**Amy the Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

**Introduction**  
  
Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.  
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.  
  
<http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>  
  
If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.  
  
Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small aureoles and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.  
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.  
  
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Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.  
  
Both Jon and myself have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

The Amy the Exhibitionist story is my attempt at documenting the daydreams that I have about how I would have liked to be as a 15 year old.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 1**

Hi

My name is Amy, and I am about to tell you how I became an exhibitionist and tell you about some of the pleasure that I have had practicing / improving my passion.

**Background**

Firstly though, I had better give you some background information. Also, just so that you know, Amy isn’t my real name, neither are the names that I’ve given to the rest of my family and friends.

I’m 15, my bust size is 34B (almost a C) and I’m slim. I have light brown hair and am 5' 1" tall. I have very firm breasts (Ben says that they must be made of rubber), small, dark areola and small nipples that get hard for the slightest reason. My pubic hair didn’t start growing until I was 12, and even then I didn’t have much of it by the time I was 13 and a half. It was then that I decided that I didn’t like pubic hair and started plucking it all out. Every few days since then I have a plucking session.

My natural father left my mother and me when I was 3 years old. A couple of years later my Mum met Pete. A year later Pete, his son (Ben, who is now 17), Mum and myself all moved into a 2 bedroom flat. Yes, I had to share a room with Ben. When I was 12 we moved into a 3 bedroom house and I got my own bedroom. We have never had much money and Mum and Dad refuse to scrounge from the state. Dad (Pete) is a postman and starts work very early, 6 days a week. To make ends meet, mom works a spit shift in a supermarket, 5 days a week. Fortunately, all 4 of us get on real well and are able to talk about just about anything openly.

**The discovery**

I discovered my passion when I was 13. Dad never seems to get round to doing the d.i.y. jobs at home. The shower curtain has been broken (it now only goes down the side of the bath) for about 3 years now, and 2 years ago the lock on the bathroom door broke. To save any embarrassment we always knock loudly and wait for a few seconds before going in.

One Sunday morning as I was washing my hair in the shower something made me look up and there was Dad staring at my naked body. I froze. After what seemed like hours (probably seconds) Dad said, "Sorry, I did knock but didn't hear anything". Still not trying to cover-up I finally said, "Dad, can't a girl have a bit of privacy in this house"? Dad stared for a bit longer then turned and went out. I remember not being embarrassed and feeling a bit good. It wasn't until I was in bed that night that I started thinking about what happened. I went to sleep playing with myself.

A couple of weeks later my brother walked in on me whilst I was washing between my legs. Again I just froze. So did Ben. Well most of him. He was only wearing his boxers and they rapidly started bulging in the front. After a few seconds Ben went red in the face and turned and walked out.

I played with myself for ages before leaving the bathroom, and swore to myself that Ben was going to walk in on me again, soon. Or I was going to walk in on him.

2 days later Ben did. That time I managed to crack a joke about tent poles whilst keeping my hands rubbing the shampoo into my hair. Ben said, "How's a bloke supposed to have a piss when there's a gorgeous naked young woman in front of him". I thanked him for the complement and did a couple of what I thought were sexy poses for him. He stared at me for ages before going out saying that he'd try again later.

Now I know that a 13 year-old girl isn’t a woman, but at 13 I did have “A” cup breasts, a few pubic hairs and great desire to be a woman; so I did appreciate my brother’s complement.

That was it. I had realised that showing myself naked was something that really turned me on. I started dreaming and planning about how I could flash people without getting caught. I realised that being only 13 limited what I could do, but my imagination was running wild. Getting back down to earth I realised that I would have to start with little things and then get more adventurous as time went on.

My first deliberate flash was to my brother. It was common for Ben and me to get changed into our PJs then watch TV for a while before going to bed. I always wore a nightie instead of PJs. Well actually it was one of Dad’s old “V” neck T-shirts that was way too big for me, but at the time I liked wearing it. I decided to start sleeping without knickers or bra; they came off when the nightie went on. There was often just my brother and I watching TV at that time of night. Because Dad started working so early he went to bed early, and Mum usually wasn’t back from work for an hour or so after Dad went to bed.

That first flash was with me lying on my stomach watching TV between Ben and the TV. I insisted that we watch a program that I knew Ben wouldn’t be too interested in so that his mind and eyes would wander. At first I kept my legs together but as soon as I saw that Ben had seen that I was knickerless (reflection on the TV screen), I gradually spread my legs. The feelings in my lower stomach and pussy soon made me feel great. I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. Ben usually complains when we watch one of my programmes, but that night he never complained at all. All he did was shift around in his seat and stare at my puss. I was so happy. When I went to bed I had my first self-induced orgasm. Scary and then fantastic.

The following night I decided to sit opposite Ben to watch the TV. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that my brother was concentrating on something other than the TV. Wanting more of his attention I casually let my legs open so that he had a better view.

Second orgasm in bed later.

On a morning after both Mom and Dad had left for work it was a question of who got to the bathroom first, Ben or me. Ben usually won, and the next day was no exception. Wanting to get more ‘buzz’ I decided to walk into the bathroom naked, whilst Ben was in the shower. Wow, Ben was wanking and didn’t see me at first. I just stood and watched. Eventually Ben saw me and pulled some of the shower curtain round him as he said, “Sis, don’t do that”. Feeling brave I said, “Don’t stop on my count, in fact I’d like to watch, that’s if you’ve got the nerve”. After a few seconds silence Ben let go of the curtain and started wanking again. It was the first time that I’d seen a man cum. It shot right to the other end of the bath. “Cool!” I said, and turned and walked out.

It was the weekend the next day so I didn’t get any opportunities, but that didn’t stop me dreaming.

The flashing Ben whilst watching TV, and walking in to the bathroom whilst Ben was in there continued almost every day. One day about 4 weeks later, after Dad had gone to bed, Ben asked me why I kept flashing my pussy to him. That stunned me for a while as I’d never considered the possibility of talking about what I was doing. As I mentioned earlier, we’ve always been able to talk about just about anything and I slowly started telling Ben everything. I was dead pleased that Ben appeared to understand. Ben told me that what I was doing was ‘exhibitionism’, and that he’d done a bit of research on the Internet. He’d found a few sites that contained the experiences of some women like me, and lots of stories that may or may not be true stories.

At this point let me explain about the computer in our house. We only have one, and it’s in Ben’s room for 2 reasons. Firstly, he needs it most for his schoolwork, and secondly, his room is bigger than mine. We all go into Ben’s room to use the PC, which sometimes causes a few problems.

Anyway, we went into Ben’s room and Ben showed me what he’s found. I nearly came as I read some young woman’s journal. I’m not into any of the pain or bondage that she gets into, but the way that she exposes herself is amazing. I got some great ideas from her site.

Ben promised to help me as much as he could, and said that he would always be there for me.

The next few weeks were fantastic. There’s a limit to what a 13 year-old girl can do, but I was growing-up fast.

I started ‘forgetting’ to put on knickers and a bra on most days, even for school. Mum told me that I should wear a bra more often a couple of times, but she has never told me to go and put one on. After a while she asked about the lack of knickers in the washing basket. I told her that I must have forgotten to put them in the basket and would make sure that I did in future. I got round that little problem by putting a pair on each morning, giving myself a wedgie, then taking them off and putting them in the basket.

My Dad caught me not wearing knickers once, well once that he mentioned.

It was one Saturday afternoon when I was going to meet Katie in town. I bent over to get something out of the fridge and when I turned round Dad was blushing. He said, “Amy, I don’t really mind what you do and don’t wear just so long as you are careful. Lots of boys may not be able to control themselves when they see what you’ve forgotten to put on. Also, your mother may not be so understanding. Just be careful.” I blushed, kissed him on the cheek and said, “Thank you Dad, love you.” And went out. On the bus into town I thought that I was very lucky having such an understanding Dad. He’d obviously seen my puss. The thought got me excited.

This last summer in England has been quite reasonable. Dry and sunny for about 3 months now. One Saturday morning in July, Dad was at work and Mum and Ben went out. I wasn’t expecting anyone to be back before lunchtime so I decided to sunbathe in the back garden naked. There’s only one house that has windows overlooking our garden, and that’s owned by an old man that never talks to anyone. We call him misery guts. Anyway, I’d been laying on a sunbed, on my back with my legs open, for about an hour reading. All of a sudden something made me put the book down and look up. Dad was stood at the back door staring right at my puss. I immediately jumped up and ran in saying sorry Dad. He stopped me and told me, “Don’t go all shy because I’m here; nude sunbathing doesn’t bother me, you do what you want to do. Just be careful that old misery guts doesn’t see you. Oh, not sure that you should be doing it when Ben is around. He might get a bit embarrassed.”

If only he knew.

I said, “Thanks Dad,” but still went in and put some clothes on.

**Clothes**

As I said, our family doesn’t have much money so I don’t have lots of clothes. What I have I tend to keep, just in case I find a use for them. As it turns out I am glad that I do. The other important things to note is that my Mum keeps out of Ben and my bedrooms. She leaves us to keep them tidy and clean. About a year ago Mum asked me to help around the house a bit more so I volunteered to do half the washing and ironing. There was an ulterior motive to this in that I can wash some of my clothes that Mum never sees them.

There are 3 items of clothing that I’ve dug out and re-used. The first is a bikini that I had when I was 12. It’s yellow, has tie sides top and bottoms, and the little triangles of the top slide along the cord. It’s made of Lycra and as a lot of people know, Lycra swim suits have a tendency to loose some of the fibres and get very thin and semi see through. Just to make sure that it was as see through as possible I removed the lining. I dug this out ready for when I could escape from Mum and Dad on holiday in Spain. Just for the record I have a ‘sensible’, well by my standards, tie side bikini that I wear when my parents or friends are around.

The second item is a pair of jeans that I haven’t worn for a couple of years. I’ve turned them into a pair of cut-offs, very short cut-offs. The crotch is only the width of the seam. I love the current fashion of low-risers and to improve these shorts I’ve cut off the waist band. So low at the front that if the zip opens more than a centimetre you can see the top of my crack. Another special for the holidays.

The third item is an old denim skirt that I wore when I was 12. It’s now a low-riser skirt that is only 20 centimetres long. If I do anything other than stand up straight in it, it gets indecent – great, just as planned. Another problem with it is that I’ve grown a bit since I was 12 and it is so tight on me that the zip will not fasten. That leaves a little ‘V’ in the front that would show my pubic hair, if I had any.

My favourite skirt in cold weather is a denim mini, with just black tights underneath. I have one pair of black tights that are intact, but all of the other pairs have the crotch carefully cut out. Another advantage of doing my own washing.

Mum and I got talking about my short skirts one day. I was expecting a lecture about modesty and sluts, but I didn’t get one. Instead, Mum told me about when she was at school. Apparently the girls in her year had an ongoing competition to see who could wear the shortest skirt without getting told-off by a teacher. I doubt that they would have gone without knickers in those days, and I bet that the knickers were big and thick.

Mum just told me to be careful and not lead the boys on too much. Ha!

**Friends**

**Best friend**

My best friend is called Katie. We’re in the same class. She knows all about my desire to expose myself, and is cool with it. She doesn’t understand why I want to do it, and doesn’t want to do anything like that herself. She has helped me flash people a couple of times. Once was in a little dress shop that has a couple of changing rooms with curtains across the entrance that is directly off the main shop. I was trying on dresses that she kept bringing to me. I didn’t have any underwear on and was naked each time she opened the curtain to swap dresses. This wasn’t a problem (no, exciting), until a man stood nearby waiting for his girlfriend who was in the other changing room. Katie opened the curtain so that she could give me another dress and I saw him looking towards me. I said to Katie, “Be careful or that man might get an eyeful.” Katie hung up the next dress, took the one that I was holding and turned and walked away, leaving the curtain wide open. I saw the man’s eyes go wide open when he saw me facing him naked. I ignored him and slowly put the dress on. Just as soon as it was on it came off again. I was stood facing him when Katie came back with another dress. She smiled at me and said, “Enjoy that did you?”

