**Sylvie Smith's Embarrassing Misadventures**

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It had happened again. Sylvie could not believe it. Not that she had much time for such thoughts, considering. It was just so embarrassing and yet she had thought it would all be OK and a really nice, quiet, private thing to do. The river was not one with reeds and any danger of entanglement: rather it was fast flowing with a gravel bottom. Such a hot day and so good to just slip in for a quick dip. There had been no one around. A quiet stretch of river and she had not seen anyone all morning. It was a week day after all and not school holiday time. No one around at all, but now...

Not one boy, not two boys but a whole bunch of them and there she was on the riverbank opposite the one where she had left her clothes, completely starkers. They had come silently out of the wood, she had not heard them coming, not seen any sort of path that side of the river, certainly had not seen their arrival, but, there again, she had been looking back across the river and enjoying the hot sun pouring down on her naked body after her long, leisurely swim in and across the river. Sylvie had turned around and they were there, grinning and ogling. Her hands had been nowhere near where they had needed to be to protect her modesty -- even a bit.

It had really happened again. Indeed, such things kept happening to her however careful Sylvie was. And she was careful, very careful, such incidents were the last thing she wanted... Well, there were a lot worse things, but Sylvie really hated being embarrassed. She hated people being embarrassed, would not have dreamt of doing something that embarrassed anyone else and hated comedy shows or films where people were in embarrassing situations. Most of all, she hated being embarrassed herself. At school she had always towed the line. Not necessarily the line set by the school or the teachers but the one set by the other girls. She conformed with something of a passion, she did not in any way want to stand out -- to be seen doing something different, or wearing something different, and being noticed. That would have been embarrassing.

As a schoolgirl she had certainly been embarrassed but not by being seen naked or with parts of her body accidentally revealed when they should not have been. Perhaps it had been -- well, it had been really -- embarrassing that she was the first in her class to grow pubic hair. Her dark hair against her white skin had made it the more obvious. And it had been noticed with fingers pointing and smiles in the showers. Girls can be cruel. That had not been a good experience. And then, despite the onset of puberty, her breasts had just not grown whereas the other girls, particularly her friends, had positively budded and then filled out almost week by week leaving her flat chested and boy like -- there. Of course, that had come too, just later on. And hadn't it just!

Sylvie's chest had grown and grown making her bust easiest the biggest amongst her friends. And that had been embarrassing too, having 'them' there not just in the showers after hockey or swimming but just 'there.' Her mother had complained about having to buy brassiere after brassiere and Sylvie had not liked her saying to the lady who did the fitting, 'here we are... again.' She had blushed: and did she blush! It was embarrassing how, despite the restraint of the brassiere, she 'bounce' when running, whether playing hockey or any other time. By eighteen she positively loathed her boobs and almost died, figuratively speaking, when she overheard some boys talking about her 'rack.' Such an awful word.

The first occasion, the first time she suffered that real embarrassment of things being seen that should not be seen -- public nudity indeed -- was on a beach. Of course, people reveal more of themselves on the beach than they do elsewhere except perhaps the swimming pool, but there are limits of decorum, unless you go to one of those sorts of beaches and it was hardly likely Sylvie, let alone her parents and brothers, would have gone there. A hot summer's day down on the coast. Golden sands and the blue of the sea. Probably Sylvie would have preferred a swimming costume like her old school dark blue one piece but she did like to lie in the sun, so she had brought a bikini with her. Her mother and she had chosen it. Bright red and with string ties. Not a skimpy bikini by any means, there was certainly a lot of material to hold her breasts -- and needed to be!

Her mother had held the large towel whilst she changed. Sylvie felt self-conscious doing that. Everyone did it, people had to change, but she felt other people were looking at her. It was not crowded but there were others around. An elderly couple sitting on a towel nearby were closest, the woman reading and the man gazing out to sea -- or was he? A couple with toddlers on the other side with buckets and spades. The woman was certainly watching the children but was the young man, the father no doubt, watching them or her?

There was nothing wrong in pulling her shorts and knickers out from under the towel and then stepping into the red bikini bottoms and pulling them up inside the towel, but she felt a reddening of her face begin at just the thought others would know for a moment her lower body was completely naked beneath the encircling towel. Stupid, because everyone is naked beneath clothes and, in effect, the towel was no different from a dress, albeit a rather thick dress for a summer's day, and Sylvie hardly possessed a dress made out of towelling. She felt safer when she had pulled the bikini up and over her bottom cheeks and mound of dark curls.

Sylvie was then sure, by the way the old man looked away, that he had been watching her undo the top buttons of her blouse and then seen her lift it out of the obscuring towel. She unclipped her brassiere and brought that out. He was not looking at her now, perhaps because she was looking at him.

"Mummy, could you pass my top." But her mother was already doing that.

Perhaps holding the towel and reaching for the red bikini top was a bit difficult, perhaps her mother was just careless, but one edge of the towel slipped from her fingers and it swung away leaving a topless Sylvie exposed to the beach. Sylvie squeaked, and that sound drew attention to herself. One moment the old man was not looking, the next he was, and so was the young man and the young woman. An eyeful of young, eighteen-year old breasts -- big ones at that -- out in the bright sunshine completely unobscured, the pleasing sight of a young girl in just red bikini bottoms.

"Mummy!"

"Sorry, Sylvie. Don't make such a fuss.".

The red top hastily pushed over herself was a little matched by Sylvie's red face. She could feel the warmth of her embarrassed blush, the one that always came to her. She did up the string ties around her neck and back with neat bows and settled herself on her towel, face down at first, breathing a little hard.

Lying on a towel was not all Sylvie liked to do on the beach. Unlike the two toddlers nearby, Sylvie no longer had a wish to build sandcastles, though her brothers were engaged on building an enormous one, much to the interest of the toddlers. Swimming, instead, fitted into her plans and, a little self-consciously, she set off across the sand in the direction of the sea and past the old man. Just walking by him seemed to set off her blush again, or at least that was her thought. She wondered, once past him, whether he was staring after her, watching her eighteen-year old bottom cheeks rise and fall inside her red bikini bottoms. Indeed, she was not sure he had not looked up just as she passed him, perhaps to look at where her bare thighs disappeared into her bikini. It was all such a little bit of material to hide her 'privates' from view.

Sylvie had done a bit of judicious shaving before the visit to the beach. She had tidied herself a little down there with scissors and razor. So not a problem for boys whose pubic hair could seamless flow from 'there' to hairy legs but quite different for girls. Sylvie being Sylvie a worry came to her. Was everything actually OK? Surely there had not been anything 'stray' for that old man to see? She could hardly look between her legs as she walked, but he might have seen something when looking up from her towel. Not just the shapely mound of her pubis or the somewhat hidden roundness of her pudenda but something stray and untucked. Her worry made it seem a longer walk to the sea than it was. An inspection was easier to make there. Suzie sat in the water with the gentle waves rushing up over her toes and legs then back again to the sea and, after three waves had come and gone, casually glanced down. Oh, no! Oh, no! Three stray dark curls. Perhaps the old man had not seen. Yet they were not so much underneath as peeking out around at the front. Sylvie tucked them away.

Standing, Sylvie waded out into the water thinking, now all was well, just how lovely the seaside was. On the horizon a couple of ships were passing by. She was going to enjoy her swim.

