**Lynn’s Wilder Week**

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 1 - Lynn’s Teacher Flashing Adventure**  
Lynn Howard was late. She hastily pulled on her skimpiest white thong, followed by her pleated grey skirt, which she fastened around her waist before turning the waistband over several times until her hemline was wound up to a level three or four inches above her crotch. Turning around to check in the mirror how it looked at the back, she was pleased to see that the skirt covered less than half of her bottom. She smiled with satisfaction, then put on her shoes and socks and hurried downstairs to join her friend and lover, Julie.  
  
Together they left the house and mounted their bicycles. Julie, too, had turned over her waistband a few times, though she was wearing a more modest pair of white cotton knickers. Both girls, however, stood up to pedal, leaning over the handlebars to present Julie’s father with an excellent view of their buttocks. They knew without looking back that he was photographing them with his digital camera, and that in a few minutes their sexy bicycle antics would be stored on the computer in his study.  
  
Car horns sounded out the instant they turned on to the main road. This was by now a familiar experience for both of them, and they arched their backs and stuck out their bottoms to reveal as much as possible to the lucky drivers. Lynn, who was very much aware of the effect that her thong was having on the passing motorists, began to grow quite horny. Julie, who was currently riding behind Lynn, had been obliged to wear larger knickers in order to cover up the silver electrical tape that was holding three peeled bananas inside her cunt. As she rode, she could feel them churning about inside her, and she, too, began to get rather turned on.  
  
They arrived at the school amid cheers, whistles and applause from the boys who had by now learned to gather around the gate at twenty to nine. Lynn smiled at them as she rode past them towards the bike shed. The girls parked their bicycles, then entered the school and climbed the stairs, destined for the headmaster’s study. As they climbed, they unfolded their waistbands until their hemlines descended to the requisite three inches above the knee.  
  
Outside the headmaster’s study, they pressed the buzzer and waited. Lynn turned to Julie. “I dare you to take off your knickers,” she said, “and go in there without them on.”  
  
”No problem,” said Julie and, looking around quickly to make sure nobody was watching, she hoisted up her skirt, pulled her knickers down, stepped out of them, and stuffed them into her school bag. She grinned at Lynn.  
  
”Come!” called Mr Dean’s voice from inside.  
  
As Julie began to turn the door handle, Lynn suddenly reached up under her friend’s skirt and, taking hold of the edge of the electrical tape, she ripped it away from Julie’s cunt.  
  
”Youch!” Julie gasped in shock. It took her a moment to realise that there was now nothing to stop three mushy bananas from dropping out of her vagina, but by that time Lynn had pushed her inside the study.  
  
”Good morning Mr Dean,” said Lynn cheerily.

”Good morning girls,” said Mr Dean, looking up from his desk. “Good, good, those skirts will be fine. A bit wrinkled, mind you, but a decent length at least. Julie, are you quite well? You look rather flushed.”  
  
Julie was clamping her thighs together, desperate to avoid any leakage. “I’m fine, sir,” she managed. “Just a bit hot after my bicycle ride.”  
  
”Oh.” Mr Dean shrugged. “Well that’s fine, girls, you may go.”  
  
”Thank you sir,” said Julie in genuine gratitude, and she turned and rushed from the room, just as a piece of banana fell from under her skirt and landed wetly on the floor.  
  
Lynn glanced back at Mr Dean, but realised she was standing between him and the banana, so he had not seen the accident. As she headed for the door, Mr Dean looked down at his desk once again, and she quickly stooped and picked up the banana. Heaving a sigh of relief, she walked out into the corridor, pulling the door closed behind her.  
  
”Just a moment, Lynn,” said Mr Dean, just as the door was closing.  
  
Lynn’s heart leapt into her mouth. “Yes sir?” she asked, opening the door again.  
  
”What did you just pick up off my floor?” inquired the headmaster.  
  
”Nothing sir,” said Lynn. “Just a hankie that Julie dropped. I think it fell out from her sleeve.”  
  
”That’s not what it looked like. Come here please.”  
  
Her heart pounding, Lynn re-entered the study and approached the desk.  
  
”Now show me what you have in your hand,” said Mr Dean, frowning. “Your right hand.”  
  
Lynn slowly held out her right hand, and then, even more slowly, opened it. Mr Dean’s eyebrows rose sharply.  
  
”Hmm,” he said. “A hankie indeed. My eyes must have been playing tricks on me. Very well, Lynn, off you go.”  
  
”Yes sir,” said Lynn, and she turned and left the room, congratulating herself on her habit of keeping a hankie tucked up her sleeve for use in emergencies, and on her quick thinking in such a tight corner. Once the study door was closed, she stooped and picked up the banana that she had been forced to throw to one side when Mr Dean had called her back. Then she noticed a couple of other pieces on the floor of the corridor, though Julie was nowhere to be seen. Lynn picked up all the banana she could find, and made her way towards the upstairs toilets, which was where she was sure Julie would be.  
  
One of the stalls in the girls’ toilet was occupied. Lynn knocked on the door. “Julie, is that you?”  
  
”Yes,” replied Julie, and she unlocked the door so that Lynn could enter. “Good grief, Lynn, you nearly got me expelled!”  
  
Lynn bent down and kissed her friend on the lips. “All’s well that ends well,” she said. “You left a bit of a trail behind you, but I’ve cleaned it up.”  
  
”Good,” said Julie, who was sitting on the toilet, pulling pieces of banana from her cunt. “Well you can jolly well eat this lot as a punishment.”  
  
”Sounds more like a reward to me,” said Lynn with a grin, “but okay.” She took some of the squishy pieces from Julie and popped them in her mouth. “Mmm, that’s really nice actually,” she commented after a moment’s chewing. “So, what’s our plan for the day?”  
  
Julie shrugged. “Well, I had been planning to let the bananas out into my knickers during one of the lessons,” she said, “but you’ve kind of ruined that plan.”  
  
”I’m sorry,” Lynn apologised. “Did you bring any other food items?”  
  
”Nope, I’m afraid not. I suppose we could play with my poo during Break or Lunch Break. I know you’re saving yours... How is it, by the way?”  
  
”I’m absolutely desperate,” replied Lynn. “This morning during breakfast it really badly wanted to come out. I worked up quite a sweat just trying to keep it in. It’s going to be terrible trying to get through the lessons. I might find myself letting it out during French or something. And once it starts coming out, you know, I might as well get rid of it all.”  
  
Julie grinned. “Make sure it’s a lesson we’re in together,” she said. “I can’t wait to see that. And you’re wearing a thong - you won’t be able to hold it in your knickers.”  
  
”Nope,” agreed Lynn cheerfully. “And I’ll make sure my skirt is bunched around my waist when I do it, and I’ll spread my legs so you can watch it happening.”  
  
Julie chuckled. “You will get expelled, I hope you realise,” she said.  
  
Lynn grinned wickedly. “I’ll have to take my chances. You can’t disobey the call of nature.”  
  
”Well just try to hold it in, okay? For me?”  
  
”For you, my darling, anything,” said Lynn. “So what shall we do?”  
  
”Hmm, we could invite some boys into the toilets to fuck your anus,” suggested Julie.  
  
”To be honest,” said Lynn, “I don’t think that’s going to be possible. My rectum is already occupied. Nice idea though, for later in the week. We should seriously get on the pill, though. I’m dying to get a proper screw from your dad.”  
  
”There are other contraceptives, you know,” Julie pointed out.  
  
”Yeah, I know, but you know how your dad hates condoms.”  
  
Julie looked surprised. “Well I do now, I guess. When did he tell you this?”  
  
”Last night, after I took the candles out of my cunt. I think you were brushing your teeth at the time. I invited him to fuck me, but he declined since I wasn’t on the pill. I mentioned condoms, but he just turned his nose up.”  
  
”Would you have let him have unprotected sex with you, if he’d been willing?” inquired Julie.  
  
Lynn shook her head. “I’d kind of assumed he’d be using condoms, to be honest. Goodness knows he must have realised earlier in the week that he’d be having sex with me before long. But anyway, I don’t care - I’d like to get on the pill anyway. Who knows who else I might want to have sex with?”  
  
”Yeah, well, be careful,” warned Julie. “Don’t go getting any nasty diseases, okay?”  
  
”I’ll be careful,” Lynn promised. “So anyway, we still don’t have a plan for the day. Come on, we don’t have much time. Think!”  
  
”Think yourself!” retorted Julie. “Do I have to come up with all the ideas?”  
  
”Okay,” said Lynn. “Well, for a start, I think you should take off your bra. I think we should both spend the whole day wearing no underwear at all.”  
  
”Sounds cool,” conceded Julie, and she began to unbutton her shirt. “Anything else?”  
  
Lynn slipped off her thong. “And I think we should both masturbate to orgasm in every lesson we’re in today.”  
  
”Every lesson? Crumbs, we’re going to be dripping juice wherever we go!”  
  
”That’s the idea,” said Lynn, grinning. “Since we don’t have any food to leak out of our cunts, we’ll need to create our own mess. Who do we have first?”  
  
”Miss Weaver,” replied Julie.  
  
”Oh great. She’ll have her eye on us, I expect. Then whom do we have? Mr Dennis?”  
  
”Yes. We’ll be able to wear our skirts a little shorter for him, I think.”  
  
”Indeed. And don’t we have Geography after break?”  
  
”Fourth lesson, actually,” said Julie.  
  
”Excellent,” said Lynn, pleased. “Mr Harper won’t report us for wearing our skirts too short.”  
  
”Pervert that he is,” added Julie. “Hey, maybe we could sit at the front of the class and keep our legs open so that he can see our pussies.”  
  
”Cool!” Lynn liked this idea. “Well at least it would stop him staring at our chests.”  
  
Both girls giggled.  
  
  
Mr Harper did not know what had hit him. A rather unsubtle admirer of teenaged girls’ bodies, the fifty-six year old chemistry teacher always enjoyed it when girls sat in the front row with their legs crossed, revealing beautiful expanses of bare thigh. But he had never seen anything like this! Both Julie Ward and Lynn Howard were sitting at one of the double desks at the front of the class (never a popular choice, since there were always far more desks than pupils and most chose to sit at or near the back), and both girls had their legs spread; and they were not wearing any knickers!  
  
The poor man could not get his thoughts together all through the lesson. He stammered his way through his verbal run-down of revision topics, his hand shook when he attempted to write on the whiteboard, and he kept producing a handkerchief to mop his sweating brow.  
  
Lynn and Julie were having a whale of a time, and could barely refrain from giggling every time the handkerchief was produced. At one point, Mr Harper dropped the hankie right in front of Julie’s desk, and as he bent to pick it up, the girls could not help noticing he glanced directly at Julie’s pussy before straightening up again.  
  
Halfway through the lesson, both girls began to surreptitiously masturbate, which did not help their teacher’s concentration at all. Eventually he summoned up the willpower to turn his back on them in an attempt to gather his thoughts. For a while he succeeded, and his delivery began to gather momentum, but then he made the mistake of trying to sneak a look beneath Lynn’s desk. Lynn by now had two fingers buried in her cunt, and was rapidly sliding them in and out.  
  
As they filed out of the classroom at the end of the lesson, the pupils muttered to one another that Mr Harper was definitely getting senile - none of them had been able to make head nor tail of the gibberish he had been spouting.  
  
But Mr Harper himself approached Julie and Lynn after the bell went, and he quietly whispered to them, “Thank you! Thank you from the bottom of my heart!”  
  
”Our pleasure,” Lynn murmured back to him.  
  
”Shall we make this a regular habit?” Julie asked Lynn.  
  
”Oh, please don’t,” Mr Harper begged them. “You’ll get me sacked.”  
  
”You just have to learn to watch us without losing your grip on the lesson,” Julie advised him sternly. “Then we’ll be able to flash you as much as we like.”  
  
The girls smiled at him, then followed their fellow pupils out of the classroom.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 2 - Lynn’s Filthy Underground Adventure**  
The rest of the day’s lessons were with less ‘understanding’ teachers, and for each of them the girls stayed at the back of the classroom, doing what they had come to so greatly enjoy: flashing their pussies, letting the boys finger them, undoing their blouses and exposing their breasts when the teachers had their backs turned, and generally exhibiting their bodies shamelessly. At lunchtime they briefly made love in the toilets, though Lynn did not enjoy it as much as usual - she was feeling very uncomfortable from having held in her poo for so long. She was very relieved when the last lesson finally ended and they cycled home with their skirts once again arranged to best show off their knickers.  
  
That evening, when Martin got home, Lynn changed into her third shortest microdress, whose hemline was exactly on a level with her crotch. Underneath it she wore no bra, but she did wear a pair of white cotton knickers of a sufficient size (she hoped) to hold most of what was currently struggling to leave her rectum.  
  
”Okay,” she said to Julie’s father. “I’m ready.”  
  
”You sure you don’t want me to come along?” asked Julie in some concern. “I’m worried to think of you being on your own.”  
  
”That’s the way I want it,” said Lynn. “I love the idea that what I’m doing is dangerous. If I have a safety net, then it’s not going to be nearly as much fun. Come on Martin, let’s go.”  
  
They left the house and got into the car. Julie sat in the front seat and arranged her hem so that it showed off the lower half of her knickers. Martin glanced down at them as he got in and put his seatbelt on.  
  
”My goodness, Lynn,” he sighed, “you are one sexy girl. Are you sure I can’t talk you out of this?”  
  
”Positive,” replied Lynn. “I’ve been looking forward to this for days now.”  
  
Martin sighed. “Very well,” he said, and he started the car.  
  
It took twenty minutes to get to the nearest underground station, by which time Lynn had worked herself up into quite an aroused state, having masturbated for much of the journey. The fact that several passing pedestrians had seen her doing so only increased her horniness.  
  
As they approached the station, Lynn said, “Okay, just drop me off at the kerb. I’ll phone you if I need you to come and pick me up.”  
  
”Do you have any money?” inquired Martin.  
  
”Only enough for my return ticket,” replied Lynn with a grin.  
  
”Then how will you call me?”  
  
”I don’t know,” said Lynn. “But it adds delightfully to the danger.”  
  
Martin stopped the car outside the station and Lynn got out. “Thanks for the ride,” she said. “Now go home, and don’t try to follow me, okay?”  
  
”Okay,” said Martin. “I really don’t like this, though. What if you get raped? Or worse?”  
  
”It’s the thought of that,” said Lynn, “that gets my adrenaline going. Fear is quite an aphrodisiac, I have discovered. Anyway, I’ll see you later!” She closed the car door and watched while Martin pulled away from the kerb and drove down the street. Nodding with satisfaction, she entered the station.  
  
As she took her ticket from the machine, she noticed that a couple of men had stopped behind her and were staring at her bottom. She smiled to herself, then turned and walked nonchalantly past them, down the steps that led to the platform where she would catch her train.

Three minutes later it arrived, and she boarded it and took a seat opposite a middle-aged man whose eyes widened when he saw her microdress. Lynn sat down heavily, letting her legs fall apart slightly and giving the man opposite a very good view of her knickers. Also in the same carriage were several men and women of various ages, and one child accompanied by his mother. Lynn was uneasy about exhibiting herself in front of a child, but she reasoned that the boy’s mother would probably cover his eyes when she began to put on her display.  
  
The train moved off, but Lynn decided to wait for a bit. There were not as many people in the carriage as she would have liked, and since the train was heading into the city, more were certain to board at later stops. So she held her poo in for a while as the train continued to acquire more passengers at each stop.  
  
Eventually the women with the child got off, and Lynn heaved a sigh of relief. The carriage was now quite crowded, with all the seats taken and several people standing. Many pairs of eyes were now fixed firmly on Lynn’s knickers. It was time to act.  
  
Obviously she would not be able to poo while sitting on the seat, so Lynn considered how best to defecate successfully without being too obvious about what she was intending to do. She crossed her legs, putting her right leg over her left, then shifted her weight on to her left buttock so that her right was lifted slightly off the seat. This revealed her buttock and part of her knickers to a few more people, but she did not mind in the slightest.  
  
Trying to appear nonchalant, Lynn stopped holding back and began instead to push. Immediately her anus began to open up, and her poo started to emerge. She flushed with excitement, thrilled at the thought of what she was doing in such a public place. The poo slid out quickly, though it widened her anus to quite an extent, since it was by now pretty big. It hit her knickers and began to push them outwards. Now the resistance began to grow, and Lynn had to strain harder, though she attempted not to let this show on her face. Only too soon, however, there came a point where the material of her knickers was pushing back as hard as she herself could force out her shit. Faced with this dilemma, Lynn came to a swift decision, just as the woman sitting next to her began to frown and sniff the air in puzzlement.  
  
Lynn sat down hard on her poo. It squished deliciously against her bottom, flattening itself along the groove between her buttocks. Lynn then lifted her right buttock up once more and continued to push. More of the poo came out, but even now it would not all come out. Lynn sat down hard again, and tried a third time. Meanwhile the woman in the next seat had figured out what the smell was, and where it was coming from. She stared at Lynn in horror.  
  
”What do you think you’re doing?” she demanded with a look of disgust.  
  
Lynn smiled, but said nothing, concentrating instead on emptying her bowels. Finally the last little bit came out, and she uncrossed her legs and wiggled her bottom against the seat, working the poo into the groove between her pussy lips. She could also feel it climbing up between her buttocks towards her back. From the way it felt, there was a great deal of poo there.  
  
”My God! You disgusting girl!” exclaimed the woman next to Lynn. She got up out of her seat and pushed past the other passengers, making for the far end of the carriage. By now other people were staring at Lynn, some with disgust and some with curiosity. Those nearest her were retreating quickly on account of the smell.  
  
Lynn now put the next part of her plan into action. The small window behind her was open - she had made sure of that before she sat down - and she was about to make use of it. She quickly pulled her dress up over her head, crumpled it up into a ball, then stood up and posted it through the open window. It dropped out of sight and was soon lying on the electrified rails behind the rapidly receding train.  
  
Apart from her knickers and shoes, Lynn was now naked, and her crime was now only too evident - her knickers were bulging with poo, and it was beginning to leak around the edges. Everyone in the carriage was now staring at her, many with open mouths. Lynn tried not to meet anybody’s eye, but she was both scared and exhilarated at the same time. She slid her right hand into her knickers and began to rub her clitoris, then grabbed a handful of poo and brought it out, smearing it in a trail up her belly towards her left breast. She squished it into her nipple and closed her eyes, savouring the sensation.  
  
Pandemonium broke out. One of the men standing near her - a fifty-year-old gentleman in a tweed suit - began to shout at her. “What the hell are you playing at?” he yelled. “Stop this disgusting display at once! When we get to the next station I’m going to have you arrested!”  
  
Most of the rest of her hecklers were women, who made nasty remarks about her rather than to her, although they were obviously meant for her ears. Lynn began to wonder if she had any supporters at all.  
  
But it did not matter. She was not going to be swayed from her plan. She stood up and pulled her knickers down to her ankles, stepping carefully out of them and then sitting back down. Her knickers were full of poo, which she emptied on to her chest. She smeared it over both breasts, then slid the majority of what was left down to her pussy, where she began to rub it in with a will. Then, having emptied her knickers, she stood up briefly in order to throw them out of the window. She sat down and began to masturbate.  
  
Her arm was grabbed, which scared her more than a little. It was the man in the suit, who was still yelling at her. But then he was pulled off her by a young man who had been sitting to her left.  
  
”Relax!” said the young man. “Or they’ll be arresting you, for assault.”  
  
Lynn lifted her left foot and placed it on the seat beside her, so as to improve her access to her cunt. She began to push bits of her poo inside, and closed her eyes as she slid her fingers deep. Voices sounded all around her - angry, threatening, outraged, mocking - but she switched them all off while she thrilled to the experience of being naked and covered in shit in the middle of a crowd of strangers.  
  
The train slowed, and came to a stop. The doors slid open. The young man who had defended her now took her arm. “This is my stop anyway,” he told the man in the suit. “I’ll take her in, okay?”  
  
”You’d better,” said the older man. “I’d do it myself, except I’m running late as it is.”  
  
”Come on,” whispered the young man to Lynn. “Let’s get you out of here.”  
  
Lynn allowed herself to be led out of the train and on to the platform. The people who had been in the process of boarding scattered when they saw her.  
  
”Are you really taking me to the police?” asked Lynn.  
  
”No,” said the young man, “unless you’d like me to. What’s your name?”  
  
”Lynn. What’s yours?”  
  
”Andy. We’ll get you back to my place and you can have a bath and change into some of my clothes for the time being. Where do you live?”  
  
”Oh crumbs!” exclaimed Lynn. “I left my ticket on the train!”  
  
”Ah. That could be a problem. I have enough money for your ticket, but I was hoping we might get through without being challenged. Tell you what - wait in the toilets over there and I’ll speak to the chap behind the window. See if you can clean yourself up a bit.”  
  
”Okay,” said Lynn, and she headed for the toilets, ignoring the inevitable stares and nasty remarks. Once inside, she closed the door and headed for a stall, where she sat down and began to masturbate. It did not take her long to climax.  
  
She pulled out a few sheets of toilet paper and soaked them in the water from the bowl, then began to wash the drying poo from her torso. She had not nearly finished when there was a voice from the door. It was Andy’s.  
  
”Lynn,” he called to her. “I’ve found a pretty sympathetic ticket inspector fellow. He’s going to let us through for no other reason than that he’s looking forward to seeing you naked. I didn’t mention the mess - have you cleaned up at all?”  
  
”I’ve still got a way to go,” replied Lynn. “Can you hold on for two minutes?”  
  
”Sure.”  
  
Lynn finished cleaning herself off, then walked out of the stall. Andy smiled at her. “I have to tell you,” he said, looking at her shaved pussy, “you are sexy as hell.”  
  
”Thank you,” replied Lynn. “Are you saying that because I’m naked or because you like my body?”  
  
”Both,” said Andy immediately. “And also because of what you did in the train - that, I have to say, was the most awesome thing I have ever seen.”  
  
Lynn smiled with genuine pleasure. “Thank you!” she said again. “I’m glad my efforts were appreciated.”  
  
”They were. Now let’s get you out of here. I have a flat just down the road - if we run we can be there in three or four minutes.”  
  
”You live round here?” inquired Lynn. “Bit of a dump, isn’t it?”  
  
”Yes, well it’s not exactly the classiest part of the city,” agreed Andy, “but it’s home, at least for the time being. Come on.”  
  
They hurried out of the toilets and through the barrier, which was being held open for them by a portly, middle-aged man in the uniform of the Underground staff. He grinned at Lynn as she reached him, and nodded to her in greeting.  
  
”Thanks a lot for this,” said Lynn. “Want to feel my breast?”  
  
The man’s eyes widened, but he was not about to give her a chance to change her mind. He reached out and took hold of Lynn’s left breast, giving it a gentle squeeze.  
  
”Come on, come on, stop flirting,” Andy reprimanded her with a chuckle. “We need to keep moving.” He took her hand and pulled her after him.  
  
They ran up the steps that led out into the open air, and Lynn squealed with delight as Andy led her on to the crowded pavement. Together they ran down the street, leaving a trail of stunned pedestrians in their wake. Soon, however, Andy turned into a side road, and then into another, which was boarded on both sides with high walls of corrugated metal. They slowed their pace a little, then turned into a dirty side road along which were three or four small blocks of flats.  
  
”We’re lucky,” panted Andy. “There are some rough types who like to hang out just here - they seem to have gone somewhere else for the day.” He fished a set of keys out of his pocket and found the right one by the time they reached the main door to the first building. He opened the door and Lynn ducked inside after him. She discovered she had mixed feelings about being safely indoors - she was relieved, yes, but she had found the experience of being naked in public a real thrill.  
  
There was a lift in the building but, Andy told her, it had been broken for months and nobody had been to repair it. Instead they had to use the stairs to climb to the seventh floor. As they walked down a dingy corridor, Andy produced another key, and they entered his flat.  
  
It was rather a mess. The floor was littered with beer cans, crisp packets, pizza boxes, and several layers of dirt - the place had obviously not been cleaned, let alone vacuumed, in months.  
  
”Sorry, it’s a bit of a pig-sty, I know,” said Andy. “Come on through to the bedroom.” He pointed to a door on Lynn’s right. She walked through it, and found that the bedroom was in just as much of a mess as the living room. Andy followed behind her, then began to take piles of stuff off the bed and dump them on the floor.  
  
”You got something for me to wear?” inquired Lynn.  
  
Andy looked up at her. “You’re not in a hurry to get dressed, are you?” he asked.  
  
Then Lynn realised that Andy was no mere good Samaritan. He had plans for her, and they had nothing to do with lending her clothes. Her heartbeat quickened as she tried to imagine what lay in store for her.  
  