“And some, I nearly came.” I replied.

The other time Katie helped me flash was at a party a few months ago. It was an end of school year party at the house of one of the girls in my class. Her parents decided to leave us ‘kids’ to it. Little did they know that we had smuggled some drinks into the house. Anyway, a few people were quite happy by the time that Katie and I got there. One of the girls was falling all over the place, accidentally showing her knickers. That gave Katie an idea. She told me to drink water and tell people it was vodka. She told me to pretend to get drunk then ‘pass out’. She told me that she’d take care of the rest.

When I did ‘pass out’ she laid me flat on my back. Because of the short skirt and no knickers my puss was just showing. It didn’t take long for someone to say something, which was when Katie’s plan came into action. She said, “Don’t worry about it; you know how Amy likes to tease the boys. Tell you what, let’s strip her and leave her there for everyone to see.” The boys were keen on the idea, but some of the girls took some persuading. The boys were good at that.

One of the boys helped Katie strip me. All the time I was pretending to be out cold, but enjoying every minute. When I was naked, Katie opened my legs just enough for everyone to see everything.

I stayed like that getting wetter and wetter for about an hour until someone said that the adults were coming home. It was fantastic listening to the boys talk about my tits and puss thinking that I couldn’t hear. Some of the girl’s comments were a bit bitchy but I didn’t care. I was in heaven.

Anyway, Katie got one of the girls to help her dress me, then ‘woke’ me up. I pretended to be very groggy and poorly as Katie and I made our excuses and left.

Wow! After that, Katie will always be my best friend.

**Boyfriends**

To date I’ve had 4 boyfriends. None of them have been for more than 2 weeks. I finished with them all. I think I was a bit too full on for them. They seemed to like the idea of me wearing short skirts and no underwear, but as soon as I started to take the lead sexually they either clammed up or ran a mile.

**My brother**

Ben is my other main friend. Ben hasn’t got a girlfriend at the moment either. He’s had 3 in the last couple of years, but none of them lasted for more than a couple of weeks. I guess he’s getting all he can cope with from me at the moment. Ben’s not my lover, he’s my fuckbuddy.

Ben and I talk about everything. He’s so understanding. We’ve spent many hours talking about everything that you can think of. He’s also helped me with my homework, often with me sat on his lap with him inside me.

Ben sometimes brings 1 or 2 of his friend home. I always tease them by getting ready for bed whilst they are here and flashing lots of skin to them.

Ben’s going to go to University soon and will be moving out. It’s going to be hell. I don’t know who I’ll get to fuck me. I think that I’ll have to tease my Dad some more.

**School**

Our school allows girls to wear either a skirt or trousers. In winter most of the girls wear trousers, but when the weather is reasonable, the split is about 50 / 50. Needless to say, I’m one of the skirt girls – all the time except, when the weather is really bad. Most of the girl’s skirts are long enough to end just above their knees. Some are shorter, mine included. I’ve had a couple of comments from teachers, but none of them have told me to lengthen them, so I haven’t. As I said earlier, I’ve stopped wearing knickers most of the time; school included, and only wear a bra when I think it might be a problem if I don’t wear one. This causes some ‘interesting’ experiences, especially on the stairs up to the science classrooms.

**A tease and a slut**

I’ve got a reputation at school for being a tease and a slut. I fully accept that I’m a tease, I love teasing, it’s fun, and it turns me on. I don’t accept that I’m a slut. As I understand it, a slut is a girl who gives herself to lots of men, quite easily. I do not do that. I’m basically a one-man woman.

**The School Bus**

I go to school by bus. It’s usually a single decker, but sometimes it’s a double decker. There’s always a bit of a tussle by the boys to see who follows me up the stairs. Needless to say I take my time.

**The School Gym**

This last year we had PE as the last lesson on a Thursday. Our PE teacher is a woman of about 25, and, I guess, not bad looking. One Thursday as I was walking into the showers after a hard lesson (naked, with my towel over my arm), the teacher called me into her office to talk about why I had missed the last couple of week’s lessons. I went to the office straight away, still naked with my towel over my arm. When the teacher saw me she said that it would have kept until I’d showered and got dressed. I said, “I’m here now, what did you want to see me for?” I think that she was a little embarrassed as she tried to tell me off while I stood naked in front of her.

Eventually she finished her long lecture about how important physical exercise is to growing girls and I went to the showers. The rest of the team had either gone, or were finishing getting dressed. By the time I came out of the showers, everyone including the teacher had gone. It was then that I had an idea.

Firstly, let me tell you about the showers setup at our school. There’s only one shower room that’s shared by the girls and the boys. Before your mind runs riot let me say that there’s a system in place to stop the girls and boys being in they’re at the same time. However, this is for daytime school lessons. On a Thursday the boy’s football team have a practice session.

I checked the time, and it was just 5 minutes before the boy’s football practice started. I figured that if I made enough noise one of them might just come to investigate. I went back into the showers and unlocked the door to the boys changing room. I then got back under the shower, soaked up the hot water, got wet in another way anticipating what would happen if some boys did hear me, all of the time, singing as loud as I could.

I looked at the wall as soon as I heard the door opening. Then I heard nothing for a few seconds until one boy said, “Hey there Amy, how you doing?” I turned to face the voice and saw 3 boys looking at me. I pretended to be shocked and put my hands over my puss and tits, well nearly, I made sure that the important bits were still showing. After what seemed like an hour, but was only 2 or 3 seconds, I screamed and ran out to the sounds of cheering and rude comments from the boys.

I got dried and dressed then rushed home to relieve the tension between my legs. The next day 3 boys asked me if I’d enjoyed my shower.

**Teachers**

History is a subject that I’ve never liked, even though the teacher is a youngish man who’s not bad looking. Last year I started getting good marks in History. It started one day when I had to sit on the front row. I was daydreaming and not paying much attention as to how I was sitting. I was brought back to the land of the living by a noise from the back of the room. When I looked up I saw the teacher was looking at me and was blushing. After a few seconds I realised that my knees were about 20cm apart and that the teacher was looking up my skirt. The perv was looking at my bald naked puss.

My instant reaction was to pull my knees together. I might have actually blushed a bit as well. As the lesson went on I started to take in what had happened, and realised that I was excited by it. I was even happier when I got my homework back and saw the grade that he had given me. It was the best I’ve ever had for History. Since then my flashing the Teacher has continued and my grades are always good, even when I’ve put very little effort into my homework.

I’ve realised that a girl with a reasonable body can get just about whatever she wants. She’s just got to be prepared to use the assets that Mother Nature gave her.

English is another subject that my marks have improved dramatically. The teacher is a young woman and I didn’t think that she was a lesbian, but I caught her looking up my legs one day and decided to experiment. I was a little surprised that she stared even more, and she got a little flustered when I opened my knees. She’s never said anything to me, but I still flash her every week. She’s stopped blushing, but still stares at me. I wonder if her puss gets as wet as mine does during those lessons.

**Holidays**

With our family not having much money our holidays usually consist of a couple of week camping. We’ve got 2 tents, a big one of Mum and Dad with a ‘living / kitchen’ room; and a small one that Ben and I share. Mum tried to get Dad to buy another little one so that Ben and I didn’t have to share. She said that we were too old to share, but both Ben and I managed to persuade her that it wasn’t a problem. We told her that we have a ‘system’ to cover any possible embarrassing problems. Well we did, but that all went out of the window after I discovered my passion. If only she knew what was really going on in that tent.

The holiday after I discovered my passion I used to strip off as soon as I went into the tent, and lay there pretending to read waiting for Ben to come to bed, and then let him ogle at my body until he finally climbed into his sleeping bag with a big hard-on. It was towards the end of that holiday that we started fucking. From the first time that we did, my brother fucked me each night and each morning until we came home.

This year Ben and I had 2 holidays. The first was camping for a few days in May (just Ben and I), then the main family holiday in August.

We knew about the August holiday early in the year so Ben and I complained so much about not going camping that Mum and Dad decided to let Ben and I go camping on our own. Ben promised that he would look after his ‘little’ sister.

Dad drove us to a campsite out on the edge of the hills so that we could go walking on the hills. The only walking that we did was to the pub and back, and into the woods for a bit of open-air sex.

The summer holiday was different. Mum and Dad had been really saving hard and we rented a small villa in Torremolinos from one of Dad’s work mates. He’d been left it by his parents and was renting it out to try to be able to hang on to it.

Mum’s always wanted to go to Barcelona so part of the holiday was for the 2 of them to get the train to Barcelona leaving bro and I on our own. For some strange reason Ben and I encouraged them.

We’d only been there for a couple of days when Mom and Dad left. Ben and I were at it straight away. We stripped off and Ben had me in every room in the villa. I went swimming in the pool naked and sunbathed next to the pool naked. At this point I must say that the pool is only over-looked from one other villa. We’d already spoken to the couple (in their late twenties) and discovered that they would be leaving the same day that our parents would be returning, so I didn’t care what they saw.

That night we went to a nightclub. I wore just a wrap miniskirt and a top that ties in the front. Needless to say that this was tied in such a way that a lot of breast was visible.

The club was great. Ben got me some alcoholic drinks that made me more daring and relaxed. There was a spiral staircase between 2 of the floors and I went up and down those stairs a few times. I noticed a few flashes as I went up, and finally realised that they were coming from camera phones that the men behind me were using to get upskirt shots of me. Once I realised this I frequently stopped as I went up and stood with my feet apart. All the time I was getting wetter and wetter.

Ben was keeping a close eye on me, but not close enough to stop men from trying to hit on me. Ben and I danced, and sometimes I danced on my own. As the night went on there were more and more slow tracks. This was the queue for some of the men to get close and let their hands wander. It’s amazing just where a man can get his fingers when he’s dancing. When the foam came on the man I was with managed to get my top open and my skirt up round my waist. I nearly had an orgasm.

Ben saw what was going on and came and rescued me. I’m still not sure whether I was happy about that or not.

Anyway, Ben finally took me back to the villa in a taxi with me drunk and showing the taxi driver everything that I’ve got.

The next day we had sex then breakfast then more sex by, and in the pool before we took the bus along the coast a bit to a naturist beach. While Ben has having me in the pool I noticed that we had a couple of voyeurs. That made me hornier and I screamed when I came.

As soon as I walked onto the sand I just had to drop my skirt and whip my top off. It was fantastic being naked in a very public place. At first my puss was dripping but I soon got used to it and enjoyed the very relaxed atmosphere. It seemed to ‘natural’ to be naked. Ben kept his shorts on.

We finally found a bit of sand that we liked and spread our things out. I noticed that quite a few people walked up and down the water’s edge, and they all turned round when they got to the area where all the people were wearing costumes. I took that as a bit of a challenge and when I went for a walk I kept going. The looks I got were fantastic. They ranged from disgust to possibly jealousy (my interpretation). I just loved them all looking at me.

We went swimming a few times and Ben fucked me in the water. I lay on my back with my legs wide, and Ben pulled me onto him. One time I tried to get Ben to walk out of the water with a hard-on, but he wouldn’t

That night bro and I went to an Irish bar. There were lots of young people there and no one paid any attention to my ultra short, low-rise micro skirt. I had to be very careful sitting down if I didn’t want to show everyone everything; which I did a few times. We were stood in a corner most of the time, and Ben had a hand round my back and up my skirt. He brought me to my first public orgasm in that bar.

The next day bro and I went to a water park called Aqualand. It wasn’t as big as I’d expected but we still had a great time. It started in the changing rooms. We’d got the bus there and I’d worn just a miniskirt and the top from the yellow bikini that I’ve had since I was 12. The triangles on a 12 year old’s bikini top don’t need to be very big, so when I put it on my 34B breasts there is a fair bit showing.