The trouble with brothers, whether younger or older, for a sister, is they like to tease. It is in the nature of brothers. Sylvie's were younger, but that did not prevent them playing tricks. Staring out to sea she did not see them coming, she heard a sudden splashing but before she could turn she went flying forward, pushed by the two of them into the water -- and right under she went. She came up spluttering and almost cross having realised beneath the waves just who had pushed her in. Her hands felt but all was well, her bikini had not been dislodged. She pretended to be cross and scolding which amused her brothers the more as they danced around her

Good to swim along the coast a bit and then back again. Sylvie was a more than sound swimmer and quite content in the water. Her strong strokes did not in any way embarrass her. What did make her redden again, rising from the water and wading towards the shore, was to realise something was not right, not right at all. Her bikini top had disappeared. Sylvie was, once again, bare chested on the beach. It was not as if she was alone in the sea. Far from it, there were others there, men and women. She was not even the only topless woman, but the other had nothing to 'write home about' at all: quite unlike Sylvie.

For a moment she was frozen to the spot, standing there with her big boobs all on display, her cold hardened nipples standing proud. And she could see she was being looked at. The men had not missed what was on display at all. Sylvie turned and slipped, almost dove, back into the water. Where was the top? Where was it? She could not, though, discern any bright red object around her in the water, perhaps being pushed to and fro by the waves. Had it sunk, had she lost it further down the beach when she had swum there?

Sylvie could not find it. Her awful worry deepened. It was a long way back to her parents and towel, back to the safety of her brassiere and blouse. Was she going to have to walk, pretending nonchalance, up the beach topless? Was there any option?

Not really. Should she make a dash for safety but that would only draw attention to herself whether she simply ran with boobs bounding all over the place or with her hands holding them and somewhat hiding them, making running more difficult and so drawing attention to what was clasped in her hands. Better, really, to walk casually up the beach as if nothing was wrong, as if she was completely happy to be bare breasted, as if she thought being topless on the beach was normal: that men went topless and so why should women not?

What to do, what to do? She could not swim for ever, she was starting to get cold. There was nothing for it but to return, without her bikini top. It was awful, even more awful than her mother dropping that towel, and she was so conscious she was being watched. As always, the hot feeling of embarrassment, acute embarrassment, went not just to her cheeks but spread across her shoulders, neck and face. Sylvie was sure it would be so obvious to everyone.

The pretty reddening even extended down her breasts.

She knew her ears were bright red even as she stepped from the lapping water onto the bare yellow sand and began her walk. She tried to look straight ahead and walk casually as if nothing was the matter. Nothing at all -- hardly! The water made the sand stick to her feet and get between her toes. That had been what she had thought she most disliked about the beach -- sand between her toes -- until she was doing this walk.

And is it not when one is trying to walk with dignity that something goes wrong? It certainly went wrong for Sylvie. She managed to trip, not on anything in the sand but over her own feet. Down she went right on her front. She did not hurt herself -- apart from her pride but that was already in disrepair -- but it meant she got sand not just between her toes but right up her front. Sandy naked breasts with cold, hard nipples poking through the stuck to her sand. Sylvie scrambled to her feet but whereas, perhaps, a bare breasted -- a big breasted -- young woman walking up the beach only attracted some attention, her fall had got everyone's attention. Another old man, not the one who had been looking at her near her towel, actually got up to help her as his wife asked, "are you all right, dear?" Sylvie was sure he would very much have liked to help her. Perhaps had his wife not been there, perhaps had there been no one else near he might have been tempted to help by brushing the sand from her breasts and nipples with his fingers. Perhaps as he brushed her down, his fingers might have been caught, so accidentally, in the bows tying her bikini bottoms around her hips. She was sure he would like to have seen that fluttering to the ground.

Her hands were sandy -- yes, even between the fingers, the front of her body was sandy: Sylvie really was half covered in sand. She really could not return to her towel like that. Should she return to the sea, retrace her steps with everyone watching?

But just then, rescue arrived in the form of her brothers.

"Sylv...ie!" In one of their hands a scrap of red material. "We found it in the sea! It is yours, isn't it?"

Of course, it was, obviously so! Again, embarrassment having to ask with all around listening, yet she interrogated them, "You didn't pull it off me did you? You didn't undo a bow?"

They were innocent. They assured her they had just found it. Even so, it was obvious they found it as funny as funny could be, as much a laugh as if they had perpetrated the deed, to see their sister like that, probably the more so because she had clearly fallen over.

"You've fallen over, Sylvie, you're all covered in sand."

Such a relief to have her bikini top back. But she could hardly put it on over the sand. Well, could she? Half way between sea and towel she had a decision to make. Wash off the sand in the sea or carry on to her towel? It would not yet brush off as her skin was still wet and, in any case, she hardly wanted everyone to see her brushing her skin, brushing her big breasts what was more, to get the sand off. What would the men think as she pushed her 'boobs' around with her fingers? She was not naïve, she knew very well what they would think.

It was back to the sea, back with her red bikini top dangling between her fingers, walking back so conscious of her boobs wobbling, back and into the privacy of the salt water.

It was a much happier Sylvie who, a little later, walked back to her towel with both parts of the bikini securely tied, but, even so, she was sure eyes were upon her still. It was a relief to settle back on her towel and sunbathe. The bikini behaved itself the rest of the day and there were no more repeats of unplanned nudity. Well, that is, apart from when she had been lying face down on her towel with her bikini laces undone so her tan would not be spoiled by a white line or two. She had forgotten the untying and suddenly awoke from a bit of a doze and got up on her elbows to take a drink leaving her exposed boobs hanging down. It was only for a moment, but when she had plonked herself back on the towel, her breasts dropping back onto the red bikini top below, and had looked up, she could see the nearby old man had seen. He did not turn his head away and even, she thought, winked at her.

The second awful occasion when Sylvie had found herself embarrassed by exposure was at a friend's house. She was staying for a long weekend and she and Fiona had already had a great time on their first day. Sylvie had arisen that first morning and padded to the bathroom for the usual morning activities and ablutions. From her shower Sylvie had gone from drying herself on her towel to brushing her teeth. She had been standing with her back to the door facing the wash hand basin, not yet back in her pyjamas and with towel already neatly hung on the towel rail, when the door had opened behind her. She had seen it open in the mirror.

She saw to her horror Fiona's father in his dressing gown momentarily standing there, clearly quite taken aback at finding her there, before she hears a mumbled 'sorry Sylvie,' and him retreating and the door firmly closing. It had been momentary. She had been sure she had locked the door but had, so clearly, not. It was completely clear coming into the bathroom was a mistake on his part, he had not known she was there: a mistake, yes, only it was very much her mistake. There was no way he had not seen his daughter's friend completely naked, a back view of her bottom, her naked, freshly showered and still rather damp bottom cheeks there in front of him and, probably, her large boobs and nipples reflected in the mirror. Maybe he had even seen her dark pubic curls down below shown in the mirror.

Fiona's father had daughters, Fiona and another, and was no doubt not at all unused to seeing naked females around the house, but quite a different thing seeing Sylvie. Quite different, neither wife not daughter. A genuine mistake, but probably one he was not unhappy to have made. Perhaps he was embarrassed by it, she could imagine he would be at breakfast but, equally, he might already be re-living in his mind the one or two seconds he had seen her before he had hurriedly retreated, and enjoying the thought.

Fiona's father might have been embarrassed. Sylvie most certainly was. In the mirror, standing with unmoving tooth brush, she watched the redness spread from her upper body up into her face. What must Fiona's father think of her having been so stupid as not to securely lock the bathroom door and put him in such a situation? Would he mention it at breakfast? Would he tell Fiona and she laugh at her friend?

