**Update June 2009**

Okay, it’s been a long time since my last update, sorry; and sorry RJ Taylor, I know that you’ve been waiting for me to get on with it. No real excuse other than I’ve been quite busy these last few months.

Right, straight into a few of our little adventures / happenings.

Jon took Kelly (now 17) and me to see a show in London one weekend in April (skirts, tops, dresses, coats and no underwear). We drove down on the Friday morning and stayed in a decent Hotel for a couple of nights.

The hotel was next to another one and we were lucky to get a room facing the other hotel. Needless to say that the curtains never got closed and we noticed a few people watching us. Jon had told me that I was to be naked all of the time that I was in the room and Kelly decided that if I was then she would be as well. I remember one time when both Kelly and I were looking out of the window trying to count the number of people who were watching us. There was one man who decided that he was going to strip off while we were watching him. He had a big cock and was still wanking when Jon told us to get dressed to go out.

On the Friday night we went to the show then to a restaurant. While we watched the show Jon (one of us on either side), had his hands working on our pussies. He made me cum but not Kelly. Perhaps that was good as (if you remember), Kelly gets a bit loud when she cums.

The restaurant was good and the waiter gave us excellent service, probably due to the view he was getting down our tops and of our legs, which were exposed right up to, and including, our pussies.

The wine flowed well and we were quite ‘happy’ by the time we got back to the hotel. Jon had us take our dresses off as soon as we got into the lift, but we saw no one as we went back to our room.

Jon opened the mini bar and decided that he needed some ice for the drinks. There wasn’t any, but Jon thought that there might be an ice machine near the lift on one of the floors (there wasn’t one on our floor, only a confectionery vending machine).

Jon bet both Kelly and me a new dress each that we wouldn’t go and get some ice, dressed the way we were – naked. Kelly and I both liked the idea of new dresses, and as it was 1 in the morning and that she had had a couple of glasses of wine, she was up for it. I didn’t have a choice, not that I would have said no if I did have a choice.

Jon told us that we had to start at the top (5th) floor and travel between floors using only the lift. It was deadly quiet outside our room so we quietly walked to the lift, purse in hand. It was on its way up before we pressed the button but it kept on going up passed our floor. By the time it came back down to us it was empty and the 5th floor was all quiet when we got out.

There wasn’t an ice machine on that floor so we pressed the lift button. It hadn’t moved to we got straight in. When the door opened on the 3rd floor (our room was on the 4th) we could hear voices but couldn’t see anyone. I had a look round the corner but saw no one.

Kelly pressed the lift button but it had gone down and was on its way back up. This time it stooped at our floor. When the doors opened a couple (probably in their thirties) started to get out but stopped dead in their tracks when they saw Kelly and me naked as the day we were born. The man started to say something but the woman grabbed his arm and pulled him passed us. We got in the lift and burst out laughing.

As the door opened on the 2nd floor I could hear someone talking. It was a man about Kelly’s age, talking to a teenage girl. They both stared at us then the girl said, “Lose a bet?” Kelly said, “Something like that.” We checked for an ice machine before going back to the lift with the couple still staring at us.

We checked the last floor without seeing anyone. It was then that I told Kelly that I vaguely remembered seeing some vending machines in a corner of reception. Kelly wasn’t sure that we should go down there, but after a little persuasion we got back in the lift and pressed ‘reception’.

When the doors opened we walked passed 2 girls who were waiting for the lift. One said, “Wow, I wish I had the nerve to do that.”

No one else seemed to notice us at first, but then I heard a man say, “Bloody hell, look at that!” I looked towards where the voice cane from and saw 4 men sitting at a table drinking. By the time I had looked, all 4 of them were looking at us; so was the receptionist (a young woman).

We found the vending machines but none had ice. Kelly wanted to go back to the lift but I told that that we’d ask at reception. Kelly looked nervous but we walked over to reception with all eyes staring at us.

The receptionist didn’t bat an eyelid as I asked her where we could get some ice. I was expecting her to say that she’d get room service to send some up to us but she told us that she’d get some brought to reception.

We stood there for ages as she phoned for someone to bring us some.

We tried to play it cool as we waited but it took ages and the men at the table got brave and came over to us.