The changing rooms at Aqualand have lockers that are open to the outside and then largish changing rooms. Both Ben and I went into the men’s side and I took my skirt off in the changing room with about 6 other men in there. Most of them completely ignored me, but a couple watched my every move.

I was starting to get horny.

I fastened the bikini bottoms loosely intending that I would loose them a few times during the day.

There are 3 rides that I enjoyed going on: -

**Rapids**

These are anything but rapid. You go on in twos, sharing a big yellow double rubber ring. Ben sat at the back with me in the front. Just as we started I adjusted my bikini bottoms so that one of my lips was visible.

The ride goes from one little pool over a little ridge down to the next before finally going into a bigger pool at the bottom. The good and bad bit about the ride is that when you go into each of the little pools you just float around until someone pushes you over the edge to the next one. The staff doing the pushing were a mixture of boys and girls, all in their late teens or early twenties. After they grabbed a handle of the yellow ring to push us over, about half of them, both boys and girls, stopped for a second when the realised that they could see half of my puss. I was watching them all closely. Two boys and one girl looked up at my face once they had seen my puss. One of the boys said something in Spanish but I didn’t know what, and the girl just smiled.

We went on that ride 3 times.

**Crazy Race**

This is basically 5 (I think) steep slides all next to each other. Each time I went down this I spun round and my bikini bottoms ended up around my knees and my top ended up round my neck. When I landed in the big pool at the bottom I stood up and waded out up to my knees before pretending to realise that bikini had ‘malfunctioned’. A quick scream managed to attract the attention of a few more people as I ‘rushed’ to get properly dressed.

**Boomerang**

The Boomerang ride is a big slide shaped like a boomerang. You go on it in your yellow ring and go up and down each side until gravity drops you into a pool at the bottom. The thing with this ride is that your bum has a tendency to touch the slide itself. On the first couple of times I just got a bit of a wedgie, but then I decided to loosen the side ties of my bikini. The next time we went down I kept my legs open a bit and on the first down (with a bit of help) my bikini bottoms came off. I actually saw them float down into the bottom pool as we were going up and down. Again at the bottom I pretended not to notice and started getting out. Only after a few seconds did I pretend to be shocked and start looking for them.

We spent hours queuing up for and going on those 4 rides. Going up the stairs to the start of the rides I frequently turned round and stood looking down the stairs so that the people below would see my ultra thin, semi see through bikini bottoms disappearing into my pussy crack. There was one group of teenage boys that really stared at my puss, and I’m sure that they were talking about me, even though they were Spanish. This caused me to get very randy and I just wanted to jump Ben there and then but there were just too many people around.

One other thing, when my bikini top got wet I always slid the 2 triangles wide apart so that both my areola were just visible.

Getting changed to leave, I stripped completely naked in the men’s locker area, and stayed naked whilst I sorted my locker out (took ages), before putting my skirt and top on. I figured that it didn’t matter if I got thrown out cos I probably wouldn’t go there again.

Getting on the bus back to the villa I decided to try a trick that I got from some woman’s diary on the internet. I arranged my skirt specially so that as I walked along the isle I could trap my skirt against one of the seats and just walk out of it. It worked and I gasped loudly as I became naked from below my breasts to my feet. Of course rushed, slowly, to retrieve it and put it back on. Ben didn’t know I was going to do this and he laughed and asked me if it was a real accident.

Back at the villa we eat and fucked a bit more (complete with voyeurs again).

That night we went for a walk around Torremolinos. It was quite windy and I was glad that I wore a light, full short skirts that blow up easily. I got quite a few ‘shocked’ or ‘surprised’ looks when my skirt blew up round my waist. I never rushed to pull it down and even Ben had to tell me to pull it down a couple of times.

Mum and Dad were coming back the next day so Ben and I made the most of morning by wearing ourselves out fucking by the pool.

When Mum and Dad arrived back I was sunbathing topless by the pool. I was wearing my ‘sensible’ bikini bottoms. Neither Mum nor Dad said anything.

When Mum and I were getting breakfast ready the next morning I raised the subject of my ‘white’ bits, not that I had any, but I didn’t want to get any. Mum told me that there were only 2 ways to get an all-over tan; one is to sunbathe naked, and the other is to use tanning cream. I said that I didn’t want to use expensive cream and that I wasn’t too sure about sunbathing naked. Mum then surprised me by saying that she and Dad didn’t mind, after all, Dad had seen me sunbathing naked back home; and she thought that Ben was mature enough to handle seeing his sister naked. I was shocked. I hadn’t expected Dad to tell Mum about seeing me.

After breakfast I went to my room and came out naked and went and lay on a sunbed by the pool. Ben was the first to come out and panicked a bit when he saw me. He asked me what the hell I was doing. He relaxed when I told him about my conversation with Mum.

Later, I asked Dad to rub suntan lotion on me. He kept away from my ‘interesting’ bits. During the afternoon I asked him to do it again, this time when Mum and Ben weren’t around. That time I said, “Don’t me shy Dad, put it all over me.” He did, but didn’t hang around my puss or nips much.

For the rest of the holiday I sunbathed, swam and messed about in the pool naked. It was great, but it was difficult for Ben and me to keep out hands off each other. I tried to persuade Mum, Dad and Ben to strip off. Mum went topless, but Dad and Ben kept their shorts on. I suspect that they needed to cover reason for their occasional tents in their shorts. I even wandered around the villa and eat meals naked. It was fantastic. I did notice that the villa next door got some new guests, and that they watched me sometimes. I pretended not to notice and Mum and Dad didn’t say anything.

One evening over dinner, Mum and Dad told us that Ben and I should go off on our own and enjoy ourselves, they didn’t to spoil the ‘young ones’ fun.

Ben and I took them to their word and often went off to see what we could find. I kept making my clothes more revealing just after we left the villa.

The wind on the Costa del Sol really did play havoc with my skirts. It was great.

One night as we were wandering around, stopping at the odd bar here and there, we came across a sex shop. We were both curious and went in. Wow! It was amazing; I didn’t know people sold such things. My puss got very wet just thinking about it and I did have to touch my clit a couple of times.

We did buy one thing, a vibrator. Ben told me that I would need it after he went to university. I think he will be right.

It was horrible having to come back to England. However, I still had a couple of weeks before school started, and the weather was still reasonable. I managed to get in a few more naked sunbathing sessions in the back garden, and Ben made good use of the times when both Mum and Dad were out. Katie arrived one morning when Ben and I were at it in the back garden. She said that she watched us until Ben had stopped going up and down and got off me, before making her presence known. Ben rushed inside.

I told Katie all about our holiday, all the sex and flashing. She took it all in without saying anything bad. I asked her if she would have sunbathed naked. “Topless yes, but I’m not sure about naked.” She said. “Try it sometime,” I said.

It’s strange going to school without Ben. I’m going to miss him, especially the sex.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 2**

Well, it’s now nearly 3 months since my brother went off to University and I’m really missing our daily fucks. Ben was right when we bought that vibrator and told me that I’d be needing it, I’ve lost count of the number of batteries I’ve had to put in it.

In those 2+ months a few things have happened which I will tell you about.

**My Breasts**

My breasts have now grown to a full ‘C’ cup. They are still as firm as they were and I had to buy another bra for the times at school when I needed one. I bought a ¾ cup bra where the cups are very thin and see through. My nipples poke out nicely when they get hard. I hope that they don’t grow any bigger, my breasts that is, I quite fancy bigger nipples, more to poke out.

**Clothes**

I’m still only wearing knickers very occasionally, and my skirts haven’t got any longer. Because of the cold English weather I’m wearing the crotch-less tights a bit more often.

**Sleepover at Katie’s**

Katie’s parents went away one weekend and Katie asked me to stay at her place for the Friday and Saturday nights to help her keep control of her 14 year old brother Tom.

Although Tom has met me before, and I’m sure that he will have heard the stories at school, he’s never been in a position to ‘see’ me first hand; until that weekend.

Tom was in his room when I arrived and Katie and I were in out bed clothes (Katie in PJs, me in just a T shirt) before he came out to get some supper. He did a bit of a double take when he first saw me cos my ‘T’ was right up to the top of my legs. He sat opposite me when he came to eat and watch TV. I didn’t deliberately flash him but he certainly looked enough times.

That night Katie and I both slept in Katie’s bed, me naked, but Katie wore her PJs.

We talked for hours. The topic of conversation got round to my exhibitionism and her brother. I asked her if Tom had seen her naked. She didn’t think so, but he’d tried to a few times. I suggested that I satisfy his curiosity. After a long pause Katie agreed.

There was no physical contact between me and Katie before we went to sleep, but when I woke up my arm was on Katie’s breast. Katie was still asleep so I teased her nipple until it got hard. She moaned a bit then woke-up. I didn’t move my hand and she didn’t move. I asked her if she was just a bit ‘bi-curious’, she said ‘yes’ so I looked at her then kissed her. Just a quick one, no tongue work.

Just then we heard a noise and Katie said that it would be Tom going into the bathroom. I said, “Great, now’s the time to educate him.”

With that I jumped out of bed and without putting anything on, I went to the bathroom. I didn’t knock and walked right in. Tom was having a pee and said, “What the fuck?” as he looked at me. I said, “Oh sorry, I didn’t know you were in here. Don’t mind if I have a shower do you.”

I didn’t give him chance to say anything and climbed into the bath and turned the shower on without closing the curtain.

I smiled at him as he just stood there and stared at me.

Eventually I said, “Haven’t you seen a naked girl before? Haven’t you seen Katie naked? Would you like to?” Eventually he nodded but didn’t say anything.

I looked down to see that he’d not moved from holding his little cock to have a pee, but his cock was hard.

After a while I said that he’d seen enough for now and closed the curtain. When I finished my shower he’d gone.

Back in her room, Katie’s was still in bed. I told her what had happened, including the bit about Tom wanting to see her naked. She said, “No chance,” but the way she said it wasn’t very convincing.

All day Saturday Tom was at one of his mates so that left Katie and I to do our own thing. There’s a bit of a water leisure park in the next city and Katie fancied going there so we did. I wanted to go home to get one of my bikinis, but Katie said that she’d got one sorted for me. I wasn’t too keen on the idea but Katie promised me that I would be happy in it. When we got there we went into one of the family changing cubicles and stripped off. Katie gave me the bikini and I went ballistic. It was horrendous. It was one of Katie’s mums. Katie’s mum is at least 2 dress sizes bigger than me and at least a DD. The top was one of those that have optional shoulder straps that attach to the sides of the cups. Before Katie gave me it she took off the shoulder straps. When I put it on my tits felt as if they could rattle around in it. After a lot of persuasion we put our clothes in a locker and went to the pool. I was embarrassed in that bikini and tried to hide behind Katie.

Katie dived in then urged me to do the same. I didn’t take much persuasion and I quickly followed. When I surfaced Katie told me that she knew that I would be happy. I didn’t understand until Katie pointed at my chest. The bikini top had slipped down round my waist. As well as that, the bottoms were well below my bum cheeks.

Well, that was it. I started looking for young men to show-off to. It didn’t take long to find a group of young men. We swam up near them and climbed out. My arse cheeks were on display as I climbed out but I quickly pulled the bottoms up.

We waited until the men were looking at us then in we dived. I surfaced right next to them and then jumped up so that my chest was out of the water. Yes, the top was around my waist and my pups were on display. One of the men soon noticed and told his mates. I pretended not to know and said “Hi” to one of them. It didn’t take long for them all to be chatting to me while Katie stayed away. After a few minutes Katie swam over and said, “Have you seen your top?” I looked down and pretended to be shocked. I apologised to them and said that I had a similar problem with the bottoms, a consequence of borrowing someone else’s bikini.