”No, no hurry at all,” she said.  
  
  
**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 3 - Lynn’s Sex Slave Adventure**  
Andy reached underneath his bed and brought out a few long pieces of rope. “Ever been tied up?” he asked her.  
  
Lynn shook her head.  
  
”Ok, well you’re about to enter into the world of bondage. My last girlfriend loved to be tied up - this rope is a relict from those happy days. Ah well. Would you lie on the bed please?”  
  
This was incredibly presumptuous, but Lynn had already made her decision. She meekly climbed on to the bed and lay down, folding her arms across her stomach.  
  
”Spread your legs,” instructed Andy. “No, not like that. Knees apart, feet together. That’s better.” He wound one of the ropes around Lynn’s left knee and pulled the ends down over the edge of the bed, attaching them to something Lynn could not see. Then he did the same with her right knee, pulling it so tight that her knees were as wide apart as they could possibly get. Then he tied her ankles to each other and to the end of the bed, so that she could now not move her legs at all. She felt very exposed and vulnerable, and it was making her horny.  
  
”Now for the arms,” said Andy. “Give me your wrists.” He tied them together securely. “Now put your hands behind your head.” She did so, and he proceeded to tie ropes around her elbows, attaching the ends to the sides of the bed. Lynn was now completely immobilised. She wanted to ask what he was planning to do with her, but she felt somehow that it would spoil the atmosphere. He had claimed her, and now he would do whatever he wanted with her.  
  
But what he wanted was, apparently, something Lynn was not yet prepared to give. He took off his jeans and boxers, revealing a hardened penis. Lynn stiffened as he began to climb on top of her. “I’m not on the pill,” she said. “Fuck my anus, please, but not my cunt. I don’t want to get pregnant.”  
  
”Objections, already?” he inquired. “I think I may have to gag you after all.” He reached over the side of the bed and fetched a sock and a large handkerchief. “Open wide,” he said, and Lynn, despite her fears, opened her mouth. Andy stuffed the sock in and then tied it in place with the hanky. “That’s better,” he said. Then he spat on to his hand, rubbed his saliva around the head of his penis, and started to insert it into Lynn’s vagina.  
  
”Mmm, that feels good,” he said, closing his eyes in obvious pleasure. “A schoolgirl’s pussy. Not as tight as I would have thought, though. You been stretching it?” He opened his eyes and looked at her. Lynn nodded.  
  
Andy started thrusting, in and out, slowly at first and then more quickly, grunting with each thrust. Lynn moaned through her gag, though she could not get the thought of unplanned pregnancy out of her head. When Andy’s thrusting reached an almost frantic pace, and she felt the head of his penis grow inside her, she knew he was about to come.  
  
But at the last minute he withdrew, then began to masturbate with furious speed until he spurted his semen over her naked stomach. Sighing with pleasure, he collapsed on to the bed beside her. Lynn lay still, unsatisfied and a little frustrated, but glad that he had not come inside her. She wondered whether he would release her now.  
  
It was not to be, however. A couple of minutes later, Andy got up, grabbed a tissue from his bedside table, and wiped his penis. He turned to her and grinned. “Let’s see what else you can fit up there,” he said. He left the room, then returned shortly afterwards with a can of coke and a tube of lubricating jelly. He opened the tube and squirted some jelly on to the bottom end of the can. He wiped it around liberally, then placed it at the entrance to Lynn’s cunt.  
  
Lynn jumped involuntarily at the first touch of the can - it felt icy cold - but then she closed her eyes as Andy began to work it back and forth, twisting it and rocking it in an effort to penetrate her. She felt herself forced open, bit by bit, and then the delicious sensation of the whole can sliding into her, filling her up. It felt terribly cold inside her, but oh! so big...  
  
”That’s a good girl,” breathed Andy, pleased. “Not much of an effort, that - I reckon we’ll try you on a wine bottle next.”  
  
He left the room once more, and this time was gone several minutes. When he returned, he was not alone. Lynn heard several voices, and laughter, all male. Andy entered the room first, followed by two, three, four other men, all in their twenties. One of them was quite good-looking, but the others did not appeal to Lynn at all. They all stared at Lynn in a mixture of awe and undisguised lust.  
  
”Lynn,” said Andy, “I’d like you to meet some of my friends. This is Dave, this is Terry, that’s Howie, and the fat one’s Nick.”  
  
”Hey!” complained Nick.  
  
”Sorry Nick. Anyway Lynn, they’re all going to fuck you, okay?”  
  
Lynn’s eyes widened. She felt almost drunk on the excitement of being treated like a piece of meat, but somewhere, deep down, her dignity was protesting vehemently. She was being turned into a slut, without her consent. But she had no way of objecting except by shaking her head, and what good would that do? Andy had obviously no intention of letting her make any decisions of her own now.  
  
Terry mounted her first. He entered her easily, thrust rapidly, and came quickly.  
  
”Oh, I forgot to tell him you weren’t on the pill,” remarked Andy with a smirk. “What a shame. Go on Howie, have a ball.”  
  
The feeling of Terry’s sperm shooting inside her made Lynn’s heart sink. She knew now that there was nothing she could do to protect herself. If she was fertile today, she would no doubt get pregnant. She would have to face the consequences as and when she found out whether her fears were founded.  
  
Howie, Dave and Nick, one after the other, all came inside her, while Andy looked on in satisfaction. When Nick finally climbed off Lynn, his sperm leaked out of her cunt and trickled down over her anus.  
  
”Excellent,” said Andy. “I’m sure one of you will be the happy father. Anyway, now that she’s nicely lubricated, let’s see about that wine bottle.” He produced a large bottle and placed the wide end at the entrance to Lynn’s well-used vagina. He began to push it in, twisting it and turning it, and Lynn squealed through her gag in real pain. Eventually, however, Andy managed to get the end completely inside her, and he started to slide it home.  
  
Lynn felt sick. The pain was intense - she was being stretched to her absolute limit - yet the rush of endorphins was making her giddy, and she could almost take pleasure in the pain itself. Finally the bottle was buried as far as it would go. Andy stared at it in pride, as if it was entirely his accomplishment.  
  
”Would you look at that?” he said to his friends. “Now that’s a stretched cunt. Well done, Lynn, I knew you could take it. But can you take a little more? Hmm? What’s that? Oh, I suppose I’d better remove the gag.” He did so, pulling the sock out of Lynn’s mouth.  
  
Lynn spat bits of fluff. “You’re a bastard, you know that?” she muttered.  
  
”Correction: I’m your Master,” said Andy. “Easy mistake to make. Anyway, we’re all going to be here a while, so you should get used to the idea. How does it feel to have a wine bottle inside you?”  
  
”Pretty good,” admitted Lynn. “Hurts though.”  
  
”Can you take a little more pain?” asked Andy.  
  
”I don’t think you’ll fit anything else in there,” said Lynn.  
  
”Maybe not,” Andy conceded. “But I can do this...” He took hold of the end of the wine bottle and pushed it deeper into Lynn’s cunt. Even after it had reached the end of her cavity, he continued to push, forcing her internal flesh to yield and stretch.  
  
”Owwww!” squealed Lynn, her face contorting with pain.  
  
”Feed off it!” whispered Andy harshly to her. “Feed off the pain for your own pleasure. Get high on it. I know you can.”  
  
Lynn gritted her teeth and closed her eyes tightly, trying to derive pleasure from the pain Andy was causing her. Her breath came in gasps. She could feel the waves of pain travel up her body from her loins to her head, where she could feel the blood suffusing her cheeks and making her face feel hot.  
  
Andy increased the pressure and more pain invaded Lynn’s body. She whimpered, but tried to turn the pain into pleasure. It was hard, so hard...  
  
Andy released the bottle. “Good girl,” he said to her. “I’m proud of you. Now we’re going to try something else, and I promise you it won’t be painful.”  
  
”That’s good,” whispered Lynn, exhausted. She felt completely drained of energy.  
  
”Nick,” said Andy, “our sex toy likes rubbing shit all over her body. Perhaps we can provide her with some?”  
  
Nick looked startled. “You want me to...” he began, then furrowed his brow.  
  
”Sure Nick,” said Andy. “Get up there and crap on her. I hope you will all be contributing.”  
  
”Can do,” said Howie.  
  
”Um, if you say so,” said Terry.  
  
Dave looked uncomfortable.  
  
Nick removed his jeans, then his underpants, and clambered up until he was straddling Lynn. He squatted so that his bottom was over her breasts. Lynn closed her eyes so she would not have to look.  
  
”Hey, none of that,” Andy chided her. “I want you to see what’s happening. I want you to watch Nick’s shit come out of him and land on you.”  
  
Reluctantly, Lynn opened her eyes and watched as Nick strained. She saw his anus gradually open, and then a pale brown turd began to emerge. It then came out in a bit of a rush, and first one, then two long pieces of Nick’s shit landed on her chest, between her breasts. The smell was awful.  
  
”Okay, I’m done,” said Nick.  
  
”You’re kidding!” Andy frowned. “Is that all you can manage?”  
  
”Yup, ‘fraid so,” apologised Nick.  
  
”Very well. Move back a bit so that Lynn can lick your arse clean.”  
  
”What?!” This was too much for Lynn. “There’s no way I’m licking anybody’s anus,” she declared adamantly.  
  
”Hmm, talking back to her Master, eh?” Andy commented. “Sounds like a whipping offence to me. Lynn, you’ll lick Nick’s arse and anyone else’s who I instruct you to lick. Is that clear?”  
  
Thoughts of rebellion died in Lynn’s mind, as she realised how futile it would be to refuse anything that was asked of her. “Yes sir,” she mumbled. Then, as Nick’s huge hairy buttocks approached her face, she leaned forwards and began to lick the brown smears from around his anal orifice. The taste made her gag, but she shrugged it off with an effort and continued until Nick was clean.  
  
Howie was next, and he produced a lot more than Nick had done, depositing it all on Lynn’s stomach. Afterwards she licked him clean as well.  
  
”Okay,” said Andy, “I know you other two are raring to go, but I’m a bit worried about that shit falling off her and on to my bed. So I need a volunteer to rub it all into Lynn’s body.”  
  
There was silence.  
  
”Oh come on!” Andy frowned. “As if you can’t wash your hands afterwards!”  
  
”All right I’ll do it,” said Howie. He knelt on the bed next to Lynn and started rubbing his own poo into her belly and down to her pussy. He balked, however, when he came to Nick’s excrement. “Can’t you do your own?” he inquired.  
  
”Hey, you volunteered,” Nick pointed out.  
  
Howie sighed and began to rub Nick’s shit into Lynn’s breasts. Lynn closed her eyes and savoured the familiar sensation. The smell was pretty disgusting, but the feelings more than made up for it.  
  
Terry took his turn next, followed by Andy himself. Dave came last, and he was quite reluctant, but the others eventually persuaded him. Soon Lynn was covered in a thick layer of the men’s shit. Andy even instructed Howie to rub some on her face and in her hair, though he insisted that polythene bags be placed under Lynn’s head first, to avoid getting any poo on his bedding.  
  
”Now Lynn,” said Andy, “open your mouth. Howie, get a nice handful of crap and drop it bit by bit into Lynn’s mouth.”  
  
”No way!” exclaimed Lynn.  
  
”You’re objecting again?” inquired Andy in disbelief.  
  
Lynn was immediately cowed. “No, no, I’m not,” she said, and she opened her mouth.  
  
The taste was terrible. Lynn gagged immediately as she felt the horrible substance land on her tongue and roll back towards her tonsils.  
  
”Chew, and swallow,” instructed Andy.  
  
Lynn tried. She ground the shit up into mush, then attempted to swallow it. But it was too much for her gag reflex, and she felt vomit surge up. Unable even to cover her mouth, she threw up all over her chest, her vomit forming a pool that proceeded to run down both sides of her body.  
  
”Damnit!” cried Andy, “get some more poly bags!” He pulled a couple from under Lynn’s head and moved them into a position where they would catch Lynn’s vomit. “Bad girl!” he said sternly to Lynn.  
  
”Bloody hell Andy, what do you expect?” demanded Lynn, tears springing to her eyes. “I’m new to all this! I’ve never done this before! I just can’t take it any more!” She broke down and began to sob uncontrollably.  
  
Andy was a tough dom, but he knew when enough was enough, and he realised with a pang of remorse that he had pushed her too far. “Okay,” he said to his friends, “the party’s over. Go on - I’ll see you all later.”  
  
Howie looked downcast. “But...” he began.  
  
”Go!” said Andy sharply.  
  
Subdued, his friends filed out silently, leaving Andy and Lynn alone. Andy sat on the bed beside Lynn and began to untie her. “Hush now,” he said gently. “I’m sorry, I really am. Come on, we’ll get you cleaned up and bathed, and then I’ll lend you some clothes and we’ll get you home.”  
  
”Tha ... Thank you,” sobbed Lynn.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 4 - Lynn’s Uncooked Rice Adventure**  
Half an hour later Lynn was relaxing in a hot bath in Andy’s dingy bathroom. She ignored the fact that there was mildew everywhere and the walls were only partially covered in paint, and what was left was peeling off, and she ignored the cobwebs on the ceiling, and the fact that the bath itself was cracked and stained. Instead she concentrated on the soothing effect of the hot water on her naked (and by now clean) body. She felt a lot better. She mulled over the day’s events, reliving all the experiences with the benefit of hindsight. They seemed a lot less frightening now, somehow.  
  
Her reverie was shattered by the appearance of an unexpected visitor. She shrieked involuntarily as a large insect rose up over the edge of the bathtub and began to scuttle towards the tap end. Lynn immediately identified it as a cockroach.  
  
”What’s wrong?” inquired Andy, entering the room.  
  
”Oh it’s nothing,” said Lynn. “That cockroach just appeared and scared me for a moment. Do you have a big roach problem?”  
  
”Not too bad, actually,” said Andy, taking off his shoe and advancing towards the insect. He brought the shoe down hard on the edge of the bath, but the cockroach was too quick and dropped on to the floor, dashing away out of sight. “We had a big purge a few months ago - the pest control people finally came around and did the whole building. The next block along has a much worse problem - they can barely move for cockroaches. Pest control went there a year ago, but they didn’t do a great job, and the roaches were back in no time. Now the council just doesn’t seem interested in following it up.”  
  
”Bummer,” said Lynn. “And people actually live there?”  
  
”Yeah, quite a few. A lot of the flats are empty, but there are plenty of people who just can’t afford to move out.”  
  
”The rent must be pretty low there,” Lynn commented.  
  
”Lowest for miles around, I would say,” agreed Andy. “Why, you thinking of moving in?”  
  
”Maybe,” said Lynn. “I kind of like the sound of all those cockroaches. I once saw a documentary about a family whose flat was similarly infested - the father led the camera crew into his daughter’s bedroom late at night, pulled back the covers on her bed, and there were hundreds of roaches crawling all over the bed and over her body. It grossed me out then, but now I kind of like to imagine myself in that situation.”  
  
”Well I’d love to have you living so close - we could have a lot of fun together.”  
  
”Perhaps,” said Lynn guardedly. “We have to lay down some ground rules though, or I’ll not let you near me. For a start, forcing me to eat shit is right out - I just can’t bring myself to enjoy it.”  
  
”Okay,” conceded Andy, nodding.  
  
”And no more sex without condoms until I’m on the pill, that is assuming I’m not already pregnant.”  
  
”What will you do if you are?” asked Andy.  
  
”Now you wonder about that?” Lynn sighed. “I don’t know, I really don’t. I hope to goodness I’m not - I’m not ready for motherhood, and I hate the thought of having an abortion. Maybe I should take one of those morning after pills.”  
  
Andy nodded. “Well, you know where to find me if you need a dom.”  
  
Lynn’s brow furrowed. “I’ve been meaning to ask you about that. What is a dom?”

”Dominator,” explained Andy. “I dominate, you submit, so I’m the dom and you’re the sub.”  
  
”Oh. Okay, well I kind of already have two doms at home, one male and one female. But they’re not as nasty as you. Still, I’ll consider your offer.” She stood up and reached for a towel that hung on a hook on the wall. “Now if you could fetch me some clothes, I’ll get dressed. My friend’s dad should be here soon. You did call him, didn’t you?”  
  
”Of course I did. Relax! He’ll be here shortly I’m sure.”  
  
Ten minutes later, Martin arrived, and Lynn met him at the front door, dressed in a t-shirt and a pair of shorts that Andy had lent her. He looked worried. “Are you okay?” he inquired anxiously.  
  
”Yeah, I’m fine,” replied Lynn. “Let’s just go, shall we?”  
  
As they drove home, Lynn related the tale of her adventures since Martin had dropped her off outside the station. Martin was incensed to hear about her gang-rape.  
  
”Good grief!” he exploded. “We must tell the police about this!”  
  
”Tell them what?” inquired Lynn with some scorn. “I am sure hundreds of witnesses can be found who will testify that I crapped myself on the train and then stripped and rubbed my shit all over my body, or that I ran naked through the streets on my way to Andy’s flat. Besides which, I’m not that bothered about it - I’m just concerned about getting pregnant. I need to get one of those morning-after pills from my GP.”  
  
”Okay,” said Martin. “Who is he?”  
  
”My GP? Dr Simmonds.”  
  
”Ah yes, he’s ours too. No problem - we’ll try to get you into his surgery tomorrow morning before school. I think he opens at eight.”  
  
”That’s good. I don’t really want to be late for school, especially with Mr Dean insisting on seeing us every morning at a quarter to nine.”  
  
”I’m not sure you’ll make that,” Martin warned her. “After you see the doctor, we’ll have to get you to the chemist and pick up your prescription, and it usually takes them ten or fifteen minutes to get the prescription ready at the best of times. No, I think we’ll have to call in to say you’ll be late.”  
  
”In that case we’ll have to get my dad involved,” said Lynn with a sigh. “Mr Dean knows my parents quite well, and if you phone him, he’ll know you’re not my dad.”  
  
”Fair enough,” said Martin, “but what will we tell your father?”  
  
”Well obviously not the truth. I’ll just tell him I have a girl problem and you’re taking me to Dr Simmonds first thing in the morning. He’ll pass that on to Mr Dean. He won’t be unduly worried, and he’ll be glad not to have to take me to the doctor’s himself.”  
  
”Sounds like a good plan,” remarked Martin. “Let’s hope it works.”  
  
After a late supper at Martin’s house, Lynn and Julie climbed into bed together and Lynn retold her story. Julie was highly impressed.  
  
”Wow!” she exclaimed. “You have had an adventure! I wish I’d seen it. But I’m sorry to hear it turned nasty - I’d have hated being raped like that.”  
  
”I don’t know if I’d call it ‘rape’, exactly. It was the eating of other people’s shit that I really hated. I just couldn’t do it - it was all a bit too much for me.”  
  
Julie nodded. “So, tell me about this plan of yours,” she said. “You want to move into this other block of flats?”  
  
”Possibly,” said Lynn. “But only if you’ll move in with me. It’s too scary a neighbourhood for me to be living there on my own.”  
  
”But who would pay for it?” inquired Julie. “Neither of us has any money to speak of. Are you planning to get a job?”  
  
”Am I heck! I was hoping maybe we could convince our respective dads to pay for it.”  
  
”Are you serious? I might be able to persuade my dad, since I kind of have a hold over him now. But do you really think your dad would pay for you to live in such a dangerous and filthy part of town?”  
  
Lynn shrugged. “I don’t know; maybe not. But I should perhaps go home for a few days and try. Just think, though. Wouldn’t it be fun to have a place of our own? Somewhere we can do anything we like?”  
  
”I thought this house was that place,” Julie ventured. “My dad lets us do what we like.”  
  
”Yes but I’m sure he wouldn’t let us turn it into a cockroach-infested cesspit like I envisage our flat being. I want to do everything I can to encourage the roaches to hang out in our flat. We’ll leave food out, spill sugar and stuff in all the cupboards and on the floors, and when we go to bed at night we’ll cover our bodies in jam or honey or something. That way we’ll ensure that the roaches are all over us.”  
  
”You,” said Julie, “are totally sick. But I love you. Okay I’ll talk to my dad. You can talk to yours, too - does this mean you’ll be spending tomorrow night at your own house?”  
  
”I think I should,” said Lynn. “Much as I hate to spend a night away from you, my sweetheart, it’s in a good cause.”  
  
”And you really think you can persuade your dad?”  
  
Lynn grinned. “I’ll persuade him,” she said, “even if I have to threaten to become a prostitute.”  
  
Julie gasped. “Lynn, you wouldn’t!”  
  
”No, of course not,” said Lynn with a chuckle, “although to be honest, I can think of worse ways to earn a living.”  
  
”But think of the chances of catching a disease!”  
  
”That, of course, is the drawback,” admitted Lynn, “which is one of the reasons I would not carry out my threat. But I must admit I do fantasise about prostituting myself sometimes.”  
  
Julie shuddered. “I don’t,” she said. “I love to flaunt myself, but I wouldn’t let just anyone have sex with me. Anyway, I’m sure you’ve had enough excitement for one day, so I’ll let you get some rest.”  
  
”Don’t you dare!” said Lynn. “I’m just getting horny again, and I want to make my last night here memorable. Last night for a little while, anyway.”  
  
”What do you have in mind?” inquired Julie.  
  
Lynn shrugged. “You think of something,” she said. “I am your slave - do with me what you will.”  
  
Julie considered this. “Very well,” she agreed. “I want you to pack your cunt full of rice.”  
  
Lynn frowned, puzzled. “Um, okay,” she said. “Why rice?”  
  
Julie grinned. “I’m talking about dry, uncooked rice,” she said. “And I want you to pack yourself as full as possible, and then tape yourself up really really securely.”  
  
Lynn’s eyes widened. “You think the rice will expand?” she asked.  
  
”I’m sure of it,” said Julie. “That’s why they stopped throwing rice at weddings in this country. They throw paper confetti now because birds used to come and eat the rice, and it would swell up inside their stomachs and kill them.”  
  
”Really? I didn’t know that. Wow.” Lynn thought about this for a moment. “I’ll bet that will feel wonderful!” She clapped her hands. “Oh Julie, thank you! I’ll go and stuff myself full right now!”  
  
”Stay here,” said Julie. “I’ll fetch the rice.”  
  
She left Lynn to contemplate this new venture while she headed downstairs to fetch the rice jar and a funnel. She also fetched the tape that had in the past proved so useful. When she returned, she got Lynn to lie on her back with her knees tucked up against her chest and her feet apart. Lubricated by juices already flowing, the funnel slid in easily.  
  
”Okay,” lift your bottom up higher,” Julie instructed. “Here, rest your lower back on my legs. That’s better. Right, here goes.” She began to pour rice into the funnel, then stopped. “Hmm,” she said. “This is not going to work. The funnel is too narrow at the bottom - it’s all just getting clogged up. Maybe you should just hold your cunt open with your fingers while I stuff the rice in.”  
  
”Sounds good to me,” said Lynn, and she pulled her vagina open as far as she could with her fingers. Julie smiled and nodded approvingly, then began to pour straight from the jar into Lynn’s open cunt. Pretty soon it was full, but Julie used the narrow end of the funnel to push the rice deeper, creating space for more. Each load she poured in, she pushed as deep as possible, while Lynn moaned and writhed at the sensations this produced in her loins.  
  
It was amazing how much rice fit in. The jar had been almost full when Julie had brought it up; now it was less than half full, and there was still room for more, though not a lot. Finally, after some serious compression, Lynn could truly take no more, and Julie began to seal her up tightly with the tape. When she was done, she noticed that Lynn’s belly was visibly bulging.  
  
”Hey, the kids at school will think you’re pregnant,” she joked.  
  
Lynn grimaced. “Let’s hope they won’t be right,” she said with feeling. Then she smiled. “So,” she said, “what are you going to put in my anus? The rest of the rice?”  
  
Julie shook her head. “No, I have another plan for your rectum.”  
  
”Oh? What’s that?”  
  
Julie smiled. “How about holding it open for me so that I can poo into it.”  
  
Lynn grinned broadly. “Wow,” she said. “It would be awesome to walk around with your shit in my bowels. There’s plenty of room in there, you know - I emptied myself on the train.”  
  
Julie laughed. “Yes, well I hadn’t forgotten that. Just stay here though - I need to pee, and if I don’t, then it will come out while I poo, and I don’t particularly want that.”  
  
She hurried through to the bathroom, peed, then returned. Climbing on to the bed, she positioned herself carefully above Lynn’s anus, which she was now holding almost as wide open as she had held her cunt. Julie strained, and grunted a bit as her poo began to emerge. Looking down between her legs, she saw it descending and carefully aimed it for Lynn’s anus.  
  