“Shit!” Kelly said as she saw them start walking towards us.

All 4 of them were standing right next to us and their eyes never looked higher than our shoulders all the time as they tried to chat us up. They came out with all the stupid comments that men do when confronted with naked women.

Eventually a man came to us with a bucket of ice, I thanked him and we headed back to the lift one of the men begging to come with us.

By the time we got back to the room Jon was in bed waiting for the 2 of us to join him.

We just made it in time for the last breakfasts next morning before going out shopping for the new dresses that Jon promised us. Jon was very patient as we tried on dozens of dresses and teased lots of men by not closing curtains properly, not fastening doors properly and going out of the changing rooms to see if Jon approved of the dress we had on. Needles to say we tried on lots of very skimpy dresses and often started taking them off on the way back to the changing rooms.

I can confidently say that both of us put on a good show for the poor men that had to endure hours of patiently waiting for their partners whilst they took their time choosing new clothes.

Jon decided that we would eat in our room that night, then go and look for a bar to have a few drinks.

When we finally got back to the hotel I had a shower then switched on the TV while Kelly got in the shower. I was laid on the bed (naked) when there was a knock at the door. Jon told me to answer it and 2 men’s eyes light-up when they saw me. They wheeled the trolleys in and took their time setting things up on the table. All the time they kept looking at me as I stood there watching them work.

Kelly obviously hadn’t heard them and walked out of the bathroom wearing only a towel round her hair. All credit to her, she didn’t panic, instead she came and stood next to me and asked if I would help her dry her hair.

The 2 room service guys took their time then hovered near the door until Jon gave them a tip.

We walked for ages before finally finding a bar that Jon liked, a traditional London pub that was crowded. We managed to get a small table in one corner and stayed there teasing the men by opening our legs and bending forward so that they could see down our tops. The people in there were very friendly and we had a few conversations about all sorts.

When we got back to the hotel we put on a bit of a show for anyone who might have been looking from the hotel opposite. We didn’t even bother to look to see if we could see anyone looking but I bet that there was.

The next morning we did a bit of the touristy thing before heading back home.

An email friend (Jon the Ozbloke) reminded me of the time that Kelly went to see the doctor. She had been suffering from period pains for a few months and the medicine that I got her from the pharmacy hadn’t helped.

When she got there she found out that it was one of the men doctors that would be seeing her. She had gone there straight from school and that day she was wearing just her school dress, coat and shoes. A few of the girls in her class had had an underwearless day. When she was finally called in it was a doctor that she’d never seen before. He was ancient in her terminology which probably means around 40.

After a few minutes asking questions he told her that he’d better give her a physical examination just to make sure that there was nothing obviously wrong with her. He told her to go behind the screen, take her coat, dress and pants off and get on the bed. Because of what she was wearing this meant that she would be naked apart from shoes. She told me that she was nervous and apprehensive but she knew that she had to do it.

She was naked on her back when the curtain opened and the doctor went in. She said that her face flushed when she saw him, and that she felt a quick rush and twinge in her puss. The doctor told her that he was glad that she’d taken her bra off as it would save time when he would give her a breast examination.

He started by pressing at different places on her abdomen asking if anything hurt. Then he asked her to put her legs up into the stirrups. Kelly told me that she got another rush when he told her to do that.

She told me that he stared at her bald puss for hours (in reality it was probably just a few seconds – you know what teenagers are) before actually touching her. She jerked a bit when he touched her and he told her to relax.

Kelly told me that she quite enjoyed him poking and probing her and he said that he normally used some lubricant for the internal exam but that it wasn’t necessary with her. She told me that she was so close to cumming that she nearly drew blood biting her lip.

When the doctor had finished the internal examination he changed his latex gloves and then did the breast examination. She told me that her nipples were rock hard and that it was a ‘nice’ experience.

He then told her that she could get dressed and he watched her as she put her dress then coat on. He then surprised her by asking her if she normally didn’t wear underwear. When she said that she only wore them sometimes at school and just a few other occasions he said, “Good, the healthy option.”

He then gave her a prescription for some pills that have made her periods less painful.

Jon’s business is suffering because of the credit crunch (damn those bankers and politicians), and a few months ago he told me that I needed to find a job for a few months, but it’s not that easy. Most of the jobs on offer around here are either for engineers or medical professionals. There aren’t even any jobs going for hairdressers.