One of them told me that there was no need to apologise and that they understood the problem. Ha!

We continued to chat to the guys for quite a while. Occasionally Katie and I would get out and dive in again. The last time that I dived in I pushed my bottoms right off. When I surfaced near the guys I told them that my bottoms had come off, and asked them to get them for me. One of them swam off then came back with them; but wouldn’t give them to me. Instead they passed them for one to another of them as I tried to get them. Hands started wandering and some found their target. After a while one of them threw my bikini bottoms out of the pool into a pile of pool equipment. I had no choice other than to get out and get them. I knew that Katie wouldn’t help me. Not that I wanted her to.

Out I got and stood on the side, pretending to look for the bottoms. It wasn’t long before most of the people in the pool and the lifeguards saw me. The lifeguards (an older man) came over and started ranting on at me. I tried to explain that it wasn’t my fault but he wasn’t having any of it. In the end he ‘asked me to leave’. I slowly walked round the pool (not trying to hide my ass or puss) to the changing room. I got to the locker room and realised that Katie had the key. What I haven’t said so far is that there is only one locker room for both men and women.

I had to wait there for Katie. She took ages. I guess that was deliberate. All the time men and women were walking in and out and staring at the bottomless girl. What a turn on.

Eventually, Katie arrived and we got changed. I had to admit to Katie that she was right. I did like her mum’s bikini.

After the leisure centre, because we had some time to kill before our train back, we decided to go shopping. We headed right for a clothes shop and got some skirts and dresses to try on. In the changing room I managed to talk Katie into taking her knickers off so that she didn’t have a VPL. She put them in her bag, but when her back was turned I pinched them and hid them, then dumped them in a rubbish bin when she wasn’t looking. Katie moaned like hell about losing her knickers but I wouldn’t tell her where they were. As we were walking through the shopping centre she told me that it wasn’t too bad being knickerless, but she wished she’d worn a longer skirt.

I decided that I wanted to flash a shoe salesman. We tried 3 shoe shops before we found one with a young man assistant. I was having a good time showing him my puss when I had an idea. I told him that my friend would like to try the same pair (lace-up boots) on. Katie went red and tried to get out of it but I insisted, and so did the young man. I stood behind Katie as the young man helped her. Katie was doing her best to keep her legs closed so I held my hands out, together, then opened them. The young man got the idea and at the right moment eased her feet apart. The smile on his face told me that he had seen Katie’s hairy puss.

As we were walking round the shops Katie told me that she’d been extreeeeemly embarrassed and didn’t want to do it again. She didn’t sound too convincing.

We found another clothes shop and got some dresses to try on. I went to the changing room telling Katie that I’d leave the curtain open a bit so that she’d find me okay. I picked a changing cubicle that was opposite the entrance. I did leave the curtain open a bit, a very large bit. Facing the entrance, I took my top off and started undoing my skirt. I looked up and saw a man watching me. I smiled at him and dropped my skirt. I was totally naked with him staring at me. Wow, my puss was tingling and boy, was I wet. We both just stood there looking at each other for about a full minute before Katie came in and told me that I was terrible. She closed the curtain behind her.

I checked-out the dresses that I taken in but didn’t like any of them. Then it was Katie’s turn. She kept one dress that went right up to her neck until last. When she got it on it looked terrible. I told her so. To get it off she had to take it up, over her head. The problem was that she caught some of fancy bits round the dress neck in her hair. There she was wearing just her bra with her arms in the air, dress covering her head, trying to unravel her hair. I told her to stand still whilst I sorted it out. I’d just started when I had an idea. One hand fumbled in her hair whilst the other slowly slid the curtain back. As she was facing the entrance, two men who were obviously waiting for their girlfriends or wives soon noticed her.

She was stood there, head covered with her arms in the air, wearing only her bra, not knowing that she was exposed to those men. It didn’t take long to untangle her, but I didn’t tell her. Instead I told her that one of her bra straps was tangled in the mess and that I’d have to undo her bra. She said okay, so I did. I pulled it up above her breasts, much to the delight of the 2 men. I held out as much as long as I dare, and then lifted the dress over her head.

Almost instantly she saw the 2 men, screamed and closed the curtain. She turned to me, thumped me and called me a rotten bitch. “Tell me that you didn’t enjoy it” I said. When she didn’t say anything I slid a finger along her puss. It was wet, very wet. I held my finger up in front of our faces and said, “Well!” “Okay,” she said, “I did, happy now?”

We dressed and left for the train station.

On the way home Katie admitted that she got turned-on by the experience.

On the Saturday night I again slept naked (what other way is there?). I was a little surprised when Katie didn’t put her PJs on. She climbed into bed naked as well. I didn’t say anything and we talked and giggled about Tom, the day’s fun and lots of other things. She tickled me and I tickled her back. We started wrestling a bit, not seriously, but she ended up on top on me with her knees either side on me; and the quilt on the floor. All of a sudden things stopped and went silent before she lowered her head and kissed me. My natural reaction was to kiss her back, and it turned into a full blown passionate kiss, tongues and all. Her hands went to my breasts and mine to hers. I caressed her nipples like Ben does to mine. After a while she got off me and lay beside me. I kissed her again, and let one hand wander over her flesh, slowly, to her puss. She doesn’t shave, but she does trim it. She moaned a little as my fingers found her clit. I told her to relax, close her eyes and enjoy the experience.

A little later something made me look up. There was Tom standing in the doorway watching us. I put my finger to my mouth to tell him to be quiet. Then I waved him in. He came and stood at the bottom of the bed watching me frig his sister. I told Katie to keep her eyes closed and relax. I continued playing with her clit and the rest of her puss, occasionally putting one, then two fingers in her. I motioned to Tom to have a go. He was slow to react, but did so, and I let him take over from me. I raised a knee and started frigging myself. I came first, shortly followed by Katie. Her brother kept on playing with her puss as I put both my hands on her breasts and played with her nipples.

Eventually Katie realised that there were 3 hands working on her and she opened her eyes. When she saw Tom she slammed her legs together and screamed. Tom ran out.

Katie called me all the names under the sun before calming down. When I could get a word in, I asked her if she’d enjoyed it. After a short pause she admitted that she did.

We hugged, kissed and lay there until we fell asleep.

Next morning I woke up to find us both lying on our backs with the quilt on the floor. Katie was still asleep but soon woke up when I pinched one of her nipples. We lay there for ages, just talking. She admitted that she’d enjoyed all of the previous days and nights experiences and asked me if we were lesbians. I told her that I believed that one experimental woman on woman session doesn’t make someone a lesbian. I asked her if she’s got any pleasure from knowing that it was her little brother that had brought her to an orgasm. She said that the orgasm was brilliant, and the fact that it was by her brother, who probably didn’t know exactly what he was doing, made it more exciting. I asked her if she would let him do it again. After a long pause she said, “Yes.”

The next thing that we knew was Tom running into her room asking when he could do it again. The little runt had been stood outside listening and looking at our naked bodies. Katie screamed at him to get out.

That had spoilt the moment and we got up. As we were getting dressed I asked Katie if she was going to let Tom fuck her. She immediately said, “No,” but after a second or two said, “Maybe.” We’ll have to wait and see. I also asked her about exposing herself again and again she said, “Maybe.”

**Old Misery Guts**

Old misery guts has got some binoculars. I stopped closing my curtains a couple of years ago, and never really thought about peeping toms. One night I was walking around my room doing things when I noticed a light outside go on, then off again quickly. I decided to check it out, put a ‘T’ shirt on and went into Ben’s room without putting the light on. There he was in one of his bedrooms, holding the binoculars to his eyes and definitely looking towards my room. Great I thought, I’ll put a show on for him. I went back to my room, stood at the back of my room so that the light was in front of me, took the ‘T’ off and started caressing my breasts. After a minute or so I stood on my bed and let my fingers bring me to an orgasm.

Shortly after that night I re-arranged my bedroom furniture so that there was more room to put on a show. I also moved the table lamp so that I was lit-up more.

I’ve started going to bed about the same time on most nights, and just about every one of those nights I put a show on. I guess that old misery guts isn’t watching every night, but I get pleasure imagining that he is watching, and probably wanking.

**Continued attempts to seduce my Dad**

I really miss the sex with Ben and decided that I was going to tease my Dad so much that he would eventually (I hoped) pounce on me and fuck me. After we’d got back from Spain I sunbathed naked a few times, and made sure that Dad was around to see me. I also get changed into my ‘T’ shirt ready for bed earlier, and sit or lay carelessly so that Dad can see more of me. When he says that he’s off to bed I often jump up and sit on his lap to say goodnight. I’ve felt his hard cock a few times and when I do I grind my arse a bit to make sure that he knows that I know. Once when I was getting off his lap I noticed that he had a wet patch where my puss had been. I’m sure that it was my juices.

One night last week we were talking and the subject of boyfriends came up. Dad asked me if I had a boyfriend and I said no. He asked me why not and I just said that the right boy hadn’t appeared yet.

I said that just because I didn’t have a boyfriend didn’t mean that I didn’t have ‘needs’. He blushed a bit, letting me know that he knew what I meant. I said that those needs needed to be taken care of and that I needed some help in that direction. He asked me if I meant the vibrator. It was my turn to blush a bit as I didn’t know that he knew about that. I said yes, but that it’s no substitute for the real thing. I asked him if he could help me in that area. He didn’t say yes or no. Instead he just said, “Interesting question. I must admit that the thought has crossed my mind quite a few times but I didn’t think that you’d want your stepfather so I’ve just put it to the back of my mind. Besides, what would your Mother think?” My instant reply was, “There’s no need for her to find out.” He said that he’d think about it, and went to bed. I bet he had a quick wank before Mom got home. Either that or he gave her a real good seeing to when she did get home.

Anyway, nothing has been said about it – yet. I’m going to talk to him again real soon.

**Visited Ben at his University**

Ben lives in a Hall of Residence and they are not supposed to have female visitors. However, many do and it wasn’t difficult for Ben to ‘smuggle’ me in.

I wanted to go and see Ben for 3 reasons. Firstly I wanted to do the ‘family’ thing and catch up on how he was doing and what I had been up to. Secondly, Ben now lives in a Hall of Residency, a MALE Hall of Residency. There would be lots of men around that are Ben’s age and I wanted to expose my body to as many of them as possible. Thirdly, I wanted Ben to fuck my brains out.

I travelled there by bus on the Friday afternoon. I wore one of my denim minis and a pair of crotch-less tights. That was to please my Mum as it was a bit cold. The tights came off as soon as I settled in on the bus.

I was so please to see Ben that as soon as we got to his room we stripped and I rode on top him with my knees either side, facing him. He teased my nipples as I came TWICE. Just as I came the second time his door opened and one of his Uni mates came in saying something. He stopped dead as he saw us. The silence was deafening as all three of us froze. Eventually I said, “Well Ben, aren’t you going to introduce us?”

Another pause then Ben said, “Harry this is Amy my step-sister, Amy this is Harry.”

Still impaled on Ben, I put my hand out to Harry. Eventually Harry said, “Very pleased to meet you Amy. Ben you didn’t tell me Amy was you STEP-sister, I thought you two were real brother and sister. That would have been hot. I’d better let you two finish whatever. Will I see you in the bar later?” Ben said, “Probably.” And Harry left.

We exchanged news for ages before deciding to go and eat and drink. I told Ben that I needed a shower and we went to the communal bathroom.

There was one other guy in there when we arrived. I took my towel off and went into one of the showers. The other guy looked at me but didn’t say anything.

We went to the nearest bar, had something to eat and a few drinks. Later on, two of Ben’s mates came and challenged us to a pools double. I told them that I didn’t know how to play but they said that it wasn’t a problem, they’d show me. We weren’t playing for money. I was wearing a low cut, loose top and very short mini, not really the clothes to play pool in, but I’d had a few to drink and knew that I’d enjoy the teasing anyway. And I did, as the two friends showed me how to position myself to get the best shot, or was it so that the other guys in the bar could get the best view of my assets. I enjoyed it when they used their hands to move me into the ‘best’ position.