The poo grew in length, and its tip pass between Lynn’s fingers and into her open rectum. “I can’t hold myself open much longer,” muttered Lynn. “Ooh that feels good though. If my cunt weren’t full of rice I’d have suggested pooing straight into my cunt. That would be cool too.”  
  
Julie said nothing - she was still straining hard. Eventually the poo broke, and slid into Lynn’s anus. It stopped, however, with two inches still sticking out into the open air. Julie stopped straining and turned herself around, then she began carefully to push her shit into Lynn’s rectum with her fingers. Lynn sighed as the last of it disappeared, then she allowed her anal sphincter to close.  
  
”Ooh, that feels lovely,” she said happily. “Can I go and get Martin to do the same?”  
  
”Be my guest,” said Julie with a laugh. “I’m sure he’d be only too happy to oblige. Pretty soon you’ll be needing to dump it all out again though.”  
  
”I know.” Lynn grinned. “That’s the idea. I hate having an empty rectum - I want it full all the time so that I can keep shitting myself in public. I really enjoyed today’s adventure.”  
  
”So it would seem.” Julie grinned. “How does the rice feel?”  
  
”I feel full, but there hasn’t been any expansion yet, I don’t think. I’ll keep you posted though.”  
  
She left the room and went in search of Martin.  
  
  
**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 5 - Lynn’s Family Bonding Adventure**  
”How do you feel?” asked Julie the following morning.  
  
”Full,” replied Lynn. “But no fuller than last night, I’m afraid. I’m not sure that the rice experiment worked.”  
  
”Well let’s take a look,” said Julie, and she reached down to pull off the tape sealing Lynn’s cunt.  
  
”Youch!” said Lynn. “It’s a good thing I don’t have any hair down there.”  
  
With the tape removed, Julie bent down to examine Lynn’s vaginal opening. She sighed. “You’re right, it didn’t work,” she said. “Look, the rice is still as hard as it was yesterday. It didn’t absorb any of the moisture inside you.”  
  
”If you don’t mind,” said Lynn, “I’ll take a shower and rinse this lot out of me. Being full of soft, squishy rice would be lovely, but this stuff is too hard and scratchy.”  
  
”Sure,” said Julie. “I’ll meet you downstairs when you’re done.”  
  
After breakfast, Martin and Lynn said goodbye to Julie and then got into the car to drive to the doctor’s surgery. When they arrived it was still five to eight, so they had to wait a few minutes for the surgery to open. Soon, however, the doors were unlocked, and Lynn got out of the car.  
  
”You’d better wait here,” she said, and Martin nodded in agreement.  
  
Twenty minutes later, Lynn emerged from the surgery and got back into Martin’s car, triumphantly waving two pieces of paper. “Quick,” she said. “Let’s get to the chemist. Maybe we can still get to school on time.”  
  
”Don’t worry about that,” said Martin. “Your father will be calling the school shortly, I expect.”  
  
”Yes, but I’d still like to make it on time if I can. Anyway I have two prescriptions here - one for the morning after stuff and one for my birth control pills. I had to answer a bunch of questions before he would give me these.”  
  
”I’m not surprised. Okay, I’ll drop you off outside the chemist and then I’ll wait for you in the car park by the supermarket.”  
  
He drove off and, a few minutes later, stopped by the kerb so that Lynn could get out.  
  
”Right, I’ll be there as soon as I can,” said Lynn. “I’ll try not to make you late for work.”  
  
”It’s okay, I’m working from home all this week,” said Martin.  
  
”Oh! That’s right, I forgot. Well, I’ll see you in the car park then.” She turned and hurried into the shop.  
  
Martin drove around to the supermarket car park and parked on the side nearest to where Lynn would be coming from. He switched the engine off and prepared to wait again.  
  
As it happened, though, he did not have to wait long. Barely five minutes later, Lynn appeared and waved. She trotted up to the car and got in. “That was easy,” she said. “I was the only customer - my prescription got done right away. I picked something else up, too.” She gave Martin a little box which, when he shook it, sounded as if it contained some kind of powder. Puzzled, he read the label.  
  
”Epsom salts,” he read aloud. “For the relief of occasional constipation. Are you constipated?”  
  
”No of course not, silly,” said Lynn with a smile. “Read the warning on the back.”  
  
Martin turned the box over. “Adults: take one to two spoonfuls with or after food. Children, nought to six years: take half to one spoonful. Um, oh yes, here we are. Warning: may cause diarrhoea.”  
  
”That’s it,” said Lynn with a grin. “An idea I just came up with. Thanks to Julie’s contribution last night, and yours, I am nicely full of poo. With the help of those Epsom salts, I’ll turn those contributions into liquid. I might even have a curry tonight, just to add to the effect.”  
  
”You want to give yourself diarrhoea?” inquired Martin.  
  
”Yup! And with a bit of luck I won’t make it to the toilet in time.”  
  
”Oh my goodness!” Martin’s jaw dropped. “You’re going to have an ‘accident’ at school?”  
  
”Indeed I shall. Tomorrow, though, not today. I don’t feel quite full enough today. Anyway, it’s gone half past now, so we’d better get going.”  
  
Five minutes later Martin arrived at the school. Lynn thanked him for the ride, then got out. After he had driven off, Lynn stood and waited by the gate for her friend to arrive. Two minutes later, right on cue, Julie cycled through the gate, her skirt riding up around her hips and her knickers exposed for all the world to see. The usual wolf whistles accompanied her arrival. Lynn walked over to the bike shed to meet her.  
  
”Hi,” she said. “Nice knickers.”  
  
Julie grinned. “Thanks,” she said. “How did it go?”  
  
”No problems at all,” Lynn reported. “I have to get inside and take this morning after stuff with some water. I also got some birth control pills, but the doctor says I can’t have unprotected sex for at least three months after I start on them.”  
  
”Three months?” Julie looked dismayed. “Bummer! I’d better get my own prescription sorted out pretty soon - I’m getting a little tired of only being fucked in the arse.”  
  
”Getting tired of it?” Lynn feigned shock. “Julie, how could you?”  
  
Julie laughed. “Oh, I love it of course,” she said, “but I must admit that my cunt would like some attention too, once in a while.”  
  
”Well, I think condoms are the answer, for the time being,” said Lynn. “If I’d thought about it I’d have picked up some of them, too. Hey, it’s nearly quarter to. We’d better get in and see Mr Dean.”  
  
The girls entered the school and climbed the stairs to report to Mr Dean once again.  
  
That afternoon, after another exciting day of exhibiting themselves at every opportunity, Lynn and Julie hugged as they parted company.  
  
”Come back to me soon,” said Julie. “The nights will be lonely without you.”  
  
Lynn nodded. “I will,” she said. “I’ll call you this evening, okay?” She began to move away.  
  
”Hey.” Julie stopped her. “You’re not going to get in your dad’s car like that, are you?”  
  
Lynn looked puzzled. “Like what?” she asked.  
  
”Well, you’re skirt’s a decent length, for one thing.”  
  
”Oh!” Lynn looked down at her skirt. She hoisted it up and folded over the waistband a couple of times. “Will that do?”  
  
”Not by a long shot,” replied Julie. “Keep going.”  
  
Lynn folded it over again, and again. When the hemline had reached crotch level Julie told her to stop. “Better,” she said. “Now go home, and have fun.”  
  
Lynn smiled, waved, then ran over to her father’s car. As she got in he stared at her in disbelief. “What the hell are you doing?” he demanded. “What have you done to your skirt?”  
  
”It’s the new me,” replied Lynn simply. “Like it?”  
  
”No I do not!” he said. “Have you taken leave of your senses? Fix your skirt right now!”  
  
”Dad, stop shouting and just drive. If it really bothers you, we’ll discuss it at home. But for now we have to stop at Julie’s house first to pick up my things.”  
  
Mr Howard frowned and began to drive away from the school. “Is this Julie’s idea?” he asked. “What kind of things have you two girls been doing while you’ve been staying at her house?”  
  
”All sorts of wonderful things. I’ve found I like to show off my body.”  
  
”So it seems. Well I can safely say you won’t be going to stay with her again.”  
  
”Oh Dad, don’t be so dramatic. I think you’d better stay in the car while I go in and fetch my stuff - I don’t want you having a row with poor Mr Ward.”  
  
”Maybe I should,” muttered her father.  
  
”Not until you and I, and Mum for that matter, have had a little chat.”  
  
Mr Ward grunted but said nothing.  
  
However he did remain in the car while Lynn went into Julie’s house to fetch her things. Martin let her in and, once the front door was safely closed, he gave her a long, passionate kiss. Lynn smiled happily at him. “Dad’s fuming,” she said. “He doesn’t think I should go around dressed this way.”  
  
”Then he’s a better father than I am,” remarked Martin wryly.  
  
Lynn poked him in the ribs. “I think you’re a wonderful father,” she said. “But to tell you the truth, if my dad started lusting after me I think I’d be pretty grossed out - I just don’t find him attractive at all.”  
  
Martin nodded. “Well,” he said, “you mustn’t keep him waiting. I have your things right here.”  
  
Lynn thanked him, then left the house and got back into her father’s car. “Okay, let’s go,” she said.  
  
That evening, back at her own house, Lynn stayed in her own room until she heard her mother arriving home from work. Then, wearing one of her specially edited microdresses, she trotted downstairs. She found both her parents in the hallway.  
  
”Here she comes,” said her father in a disapproving tone. “And see? What did I tell you?”  
  
”Oh my!” said Mrs Howard, staring in surprise at Lynn’s skimpy attire. “What’s come over you, Lynn?”  
  
”She’s decided she likes to flaunt herself.” Mr Howard glared first at Lynn, then at his wife. “I wonder where she gets it from?”  
  
Lynn’s mother glanced at her husband briefly, her eyes narrowing a little. “Never mind that,” she said. “Lynn, I hope you don’t wear that dress in public.”  
  
Lynn smiled. “I’ve worn shorter dresses than this, Mum,” she said. “It’s the new me. I have nice legs and I like to show them off. What’s wrong with that?”  
  
”What’s ‘wrong’ is that you’re telling the world that you’re a slut,” said her father, frowning darkly. “It’s very unhealthy. Lynn, go upstairs at once and put on some jeans.”  
  
”Oh Simon, let’s not overreact. I think we should sit down and have a family chat.”  
  
”Good idea Mum,” said Lynn, pleased. She walked past them into the living room and sat herself in an armchair. Her parents took their seats on the sofa.  
  
”Well, young lady,” said Simon, “what have you got to say for yourself?”  
  
”Merely that I have become an exhibitionist,” replied Lynn, “and that as a result I am thoroughly enjoying myself.”  
  
”Has this come about because of your stay with Julie?” inquired her mother.  
  
”Partially,” said Lynn carefully, “but it was something inside me that was just waiting to come out. Julie simply helped me to discover it.”  
  
”I see,” said her mother, nodding. “You must realise, of course, the dangers inherent in your public exhibitionism. You could be arrested for indecent exposure, not to mention being groped or assaulted.”  
  
”Wearing a dress like this is not going to get me arrested for indecent exposure,” said Lynn.  
  
”No,” admitted her mother, “but tell me honestly - is that the worst that you’ve done?”  
  
”Well ... no,” conceded Lynn. “But I do try to be careful.”  
  
”Never mind careful!” exclaimed Simon. “Lynn, you are not going to go out in that dress any more, nor in any dress of a similar length. Is that clear?”  
  
Lynn’s mother rolled her eyes. “Oh Simon, I don’t think this is the time for heavy-handedness.”  
  
”You can’t stop me doing what I love to do,” warned Lynn, her heart beating quickly. She was used to getting her own way with her parents, but open defiance was a rare event, and it was always stressful.  
  
”Jeez, don’t take her side, Gina!” Simon looked angry. “I thought you might have learned some sense by now. Goodness knows this is your fault anyway - the least you could do is try to fix it.”  
  
Lynn was puzzled. “What does he mean, Mum?” she asked.  
  
”Nothing, dear,” said her mother. “Simon, there’s no use wielding the big stick now - it’s too late for that. We have to try to make sure that whatever she does, she does it safely.”  
  
Simon shook his head. “She does nothing, okay? I’m going to burn anything in her wardrobe that’s shorter than mid-thigh, and I’m going to make sure she doesn’t see that Ward girl again, except in classes. There’s only a month left of this term, and then...”  
  
”And then what?” demanded Lynn. “What are you going to do, keep me locked in my room? You can’t stop me seeing whomever I wish!”  
  
”I can damn well try,” Simon growled.  
  
”Simon, stop being an ass,” Gina reproached him. “All you’re doing is...”  
  
”All I’m doing is trying to ensure my daughter acts decently and respectably in public! If that makes me an ass, then well I’d better just start braying.”  
  
”I think you’re already doing that, dear,” remarked Gina, with a wink at Lynn.  
  
Simon nearly exploded with fury. “Damn it woman, we’re having a family crisis and all you can do is mock me? Well I’ve bloody well had enough - I’m off out.” He got to his feet and stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind him.  
  
Lynn sat in a stunned silence for a few seconds. Then she said, “Crumbs, Mum, you really made him angry! Thanks for sticking up for me though.”  
  
”Don’t mention it, dear. I just know you too well to think that shouting at you isn’t going to make you change your ways.”  
  
”Then you don’t mind that I show off my body in public?” asked Lynn hopefully.  
  
”Now I didn’t say that. I understand what you’re doing - only too well - but I can’t say I approve of it. I’d like very much for you to think about the possible consequences of your actions, and the dangers involved. I’d like you to be very careful about what you show and to whom, and I’d like you to stay safe, whatever you do.”  
  
Lynn nodded. “I try to,” she said.  
  
”No.” Gina shook her head solemnly. “Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.”  
  
Lynn burst out laughing, the spell of seriousness broken. She pointed an accusing finger at her mother. “You got that from Yoda, you silly thing!” she exclaimed.  
  
Gina was chuckling quietly. “Yes,” she said, “but I did mean it. You should ask yourself this question before you embark on any escapade: could anything go wrong? If the answer is ‘yes’, then don’t do it. Whatever you do, make sure it’s safe.”  
  
Lynn sighed. “But Mum, the element of risk is half the fun! If I can’t take a few risks when I’m young, when can I take them?”  
  
Gina nodded grudgingly. “Risk is always fun,” she said, “but trust me: it’s not worth getting caught. I’ll let you into a little secret - I once liked to show off, like you.”  
  
Lynn gasped. “You did? Gosh, Mum, when was this?”  
  
”Oh, before I married your father. I got arrested a couple of times, and spent a few days in prison. But it wasn’t the prison sentence that caused me the problems - it was the criminal record. Have you any idea how hard it is to get a decent job when you have a record?”  
  
Lynn shook her head.  
  
”Well of course you don’t. But trust me, Lynn, you don’t want to get arrested. It will ruin your future, it really will.”  
  
Lynn nodded soberly. “Okay Mum, your point is well taken. I’ll try to minimise the risks of getting arrested, just for you.”  
  
”Not for me, dear, do it for yourself. Now I’m not going to ask you what you’ve done so far - it’s in the past and it’s your business, but please promise me you’ll be careful and look after yourself in the future. And I don’t just mean avoiding arrest - make sure you don’t leave yourself vulnerable to being raped.”  
  
Lynn blushed. “I’ll ... try not to,” she said.  
  
Gina looked at her daughter suspiciously. “Have you been raped?” she asked.  
  
”Well, not exactly...” began Lynn.  
  
Her mother gasped and put her hands to her face in shock. “Lynn!” she exclaimed. “When was this?”  
  
”I said not exactly,” continued Lynn in a rush. “It wasn’t really rape, because I think I could have stopped it if I’d wanted to enough. It was yesterday afternoon, in a really crappy part of town. I’m fine though. But I’ve had to take some morning after pills, and I’m going on the pill too.”  
  
Gina had her head in her hands, and was shaking it slowly in dismay. Eventually she looked up. “Lynn, I’m so sorry...” she began.  
  
”Why?” asked Lynn, puzzled.  
  
”Well I feel like this is my fault,” said Gina wretchedly. “I’ve obviously passed on my exhibitionistic tendencies to you, and now it’s got you raped!”  
  
”Relax Mum! I’m really fine, I promise,” Lynn assured her. “Please don’t worry about it.”  
  
”Lynn, I’ll respect your choice to handle this as you wish,” said Gina, “but as your mother I really wish you’d report it as a rape.”  
  
Lynn shook her head. “Mum, even if I wanted to, there would be no point. There must be hundreds of people who have seen me naked in public now - the defence would only have to produce one of them, and my credibility would be gone.”  
  
”Naked?” Gina inquired, then she held up her hands and closed her eyes. “No, I don’t want to know. Very well, Lynn, but please don’t let it happen again.”  
  
”I’ll try not to,” said Lynn. “Mum, I’m curious - just what kind of things did you do when you were younger?”  
  
Gina smiled. “Oh, I don’t think so, dear. I don’t think it would be appropriate for you to hear about all that. For one thing it might give you ideas that I don’t particularly want you to have in your head.”  
  
”Oh please, Mum, just one story,” Lynn begged. “I can’t believe it would be anything I haven’t topped already.”  
  
Her mother looked uncomfortable. “It’s not really the sort of thing a mother should tell her daughter, I’m sure.”  
  
”Please Mum. I’d like to think that you and I could share our thoughts on these experiences, since we seem to be kindred spirits. I confess I’m seeing you in a whole new light... Now don’t sigh Mum, I think it’s a good thing - it’s made me realise that you and I are more alike than I knew, and it makes me feel somehow closer to you.”  
  
”That’s good, in a way, Lynn, but I would have preferred something else to be our common ground. If you insist, I’ll tell you a little story about how my taste for exhibitionism first developed.”  
  
”Ooh good.” Lynn smiled happily and prepared to listen.  
  
”It happened when I was nineteen. The year was seventy-six - it was a very hot summer as I recall. I was a university student here in the city, and I had just come home after my first-year exams. I had not met your father by then. I was supposed to be going to France on holiday with my parents, but I convinced them to let me stay at home, supposedly so I could work, but actually so that I could hang out with my friends. Well, we were all nuts about disco in those days - my friends and I would dance to Abba songs until the small hours - I think ‘Dancing Queen’ came out that summer. Anyway, I was already kind of an unusual teenager. My sister was eight years older than me, and I had always been jealous of the attention she had got as a teenager, wearing the tiny miniskirts that nearly every girl wore in the late sixties. As I got older, and she discarded the miniskirts in favour of flares and platforms, she gave me all her old clothes. I loved it! I wore her shortest skirts and dresses, looking like a sixties chick even in the middle of the seventies. I suppose I must have looked very much out of place down at the disco, but I didn’t care. When I danced in my minidresses, I got lots of male attention, and I loved it.  
  
”One day I got up and decided to go shopping. I put on one of my microdresses, but then I found that I had run out of clean underwear. You may think that was terribly undomesticated of me, but to tell you the truth I was so used to my mother doing all my laundry that I had hardly even noticed that I was getting low. I simply threw my old underwear in the basket, then when I found there was no more in my drawer I went to the airing cupboard, expecting a newly-washed pair to be in there waiting for me. But of course there wasn’t. I suppose I could have worn a dirty pair, but I just couldn’t bring myself to. I was used to putting on a clean pair every day.  
  
”To cut a long story short, I decided to go out without any knickers on. I knew it was awfully daring, since I was wearing such a short skirt, but the idea of being so naughty was rather exciting. Naturally I intended to be extremely careful not to reveal myself, and I clutched my hemline whenever even a slight breeze began to blow. But it was not a very windy day, and I had no problems on that score.  
  
”Unfortunately I had not prepared for a much worse threat - that of small boys on the hoof. I was walking down a pretty crowded street, when all of a sudden two boys burst out of a shop and collided with me. I suppose they were about eleven or twelve years old. Not being very solidly-built, and barely taller than the boys, I went flying, and unfortunately I hit my head on a lamp-post as I fell. I was not badly hurt, but I was rather dazed as I lay on my back, and it took me several seconds to realise that my dress was now residing around my waist.”  
  
”Oh my goodness!” exclaimed Lynn, her mouth open in awe.  
  
”When I realised this, I was of course mortified. Several people had stopped in their tracks and were staring down at me. And not at my face, I might add. I jumped to my feet and pulled my dress down, then fled back home in abject embarrassment. Later, however, once I had calmed down, I could not get the incident out of my head. I kept replaying it in my mind, and the more I did so, the more exciting I found it.  
  
”I went out again the following day, also without knickers. The thought that some other accident might happen was such a thrill! I found myself almost hoping that someone would shove past me and give me an excuse to fall over. But nobody did, and I returned home rather disappointed.  
  
”The next time I went out, I forced the issue. I spotted a loose paving stone and pretended to trip over it. I went sprawling, this time on my front, and my dress rode up to expose my naked bottom. I got up again and ran off, feigning embarrassment, but this time I was actually thrilled by the experience. After that I hardly ever went anywhere with knickers on. And, well, that’s my story.”  
  
”Cool!” Lynn clapped her hands. “That sounds like it was such fun! Thank you for telling me about it, Mum.”  
  
Gina blushed and smiled. “Well, I’m sure it seems pretty tame. I got a lot wilder later on, but that was how it all started.”  
  
Lynn got up and walked over to her mother, then gave her a big hug. “So now you understand why I like to wear minidresses like this?” she asked.  
  
”Of course I do. But like I said, as your mother I have to advise you to be cautious.”  
  
”I know. But Mum, I have to tell you something, about me and Julie.”  
  
”What’s that?” inquired Gina.  
  
”We’re... Oh Mum, I don’t know how to say this - it may come as a bit of a shock. We’re ... lesbians.”  
  
Gina gasped. “My goodness Lynn, are you serious?”  
  
”I’m afraid so Mum. We, um, ‘found’ each other last week. Oh Mum it’s been so wonderful, staying at her house! I really love her.”  
  
Gina shook her head, frowning. “Another trait you may have got from me, I fear. Still, it shouldn’t bother me I suppose. Are you sure it’s love, dear? Or is it just lust?”  
  
Lynn blushed. “Well, a bit of both actually,” she confessed with a guilty grin. “But I do love her, Mum, really I do. I was hoping I could persuade you and Dad to let me move in with her.”  
  
”You what?” Gina looked startled. “Lynn, you’re a little young to be setting up home with someone. I’d say the same if it were a man you were seeing. But two girls, of your age - are you both planning to get jobs?”  
  
Lynn sat down on the sofa beside her mother. “Well, no,” she said. “I was hoping you might fund my rent - I have a flat in mind, you see.”  
  
”Fund your rent?” repeated her mother in disbelief. “Lynn, why should we pay for you to live somewhere else when you could just as easily live here?”  
  
”Oh but Mum,” begged Lynn. “I so badly want to live with Julie! She means everything to me. Please, I’ll do anything you want in return. I’ll pay back all the rent money once I get a job...”  
  
”Empty promises, Lynn,” said her mother. “What does Julie’s father think about all this?”  
  
”I don’t know, but Julie thinks she can persuade him.”  
  
”Well even if she does,” said Gina, “and even if I agreed, you can bet your life there’s no chance of persuading your father. He’d have a fit!”  
  
Lynn nodded glumly. “I know Mum, I know. But I was hoping you would help me persuade him.”  
  
”Where is this flat that you have in mind?” asked Gina.  
  
”Oh, it’s not far from here,” replied Lynn evasively.  
  
Gina raised her eyebrows. “Oh yes? Where exactly?”  
  
Lynn bit her lip in apprehension, then told her.  
  
”Oh really? That’s a pretty bad area, so I hear.”  
  
”But cheap,” added Lynn.  
  
”I’m sure it is.” Gina sighed. “Lynn, this just gets worse and worse. I have no objection to your seeing Julie (though we’ll still have to persuade your father to let you), but there’s no way I can sanction your moving in with her, especially in as run-down and crime-ridden an area as you just mentioned. I’m sorry, but that’s just how it is.”  
  
Lynn’s face fell, and a tear began to roll down her cheek. “In that case, Mum, I’ll get a job this summer and I’ll finance it myself. I don’t know what sort of work I’ll do, but I’m sure I’ll be able to get some work in the city of some kind. I seem to have something that a lot of men want, so I’m sure I can get them to pay for it...”  
  
Gina leapt to her feet. “Lynn!” she snapped. “Don’t even think along those lines! For heaven’s sake, girl, you’re not treated harshly in this house! What could make you so desperate to move out that you would sink to selling your body?”  
  
