lynn gets a four, Julie … gets a one.  Sorry Julie.  Lynn’s turn first.  Aha! A six for Lynn!  That takes you straight on to an Opportunity square.  I’ll just take a card from this pack…”

“Dad, how late were you up last night, working on this?” asked Julie.

“Oh, till about four o’clock.  Anyway.  Right, the card reads: ‘Pour half a can of rice pudding on to your breast or take a Fortune card.’  Which is it to be, Lynn?”

“Ooh, I’ll take the rice pudding, thanks,” said Lynn.  She picked up one of the cans (they had all been opened already) and poured half of it on to her t-shirt.  It ran down the curve of her breast and then collected on the outside of her skirt.

“Julie’s turn now.  A two!  Aha!  Remove an item of clothing please, Julie.”

Julie shrugged and took off one of her socks, dropping it outside the paddling pool.

“Now Lynn.  A three.  Oh, well that square doesn’t do anything, so it’s your turn again Julie.  Another two!  That takes you to a Fortune square, Julie.  And … your card reads: ‘If you have removed any items of clothing, choose one and put it back on, otherwise take an Opportunity card.’  Oh.”

Julie sighed and put her sock back on.

“Now Lynn…  A one!  It’s a Splosh square, Lynn!  Now I have to roll an eight-sided die to determine which part of your body is to be messed up, and a twenty-sided die to decide what food item to use.  And … it seems your head is to be the recipient of the mess … and the twenty-sided die has selected tapioca!”

“Oh no!” cried Lynn in mock horror.

“Julie,” said Martin, “you have to administer the aforementioned goo.”

“It will be a pleasure,” said Julie with a grin.  She picked up a can of tapioca and began to tip it over Lynn’s head.  The cream-coloured gunge poured out slowly, then fell with a splat on Lynn’s hair.  Julie began to plaster it down, taking great pleasure in saturating Lynn’s tawny locks.

“Now Julie…  A five!  It’s a Disrobe square again, Julie.  Take something off, please.”

Julie frowned, then removed her sock again and dropped it on the grass.

“And Lynn … a two.  Aha!  Back three spaces!  Which takes you on to a Disrobe square!”

Lynn was only too happy to comply.  She had not worn socks, and so she stood up and removed her skirt.  Now dressed only in a t-shirt, bra and panties, she sat back down.

“Julie … an Opportunity!  Aha!  Pour a can of baked beans into your opponent’s panties.”

“Now that’s an opportunity I just can’t miss!”  Julie picked up a can and leaned forward.  Pulling Lynn’s panties open at the front, she began to pour the beans inside.  Lynn squealed with delight.  Julie emptied the can, then let Lynn’s panties close once more.  Lynn wiggled on the spot, working the beans into the groove between her pussy lips.

“And … Lynn lands on a Fortune square.  Ah!  Lynn, please remove an item of Julie’s clothing.”

Julie presented her remaining sock-clad foot, but Lynn shook her finger, and instead began to pull up Julie’s t-shirt.  Julie raised her arms and allowed Lynn to take the garment off.

Next, Julie landed on a Splosh square, and had to let Lynn fill her bra with custard.  This she found rather nice, but she was looking forward to returning the favour.

Ten minutes later, Lynn was naked and Julie was wearing just her panties.  Julie’s head was so far unmessed, but her breasts had been deluged in golden syrup and her panties were now full of mushy peas.  Lynn, on the other hand, was sitting in a puddle of spaghetti which had originally been poured down the back of her panties before that item of clothing had been removed.

“Oh Julie!” exclaimed Martin.  “You’ve just landed on a Special square.  This should be fun.”

“What’s a Special square?” inquired Julie.

“It’s where all the good stuff is,” explained her father.  “There are more of them, the further through the game you go.  Let’s see now … oh my!  Lynn, you have to take one of those tubes of pate, and snip the end off it.  There should be a pair of scissors there somewhere.”

“Got it,” reported Lynn, and she cut the end of the pate tube.  “What now?”

“Now you have to insert it into Julie’s, um, you know … and squeeze it out.”

“Into her what?” inquired Lynn innocently.

“Her, um…”

“Just do it, don’t make him say it,” muttered Julie, “or we’ll be here all night.  Hang on though, I’m still wearing my panties.  Do I take them off?”

“No, just pull them aside for the time being,” her father instructed.

Julie did so, and reclined against the edge of the pool, spreading her legs.  Lynn began to insert the tube of pate, and it slid home easily.  Then she began to squeeze it as she pulled it out, much as if she were forcing all the toothpaste out of a toothpaste tube.  When she finally pulled the limp plastic rag out of Julie’s cunt, the entire contents of the tube was left inside.

“Mmmm,” murmured Julie.  “I want to land on more Special squares.”

“Me too!” concurred Lynn.

Julie lost her panties soon after that, and from then on, the two girls became increasingly covered in messy food.  Disrobe squares now became Massage squares, and both Lynn and Julie found themselves rubbing all kinds of sticky, messy and squishy food into each other’s breasts, buttocks and pussies.

Lynn was the next to land on a Special square.  “Ah,” said Martin.  “Now Julie has to pour honey over your pussy and then lick it off.”

“Lucky me!” was Lynn’s reaction, and she parted her legs for Julie, who poured an entire jar of honey on to her lover’s pussy.  As she sucked and licked it off, Lynn closed her eyes and moaned softly.

The game finished shortly afterwards, with Lynn reaching the end first.  She was therefore the winner, but neither girl cared one bit.  They continued pouring food over each other until there was nothing left outside the paddling pool.  Inside, the goo was a couple of inches deep, and the girls lay down and began to writhe around in the mess, picking up handfuls to pour over each other.  Then they embraced, kissing passionately, while they caressed each other’s slippery bodies.

Martin, after watching them for a moment, tiptoed past them and went inside, leaving them to their love-making.  It had been, he thought to himself, a most successful and entertaining game.

**Julie's Wild Week #10 - Julie's Dissolving Dress Adventure**

The following morning the sky was overcast, but it was not raining.  Julie gazed anxiously at the clouds.  “Do you think it will rain today?” she wondered aloud.

“I hope so,” said Lynn.  She was dressed in a blue cotton dress that her father had brought from her home the night before.  Julie had spent the rest of the evening shortening it until the hem was exactly on a level with Lynn’s crotch.  She herself was more modestly dressed in an unshortened miniskirt and top, but neither girl was wearing a bra today.  The tissue-paper dresses were in the car, ready for the girls to change into once they got into the city.

“If you’re both ready,” said Martin, entering the room, “then let’s go.”

They piled into the car, the two girls in the back seat, and set off.  It was a nine-mile journey from where Julie lived, and they spent most of the journey either making out in the back or flashing their panties at passers-by.  Twenty minutes later, they parked in a multi-storey car park which was very close to a pedestrian precinct.  Lynn thought the precinct would be a good place to try out their tissue-paper dresses.

“It’s still not raining though,” observed Julie.  “Maybe we should wander around for a while in what we’re wearing.  We have some shopping to do, remember.”

“Oh yes.  What are we buying again?”

“Braces,” Julie reminded her.

“Ah, of course.”

“Braces?” inquired Martin.

“Yeah, for hoisting our skirts up once we’re in school.”

“You think they’ll let you wear braces at school?”

“I don’t know.  It may be a long shot, but we need some way of being decent for Mr Dean’s benefit and sexy for everyone else’s.”

Martin thought for a moment.  “You could always take a spare skirt in with you,” he suggested.

“We thought of that,” said Julie.  “And that may well be a better idea.  I don’t know – the original purpose of this trip had kind of gone out of my head since we started talking about tissue-paper dresses and so on.”

Martin chuckled.  “Well, you could always go and buy some skimpy panties to wear while you’re cycling.  G-strings or something.”

“Ooh yes, excellent idea!”  Lynn was thrilled by this plan.  “You’ll have to come with us, though – we haven’t brought any money.”

“That’s okay,” said Martin.  “I think I can afford a couple of thongs for you girls.”