Two other guys challenged Ben and me to a game. I told them that we didn’t play for money and they said that they’d play us for my clothes. I knew what they meant, and I knew that I would have got excited if I ended up naked, but Ben didn’t want to know. In the end we left and Ben sneaked me back in to his room.

We had sex again before going to sleep.

Next morning I woke up first and went to the bathroom naked, carrying my towel. It was a bit early and I didn’t see anyone until I got in there. There were 2 other guys in there. One was shy and pulled a towel round himself quickly. The other guy just stood there shaving, naked. I said “Hi,” hung up my towel and went into a shower without closing the curtain. I could still see the guy, and if he looked, he could see me in the mirror. I stayed facing him as I showered. When he’d finished shaving he washed his face then turned and walked to the next shower to me. He had a hard-on and smiled at me as he disappeared into the next cubicle. I needed to wash my puss again.

I was outside the cubicle drying myself and looking at the hard-on when Ben came in and accused me of teasing the guys. I told him that there was only one guy in there, and that I didn’t hear him complaining. Ben went into a shower and the other guy came out, wrapped his towel round him self and left, smiling. “See you around,” I said to him.

That day Ben took me round a few of the interesting sites in the city, not that there were many. We spent most of the day in the shopping area going up and down escalators with him stood beside me so that the men behind me could get good upskirt views. Ben also took me to a shoe shop that he’d found that had a male assistant. That was fun. I lost count of the number of shoes that I tried on, but the assistant never complained, and judging by the bulge in his trousers he appreciated what he saw.

For lunch we had a McDonald’s takeaway that we took to a little park in the city centre. It has some of those wooden tables with benches attached to each long side. Ben sat in the middle on one side and I sat next to him, but with one leg either side of the bench. With my skirt being so short, my puss was totally exposed. Ben finger-fucked me as we ate.

A group of teenage boys walked passed us and stopped to stare for a while before moving on. Ben didn’t stop while they were there, as he knew that I would enjoy being finger-fucked with an audience.

Ben told me that we were going to an end of term Toga party at a student house that evening. While we were out we bought the cheapest, single white bed sheet that we could find. When we got back to Ben’s room we ripped it in half, length ways. I say half, but it was more like two-thirds for Ben and one-third for me. It was only when we started to make the Togas that we remembered that we would need some safety pins. We didn’t have any. Ben went round all his mates and managed to borrow just one, and some sticky tape that he kept for his Toga. I had to make do with a couple of paper-clips and the sticky tape. I was in serious danger of having multiple wardrobe malfunctions, which was just what I wanted. The thought of me ending-up naked anywhere from Ben’s room to the party and back got me excited. The first wardrobe malfunction happened while we were walking down the street to the party. There was a sudden gust of wind and the part of the sheet that went over my shoulder and was covering my front blew off my shoulder leaving me topless in the street. A couple walking toward us got quite a shock.

It was great meeting Ben’s new friends. They are all great people. All of them were wearing Togas. Most were short, but one or two were long ones. All of the top bits left a fair bit of skin exposed, but no breasts were on display. Two of the girls wore bras under theirs. They looked silly.

When I was getting introduced to the people there, one of the girls said, “So you’re Ben’s little sister, the 15 year-old sister that he’s fucking.” I smiled at her and said, “Sure am!”

There was lots of alcohol there, but Ben and I managed to drink only a little. The party was going great when someone suggested playing twister. There were enough well lubricated people who wanted to play. I thought it would be a good opportunity for some fun so I joined in. During those games I discovered that at least 4 other girls at the party were knickerless. Also, 2 of the men were going commando.

My wardrobe kept malfunctioning (not surprising when my body was is such unusual positions) and I was forever putting it back together. Each time it fell off I got one or two comments from other people there. All of them were cheering me on to not put it back on. In the end I didn’t put the top part back on, then someone stood on the end of the sheet and the whole lot came off. I just gave up at that point and stayed naked until I was out of the game.

One girl offered me a safety pin, but I declined saying that it was more fun this way.

Twister progressed to little ‘challenges’ for people to do. There were lots of silly things and drinking games, but one very interesting one. Handstands; Most people had a go. Those who were without underwear got the biggest cheers. One of the men was ‘well hung’, and semi erect. One of the girls shouted, “I want some of that.” When it came to my turn my Toga fell apart just as I went down onto my hands. I ended up standing on my hands, naked, with my feet well apart and leaning on a wall. I stayed there for ages and took my time re-assembling my Toga when I did stand-up.

I was amazed at how many people, men and women shave their pubes.

Later, the alcohol got the better of a few people with a few people collapsing on chairs and the floor. Two girls were on the floor in a corner of the kitchen. One had her knees under her chin leaving her puss on display. She was shaved.

The other girl had her legs out straight in front of her and her Toga right up to her puss. Two men there were discussing whether or not she was knickerless. I said, “We can soon solve that little puzzle.” With that I moved her feet apart and pulled the Toga up to her waist. She didn’t even blink. She was wearing a mesh thong that had been pulled up giving her a wedgie. I gave it a little tug higher, she moaned a bit, and I left them to it.

Shortly after that I went and sat in the stairs with my feet on the step below. My puss was on display to everyone who went up to the bedrooms or toilet. I pretended to be drunk and asleep. I’m sure that most of the people who wet upstairs had a good look. One man even stroked it with a finger. I moaned a little. I think that was a mistake as he moved on quickly.

At one point in the evening I was talking to a couple of girls and one of them asked me if I really was fucking my big brother. “Yes I am, we’re not lovers, just fuckbuddies. Been doing it for about 2 years now.” They thought that it was really cool. One of them said that she fancied Ben so I told her to go for it, I didn’t mind. After all, he was away from home most of his life now and was probably quite sex starved.

Eventually the party ended and we walked the short distance back to Ben’s room. It was cold and my nipples hurt.

On Sunday morning we got woken up at 7 am by Henry. He came barging straight in saying, “Come on Ben, we’ve got to be in the pool by half past.” He stopped dead when saw me in bed with Ben. “Sorry, I forgot,” he said and just stood there looking at us.

Ben said, “Oh shit!” then explained to me that 6 of them went to the Uni swimming pool every Sunday morning for a game of water polo before anyone else got there. I asked about a lifeguard and Ben told me that it wasn’t a problem as Andy was fully qualified. I told them that I didn’t have a costume with me so Henry said that it wouldn’t be a problem as there would only be the 7 of us there. He could lock the door and keep anyone who arrived early for the next session out. I said, “Are you expecting me to swim naked with 6 horny Uni students?” Before Henry could answer Ben said, “Come on, get dressed, we’re off.”

The quilt came off revealing my nakedness to Henry. On went a skirt, top and shoes and we were off.

When we got to the pool, Andy and 3 other guys were just arriving. I’d met 2 of them the night before. Andy opened the door and we went in. They went into the men’s changing room while I went to the women’s changing room, but it was locked. I went to the men’s and asked Andy if he had a key. He didn’t. He said that he only ever got the keys to the front door and to the men’s changing room. “Oh well, I guess I’ll have to get changed in here,” and dropped my towel on the bench next to Ben.

The guys didn’t take much notice of me at that stage, and within seconds they were off towards the pool. I stripped and walked the same way as they went. I passed the communal shower and the toilets and turned a corner to see them throwing a ball to each other, in the pool.

I stood at the water’s edge, completely naked, and shouted, “Right, which team am I in?” Six young men stopped and turned to look at me. Everything was quiet for a few seconds before Andy told me who else was in my team. Standing there I was getting quite wet; and that was before I got into the water.

I had great fun with them. Occasionally, one of them would try to get the ball off me and grab hold of me. Sometimes getting my breasts, which bobbed in and out of the water as I went for the ball.

When time was up we all got out and walked to the changing room. I went straight into the shower and was enjoying the warm water as one by one they came in, naked as I was. What a sight, 6 naked young men, all with semi-hard-ons that were starting to point to the ceiling as they watched me washing myself, paying special attention to my breasts and puss. It didn’t take long for one of them to ask if I wanted any help. Naturally I said that that would be nice and before long hands were all over me. I was in heaven.

Ben just stood back watching it all happen, but after a minute or so he said, “Guys, remember that she’s my 15 year-old sister. Two rules, firstly, if she says ‘stop’, then you stop; and secondly, no actual fucking her. Everything else is up to her, but no fucking. Okay?” The 5 of then said ‘okay’, and Ben went off to get dried.

Four of them carried me, an arm or leg each (legs wide apart), into the changing room and lay me down on one of the benches.

Wow, what a great time I had. A sort of gang bang without the actual fucking.

Five hard cocks to play with while they played with my breasts and puss. I’d given Ben a blowjob before, but one of the guys really pushed his cock down my throat. I thought I was going to choke. At the same time a hand was getting more and more fingers into my puss. Cocks were getting wanked by me and the owners right above me. I don’t know how long it took before one of them came, but his spunk shot all over my face. When the second guy shot his load over my face I came as well. The hand that was in my puss was removed and another went in. It’s thumb playing with my clit. I came again, then again. I don’t remember the other guys coming, but they must have, there was spunk all over my face and chest.

Eventually it all stopped and I stood up. On wobbly legs I stood in the shower and washed myself again.

Most of the guys had left when I went to get dried. Ben asked me if I was okay. I didn’t need to say anything; the smile on my face told him everything. I got dressed and we all left with Andy locking up behind us.

Back in Ben’s room I collapsed on Ben’s bed and told him that the last day and a half were the best that I’d ever had, except that I needed a proper fucking. Ben didn’t need to be asked. He dropped his trousers, pulled my legs over the side of the bed, turned me over, and fucked me from behind. I came again.

I had to leave for home soon so I told Ben that I needed a shower before leaving. Ben threw me a towel and said, “You know where it is.” I put the towel over my shoulder and walked down the corridor naked. The 3 shower cubicles were already in use and one guy entered the room at the same time as me. Of course I didn’t try to cover myself. The guy waiting was in just his boxers, holding his towel. This came down his front when he got a hard-on.

A few minutes later the guy in one of the cubicles came out. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the naked girl in front of him. His cock started to get hard and he left quickly. Both the waiting guy and I moved to the now vacant cubicle. When he saw that I was going as well he stopped and said, “After you.” I told him that we could always share. After a slight pause he said okay and we both went in. It was a bit crowded in there and when he took his boxers off his cock was pointing to the ceiling. He tried to cover it but I said, “Don’t be shy; it’s not the first hard-on I’ve seen today.”

We both tried to wash ourselves with his hard-on knocking into me, but it was difficult. In the end I said, “You soap me, then I’ll soap you.” He just stood there for a second or two then started soaping me. He started round my neck then moved down. He seemed a little reluctant to soap my tits so I said, “They won’t bite you.” My nipples were already hard, but they started to ache as they got the attention from his hands. When he moved down he didn’t need to be told to do my puss. He was straight in there, literally in there. I moaned as he gave my clit the works. I shuddered as I came. He moved on down my legs before I started on him.

I quickly worked my way down to his tummy, but then went to his feet. When I’d done his legs I went to his balls. Even in the shower I could see the pre-cum on the end of his cock. It didn’t take much handwork for him to shoot his load onto me.

Things cooled down and we rinsed off and got out. As I was drying myself another guy came in and looked surprised to see a naked girl drying herself.

As I walked back to Ben’s room with my towel round my neck, another girl came out of a room, saw me and said, “Looks like you’ve been having a good time too.”

Shortly after that I had to leave, and Ben took me to the bus station. He put me on the bus giving my ass and puss a little pat. “Keep it warm for me,” he said.