Lynn stared at her knees and said nothing. Then she began to cry, and she put her head in her hands as misery overwhelmed her. Deep down she knew she was being irrational, but she had set her heart on moving into that cockroach-infested flat with Julie, and she could not bear to have the idea shot down.  
  
Gina sighed and sat back down, putting her arms around her daughter’s shoulders. “Oh Lynn,” she said, “I know what it’s like. I know what’s going through your head. But you must realise that lines have to be drawn somewhere. Some day you’ll be able to realise this dream of yours, but you can’t expect your father and me to actively help you further your sexual enterprises.” She began to stroke Lynn’s hair.  
  
Lynn looked up, her face tear-stained. “But why, Mum?” she asked. “You more than anyone know what this feels like. Why can’t you help me? Have you forgotten what it’s like to take those risks, to feel the thrill of baring your body in public?”  
  
”No, dear, I haven’t forgotten. But it’s a chapter in my life that I closed long ago. Now I have to be responsible, and that includes making sure that my daughter is safe.”  
  
”But you can’t stop me going there! I can go there every day during this summer holiday, if I like. What difference does it then make whether I actually live there or not?”  
  
Gina shook her head slightly. “Lynn, I can’t stop you taking risks,” she said. “But I’m certainly not going to make it easy for you to do so. And at least if you’re here, then I can sleep at night knowing you are safely in bed under my roof. If you were not, then I would worry terribly.”  
  
Lynn buried her head in her mother’s shoulder. “Mum, you don’t realise how much I want this,” she said. “I’ve found the girl of my dreams, and the lifestyle that I want to live. Can you not accept it, and try to make sure I’m as safe within that lifestyle as possible?”  
  
”When you’re an adult, perhaps,” replied Gina. “But until then, you’re my responsibility, and I will keep you as safe as I possibly can. Anyway, time’s getting on and we still haven’t had supper. Are you hungry?”  
  
”No,” replied Lynn sullenly.  
  
”Lynn, you can’t expect me to accede to all of your wishes, just because we share a love of exhibiting ourselves! But I promise you that we’ll continue to talk about it, as much and as often as you want. I’m not the type of mother who puts her foot down and refuses to compromise. And I’ve always tried to give you as much freedom as I could, since my own parents did the same with me. So cheer up, dear, and remember that the issue isn’t dead, it’s just on hold for the time being. Come on, we need to eat. Would you like to order out?”  
  
”Um, can we order curry?” asked Lynn.  
  
Gina smiled, pleased. “That’s better,” she said. “Certainly we can have curry. Do you want your usual? Good, then I’ll go and order it right away.”  
  
  
**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 6 - Lynn’s Induced Diarrhoea Adventure**  
The following morning, Lynn was munching her cereal when her mother came down the stairs to join her. It was just after eight o’clock - the two of them usually had breakfast together at this time.  
  
”Morning dear,” said Gina. “Sleep well?”  
  
”Fine thanks,” replied Lynn, and then she noticed her mother’s attire. “Mum! You look great!”  
  
Gina grinned. “Thanks,” she said. “I think you awoke in me something long forgotten.” She sat down at the breakfast table, while Lynn could not take her eyes off her mother’s miniskirt.  
  
”Gosh Mum, that’s quite short! I’ve never seen you wearing something so ... daring.”  
  
”Thank you, I think. The chaps at work will no doubt make similar comments.”  
  
”I’ll bet!” said Lynn with a chuckle. “Hey, what did Dad say when he came in last night? I heard raised voices from my room, but I didn’t dare come down to investigate.”  
  
”Probably just as well.” Gina sighed. “We had a bit of a row.”  
  
”About me?”  
  
”Yes. Well, partly. He’s very anxious that you don’t turn out like I did - he can’t bear to think of you as a sexual being. In his mind you’re still an innocent little girl and he doesn’t like to be reminded that you’re growing up. Silly really. Anyway, he didn’t even bother to wake me up before he left this morning, which is never a good sign - he must still be pretty angry.”  
  
”He’ll get over it,” said Lynn with a shrug. She resumed eating her cereal for a few moments, then a thought struck her. “Mum, do you know how long it takes for a laxative to work?”  
  
Gina frowned in puzzlement. “A laxative? Why on Earth...? Are you ... having problems...?”  
  
”No, I’m just curious. How long do you think?”  
  
”Well, I don’t know - a couple of hours perhaps? Maybe longer - I’m not sure.”  
  
”Ah, okay.”  
  
”Did you take one?” inquired Gina.  
  
Lynn smiled sheepishly. “Yeah, last night,” she said. “I’d rather not explain why.”  
  
Gina stared suspiciously at her daughter. “Hmm,” she said. “Well, on top of a curry I think you can expect some spectacular results.”  
  
”I only took half the stated dose,” said Lynn. “I didn’t want to overdo it, what with having a curry as well.”  
  
”Very wise. But I’m rather curious... You want to give yourself diarrhoea?”  
  
”Mum! Please, I’d really rather not talk about it.”  
  
Gina shrugged. “Well you brought it up, dear. Do you want me to drive you to school?”  
  
”Yes please. I have to be in early anyway. Oh but Mum, I’m thinking of getting myself a bicycle. I don’t suppose you could help me out with that, could you?”  
  
”Sure, I suppose so. Why do you want a bicycle all of a sudden?”  
  
”Oh, just to keep fit,” replied Lynn with an almost straight face.  
  
”I’m sure.” Gina rolled her eyes. “Well just be careful around your father - he’ll totally flip if he sees you cycling to school in a short skirt.”  
  
”He’ll just have to get used to it,” said Lynn. “I’m sure he’ll come around, especially since I’m sure he has nothing fundamentally against exhibitionism.”  
  
”What makes you say that?” inquired Gina.  
  
”Well, I presume that’s what attracted him to you, isn’t it?”  
  
”Uh, no, not really. I went after him, actually - not the other way around. But it’s a long story and we don’t really have time for it now. I want to leave by twenty to nine, so you’d better hurry.”  
  
”I will. Oh, but do you think we could leave a little before that? I need to be at school at twenty to.”  
  
”Well you’d better get moving. Why do you need to be in so early?”  
  
”Mr Dean needs to make sure that Julie and I are wearing skirts of a decent length,” Lynn explained with an impish grin. “We got into a bit of trouble last week.”  
  
”Why am I not surprised?” remarked Gina with a sigh. “Okay then, we’ll leave in twenty-five minutes.”  
  
”Thanks Mum,” said Lynn.  
  
When Lynn arrived at school, she could feel the laxative working. The contents of her bowels were slowly but surely turning to mush. She had been pretty full to begin with, since both Julie’s and Martin’s excrement was contained within her colon. Now, with last night’s curry working its way down her intestines, the pressure on her anus was becoming almost irresistible.  
  
She survived the first lesson, and the second, with her buttocks tightly clamped together throughout. During Break she hurried to the toilet and paced up and down, sweat breaking out on her brow as she fought to keep her anal sphincter closed. Every time she relaxed even slightly, a tiny amount of liquid poo would seep out of her anus, and she would have to clamp herself shut again, then duck into a stall and wipe away the brown mess. She loved to poo in her knickers, but this was not the time. Not quite yet...  
  
Break ended, and she sat at the back of the classroom next to Julie during the following lesson, which was history with Mr Dennis. Lynn could not concentrate on what the teacher was saying - her head was pounding and the blood was roaring in her ears as she struggled to keep her anus shut.  
  
”Lynn, you look as if you’re about to explode,” whispered Julie in concern. “When are you planning to let it out.”  
  
”When I can’t hold it in any longer,” replied Lynn with her teeth clenched. “Which could happen any minute now.”  
  
”And you’re going to do it right here?” inquired Julie in disbelief. “You’ll get into terrible trouble!”  
  
”Maybe,” Lynn whispered hoarsely, “but this is going to be an adventure to remember.”  
  
Then a tiny trickle began to ooze out of her anus, and she knew the time had come. On an impulse, she stuck her hand up in the air. “Mr Dennis!”  
  
Mr Dennis looked annoyed to be interrupted in the middle of his discourse on the sequence of events leading up to the breakout of the First World War. “Yes Lynn?” he asked in some irritation.  
  
”Sir, I have to go to the toilet. I really don’t feel well.”  
  
He peered at her, frowning. “Hmm, you don’t look too good,” he admitted. “Go on then - be quick about it.”  
  
Lynn stood up slowly, her hand pressed to her abdomen as if she was in pain. As she stood, she surreptitiously hoisted her waistband high about her waist, so that her skirt was shortened by several inches. Julie noticed this, but doubted that Mr Dennis had. As Lynn walked towards the front of the classroom, rather unsteadily, she continued to clutch her abdomen, until she suddenly stopped in her tracks just before she reached the door. With her back to the entire class, she bent double as if in sudden pain, keeping her legs straight so that her hemline rode up over her bottom, exposing her panty-clad buttocks to Mr Dennis and all her classmates. She had worn a large pair of white cottons for the occasion instead of her preferred thong, simply because they could hold more poo.  
  
Then she let go. In fact she more than let go - in the instant she relaxed her anus, she pushed with all her might to expel every last drop of diarrhoea from her over-full colon. Her knickers instantly filled to capacity, bulging with the vast quantity of mushy poo that had burst forth from Lynn’s anus. It was not, in fact, entirely liquid, for she had not taken enough of the laxative to totally liquify her faeces. Rather it was simply very, very soft, and consequently most of it managed to stay within the confines of her knickers.  
  
Most, but not all. As more of the disgusting mush continued to pour out of Lynn’s rectum, it began to seep out of the edges and fall to splash on the floor. Her knickers, now heavily-laden, were sagging with the weight and were beginning to slip down over her buttocks.  
  
The teacher, and indeed Lynn’s fellow pupils, sat in stunned silence, staring at her bulging knickers. It had all happened so quickly that none of them had yet had time to react. They had all been idly watching as she walked to the door in obvious discomfort, then their attention had been riveted by her bending over and revealing her knickers. To see those knickers suddenly fill up and turn brown, stained by the mass of poo within, was an experience none of them were ever likely to forget.  
  
But Lynn was not yet finished. When she felt her knickers start to slip down, she was initially delighted, for she would have loved to be disrobed in public by her own excrement. Unfortunately she realised in a fraction of a second that it was not going to happen quickly enough. If she maintained this pose for another half-minute, her knickers would certainly fall, but she knew she could not possibly justify remaining in this position for that long.  
  
Instead, she pretended to lose control of her legs. Her knees wobbled, then buckled, as if she was too weak to remain standing. Abruptly she sat down, landing hard on the floor, her bottom beautifully cushioned by the mass of poo. As she hit the floor, of course, the poo immediately splurged out of the sides of her knickers, forming a puddle in which she now sat.  
  
Apparently utterly mortified by this terrible accident, Lynn now put her head in her hands and rocked back and forth on her bottom, working the poo into every crevice and along the backs of her thighs. To her classmates it looked as if she were crying, humiliated beyond comprehension. Julie, of course, was not fooled for a moment.  
  
Mr Dennis finally found his voice. “Oh my goodness!” he exclaimed. “Lynn, get up at once and go to the toilet! Would somebody please go with her to make sure she’s all right?”  
  
Julie’s hand went up. “I’ll go with her, Mr Dennis,” she said.  
  
”Good, thank you Julie. Now I need a volunteer to clean up the floor...”  
  
Nobody volunteered as Julie went to help Lynn to her feet. As they walked to the door, Julie turned back and said, “Lynn and I will clean it up after we get back.”  
  
”Uh, thank you Julie,” said Mr Dennis. “Um, perhaps we had better finish this class in the gymnasium. Everyone, please grab your books and make your way there directly. And please try to avoid the ... um ... what’s on the floor.”  
  
Julie escorted Lynn quickly to the toilet, her friend dripping poo almost all the way. When they got there, they shut themselves in a cubicle and Julie placed her lips to Lynn’s, giving her a deep and passionate kiss that made Lynn moan with pleasure. They wrapped their arms around each other as their tongues caressed in wild abandon. Julie reached down with her hands and felt wet poo on the back of Lynn’s skirt. She squeezed Lynn’s buttocks, then lifted the skirt and ran one hand down inside the back of Lynn’s knickers. Grabbing a handful of poo, she squished it into Lynn’s crotch, then slipped two fingers up into Lynn’s anus.  
  
Breaking off the kiss, she murmured, “Lynn, you were sensational.”  
  
Lynn smiled as she panted in pleasure. “Thanks, my darling,” she said. “It was an awesome experience. And to think I got away with it!”  
  
Julie nodded. “You certainly did, sweetheart. That was a stroke of genius, in my opinion. Now, let’s get these knickers off.”  
  
She bent down and carefully pulled Lynn’s knickers off, taking care not to spill any of the precious poo contained therein. She stood up again, regarding the knickers thoughtfully, then she quite deliberately took out a handful of poo and slapped it against Lynn’s chest.  
  
Lynn gasped in shock as Julie began rubbing her hands around as if she were washing her friend, smearing poo into Lynn’s breasts through the material of her white shirt. Lynn’s eyes were wide and her mouth agape, but she made no attempt to stop her friend. The front of her shirt was now becoming covered with brown streaks and soft squishy brown lumps. She closed her eyes and sighed happily.  
  
”They’re going to tease you mercilessly from now on, you know,” remarked Julie.  
  
”I don’t care,” said Lynn. “It was worth it. Besides, I can always say I did it for a dare.”  
  
”You think that will make a difference? Hmm, I don’t know, maybe it might. But you obviously can’t go back to class looking like this. Tell you what, why don’t you take my bike and cycle back to my house? I’ll tell Mr Dennis that you were really ill and had to go home. Tell my Dad to pick me up this afternoon, okay?”  
  
”Okay,” said Lynn. “I’d better clean up a bit first though.”  
  
”Oh no you don’t, my girl. You’re going to cycle home exactly as you are.” Julie grinned wickedly.  
  
Lynn flushed and smiled. “As you wish,” she said quietly. She took her knickers back from Julie, very carefully stepped into them, and pulled them up, taking care not to lose any more of their contents.  
  
”You know the combination of my bicycle lock?” asked Julie.  
  
”Four six three three?”  
  
”That’s it. Now go, sweetie, and I’ll watch as you walk down the corridor. Don’t hurry, either - I want you to walk slowly.”  
  
Lynn nodded, walked out of the toilet stall, and opened the door to the main corridor. She stepped outside and began to walk with slow, short steps towards the main entrance. It seemed so far away - it would take her several minutes to reach it at this rate. Before she had gone very far, she heard Julie’s whispered voice behind her.  
  
”Stop there for a minute.”  
  
Lynn stopped, and began to breathe more quickly. What was Julie’s plan now?  
  
”Okay, I want you to roll up your skirt around your waistband. I want to see every inch of your lovely poo-filled knickers, my darling.”  
  
Lynn obeyed, turning her waistband over and over until there was nothing left of the skirt except a thick roll of material bunched around her waist. A piece of mushy poo fell from her bottom and landed wetly on the floor. Lynn stooped, picked it up with her fingers, and dropped it inside her knickers.  
  
Behind her, Julie looked on in satisfaction. Lynn was quite a sight, with poo smeared over her entire bottom as well as the backs of her thighs. Her knickers, though emptied of much of their messy contents, still bulged with the poo still remaining, and sagged a little. This gave Julie an idea.  
  
”You’re wearing your knickers too high,” she told Lynn. “Pull them down a little.”  
  
Lynn responded immediately, taking hold of the elasticised top of her knickers on both sides and pulling down a little. When the elastic was halfway down her buttocks, Julie whispered a command to stop.  
  
”That’s perfect. Now carry on, my love, and I’ll see you at home later.”  
  
Lynn continued, walking slowly and sedately down the corridor, with her knickers working themselves slowly further and further down her bottom. She knew without being told that she was not allowed to pull them back up again, and soon her pussy was fully exposed, as well as her entire bottom. Still she continued walking, while her knickers continued to descend with each step. When they sank as far as her knees, she turned and gave Julie a questioning look. Julie looked a little disappointed, but motioned for her to pull them back up, which Lynn gratefully did.  
  
She reached the end of the corridor and left the building through the front door, waving goodbye to Julie as she did so. She hurried to the bike shed, unlocked Julie’s bicycle, then mounted up, her messy knickers squishing deliciously into her pussy as she sat on the seat. For a moment she wondered whether or not she should leave her skirt where it was, but decided after a moment that the drivers would have plenty to look at anyway. She unrolled her skirt a few times and let it down so that the hemline at least covered her knickers. Well, almost.  
  
As she rode, the scissoring motion of her thighs and the rubbing of the saddle against her pussy made the poo in her knickers work its way into her vagina and all along the groove between her labia. She was not sure if the drivers were noticing her messy state, but there were plenty of horns sounding as she pedalled her way down the main road.  
  
She arrived at Julie’s house flushed and breathless, and terribly horny. She rang the doorbell and waited for Martin to answer the door. A minute later she rang the bell again. There was no answer. Then she realised with sudden shock that the driveway was empty. Martin had gone out.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 7 - Lynn’s Forest Walk Adventure**

Lynn thought for a moment. There was no way of knowing when Martin might be back, so she had to make alternative plans. She knew that there was a river that ran alongside the fields behind Martin’s house - perhaps she could find a reasonably secluded spot where she could get herself clean.

She walked down the lane bordering the cluster of houses surrounding Martin’s, then climbed over the fence into the nearest field. It was here that she and Julie had, just last Sunday, got themselves covered with cow poo by standing behind the cows just as they were lifting their tails. Lynn sighed - it had been a wonderful day and she intended to repeat the experience sometime.

But for now she made her way along the edge of the field, heading downhill towards the river. Beyond the water a steep bank rose towards a forest wherein, perhaps, she could wait unseen until the time when Julie arrived home.

Lynn climbed over another fence and then climbed down through a cluster of ferns towards the river. Next to the water the bank was much flatter and composed of a coarse silt, and here Lynn disrobed, shielded from prying eyes by the high banks and dense foliage that enshrouded them. As she pulled her poo-filled knickers away from her crotch, she felt a moment’s regret - the sensation of the sticky material pressing into her pussy had been wonderful - but she knew she could not keep them messy forever. She pulled them off and dunked them in the river, washing them out thoroughly. She then gave her skirt and shirt the same treatment.

Naked, she waded out into the river (even at its deepest point it rose no further than mid-thigh) and proceeded to wash her pussy, bottom and legs. Before long she was completely clean, and rather cold - despite the time of year the water was somewhat chilly.

Wringing out her wet clothes, she put them back on and then waded across to the far side of the river. Getting out was a little tricky, but she managed to scale the bank with the help of various tree roots that protruded from the ground. Finally she made it up to a flattish area of the wood, and stood still for a moment to catch her breath. The wood consisted primarily of beech trees, which were by now in full foliage. Not far away from her was a path, part of a nature trail that spanned the length of the forest. Lynn decided she might as well take a scenic walk instead of merely waiting at the forest’s edge for school to finish.

As she reached the path, it occurred to her that she was terribly overdressed. The hem of her skirt was three inches above the knee, and that, she thought to herself, would not do at all. She took the skirt off and threw it over her shoulder. The thought of walking through the woods in just a shirt and knickers was highly appealing.

Then another thought occurred - it would be a bit of a pain to carry the skirt everywhere. Better to leave it here and pick it up again when she came back this way. She returned to the top of the bank where she had climbed up from the river, found a suitably distinctive-looking tree, and deposited her rolled-up skirt at the base of its trunk, on the river side so that it could not be seen from the path.

Returning to the path, she set off, feeling rather liberated at her state of undress. She rather hoped she would encounter someone coming the other way, but even if she did not it was nice to be so scantily-clad while outdoors.

The further she walked, the more turned-on she became, and soon she decided that maybe she should get a little more undressed. Quickly she unbuttoned her shirt, and continued on her way thus, with her breasts only loosely covered, and likely to be revealed at the first breath of wind. Not that there was much wind in this sheltered spot.

A dip in the forest floor to her left caught her eye. Leaving the path to investigate, she was intrigued to find a partially dried-up pond, roughly twenty yards across. The first few yards from the shore were practically pure mud, with here and there a branch and a few sticks that had fallen from the trees above. A thin film of water covered the mud in most places, and where it did not, the mud was obviously still very moist. Lynn approached the pond as close as she dared, then picked up a stick and thrust it into the mud a couple of feet from the edge. It did not reach the bottom by the time its upper end disappeared. Lynn’s interest grew.

Taking off her shirt and her wristwatch, so that she was dressed in only her shoes, socks and knickers (she had not worn a bra to school), she stepped boldly out on to a patch of the mud that was fairly devoid of hard objects. Her right shoe disappeared immediately, followed by her calf and shin, and then her knee. Here her descent slowed almost to a stop, and she placed her left foot on the mud and put her weight on it. It, too, sank up to the knee, and she began to tug at first one leg then the other, working her feet deeper into the smelly mud.

And it was smelly - terribly so. The stench of rotting vegetation pervaded her nostrils, but she did not mind it. She continued to sink, descending with very little effort as the mud rose up her thighs and eventually began to brush against the crotch of her knickers. Now it was getting rather more difficult to sink - she must be nearing the bottom of the pond. She was only about three feet or so from the shore - maybe she should have tried jumping further from the shore.

Yet further out the mud gave way to water, and though the mud beneath was no doubt very deep, the experience would not have been the same as sinking into pure mud. Lynn looked down at her crotch - the mud was now half-way up her knickers. She very much wanted to completely cover her knickers, and she renewed her wriggling, hoping that the mud was deep enough for her purpose.

Little by little, millimetre by millimetre, her knickers sank down into the glutinous, dark brown mud. When finally they had vanished beneath the surface, Lynn sighed with satisfaction. She reached down, picked up large handfuls of mud, and mashed them into her breasts. It felt cold against her warm flesh, and she shivered a little. She then dipped her hand into the mud and found the material of her knickers. She pulled it outwards and proceeded to pile mud inside, rubbing the foul stuff into her pussy.

At this point she noticed something moving on her chest. It was only a tiny something, so small that she had not noticed it before, but now she frowned and peered more closely at it. It was barely more than a centimetre long, and only a millimetre or so in diameter, and it appeared to be fastened to her skin at one end. The other end wiggled around in the air for a moment, then fastened itself to her skin, then the other end moved towards it and re-attached itself.

Lynn had never seen its like before, but she knew perfectly well what it was. A leech! she thought. But it was so small! The leeches she had seen in films and in nature documentaries had all been huge in comparison with this little thing. Her initial reaction was to pull it off, but she stopped herself. The more she thought about it, the more she decided she quite liked the thought of having a leech feeding on her breast. It was kind of erotic, in a grotesque sort of way.

Then she realised that it was not the only wriggler. As her eyes travelled across her chest, she found another, then another, and another. By the time her gaze had traversed both breasts, she had counted seven of the tiny things.

And what about her legs? It suddenly occurred to Lynn that they were probably being feasted upon by hundreds of the little suckers; and her pussy? Very probably it was undergoing the same treatment. Lynn flushed with a sudden rush of sexual excitement, and she began to finger her clitoris, closing her eyes as she fantasised about falling into a jungle swamp and being set upon by hundreds of really huge leeches. Now that would be something.

She squished some more mud into the cleft between her pussy lips, then pushed some up into her vaginal orifice. She pushed in more and more mud, cramming her cunt full so that she was certain there would be several leeches in there. She imagined them fastening their mouths to her vaginal wall and sucking her blood therefrom.

She tried to bend her legs, leaning back with her body so that her bottom would sink further into the mud. If she could get herself into a sitting position, she surmised, she would be able to bury herself up to the neck. With a great deal of wriggling and puffing, she worked her way further and further into the mud, reclining so that her weight would facilitate the process.

Ten minutes later only her head remained above the mud’s surface. Her arms were virtually locked in place by her sides, although she knew she could free them if she had to. Still, it felt wonderful to be so tightly imprisoned, especially when she knew that her body was being attacked by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of leeches. She wondered idly if any of them would leave a mark on her skin.

She managed to get one hand to her crotch, and she began to masturbate, closing her eyes and smiling happily to herself.

“Are you all right?”

Lynn’s eyes snapped open. The speaker was an elderly man who was standing on the side of the pond, bending over and peering at her over the top of his glasses. His right hand clutched a dog lead, on the other end of which was a Jack Russell terrier which was nosing around the leaf litter.

“I’m fine thanks,” replied Lynn.

“Are you sure? You look stuck,” the man observed.

“I’m really fine,” said Lynn. “I’m not stuck, I can get out of here anytime I choose. Thank you for your concern, though.”

“Eh? What’s that? Oh, don’t mention it.” The man scratched his head. “Are you sure you can get out? You look pretty stuck to me.”