And so they went clothes shopping.  In addition to six thongs, Martin ended up paying for three miniskirts and two minidresses.  These were all too long for the girls’ liking, but Julie planned to shorten them all anyway.

Everywhere they went, Lynn’s microdress drew stares, variously of disapproval, disbelief and sheer lust.  She took every opportunity to bend over – she was wearing lace-up shoes, and each time she did them up, she completely failed to tie them tightly enough, so that they invariably came undone a few minutes later. She especially enjoyed doing this after she had swapped her white cotton panties for one of her new thongs.

During lunch at MacDonald’s, both girls sat with her legs apart, and were of course very much the centre of attention.  While sipping her milkshake, however, Julie happened to glance out of the window.

“It’s raining!” she said.

“Oh, excellent!”  Lynn was delighted.

They hurriedly finished their meals and raced back to the car

“Do we do this one at a time?” asked Julie, “or both together?”

“One at a time, I think,” said Lynn.  “No offence, sweetie, but when my dress dissolves, I want to be the centre of attention.”

Julie nodded.  “I’m inclined to agree,” she said.  “So who goes first?  Toss for it?”

Martin produced a coin.  “Heads it’s Lynn, tails it’s Julie,” he said, and he flipped the coin.

“Heads!” exclaimed Lynn happily.  “Me first!”

She gingerly changed into her tissue-paper dress.  It now fit very snugly and was very short, though not quite as short as her cotton microdress.  She shivered, partly because it was getting a little chilly to be nearly naked, and partly because she was feeling a mixture of excitement and fear.

“What are you going to do, watch from the wings?” she asked.

“Yeah, I figured so,” said Martin.  “You want to look as if you’re on your own?”

Lynn nodded.  “When my dress dissolves,” she said, “and I decide I’ve had enough attention, I’ll duck into the nearest clothes store and make for a changing room. You follow me in with one of my new dresses and I’ll change there.  Okay?”

“Good plan,” said Martin.  “I was thinking you’d be making your way back here.”

“Bit of a long way,” said Lynn, “and who knows how far I’ll have got before the rain finally washes away the last of the tissue?”

“Oh, aren’t you forgetting something?” asked Martin.  “I made you a pair of tissue-paper panties, if you recall.”  He fetched them and handed them to her.

“Oh yes!”  Lynn took off her thong and pulled the tissue panties on.  “Crumbs,” she said, “these are going to fall off me.  They just don’t grip.”

“Maybe we should get them damp first,” suggested Julie, “so that they will cling to your skin.”

“Good idea,” agreed Lynn.  “Where’s the nearest toilet, do you think?”

“I think there’s one on the fourth floor of this car park, actually,” said Julie.  “It’s a bit manky and horrible, but at least there should be a tap there.”

They descended to the fourth floor, and Lynn disappeared into the toilet to wet her panties.  When she came out she was grinning.  “That worked,” she said. “They’re not going anywhere now.”

“Hey, I just had a thought,” said Julie.  “If the worst comes to the worst, and we get separated, let’s meet back here, okay?  Then if Lynn gets here first, she can hide in the toilets and I can go in and get her.”

“Sounds fine,” agreed Martin, “but don’t worry – we won’t lose her.”

Down on the ground floor, they parted company.  Lynn walked on ahead, while Julie and Martin followed.  They watched intently as Lynn opened a glass door through which they could see the busy street outside, then hurried up to it to watch her progress.

Lynn stepped out into the rain.  It was not too heavy at the moment, but she felt each raindrop as it was soaked up by the tissue-paper and made it cling to her. Boldly she began to walk down the street, then turned into the shopping precinct.  It was now that a very real threat presented itself.  The street was crowded, and pedestrians were constantly jostling each other as they passed by.  This, however, was something that Lynn had to avoid.  The slightest jostle could quite literally rip her dress from her body, and she was determined that the rain should have this privilege.

The rain began to fall harder.  The wet patches on Lynn’s dress rapidly increased in both size and number, and within half a minute there was no part of her dress that was dry.  And whenever raindrops fell where others had already gone, they turned the already damp paper transparent.

Lynn was now attracting a great many stares.  She pressed on, quickening her pace, as her nipples became clearly visible through the sodden paper of her dress.  Still the rain fell, and if anything, fell even harder.  Mere seconds later, her dress was soaked and clinging to every curve, completely transparent.  To anybody looking at her from more than a few feet away, she looked naked.  Her breathing quickened.  Very aware of the gasps, stares and loud comments from onlookers, she strode ahead, looking straight in front of her.

Each movement of her body tugged against the paper, and splits began to appear.  The rain was turning the paper into mush, and each split, once it appeared, rapidly widened.  Her breasts, bouncing in time to her pace, caused the largest rifts in the material, and a minute later her bare nipples were exposed to the rain.

The rest of the dress, however, seemed reluctant to shift.  Her shoulders remained covered, as did her upper chest and back.  From her midriff down, too, the paper continued to cling.  When the rain started to slacken off a minute later, Lynn had had enough.  Abuse was being shouted at her, as well as the lewd comments which she did not particularly mind.

She turned, headed for a nearby women’s clothes shop, and hurried inside.  Without saying a word to the shop assistants, she ran to the changing rooms and dived into a cubicle, shivering.  She closed the curtain and waited for Julie and Martin to show up.

“Hey!” called one of the sales assistants.  “Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine,” replied Lynn.  “I’m just naked.  There’ll be someone along in a minute to bring me my clothes.  I’m terribly sorry – I was doing it for a dare.”

“Well, I’m not sure what the manager would say,” said the sales assistant.  “Your clothes had better arrive soon – I don’t want to get into any trouble.”

“Hello!”  Martin strode into the shop, closely followed by Julie.  “Have you seen the young lady who came in here a moment ago?”

“The naked one?” asked the sales assistant.

“That’s her, yes,” said Martin.  “I have a dress for her here.”

“She’s just through there.”  The assistant pointed.

Lynn came out to meet them, and took the dress gratefully.  She looked quite a sight.  Bits of paper were clinging to her everywhere, but since they were completely transparent they did little to hide her nudity.  She did not bother to pull it all off, though, before throwing the minidress over her head.  She smiled at Martin as she pulled the dress down into position.

“What a rush!” she said.  “I can’t believe I just did that.  I had some nasty shouts directed at me, but otherwise it was incredible.”

“Well done,” said Julie.  “You looked fantastic!  It was such a turn-on to see your dress go see-through.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” said Lynn with a smile.  “Now let’s get back to the car.  It’s your turn.”

They returned to the car and Julie put her paper dress on.  “You know,” she said, “I’m not sure I want to display myself in the same place you just did.  Since it’s now raining quite hard, may I suggest an alternative?”

“Of course,” said Martin.

“How about we get in the car, leave the car park, and start driving down the road.  When you find a spot you can park, just pull in and let me out.  Give me two minutes, and then come after me.  When you pass by me, look at my dress.  If it’s dissolved, then stop and let me get in.  If it still has some way to go, then drive up ahead and park, and I’ll time my arrival at the car with the final disappearance of my dress.  How does that sound?”

“Sounds good,” said Lynn, “except we won’t have much of a view of you.”

“Well you will when you catch up with me,” Julie pointed out.

“It’s fine with me,” said Martin.  “Hop in, then, and I’ll just go and pay for the parking.”

A few minutes later they were driving out of the multi-storey and on to the main road.  Martin began driving down the road, looking for a suitable place to park for two minutes.  “Ah,” he said, “that looks like a good spot.”

“No it doesn’t,” said Julie.  “Not enough people around here.  I want a main street.”

“Very well.”  Martin continued to drive.  “I think we can take a left up ahead which will take us down to a busy shopping area.”

He turned left, but it did not lead him where he thought it was going to.  He continued on, then came to a place where market stalls were set up on wide pavements. “Here?” he suggested.

“Looks like a good place,” agreed Julie.  “Stop here.”