Back in her bedroom. Sylvie dressed and almost died when Fiona barged through the door without knocking whilst she was still topless, brassiere in hand. They went down to breakfast together, Fiona bouncy and excited: Sylvie tongue tied, eyes downcast and sheepish, she even managed to bump awkwardly into the door frame of the kitchen door as she went through, chagrin showing all over her face, had anyone noticed. Nothing was said of the 'bathroom incident,' perhaps Fiona and her mum knew nothing, and Fiona's father said nothing. He was a lot jollier than the night before, but whether that was from adrenaline rush or ongoing embarrassment, or, indeed, to put Sylvie at ease, was not clear. Sylvie did not really notice anyway. She was so wrapped up in her own thoughts of wanting to be swallowed up by the kitchen floor.

Luckily and sensibly, Sylvie recovered her usual self and had a great day with Fiona. She was much more careful about locking the bathroom door other times, double checking each time to avoid any repeat by Sylvie's father or her elder brother. But it was not an unlocked bathroom door which caused her second and greater embarrassment during her stay. Not an unlocked bathroom door but certainly it was that particular door involved, and Sylvie's mistake, again.

How did she do it or rather how had she done it? Why had she only wrapped herself in a towel and carried her pyjamas back to her room that night after her shower? Why had Fiona and her brother happened to come out of their rooms at that very moment: it could so easily have been just her and closed doors and no one the wiser about her mistake? Why did these things keep happening to her?

But they did.

Perhaps it had been the sudden sight of Sylvie's brother that had made her hurry, but she managed, somehow, to close the bathroom door behind her and catch just a corner of her towel between door and frame; her stride towards her bedroom was checked by the caught towel and rather than it simply being pulled out of the join between door and frame, or her movement simply being arrested, it unbalanced her; over she went as she was spun by the unravelling towel around her naked body, leaving her in an undignified and naked heap on the landing carpet with pyjamas still clutched in her hand, but her towel hanging from the door. Undignified, sprawled and completely naked. A damp, freshly towelled and very exposed Sylvie. Utter embarrassment!

Painfully conspicuous? A thing easily embarrassed people feel -- just a bit!

"You OK, Sylvie?" It was not Fiona who asked but her brother. Fiona was already giggling

"A mumbled 'yes.' There was nothing bruised except her dignity. The ensuing laughter from Fiona and her brother unsurprising. Of course, her fall was funny, but it was so humiliating to Sylvie. Not just the clumsy and stupid fall but the fact of her complete exposure to Sylvie's twenty-year old brother -- and he was not looking away. Not one bit. Sylvie saw his eyes directed between her legs, at her dark fur covered sex even as she shut her legs and struggled to her feet. He must have seen everything: vagina, anus -- absolutely everything. She made a dash for her room and closed the door behind her and stood panting and wide eyed.

"Sylvie, you OK?" Fiona had followed her through and saw her burst into floods of tears.

Fiona held the sobbing, naked girl, patting her back in a soothing way and saying, "It's all right, it's all right, you just had a bit of a shock, a bit of a tumble. It doesn't matter."

It did not matter, really was just something to look back on and laugh at. But not for Sylvie. She felt even worse than the day before when she went down to breakfast, despite a good night's sleep, and tried to eat breakfast with both Fiona's father and brother there. Not that they said anything, her landing tumble was not mentioned. Perhaps Fiona had warned her brother to say nothing, but in a way that was worse. Sylvie did not like the thought of others' talking about her and her foolishness. Her replies were rather monosyllabic, even stuttering, and accompanied by a sheepish and unnatural grin She got better as the day drew on, but it was so much easier once Fiona and she set off for a long walk alone.

How much worse for Sylvie it would have been had she noticed that her naked cuddle with Fiona, the two of them sitting on her bed after her tumble, she naked and Fiona in pyjamas, had been observed by the neighbour through the open curtains of her room. She had not seen the man standing there at his window with binoculars raised, had not noticed, because the neighbouring house was in darkness, but he had most definitely been there. Naked with his binoculars in one hand and something else in the other, a very wide grin on his face indeed, as he observed the two girls together. There was, of course, and to his disappointment, nothing 'inappropriate' between the girls but the sight of bare breasts being pressed against his neighbour's daughter's pyjamas and seeing Sylvie eventually stand to put her own pyjamas on had been a great pleasure to him. Such a fine young woman, what wonderfully large breasts, what a fine rounded bottom and what a luxurious growth of dark curls! How awful had Sylvie known: but she did not.

It was not that Sylvie was a prude or regarded the human body as shameful. She would have been very happy to have been naked with a boyfriend: it was somewhat different with other people: a lot different! She might just about have taken it had she gone deliberately to a nudist beach and been the same as everyone else though, even then, it would not have been easy. So, it was not out of character for her, with parents and siblings out of the house one day, to choose to sunbathe naked on the back lawn. It was not at all overlooked by neighbours and was completely private and rather a sun trap. In a way it was not a lot different from being naked in the bathroom though it felt a little odd to be outside in the garden like that -- without clothes. Lovely though to lie in the sun smoothing on sunscreen and then just lying there. A deep sigh of contentment indeed!

It would have all been so all right, such a perfect afternoon had she not been disturbed. To Sylvie it seemed almost more than a coincidence, more than simply bad luck -- though perhaps so in tune with her bad luck -- that Mr. Sanderson, next door, had chosen that very afternoon to replace some old fence panels damaged in a recent storm. And, even then, Sylvie could not really put the blame wholly upon him, even had happening to choose to replace them that afternoon been in any way blameworthy. He had not gone about it quietly or without any warning. It was her fault, really, for having her having her ears plugged with music from her 'phone. Lovely to lie there in the sun, soaking up the warm rays and listening to a favourite album: but it did cut one off somewhat from the world. And with eyes closed Sylvie missed the arrival the other side of the fence of Mr. Sanderson and two workmen; missed the slow rising up of a panel and its removal and then the startled look from three pairs of male eyes as they took in naked Sylvie on her rug.

They were men and they gawped. Gawped at her big breasts, her wide hips and patch of dark fur. Perhaps they erected at the way she was gently moving her raised knees in time to the beat of the music in her ears. They were treated to the sight of a very attractive eighteen-year old girl sunbathing completely naked. They would not forget what they saw in a hurry!

Perhaps had it been Mr. Sanderson on his own he might have retreated and done the work another day. He might have slid the panel back and left Sylvie none the wiser that she had been so exposed (again). Most likely he would have been more than happy with what he had seen and it much more than compensated for the delay in his fence repairs. Perhaps he had thought before how good it would be to see his neighbour's young daughter naked. Perhaps, given Mrs. Sanderson was out shopping, he might have found a knot hole in the old fence panel and continued to spy on naked Sylvie in private, perhaps he might well have undone his fly and enjoyed a wank as he spied, relishing the voyeuring and the young women the other side of the fence.

Such pleasant solo enjoyment of Mr. Sanderson's penis was not possible with the two workmen also present. They were, if Sylvie opened her eyes, fully visible to her and, in any case, men do not normally wank in the company of other men. It is just not done! Moreover, there was work to be undertaken. Mr. Sanderson could not have the old panel replaced and then send the workmen away. That would cost money, it would double the expense to have them come another day. The job had to be finished, Sylvie or no Sylvie.

Mr. Sanderson wondered if he should walk over and lightly tap the naked girl on the shoulder to warn her that he and the workmen were replacing four fence panels. The thought of the shock to her caused him to pause and he was somewhat worried what to say in any case. She would be embarrassed, but that could not be helped, really. He was embarrassed but... but... what big breasts she had!