Eventually I managed to get a job as an admin assistant in a big office in town. My short skirts and low tops brighten-up the place, or so a couple of the men there tell me. Well, as you’d expect, I do take every opportunity to flash some skin. I’ve seen quite a few nice bulges in men’s trousers. There’s one shy, very quiet man there who is always trying to get a sneak look at me when he thinks that I haven’t seen him. When I see him looking I pretend not to notice and sit with my knees open or bend forward so that he can see my nipples down my top.

The office has this break room with about 15 low chairs. I like sitting at the end opposite the coffee machines in a very un-ladylike manor. I’ve seen a couple of men spill their hot coffee as they try to look up my skirt. I’m a terrible tease and do let some of them see what they are trying to see. Naughty me.

I have to go there and back by bus most days because of the crap weather and having to wear a coat. That doesn’t stop me having a bit of teasing fun whenever a good looking man sits next to me. Unfortunately, nearly all the buses round here these days are single-deckers so no fun going up the stairs.

On the few days that the weather has been okay I’ve gone to work on my bike. As I’m sure that you know, biking in a miniskirt can be ‘interesting’, both for the woman and for the male motorists. On the second time that I did it I got stopped by a police car. I’d passed it at some traffic lights about half a mile previous. There were 2 male policemen in it. The one that got out started giving me a lecture about me being a danger to both myself and other motorists by being dressed like I was. He told me that he’d seen my backside as my skirt floated up when I passed his car. He then had the cheek to ask me if I was wearing any underwear, saying that it was illegal to expose myself. I lied and told him that I was wearing a thong (knowing that there was no way that he could check – well, not legally).

After apologising (always best not to upset these people) he let me go. When I got home I told Jon and Kelly, which made them laugh. The next day Jon brought these black Lycra leggings. They were minute and when I looked closer they were for a 6 year old. Jon told me to put them on. I wasn’t expecting to be able to but, after a lot of stretching, I got them on. Then I realises why Jon bought them. Because of the amount that they were stretched, you could see right through them. I could clearly see my puss and clit sticking out, and in the mirror I could clearly see the crack of my bum.

Jon told me to wear them under my skirt for cycling to and from work. The next day that it was sunny I did, but I didn’t like it. They spoilt the feeling of my pussy rubbing on the seat. That evening when I went to the toilet to put them on under my skirt I took my skirt off and rode home in just the leggings and my top. All the motorists behind me got a good look at my butt, especially when I stopped at road junctions.

Fortunately the office is right in the centre of town and I sometimes manage to escape into the shopping centre at lunch times. I’ll never get tired of going up and down those escalators. It’s always good for getting a warm glow in my nether region and giving me something good to think about during the boring afternoons.

Jon has designated Wednesday is Ben-Wa day. I have to wear them all day every Wednesday. Needless to say I don’t get that much work done on those days. So far I’ve managed to keep them in and not had any embarrassing experiences.

One Monday Jon had me go to work with a little vibe inside me, switched on. The batteries didn’t run flat until about 11 o’clock by which time the inside of my thighs were very wet. I cheated that lunchtime and went and got some new batteries for it. Jon forgave me for taking it out before I got home as I’d had another couple of hours of pleasure in the afternoon.

There’s one man there who seems to know when I’m aroused and is always coming over to me to ask stupid questions or to ask me to do something for him (work related that is). He’s a bit of a clever sod and at first I didn’t let him see anything, but as time has gone by I’ve relaxed and flashed him a bit.

We haven’t sorted out this year’s holiday yet, but it looks as if we will be going to Jon’s place in Spain again. Kelly has already asked if Mandy and Hannah can come with us. Hannah still looks about 12 or 13 and she tells us that her pubic hair still hasn’t started growing. She does look cute in her school uniform.

Jon has this idea that we can take her to a swimming pool in a little girl’s swim suit and then get her to run round naked like a little kid and talk to her as if she’s 10 or 11. We haven’t said anything to her but the idea is growing on me. I just wish that I could get away with doing that.

I wonder if I could get away with acting like I have some mental problem and keep ripping my clothes off with Jon having to put them back on and apologising for me.