Martin stopped and Julie got out.  It was raining fairly heavily at the moment.

“Two minutes, remember,” said Julie, and she began to walk briskly down the street.  Lynn and Martin watched her, their gaze transfixed as, within half a minute, her dress was apparently sodden and clinging tightly to her.

“Will she last another minute and a half?” asked Lynn.

“I don’t know,” replied Martin, “but she was quite clear in her instructions.  Two minutes, she said.”

When two minutes were up, Martin set off.  Julie was by now quite a way ahead, and it was difficult to see what state of dress she was in.  As Martin approached a crossroads, the traffic lights turned from green to amber, and he cursed under his breath as the car in front of him stopped.

“We could have made that,” he said, “if it hadn’t been for Mr Timid in front of me.”

“Um,” said Lynn, “from the looks of things, it wouldn’t have done you much good.”

“Eh?  What do you mean?”

There was a hint of panic in Lynn’s voice.  “Martin, you *can’t go straight on from here!*” she said.  “Look, you have to turn left!”

Martin stared at the sign he had hitherto failed to notice.  “Oh crumbs, you’re right,” he said.  “But Julie went straight!  She can’t have noticed the sign either.  Well look, calm down, it’s not the end of the world.  That’s not a one-way street she’s on.  Our access is only restricted because of the roadworks.  I’ll find somewhere to turn around on King Street, then come back and catch up with her.”

When the lights changed to green, he turned left and headed up the side street, looking for a place where he could turn around.  He spied a little road leading off to the right, and prepared to turn into it.  “Hopefully we’ll be able to get back on to Corporation Street from there,” he said.

“I hope so,” said Lynn anxiously.  “Crumbs, her dress will be falling off her by now!”

Martin turned right, and found himself on a short, narrow road which ended at a set of traffic lights.  “You see?” he said.  “We’ll turn right at the lights, and then we’ll be able to get back on to Corporation Street.”

But as he approached the lights, he realised with dismay that he would not be able to turn right.  “Oh heck,” he muttered.  “What do you think, Lynn?  Straight on or turn left?”

“If you turn left you may be able to turn left again to get back on to King Street somewhere up ahead.”

“On the other hand, if I go straight on I might be able to turn right, which will lead me straight back to Corporation Street.  Yes I think that’s a better idea.”

He continued straight on, and on, and on.  There were apparently no right turns for more than half a mile.  There were, however, two sets of traffic lights, and both unfortunately turned red just as he was approaching them.  Lynn was by now in a total panic, knowing that poor Julie was now certainly naked, alone, and wondering where Martin was.

“Aha!  A right turn!”  Martin signalled right and then turned into a narrow one-way street that, he figured, must lead back to Corporation Street.  Unfortunately, the t-junction at which it ended was not Corporation Street – they had not gone nearly far enough in that direction – and Martin found himself puzzling as to which way to turn next.  “Left or right?” he wondered aloud.

“I’m getting out,” said Lynn.  “I’ll find Julie and give her back her clothes.  Just find somewhere to park, okay?  We’ll find you again.  If we fail to find you, we’ll take the bus back home.  Do you have a fiver I could borrow?”

“I have about one pound fifty in loose change,” he replied.  “Sorry – the car park took the rest of what I had.”

“Brilliant,” sighed Lynn.  “Never mind.  I’d better go – the lights are about to change.  Just park near here and we’ll find you, okay?”

“Okay,” said Martin.

Lynn opened her door and dashed out into the pouring rain, with Julie’s minidress tucked under her arm.

Julie’s tissue-paper dress was falling off her in soggy clumps.  She revelled in her near-nakedness, in the stares of passers-by, in the oft-sounded horns of passing drivers.  Even when the last shreds fell from her shoulders and only her paper panties still remained, clinging on for dear life, she held her head up high, striding down the street with her breasts exposed to the world.  It was only when her panties began to slip down her legs that it occurred to her to wonder why she had not noticed her father’s car drive past.

‘He’s leaving it a bit late,’ she thought to herself.  ‘I don’t really want to stay out in the open once my pussy is revealed.’

But her continuing footsteps only dislodged the soggy panties still further, and a moment later they fell apart and splatted on to the ground.  She stopped and turned around, looking desperately for her father’s car.  She could not see it anywhere.  She could, however, see plenty of pedestrians (mostly male) who had gathered behind her and were following her.

Now completely naked apart from her shoes, she started back the way she had come, pushing past her followers and trying to avoid the multitudinous groping hands.  By the time she had passed them, however, she had felt their hands on both her breasts, her bottom and her pussy.  Beyond the small crowd, she stopped and looked back down the length of the street.  Martin’s car was nowhere to be seen.  It was then that she noticed the roadworks, and her heart sank as she realised he would not have been able to follow her.  Her heartbeat quickening, she turned again and started to run down the street, thinking that perhaps he had managed to get on to Corporation Street further up.

But a minute’s jogging failed to bring her in sight of him.  By now in a panic, she rushed into the nearest doorway to escape the ever-growing crowd gathering to watch her.  She found herself running down a short flight of steps which ended, she discovered, in a locked door.  In dismay, she turned back, but she was not at all sure that she could face going out on to the street again.  ‘Then again,’ she thought, ‘if I don’t, how will Dad ever find me?’

Wretchedly she climbed the steps and ran out on to the pavement again.  Her admirers cheered and began to close in.  Perhaps they did this with no other purpose in mind than to take a closer look at her, but Julie was momentarily convinced that they meant to pounce on her and molest her.  In terror she ran down the pavement, hoping that if she kept moving along this street, sooner or later her father would come down it in search of her.

As she ran, mothers covered their children’s eyes while shouting abuse at her, old men stopped in their tracks and watched as she passed, young men whistled their appreciation, women mostly stared at her in disgust, and more cars than she could count honked loudly as they cruised by.  She was beginning to feel rather miserable.

For what seemed like hours she continued to run, the tears that ran down her cheeks lost in the raindrops that continually peppered her face.  In reality it was probably only a few minutes, but then a thought suddenly occurred to her.  Had she not specified a meeting place, if things went wrong?  The toilets on the fourth floor of the multi-storey car park were an excellent place to hide out until her father arrived.  But how far was it from here?

She knew it was quite a way back in the other direction, but she could not bring herself to run back along Corporation Street past the same people.  She took the first road on the left and ran as fast as she could in the approximate direction of the car park.  Everywhere she went, she attracted both positive and negative attention, but she did not stick around long enough to hear what most of the people were saying.

The tears that sprang from her eyes ceased to flow as she settled into a good jogging pace.  Focusing only on her destination, she ignored the comments of those she passed, and actually began to enjoy the thought that she was running naked through the streets of the city.  ‘I only hope I don’t get arrested between here and the car park,’ she thought to herself.

But she did not.  Ten minutes later, she entered the ground floor of the multi-storey and began running up the stairs.  By now she was quite worn out, but she did not let herself rest until she had reached the fourth floor and entered the toilet.  She locked herself in a stall and sighed with relief.

Half an hour later Lynn returned to where she had left Martin, and after a few minutes searching found where he had parked.  He looked up anxiously as she approached.

“No luck I’m afraid,” said Lynn.  “I can’t think where she’d be.  Maybe we should go back home in case she tries to phone us.”

“No,” said Martin.  “I’m not leaving without her.”

Lynn sighed, nodded, and headed back out into the rain.

**Julie's Wild Week #12 - Julie's Creepy Crawly Adventure**

That evening the girls took a bath together, and discussed the day’s adventures.

“I feel like such a chicken,” said Lynn.  “I didn’t even stick it out until my panties fell off.”

“I might not have done,” said Julie, “if you’d arrived in the car to pick me up.  What did your Dad say when you called him?”

“Not much, really.  I think he’s given up trying to tell me what to do.  He used to have big fights with my Mum over the lack of discipline I was getting, but now I think he’s simply decided that if she’s not going to discipline me, then he can’t be bothered to either.”

“Lucky for us,” said Julie, and she gave her friend a kiss.  “Shall we shave each other, then?”