"Just carry on," he said to the men. And they did.

Certainly, the presence of Sylvie slowed the job down a little. Eyes were not so much on the job, on the panels, as Sylvie. The men almost dropped a panel on Mr. Sanderson's toes when Sylvie rolled over onto her front showing a further attribute of an eighteen-year old girl -- a so smooth and rounded bottom complete with deep cleft and even a few curls peeking through. Two workmen in blue overalls staring, whilst holding a six-foot high panel.

Almost, almost, Sylvie did not see either workmen or Mr. Sanderson. Might have finally opened her eyes to see four brand new panels along the boundary with the Sandersons; might even have thought they had been like that all the time she had been in the garden but she just had not noticed they were new; or might have been puzzled how they had got there; indeed might have suddenly gone into a paroxysm of embarrassment at the thought men might have been there whilst she sunbathed and seen her whilst they replaced the panels.

Sylvie, though, did not need to speculate on whether the panels had been there all the time or, alternatively, how they had got there and whether she had been seen. When she rolled over again and opened her eyes there were three new panels in place and a fourth visible but not yet quite in place and, much more importantly, her neighbour, Mr. Sanderson, and two men in blue overalls she did not know looking at her as they held up a panel ready to slide it into the slots in the concrete posts..

Sylvie squeaked, completely startled. How long had they been there, what had they seen? She reached out for a towel as she sat up, but she had not brought anything like that into the garden with her. Somewhat ungainly she got to her feet and ran to the house, arm shielding her breasts, her other hand down trying to cover her pubes and then moving, as she neared the house to try and hide her naked bottom. All rather pointless, really, given what the men had already undoubtedly seen. Behind her laughter from the men -- though not actually Mr. Sanderson. He knew he would have to apologise -- but what else could he have done?

Sylvie rushed upstairs and threw herself on her bed, shaking with what she knew, from long experience, was utter embarrassment. How could that have happened? Why did she keep finding herself naked with men? She could feel the warmth of her embarrassment on her face, on her neck, on her shoulders and neck. If she was to look at herself in her mirror she would be like a beetroot.

Mr. Sanderson came around the next day. He was most apologetic, clearly embarrassed himself. Indeed, there were two of them there not really looking at the other but with eyes downcast. It brought it all back to Sylvie and made her go red all over again. She had said it 'did not matter,' that she understood the work had to be done and he could not have sent the men away, that she understood he had not wanted to frighten her by touching her when she was seemingly asleep. He said he had called out. but she had not heard. Even with his apologies it still seemed to Sylvie to have all been her fault not Mr. Sanderson's. She had said how good the new panels looked.

Occasion upon occasion. Poor Sylvie could not believe how often she was showing so much of herself by mistake. It did not stop her sunbathing in her garden, on occasion, though she kept a wary eye on fence panels. Once or twice that summer she had risked, on long walks, hiding herself away in the countryside and sunbathing for half an hour without her clothes but not any more. She was quite sure, if she did, that some man would come tramping through the undergrowth or up the footpathless hill or through the wood to where she was lying and see her. She stuck to the garden for her sunbathing, when her brothers and parents were out.

Yet even her precautions did not prevent a further mishap and that brings the story back to where it started with Sylvie suddenly surprised by the arrival of a group of boys just as she had swum across a river. Sylvie enjoyed swimming, both in the sea and swimming pool, and the idea of 'wild swimming' in a river had really appealed. A safe river without entangling reeds and plants, a river safe for young girls, or boys for that matter, to remove their clothes and bathe. Safe from danger certainly, but not safe from acute embarrassment. She might not have sunbathed again naked in the countryside but had thought herself safe to have a swim. How wrong she had been!

There were five of them, five young men suddenly there as she turned from admiring the view on the river bank, turned with the gravel scrunching between her toes, to see she was exposed to not one male, not three, like in her garden, but five, grinning, staring young men. She was more exposed than she had ever been, not simply to a greater number of males -- though perhaps there had been more of them on the beach when she had lost her bikini top -- but because she had done rather a lot of 'pruning' to her bush the day before. She had meant merely to trim but had, in the end, with scissors and razor, to say nothing of a mirror, gone the whole hog and denuded herself. The young men saw not a tangle of dark, curly hair but a naked mound, the gentle bulging of her mons veneris over her pubic bone and, so visible, the divide leading down between her legs, like a path for men to follow with eyes, fingers or other things. And their eyes did follow.

Sylvie felt the heat rising to her cheeks, to her shoulders, to her breasts and the points of her ears. The veins, all at once, dilating and bringing her warm blood up to the surface of her skin revealing her acute embarrassment to the young men. She felt as if there was a spotlight upon her, even brighter than the sun, and she found she was having difficulty moving.

"I... I was swimming... sorry..."

The boys panned out around her, clearly anything but sorry themselves and, most definitely, seeing no need for Sylvie to apologise. It would have been the right thing to have been embarrassed themselves, mumble and apology and turn back the way they came or avert their eyes. But they were not a single man who might well have done that, but a pack of young men, and packs gain strength and fortitude from the other members.

Sylvie stumbled as she turned to go back into the water, suddenly worried what five young men might do to her.

"What's the water like?" Asked one.

"Looks inviting, do you swim here often?" Asked another, inviting an answer.

She took another couple of steps into the water. There was none of the lecherous banter she had feared, no crude comment about her 'tits' or the like. Sylvie twisted around, already ankle deep in the water to see the young men had not taken another step towards her, but their eyes were most certainly on her bottom. Even when she spoke their eyes did not quite reach hers but stopped at her chest.

"It's fine, not too cold. I... was hot so I thought I'd take a dip. I didn't think..."

"You'd have an audience!" Finished one boy.

"An appreciative audience!" Said another, with the emphasis on the 'appreciative.'

That was a bit close to the feared 'nice tits,' and Sylvie quickly said, "Sorry... bye," and launched herself back into the water. Half way across she looked back and saw the young men were taking their own clothes off. Had they too come down to the river to swim or had she given them the idea or... were they going to follow her across?

Sylvie's feet touched bottom and she stood on the other side of the river, having made a quick crossing of the river with her strong crawl, and turned to look at the other bank. The cool water had reduced her blush. Away on the other bank, seemingly completely unembarrassed, were the five young men looking across at her. She was naked, and acutely conscious of that, but so were they. Five young men with clothes strewn untidily around them, their bare feet on the gravel and all their manliness on show to her. They waved, it really was not the action of a pack of men intent on misdeeds - with her. She stared, rather enjoying what she was seeing. She could not understand their seeming lack of embarrassment with each other, and her. Was it a pack mentality? Would she have been less embarrassed, perhaps not embarrassed at all, had she been swimming with four girl friends? Five girls giggling at their own nudity. What if they had swum across and been standing there on the other bank when a single boy hove into view. Would she have been embarrassed, would her friends, or would they all have found it just a giggle and stood, perhaps even rather provocatively, there as he approached? Would he have been the one embarrassed at his intrusion and ogling? Would he have turned tail and fled?

She watched the young men getting into the water, admiring their physique, their height, their tight buttocks and, yes, their swinging penises and balls. Their swim had nothing of the calmness of Sylvie's, when she had been alone and enjoying the tranquillity of the presumed deserted river. They were boys, after all, and their swimming was accompanied by a lot of shouting, splashing and general joshing around.

They did come out her side, they did stand around her again but by then she had dressed herself. It was embarrassing -- yes, for her -- to be like that: but it was also rather an experience. Five, slippery with river water, naked young men with everything on show there with her, talking away. It was all rather nice. It felt better with her being clothed.