“I’m sure, I really am,” confirmed Lynn. “Thanks anyway.”

“Okay then,” said the man. He turned to go, then he turned back. “What are you doing in there, anyway?” he inquired.

“My mother’s into all this New Age stuff and natural remedies,” Lynn explained. “I have mild eczema, and she recommended this mud treatment. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ll get back to my meditation.”

The man cocked an ear towards her, frowning. “Say again? I’m a little hard of hearing I’m afraid.”

Lynn repeated herself.

“Meditation ... really? Wow, new age, eh? Funny old world.” Mumbling to himself, the man turned and walked slowly away. His dog, trotting along faithfully by his master’s side, was carrying a white rag in his teeth, and it was several seconds before it dawned on Lynn just what that rag was. It was her shirt.

“Hey!” she shouted, but the old man failed to hear her and was soon out of sight.

There was no point in dwelling on this problem for the time being, so Lynn returned to her meditation, and soon reached a climax. Sighing with satisfaction, she relaxed her limbs, closing her eyes in sheer pleasure.

A wetness on her lower lip brought her to her senses. Startled, she opened her eyes and realised that she must have drifted off to sleep for a few moments. At any rate, she had somehow settled further into the mud, and now it was almost to the level of her mouth. She heaved herself forward with a mighty effort, and succeeded in moving slightly, but she could not sustain the effort and when she relaxed she returned to her original position.

Now she was rather scared. She was sinking, and she could not apparently get out. She struggled to lift her arms, and found that by bending them so that her hands met her shoulders, she could lever them out. She raised them up out of the mud, then spread them out and attempted to haul herself upwards. The plan worked, and as her torso rose, she straightened her legs and pushed with all her strength.

Slowly her upper body emerged, clad in thick mud that clung to her skin like a wet gown. Unable to stand up straight, she endeavoured to lie flat on the top of the mud, pushing with her arms to extract her legs from the mire’s iron grip. With some annoyance, she realised that her shoes were staying exactly where they were, and her feet were inexorably popping out of them. Resigning herself to the loss of yet another article of clothing, she continued to paddle against the mud with her arms. Her hips and bottom appeared, and she was startled to see that her knickers had been pulled down - they were nowhere to be seen and presumably were down around her knees somewhere.

Now lying with her head resting in the water at the edge of the muddy area, she continued to pull herself towards the middle of the pond, her legs coming free inch by inch. She knew that her knickers were probably being dragged further and further down her legs, but she had to point her toes downward in order to get her legs out, and could therefore do nothing to stop herself losing them altogether. It did not help that she could not even feel where they were.

Finally her feet exited the mud with a slurping sound, and she slid back into the water in the middle of the pond. Of course, she now had to cross the mud to get out, but she could probably manage that on her hands and knees without sinking too much. In the meantime this was a perfect opportunity to wash the mud off her body. She sat down in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond and began to splash water over her neck, shoulders, chest and upper back. The mud washed off easily, as did the many leeches that were clinging to her. She rather regretted this - she would have liked the leeches to be more tenacious, but in truth they were designed to suck from much smaller victims.

Standing up in the middle of the pond, she sank up to mid-thigh in the soft mud, with the water’s surface on a level with her hips. She stuck a couple of fingers inside her cunt and pulled out what she could of the mud contained therein, then washed herself out with the murky pond water. She managed to get virtually all the mud out - how many leeches were still lurking inside her, she had no idea.

Looking around, she noticed that on the other side of the pond the water actually ran right to the grassy bank. She uprooted her legs and half-crawled, half-swam to that spot, then pulled herself out on to dry land. Standing up, she turned and looked back at the pond. What a wonderful place! she said to herself with a smile.

Now she was wearing only one sock (the other had been claimed by the mud). After a short while she removed her other sock (what point was there in wearing only one?) and continued her walk completely naked. If she had felt liberated before, wearing only a shirt, knickers, shoes and socks, she felt absolutely wild now. Anybody could walk along this path and see her. Maybe it would be a nasty man who would rape her. Lynn shivered in fear and delight at the thought.

She passed another pond, and resisted the temptation to leap into its muddiest patch. She had done that already - she wanted a new adventure now; something original, something ... disgusting.

A dog barked up ahead. Lynn stopped in her tracks, and peered through the trees. There were people coming - several of them. She could hear voices and see movement in the distance. She debated whether to continue blithely along the path or to hide.

Courage deserted her, and she ran off the path into the undergrowth. She ran for over a minute, putting several hundred yards between herself and the path, until she tripped on something unseen and fell to the ground. Fortunately the leaf litter was soft, and she did not hurt herself, so she got up on to her knees and brushed leaves from her body.

It was then that she noticed the smell. It was vile, the smell of a dead animal. She looked around, wrinkling up her nose in distaste, and then she saw the source. It was a badger, a day or two dead by the look of it, and it was nestling against a section of fallen tree trunk. Its side was open, whether as a result of injury or of post-mortem scavenging, Lynn could not tell. But two things immediately struck her about the corpse.

Firstly, its entrails were at least partially still intact, and they looked slimy and squishy. Secondly, a seething mass of maggots was feasting on its dead tissue. Lynn was at once revolted and intrigued. She crawled closer, and tentatively reached out to touch the badger’s guts. They yielded to her touch, and she withdrew her finger. Then she hesitantly reached out again, and pushed one finger into the pile of wriggling maggots. It sank deep, and found something wet and slimy at the end. Lynn shuddered, but kept her finger there. She closed her hand around a small quantity of the maggots, and lifted them from the carcass. Then she purposefully lay down beside the dead animal and poured the maggots on to her chest. They wriggled helplessly, searching in vain for dead flesh to consume.

Her arousal numbing her sense of disgust, Lynn began to masturbate, imagining herself covered from head to toe in wriggling maggots. She opened her legs and began to slide a finger in and out of her vagina. After a few minutes of this, she reached into the dead badger’s side again, and took hold of a portion of the animal’s intestines. Pulling them out of the carcass, she started squishing these guts into her belly, then moved down to her pussy. She pushed a folded section of one intestinal structure against the opening of her cunt, then gasped with pleasure as it slipped inside without fuss.

Drunk with adrenaline and lust, Lynn began to push more and more of the animal’s intestines inside her cunt. They compacted quite well, and she was able to get several feet of the badger’s entrails inside her cunt before it became full. Holding them in place with one hand, she masturbated with the other until she had reached a mind-blowing climax.

Still she was horny, her adrenaline anaesthetising her against the powerful smell that would otherwise have driven her back. She turned herself so that her bottom was pressed against the badger’s flank, and then spread her legs so that she could scoop any mess directly from the corpse and on to her pussy. Then another idea occurred to her. She quickly pulled the intestines from out of her cunt, and instead began to pick up handfuls of maggots and push them inside. Instantly she could feel them wriggling delightfully, deep within her body.

“Ooohhh,” she whispered, shuddering with ecstasy. She closed her legs and simply lay still for a while, savouring the wonderful sensations of the writhing maggots in her cunt. This was better than worms or slugs - these critters could really move!

As her arousal intensified, she pressed her bottom into the gaping hole in the badger’s side. Her pussy and anus squished into its guts, and she moaned aloud as her clitoris rubbed against its slippery entrails. This, she thought to herself, is by far the sickest thing I’ve done - I can’t wait to tell Julie about it!

Pulling her anus open with her fingers (a very tricky job with just one hand), she began posting more maggots into her rectum. She pushed them as deep as possible, gradually filling herself with the squirming little creatures. More and more she shoved in, until she was beginning to feel quite full. She estimated she now had seventy or eighty maggots up her anus, and maybe thirty more in her cunt.

Intoxicated by lust, she next took a long piece of the badger’s intestine, bunched it up, and began to push it into her anus. She knew some of the maggots might get crushed, but she hoped that most of them would simply be pushed deeper into her own intestines. Bit by bit the badger’s gut disappeared up into her bottom, and she began to feel very full indeed. She badly needed to poo, but she was very keen to hold on to her prize until she could show Julie what she had done.

She masturbated with vigour, moaning loudly and not even caring if anyone heard, until she reached another bone-shaking orgasm. Sighing happily, she got to her feet and began to walk (or rather waddle, since she was trying to keep the contents of her cunt inside her) back towards the path. Returning the way she had come, she kept an eye out for the tree behind which she had hidden her skirt, and found it quite quickly. Fortunately she saw nobody this time.

She donned her skirt and folded over the waistband a few times; if she was going to be topless, there was no point in being coy about her legs. She wondered whether Julie was home yet. It was then, of course, that she realised she had left her watch beside the muddy pond. Cursing, she ran back to the pond, then froze as she heard more voices. She hurried around the edge of the pond, seeking shelter behind a cluster of bushes by the pond’s edge. From this hiding place she watched as a young man carrying a three-year-old child strolled by. Lynn waited until they had passed, then retrieved her wristwatch - it was exactly where she had left it.

She followed behind the man at a safe distance, then broke away from the path as she reached her distinctive tree. There she hurried down the slope to the river, crossed to the other side, and scaled the far bank. Julie would be home by now, and she would be worrying if Lynn was not there.

Holding her arms over her breasts, Lynn ran the rest of the way to Julie’s house and made straight for the back door, which was rather more obscured from the neighbours’ view than the front. She was very glad to find it open, and she entered with a sigh of relief.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 8 - Lynn’s Shared Poo Adventure**

Both Julie and her father were home, and Lynn related her adventure to an awestruck audience. Then she reluctantly emptied herself out into the toilet and dressed herself in some spare clothes of Julie’s. A few minutes later Martin drove her back to her own house, where an inevitable confrontation with her parents awaited her. Simon had already got home, and Lynn tried to avoid him as she went up to her bedroom. He emerged from the living room just as she was climbing the stairs, but fortunately did not seem in the mood to talk. Lynn entered her room and closed the door behind her and sat down on her bed to read.

A few minutes later, however, she was surprised to hear a knock on the door.

Surely it was too soon for her mother to have got home?

“Come in,” she said.

It was her father who entered. “Lynn,” he said, “we have to talk.”

Lynn gestured for him to sit down on her bedside chair. “I agree,” she said, though her pulse quickened in anxiety. She wished her mother were here.

“I want you to know,” said Simon, “that although you may think I’m overreacting, it’s only because I love you and don’t want anything bad to happen to you.” He stared uncomfortably at his shoes as he said this, as if it was difficult for him to make this admission.

And indeed he was being uncharacteristically forthcoming about his feelings, which surprised Lynn. She was not sure how to respond. “Well, um, Dad, I love you too, and I appreciate your motives. But I can’t change who I am, who I’ve become, and I would really like it if you could appreciate that.”

Simon sighed. “Lynn, your mother was like you when she was your age, or slightly older. And she got into trouble for it, and paid for it. When I met her she had just finished a twenty-eight day prison sentence for public indecency.”

Lynn nodded. “Yes, she told me she had spent some time in prison.”

Simon’s jaw dropped, his intended bombshell utterly defused. “She told you?”

“Yes. She didn’t tell me why, but she did say she’d done time.”

Simon scratched his chin thoughtfully. “She used a sex toy in a crowded tube train. Openly. In front of everyone. Unfortunately for her, one of those watching was an off-duty police officer.”

Lynn gasped. “Wow!” she exclaimed. “I’d never have thought it of her!”

“Well precisely. But she did, and it has dogged her ever since. She was turned down for every job she applied for, for several years afterwards. The reason: she had a criminal record. It hardly even mattered what it was for - they just didn’t want someone with a record.”

“So why did you marry her, when you knew what she was like?” inquired Lynn.

“Well, she was beautiful, and she was very sweet-natured, and we really hit it off. She was genuinely repentant for her crime, and I could see she had learned her lesson.”

Lynn frowned. “Well, I think it’s a shame she gave up exhibiting herself. I feel like she’s been repressing her true self all these years.”

It was Simon’s turn to frown. “Lynn,” he said, “it was not normal behavior! She came to her senses - she has not been ‘repressing’ anything - she’s been conforming to the rules of polite society, as you must.”

Lynn sighed in exasperation. “But politeness sucks! What happened to freedom of expression? Personally I’d have given Mum a medal for what she did. My respect for her has increased.”

Simon breathed deeply, struggling to control his temper. Finally he calmed down and said quietly, “Lynn, I was thinking all day of how I’d overreacted last night and how I would try to make it up to you. But also I was thinking of how I would convince you that you really must stop this obscene behavior. This is just a phase you’re going through. Maybe it’s a natural thing, a genetic thing perhaps, but it’s a phase you must get over, as quickly as possible. Now I admit that I was wrong to come down so hard on you last night, and I do not wish to ban you from seeing your friends, but I need some kind of promise from you that you’ll behave yourself.”

Lynn was not unmoved by this plea, and she was willing to compromise to some extent, but... “Dad, I really appreciate the intelligent way you’re handling this,” she said gently, taking his hand in hers. “For your sake and Mum’s, I’ll try to be more careful and keep myself out of trouble, but you really really have to understand something: this is who I am - an exhibitionist. It’s not a phase, and I’m not going to get over it. I know you don’t like to think of me as a sexual being, but I am - I’ve just had a breakthrough in my life and I’m very happy with the way it’s going. I know this isn’t what you want, but you’re not going to change the way I am just by punishing me and shouting at me.”

“I know, and that’s why I’ve done neither today,” Simon pointed out. “But you’re going to have to face up to the fact that...”

At that moment they heard the front door close.

“It’s Mum,” said Lynn, surprised. “She’s early.”

“She is,” agreed Simon. “But since she’s here, we might as well involve her in this discussion.”

It was not long before Gina entered the room. “Ah, here you are,” she said.

Both Lynn and Simon stared at her in disbelief. Gina’s blouse was unbuttoned almost to the waist, and it was very obvious she was not wearing a bra. Her skirt had ridden up so that it was two or three inches shorter than it had been that morning.

“My God, Gina, what do you think you look like?” demanded Simon.

“Simon honey,” said Gina, “we need to have a little talk.”

“Damn right we do,” growled Simon, and the two of them left Lynn’s room, closing the door behind them.

Moments later, Lynn heard their raised voices but could not make out what they were saying. She decided to stay well out of it until they had come to some kind of resolution. In the meantime, she decided to go through her wardrobe and have a clearout. She pulled out all of her pairs of jeans and threw them on to the floor, then added two pairs of shorts to the pile. Gathering them all up in her arms, she took them downstairs and outside, and dumped them unceremoniously in the dustbin.

Returning to her room, she began taking dresses and skirts out of her wardrobe and placing them in neat piles on her bed. The garments in the middle pile, she decided, were to be shortened until their hemlines were exactly on a level with the base of her buttocks. On the right-hand side was a pile of clothes that needed to be shortened to half an inch above this level. And on the left-hand side were the clothes she would reserve for occasions when she needed to dress conservatively - these would be shortened to about an inch below the level of her buttocks. On to this last pile she placed the lightest and loosest items - the skirts and dresses that were guaranteed to fly up at the slightest breath of wind.

It was going to be a lot of work, she knew, and she was rather inexperienced in the art of sewing, but she hoped that she would get some help from Julie. And perhaps her mother would help...

The phone rang, and Lynn picked up the extension on her bedside table. She could hear her parents still rowing in their room - they were not likely to pick it up. “Hello?” she said.

“Hi Lynn! It’s Julie.”

“Julie! Hi! I miss you sweetheart.”

“Me too sweetie. Listen, I’ve been talking to Dad about this apartment thing - he’s agreed to pay for it!”

Lynn sighed. “Oh Julie, that’s great, but it’s no good. I tried to persuade my mum, and she’s being way cooler about this than I could have imagined, but she won’t let me move in with you, especially in such an awful part of the city.”

“Hmm, that’s bad news. But surely you can still come and stay with me sometimes?”

“Yeah, I’m sure I can swing that.”

“Then perhaps you can come over here on Friday evening, and Dad can drive us to our new apartment where we’ll spend a dirty weekend together.”

“That would be awesome!” Lynn was thrilled at the prospect. “But it may have to wait for another weekend - my Dad’s pretty wound up about the issue of my exhibitionism right now.”

“Okay, well we’re going there tonight to see the landlord, so we should have an apartment by the weekend. If you manage to swing a miracle with your parents, let me know.”

“I will,” promised Lynn. “And well done for persuading your dad. How did you manage that?”

“Ah well, I kind of had to resort to a bit of blackmail. Nothing heavy, but I do rather have a hold over him these days.”

“Yes, I guess you do. Listen though, I have to run - it sounds like Mum and Dad have finished their row.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to you soon. Take care sweetie.”

“You too, my love,” replied Lynn. “Bye sweetheart.”

“Bye.”

Lynn sighed as she replaced the handset. She was very much in love with Julie, and she so badly wanted to live with her permanently. A weekend away, however, would be wonderful. But how would she convince her father to let her stay with Julie again so soon?

There was a knock at her door, and Gina’s voice came through: “May I come in?”

“Of course, Mum,” said Lynn.

Gina entered, her blouse still unbuttoned and her skirt riding as high as before.

Lynn took this as a good sign. “How did it go?” she inquired.

Gina rolled her eyes and sat down on the bed. Her blouse fell open slightly so that Lynn could see her mother’s left breast, though she tried not to look at it.

“Well,” Gina said, “I think I’ve successfully convinced him that his ‘just a phase’ theory is dead in the water. Basically sweetie...” Here Gina hesitated, and then she turned and looked Lynn straight in the eye with an impish grin on her face. “I just had the best day!” she whispered conspiratorially. “The best for a long time, anyway. I guess I have you to thank ... and to blame.”

“I kind of gathered you’d been ‘showing off’,” said Lynn. “Care to tell me about it?”

“Mm, not really.” Gina shook her head. “Not right now, anyway. We need to discuss your father.”

Lynn nodded. “What did he say?”

“He blew his top, of course, but he’s calmed down a lot now. He’s finding it difficult to accept that I didn’t put all this behind me nineteen years ago. But I told him that I’ve just been bottling it up since then, and I’ve been feeling unfulfilled for practically my entire adult life. That surprised him, and he didn’t believe me at first - I’ve never said that to him before you see. It’s true though.” Gina stared out of the window reflectively. “I just didn’t realize it myself until last night.”

“So ... what’s the outcome?” asked Lynn.

Gina smiled sadly. “He threatened to divorce me.”

Lynn’s jaw dropped. “He did what?”

“He didn’t mean it,” added Gina. “He was just lashing out, and I told him so. He’s dreadfully confused, poor man - he’s still rather Victorian in his outlook, and all this is really alien to him. Anyway, I told him that just because I’m an exhibitionist doesn’t change who I am - I’m still the same woman he’s been married to for eighteen years, and I still love him.” She sighed. “He really does try to be a good husband and father. He didn’t have a happy childhood, and he’s always tried to be good to both of us. His idea has always been that ‘discipline with love makes a well-adjusted household’. When he was a boy, all he got was discipline, and while he sees the value in it, he sees the importance of tempering it with compassion.”

“He has been a pretty good father,” Lynn admitted. “But I won’t be able to see him that way if he carries on with his current attitude towards me.”

“Give him time, precious,” said Gina. “He’s come a long way. He just needs to sit down and think it through now.”

“Did he say anything about me?” asked Lynn.

“Um, he threatened to disown you...”

Lynn’s face turned white. “He didn’t!”

“He didn’t really mean that, either,” Gina reassured her. “That was just his fear talking - fear of losing his standing in the community. He couldn’t bear to have his name attached to a scandal. But he wouldn’t actually disown you - please don’t worry about that. Once he calms down he’ll realize that he’d choose you over his social standing any day.” Gina smiled at Lynn, then she happened to glance down at the piles of clothes on the bed. “What’s this?” she inquired. “You weren’t planning to run away, were you?”

“Of course not, Mum. These are the clothes I’m going to trim. I was, um, kind of hoping you might give me a hand...”

Gina raised an eyebrow. “You’re going to shorten all your skirts and dresses?”

“Not all of them,” said Lynn. “Just the ones Julie hasn’t shortened already. And my school skirts - I just can’t get away with shortening those.”

Gina chuckled. “Well, you have quite a task ahead of you there,” she said, “but I’ll do one or two for you if you like. How short are you going to make them?”

Lynn grinned. “How short would you be prepared to make them?”

“Oh, I see. Well, I probably don’t want to know. Tell you what - just cut them with scissors to a centimeter longer than you want them, and I’ll give each of them a wide-wide hem.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Lynn, and smiled.

Gina got to her feet and went to the door. “I should go and get started on dinner,” she said.

“Mum?”

“Yes Lynn?”

Lynn swallowed nervously. “I just wanted to say ... you’re beautiful.”

Gina cocked her head on one side. “Why thank you!” she said. “That’s sweet of you.” She smiled warmly at her daughter, and then left the room.

The atmosphere at dinner was rather strained. Simon was moody and irritable, but he did not discuss the issue that was so obviously on his mind. Lynn had come to the table in a skirt that came down to mid-thigh - she did not want to upset her father at this time. Gina had also made herself more decent.

“Okay!” said Simon firmly, and so suddenly that his wife and daughter both jumped. “I’ve been thinking hard about this, and I have reached a couple of conclusions. Would you like to hear them?”

“Yes please,” said Lynn, and Gina nodded.

“You’ve both upset me and, I may say, disappointed me over the last twenty-four hours or so. But I realize I am partially to blame for that. It seems that you are who you are, and I was wrong to think I could change that. I hasten to add that this in no way means that I approve of or condone your behavior. However I am prepared,” and here he took a deep breath, “to tolerate your activities to a certain extent. I feel, however, that we should lay down some ground rules, which I expect to be strictly adhered to. If either of you is not prepared to accept these ground rules, then you should no longer consider yourself welcome in this house.”

“Now hold on dear,” said Gina. “I think that’s a little presumptuous. Can’t we at least discuss them before you turf us out?”

Simon stared straight ahead of him as he said, “I have given this matter much thought. I think I am being very fair - extraordinarily fair, in fact - but if you cannot compromise to the extent that I am about to suggest, then this family is doomed.”

“Let’s just hear your rules, Dad,” said Lynn a little breathlessly. She was trembling with nervousness. She wanted very badly to be able to accept his rules, but she was not prepared to do so if it meant giving up any of the sexual freedoms she had come to value so highly.

“Rule One,” said Simon. “You neither enter nor leave this house in an indecent state of dress. By that I mean that underwear must not be visible, skirts must cover what they’re supposed to, and blouses” (here he turned to look sternly at Gina) “must be buttoned.”

There was a pause. Then Lynn said, “I can live with that.”

“Me too,” concurred Gina quietly.

Simon relaxed slightly. “Thank you,” he said. “Rule Two: you do not ‘exhibit’ yourselves publicly within this suburb. Many people know us in this area, and you might easily be spotted by a member of our church or a neighbor on our street.”

Lynn thought about this. Fortunately her school was not in the same suburb as her house, or she could never have agreed to this. On the other hand, how was she to get home if she lost her clothes on a nude adventure elsewhere?

The answer was simple: she would go to Julie’s house and get dressed there. “I think I can accept that one,” she said.

Strangely, however, Gina seemed a little more reluctant. But finally she nodded her consent.

“Rule Three: you behave decently at all times when you are with me. If you are to flaunt yourselves, you do it when I am not around. I won’t have either of you embarrassing me in public.”

“That’s fine,” said Gina, and Lynn said, “I can accept that.”

“Good,” said Simon, looking relieved. “Three down, two to go. Rule Four: if you spot anybody you know, you will make every possible effort to ensure that they do not see you in a compromising situation.”

“Hang on a minute,” said Lynn. “What about my school friends?”

“And my colleagues,” added Gina.

“Okay, correction: anybody I know.”

Gina thought about this. “You’ve met a couple of my colleagues once or twice,” she said.

Simon sighed. “Anybody I know ,” he said. “I mean really know - not just on passing acquaintance. What I’m getting at is that I don’t want you to be seen by anybody whose opinion matters to me.”

“That’s a bit hard to judge,” said Lynn, “but I’ll certainly do my best.”

“Me too,” said Gina.

“I guess I’ll have to live with that,” conceded Simon. “Right, last one. Rule Five: don’t get yourselves arrested, or fired, or expelled. I would have a very hard time dealing with any of those things, but especially the first. I know it’s not something you can directly control, but I guess what I’m saying is: be damn careful about where and what you do, and who sees you. There, I think those five rules are very reasonable. What do you say?”

“Obviously it’s in my own interests to adhere to Rule Five,” said Lynn. “Dad, your ground rules are acceptable to me.”

“And to me,” agreed Gina, smiling at her husband. “Thank you honey - I’m proud of you.” She leaned over kissed him on the cheek.

“Thanks Dad,” said Lynn, and she kissed his other cheek.