I’m looking forward to getting Hannah using the ‘toys’ that we’ve got there. I just know that she’s going have lots of fun.

Kelly and Mandy bet each other that they daren’t go through a McDonald’s drive-through naked. Jon told me that I could drive them, also in the nude. We did it one evening at a McDonalds a few miles from here. You should have seen the reaction of the young man who served us. Kelly thought that she knew him from somewhere but he never gave any signs of recognition, probably cos his eyes never went above our tits.

Kelly was 17 a few weeks ago and she had a party at home. Fortunately we managed to keep the numbers to a reasonable quantity. It went quite well. There was a bit of alcohol but they all managed to stay relatively sober. All the girls were wearing short skirts and tops and only a couple of the girls had bras on under their tops. I know that Kelly, Mandy and Hannah didn’t have knickers on but I’m not sure about the others.

Both Jon and I stayed out of the way for most of the time and I kept a dress on all the time. However there was one moment when Jon and I were fucking in our bedroom and I heard someone in the corridor. We hadn’t closed the door properly and when I looked over I was sure that I saw one of the boys looking through the little gap.

I think that my body is shrinking a bit. Kelly measured me a bit ago and said that my top was 32AA. I haven’t measured myself for years but I thought that I was a bit bigger than that. Whatever, Jon’s still happy with my little breasts.

Towards the end of the school holidays at the end of May Jon decided to take me camping for a few days. Kelly had already arranged to stay at Mandy’s for a couple of nights. We went up to North Yorkshire and found a nice, basic campsite right on the coast just south of Whitby. It was real difficult to put the tent up because of the high winds and during the first night I woke up a few times thinking that the wind would blow us out to sea.

The next morning it was still quite windy with some rain, but the weather improved over the day. For those of you who are not familiar with that part of Yorkshire, it’s quite hilly and the villages tend to be in the valleys. The first day Jon decided that we would walk to Robin Hood’s Bay. It was only a couple of miles along a disused railway, or along the coastal path (the Cleveland Way) so it didn’t take us long. Robin Hood’s Bay is a nice little village that goes down (and I really mean down) to the sea. The little road is very steep and my short skirt kept getting blown up giving a few people quite a surprise. We had lunch in a nice pub right at the bottom before walking back up the hill with a few men right behind us. The weather for the rest of the day wasn’t that good so we stayed in the tent.

As I said, we were camped right on the coast, in a field well away from the farm and there were only two other couples in the same field, and they were quite a way from us.

The weather was a bit better the next morning and Jon told me to get breakfast ready naked before we got ready and went to Whitby for the day to do all the touristy things. I wore a short floaty ‘A’ skirt and a low slung, spaghetti strap top that is a bit too big for me really.

The walk up the 200 or so steps to the Abbey was interesting, well it was for the people lower down than me. I was too knackered to care what I was showing. Another thing that we did was to visit an amusement arcade. We spent about an hour feeding the machines with coins. At one point I suddenly noticed that there were a few men at the machines around me, but that not much money was going into the machines. I finally twigged that my top had slid round a bit and my left nipple was exposed out of the side of the top. I ignored it for about another 5 minutes before going to look for Jon.

The weather was even better next day. Jon took me to a little village right on the Moors – Goathland. Because of the way Jon described it I wasn’t expecting much, until we got there and I realised that it was the village used in the television series Heartbeat. Jon tells me that the village hasn’t changed much in the last 25 years – apart from the tourists. We also went on the North Yorkshire Moors Railway – the steam trains and ancient carriages. Apparently, Goathland Station was used in one of the Harry Potter films as well.

We were lucky and got in one of those old carriages that have compartments of 2 rows of seats facing each other, with a corridor down the side of the carriage. Needles to say that Jon took the opportunity to fuck me as the train rattled on. I thought that we were going to get caught at one point but the old railway man just walked passed us without even looking.

On the way back from Pickering, we got off the train at a little station in the middle of nowhere. It has just a platform and no buildings. We were the only ones that got off there and we walked along a path through the woods until we came to a field. Because there was no one anywhere to be seen as soon as the train moved on, Jon had me take my skirt and top off and walk naked (apart from shoes). The sun was shining and the wind wasn’t too strong. It really felt good.