Walking away along the riverbank, Sylvie turned back and waved. What nice boys, and so pleasing to see naked like that. There had been nothing sexual, not spoken anyway, nor had there been any physical indication on their part about that -- there had been no upwards stirring of penises. Sylvie bit her lip as she walked on. It had all been fine. Just embarrassing, for her.

It was one thing to think back and imagine what might have happened in the safety of her bed: quite another for such things to have happened for real. Nice to imagine, well more than nice! And without any possibility of real embarrassment when mere thoughts. It was all in her mind and she could therefore avoid any scene which might embarrass her, though, perhaps, the reality of five erecting penises might have much greater potential for Sylvie's embarrassment than the mere thought in her bed. She thought long and hard about them -- five hard penises -- and what she might have done... might, but would not have!

Sylvie might have pretty impressive breasts, her face might well be pleasing, her hair glossy and fine and her body not at all unpleasing but such general overall soundness, perhaps not perfection, did not extend to her eyes. She was terribly short sighted. It was one of those things. She was never going to be a fighter pilot. As a girl she had worn glasses but like some of her friends she had moved on to wearing contact lenses. A bit of a bother, but she liked being free of glasses sitting there on her nose all the time, and vanity certainly came into it. Being able to see in the rain without misted up and droplet covered glasses was an unexpected bonus. The optician had warned her against swimming in her lenses in case she brushed her eyes and dislodged and lost one of them. Sylvie had not really worried about that either at the seaside or in the river but was more careful at the swimming bath.

In the changing room with Fiona it was easy to take them out and slide them into their case. No risk of sand, and her hands were clean unlike when she had been walking and gone down to the river. One moment Fiona was there in her brassiere and panties as crystal clear as, well, perhaps a man could wish: the next Fiona was just a blur, a red headed blur. Fiona had the most amazing auburn hair, Titian was what her mother called it and her father talked about his little Pre-Raphaelite. Cut quite short recently which Sylvie thought a mistake. Sylvie's own dark hair was long, though tied up for swimming. Had she had Fiona's gorgeous hair she would not have had it cut.

Unable to see much without her lenses, Sylvie did not really see the revealing of Fiona's breasts or the sight of her vee of red curls before she put her swimming costume on. In a way Sylvie herself felt a little more comfortable taking her own underwear off because she simply could not see the other women in the changing room. She tried not to let it, but even with other women she was conscious, yes embarrassed a bit about her chest.

"You've shaved! Was it a Brazilian?"

"No! Ssssh. Fiona!" Sylvie hurriedly pulled on her swimsuit. The drawing attention to her shaving embarrassing. She could not see if the other women had heard or were looking. But Fiona kept talking about it and the whole topic of pubic hair removal whilst showering and going out into the swimming pool area, all whilst Sylvie had no idea if others around were listening. She did not like that.

Sylvie was by far the better swimmer and so she and Fiona rather did their own thing, though Fiona did collect her to take her to the jacuzzi where they sat in the swirling water for a time talking -- not about waxing. More swimming separately and then Sylvie felt it was time to go. She looked around for her usual marker in the blur of the swimming pool: Fiona's red hair and saw it not far away and heading for the changing rooms which was just where she too wanted to go. Sylvie followed, followed Fiona into the shower area, pushed a button and began to wash the chlorine from herself as she slipped the straps of her swimming costume from her shoulders and down her body. She stepped out of it and wrung it in the cascading water. Across from her she could see Fiona and smiled at the blur of Fiona's auburn bush, the other side of the shower room another two women both dark with vee shaped patches of hair to match. It made her conscious, though, of her own shaved pubes. Were they all perhaps looking at her?

Sylvie sighed to herself. She really did not like not being able to see. Perhaps she might leave just the one lens in next time. For an overly self-conscious girl it was really annoying not being able to see if the other women were looking at her. She had thought the removal of her pubic hair rather a giggle but if the other women were looking at her then perhaps not. Her desire for conformity remained strong. And she could not help having a big chest. Were they looking at her as she squeezed soap from the dispenser and applied it to herself? She did not know.

The other occupants were indeed looking at Sylvie, looking with almost open mouths. They looked from one to the other and then straight back at Sylvie. Finally, one of them spoke, the one with red hair. It was not Fiona's voice and was much deeper.

"Err, I think you've come into the wrong changing rooms."

It is almost difficult to imagine the feelings and thoughts which went through Sylvie's mind at that moment. The shear horror of the realisation of just what she had done; that she had followed the wrong person -- a red headed man rather than red headed Fiona -- that she had come into the male changing rooms, stripped off her swimming costume and been calmly soaping her naked body whilst three men had watched; had been washing her big naked breasts; it was the riverbank all over again, but worse. Here she was not simply naked by a river but naked in the wrong changing rooms. Not just naked but looking stupid for having made such a mistake.

The men could not miss the blush, even with her skin pinkened from the hot shower water. Sylvie's hands went all of a dither, as she tried to think straight and get herself out of her predicament. Usually controlled and precise, the embarrassment brought on her awkwardness as she struggled to find, naked and knowing she was being watched, the right way into her one pieces swimming costume. She even managed to drop it on the floor in the process. She did not know what the men or perhaps one of the men saw when she bent down to retrieve it, nor what they were seeing as she struggled to get her legs and arms back into the wet, slippery suit.

Sylvie fled, managing to bump into another man just coming in.

"Sorry."

Behind her laughter, male laughter, perhaps tension releasing on their part but just adding to her embarrassment at her faux pas. Not just a mishap or abrupt change in fortune but a totally embarrassing and awkward situation of her own making. Far worse than the beach, far, far worse than the river. Sylvie was shuddering as she slipped over the side of the pool and back into the water and set off in a hard crawl as if trying to flee from the scene of her shame.

She did not say a word of it to Fiona, hardly wanted to relive the awful embarrassment, even held her hand as she was led to the ladies changing room and for the second time took a shower to remove the chlorine and wring out her suit. And it was almost the same. Red headed Fiona and two other people, dark haired women this time.

Such a relief to dry her hands and go through the process of inserting her lenses even before she had dressed. A naked Fiona with her pretty vee of red curls came into crisp focus. A glance around the changing room at the other women in various states of dress or undress. But whilst there was pubic hair on show there were no penises. It was of course the ladies changing room but Sylvie had to make sure!

Sylvie had not seen the penises in the men's showers, had not even noticed them blurred against the red headed man or the other dark men's pubic hair, but she knew, terribly, they had been there. Her only comfort was she would not see the men again. She did not know them from Adam: but they would recognise her, even with her clothes on.

How awful leaving the changing area and going to the café for a couple of cappuccinos to see a red-haired man and a dark-haired man at another table. Were they looking at her, were they talking about her? Were they them? She could not be sure. And did that make it worse?

Surely Sylvie's run of bad luck had run its course? But no, not a bit of it.

Another lovely sunny day and just so right for a walk. This time with Fiona. Fiona in a pair of short shorts, blue denim and a white top plus walking boots and haversack, Sylvie in a light cotton dress, so free and light for walking with just a nice new matching set of brassiere and knickers underneath. Fiona could walk bra-less under her top: Sylvie simply could not. Lovely to take the train and then walk up onto the downs and along for miles and miles, heading for another railway station by a circuitous route for the journey home. Plenty of water in their packs for the day, a nice stop at a country pub for shandy and a ploughman's each. A bit of an effort climbing out of the valley back up onto the downs after lunch. There was a bit of puffing and exertion but there they were, travelling along a track through shady trees and acres of bracken. A lovely walk.