“Ohh, yes,” said Lynn happily.

After their bath they put on t-shirts and panties and went in search of Martin, who was at work on his computer in the study.  He looked up and smiled as they entered.  “Hi,” he said.

“Hi Dad.”  Julie sat down on a chair next to her father’s desk.  “We were wondering if you had any more good ideas for sexy stuff that we could do.”

“Hmm.”  Martin thought for a moment.  “How about cleaning the windows tomorrow?” he suggested.

“Dad!”  Julie swatted his arm in annoyance.

“Seriously!” he said.  “You could wear minidresses, as short as you like, and one of you could climb up a ladder with a big wet sponge, while the other stands below with a hosepipe and aims … well, wherever she wants to.”

The two girls mulled this over in their minds.  “That’s not a bad idea,” Lynn grudgingly admitted.  “Not brilliant, but not bad.”

“Of course, you’d have to be careful not to slip in all the mud that’s gathered outside,” Martin continued.  “I dug up part of the lawn intending to plant shrubs, but with all the rain we’ve had today, it’s just a quagmire.  You’d have to take care not to fall off the ladder, or trip and fall into the mud – you’d get terribly messy.”

“Terribly,” echoed Lynn, picturing the scene in her head.  “We’d get covered in mud from head to toe, wouldn’t we?”

“Yes, we’d get filthy,” agreed Julie.  “We’d have to hose each other off to try and get the mud out of our clothes.”

“The windows *do*need washing,” Lynn pointed out.

“You’re right,” Julie decided.  “Window-washing it is.  But for now, I have some dress-shortening to do.”

The next morning Lynn awoke Julie with a kiss.  “Hey, get up sweetie,” she said.  “You have to come and see what’s outside.”

Julie was naked as she climbed out of bed, so she put on a minidress and followed Lynn, who was wearing a short t-shirt and a pair of panties, down the stairs and through the kitchen to the back door of the house.  They stepped outside, and Julie blinked in the light.  The sky was overcast and the air was cool, and there was dew on the ground.

There was something else on the ground, too.  “Wow, look at all the slugs!” said Julie.

“I know.”  Lynn nodded.  “That’s what I wanted to show you.”

Everywhere they looked, there were slugs.  Some were leaving trails across the flagstones at the edge of the lawn, some were on the lawn itself, and some were on the plants in the border at the bottom of the garden.

“What’s on your mind, Lynn?” asked Julie, staring at the slimy creatures.

“Fancy putting some of them in your panties?” inquired Lynn with a playful grin.

Julie raised an eyebrow.  “I’m not wearing panties at the moment,” she said.  “But even if I were…  Well, I don’t know.  What about you?”

“I’d love to,” said Lynn.  “But I wanted to get you up first.  Would you help me collect some of them together?”

“Sure.”  Julie shrugged.  “Let me go and get a jar or something.”

She entered the kitchen and returned a minute later with two old coffee jars.  She handed one to Lynn.  “Okay,” she said, “let’s go slug-collecting.”  
They systematically worked from one side of the garden to the other, gathering all the slugs they could find.  Some were very small, and were discarded, but some were more than two inches long and quite fat.

“This will be more fun later in the year,” remarked Lynn.  “They’ll get a lot bigger than this towards the end of the summer.”

Fifteen minutes later Julie had found thirty or so, while Lynn had collected more than fifty.  Lynn was thrilled at the sight of the slugs all slithering over each other inside the jars and leaving slime trails as they climbed up the glass sides.

Lynn held the front of her panties open.  “Pour some of them in,” she said.

Julie tipped up her jar and shook it so that some of the slugs fell into Lynn’s panties.  Lynn squealed with delight as she felt her panties fill up with the slimy creatures.  When no more slugs would fit in the front, Lynn held open the back of her panties and Julie continued to shake more slugs in.  The last few slugs stayed attached to the glass no matter how hard she shook, so she had to reach in and pull them off with her fingers.  When her own jar was empty, she started on Lynn’s, but before this jar was even half empty, Lynn’s panties were completely full of slugs, and she let the elastic go so that the slugs would be completely enclosed, held firmly against the bare flesh of her pussy and bottom.

Lynn got down on to her hands and knees, then kept still, her eyes closed, as the slugs began to stir and move around against her skin.  One or two of them began to emerge from their prison, sliding over the skin of Lynn’s bottom and upper thighs as they sought to escape.  Lynn smiled happily.  Julie could only guess at the sensations her friend was experiencing.

“My turn,” she said, and she lay flat on her back on the dewy grass, spreading her legs apart.  “Put the rest of the slugs on and around my pussy.”

Lynn got up off her hands and began to pull handfuls of slugs from her jar.  As she started to arrange them around Julie’s pussy, Julie’s fascinated gaze was fixed on the slugs now slithering around on Lynn’s thighs and belly, and also on the outside of her panties.  The panties themselves were bulging, and the bulge was moving and squirming, as if a living entity in its own right.

The slugs on Julie’s pussy, curled up into a protective ball upon being manhandled, began to uncurl as they were left to their own devices.  They fastened themselves to the skin of Julie’s pussy and started to slide along her flesh, all going in different directions.  Julie opened her legs still farther, parting her labia, and one or two of the slugs began to slide over her clitoris and make the journey down her groove towards her cunt.  She sighed with pleasure, feeling her clit caressed by a succession of slimy fingers, then gasped as the first one found her vaginal opening.

Unfortunately, it did not seem willing to enter.  Lynn, however, was not about to let it alter its course.  With one finger she prodded it forward, then pushed it right in, deep inside Julie’s cunt.  Julie moaned.  Lynn took another slug and pushed it, too, inside her lover’s vagina.  Then another, and another.  Then she fished a handful of slugs out of the back of her own panties and, one by one, pushed them all inside Julie.

“Mmm, I feel full,” said Julie.  “This is intense…”  Her cunt was crammed full of the slimy molluscs.  She closed her legs and began to squirm, feeling the creatures move around inside her body.  Then, all too soon, she felt one of them beginning to emerge.  She opened her legs as it slowly trailed out of her cunt and made for her left thigh.

“Wow, what a sight!” exclaimed Lynn in awe.  “To see slugs coming out of your cunt…  This should be caught on camera.”

“Why don’t you fetch my Dad’s digital one?” Julie half-joked.

Lynn did not need to be told twice.  She hurried indoors, taking care not to lose any of the slugs out of her panties, and fetched Martin’s camera.  When she returned she spent several minutes taking pictures of Julie’s pussy, which by now had slugs and slime trails covering every square inch.  More and more slugs continued to emerge from her cunt, too, which made for some excellent photos.

“Right,” said Lynn with a wicked grin, “let’s post these on the world wide web.”

Julie gasped.  “You wouldn’t!” she exclaimed.

“Why not?  Your face isn’t in most of them.  And we can always blur it if it shows up too well.  But why bother?  Do you think anyone who knows you is going to find them?”

“We’ll see,” said Julie.

Lynn reached into her own panties and began to push slugs deep inside her cunt.  “Ooh my,” she said, “isn’t this heavenly?”

“I wonder if we can dig up some earthworms too,” said Julie.

“Oh yes!  We need a spade though – where’s the key to your shed?”

“Hanging up in the kitchen by the door.”

Lynn fetched the key, opened the shed, and retrieved a small trowel.  “This will do fine, I think,” she said, and she walked to the edge of the border where she crouched down and began to dig in the soil.  Almost immediately she began to unearth some worms, and she placed these in the jar beside her.  Soon she had quite a collection, and she returned to Julie with her eyes shining.

“Shall I put them inside you?” she asked.

“Be my guest,” replied Julie.

Lynn took each worm in turn and pushed it into Julie’s vaginal opening.  When nine were inside, Julie clamped her hand over her cunt.  “Ohh,” she said, “I can feel them wriggling inside me.  My goodness, they move a lot more than slugs do.”