Simon smiled, obviously pleased with himself. “That’s lifted quite a weight from my shoulders,” he said. “You just be sure you stick to those rules.”

“And now,” said Lynn, “I’d really like to hear about Mum’s day.”

“Oh no you don’t!” Simon held up an arresting hand. “Rule Six: I don’t want to hear about anything either of you does.”

Gina chuckled. “I guess we can live with that one too,” she said. “But don’t be throwing new rules at us every five minutes, please.”

“I won’t,” promised Simon. “Rule Six isn’t exactly a rule, but I really would prefer not to hear about your exploits, and I hope you will respect that.”

Lynn and Gina both agreed to this, and dinner was completed in a much lighter mood. All three of them felt a lot happier about things.

Later that evening, Lynn presented her mother with two rather crudely cut dresses, and the two of them began sewing industriously. By the time Lynn had to go to bed, she had done a reasonable job on the skirt she had saved for herself to do, and Gina had finished both of the dresses she had been assigned. Simon had at one point entered the room to announce his intention to go to the pub, but had hastily retreated with an expression of deep disapproval when he saw what his wife and daughter were doing.

Once Lynn had retired for the night, Gina began to work on some of her own clothes...

The next morning, Lynn was eating her breakfast in a t-shirt and knickers when her mother entered the kitchen. Lynn’s eyes widened, then she grinned at her mother’s outfit.

Gina was wearing a smart tan-colored business suit, the skirt of which she had drastically shortened the night before. It was a good job - the skirt looked as if it had been designed this short - but Lynn could hardly believe her mother was really going to wear it to work.

“Mum, that’s sensational!” she said. “Turn around?”

Gina did so, and Lynn nodded approvingly. “That looks great,” she said. “No tights?”

“I never liked tights,” said Gina. “I’ve thrown them all out. And this skirt’s too short for stockings.” She sat down, and Lynn could not help glimpsing a flash of white. “This is the new me,” continued Gina. “Or at least, the old me brought out of the cupboard and dusted off.”

“Won’t you get into trouble?” asked Lynn. “At work, I mean.”

Gina laughed and shook her head. “My colleagues are all pervs. The only other woman in the office is Rachel, and she’s practically my best friend - she won’t object. She might disapprove, but she’s very sweet and I’m sure she’ll accept it.”

Lynn smiled. “You remind me of Ally McBeal,” she said. “Except Ally McBeal never wore a skirt quite that short.”

“She should,” said Gina with a grin. “It’s very exciting. Maybe she will in a future series - we can always hope.”

Lynn was not sure if she quite understood this. “Um, do you ... fancy Calista Flockhart?” she inquired of her mother.

“A bit, yes.” Gina smiled at Lynn. “Especially when she wears really short skirts.”

“Does Dad know you’re, um...”

“No, dear, and there’s no reason for him to find out. I haven’t done anything with a woman since before I met your father, and I don’t especially feel unfulfilled on that score - I find monogamy suits me quite well.”

“Really?” Lynn was surprised. “Crumbs, I felt sure you must have yearned for affairs over the years, if not actually had one.”

Gina shook her head. “No, I’m quite happy with what I’ve got. Your father is, hmm, let’s just say he’s an ‘attentive’ lover. With an awful lot of stamina.”

“Really?” said Lynn again. “I’m not entirely sure I wanted to hear that.”

Gina chuckled. “Come on,” she said. “Finish your breakfast and get dressed. I assume you still need to get to school for twenty to nine?”

Lynn nodded.

They both looked decent enough when they left the house, though Gina’s skirt might have raised eyebrows and lowered jaws had anyone seen it. They got into the car and drove towards Lynn’s school, but when they were only halfway there Lynn asked her mother to pull over.

“Is something wrong?” asked Gina, pulling up alongside the curb.

“Nope,” said Lynn. “But we’re out of our suburb now.”

“Ooh yes!” exclaimed Gina, and she lifted her bottom off the seat, hiking her skirt up to reveal her knickers. Then she sat back down again, and proceeded to undo the buttons of her blouse. She took off her jacket, threw it in the back, and pulled her blouse open until it almost, but not quite, revealed her nipples. It was only now that Lynn realized her mother was not wearing a bra.

For her part, Lynn had done pretty much the same, though she was wearing a bra so she actually slipped her shirt off her shoulders. “That’s better,” she said with a grin.

In this manner they proceeded, until they had almost reached the school. Gina elected to stop a short distance from the school entrance, since the pavements were crowded with school children.

“Thanks Mum,” said Lynn, buttoning up her shirt. “You’re one in a million.”

“Have a good day,” said Gina, “and try not to get into too much trouble.”

Lynn got out of the car and went to find Julie. She found her friend just putting her bicycle away. Julie’s skirt was gathered mainly around her waist, her knickers in full view, and she had her back to Lynn as she approached. Lynn crept up and slipped a hand between Julie’s legs.

Julie jumped, then turned and smiled as she saw Lynn. “You gave me a fright,” she said. “Shall we go and see Mr. Dean?”

“Sure. Hey, how was the apartment?”

Julie shivered with pleasure and said, with a twinkle in her eye, “Just perfect.”

“Really? Ooh, I can’t wait!”

“Did you manage to persuade your Dad to let you stay with me?”

“I did! It was great - he and I and my mum kind of have an understanding now.”

“That’s great news!” said Julie, and sighed happily. Then she fixed her skirt, and the two girls trooped up the stairs to see the headmaster. “Have you got anything interesting inside you?” asked Julie.

“Not today,” answered Lynn, a little regretfully. “How about you?”

“I have a poo in my cunt,” said Julie with a naughty grin. “It’s held in with tape.”

“Yours or your dad’s?” inquired Lynn.

“Just mine,” reported Julie. “What do you reckon - should I let it out in a lesson?”

Lynn shook her head. “Too smelly,” she said. “We’ll play with it at lunchtime.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Julie. She pressed the buzzer on the headmaster’s door.

“Come!” called Mr. Dean.

“Good morning, sir,” said the girls as they entered his study.

“All right girls, that’s fine, you can go. Um, wait though.”

Both girls paused in the act of turning. “Yes sir?”

“Julie, are you wearing a bra?” inquired Mr. Dean with a frown.

“No sir. All mine are in the wash.”

“Good grief.” Mr. Dean sighed. “I should really send you home, but I suppose it’s not that obvious. Just make sure you’re wearing one tomorrow.”

“Yes sir.”

“Very well - off you go.”

The girls left his study and made their way quickly to the toilets, where they both changed into their shortest school skirts, which came down to about six or seven inches above the knee (these were the skirts that Mrs. Dean had helped them lengthen). Then Lynn took off her bra, and both of them removed their knickers.

Julie sighed with pleasure. “I just hope this tape holds,” she said, “otherwise my poo will probably slip out in the middle of a lesson.”

Lynn smiled at this thought. “That would be awful,” she remarked. “I don’t think you should take the risk.”

Julie raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What would you suggest I do?”

“I think you should give it to me instead,” said Lynn.

“Give it...?”

“Yes - put it up my cunt instead of yours.”

A slow smile spread across Julie’s face. “Thank you,” she said. “That’s most selfless of you.”

“Anything for you, my darling,” said Lynn.

Julie put one foot up on the toilet seat, and carefully removed the tape sealing her vaginal orifice. Then she pushed, clenching her inner muscles so that a small, six-inch long poo slid slowly out of her. Lynn caught it and, placing one of her own feet on the seat, began to push the poo into her own vagina. When it had disappeared, Julie handed her the tape.

It was hardly sticky at all. Lynn pressed it hard against her crotch, and it formed a reasonable seal over her opening, but she had no illusions as to its permanence. “There!” she said. “Perfect. Now let’s go and learn something. What have we got?”

“English.”

Lynn groaned.

The girls left the toilet and went off to their English lesson, which was taught by Miss Weaver. They fortunately made it to the classroom before their teacher, and sat right at the back where, rather uncharacteristically, they would not allow any of the boys to grope their pussies. Lynn had no intention of letting anyone find out she had a poo in her vagina, and Julie, who had performed a perfunctory clean-up in the toilets, was still nervous about dirtying the boys’ fingers.

The tape sealing Lynn’s cunt was coming loose. She kept putting her hand up her skirt to replace it, but it was fast losing its ability to adhere, especially since Lynn’s juices were flowing in response to her arousal. By the end of the lesson, the adhesive was rendered useless, and Lynn dropped the tape on to the floor.

“That didn’t last long,” she whispered to Julie.

“Well, you have four more lessons in which you must make do without any tape,” Julie whispered back. “Think you can do it?”

“I’ll try.”

But when Lynn stood up at the end of the lesson, she felt it slipping out of her, and knew that if she clenched her vaginal muscles she would only push it out faster. She slapped her hand between her legs, catching the falling turd, then scuttled out of the classroom, hiding behind Julie, who was herself hiding behind one of the boys since she knew Miss Weaver would take a dim view of the length of her skirt. Several of Lynn’s classmates were staring at her, but she ignored them.

She rushed to the toilet and shut herself in a cubicle, then sat down on the seat. She pulled Julie’s poo from her cunt, and regarded it for a moment. It seemed a shame to waste it... What had Julie said? You have four more lessons in which you must make do without any tape . Well, Lynn had been given an instruction by her mistress - who was she to argue? Carefully she inserted the poo back into her cunt, then wiped her hand with a tissue. Pinching her cunt closed with her fingers, she shuffled awkwardly out of the cubicle, then she let go with her fingers and pressed her legs together. This worked, but how was she to walk? Then she decided she could probably manage a fairly quick trot by bending her legs only at the knee while keeping her thighs clamped together. In this way, she left the toilets and scurried to her next class: Chemistry, with Mr. Edmonds. This was the teacher who had busted them for wearing microskirts last week. Lynn was careful to avoid his attention while she entered the classroom and sat down next to Julie.

“What’s up?” asked Julie.

“Damn thing keeps threatening to come out every second I’m standing up,” whispered Lynn.

Julie’s eyes widened. “You still have it inside you?”

Lynn nodded. “I’ve got another four lessons to hold it in, remember?”

And so she did, though she almost lost it halfway through Double Maths. Finally, during Lunch Break, she met with Julie in the toilets where, with some effort, Julie managed to push the poo into Lynn’s anus. There, safe in her rectum, Lynn would be able to hold it much more effectively.

The girls cleaned themselves up, then dampened their shirts so that their nipples were slightly visible through the thin white material. That afternoon they sat with their skirts around their waists while nearby boys stroked their pussies. And although Julie would not let any fingers enter her, Lynn was not so strict - at least three boys’ fingers had delved deep into her cunt by the end of the afternoon.

After the last lesson, Lynn reluctantly put her longer skirt and underwear back on - her father was due to pick her up today and she did not want to break any of his rules less than a day after he had imposed them.

In the car on the way home, she said, “Dad?”

“Yes Lynn?”

“Thanks for ... what you did last night. I think you handled a difficult situation really well.”

Simon smiled. He shared this view. “Thanks,” he said. “It’s going to take some time for me to adjust to this ... but it seemed to me that if we didn’t reach a compromise, our family was going to split up. On the other hand, I couldn’t let you or your mother be the ruination of us. I think its turned out well.”

Lynn nodded, then: “Dad I was wondering - could I please go and stay with Julie this weekend?”

Simon frowned slightly. He did not like this idea, but a refusal would not sit well with the new understanding he had with his family. “All right,” he said. “Just remember the ground rules.”

“Thanks Dad,” said Lynn gratefully.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 9 - Lynn’s Dead Fish Adventure**

That night, Lynn and her mother worked on shortening skirts and dresses again. Gina was still wearing her suit, and Lynn could not help glimpsing her mother’s knickers from time to time. It bothered her that she found this a little arousing.

“...and then I actually, um, played with myself under the desk,” Gina was saying. “And I climaxed, right there in the office, in front of everyone!”

Lynn smiled. “Did anyone figure out what you were doing?”

“I don’t know. That’s the best part - I never turned around so for all I know they could have been gathering in a crowd, staring and pointing at me. I don’t think they were, but it’s always possible.”

“That’s cool, Mum.”

“Ah, I suppose you think it’s pretty tame,” said Gina, “but remember - this is a career I’ve been working at for nine years. It takes a lot less to get fired than it does to get expelled from school. Still ... I think I’ll be pushing the limits a bit further yet. You know what was strange about today?”

“No, what?”

“By the end of the day, despite all the comments about how short my skirt was, all I could think about was how I could have got away with making it just that little bit shorter. And tonight I think I shall. Nobody complained - the guys all thought it was really cool (of course) that I was showing so much leg, and even Rachel complimented me. I was surprised at that.”

“Really? What did she say?”

“She said I was ‘very bold’ - but in a nice way. She seemed kind of awed.”

Lynn chuckled. “Next thing you know, she’ll be turning up to work in a skirt even shorter than yours.”

“Somehow I doubt it,” said Gina. “There - how’s that?” She held up the tight lycra skirt she had just shortened for Lynn.

“Great! Let me try it on.” Lynn got up and took off her school skirt, then stepped into the lycra skirt and pulled it up. It covered her buttocks, just ... until she moved. After walking the length of the living room and back again, Lynn found with delight that it had ridden up by almost half an inch. “Perfect!” she exclaimed.

“Good grief.” Gina was staring at it with an apprehensive expression. “Now just where would you wear that thing?”

“Oh, anywhere,” said Lynn nonchalantly. “The shops in the city center, perhaps, or on the tube, or, I don’t know ... anywhere but around here, I guess - this would, I think, breach Dad’s rules.”

“Too right it would,” agreed Gina. “Do be careful, though...”

“Mum, please - I can take care of myself,” said Lynn.

Gina said nothing but looked troubled.

Lynn noticed this and changed the subject. “So what are you going to do at work tomorrow?” she inquired. “It’s Friday, you know, and Friday’s got to be bigger and better and more intense than all the other weekdays. You have to finish the week in style.”

“Do I now?” Gina smirked. “Well let’s see - I could go to work with no knickers on...”

“And wearing a shorter skirt than the one you wore today?” suggested Lynn.

“Perhaps. I shall work on one after you’ve gone to bed.”

“And you have to get completely naked at some point during the day,” Lynn added.

“Naked?” Gina was startled. “Where?”

“In the toilet at your office. Take off your clothes in one of the stalls, then when nobody’s outside, leave the stall.”

“Oh my,” said Gina, a little taken aback. “That’s pretty, um... Well, I suppose I could do that.”

“Good for you, Mum,” said Lynn with a smile, and she bent down to kiss her mother’s cheek. “Well, I’d best get off to bed so you can work on your own clothes.”

“Thank you darling.”

The next morning, Gina drove Lynn to school again. Lynn was dressed in her shortest school skirt, and an old school shirt that was far too small for her. She was wearing no bra underneath, and her breasts were straining hard against the fabric, distorting the shape of the garment and putting such pressure on the buttons that they looked as if they were about to burst - as indeed they were. Her nipples were clearly visible as dark circles beneath the white material.

“You’re going to get yourself sent home in disgrace, you know,” warned Gina.

“Relax, Mum - I’ve got my strategy all worked out. But how about you? Are you not going to get into trouble?”

Gina bit her lip in anxiety, and said nothing. She had been a little over-enthusiastic in her trimming last night, shortening the skirt of her other suit to almost microscopic proportions. In fact, the hem of her jacket was now a couple of inches lower than the hem of her skirt, which was only just long enough to cover her buttocks. Sitting down was not an option, unless she first made sure that nobody was in front of her, and bending over even slightly was right out. She had been determined to go through with wearing it, but she had not found the courage to go without knickers - she was wearing a thong beneath the skirt.

Lynn had already this morning seen far more of that thong than she had wished, but she was thrilled that her mother was recapturing the adventurous spirit of her youth. She wondered what her father would think if he saw how his wife looked right now. No doubt he would prefer to remain in blissful ignorance.

After Gina had dropped her off, Lynn found Julie and together they made their way up to Mr. Dean’s study. Julie was rather alarmed at the sight of Lynn’s skirt.

“Are you insane?” she exclaimed. “He’ll suspend you for sure!”

“Maybe, maybe not,” replied Lynn. “But I’m relishing the challenge to talk him out of it.”

They pressed the buzzer outside the headmaster’s door, then entered when he called them in.

“Good morning girls,” said Mr. Dean, then he stopped and stared at Lynn’s skirt.

“Good Lord, Lynn,” he said, “what is the meaning of this?”

“I’m terribly sorry, sir,” Lynn apologized earnestly, “but my long skirt got caught in my bicycle chain and has oil all over it. I couldn’t get it out and this is the only other skirt I have. I know it’s not as long as it’s supposed to be, sir, but please don’t be too harsh - it honestly wasn’t deliberate, I swear!”

Mr. Dean sighed and put his head in his hands. “You girls are the limit!” he said. “Very well, Lynn, I don’t know whether you’re telling me the truth or not, but just for today I’ll let you wear it. However, you have a cross, and if I ever see that skirt again after today, you’ll be on Report until the end of term.”

“Thank you sir.” Lynn could barely suppress a joyous grin.

“Off you go, then.”

The girls left the study and Julie said, “I can’t believe you got away with it!”

“I know - isn’t it great? Now I have immunity from further punishment in case any of the teachers don’t like what I’m wearing.”

“Good point.” Julie chuckled. “That was an excellent ploy, holding your books against your chest like that. But you’d better be careful with the teachers. Who have we got first?”

Lynn thought for a moment. “Mr. Edmonds.”

“Oh heck,” muttered Julie. “And I haven’t finished his homework.”

“Ooh, naughty girl,” Lynn chided her friend good-naturedly. “We still have a few minutes - want to crib?”

Julie shook her head. “Not after last time,” she said. “I’ll sweet-talk him into letting me submit it during Lunch Break.”

“I’m not suggesting you copy me verbatim. But suit yourself.” Lynn shrugged.

“Anyway I think this lesson will be fun.”

“Are you kidding? He’s the one that sent us to Mr. Dean last week.”

“I’m well aware of that,” said Lynn. “Just watch.”

In fact they entered Mr. Edmonds’ Chemistry lab before he himself got there, which rather spoiled Lynn’s plans. Thinking quickly, however, she walked to the front of the room, picked up the blackboard duster, and began to wipe off the molecular formulae that were left over from the previous day’s last lesson. When, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Mr. Edmonds enter the room, she dropped the duster on the floor and quickly bent, straight-legged, to pick it up. She knew her skirt was not quite short enough to reveal her knickers in this manner, but she knew it would still show a lot of her thighs.

“Lynn Howard! What on Earth?!” Mr. Edmonds’ tone was one of fury.

Lynn stood up straight and turned towards him, her expression one of pure innocence. “Good morning sir,” she said. “I was just wiping your board for you.”

“Never mind that,” he snapped. “Go and see Mr. Dean at once - you look like a slut!”

“I know.” Lynn sighed. “But it’s really not my fault. And I have been to see him - just about five minutes ago. He’s given me a cross for looking like this and a warning - you can go and check with him if you like. He’s just as angry about my appearance as you.”

“I will check with him,” growled Mr. Edmonds. “In the meantime, take your seat, and if there’s any trouble from you during the lesson, I’ll send you out.”

“Yes sir.” Lynn meekly returned to her seat.

“Nice work,” whispered Julie.

“Thanks.” Lynn grinned. “Could you see my knickers?”

“Not quite. But never mind - it was highly erotic anyway.” Julie smiled, then leant over to whisper conspiratorially, “Looking forward to tonight?”

“You bet!” Lynn’s pulse quickened at the prospect. “Tell me about the apartment - what’s it like?”

“Well, it was filthy but pretty much empty when we checked it out - Dad’s going there again today to get things ready. He’s buying some cheap furniture and an old double bed to put in there, and he’s going to make it an environment that would entice plenty of little visitors - he’s done a fair bit of research on them in the last couple of days.”

Lynn smiled. “Sounds cool.”

“So, what erotic stunts are you planning for today?” asked Julie.

“I haven’t decided. But I’d like to try something at Break.”

“Really? I can’t wait.” Julie grinned.

After the second lesson, the two girls met outside the front of the school.

“Where are we going?” asked Julie.

“You’ll see,” replied Lynn with a smile, and she began to walk down the street towards a row of nearby shops.

Julie followed, wondering where Lynn was heading, then stopped in puzzlement when her friend turned into the entrance of the local fishmonger’s.

“Come on,” said Lynn with an impish grin, and she entered the shop.

It was, at the moment, empty of customers. The fishmonger, Bob Jenkins, smiled at them across the counter. “How can I help you young ladies?” he asked.

“I’d like a fish,” said Lynn.

“You’ve come to the right place,” observed Bob with a chuckle. “You got anything specific in mind?”

“Something really slippery and slimy,” said Lynn. “And not too big.”

Bob looked at her quizzically, but if he was suspicious of her intentions he gave no other sign. “Hmm, how about a mackerel?” he suggested, indicating a tray full of twelve-inch, silvery-blue and black sea fish.

“Perfect,” said Lynn. “I’ll take one.”

“Make that two,” said Julie.

“That’s three pounds sixty-eight,” said Bob.

Lynn handed him a fiver. Bob wrapped two fish in polythene and placed them in a carrier bag, then went to the till to get Lynn’s change. “Here you go,” he said. “I hope you enjoy them.”

“We will,” said Lynn, and the two girls left the shop, giggling.

“Fish!” exclaimed Julie once they were outside. “Are you serious?”

“Of course! Now let’s get back to the toilets so we can have some fun.”

They hurried back to the school and locked themselves in one of the toilet stalls. Lynn stripped naked (hardly necessary, but she just loved doing it), then bent over the cistern, spreading her feet wide. “Shove one in, my love,” she invited Julie.

“Er, which...?”

“My anus. It wouldn’t fit in my cunt.”

“But, aren’t you pretty full?”

Lynn nodded. “Yeah, well,” she said, “I guess I’m soon going to be even fuller.”

“Okay,” said Julie, unwrapping one of the mackerel. “Here goes!” She lubricated her fingers with juice from Lynn’s vagina, then smeared them over her friend’s anus. Then she placed the head of the mackerel against Lynn’s anus, and began to push.

“Mmmm,” moaned Lynn, closing her eyes and smiling happily as she felt the cold, slimy teleost slide easily up into her rectum.

Julie was surprised at how easily it went in. But with only two inches of the tail left outside, she encountered strong resistance. She pushed harder, forcing it deeper, but when all that remained was the caudal fin, she was unable to push with any force - the fin just kept bending.

“I can’t get it in any further,” she said regretfully.

“Nonsense,” said Lynn. “Stick your hand inside me - push it deeper from within.”

Julie bunched her fingers around the end of the tail and began to push them into Lynn’s anus. Soon four fingers were in deep, and Julie was able to push the bony part of the tail further in. The caudal fin disappeared, and Julie withdrew her fingers.

Lynn sighed happily as she felt her anus close up. “Excellent!” she said, standing upright. “Now it’s your turn.”

Julie took off her knickers and skirt, and assumed the same position Lynn had. Lynn took the other mackerel and began to slide it into Julie’s anus. This one went in without difficulty, and had soon vanished into Julie’s rectum.

“Lovely,” breathed Julie with her eyes closed and an expression of ecstasy on her face. “Why didn’t we think of this before?”

Lynn shrugged. “It just occurred to me this morning. Anyway, the real question is: when and where are we going to push them out again?”

Julie considered this. “Somewhere public...” she said.

“Of course,” agreed Lynn.

“When it’s at its most crowded...”

“Naturally.”

“The refectory during Lunch?” suggested Julie.

“Wow - that is public.” Lynn thought about this, then grinned. “Okay, let’s do it,” she said. “God I feel full.”

At one o’clock in the refectory, the girls sat at a table with several boys in their year. Both had their clothing arranged as provocatively as possible, and were submitting to frequent gropings. It was not long before Lynn’s shirt was completely undone and her exposed breasts were being sucked and caressed by eager hands. She was also allowing one of the boys to finger-fuck her vagina. At length, however, at a nod from Julie, she cut this short and began to strain.

In unison, the two girls relaxed their anal sphincters and pushed, while trying to keep an innocuous expression on their faces. The tails of the mackerel emerged, and the fish bent around inside their host’s knickers as more of their bodies were forced out. With a final slither, Lynn’s entire fish plopped out into the back of her knickers, though she calmly continued to drink her apple juice as if nothing untoward were occurring.

Julie, who was wearing a thong, was less lucky. She knew that she would almost certainly lose the fish, but that for her was part of the excitement. She had no idea how she was going to cover it up, but the attempt was sure to be fun!