Despite having 'gone' at the pub, Sylvie felt a call of nature.

"Won't be a 'mo,' Fiona" she had said and turned off the track into the long grass, past a few silver birch, and paused. A look to right and left, even behind her where she could just see Fiona. Lifting her dress up with one hand she tugged down her white panties and squatted with legs apart and let go. A strong rush angled down and forward from her into the grass and just as it hit the ground a face rose up from the grass not four feet to the front of her. A grey headed face with a big grey curly beard, a male face, a grinning male face. With the sun slanting down, and with the angle he was looking, Sylvie knew the man was seeing absolutely everything. And, of course, there was not a curl, not a single hair to hide anything at all. Pubic mound, cleft, inner and outer lips, clitoris, vagina, anus and, of course, the rush of her wee, sparkling and hissing in the sunlight -- the whole shebang there for him to see, nothing hidden, nothing at all. Her pristine, brand new white knickers there for him to see, stretched between her open thighs.

His eyes were glued, his grin wide. Awful, awful embarrassment but having started she could not stop, even had to bob up and down to try and shake the last drops from her whilst he watched. He made no attempt to avert his eyes or depart.

"Sorry," Sylvie said quite unnecessarily. She should have seen him, should not have chosen just that spot to relieve herself but, equally, he could have looked away, could have apologised himself: not just grinned.

Red as a beetroot -- again -- Sylvie hurried back to Fiona.

"What's wrong, have you seen an adder or something?"

Sylvie would not tell, but was very quiet for a good half hour. Embarrassed and furious. Why did such things keep happening to her, why did she keep exposing herself by mistake to men, why didn't she simply say to any man she met, 'would you like a 'butchers at these' or 'a peek up my skirt?' That would save a lot of bother!

But inviting a young man to do just that was what she did not that many weeks later. A very nice young man indeed, whom she had really taken to after meeting him at a party, Fiona's party as it happened. A very enjoyable party where she did not manage to have any exposure accidents at all. Not even when she was dancing did a boob dramatically escape the clutches of her brassiere and dress; there was no wardrobe malfunction or anything at all.

So, Sylvie then had a boyfriend, Matt, the very young man she had met at the party. A tall, brown haired young man with glasses and a penchant for leather jackets. He was not a biker though, which relieved Sylvie, she did not fancy riding pillion. In the nature of things, as they got friendlier so did Matt's hands. It was what boys did and Sylvie, feigning coyness and reluctance was, unsurprisingly, anything but reluctant. She had nothing to be embarrassed about as regards her body. It was very much the body to show a young man whom she liked a lot. Plentiful kissing, cuddling on the sofa, in the cinema and even on a bed, led to rather more. A hand slipping into her blouse over her brassiere and then, rather inevitably, within.

Sylvie stopped Matt at that point, she did not want to rush things.

Sexual activity between couples should not be embarrassing but, of course, early fumblings of inexperienced boys and girls can be when things do not go quite right. And even later on, bodies can do somewhat embarrassing things (or to be a little more specific, can make embarrassing noises). Even for Sylvie the natural courses of the female body caused her embarrassment. She was, after all so easily embarrassed by anything, even when she should not be. Next time they were alone, actually in her bedroom with parents and brothers out of the house, she had to halt Matt's wandering hand before he more than slipped under the waistband of her knickers. She could have simply said 'no' but instead explained it was 'the wrong time of the month' and then managed to go bright red. Luckily Matt either did not notice because of the subdued light or simply did not mention her change of colour. Naturally, she thought it the latter.

To her it got worse because she had said she was 'sorry, um, next time,' and then had bumbled on into 'would you like me to...' She could, after all, feel a tell-tale hardness when they cuddled; had been feeling it for a couple of weeks; had known exactly what 'that' was -- she was not stupid; and had found 'it' rather exciting. The trouble was she was not quite sure what she was meant to do. She had never touched, let alone handled and 'tossed off' a penis. Of course, Matt had readily agreed, and Sylvie had found herself having to carry out her offer with only limited concept of what to do. Her inexperience, her virginal inexperience, was embarrassing to her.

There were only the two of them there, of course, there was not an audience to see how Sylvie did. No judges to award points for technique and style. How awful would that be -- an audience whilst Sylvie was engaged in sexual activity with a boy? An unexpected audience, but hardly likely in Sylvie's bedroom! Nonetheless she was acutely conscious of Matt. She did not want to embarrass herself by doing 'things' wrongly.

"Shall I... I mean, may I?" Her fingers on the brass zipper of Matt's jeans where the denim was pushed upwards. But it was all rather tight, and Sylvie could not get her fingers through the fly and found herself having to undo his leather belt and then the brass button in order to get at 'it.'. To her it seemed all rather inept -- bumbling fumbling -- rather than the sensual slipping of a hand into one's partner's clothes. Matt had seemed to do that with so much more ease - grace even -- than she.

Finally, there were Matt's revealed thighs and a rather clear, sausage shaped, bulge all visible through his Calvin Klein emblazoned trunks. And even then, she got it wrong, she carefully lifted the waistband of the trunks and started to draw the material down exposing Matt's erection. An excitement to her, she had not seen a penis in that state before (though with the boys at the river she had seen quite a few in their relaxed, soft state). The knob came into view and then she pulled a little further revealing just what had been moulded by the material. But before she got more than an inch further her fingers slipped and 'snap' the elastic pulled the waistband back, snapping it down and trapping and squashing Matt's penis, leaving a couple of inches showing.

"Oooh, sorry!" Her two hands flew to her mouth and her blush did not at all go away. "I didn't mean... I hope it didn't hurt."

"You can kiss it better if you like."

Sylvie did not miss the implication of that, but she was not going to do 'that' the first time. She would want to think about that... not that she had not thought about it in bed quite a few times. Had even talked a little to her friends about that. They all quite open, if a bit giggly, about 'blow jobs,' she, of course, had been as red as a pillar box.

Carefully Sylvie tugged Matt's trunks down and he kicked both them and his trousers off. It seemed appropriate to Sylvie that she should remove her already undone blouse and undone brassiere. Matt's hands had already been at work there. As she did so, her eyes did not leave what Matt was displaying. Her boyfriend certainly, she thought, did not have a small 'dick,' not that she had a comparison. So different from her own genitalia and she did not just mean his hair was all there!

The two sexes present on the bed, one naked from the waist up: the other from the waist down. A rather odd pairing. Matt's hands went straight back to her breasts. It was very nice to have them fondled, but she too needed to do some fondling. To fondle what was lying up his stomach. Her hand reached, her fingers encircled and squeezed. It was as hard as she had felt through his jeans against her tummy, it felt as if he had a bone inside the thing, and not much else. She knew she should stroke it up and down and did just that, at speed.

"Not so fast, slow, Sylvie, slow down."

She bit her lip, she was doing it wrongly. She slowed her movement to a jerking motion, pulling the loose skin up and down, the penis going this way and that, not fast but not regular either.

"Sylvie! Not like that."

She sighed. Couldn't she even get that right? She was sure her friends would have done much better and, moreover would have sniggered a bit at her efforts. Even with her boyfriend she found herself embarrassed.

"Let me show you."

And Matt showed Sylvie what he did. Slow and even, not pulling the thing around and about, but with a steady, rhythm. Sylvie had not seen a boy wank before and was a little worried when he said, perhaps to reassure her, that she would have to show him what she did in her bed to him... next time. She was not sure she would find that easy, to show.