Her legs wide apart, she writhed on the ground in sheer pleasure, then she lifted her hand away from her pussy so that the worms could find their way out.  Lynn, delighted to see the slender front end of one of them appearing at Julie’s opening, took a few more pictures to preserve the moment.

“This is brilliant,” she enthused.  “Shall we fill our cunts with slugs and worms tomorrow morning, and then tape our pussies so that we can keep them inside at school?”

Julie shook her head.  “They’d die,” she said, “and I don’t want them to die just for our fun.  That would be cruel.”

Lynn nodded.  “Good point,” she agreed.  “Shame though.  Are there any other animals that could live quite happily inside our cunts?”

Julie pondered this for a moment.  “I don’t know,” she said.

“How about maggots?” said Lynn suddenly.  “We could fill our cunts with maggots.  They eat shit, don’t they?  Well, we’ll put some shit up there for them to feed on while we’re at school.”

Julie shuddered.  “Crumbs Lynn,” she said.  “I don’t think I could bear to have maggots inside me.  Slugs and worms are all right – they’re harmless and, well, friendly.  But maggots … there’s something sinister about them – they give me the creeps.”

Lynn laughed.  “Well that’s a phobia we’ll have to cure you of,” she said.  “Maggots are harmless enough.  Well, most kinds anyway.  They just eat dead stuff.”

Julie shook her head.  “I just don’t think I could.  Don’t you have any phobias?  Don’t you get freaked out by any creepy-crawlies?”

Lynn hesitated.  “Well,” she said, “I suppose I have to admit to a certain arachnophobia.  I can’t abide spiders – they totally terrify me.  I know it’s silly, but I just can’t help it.”

Julie chuckled.  “Now *there’s*a phobia we’ll have to cure *you* of,” she said.

Lynn gazed deeply into Julie’s eyes.  “And how will you do that, my darling?” she asked.

“Hmm, well I think we’d have to strip you, tie you down, and let a few spiders roam around on your naked body,” decided Julie.

Lynn shivered in fear, but she bit her lip and managed to say, “Do as you want with me, Julie.  My body is yours to do with as you see fit.”

“Excellent,” said Julie, and she went to fetch the tent pegs.

A short while later, Lynn was naked and lying spread-eagled on her back in the middle of the lawn.  Her wrists and ankles were each securely tied to little clusters of tent pegs that Julie had driven deep into the ground.  She could not move an inch – Julie had done a thorough job.  She waited in breathless anticipation while Julie fetched the next surprise item – a large sheet of clear polythene shrinkwrap that Martin had ‘borrowed’ from a packaging company some years before.

Julie threw the shinkwrap over the top of Lynn’s body, then folded it underneath her on both sides.  She tucked it tightly around Lynn’s neck and then cut it with scissors so that she could secure it around each leg.  By the time she was finished, Lynn was wrapped in a cocoon of plastic which would not only hold the spiders in, but would also allow Julie to see exactly what was going on.

“Now stay there,” said Julie with a grin, and she went to fetch the key to the garage.

Martin’s garage was never used for parking his car.  In fact he hardly ever went in there – it was full of surplus pieces of furniture, all wrapped up to protect against the damp, and boxes of household sundries that he had either not got around to throwing away, or could not fit in the house.  The place practically seethed with spiders.

Julie took both jars with her, and began to collect the arachnids.  This proved not as easy as she had hoped, mainly because they moved so quickly and could hide in little cracks and crevices that she could not access.  She persisted, however, and enticed several out by tapping lightly on their webs.  Some of those she found were barely half an inch in width, but many, she was thrilled to see, were monsters (by English standards) at over two inches from leg tips to leg tips.

Her technique improved over the next half hour, and she began to become adept at entrapping the creatures.  Eventually, however, the resource began to dry up, and besides she was worried about having left Lynn so alone and vulnerable for so long.  She left the garage, locked it, and went round to the back garden again.

“Hi!” said Lynn.  “I was wondering where you had got to.  Oh my goodness!  *How*many?”  She stared in horror at the two jars, which were heaving with frantic spiders.

Julie grinned, then pulled open a flap she had cut in the shrinkwrap just over Lynn’s navel.  Removing the lid of one of the jars, she poured its contents on to Lynn’s belly, as Lynn shrieked in terror and writhed ineffectually against her bonds.

The spiders dashed hither and thither, running up and down Lynn’s body, looking for a way back to their territories.  They crawled everywhere – over Lynn’s stomach, over her breasts, over the lower part of her neck until they hit the shrinkwrap, then back down Lynn’s torso to her pussy, where they variously scattered over her thighs and down the middle to her cunt and anus.  As they tickled Lynn’s clitoris she gasped, her arousal warring with her fear and revulsion for control over her mind.

“Okay,” said Julie, “I’m just going to leave you there for a while.”

“Don’t leave me!” begged Lynn.

“You’ll be fine,” Julie assured her with a grin.  “They won’t hurt you.”  She turned and went indoors, then watched in silence from the kitchen window, where Lynn could not see her.  She began to masturbate, seeing Lynn’s body contort in a feeble attempt to dislodge the spiders from wherever they were roaming.

Twenty minutes later Julie picked up the digital camera, then went out to take a few pictures.  Then, having decided that her friend had suffered enough, she removed the shrinkwrap and allowed the spiders to go their separate ways.  Then she untied Lynn, who fell into her arms, exhausted.

“There, there,” Julie comforted her.  “Phobia cured now?”

“Not even slightly,” whispered Lynn.  “That was horrible.  But it was kind of cool to be so powerless to do anything about it.”

Julie nodded.  “Okay,” she said.  “Take a few minutes to recover, then get a dress on and we’ll wash some windows.”

Lynn smiled.  “Yes, my love,” she said.

**Julie's Wild Week #14 - Julie's Strange Insertions Adventure**

Back at the house, Julie and Lynn showered and washed their microdresses under the shower head.  Then they walked, naked, into the study, and there found Martin.  He gave a start and then smiled at them.

“Hi,” he said.  “I’m just collating all these nice pictures of you two.”

“Ah good,” said Julie.  “Are you going to post them on the web?”

“Um, no,” replied Martin.  “I thought these pics should be just for our own enjoyment.”

“Don’t forget, Dad,” said Julie, “Lynn and I love to be watched.  If you don’t post them, we will.”

Martin looked most surprised, but he did not argue.  “Well,” he said, “I’m not sure where to put them, but I’ll have a look around and find a suitable site.”

“Good.  Thanks, Dad.”  Julie smiled, then turned to Lynn.  “Okay, my darling,” she said.  “Let’s go downstairs and see what we can find in the kitchen.”

The girls trotted down the stairs and entered the kitchen, still naked and both very horny.  Julie began to look around for suitable things to insert into her body and Lynn’s.

“What size of thing do you think you can fit in your anus, my love?” she asked.

“Hmm,” said Lynn.  “Well something fist-sized, perhaps, but I have to admit I might find it tricky right now.  I haven’t been to the loo since Wednesday and I’m feeling pretty full.”

“Since *Wednesday*?”  Julie was astounded.  “My goodness, you *must*be full!  Well, do you want to go and let it out?”

Lynn shook her head.  “No, I kind of promised myself that the next time I poo, I’ll let it all out into my panties in a very public place.”

“Really?”  This thought excited Julie, and she reached down and began to caress her clitoris.  “What would you be wearing?  And where would you do it?”

“A microdress, obviously, and some fairly capacious panties.  As to where, I’m not sure, but I was considering doing it on one of the underground trains, at a really busy time of day.”

“Sounds wonderful!” remarked Julie, and she knelt down in front of Lynn.  Putting her face up to Lynn’s pussy, she began to lick at her friend’s clitoris.  “Tell me more,” she said between licks.

“Well,” said Lynn, a little breathlessly, “I figure I’ll be sitting there nonchalantly, with my panties fully visible to those sitting opposite me, and I’ll just force out all my poo into my panties.  Then I’ll whip off my dress and throw it out of the window.”  
“Out of the window?” asked Julie.  “While the train’s moving?”