Within minutes of the bus moving off I was asleep. When I woke up we were only about 10 miles from home. In my sleep I had turned so that my back was against the window and my right hand was up my skirt and playing with my clit and the rest of my very wet puss. When I looked up I saw an old man looking at me with a big grin on his face. I guess that I’d been having a good dream about the weekend. Just for good measure, I moved my hand and opened my legs as much as I could within the limited space. The old man’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. I smiled at him, said, “That’s it,” and closed my legs. The crotch-less tights then went on.

**School**

School’s very much the same as before the summer holidays except that it’s much colder. I’ve even resorted to wearing my crotch-less tights a few times. I’m still getting good marks in History, even though I hardly do any of the work. I still remember the look of disappointment on the History teachers face when I walked into his classroom wearing the tights. His smile soon re-appeared as soon as he found out that they are crotch-less tights.

My reputation as a slut is still going strong, even though I haven’t been out with any of the boys there. I guess that in their minds, just because I wear short skirts and flash my puss whenever I can that I must be a slut. I don’t care. I’m having fun.

**Dare Games**

Katie and I have always been into ‘dares’ and we’ve started doing them again. The intention was for Katie to dare me to do things that leave me exposed to some watching guys. The first dare was from Katie to me. She dared me to wear my vibrator (switched on) for one whole lesson at school. I wasn’t too keen as it would mean wearing knickers (I doubt that I could keep it in without the knickers), but in the end I gave-in as a deal is a deal. I chose a RE lesson as they are always boring.

Throughout the lesson there was a low humming that one or two people near me looked puzzled about, but no one said anything. I on the other hand had a difficult time. It wasn’t long before I was getting all worked-up. I sat there getting hotter and hotter as I fought to not have an orgasm. At one point I was so flushed that the teacher asked me if I was okay. I managed a very croaky, “yes.” Eventually the vibrator got the better of me and I came. I nearly bit my lip off holding back the moans that normally come out of me. I was glad when the lesson ended and could rush to the toilet to bin the knickers and make myself cum again.

The second dare was from me to Katie. I dared Katie to come over to my house a couple of week ago wearing just a coat and shoes. I told her to bring her other clothes in a bag ready to put them on. I’d already decided that that wasn’t going to be the end of it, but I hadn’t told Katie. Katie wasn’t at all happy, but I kept reminding her of our agreement.

When she arrived I didn’t let her get dressed, instead I asked her how she felt. She admitted that she was excited and nervous; especially when she walked passed a group of men. I asked her if I could check (the finger test) but she told me to take her word for it. She said that she’d had a nervous moment when her Mum asked her why she was wearing a skirt and long coat instead of her usual jeans and jacket.

Leaving her sat in the lounge after she promised not to get dressed just yet; I told her that I had go for a pee. Instead of a pee I stripped off and put just a coat and shoes on. I went back to the lounge and told her that we were going for a walk. I then locked the door leaving us both now in just coats and shoes. I then told her that we were going into town for a bit of fun. Not giving her chance to object I dragged her off and onto a bus. It was a new double-decker, one that has a big front window that comes down to the seat level. Katie went up the stairs in front of me and I couldn’t resist putting my hand up her coat and touching her puss. It was wet.

Fortunately there were not many people on the top deck and we were the only ones at the front. I hadn’t realised before then that both our coats buttons stopped at about pussy level, so when we sat down the coats opened showing a lot of leg.

It was easy for me to open my coat and flash my tits to anyone that was looking. Unfortunately I didn’t see anyone looking. I’ve come to the conclusion that people just don’t look around them as they go about their business. Very disappointing.

In town we walked round the market and shops. Katie wasn’t too happy, especially when I tried to pull her coat open so that she was exposed. We ended up playing a game that Katie christened ‘‘Flash ‘n’ dash’’. We unfastened our coats and held them closed. Then one, or both of us would whip open our coats and flash someone; then we’d run off. We must have flashed about a dozen men before it started raining and as Katie was getting cold we went home and put some warm clothes on.

Before we got dressed the finger test confirmed that Katie really had enjoyed herself.

I think that my next dare for Katie will be to pluck or shave her puss. I haven’t yet decided if the dare should be for her to do it, or for me to do it. I think it might just be me doing it so that it might just lead to more fun.

I’m trying to think of more ideas for Dare Games so if you can think of any please let me know.

**Christmas**

I’m writing this over the Christmas holidays. Ben’s home for a couple of weeks and we’re making the most of it. Dad’s looking at me slightly differently, staring at my legs and breasts more. Needless to say that I’m giving him more opportunities these days. I’m hoping that he’ll make a move on me soon.

I’ve discussed this with bro and he’s cool with it. Says that I’ve got to get what I can, when I can.

More to cum – maybe!

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 3**

These last few cold, miserable English winter months have been reasonably quiet. I’m really looking forward to some decent weather, flashing weather.

What’s been happening? Well, not a lot, but there have been a few interesting things.

**My Breasts**

I’m happy to say that my breasts haven’t grown any more. There still nice and firm. Very conical. I don’t want them any bigger otherwise I would have to wear a bra more often, and I don’t want that. Because of the weather my nipples seem to be permanently hard. Lots of the boys at school have noticed and they keep asking me if I’m cold.

**My Pussy**

I’m still plucking every single hair out just as soon as it’s big enough to get the tweezers on it. I’m saving up to get it permanently removed. The only problem with that is that I will have to let it grow a bit so that the treatment will work.

**Ben**

Unfortunately I haven’t seen my brother since Christmas. I’m really missing my fuckbuddy. I’ve spoken to him on the phone a few times. He’s got a girlfriend who knows about me and is trying to satisfy Ben’s needs.

**Saturday Job**

I’ve been dead lucky and managed to get a Saturday job at a clothes shop. The manager is a woman in her early thirties. She’s really nice. She lets me wear the shop stock at work whenever I want. She says that it’s a good advert. I had one young man (early twenties) a couple of weeks ago who wanted to buy a dress for his girlfriend (who wasn’t with him), but he wanted to see what some dresses that he’d picked looked like on someone. He told me that his girlfriend was about my height and weight so he asked me if I could try the dresses on and let me see what they looked like. I went and asked the manager what I should do. She told me that if I was prepared to do it then it was okay with her.

I took the dresses from him and went to the changing rooms. It took me seconds to take-off the top and skirt that I was wearing, leaving me naked, apart from shoes. On went the first dress and I opened the curtain, went out and did a twirl for him. After the third dress I stopped closing the curtain and let him watch me changing. After the fifth dress I pulled him in and closed the curtain. I was so turned-on and wet that I just had to have him.

Afterwards he had me try two more dresses and a couple of skirts before he finally selected one dress that he bought. Wow, I could do with a few more customers like that.

I often get asked to take some clothes to women who are already in the changing rooms. Whenever I do I never fully close the curtains. Sometimes the women do not finish closing the curtains so whoever is outside gets a bit of a view. Naughty me.

**My Boyfriend**

Yes, I’ve got one. Pete goes to a different school and I met him at my Saturday job. He was with his now ex girlfriend buying a skirt for her. All the time she was in the changing rooms he was coming on to me. The next Saturday he was back, on his own, saying that he’d dumped her. We went out that night and we’ve been together for about a month now. He just loves my bald pussy and lack of underwear. Only problem is that he keeps telling me to put my legs together or to cross them when I’m sitting down. The only time that I like doing that is when we are fucking and I use my legs to squeeze his cock. I’ve this feeling that I’m going to have to dump Pete soon, there’s no room in my life for a man that tries to tell me what to wear or when to not flash my pussy.

**Katie and her family**

At half-term I had a 2 night sleepover at Katie’s. Tom (14) came into the bathroom the first morning when I was in the shower (I never lock bathroom doors). He asked if he could watch me and looked very disappointed when I said, ‘no’. Instead I told him to get his PJs off and get into the shower with me. He didn’t need to be told twice. His little hard-on pointing to the ceiling. After about 10 seconds I grabbed his cock and guided it into my pussy. He lasted about 30 seconds before I felt that warm feeling of cum getting deposited in me.

Katie’s Dad came into the bathroom that night just after I’d had a pee. I was naked and about to get in the shower. He was full of apologies saying that didn’t think that there was anyone in there and that he’d intended to have a shower so I suggested that we shared. We did, and I gave him a blow-job. God has he got a big, hard cock, I thought that I was going to choke.

Katie and Tom do the same as me when it comes to bed time. That is, get ready for bed then come back downstairs and watch a bit more TV before going to bed. I’d taken my nightie with me just for that purpose. I didn’t get to lay on the floor like I do at home so Tom or his Dad couldn’t look at my legs right up to my ass; but from where we sat on the sofa I caught both Tom and his Dad looking up my nightie. Needless to say that I kept my legs open just enough so that they could see my puss.

When it comes time to go to bed, Katie always gives her Mum and Dad a goodnight kiss. I did the same. I had to be careful because I didn’t want to flash Katie’s Mum but I made sure that I positioned myself so that Katie’s Dad or Tom got a great view of my ass or tits.

Katie and I slept in Katie’s bed. Both nights Katie started off in PJs, with me naked. Each night it was less than 10 minutes before Katie’s PJs were off and we were exploring each other’s bodies. Katie has started shaving most of her pubic hair off. She’s just got this little ‘landing strip’. God, I love playing with her pussy and going down on her; and what she can do with her tongue is amazing.

Katie keeps asking me if we are lesbians. Each time I tell her that we are definitely not.

Katie’s Mum and Dad were at work each day so that left the three of us alone. Since I last had a sleepover at Katie’s, Katie hasn’t gone out of her way to flash Tom so I did my best to put that right. The first morning both Katie and I went down for breakfast just wearing a towel. They covered everything - just. Katie’s Mum and Dad both leave for work early so there was just the 3 of us.

I steered the conversation to flashing and when Tom came in I went behind Katie, grabbed her arms and told Tom to grab her towel. Tom didn’t need a second invite and (despite her screams) Katie was naked in seconds. I kept hold of Katie while Tom got a good look. Katie was begging me to let her go. Eventually I told her that I would, IF she opened her legs and let Tom touch her pussy. She agreed (eventually) and Tom had a good grope. I let her go but she didn’t run away. She just stood there and let Tom get on with it. After a while Katie went red, pulled away and ran out of the kitchen. I went after her and asked her what was wrong. Eventually she admitted that she was about to cum and didn’t want to with Tom there.

The next morning I persuaded Katie to go for breakfast with us both wearing only towels again. This time though, the tables were turned on me. What I didn’t know was that Tom and Katie had planned a surprise for me. As we were eating breakfast the doorbell rang. It was Kieran, one of Tom’s friends. I’d seen him around school with Tom, but never spoken to him. Tom brought Kieran into the dining room and waited until Katie and I had finished our breakfast. I was a little suspicious when they cleared the table.

The 3 of them then grabbed me and lay me on my back on the table. From nowhere some rope appeared and my wrists and ankles were tied to the corners of the table. In the scuffle both Katie and I lost our towels. I wasn’t in a position to do anything about it, but Katie was; but she didn’t. She stayed naked and wasn’t at all fazed when Kieran started staring at both of us naked girls.

It didn’t take long for me to accept the position that I was in and stopped struggling. The 3 of them just stood there for ages until I said, “Well, now that you’ve got me like this what are you going to do with me?” Katie said that this was revenge for what happened to her the morning before. She wrapped a towel round herself then said to the boys, “There she is, do whatever you want to her.” I shouted, “No, Katie, please don’t let them hurt me. Just looking at me naked is enough.” Katie just smiled and said to the boys, “Go on then.”