It was nice, Sylvie, found lying there together, kissing and cuddling whilst she played -- and that was the word -- with Matt's cock. Enjoying being together, enjoying the kissing and cuddling, even a little talking whilst most of the time stroking away on his penis.

Sylvie might be a virgin, but she certainly knew what penises did. Had had it explained in school with embarrassing diagrams upon the board; all the mechanics of the reproductory systems in black and white line drawings with arrows and biological names. She knew semen came out at some point but not how much and quite how it, or rather, Matt 'came.'

"What do I do when... where should, um, it go? I mean..."

"Have you a box of tissues?" He had got what she meant.

"Yeah, over there, I'll..." but he was off the bed and heading for the box. Sylvie smiled at the sight of Matt in just his tee shirt, his tight bottom peeking out from under the shirt and, when he turned, his cock sticking out and up from under the material. She giggled: it was funny and sexy at the same time.

"Take your tee shirt off and your socks."

A naked man in her room. A naked man standing there for her to look at. Like at the river, though just the single one, but with an important difference. Next time they would be there together she would be naked too. That would be really nice, pressing her body against his, flesh to flesh.

With Matt back on her bed, Sylvie pulled tissues from the box. How many would she need? "Do you, um, come on the tissues, do I wrap you in them?" It was embarrassing really to ask and show her lack of knowledge.

"Oh, I normally just come on my stomach and then clear up afterwards," Matt being very matter of fast. "But, I wouldn't half like to come on your breasts." He was up and looming over her in a trice. The erection suddenly up close and very personal.

An unusually high pitch from Sylvie, "Err, not this time, I... I want to see." She bit her lip again, cross at her own timidity.

He bent and kissed her on the lips, "OK, Sylvie. Whatever you like." He settled back down on his back. "Gentle stroking and when I say, could you speed up, and, um, I like my balls being fondled as well."

She had been a bit nervous of touching them, worried she might hurt them knowing how delicate boys were there. Embarrassing to hurt him at just the wrong moment. Interesting, though, to reach and fondle his scrotum, she remembered the word from biology class, and feel its mobility. It really was like a fleshy bag containing a pair of marbles. Her hand stroked up and down, holding the penis almost vertically. She glanced at Matt, he looked so relaxed, so happy with his eyes closed and a smile on his face. She liked that. She liked pleasing him.

A sigh from Matt, "Mmmm, faster now Sylvie, I can't stop now."

She was all eyes and then it happened. A little spurt of white from the end of Matt's knob as her fingers moved his foreskin up and down at speed, perhaps not two inches up from the penis. Was that it? No, not at all! A second much, much bigger spurt up into the air, some two feet and then another and another. It rained down, warm on her fingers, getting between them and making her grip less sure. Another spurt but much less strong. The accompaniment to the male orgasm all there for her to see. Her hand kept moving.

"Stop, stop, Sylvie."

Her fingers had not let up on their movement even though the semen had stopped coming. They did now, and Sylvie raised her hands and looked at them. There was stuff, translucent creamy stuff on and between her fingers and spread liberally over Matt's erection as it lay there. It was in his brown curls and on his balls.

Matt raised himself up and kissed her. "You did that so well, Sylvie, you can hold me if you like but gently. I'm very sensitive having come."

Sylvie had found the same with herself. It was best not to touch herself 'there' straight after she had come. She rested her hand over Matt's penis as they kissed. Nice to put her tongue in his mouth. Funny to feel his erection going down steadily beneath her hand until there was just a soft, wobbly, but rather wet and sticky, thing in her hand. She curled her fingers around and held.

"Well," said Matt, when they sat up.

Sylvie looked. The male orgasm certainly made quite a mess. It, semen, was all over his penis and balls and her hand -- actually hands. She rather thought if it had been her with the penis she would be a bit embarrassed about that.

"I normally... and I don't in any way, Sylvie, mean this as a criticism 'cos it was lovely, I normally aim up my stomach not in the air. It's a bit easier to clean up! Of course, if we had some condoms then, well... or if you were on the Pill then it would all be..."

Sylvie looked sideways at Matt -- 'all inside me,' she thought. What a thing. "Perhaps," she said and set to work with the tissues. It was not easy.

It was not in fact a condom clad penis that came the next time they were alone together but rather the naked penis during a mutual masturbation session. Not with the two of them half clothed but completely naked. Matt had not so much done his wandering hands thing as come straight out with a 'could we make each other come this time?' request. She had nodded her assent and kissed him and then he had made a further request.

"I've been thinking. Can I watch you undress?"

"To music?"

"Well... that was not what I was thinking of, but... Just you saw me naked last week and, I've kept imagining you standing there like that. I didn't mean like a stripper."

Sylvie's shyness was there a bit but nothing, nothing like if she, for some reason, some inexplicable reason, had to do a striptease in front of an audience of many more than one person who happened to be her boyfriend. The idea: she would die! And the thought came back to her again and again that night as she went off to sleep. So much so that she awoke, soaked in perspiration, at three in the morning from what to her was a nightmare. She was back at school, in the school hall (though actually it had been nothing like her school hall in the way of dreams) on stage in front of an audience of parents and all her class -- and all the teachers -- and Mr. Sanderson from next door -- doing a striptease for charity of all things.

Quite why she had started in a trench coat, she was not sure, or a policeman's helmet, but had ended up in a gold brassiere -- with tassels - and panties and had got to the stage of holding her unclasped brassiere in her hands when she had woken up with the whole audience shouting 'yes, yes, yes!' She had awoken shaking with fear. To Sylvie's subconscious it had been more than embarrassment. She lay there panting in relief that it had been 'only a dream.' How awful. And all caused, and in the way of remembered dreams you can sometimes point to what had trigged them, all because of Matt's request to see her take her clothes off and stand naked for him. She had, of course done that to an audience of one. An appreciative audience, an audience who had then proceeded to kiss her all over.

And that had been quite something. Sylvie's hand slipped between her thighs as she remembered. He had kissed her 'everywhere' and made her come not with his fingers so much as his tongue. It has been a surprise, a revelation and she had not been at all embarrassed to have lain on her bed with her legs wide apart and had a still clothed Matt examining her sex at close range and then... That had been so good. Next time, she resolved, he would not simply be ejaculating up his stomach -- not that he had that afternoon, rather he had done more than that and come all the way up her stomach and onto her chest as he hovered over her and she had worked him -- she would make him come in her mouth.

Sex between couples should not be embarrassing but, unlike Sylvie, Matt had reason, perhaps, to be embarrassed. Not because of his penis, it was a perfectly adequate and standard size and shape of penis which did all the right things about keeping hard and not ejaculating too soon. But he lost that very hardness when a condom was rolled on. He just lost stiffness.

The boyfriend and girlfriend had moved on to another stage, the stage when they did not simply play with or euphemistically 'kiss' the other's genitalia but to sexual intercourse, the insertion of the male into the female.

He had good reason to be embarrassed because that was just not what a girl needed. A girl needs a stiff one. As simple as that. Matt had got up from Sylvie's bed and had stood there for a moment staring out of the window clearly rather upset at what had happened. Naked and with the latex sheath dangling down from his cock he did look less than 'manly.' Sylvie should not have giggled, but he really did look funny with the condom. She was, of course, instantly embarrassed and contrite. Men do not like being laughed at: though, of course, nor did Sylvie.

"Let me kiss it better," she had said, and he had been somewhat mollified by that. It had certainly stiffened inside the latex when Sylvie had sucked it into her mouth! Not that she had liked the rubbery taste and he had then got it into her only to lose stiffness again and, even so, it had kept coming out of her anyway when he thrust at her. It was not the most successful of deflowerings and, indeed all had been much better when they had resorted to oral pleasuring -- without the condom. That had gone, or come, very well.