“Absolutely.  Then I’ll cover my breasts and pussy with my poo, rubbing it all in, and then I’ll take off my panties and I’ll throw *them*out of the window.”

Julie gasped.  “But then you’ll be naked!”

“I know.”  Lynn grinned.  “Well I just envied you like mad when you got caught in the city without any clothes on.  I want to be naked in public with no access to my clothes, just like you were.”

“Not *quite*like I was,” corrected Julie.  “I at least could run away.  But in a crowded, moving train, you will not be able to escape from the attention.”

Lynn smiled.  “That’s half the fun of it,” she said.  “I’ll be trapped, naked, and covered in shit.”

“So when are you planning to do this?” asked Julie.  “Surely you can’t hold it in for much longer.”

“That’s the drawback,” admitted Lynn, “but I figure I can hold it in until tomorrow after school.  Then I’ll get my Dad, or perhaps *your*Dad, if you’re both willing, to give me a ride into the city.  And then leave me there, so I’ll know that there’s no chance I’ll be rescued.”

Julie shook her head.  “You’ll get yourself arrested,” she said.  “But I’ll be happy to ask my Dad to take you into the city.  How do you see this adventure concluding?”

Lynn shrugged.  “I don’t,” she said.  “I don’t want to plan how I’ll ‘escape’.  I want to be afraid, to be uncertain of what will happen to me.”

“I know how that feels,” said Julie, nodding.  “But I’m awfully worried about you.  This sounds like an adventure more dangerous than any we’ve yet attempted.”

“It is,” agreed Lynn.  “But I really want to do it.  Anyway let’s change the subject.  What were you hoping to find in here?”

Julie opened the fridge.  “Let’s see,” she said.  “Dad apparently bought some things that might be useful to us…  Ah yes!  A couple of cucumbers!  How sweet of Dad to think of us and our needs.”

Lynn chuckled.  “All right, lover,” she said.  “Why don’t you get on all fours and let me insert it inside you?”

Julie happily complied, but then Lynn had to go and fetch the Vaseline, so it was a couple of minutes at least before Lynn finally placed the well-lubed point of the cucumber at the entrance to Julie’s anus.

“Ooh, shove it in,” said Julie, and then she winced and groaned as she felt her anus stretched obscenely wide.  The cucumber slid between her buttocks, through her anal sphincter and deep into her rectum.  She gasped with a mixture of pleasure and pain.  Eventually it hit bottom, with at least six inches still remaining outside her body.  Lynn began to ease it back out again.

“Oh, don’t take it out,” Julie complained.  “It feels so good!  Sore, but good.”

“I’m not going to take it out,” Lynn told her.  “Just bear with me a second.”

Lynn took a knife and cut the cucumber in half, just where it was emerging from Julie’s anus.  Then she pushed it slowly back in until it disappeared, and Julie’s anus closed up after it.  Julie gasped again.  “What have you done?” she asked.

“You’ll find that difficult to get out,” said Lynn with a wicked smile.  “The end nearest your anus is now completely flat, and without a pointed or even rounded end, it will have a tough time coming out of your anus.”

“You’re telling me!” exclaimed Julie in horror.  “So what do I do?”

Lynn kissed Julie on the lips.  “I’ll just have to get my hand in there and pull it out,” she said.

“But,” said Julie, “my anus has never had a fist in there, let alone a fist that’s clenched around a cucumber!  I’ll die!”

“No you won’t, silly,” said Lynn.  “You’ll just bleed for a while.  So, what else have we got to play with?”

“Hmm, eggs?” suggested Julie distractedly.

“Eggs?  Okay, I’ll go for that,” conceded Lynn.  “How about if I hold my cunt open with the tongs, then you can crack an egg and pour its contents inside me. Sound good?”

“Sure,” said Julie, “if you can turn yourself upside down.”

“Can do,” confirmed Lynn, and, taking the tongs, she lay down on the floor then raised her legs, bending her knees and hoisting her hips high off the floor.  She planted her elbows and held her hips up with her hands, then parted her legs.  “Actually,” she said, “I think you’ll have to use the tongs on me.”

Julie grabbed an egg, then took the tongs and inserted them into Lynn’s vagina.  She then pulled them apart so that Lynn’s cunt was held wide open.  She struck the egg on the kitchen counter, then held it over Lynn’s opening and let its contents slip inside.  Lynn squealed with delight.

“Again, again!” she cried.

Julie took another egg and repeated the procedure.  Lynn squirmed happily, then lowered her hips carefully down to the floor.  “Ooh heck, I’m leaking,” she said. “Where’s that tape when you need it?”

“Here,” said Julie, handing her a bowl.  “Leak into this.  We need to find something that won’t come out quite so easily, fun as I am sure that was.  Now let’s see what else we’ve got…”

“Have you got anything you can stretch me with?” inquired Lynn.  She placed the bowl between her legs, then got up on to her knees.  Egg yolks and albumen began to pour out of her cunt.

“Stretch you?  You mean … your cunt?”

Lynn nodded.  “I mean, a cucumber is very nice, but I know I can fit that.  Do you have anything slightly larger?  Like a marrow, maybe?”

Julie shook her head.  “How about candles?” she suggested.  “They’re thin, but we can put a few of them inside you, and keep adding more until you are stretched to your limit.”

“Sounds excellent!” said Lynn.

Julie went into the dining room and got out a box of twenty candles, most of them unused.  She then hurried upstairs to find the Vaseline.  Returning to the kitchen, she found Lynn lying on the floor and masturbating, with some kind of metal object protruding from her cunt.

“What’s that?” inquired Julie.

Lynn grinned sheepishly and pulled the object out.  It was an egg whisk, which Lynn had inserted up to the hilt.  “Seemed kind of appropriate,” she said, “and I figured I could fit it all right.  Not too comfortable though.”

“Well I’ll just add it to the pile of dirty dishes,” said Julie, taking the whisk from Lynn.  “Now grit your teeth, sweetie, I’m sure this is going to hurt.”

“I can’t wait,” murmured Lynn.

Julie lubed the first candle and slid it right into Lynn’s cunt without difficulty.  Four inches were left sticking out when it stopped going in.  The second candle slid in alongside the first without any trouble.  The third took a little manoeuvring, but it, too, was soon buried deep, forming an equilateral triangle with the others.  Julie then pulled these three slightly apart, so that she could slide the fourth candle in down the middle, thus eliminating the problem of friction against Lynn’s vagina walls.  Lubed as it was, it slid into position with hardly any resistance.  The fifth candle was also easy – Julie made a square of the first four, then pulled the ends apart so that the next would slide in between them.

Pulling all five apart so that a sixth could be squeezed in made Lynn wince.  Julie paused, but Lynn motioned for her to continue.  In the sixth candle went, though with more resistance than its predecessors.  When it was buried as deep as the others, Julie took the seventh candle and attempted to repeat the process.  This time Lynn gasped in pain as Julie pulled the candle ends apart, but she said nothing, so Julie continued.  She began to work the seventh candle in amongst the others, wiggling it back and forth until it was far enough in to slide home parallel to the others.

“Shall I stop there?” she asked.  “That was a difficult one.”

“No,” said Lynn.  “Keep going.  I’m enjoying it, even when it hurts.  And it feels so *good*to be this full.”

Julie lubed another candle.  Pulling the others apart proved quite hard – Lynn’s cunt was holding them together in a vice-like grip.  But she managed, somehow, to create enough space for the end of the eighth candle to slide into.  Lynn whimpered as Julie began to push it in, her cunt being stretched to new limits.  But still she beckoned for Julie to continue, and so another candle completed the journey.

Lynn’s cunt was now quite a sight.  It looked obscenely distended, with eight candles protruding from it.  Julie found herself becoming aroused just looking at it. Lynn, for her part, was rubbing her clitoris, her face showing pain as well as pleasure.

“Well,” said Julie.  “I guess that’s it.  Mind if I go and get the camera?  This is a moment I think should be preserved.”