The 2 boys looked at each other then Tom moved closer and put a hand on my left breast. My nipples were hard before, but as soon as his finger touched my nipple it went even harder and I felt a twinge in my puss. Kieran joined in and they both groped my tits and pussy. Tom asked Kieran if he’d ever eaten a pussy before. Kieran looked puzzled and Tom told him what to do. He wasn’t very good and didn’t do anything with my clit. Even so, I could feel an orgasm building in me. Tom took over and it wasn’t long before I was cumming. As I came down from my high I looked over at Katie to see that she had a big grin on her face. “Fuck her then!” she said.

Tom went first and it wasn’t long before I felt him cum in me. Just as Kieran put his little cock in me the door bell rang. Katie and I both looked at each other and Katie said, “Shit, who the fuck can that be?” Tom said that it would be Harry and Declan, 2 more of his class mates. I asked Tom how many more he’d invited. When he said, “None,” I said, “Being gang-banged by 4 14 year olds is bad enough, I don’t want the whole class here.”

Katie said, “Come on Amy, you’re enjoying it, I know you are.” She was right, I was. It was different to the session I’d had with Ben’s friends at the swimming pool at the University. I’d been a bit scared then, they’d all been bigger and older. These were just 14 year olds and (even though I was tied down) I did feel as though I was in control. Anyway, Harry and Declan came into the room, one of them saying, “Wow!” and the other saying, “Fucking hell Tom, you weren’t kidding. What a fucking great pair of tits, and look at that cunt. I can’t wait to fuck that.” And they did.

I lost count of how many times each of them fucked me, and I must have cum about 6 times. They even wanked and shot their loads over my face. I was a sweaty, knackered mess by the time they’d finished. I was amazed at how quickly after cumming they could get hard again.

At one point I looked over to Katie to see that her right hand was under the front of her towel, and the expression on her face told me that she was taking care of an itch!

When they eventually left me alone they just walked out of the room leaving me there. Katie had to untie me. As I slid off the table my legs nearly gave way on me. I was a mess and needed a shower. After the shower I went and lie on Katie’s bed and fell asleep. When I woke up Katie was sat on the side of the bed looking down at my still naked body. She still hadn’t got dressed. She put a hand on my pubes and said, “Ready for some more?” I just said, “Mmmm” and opened my legs. We had a very enjoyable 69 before we finally got dressed about 3 o-clock.

Tom and his mates were out when we went downstairs. When Tom eventually returned I told him that he and his mates had better not tell anyone what had happened. I reminded him that they had virtually raped me and they would be in big trouble if anyone ever found out.

Back at school the following week I went bright red when I saw the 4 boys. They all had big smiles on their faces.

I had another sleepover at Katie’s a couple of weeks later. Katie’s Mum had had to go away to look after her mother who was quite sick. When Katie invited me I started planning a few things. During the afternoon I made excuses to go to Katie’s bedroom on my own. I hid all of her pyjamas so when it came to the time to get ready for bed Katie had a bit of a problem. I had already stripped and put my nightie on. When Katie told me that she couldn’t find her PJs I suggested that she borrowed one of her Dad’s T Shirts. After a few seconds thought she went off and came back with one. She put it on and we went downstairs.

Television was crap and we were all talking and joking. I started tickling both Katie and Tom and it wasn’t long before all 3 of us kids were messing about. I wanted it to get a bit rough so I started jumping on top of them to tickle them. What I was hoping would happen did. We all ended up on the floor tickling each other. Both Katie’s and my T shirts were up around our waists. I glanced at both Tom and his Dad. Yep, they had both realised what they could see but I kept going so that they got a long look.

It took a couple of minutes for Katie to realise that both her brother and father could see just about all of her naked body. She stopped, got up and sat on the sofa. Her face was red. Things settled down and Katie’s Dad changed channel to something that was almost interesting.

After a while Tom went to bed. I left it a few minutes and said that I needed to go to the toilet. I went straight to Tom’s room and walked straight in. He was laid on his bed wanking. I put my finger to my mouth to tell him to keep quiet as I walked over to him and put my mouth over his little cock. I only stayed there for couple of seconds cos I didn’t want him to cum yet. I then climbed on to of him and lowered myself down onto him. I went up and down on him until his face told me that he was about to cum. I pressed down as he shot his load in me. I left him with a nice smile on his face.

Back downstairs I sat opposite Katie’s Dad and let him look at my puss for a while before Katie and I went to bed.

It didn’t take long for Katie and me to get into the 9 position and enjoy each other. Katie said that I was wetter than normal but I didn’t tell her why. Eventually with both of us still naked, Katie went to sleep, but I forced myself to stay awake.

After a while I got up and crept out of Katie’s room and shut the door. Naked I went downstairs to get a drink. I was in the kitchen having the drink when Katie’s Dad walked in. He was naked and very hard. Nothing was said, as he bent me over the kitchen table and had his evil way (ha!) with me.

I crept back to bed leaving Katie’s bedroom door wide open.

I woke up before Katie and gently pulled the quilt off us and onto the floor. I pretended to be still asleep and waited for Tom or his Dad to get up. His Dad was first and I heard him stop outside Katie’s room. I opened my eyes and waved him in. He walked to the bed looking down at the 2 naked 15 year old girls. After a couple of minutes he took his smile and hard-on out. About 5 minutes Tom stood at the door staring at us. I decided that it was time for Katie to wake up so I put my hand between her legs and started playing with her clit. It wasn’t long before Katie moaned and opened her eyes. She looked at me, told me that it was nice, and then saw Tom. Her legs quickly closed and she turned over.

I pulled the quilt over us and we talked for ages. I also made her cum with my fingers. Just after that, her Dad knocked on the door and told us that he had to go out for a couple of hours. We heard him go out then Tom came in with 2 cups of tea. He was obviously after something and his trousers told us what. I kept him talking while under the quilt my hand was getting Katie worked up again. As Katie got more and more worked up I gently pulled the quilt off us.

Tom just stood there staring and us.

Katie was close to cumming and I told her to close her eyes. She did. I motioned to Tom to strip and get on the bed. He did and I motioned him to get between her legs. She was too far gone to realise or care that her brother was about to fuck her. I started kissing her as Tom entered her. They both came quickly. As she started to come down from her high she realised that there was someone else there. She opened her eyes to see her brother still inside her. She pushed him off and shouted at him to get out.

Katie looked at me with murder on her mind. I smiled at her and said, “Go on, admit it, you enjoyed that didn’t you?” There was silence for ages before she quietly said, “yes.” I hugged her then flicked one of her nipples. After a while I told her that it was time for me to confess as well. I told her everything that had happened. She called me a devious cow and then told me that because I’d fucked her Dad, she was going to try to fuck my Dad. I wished her good luck cos I’ve been trying to get him to fuck me for months.

**My Dad**

Mum’s still working the early and late shifts at the supermarket, but not as many days. That means that my Dad teasing doesn’t happen as often. On the nights that Mum is at work I just about always end up laying on the floor between my Dad’s chair and the TV watching TV before going to bed. I lay on my stomach with my knees slightly apart, wearing only a nightie (a men’s extra large ‘V’ neck T-shirt) and my right hand is usually underneath me playing with my pussy. Whenever Dad sees me there he always comes and sits on his chair supposedly watching TV but I know that he’s watching the fingers of my right hand getting me very wet. A few times I’ve gone over the edge and had to squeeze my legs together and grit my teeth to try to hide the orgasm. Cos Dad has to get up early he usually goes to bed before me. Thankfully he tells me me’s going to bed before he gets up and I jump up to give him a good night kiss. That’s when he gets a flash of even more of me.

Sometimes the nightie doesn’t fall to its full length before I sit on his lap to kiss him. That often leaves a wet patch on his trousers. It’s the low-cut neck of the nightie that lets him have a good look at my tits. Sometimes, because it’s so big, one side falls down my arm and one of my breasts gets a lot of exposure, sometimes a nipple too. It’s while I’m on his lap that I talk to him about anything that I can think of just to let him look for longer; and to let me feel his hard-on for longer.

I’ve given-up hope of him trying to fuck me.

**Dare Games**

Katie dared me to wear a remote controlled vibe while I was working. No problem I thought. I was sure that I could manage to get through a day at work with a little vibe inside me. After all, it wouldn’t be switched on, and who was going to be around with the control to switch it on. Everything went fine until after my lunch break.

I was right in the middle of taking some money off a woman and the vibe suddenly kicked-in. The shock made me gasp and the customer asked me if I was okay. What could I say? I couldn’t say that my vibrator had just been switched on. As soon as I’d finished serving that woman I looked all round for Katie, cursing her for coming into town when she said that she wasn’t. I couldn’t see her anywhere. I even walked outside to see if she was out there.

I managed to serve 2 more customers before I had to ask the manager if someone else could do the till for a while saying that I wasn’t feeling too well.

The vibe went off about 15 minutes later and I managed to go and work normally (except for my juices that were seeping down the inside of my thighs).

Anyway, about an hour later is happened again. This time I was putting some new stock on the racks. I got some funny looks from the customers as I struggled to keep a straight face and not shake too much. It didn’t stop for about 30 minutes. During that time I didn’t get much work done, but I did have 2 orgasms and I got asked twice if I was okay.

Katie denied having been into town so I still don’t know who did what to get the vibe going. I wonder if they knew what they were doing.

Katie has lined-up a few dares for me to do when the weather get warmer.

They are: -

Wearing just a loose fitting summer dress and do cartwheels and handstands in the park when there are quite a few people about.

Run from Katie’s home to my home, naked. In a way I want this to be during daylight hours.

Wear a vibe for a full day – at school. I bet that she chooses the remote control one so that she can really make me suffer.

Find a photographers club and volunteer to pose for them. I told her that if I do find a club then we’ll both have to pose for them. She’s says that she’s beginning to regret making that dare, but secretly I think she’s hoping that I find a club.

The only dare that I’ve thought of for Katie to do (so far) is for her to not wear knickers at school for a week.

I’ve promised to do 3 of her dares for her doing 1 of mine.

Anyone out there think of some more dares for me to do?

**Old Misery Guts**

I’ve moved into Ben’s old bedroom. It’s bigger, has the computer in it, and the window is bigger and closer to old Misery Guts house. I re-arranged things a bit so that old Misery Guts gets a good view of the bed, and me when I’m working on the PC. As always, I never close the curtains and usually get naked as soon as I go through the door.

**School**

My short skirts and protruding nipples are still the talk of the school. Some of the girls hate me and call me all sorts of names. I just laugh at them. I know that they are jealous cos they either haven’t got the guts to do wear the same clothes, or that they are so fat that they would look really stupid in a short skirt.

The boys have got a new PE teacher who’s quite dishy. He spends a lot of time chatting to the girls and I reckon that he’s fucking some of them. He’s stared at me quite a lot but hasn’t made a move yet. I’ve seen him checking the showers a couple of times after the girls have used them. I think that I’ll have to work out a plan for him to see me naked in there sometime.

More to cum – maybe!

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 4**

**My Breasts**

I’m still a ‘C’ cup and happy to say that they are still as solid as ever. I haven’t worn a bra for months now, much to the delight of the boys at school.

**My Pussy**

I’m still plucking every single hair that grows anywhere near my pussy.

**Clothes**

I haven’t worn trousers or shorts for well over a year now. Last winter was very cold by UK standards and a few times my mum suggested that I would be warmer in trousers but I didn’t. I did wear my crotch-less tights when it was really bad. But there was no way that I was going to miss out on the opportunity to flash my naked puss whenever the opportunity arose.

I did get a very cold puss a few times when I sat on something cold and my skirt rose up leaving my bare puss to make contact with what I was sitting on. Once or twice I wondered if my juices would freeze my puss to the seat, but they didn’t.

My mum mentioned the fact that my nipples always seem to be making little tents in my tops, and said that I could get some silicone nipple covers if I wanted to hide them without wearing a bra. I might look at them some day. I’m pleased that she’s accepted that I hate bras.

My mum’s also accepted that I never wear knickers now, and once told me that I should be more careful when sitting down. I just thanked her and haven’t changed anything.