As the tail passed out of her anus, it slipped by her thong and started to make its way along the inside of her skirt, on which she was sitting. Soon the whole mackerel was out, but it was impossible for Julie to tell at this point what was going to happen when she stood up. She could not wait to find out. She stood up.

Instantly the tail of the fish flopped down, dangling between her legs, while its gill cover became caught on the string of her thong. She hesitated - this was an unexpected development, but an interesting one. She smiled down at Lynn. “Coming?” she asked.

“Can you smell fish?” asked one of the boys with a slight frown.

“Yup!” said Lynn, and got to her feet. The two girls hurried out, and if anyone thought they saw the caudal fin of a mackerel swinging below the hemline of Julie’s skirt, they sensibly kept it to themselves.

Back in the girls’ toilets, Lynn and Julie stripped and made love, sliding both fish in and out of their lower orifices until, with just five minutes of Lunch Break left, they flushed the fish and cleaned themselves up, though they did not quite manage to rid themselves of the smell of fish.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 10 - Lynn’s Filthy Apartment Adventure**

The rest of the afternoon dragged interminably, but at last the bell went at three thirty and the girls raced out of their last lesson. Bidding each other a temporary farewell, they parted company - Julie heading for the bike shed, and Lynn for the road outside the school where her father was waiting in his car to pick her up.

For his sake, Lynn pulled her skirt down as far as it would go and held her books to her chest as she got in. But as it turned out, he had something else on his mind.

“Lynn,” he said, “I’m afraid your weekend at Julie’s house is off.”

“What?” Lynn was stunned, her heart sinking in disappointment. “But you promised!”

“I didn’t promise,” he said. “But I’m afraid it’s out of my hands. Your mother had a call this afternoon from Aunt Jacqueline, who apparently has to go to Scotland this weekend and therefore won’t be at home. And this weekend just happens to be Exeat at St Winifred’s College, where your cousin goes to school. So I’m afraid we’ll have a guest as of this evening. And your presence will be required to help entertain her.”

Lynn wrinkled her nose in displeasure. “But that’s so unfair! I’d made prior arrangements!”

“You’ll just have to wait until next weekend,” said Simon. “I promise I’ll let you stay with Julie then.”

“But then I have to wait a whole week!” whined Lynn. “I’m not sure Arthur has the stamina for another Wild Week series.”

“That’s just too bad,” said Simon. “My mind’s made up.”

“But I hardly know her,” said Lynn grumpily. “What am I going to do with her?”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something,” replied Simon grimly.

When Lynn got home, she phoned Julie to pass on the bad news.

“That sucks!”

“I know! But what can I do? My Dad’s determined that I should look after little Miss Posh fucking Private School girl.”

“How old is she?”

Lynn’s brow furrowed. “Um, I think she’s about a year younger than me.”

“Well ... perhaps she would like to come and stay with us in the flat?”

Lynn gasped. “Are you kidding?”

“Oh come on, you know what these rich types are like - closet perverts, the lot of them.”

“She’s not rich,” said Lynn, “she got there on a scholarship.”

“Brainy, eh? Probably has quite a fertile imagination, then.”

“Julie, you’re a hopeless optimist,” said Lynn with a chuckle. “But I’ll sound her out when she gets here. If she seems receptive, I’ll suggest it to Dad.”

“Good girl.”

That evening, shortly after six o’clock, the doorbell rang and Lynn opened it. Standing just outside, and carrying an overnight bag, was her cousin. She was taller and more well-developed than Lynn expected, but then it had been over five years since they had last seen each other.

“Hi Louise,” said Lynn.

“Hi,” said Louise. “Thanks for putting me up at such short notice - Mummy’s just awful isn’t she?”

“Yes, she is,” agreed Lynn. “Come on in then.”

She led Louise up to her room and hung around in the doorway as her cousin unpacked.

“How’s school?” she asked.

“Oh fine,” said Louise. “Yours?”

“Pretty good.”

Louise cocked her head on one side and smiled slightly. “Do you seriously wear that outfit to school?”

Lynn blushed. “Well, I did today.”

“Didn’t you get into trouble?”

“A bit. But it was worth it.”

Louise smirked. “I’ll bet. Like to show off, do you?”

“I ... probably shouldn’t talk about it,” said Lynn, suddenly nervous their conversation might later be repeated in other company.

“Suit yourself.” Louise turned back to her unpacking. “I just never figured you for an exhibitionist.”

“Oh? Why not?” Lynn wanted to know.

“Well you were always rather a shy type.” Louise shrugged. “But what do I know? We haven’t seen each other in so long. I’m sure there’s a lot we don’t know about each other.”

“There is,” agreed Lynn, suppressing a smile.

“Really? Do tell,” said Louise, sitting down on her bed and fixing her full attention on Lynn.

Lynn coughed. “Um, you first.”

“Oh I don’t think so.” Louise shook her head slightly. “How do I know you won’t be shocked?”

“Trust me,” replied Lynn fervently, “I won’t be shocked.”

“Ah yes but how can I be sure of that?”

“Perhaps a game of Truth or Dare?” suggested Lynn. “Yes/no answers to specific questions?”

Louise pondered this. “Fair enough,” she said. “I’ll start.”

“Fire away,” said Lynn.

“Okay ... have you ever had sex?” inquired Louise.

“Yes I have. My turn. Have you ever been naked in a place where you shouldn’t have been?”

“Shouldn’t have been at all, or shouldn’t have been naked?”

“Shouldn’t have been naked.”

“Yes,” replied Louise. “I ran naked from the toilets to the shower in my house at Coll.”

“Coll?”

“College,” explained Louise. “My turn now. Have you ever had anal sex?”

“Yup,” said Lynn. “Just last Sunday actually. Okay - have you ever had sex with a woman?”

“No!” said Louise. “I’ve never had sex with anyone, male or female. But I’ve had quite a bit of fun on my own, if you know what I mean.”

“Sure.” Lynn nodded and smiled.

“Right then - have you ever done something that most people would consider disgusting?”

“Ooh yes,” replied Lynn with a grin. “Have you?”

“I have,” confirmed Louise. “What was it that you did?”

“You’re too young,” said Lynn. “Anyway I can’t reply to that with yes or no.”

“Okay ... did it involve something messy?”

“It usually does. But there’s messy and there’s messy.”

“True. Well I’m going to go out on a limb here - did it involve bodily, um, excretions?”

“You mean shit?” asked Lynn politely.

Louise looked a little embarrassed. “Well, not to put too fine a point on it - yes.”

“Then yes, it did,” said Lynn. “How about you? Have you done something with your poo?”

“Yes I have,” replied Louise. “Wow, this is too cool - we’re both into scat?”

“Into what?” Lynn had not come across this term.

“Scat - it’s the technical term for playing with shit.”

“Oh, right.” Lynn nodded. “I guess we are, then. But I’m not only into that - I have been exploring a lot of other fetishes too.”

“Really? Such as?”

Lynn took a deep breath. “I think we’d better swap stories.”

Halfway through dinner, Lynn turned to her father and said, “Dad, would you be willing to let me stay with Julie this weekend if I take Louise along with me?”

Simon frowned as he chewed his way through a piece of gammon. “I don’t know,” he said at length. “What do you think, dear?”

Gina raised an eyebrow. “I have no objection,” she said. “If Julie’s father is willing to take them both on.”

“How do you feel about that, Louise?” Simon asked.

“Well,” said Louise, “much as I’d like to stay here with you, it sounds like it might be fun to go and stay with one of Lynn’s friends.”

Simon nodded, then addressed Lynn. “I’ll be holding you responsible,” he said.

“You’d better keep Louise out of trouble, okay?”

“I will, Dad,” said Lynn.

“Then I guess you can go, provided Julie’s father agrees.”

“Thanks Dad. I’ll call him after supper.”

“No,” Simon corrected her, “I’ll call him.”

Lynn’s face fell, but she tried not to look worried as she said, “Fine.”

After dinner Simon disappeared to make a phone call, and returned with good news. “Martin says it’s fine,” he reported. “And he’s willing to come and pick the two of you up. I guess you’d better go and pack.”

Lynn whooped with joy and raced upstairs, with Louise in tow. Lynn stuffed into an overnight bag her sexiest outfits, including some of her shortest microskirts. Then she changed into a skimpy tank-top (with no bra underneath) and a tight skirt that barely covered her buttocks, and replaced her knickers with a thong. Louise merely repacked the things she had unpacked just before the meal.

The doorbell rang, and Lynn ran downstairs with her bag, keeping it placed between her hemline and her father, just in case he objected to her leaving the house in it. She answered the door, and smiled at Martin, who stood on the doorstep.

“Bye Mum, bye Dad,” she called to her parents, who had not yet emerged from the living room. “Quick,” she whispered to Louise, who was just reaching the foot of the stairs.

The three of them left the house and got into Martin’s car. Louise took the passenger seat, while Lynn climbed into the back seat, where Julie was waiting. The two French-kissed briefly.

“Hey, lover,” said Lynn softly. “Ooh, I like the outfit.”

Julie grinned. She was wearing a short t-shirt that came down to her navel, a thong, and a pair of trainers. Nothing else. “Thought I’d surprise you,” she said.

“Hi,” said Louise to Martin as she fastened her seatbelt. “I’m Louise.”

“I hope you know what you’re letting yourself in for, Louise,” said Martin.

“I’ve been fully briefed,” replied Louise. “I just hope I don’t prove to be a fifth wheel.”

“You won’t be,” said Julie, leaning forward between the two front seats. “Hi Louise - I’m Julie. I’m sure you’ll fit in just fine.”

Martin drove down the road heading for his own house, just in case Lynn’s parents were watching, then he took two right turns so that he was now driving further into the city. In ten minutes or so they had arrived at the apartment building. Julie had the keys, but Martin insisted on coming up with them to make sure they got settled in okay. The lift turned out to be broken so they took the stairs, Lynn’s skirt climbing higher and higher with every step. By the time they’d reached the fourth floor, an inch of her knickers was showing at the front, and at the back her hemline was at least two inches above the lower curve of her buttocks. She made no attempt to pull her skirt down, and Louise, who was following behind her, found her eyes irresistibly drawn to her cousin’s bottom. Julie looked again at her keys - the room number, 413, was carved into the metal, and she looked for this number on the doors that they passed. Soon she came to the right door, which she unlocked and opened. It was dark inside, so Julie entered and felt around for a light switch. The others entered, and as the dim 40-watt bulb illuminated the living room they stared about them in awe.

“Wow!” exclaimed Lynn. “This is perfect!”

The place was a mess. The threadbare carpet was covered in the contents of a cereal packet that was lying on its side on the floor near the far wall. A bag of flour and a couple of bags of sugar had also had their contents liberally scattered over the floor. Two unmatched armchairs and a moth-eaten sofa were the only items of furniture, although a giant boxing-glove-shaped beanbag sat in one corner. And swarming over everything in sight were hundreds, no thousands, of cockroaches.

“Apparently this is the second most infested flat in the building,” said Martin. “The landlord used to get the exterminators in once every few months, but he gave up - it never worked for long and he was sick of forking out for the pest control people. He’d resigned himself to never having any tenants in this flat. He was very pleased and surprised that we were willing to take it. I hope it’s to your satisfaction.”

“It’s wonderful. But why didn’t we get the most infested flat?” inquired Lynn.

“It belongs to the lady next door. She wouldn’t let the pest control people into her flat, it seems - she sounds like she must be as perverted as you two.”

“Excellent!” exclaimed Lynn delightedly. “We’ll have to pay her a visit.”

“Well, I’ll be off then,” said Martin. “I’ll see you on Sunday at about sevenish?”

“Wait,” said Lynn. “What time do you have to be back at school, Louise?”

“Eight o’clock, in theory,” replied Louise. “But there’s no roll-call. If I can catch the seven-thirty train, I’ll be a bit late but it won’t matter.”

“Great. I’ll see you girls on Sunday, then.”

“Bye Dad,” said Julie.”

Martin left, and Julie shut the door. Her eyes were shining. “Welcome to paradise,” she said.

Lynn looked down and saw a roach scurrying up her right leg. Fascinated, she watched as it ran up over her thong and continued on up her torso. Other roaches were by now climbing over her shoes and she could feel one running up the back of her calf.

“This place is so infested!” Louise looked rather worried. “You two are getting off on this?”

“Absolutely,” said Julie. She threw herself on to the sofa and grinned as a couple of roaches dashed across her chest. She sat upright and patted the cushion beside her. “Come on Louise,” she said. “Come and sit by me.”

Louise put down her bag and rather timidly crossed the room to sit next to Julie. “What’s the plan?” she asked.

“Lynn said on the phone that you like to crap in your knickers,” said Julie with a smirk.

Louise blushed furiously and knocked a roach off her leg. “Well, yes...”

“Okay, so do it,” said Julie. “Right here and now.”

“Now? Here?” Louise was stunned at the suggestion. “But ... the sofa...”

Julie laughed. “Does it look like we care what happens to it?”

Lynn walked across the room and knelt down by Louise’s feet. She spotted a cockroach running up the front of the sofa and smiled to herself with satisfaction as she saw it disappear up Louise’s knee-length skirt. “Go for it,” she said to Louise.

“You first,” said Louise.

“I’m wearing a thong,” replied Lynn. “It just wouldn’t be the same. Go on, Louise - lose a few of those private school inhibitions.”

Louise bit her lip nervously, then began to strain.

“Hey wait,” said Julie. “Shouldn’t we be watching it happen?”

“You’re right,” agreed Lynn. “Louise, lie down on your back and raise your knees to your chest, and spread your feet apart.”

“Crumbs, this is awfully sudden...” Louise looked rather unsure of herself.

“We only have two full days,” said Julie. “If we’re to make the most of the time we have, there’s no point in holding back. Come on.” She took hold of Louise’s legs and swung them across her lap, then pulled on her ankles so that Louise scooted down into a lying position. “Okay, raise your legs.”

Louise raised her knees to her chest, causing her skirt to fall around her waist and treating Julie and Lynn to a nice view of her knickers. Lynn pulled the gusset to one side, and Louise squealed in alarm.

“Ooh, shaved!” observed Lynn. “Lovely...”

“Okay,” said Julie, “you can push now.”

Louise was actually beginning to enjoy being dominated by these two girls, and she barely hesitated before she relaxed her anus and began to push. Immediately a medium-hard poo began to emerge, causing her knickers to bulge. Lynn and Julie watched in fascination. As Louise continued to grunt and push, more of the poo came out, and Lynn reached into her cousin’s gusset to pull the poo along to make room for more.

Finally Louise was done, her knickers full of two long, semi-hard turds. Lynn placed the flat of her hand against Louise’s knickers, and squished the excrement against the younger girl’s pussy. Louise closed her eyes and sighed with pleasure. She spread her legs further so that Lynn could continue to rub the messy shit into her pussy.

But Lynn had other ideas. One of the turds was still intact, its cylindrical shape preserved on account of its being rather firmer than the other. Lynn took this one in her hand, pulling Louise’s knickers aside, and began to slide it into Louise’s vagina. Louise opened her eyes in surprise, but did not object. A delicious shiver went through her body as she savored the sensation of the poo entering her body.

Lynn, however, now encountered resistance, and she remembered that Louise was still a virgin. She pulled the turd back out. “I forgot,” she said. “I guess you probably don’t want to lose your virginity to a piece of poo.”

“I don’t mind,” said Louise. “Just do whatever you want to do to me. This is the most intense experience I’ve ever had. You can even gag me if you want, to prevent me from objecting to anything you’re doing.”

“What a good idea!” Julie liked this. She stood up and took off her thong. “Open your mouth,” she instructed Louise, while scrunching up her thong into a ball.

Louise did so, and Julie stuffed her thong into the other girl’s mouth. Then she opened her bag and pulled out a roll of sticky tape. She cut off a long strip and wound it a few times around Louise’s mouth and the back of her head, thus holding the thong in place. “Now close your eyes,” she instructed. When Louise did this, Julie taped her eyes shut. “Okay!” Julie said to Lynn. “You may proceed.”

Lynn was about to push the poo back into Louise’s cunt when she noticed a cockroach roaming over her cousin’s pussy. Eagerly she watched as it discovered Louise’s vaginal opening and paused there for just a moment. Lynn wasted no time. She rammed the poo into Louise’s vagina, pushing the cockroach in with it. Resistance was met, and Lynn pushed harder, and harder still. The resistance gave way, and Louise’s body bucked a little, a moan coming from behind her gag.

Julie clapped her hands delightedly. “What a way to lose your virginity!” she exclaimed.

Lynn nodded, and began to slide the poo in and out of Louise’s cunt. Her cousin’s pelvis writhed sensuously in response.

Meanwhile Julie was taking hold of Louise’s blouse. With one swift movement she tore it open, buttons flying everywhere. Fetching a pair of scissors from her bag, she grabbed Louise’s bra and cut it in the middle, exposing the younger girl’s ample breasts. Then, squatting over Louise’s chest, she began to strain, and had soon produced a long, semi-soft poo that lay diagonally across Louise’s left breast. Julie lowered her crotch down on to it and began to grind the poo into both Louise’s breast and her own pussy.

Cockroaches were by now climbing over all three girls. Several had got inside Lynn’s tank-top, entering via her cleavage, and she could feel them moving across her breasts. Thoroughly aroused, she pulled off her thong and held her vagina open, hoping a roach or two would enter her. After only a minute or two, one did so, and she stuffed it deep inside her cunt. She could feel other roaches in her hair, on her back, on her buttocks, on her legs, and there were several on the front of her top as well as inside it.

She pushed the poo she was holding deeper into Louise’s cunt, until it could go no further. Then she pushed it harder, so that Louise writhed in discomfort. The poo became compressed, bent, and finally folded over, and disappeared completely into Louise’s body. Lynn pushed it as far as she could with her fingers, packing it in hard. Then she replaced the girl’s knickers, covering up her pussy.

“There. No-one would ever know,” she said with a grin. “What should we do with her now, sweetie?”

“I think you should shit on her face and in her hair,” said Julie. “And make her eat your poo.”

“Ooh, that’s nasty.” Lynn wrinkled her nose. She removed Louise’s gag. “What would you think about doing that, Louise?” she asked.

“Whatever my mistresses require of me, I will endeavor to perform,” replied Louise.

“I like this girl!” exclaimed Julie.

“Me too,” said Lynn, grinning. She got up and squatted over Louise’s face, then began to push, grimacing as it proved to be a wide one. As it began to emerge, she guided it towards Louise’s face, and when a piece finally dropped off, she caught it and slapped it on to Louise’s cheek. Julie reached down and began to smear it all over Louise’s face, while Lynn continued to produce more poo. The next piece was slightly softer, and she caught hold of it.

“Open your mouth,” she instructed Louise.

Louise opened her mouth, a little hesitantly, and Lynn slid the tip of her poo inside.

“Now suck it like you would suck a man’s dick,” she said.

Louise complied, screwing up her face in disgust, while Lynn slowly pushed more of the poo into her cousin’s mouth. The poo was beginning to disintegrate, and Louise was forced to swallow some of it. Lynn realized this and smiled to herself, and she continued to push more of the poo in. Louise retched, but managed to hold it down, though she paused in her meal for half a minute before resuming. Eventually, every bit of the poo was gone, though the inside of Louise’s mouth was coated with excrement.

“That ... was ... foul,” Louise managed.

But Lynn was not finished. She had been saving up for two days, and part of what had been in her bowels was Julie’s own poo. So she continued to push, and another long turd emerged. Louise opened her mouth, and began to eat directly from source. She was halfway through chewing when she retched again. This time, she could not hold it down.

“Heuuhghhh...” She threw up a mixture of poo and the semi-digested remains of the evening meal, the vomit cascading over her breasts and down her belly towards her knickers. Some of it splattered against Lynn’s bottom.

“Are you okay?” asked Lynn in concern.

“Yeah...” Louise spat. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” said Lynn. “It’s not your fault.”

“Yes it is,” Louise insisted. “It was a bad thing to do. I should be punished.”

Julie pulled up the waistband of Louise’s knickers so that the flow of vomit poured over the girl’s pussy. When the knickers were full, she dropped the waistband. “I think,” she said, “that Louise should spend the night here on this couch, covered in all this shit and vomit.”

“What a good idea,” agreed Lynn. “And in the meantime, you and I can go and get cleaned up, then we’ll go to bed and make love.”

“Ooh yes,” said Julie with a smile.

So Louise was left on the couch, her face covered in poo, her bare chest and belly covered in poo and vomit, her knickers full of vomit, and her vagina packed with poo and one almost certainly dead cockroach.

Julie and Lynn washed themselves in the run-down, roach-infested bathroom, then went to the bedroom where Martin had put an old double bed. The girls climbed in, taking care not to squish too many of the cockroaches that were swarming between the sheets, and made passionate love while the scurrying insects crawled all over their naked bodies.

**Lynn’s Wilder Week: 11 - Lynn’s Exhibitionistic Competition Adventure**

The following morning Lynn awoke to find roaches still climbing all over her body. She smiled and looked across at Julie, then gasped as she saw the back end of a cockroach sticking out of her lover’s ear. Quickly she grabbed hold of it and pulled. With a bit of resistance, it came out - fortunately it had been too big to fit completely into Julie’s ear canal. For the first time Lynn’s thoughts turned to earplugs. She resolved to buy some cotton wool.

She got up and wandered through to the living room, where Louise was still lying on the couch. The excrement and vomit that covered her body had caked and was all but dry, but the room stank. Roaches were swarming all over the sleeping girl. Lynn hurried back to the bedroom fished in Julie’s bag for her friend’s Polaroid camera. A minute later she was taking photos of Louise from several angles.

The flashes soon awoke Louise. “Hey, what are you doing?” she asked sleepily.

“Oh, just taking some photos to post on the internet,” replied Lynn with a grin.

“Smile.”

Louise looked worried. “You wouldn’t really, would you?” she asked.

“Of course. Don’t worry - I’m sure nobody you know will see them. There’s a risk, certainly - but that’s half the fun.”

“As you wish,” said Louise. “God, I’m a mess - may I please get clean?”

“Sure,” said Lynn. “Just as soon as I get a couple of photos between your legs. Could you pull open the front of your knickers for me? Great, that’s good. And now take your knickers off, and spread your legs. Wonderful. Now, do you think you could squeeze some of that shit out of your cunt? Ooh, that looks fantastic. That’ll make a great photo. Thanks - you can go and bathe now.”

Half an hour later, while Louise was still washing herself, Julie walked in, still naked and with one or two cockroaches clinging to her. “Hi sweetie,” she said.

“Good morning my love,” said Lynn, who was munching her way through a bowlful of cornflakes. Martin had supplied a small fridge and stocked it with milk, bread, and one or two other items. He had also put some non-perishable foodstuffs, such as cereal, in the cupboards. “I thought we might pay our next-door neighbor a visit,” Lynn suggested. “What do you think?”

“Sure, but I need to brush my teeth and wash my face first. I must look awful.”

“Of course. Me too.”

After they had both eaten and performed their morning ablutions, Lynn put on a sleeveless microdress and a thong, while Julie donned a microskirt and a skimpy top. Neither wore a bra, and Julie wore no knickers, though at least her skirt, unlike Lynn’s dress, covered her buttocks and pussy entirely. It also had a pocket, in which she figured she could put the keys to the flat if they went out.

Leaving Louise to finish bathing, the girls left the flat and knocked on the next door down. After a few seconds they heard a shuffling of feet, and the door opened.

The face of a woman in her mid-twenties appeared. She looked tired, her hair was disheveled, and she appeared more than a little drunk. She was wearing an ankle-length bathrobe. “Hello?” she said.

“Hi,” said Julie with a warm smile. “We just moved in next door and thought we’d stop by to say hello. Have we come at a bad time?”

“It’s always a bad time,” said the woman. She looked them up and down. “Are you prostitutes?”

“No! Certainly not!” Julie feigned shock. “We’re just a couple of girls who like to show off.”

“Oh.” The woman swayed on her feet a little as she took this in. “So why the hell did you move in next door to me?” she asked. “Don’t the roaches bother you?”

“No - we love cockroaches,” said Lynn. “Don’t you?”

“I love all God’s creatures,” replied the woman. “But I’m terrified of insects. I know it’s weird - you don’t have to tell me that. But I could certainly do without my roaches.”

“I wish we could take them off you,” said Julie. “I mean, we have plenty in our flat but we’d welcome more.”

The woman looked thoughtful. “Hey, why don’t you come in? Maybe we can work something out or something.”

The girls entered the flat, and stared in awe at the sheer numbers of roaches that covered the walls, floor and furniture. Within a few seconds of entering the room, both girls had several roaches climbing their legs.