“Sure,” whispered Lynn.

Julie fetched the camera and took a couple of pictures of Lynn’s cunt.  Then she said, “What now, sweetie?”

“Now you put another one inside me,” said Lynn.

Julie raised her eyebrows.  “Another one?  Aren’t you in pain?”

“Yes,” admitted Lynn, “but I want to be in more pain.  Do it, my love.”

“I don’t think I can,” Julie confessed.  “There’s no more room for me to get another candle in.  They’re bunched together pretty tightly.”

“Then,” said Lynn, “pull the whole lot out by a couple of inches, until you can part the ends enough to fit the next one in.”

Julie nodded.  This might work.  She took hold of the whole bunch, and began to slide them out.  When only a couple of inches were left in Lynn’s cunt, she found she could ease the ends apart just enough so that there was room for the next candle.  She lubed it well, then slid it in, pushing it as far as it would go.  Then she took hold of the entire bunch, and began to slide them back into Lynn’s vagina.  Lynn let out a little sob, but Julie persisted, and a moment later the candles were once again buried as far as they would go.  The ninth candle was still protruding, and now Julie proceeded to slide it right down to the end of Lynn’s cunt.  This brought tears to Lynn’s eyes, and she whimpered again.

“Okay,” said Julie.  “That’s it for you.  Any more will tear you apart.”

Lynn nodded, her eyes clenched shut.  She remained there, immersed in her own pain, for several minutes before she finally opened her eyes.  She looked at Julie and smiled weakly.  “My love,” she said.  “Could you possibly chop the candles off just outside my cunt?  I want to keep these in me, but I don’t particularly want them sticking out half a mile while I’m walking around.”

“Sure.”  Julie took a sharp knife and began sawing through the candles, taking great care not to nick Lynn in the process.  Soon she had cut through them all, and Lynn sat up.

“I wonder if they’ll stay in,” said Lynn, “or should I tape them in?”

Julie regarded her handiwork.  “I rather think they are wedged in there pretty tightly,” she said.  “I don’t think they’ll come out.”

“Do you think I could get a coke can in there?” Lynn wondered aloud.

“Hmm, I think that you’re currently stretched a little wider than a coke can,” remarked Julie.  “I think you’d manage one without trouble.”

“Cool,” said Lynn, smiling.  “You know, I think I’d like to keep these candles in my cunt when we go to school tomorrow.  The pain is beginning to wear off, and now the sensation of being incredibly full is winning over.”

“Have you any idea how hard it will be to walk with those in?” Julie asked.

Lynn got to her feet and walked out of the kitchen.  Her gait was a little ungainly, and her feet were placed unusually wide apart so that she appeared to be waddling, but otherwise she did not look too conspicuous.  “I’ll get plenty of practice in tonight,” said Lynn.  “By tomorrow I’ll be walking so normally you won’t know that I have anything inside me.”

“And when will you take them out?  Before you go on your adventure in the city?”

“Ah, I’d forgotten about that.  But yes, before then.  And next time, we’ll try for ten candles.  And the time after that, eleven.”

“And where will it end?” asked Julie.

Lynn shrugged.  “I imagine there’s a natural limit to what I can take, in terms of my bone structure.  But I intend to reach that limit.  I want to carry around inside me the largest things I can possibly fit.”  She walked over to Julie and added conspiratorially, “And I confess that I just love it when you hurt me.”  She smiled.

Julie nodded.  “I guessed,” she said.  “Well in that case, you won’t object if I shove my fist into your anus again, will you?”

“Mmm,” murmured Lynn.  “I’d love that.  But if it damages me as much as last time, then my plans for tomorrow will be pretty screwed up.”

“You mean you’d have to hold your shit in for another four days?  How do you expect to manage that?”

“I don’t know,” confessed Lynn.  “I suppose at some point it will just force its way out unbidden.”

Julie grinned.  “Wouldn’t that be a shame,” she said.  “But I’ll let you off this time.  However, you must do something for me.”

“Anything, my darling,” said Lynn.

Julie fetched three large bananas from the fruit bowl.  “I want you to get all these inside my cunt,” she told Lynn.  “Peel them first, obviously, but make sure they all go in.  I want to be really full.”

Lynn happily peeled the bananas then, while Julie lay flat on her back with her legs spread, she began to insert them, one by one.  The first one she broke in two, and she used her fingers to push the pieces right to the back of Julie’s cunt.  The second she crammed in as far as she could, until it disappeared completely from view. The third one was difficult, and by the time Lynn managed to get it all in, all three bananas were practically mush.

“Right,” said Julie.  “Let’s go and see Dad.”

**Julie's Wild Week #15 - Julie's Incestuous Threesome Adventure**

Martin was still in the study when the girls came back up the stairs.  The first thing Julie did upon entering was to borrow his electrical tape and seal up her cunt to prevent the bananas from escaping.  Martin watched this with obvious arousal.  Julie did not mind his watching her – in fact, now that she was used to the idea that her father lusted after her, she quite enjoyed flaunting herself in front of him.  She finished taping her vagina shut, and straightened up.  Almost immediately she winced in pain.

“What’s wrong?” asked her father, concerned.

“Ouch,” gasped Julie.  “It’s the cucumber.  The bottom end has sharp edges and it’s digging into my rectum.  And I can’t push it out – I’ve tried.  It hurts too much.”

“Oh, I’m sorry Julie,” said Lynn guiltily.  “I didn’t mean for it to hurt you.”

“It’s okay.  But I think I’d like to try to get it out now.  Will you help me?”

“Come through to the bedroom,” Lynn told her, “and I’ll have a go.”

Julie followed Lynn through to her room, then she lay down on the bed, sticking her bottom up in the air so that Lynn could access her anus easily.  Lynn lubricated her fingers with Vaseline, then slid them into Julie’s anal opening.  Julie buried her head in her pillow as Lynn worked more fingers in, trying to grasp the end of the cucumber.  But it was hopeless.  Lynn could get one or two fingers along one side of the vegetable, but not both sides at once, and she certainly could not grip it, mainly because her fingers were lubed and slippery.

Sighing heavily, she pulled her fingers out and admitted defeat.  “I’m sorry,” she said.  “It’s just impossible.”

“Impossible?”  Julie was beginning to feel a knot of panic in her stomach.  “Nice going, Lynn.  What do I do now?  Go to the hospital to get it removed?  No, I’ll tell you what – get my Dad.  Maybe he’ll have more luck.”

Lynn nodded and went to fetch Martin.  When he came through, he looked at the raised bottom of his daughter with something approaching hunger, but he quelled his lust and came over to sit by her.

“Okay, sweetie,” he said to her.  “I’m not going to lube up, I’m afraid, because then I won’t be able to grip the cucumber.  This is going to hurt quite a bit, I expect. Do you think you can bear it?”

Julie nodded.  “Just get on with it,” she said.

Martin placed his index finger on his daughter’s anus, then began to push it inwards.  Julie was actually already rather lubricated by the Vaseline Lynn had used, and so Martin’s finger slid in without much trouble.  Encouraged, he pushed another finger inside Julie’s anus, then another.  When his fourth went in, Julie began to groan with pain.

“Just one more, sweetie,” said Martin, and he began to insert his thumb.  Working his fingers deeper, he soon came to the flat end of the cucumber, and he strove to get the tips of his fingers all around the object.  But just like Lynn, he could not get enough purchase.  He removed his fingers, much to Julie’s relief.  It had been very painful for her.  “Okay,” said Martin, “I’m going to fetch the kitchen tongs.  I’ll be back in a sec.”

He hurried downstairs, and returned a moment later with the tongs.  “Have you been using these?” he inquired, staring at them closely.

“I used them to hold my cunt open,” Lynn informed him.  “There might be a bit of raw egg-white on there.”