Jon fucked me in the middle of the field before we walked back to the station and I only got dressed when we saw the train coming.

On the way back to the campsite we stopped and had a meal in a real country pub. I had to drive as Jon liked the beer there.

The next morning was even hotter – most unusual for England; and I again got breakfast in the nude. As I walked round the tent to the car I saw one of the other couples on the site. They stared at me for a few seconds before disappearing back into their tent with the woman giggling.

We lay out in the sun for most of the morning before Jon told me to walk to the little shop in Robin Hood’s Bay to get us some food for lunch. He told me that I had to walk naked until I saw the first house in Robin Hood’s Bay, and then on the way back, strip as soon as I lost sight of the houses.

On the way there one elderly couple were coming the other way. They didn’t even look at me when I said, “Good morning.” Boring old farts. On the way back I came across more people, four youngish people passed me on bikes. One of the men nearly ran off the track as he turned to look at my front.

One middle-aged couple of walkers had big grins on their faces and cheerfully responded to my “Good morning.”

Back at the campsite I saw that the couple that I had seen earlier were also enjoying the sun (and each other) naked as well.

It was a shame to pack-up and come home.

When we got home it was still warm and we found Kelly and Mandy in the back garden with their boyfriends. The girls were on the sun beds improving their all-over tans and the boys were sat at their side talking. I could tell from their faces that they’d not spent all day talking.

I was pleased to find the house in one piece and Kelly told us that there had only been a few of them there the night before.

I don’t know what’s got into the weather here but the first few days of June were hot as well. After work each day my tan has improved quite a bit. I’ve got to make the most of it because it will probably be the only summer that England gets.

One evening the other week (just before the weather went back to its normal shitty state), Jon thought that it would be nice for us to go on a bike ride. Mandy was round here, and fortunately she had come round on her bike.

I put a light cotton dress on and Jon got the bikes out. Kelly insisted that Mandy borrow one of her short skirts to get the ‘real’ female benefit of riding a bike.

What I need to tell you at this stage is that Jon has modified the bike with the hole in the saddle and it now holds a large vibrator. The vibe wasn’t in place when we all went out and Jon looked at me and said, “Don’t worry, I’ve got it here.” Mandy had never seen the bike before and was amazed as Jon fitted the vibe and switched it on. Looking at me Mandy said, “Are you really going to ride that?” I didn’t answer and climbed on and impaled myself while holding on to Jon.

As we rode off down the street, Mandy and Kelly were talking to each other, but I couldn’t really hear as I was concentrating on getting into a rhythm so that I could make the most of the pleasure. I watched as their little skirts flapped over the back of their saddles and I occasionally got a glimpse of their naked backsides.

We’d only gone about a mile and were out in the countryside as my first orgasm hit me. I moaned out loud and Jon said, “First one?” I couldn’t answer, but just nodded.

A bit further on Jon stopped us for a rest. I’d cum 3 times by then and was grateful for the rest. As we sat on the side of the road Kelly asked if she could have a ride on my bike, and when it came time to go, Jon helped her lower herself down onto the vibe and we all had to listen to her gasps of pleasure.

Kelly started off slowly, but soon went faster. She was obviously enjoying the experience and it wasn’t that long before her pleasure got quite vocal. It was a good job that we were out in the countryside.

Eventually Kelly decided that she wanted to stop and asked Jon to pull-up in front of her so that she could stop beside him and get him to help her off.

As she got off, Jon looked at Mandy and asked her if she wanted a go. After a long pause she said, “Yes please!”

The gasps and moans from Mandy were louder than those from Kelly but we eventually got going again. It didn’t take long for Mandy to start screaming with pleasure. Jon asked her if she wanted to stop but she ignored him and kept peddling. When she eventually stopped there was sweat poring down her face.

We had a long rest before Jon told me to ride the bike back. We’d been cycling in a sort of straight line so we were about 5 miles from home. During those 5 miles I came about 4 times and got very wet, both with sweat and my juices, which had run down to my feet. I was knackered when we got home and Jon had to lift me off the bike.

Well, that’s all that I can think of at the moment. As a lot of people are telling me that we are going to have a hot summer (I’ll believe it when I see it), I should have a few more adventures to write about.

Love,

V