“Have a seat.” The woman indicated an old sofa in the corner of the room. “My name’s Jodie, by the way.” She sat down in an armchair and flicked a couple of roaches off her robe with a shudder.

“Do you work, Jodie?” asked Lynn.

“Used to. Got fired.” Jodie sighed. “I made a bit of a spectacle of myself in the office one day, and a few days later I ran my car into the managing director’s BMW when a cockroach suddenly emerged from my blouse and began running up my neck. I tend to panic a bit in such situations. So now I’m unemployed, with nothing to do all day but sit at home and drink myself into a state in which I can almost ignore the horrible sensations of having insects crawling over me.”

“Jeez, what a bummer!” Lynn felt genuinely sorry for the woman. “Why don’t you move out?”

“No money,” explained Jodie simply. “Never have any money.” She took a swig from the whisky bottle she was carrying. Then a strange expression came over her face. “Oh God...” she said.

“What is it?” asked Julie.

“Ugh...” Jodie shuddered, and took another swig. “There’s one inside me,” she said. “I just felt it move.” She reached into her robe, between her legs, and after a moment’s feeling around she pulled out a cockroach, its legs flailing. She threw it on to the floor.

“How often does that happen?” asked Lynn.

“It only happens when I forget to put a plug in,” said Jodie. “Last night I was too drunk and didn’t have the presence of mind to think of it.”

“Wow...” Lynn turned to Julie with her eyes shining. “Isn’t this place just perfect?”

“Do you mind if we gather up some of your roaches and let them loose in our apartment?” asked Julie. “We love cockroaches, and we’d be happy to take some off your hands.”

Jodie looked startled, and suddenly hopeful. “Why would you do that?” she asked.

“We get off on having cockroaches crawling over us,” explained Lynn. “So what do you say?”

“Well, you’re welcome to try,” said Jodie, “but they’ll find their way back, I’m sure - they seem somehow attracted to me.”

“Nonsense,” snorted Julie. “They’re attracted to the mess. If you clean up in here, and we make sure there’s a nice steady food supply in our own flat, they’ll stay with us and leave you pretty much alone, I would think.”

“Oh gosh - I hope you’re right,” said Jodie. “That would be wonderful.”

Lynn got to her feet, and nudged Julie. “We’ll be back with containers later on today,” she said. “Thanks for your time.”

Julie arose and smiled. “It’s been a pleasure doing business with you,” she said.

The girls left and returned to their own flat. Lynn looked around. “Suddenly this place seems depressingly roach-free,” she remarked. “I can’t wait to get some more of the critters in here.”

Louise emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. “Hi,” she said. “What’s the plan for today?”

“Oh, I think we’ll take the Tube into the city center and do a bit of showing off,” said Julie. “What do you think, Lynn?”

“I think we should all get naked on the train and start making out with each other.”

“Nice idea,” conceded Julie. “But I have a better idea.”

“What’s that?” asked Lynn, intrigued.

“A competition. We’ll go into town and try to outdo each other in terms of outrageous behavior.”

“Ooh, I like that,” said Lynn. “How about you, Louise?”

“I’m not sure I’ll be as good as you,” replied Louise, looking a little uncomfortable. “My activities have all been in private, and I’m a little nervous about displaying myself in public.”

“Oh, you’ll love it,” Julie reassured her. “Just think - nobody will know you, so it doesn’t matter what they think of you.”

Louise nodded. “Well, I’ll be happy to go along and take part. But I’m sure that one of you two will win.”

“What’s the prize for winning? And how do we establish a winner anyway?” asked Lynn.

Julie thought for a moment. “Okay, we’ll take it in turns to do something outrageous. If just one of the other two thinks it’s more intense than the previous exploit, then it’s the next person’s turn. If neither of the others thinks it was more outrageous, then that person is out of the competition, and the remaining two girls continue until one of them fails to top the other. Does that make sense?”

“Yup, sounds good,” said Lynn. “Okay, Louise, put something on and we’ll get going.”

“All right, but none of my clothes are as revealing as yours,” said Louise.

“Very well, you’ll just have to wear something of mine,” decided Lynn. “Help yourself from my bag.”

Louise rummaged around in Lynn’s bag, and pulled out a skimpy thong that tied up at both sides. “Oh, I like this,” she said. “If I tied the sides loosely enough, it might just fall off by itself.”

“What an excellent idea!” exclaimed Lynn, rather annoyed at herself for not having thought of it herself. She looked on enviously as Louise donned the thong, tying it very loosely indeed at the sides.

Louise then helped herself to a black stretchy lycra microskirt and stepped into it. As she pulled it up to her waist, the hemline climbed to just short of her crotch. At the back, the lowest curve of her buttocks was just peeping beneath the hemline. She pulled it down slightly so that her bottom was completely covered.

“Very sexy,” Julie complimented her with a smile.

Louise blushed and pulled a very skimpy cut-off t-shirt out of Lynn’s bag. She put it on, and was a little concerned to discover that it only just covered her bra-less breasts. She dithered, wondering whether to change it for a less risky garment, but by the time she had made up her mind to do so, she had hesitated too long.

“Perfect!” Lynn said. “My, Louise, you look the sluttiest of us all!”

“Do not,” Louise retorted. “At least my skirt covers my thong.”

Lynn grinned. “It won’t for long. Wait till you start walking in that thing.”

“Come on you two,” said Julie. “Let’s go. Oh, and we mustn’t forget to bring some sort of containers back with us.”

The girls left the flat, locking it behind them, and Julie put the keys in her pocket along with a twenty-pound note, then they descended via the stairwell to the ground floor. They met nobody inside the building - the majority of the flats were empty and the few inhabitants were mostly unemployed and tended to sleep late. Outside, Lynn led the way - she had been to the neighboring building earlier in the week and knew the way to the tube station from here.

The first few roads they walked down were practically deserted, for which Louise was grateful. Lynn had been right - her lycra microskirt was climbing with every step, and she kept having to pull the hem downwards at both the front and the back. Her unfettered breasts, bouncing with each step, were also causing her cut-off t-shirt to climb up her chest, and before long she had to pull it back down to avoid exposure of her nipples.

Soon they were on busier streets, and heads turned toward them on all sides. Incredulous stares and whispers greeted their confident (or in Louise’s case, not quite so confident) stroll down the pavement, but they reached the station unmolested. Louise, struggling with both her garments, felt terribly embarrassed as they descended the short flight of steps leading to the ticket machines, acutely aware that despite her efforts she was showing the front of her thong to anyone who happened to glance in her direction. Lynn, on the other hand, was making no attempt to keep her thong from public view, and was loving every second of the attention she was getting.

Julie, whose microskirt was too loose to ride up, walked unconcernedly straight up to a ticket machine and bought three travel cards. She rejoined her friends and together they passed through the barriers and stepped on to the escalator. As they descended, Lynn turned to Julie and kissed her. Julie put her arms around Lynn and lowered her hands to Lynn’s buttocks. She pulled her friend’s dress up to her waist, and Louise could only look on in shocked amazement at the boldness of them both. By the time they had reached the bottom of the escalator, however, Lynn and Julie had parted and straightened their clothing. Lynn winked at Louise, and the three of them headed for the train platform.

“Okay,” whispered Julie. “The stunts start now. Who’s first?”

“Louise should start, since she’s likely to be less outrageous at first,” suggested Lynn. “But we still haven’t figured out a prize for whoever wins.”

“The prize,” decided Lynn, “is that the other two girls will have to do whatever the winner orders them to do, until midnight tonight.”

“Ooh yes, I like it,” said Julie, pleased. “Right - go for it, Louise.”

Louise took a deep breath. She felt light-headed. She very much wanted to impress her cousin and her new friend, but she was not sure if she could keep up with their competition. She tried hard to think of something exhibitionistic and daring to do.

“Okay,” she said, “watch this.” She walked quickly ahead of the other two, heading out on to the platform, and there she quickly pulled her cut-off t-shirt up to her neck, flashing her full but shapely breasts for a fraction of a second. She replaced the t-shirt and ran back to Lynn and Julie, blushing furiously.

“Not bad,” said Julie admiringly. “You have lovely breasts, you know.”

“I know,” agreed Lynn. “I’m so jealous!”

“Thanks.” Louise stared at her shoes in embarrassment. “Who’s next?”

“I think you should nominate someone,” said Julie.

“Okay ... I nominate you,” Louise responded.

Julie smiled. “Aren’t you sweet.” She pulled up her microskirt so that it was bunched around her waist, then walked out on to the platform, as bold as brass, showing her pussy and bare bottom to everyone around her. For several seconds she left the skirt where it was, while one or two people shouted either encouragement or abuse at her. Finally she pulled her skirt back down and returned to the others.

“Definitely more outrageous,” said Lynn with a grin.

Louise nodded. “I have to agree.”

“Well then, I guess it’s my turn,” sighed Lynn. “Now what can I do to beat that...?”

“Our train’s here,” said Julie. “It’ll have to wait.”

They boarded the train when it arrived, and Lynn sat down with her legs spread wide apart. As the train moved off, she pulled her thong to one side and began to stroke her clitoris. The gaze of two men sitting opposite her was riveted. After half a minute she parted the lips of her pussy and let her bunched thong slip into the groove. She left her legs spread apart.

“That was...” Louise began.

“The best yet,” concluded Julie. “Your turn again Louise.”

Louise’s jaw dropped. However was she going to top that? She thought hard for a moment, then decided that she was not yet willing to give up the competition. The men opposite looked like they were appreciating the view, and the only women in the carriage were further away and not likely to see what she was doing. She hesitated for only a moment, then she pulled up her skirt around her waist, untied her thong at the sides, and threw the garment out of the open window. She sat back down, still with her skirt around her waist, and paused for a few seconds before pulling her skirt down again.

“Hey, great minds think alike!” Lynn was delighted. “I did that the other day.”

“Hmm,” said Julie. “But is it more erotic than actually playing with yourself in public? I don’t think so.”

“Oh I do.” Lynn was firm on this point. “I think Louise has topped my effort.”

Julie shrugged. “Well you only need one vote. Well-done Louise. My turn I guess.” She pondered various options for half a minute, then she got to her feet. She pulled her microskirt up around her waist, pulled her top up above her breasts, exposing them fully, then began to walk down the aisle of the carriage.

Louise gasped and watched with wide eyes as Julie passed a middle-aged woman who began to berate her loudly.

“You little trollop!” she yelled. “I shall call the police!”

Julie turned around and trotted quickly back to her seat, where she pulled her top down, though she left her skirt where it was. The two men sitting across from them burst into spontaneous applause, then fell silent and watched with eager expectation to see what Lynn would do.

“Hmm,” said Lynn. “A tough act to follow.” She stood up, pulled her dress up to her waist, then pulled her thong down to her ankles and stepped out of it. Then she turned around and sat down on the lap of one of the men opposite, whose expression of unparalleled delight set Louise giggling. Lynn took the man’s hand and guided it to her pussy, which he rubbed for a moment before Lynn pushed one of his fingers inside her vagina. The man could not believe his luck. He stuck his free hand up underneath her dress and began to squeeze her left breast.

But then Lynn decided she had done enough. She pulled her dress back down, put her thong back on, and sat down again.

“Better still!” said Julie, and Louise nodded.

“Your turn now,” said Lynn to Louise.

Louise’s face fell. She was not ready, she felt, to allow strange men to probe her orifices with their fingers or anything else.

“Hey, our stop’s coming up,” said Julie.

Louise was desperate. She wanted to top Lynn’s stunt, but she was anxious to do so before they got off the train. This was a good place for such things, with a (mostly) supportive audience that she might not find elsewhere. Thinking quickly, she stood up and took off her t-shirt, followed by her skirt. Then she kicked off her shoes and, before she had time to reconsider, set off running naked down to the far end of the carriage. The middle-aged woman screamed and began shouting at her, but Louise ignored her. When she reached the end, she turned and ran back to where her friends were, but instead of sitting down, she threw herself face down across the lap of one of the men.

“Spank me,” she hissed to him. “Nothing else though!”

The man did not need to be told twice. He smacked her bottom fairly smartly (but not too hard) six or seven times, and then stopped. Louise rolled off his lap, retrieved her clothes, and resumed her seat, rather breathless.

This time it was Julie and Lynn who applauded. Lynn patted her on the back.

“That was excellent!” she exclaimed. “Best yet.”

“My turn now,” said Julie. As the train entered the station, she stood up, with her skirt still around her waist and her naked pussy exposed to the world. She pulled off her top and, when the doors opened, she brazenly walked out on to the semi-crowded platform. Only after at least thirty people had seen her did she put her top back on and pull her skirt down.

Lynn and Louise hurried to catch up with her. “That was pretty cool,” said Lynn.

“But I don’t think it beats Louise’s performance.

“Oh, I think it does,” countered Louise. “It’s one thing to be an exhibitionist in a mostly-empty train carriage - quite another to walk out naked on to the platform.”

“Fair enough,” said Lynn. “You’re still in, Julie. My turn now I suppose.” She pulled her dress up over her head and slung it over one arm. Then, with her free hand, she grabbed her thong and pulled so hard that the flimsy garment ripped apart. By this time they had reached the escalator. Lynn stepped on to it, and as they ascended she threw the useless thong over the side rail. Apparently unconcerned by all the attention she was getting from people descending on the other side, she calmly remained naked all the way up to the top. Once there, she walked halfway to the ticket barriers before pulling her dress back on. Now, however, she was obliged to hold on to the hem with her hands, stretching it downwards so that it could cover her pussy. Whenever she let go, the hemline would spring back up above crotch level.

“Okay,” said Julie with a chuckle. “I suppose that’ll do. I particularly liked the thong-ripping bit.”

They passed through the barriers and headed out on to Evesham Street, which led towards the pedestrian precinct. As they walked, Louise adopted a fairly springy step, which caused her breasts to bounce heavily beneath her miniature t-shirt.

“Your turn, Louise,” said Julie.

“I know - I’m doing it,” Louise responded.

Lynn and Julie watched her with furrowed brows, then both began to smile as it became apparent what was happening to her. As she walked, her skirt was slowly but surely riding up to expose her pussy, and her breasts were almost ready to pop out from under her t-shirt. All too soon, they did, but Louise did not attempt to cover them up. Staring straight ahead of her, she carried on with her bouncy walk until the t-shirt was bunched up around her upper chest, on a level with her armpits. Her skirt by now was gathered about her hips, and passers-by were beginning to point and shout.

“Watch out - policeman!” warned Julie.

Louise hastily covered herself as she spied the uniformed officer standing with his back to them not twenty yards away. Lynn maintained her tricky struggle to keep her own pussy covered, and all three were glad when they were safely past the policeman and had turned into the pedestrian precinct itself.

“Well, I think Louise’s show was pretty good,” said Julie, “but perhaps not as good as Lynn’s.”

“Aww, you’re being too harsh,” argued Lynn. “She was, after all, out on a busy street. I’m voting for her.”

Julie sighed. “All right,” she said. “My turn then. Stay here.” She turned and hurried into a nearby stationer’s, and emerged a couple of minutes later with a pair of scissors. She grinned at her friends. “Good thing I had a little money left over after buying the tickets,” she said. “Come on.” She turned and led them further down the street, stopping beside a manhole cover. Thereupon she pulled off her skirt, lifted up the cover (which was a lot heavier than she had anticipated), and threw the skirt into the manhole. The other two girls gasped in shock.

Quickly, Julie now removed her tank top so that she was now completely naked apart from her shoes. She crouched down and laid her top on the ground, then hurriedly cut four or five inches off the bottom of the garment, leaving herself with an even skimpier top and what could possibly pass for a boob tube. She now put the tank top back on (what was left of it), though she was rather perturbed to discover that it now did not quite cover her breasts. Nevertheless, she stepped into the other half of the garment and pulled it up to her groin. Fortunately the top had been skin-tight, and now it worked adequately as a micro-mini skirt. She arranged the skirt so that it just covered her pussy at the front, and almost completely covered the lower curve of her bottom at the back. Her buttock cleavage was still showing over the top of the new skirt, but she did not mind this as much as the fact that she could only keep her breasts covered by pulling her top down with both hands.

By now she had attracted a fair-sized crowd of mostly appreciative men, and one or two curious women. She smiled at them all, and received a little applause. Surprisingly, nobody heckled her at all.

“That was ingenious!” exclaimed Lynn.

“And very sexy!” added Louise. “That’s definitely the best yet!”

“I agree,” said Lynn. “Come on - let’s move on.”

They walked further along the precinct and the crowd dispersed. Lynn was thinking hard. However was she going to top Julie’s show? She would have perhaps defecated and smeared poo all over herself, but her bowels were unfortunately empty. What else could she do?

Finally she made up her mind. She trotted down to the end of the street, where a busy main road bordered the precinct. In the near lane a row of cars was waiting at a red light, but it was in the process of turning to green just as she got there. She wasted no time, whipping her dress up over her head and pulling it off. She ran up to the back of a big 4x4 and draped her dress over its spare tire, just as the vehicle began to drive off.

Horns honked as if there were no tomorrow. Lynn held one arm over her breasts, with her other hand over her shaven pussy, and ran naked back to where Julie and Louise were standing.

“Ten out of ten!” exclaimed Julie. “But you’re a bit screwed now, don’t you think?”

“Oh shut up and just give me a bit of cover, will you?” She backed up against a brick wall and motioned for Louise and Julie to stand in front of her.

But this time there was no avoiding the attention. Eight or nine rubber-necked men of various ages were approaching with a mere pretence at nonchalance, staring at Julie’s and Louise’s barely-covered bottoms and trying to see past them to the naked girl beyond.

“Come on,” said Julie, “let’s get to that toilet in the multi-story.”

Lynn nodded.

“Ready? Go!”

Julie broke from the group and dashed up the street, closely followed by Lynn, with Louise bringing up the rear, trying desperately to keep herself covered up. But it was hopeless to do so while running, and she soon stopped bothering to try. No sooner had she let go of her top than it was riding high, both breasts falling out and bouncing wildly as she ran. Her skirt rose too, and within a couple of seconds she might as well have been naked for all the good her clothes were doing.

Julie fared no better. Her skirt was not even a real skirt, and it rucked up to become pencil-thin almost immediately. Her cut-off tank-top was not even as long as Louise’s t-shirt, and it too rose up to her armpits. And so as the girls sprinted up the street towards the multi-story car park, the astonished shoppers were treated to perfect views of three naked, shaven pussies and three pairs of bare, bouncing breasts.

But not for long. Julie reached the door that led into the multi-story and held it open while her friends bundled in. Then, in relative seclusion, they bounded up the stairs to the fourth floor and hurried into the women’s toilet.

“What a rush!” exclaimed Louise. “I feel so ... liberated!”

“Good girl,” said Lynn with a grin. “It is fun to be naked in public, isn’t it?”

Louise nodded. “But at least I still have some clothing,” she said, pulling down both her skirt and her t-shirt. “What are you going to do?”

Lynn shrugged. “I’ll just have to run naked back to the tube station and remain nude until we get back to the flat.”

Julie froze. “Oh heck!” she said.

“What?” Lynn was alarmed by Julie’s expression.

“The skirt I threw into the manhole - it’s got our tickets in the pocket!”

Louise gasped. “Oh no!”

“And,” continued Julie, wringing her hands in desperation, “the keys to the flat!”

“Well, the tickets we could have managed without,” said Lynn, “but we need those keys. We’ll have to go down that manhole.”

Julie brightened. “Yes, I suppose we shall. Whose turn is it?”

Both she and Lynn turned to look at Louise, whose eyes widened.

“Now wait a minute,” she said quickly. “You expect me to go out there and go down into that manhole?”

“Unless you can think of a better way to top Lynn’s latest display,” said Julie.

Louise thought hard for a moment, then said, “Well it was Julie who threw the bloomin’ keys down the hole - shouldn’t she be the one to go and get them?”

Lynn shrugged. “Does that mean you can think of something else to do?” she asked.

“How about this,” said Julie. “Whichever of us is knocked out of the competition first has to go and get the keys and the tickets.”

“Ah yes, much better idea,” agreed Lynn. “Okay Louise, go for it.”

Louise thought for a moment, then said, “Fine, but are you seriously going to come out and watch me?”

“That’s a good point,” said Julie.

“Of course I’ll come out,” Lynn replied defiantly. “I didn’t get naked in public just so I could go and hide in a toilet.”

“Fair enough,” said Julie. “Okay, let’s get out there and see how Louise fares.”

They left the toilet, with Louise wondered what on Earth she was going to do when she got outside. When they reached the ground floor, she turned to her friends and said, “You might as well stay inside - you’ll be able to see me from here.”

Lynn shrugged as if it made no difference to her, but secretly she was a little relieved. She and Julie watched as Louise walked outside rather hesitantly. Then her stride became more purposeful, and she trotted up to a passing youth who had been eyeing her clothing appreciatively. They began to converse, and the man’s eyebrows shot up.

“What on Earth is she doing?” Lynn wondered aloud.

“Hey!” said a woman who was coming down the stairs with a young child. “Get some clothes on!”

“I can’t,” said Lynn without turning. “My clothes are miles away from here by now.”

“Good grief!” exclaimed the woman, dragging her wide-eyed child past the girls and out of the door.

Meanwhile, Louise and the young man were still conversing. They appeared to be debating something fairly heatedly. Finally the man seemed to acquiesce, and he shook Louise’s hand. He looked about nervously, then he reached forward and took hold of Louise’s t-shirt with both hands. He yanked it hard, pulling his hands apart and ripping the t-shirt down the middle. Louise made no objection, and remained standing still while he removed the garment entirely. Then he grabbed the skirt and pulled it so forcibly that it, too, tore apart and came off. Before any of the passers-by could react in time to stop him, he had stripped Louise naked. He then took off down the street at a run, clutching the torn garments to his chest.

Only now did Louise react appropriately. She threw her arms across her breasts, exclaiming in alarm, and ran up to a nearby young woman who was carrying a plastic bag. Louise gestured towards the bag and spoke to the woman, who merely shook her head and moved off hastily. Louise ran up to a few other people and spoke to them, too, until finally one middle-aged woman pulled a pair of jeans out of a bag and offered them to Louise. The naked young girl took a quick look at them, then shook her head and turned away, running off back towards the door where Julie and Lynn were waiting for her.

She burst in breathlessly. “How was that?” she asked.

“Brilliant!” exclaimed Julie. “What were you saying to those people?”

“Oh, I was telling them my clothes had just been stolen and asking if they had anything they could give me to cover up. Finally I got offered a pair of jeans, which obviously I didn’t want, so I said they weren’t my size and ran off. Whew!” She grinned.

“And how did you persuade that guy to strip you?” inquired Lynn.

“Oh, he wasn’t too hard to persuade. He thought it was a great idea but was worried about getting arrested for it. I promised him I wouldn’t press charges and pointed out that there weren’t any policemen in sight at the time.”

“Well, that’s got to beat Lynn’s last effort,” said Julie.

“Definitely,” agreed Lynn. “Your turn, Julie.”

“Wow - a tough act to follow,” said Julie, a little worried. “Let me think for a bit.”

“Well shall we get out of sight until you’ve thought?” suggested Lynn.

“Hear, hear,” approved Louise, who was now feeling terribly vulnerable and exposed.

“No, wait, I’ve got an idea,” said Julie. “Stay here.” She walked sedately outside, continually adjusting both her nanoskirt and her cut-off tank-top so that they at least offered a pretence of clothing her, and crossed the street, heading towards an ice-cream van that was dispensing various frozen snacks to hot and thirsty pedestrians. When she reached it she spoke to the vendor for a couple of minutes, and then he handed her a small plastic tub. She was about to take it when he appeared to have second thoughts and withdrew it, and the two of them conversed some more. Then Julie took off her top and her ‘skirt’, and handed both garments to the man in the van. In return he gave her the tub. Turning around to face Lynn and Louise, she leaned back against the van and scooped a handful of soft ice cream from the tub and slapped it on to her chest. She began rubbing it into her breasts, then stuck her hand back into the tub to pull some more out. She squished this into her belly, then slid her hand down to her pussy, into which she started to rub the fast-melting ice cream. Then she tipped the rest of the tub’s contents over her breasts, and embarked on an orgy of rubbing and caressing. Here Lynn and Louise ceased to enjoy the show, for such a crowd had gathered that their view was blocked by a mass of jostling bodies.

“Oh man!” Lynn complained. “Just when it was getting good!”

But something was wrong. The crowd quickly parted and Julie, covered from neck to mid-thighs in ice cream, came sprinting for the door. Lynn hurriedly opened it so that she could enter.

“Police!” shrieked Julie as she ran through and then past them, up the stairs.

“Run!”