“Right, brace yourself Julie,” said Martin, and he carefully began to work the tongs into Julie’s anus.  Compared with five fingers, it proved to be quite easy, and in a few seconds the gripping end of the tongs was in.  Pushing the tongs deeper, Martin quickly struck the cucumber.  He then eased the tongs apart slowly, until they were wide enough to encompass the end of the cucumber.  Pushing gently forward again, he succeeded in straddling the vegetable with the tongs.  He now squeezed the tongs tightly, thus firmly gripping the cucumber.  “Okay Julie, now when I say ‘Go’, I want you to force out the cucumber as if you were doing a poo.  Ready?”

Julie nodded and prepared to push.

“Steady, go!”

Julie yelled into her pillow as she attempted to expel the cucumber from her rectum.  At the same time, Martin pulled firmly but slowly with the tongs, and then watched with fascination as Julie’s anus distended and the greenish-white of the cucumber’s flesh appeared through the opening.  Julie paused, panting, then pushed again, and her anus opened up even more.  Then the flat end of the cucumber finally emerged, and Martin slowly pulled the whole thing out of Julie’s anus.

Julie sank down on to the bed, exhausted and sore.  “Thanks Dad,” she whispered.

“Don’t mention it,” said her father.

“I’m really sorry, Julie,” said Lynn, looking a little distressed.  “I didn’t think it would be so hard to remove.  Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?”

Julie was silent for a minute.  Then she said, “Yeah, there is.”  She lifted her head out of her pillow and turned to face Lynn.  “Let my Dad fuck your anus.”

Lynn was startled.  She looked at Martin with a questioning look.  “Do you want to?” she asked him.

Martin shook his head.  “It’s okay,” he said.  “I don’t need to.”

“That wasn’t the question, Dad,” Julie scolded him.  “We both know you’d love to.  So get on your hands and knees, Lynn, and present your arse for my Dad to fuck.”

Lynn barely managed to conceal a smile as she obeyed Julie’s instruction.  Martin, however, looked a little nonplussed.  “Um,” he said.  “This is a little strange for me…”

“This is *all*strange,” said Julie.  “We are all pretty kinky, I think you’ll agree.  We seem to make a good threesome.  So come on Dad – don’t be coy.  Look at Lynn’s sweet bottom, waiting there for you.  Now get lubed up and give her a damn good rogering.”

Martin hesitated, then he stood up, turned around to face away from the girls, and dropped his trousers.  Then he climbed on to the bed and got on his knees behind Lynn.  He pulled down his boxer shorts just enough to free his erection, then he quickly lubed it with Vaseline while trying to hide it from Julie’s eyes.

“Good grief, Dad,” said Julie.  “You’ve seen all there is to see of me – now you’re worried about showing me what you’ve got?”

“Silly it may be,” muttered Martin, “but some habits are hard to break.  I was always careful not to let you see me naked.”

“Yeah, I know.  I always wondered why you were so careful.  Now I realise, I guess – it must have been guilt.”

Martin shook his head vigorously.  “No way,” he said.  “I didn’t start fancying you until quite recently.  It was pure English prudishness.”

“Whatever.  It doesn’t matter.  Now get stuck in.”

Martin pressed the head of his erection at the entrance to Lynn’s anus, and began to slide in.  Lynn moaned with pleasure as she felt his cock bury itself deep in her rectum.  She arched her back and stretched her buttocks apart so that he could penetrate deeper.

But the truth was that he couldn’t.  He had struck what had been building up inside Lynn’s bowels for the last four days.  He almost pulled out in alarm, but then decided that it did not really matter.  He eased himself out a little, then thrust back in, and began to fuck Lynn’s anus with a steady rhythm, while Lynn moaned in ecstasy.

Julie’s bottom still felt like it was on fire, but the sight of her father screwing her best friend and lover was an extremely erotic one.  She lay on her back and slid herself underneath Lynn, who lifted first her hand and then her knee to allow Julie to take up this position.  The two girls kissed, their tongues exploring each other with uninhibited passion.  When they broke off, Lynn smiled down at Julie.

“I love you, Julie,” she whispered.

Julie smiled back.  “I love you too,” she said.  They kissed once more.

Lynn reached down and began to stroke between Julie’s legs.  “Fancy sliding up a bit?” she suggested.  “I’d like to stick my tongue inside your sweet vagina.”

“You can’t,” Julie reminded her.  “It’s taped up.”

“Oh.”  Lynn was disappointed.  “Still, I can lick your clit if you want.”

“Sure.”  Julie slid up the bed, turning a little when she reached the headboard, and stopped when her pussy was directly below Lynn’s face.  Lynn bent down and began to caress Julie’s clitoris with her tongue, sending shivers of pleasure through Julie’s body.

Meanwhile, Martin was having a wonderful time, thrusting for all he was worth into Lynn’s anus.  Then he happened to glance down, and noticed that the candles in Lynn’s cunt were beginning to work themselves free.  He pointed this out to Lynn.

“Oh heck,” said Lynn.  “So they are.”  She reached between her legs and tried to push them back in, but the angle was wrong and she could not make any headway. “Can you pull out for just a minute?” she asked Martin.  “Just while I sort these candles out.”

Martin withdrew, his erection covered with brown streaks.  He tried not to look at it, fearful his erection would wilt at a sight which he was sure would turn him off completely.

Lynn rolled over on to her back and began to work the candles deeper into her cunt.  “Hey Julie,” she said.  “How’s your anus doing?”

“Hurts like hell,” responded Julie laconically.

“So you wouldn’t be up for a bit of anal penetration?” Lynn inquired.

“Not really,” said Julie.  Then she frowned.  “What do you have in mind?”

“Well,” said Lynn cautiously, “your Dad’s cock feels awfully nice in my anus.  I just thought it would be nice if you could experience it too…”

Martin froze.  He was convinced Julie would react badly to this suggestion.  He began to back away, and climbed off the end of the bed.

“Hey, where are you going?” demanded Julie.  “Don’t tell me Lynn’s idea doesn’t appeal to you.”

“I, um…  You’re not upset?” Martin inquired.

“No, I guess not,” said Julie.  “I ought to be, shouldn’t I?  That was a terrible affront, after all.  But, I don’t know, I figure we’ve broken most taboos already.  And anal sex won’t get me pregnant, at least.”  She turned over and got up on to her hands and knees.  “Come on then, Dad.  Mount up.  Just be very, very, *very*gentle, okay?  I’m hurting like you wouldn’t believe, and it’s only the thrill of crossing a new boundary that is even allowing me to contemplate this.”

Martin hesitated.  This was something he had scarcely dared to dream about, yet he had done all the same.  But now that the opportunity was here, could he go through with it?  This was his daughter, after all.  Did it matter that she was freely inviting him?  Was he really the kind of man who was so driven by his lust that he could not resist any opportunity to satiate his desires?  Was he really the kind of man who would indulge in a triangle of lust and perversion with his daughter and her best friend?

Of course he was.  Weak-willed, he was prepared to admit it.  But what the hell – he was having the time of his life.  He clambered back on to the bed and took up position behind his daughter.  Lubricating both Julie and himself thoroughly, he began to push his erection into her anus.  She stiffened and gasped in pain, and he slowed down, but little by little he slid more of his penis into her abused rectum.  Closing his eyes, he started to thrust, very gently, his thoughts awhirl.  He was fucking his daughter!  And in her anus too!  Almost delirious with excitement, he approached his orgasm quickly, and within moments was shooting his sperm inside her.

He collapsed on top of her, hugging her close, then fell to one side of her as his penis slid out of her anus.  Lynn, on Julie’s other side, snuggled close to her lover, kissing her on the lips.  “You okay?” she asked.

Julie nodded.  “Sore,” she said, “but okay.”

In fact she had not enjoyed her fuck very much – it had hurt too badly.  But the taboo had been broken, and that for her was the main thing.  From now on, having sex with her father was not off limits, but neither was it likely to become a habit.  It was simply an option, from a long list, of fetishes and fantasies in which she had dabbled and which, if she chose, could be further explored at some future date.

She smiled to herself.  What a pervert she had become.

And what fun it was!

THE END