The condom incident resulted in Sylvie visiting the doctor's surgery. She really should have gone a lot earlier and done what her friends advised and 'got on the Pill.' But for Sylvie it was a big step, speaking to the doctor about 'family planning' and options. All very clinical and matter of fact but even so... at least it had been a lady doctor. Sylvie had, of course, blushed in her rather obvious way, enough for the doctor to notice and comment. Sylvie was treated to a medical explanation of the phenomenon.

And so, a suitable time later, the condoms were dispensed with -- not that they had really worked, though they had done their job of keeping semen the right side of the latex -- and Matt was free to ejaculate in his rather copious way inside Sylvie and not suffer from a loss of firmness. And very nice it was too, and the acts that led up to that. Matt stayed very firm until he came. Nothing at all embarrassing about their sexual intercourse. Well, the sucking, wet noises were a little surprising but more a giggle than an embarrassment. The only thing she found a little unladylike, possibly almost embarrassing, was having to hold her sex after sexual intercourse when she went to the bathroom to prevent very obvious drippings of semen from her vagina out onto the carpet: though that was really Matt's fault for ejaculating so much!

Semen running from a freshly inseminated girl is not embarrassing really. Indeed, though Sylvie was not aware, some men really like to see that. And that is what is perhaps embarrassing: having other men see it. Sylvie had thought her run of naked embarrassment had come to an end some months before, except in her dreams, but it had not; it most certainly had not; and it was not just nakedness that was going to embarrass her.

It was a coincidence, an absolute coincidence, Matt had assured her. He had said 'no way' would he have invited his friends to see what his friends had, indeed, seen. How could she think it? He seemed to think his dripping erection was in some way more embarrassing for him than what they had seen of her -- less embarrassing for her. Like, as if!

Sylvie and Matt had gone out one Saturday for a walk. Of course, it was not going to be 'just for a walk,' both had known they would be rolling in long grass together, once or perhaps twice. A lovely sunny day, butterflies in the air, the sound of bees and the scents of summer. Good to walk hand in hand. Sylvie in a light cotton dress and straw sunhat with a ribbon, Matt out of jeans and into shorts with a tee shirt and baseball cap.

They had found, late in the morning, a deserted spot, long grass with a few tracks through it. Sylvie and Matt had walked off a track towards a few standing trees and settled themselves in the dappled shade below. A soft bed for a boy and girl to do private things together. A soft bed to kiss and cuddle, a soft bed to gradually undress upon and be freely naked together as if in Sylvie or Matt's bed, only out in the warm sunshine. Almost naked together, almost as Matt left his cap on!

Kissing, cuddling, stroking and some gentle sucking upon Matt's penis led slowly and so pleasantly to Matt mounting her -- a nice animalistic term, and indeed whilst they started out 'missionary' they did do a little in the 'way of the animals' with Sylvie on all fours and Matt very much mounting her over her back. It gave him particular opportunity to play with her boobs, as they hung and swung so freely beneath her. They did go back to Matt lying atop her and her legs up and it was in that way that Sylvie's orgasm came. They had been unhurried with Matt careful not to let himself become too excited and, for Sylvie, to come too soon. The changing of positions had allowed a certain relaxation of his arousal though he had had to hold still quite a few times when taking Sylvie from the rear. Her soft bottom bouncing against his hips, the easy and free feeling as his slack scrotum swung with its load, plus the way Sylvie reached behind and fondled his balls hanging there was rather conducive to early insemination. They changed again to 'cowgirl' before resuming the 'missionary' position. 'Cowgirl' had allowed Sylvie considerable freedom, she had liked riding up and down Matt's pole, had liked letting her boobs really bounce freely before Matt had come up and done the bouncing with his hands. A delight with just the two of them so open and free in the sunshine.

Sylvie announced she was 'coming' which gave the green light to Matt to really go for it -- and he did.

It was Sylvie who noticed. Sylvie's eyes, opening and growing wide at the intense feeling of orgasm, who saw the four heads peeking around bushes. They had not been there when they had found their spot, they had walked right past where she could see the heads. They must have crawled up to watch.

"Matt, there!"

"Wha...? Fuck." He had turned his head even as Sylvie felt him spurting inside her, felt his vigorous action falter despite the feeling inside her of another and then another spurt. And then he was off her, up from between her wide spread thighs, stepping to one side as he twisted around and shouted.

Four young men stood up, one, awfully, with a camera and a big lens. To say they looked sheepish would be an understatement. Caught as peeping Toms. Embarrassing for them but how much more for poor Sylvie? Her thighs snapped tight shut, with a rather wet slapping sound, as she sat up with an arm going to cover her breasts. Embarrassed? She was mortified. What had they seen? What had they indeed seen? Not just two lovers copulating naked on the grass but must have seen Sylvie when she stood up to ride Matt; must have seen all of her naked body; must have seen her lower herself onto his erection; seen her boobs all over the place; seen Matt really squeezing and bouncing them up and down in his palms -- all the private things men and women might do together but how embarrassing if others see. Sex is nice but rather silly really, and rather embarrassing for others to see: but there was more and that was so much worse for Sylvie. She knew the young men would have seen right between her legs when Matt stood up, perhaps had seen 'everything' when they had changed positions but certainly would have seen when he got up and off her -- out of her, indeed - to shout at them. They would have seen her swollen pudenda, shiny and wet, even her suddenly vacated vagina open in the sunlight. So shameful, so awful to Sylvie.

And it was not as if it was simply awful for Sylvie then and there, or when she looked back and remembered. Matt had insisted on the handing over of the camera's memory card and when he and she had looked on Matt's computer screen... the camera had not just caught all that she feared but the last two or three shots had shown not just her so exposed sex between her thighs but her sex actually with Matt's semen visible. The young men had not just seen their copulation but the outcome and had photographed it. Sylvie had groaned and sat down on his bed. Matt had assured her again and again he had not arranged the whole thing. That it had been a co-incidence, his friends had not known it was them. They really had not.

Their first words across to the standing Matt, standing there under the trees with the so embarrassed Sylvie down below him had indeed been, "We didn't know it was you, we didn't."

That did so back up what Matt said. Had Matt's baseball cap really hidden his face from their view and recognition? But, even so, had the young men together, Matt and the other four, actually laughed about it all when they met again. Had the memory card been all the record or had the photos been uploaded there and then to the 'Cloud' and the young men able to see the pictures as and when they chose? Had they already uploaded them onto some dodgy website and thousands and thousands of men around the world already been ogling the photographs of her naked body and recently inseminated sex? Had much more semen already been spilt by many, many men as they leered at her exposure and had thoughts about what they might like to have done had they been there? It was so awful, so terribly embarrassing for her to contemplate. Matt assured her, as he wiped the card, that that was the end of the photographs, but could she be sure?

Matt had, rather unhelpfully, told her not to be so silly, had said he had been as naked as she and it was worse for him really, given his friends had seen him erect and even dripping 'cum.' Just so not something a man wishes other men to see. Sylvie could sort of see that -- to an extent -- but they were at least the same sex and she most definitely was not!

"How would you like it if Fiona, Jane... Oh, I don't know," she said crossly, "... Angela and Kate all happened to see us making love and there you were, caught all exposed, naked and with your cock up standing there right in front of them? How'd you feel, eh? How'd you like that, then?" Sylvie thought she'd made her point, but Matt had simply grinned.