**Saturday Job**

This is going well although it does mean that I’m busy most of the time. I’m thankful that I’ve got a boss that will let me have days off if I need them. No real opportunities to flash my goodies lately, but I have seen a couple of naked girls when they didn’t shut the curtains properly. I was tempted to go and ask if they wanted any help and see if they opened the curtain any more.

Oh, there was the time when Katie came in to see me and I talked her into trying on a couple of dresses. Fortunately it was at a time that we were busy and there was a man waiting for his partner to try something on.

I left Katie to it for a couple of minutes then pulled the curtain wide open to see how she was getting on. She was topless at the time and I stood in a place that would allow the man to see her. When she had finished putting the dress on I told her that it didn’t look right on her and I unzipped it and pulled it right off her. The dress was designed to be stepped into but I pulled it over her head, pretended to get it stuck in her hair so that I could keep her exposed for a while. She wasn’t wearing any knickers either so the man saw her totally naked for about a minute.

She never said a word when I eventually got the dress off, even though she saw the man looking. She then put the other dress on slowly as we both watched the man watching us. She looked good in the dress but neither of us could afford it.

The man’s partner came out before Katie took the dress off, but just as she got naked again a woman in her early twenties came to try something on. She stopped and stared at Katie for a few seconds before going into a cubicle.

If I can’t expose myself then the next best thing is to expose my best friend.

Don’t you agree?

**Katie and her family**

As you know, I’ve ‘forced’ Katie to expose herself to her brother and other men; and the finger test has got her to admit that she always enjoys it. Lately she’s started dressing in shorter skirts and leaving her underwear off without me telling / forcing her to do so. I really do think that she’s getting round to wanting to get as much fun as I do.

She went out with a boy a few weeks ago and wore a short skirt and no underwear. As soon as he realised he was all over her. They even went out of the pub and had sex down an alley. The problem was when they went back into the pub and he started calling her ‘his randy slut’. Between the two of them that wasn’t a problem. In fact she told me that she enjoyed being called that. The problem was that he started telling everyone in the pub what he called her, and what they had just done.

She went home on her own.

I’ve been to her house a few times lately for sleepovers. We’ve started having this game at sleepovers (her house and mine) where we see just how much we can tease the men in the house without getting into trouble. Obviously it’s more fun when our mums aren’t there.

We’ve tried to plan the sleepovers at Katie’s on the night before Inset days. This gave us more opportunities with Katie’s little brother – and his friends.

Katie’s mum always leaves for work about 30 minutes before her dad does. He always goes for a pee just before he leaves and I’ve lost count of the number of times that I’ve been naked in the unlocked bathroom when he walked in for his pee. Twice he was late for work when I wouldn’t let him get near the toilet and teased him about not being able to pee with an erection. Talking about it made him get rock hard and I just had to take care of it for him.

The last time that I was there and Katie’s Dad walked in to the bathroom when I was there, I got his cock out and then turned him round and pushed him back so that he sat on the toilet. I moved to him and put my legs either side of his and lowered myself so that my puss was just touching the tip of his cock. I looked into his eyes and licked my lips. That was it, he pulled me down and he was late for work.

After both Katie’s parent leave for work Katie and I change into little baby doll nighties (no knickers) that I’ve got from where I work on a Saturday. Both of them are see through and Tom (Katie’s brother) usual appears shortly after he hears his dad leave.

We then usually flaunt ourselves in front of him by standing right in front of him and ask him a stupid question, or bend over to get something out of the fridge.

After breakfast we go and shower and get dressed. It usually takes about an hour and we walk from bedroom to bathroom or wherever the other one of us is, totally naked.

A couple of time Tom has suddenly got up and run to his room as we laugh at him.

Poor lad, I know that we shouldn’t, but it’s so much fun seeing his face.

Tom has started getting a bit bolder. He’s stopped covering the front of his PJs and last time I was there he was only wearing boxers. When his cock got hard the tip stuck out of the front. Katie told him what she could see and he made a half-hearted attempt to push it back in. It didn’t stay for long and was soon out again. I went over to him, squatted down in front of him, kissed it then licked it. Tom couldn’t take that and the next second my face got covered with his cum.

Another time that I was there on an Inset day the 3 of us were in the kitchen eating breakfast with Katie and me wearing the baby dolls when the doorbell rang. Tom went and answered the door and a minute later 2 of his mates walked into the kitchen.

Tom’s mates stared at us. I didn’t fancy a repeat performance of the last time some of his mates came round (they gangbanged me) so I grabbed Katie’s arm and pulled her back to her room.

Katie tells me that she’s started using that half hour between her Mum leaving for work and her Dad leaving for work to get ‘caught’ naked by her Dad and sometimes Tom as well. Neither of them say anything, but they do watch her.

**My Boyfriend**

I dumped Pete. He liked the idea of me dressing in very little and exposing my ‘bits’, but whenever someone started taking too much notice he dragged me a way and told me to stop being so slutty. Why to boys have to be to two-faced?

There hasn’t been anyone else, except for Ben. He’s setup Skype on our home PC and when we have a video call he gets me to strip and play with myself while we’re talking about anything and everything.

As I’ve said, Katie is getting bolder. She’s met Ben a few times and has told me that she fancies him. Ben’s also told me that he could happily fuck her. So, one time when Katie was at my place on a sleepover I Skyped Ben and he asked us both to strip and play with ourselves. I was pleasantly surprised when Katie took off her T-shirt before I could even stand up. We were both only wearing T-shirts which is what we always only wear on sleepovers at our house – except when we are in bed, and then we are both naked.

Anyway, Ben was enjoying the show when Katie asked Ben to take his clothes off as well. Ben agreed and went to lock his door. He was stripping as he walked back to his laptop.

We had a great long distance masturbation session and after we had all cum, Ben asked us if we would do a 69. I’ve done this a few times with Katie on sleepovers and love it when she chews my clit. I ALWAYS cum when she does that so I had 2 orgasms during that video call.

After us hung-up on Ben we did a bit more school work before going to bed and giving each other 2 more orgasms.

**My Dad**

As I’ve said before, I’ve given up on my Dad fucking me, but that doesn’t stop me teasing him. I’ve got a bit bolder when Mum’s still at work and Dad and I are watching TV. As you know I pretend to wear a large baggy T-shirt for bed and change into it early and watch TV lying on my stomach in front of Dad.

What I haven’t mentioned before is that I’ve been getting my Mum to teach me how to use our sewing machine. I decided that if I can’t afford to buy these expensive clothes then I would learn how to make them. I’ve made quite a few things so far, ranging from ultra-low cut skirts that would show my pubic hair – if I had any, to thong bikinis, to see through dresses.

Back to my Dad, I’ve got a few of Dad’s large old T-shirts that I wear as night dresses. They were both decent and came to a few inches below my bum, but I’ve shortened one of them that I only wear when there’s only my Dad and I at home. It now only comes down to half way down my bum and to just above the top of my slit. I’ve also altered the ‘V’ top so that it’s wider and deeper. Only when I stand up and adjust it does it cover both of my nipples. It also has a tendency to fall off one shoulder, pulling it off one breast.

The first time that my Dad saw it he asked me if I had grown taller lately. When I asked him what he meant he told me that my night dress now didn’t even cover my bum. I said that I supposed that I must have grown. The only things that were bigger than the previous night when Mum was there were my pussy lips and my clit. I thought about telling him that, but didn’t.

Anyway, when I lay on the floor in that T-shirt, everything is on display. Especially as I always keep my feet at about shoulder width. As usual these days, one of my hands creeps under me and my fingers start playing with my puss. I used to suddenly squeeze my legs together and grind my teeth when I orgasmed, but I figured that Dad knew that I was cumming and now I only stifle my moans and screams. My fingers keep going or delve inside me.

When I eventually pull my hand away my puss is dripping wet. I’ve seen a few wet patches on the carpet.

I will never believe that my Dad doesn’t know what I’m doing.

The goodnight kisses are still good fun as well. I still sit on his lap, wish him a good night and kiss him. I always grind my naked puss into his lap a bit and I always feel his hard cock. Because of my altered T-shirt one breast is always out. If it doesn’t feel like it’s coming out on its own then I make sure that it does. After the kiss I stand up right in front of him and let him look at my pussy for a few seconds before going to bed.

Now the interesting bit. As I’ve said, Katie is getting bolder, and having more sleepovers at our house on the pretext of us having more homework and revision for our final exams. I’ve told Katie that I’ve given up on my Dad fucking me, but not on him fucking her. At first she said that she would never let him do that, but soon afterwards she said that she might. I took that as ‘yes she would’.

I got another of Dad’s old T-shirts and altered it the same way as I did for mine. On the first sleepover after that, I gave it to Katie when it was time to get ready for bed. When I put mine on she asked me if I was really going to wear it in front of my Dad. I said that I was, and that she was going to wear the one that she had just pulled over her head. She looked down and said, ‘OMG’. She could see her pussy and when she turned to look in the mirror, all her bum was on show. The turning had disturbed the top of the T-shirt and one of her boobs was out.

‘Fucking hell’ she said, this could be fun’.

As we walked into the lounge I saw my Dad do a double take. Katie was so relaxed, I felt proud of her. I let her lay down first and watched my Dad’s eyes. They were wide open. He adjusted his position in his chair, and I lay down. As I went down I ‘accidentally’ brushed my hand against Katie’s T-shirt which completely uncovered her bum. We both had our legs open a bit. Katie and I ignored the TV and started talking about school, our exams and what we wanted to do when we left school.

All the time I could see my Dad’s face in the reflection on the TV screen. He was loving it.

After a while I asked Katie and my Dad if they wanted some hot chocolate. Both said yes. I pulled myself onto my hands and knees ready to get up. Katie did the same saying that she would make it. We had a bit of an argument with both our backside facing my Dad, and our wet pussies staring him in the face. Eventually I let Katie make it and I lay down again. I made sure that my T-shirt was above my entire bum.

Katie stood in front of my Dad with her naked pussy only inches from his face and asked him how he would like it. After a few seconds silence he asked her what she said. This time she asked him how he would like his hot chocolate. When he told her she walked off into the kitchen.

His eyes stayed glued to her bum all the time as she made the drinks. I saw that she bent at the waist with her bum towards my Dad as she looked for the drinking chocolate in one of the cupboards under the unit.

All that time I was bringing myself off watching them. I came just before Katie brought my Dad’s drink in for him. As she walked towards him one side of her T-shirt slipper off her shoulder and down her arm leaving one tit very exposed. Katie ignored it and stood in front of him again and passed him his drink.

He watched her go back into the kitchen to get our drinks. She never rearranged her T-shirt and her tit was still exposed as he watched her walk back into the room and sit on the sofa opposite my Dad. He didn’t even look at me as I got up and pushed my T-shirt off one shoulder and sit down next to Katie.

We all drank our drinks and pretended to watch TV as my Dad looked at our legs (well Katie’s), right up to our stomachs, and 1 of each of our tits. We watched him watching us.

When it came to the time to go to bed (just before Mum got home) Katie watched me wish my Dad goodnight, then did exactly the same, except that she kissed him full on the lips and he held her close to him while she was on his lap. Her T-shirt had been up round her waist and his arm had gone under it to hold her there.

Katie and I had great sex talking about what had happened.

Early in the morning I woke up to find Katie missing. I got out of bed and crept downstairs. From a dark corner I watched my Dad fucking a naked Katie over the kitchen table.

When they had finished I saw my Dad leave for work and Katie creep back up stairs. I waited a minute or so then followed her. When I got back into bed Katie asked me if I had been watching. I said yes, and then kissed her. We went back to sleep in each other’s arms.

The 3 of us went/go through the same performance each time that Katie comes for a sleepover. I still go and watch them. Dad always gets a smile on his face when I tell him that Katie is coming for sleepover.

**Ben**

I haven’t been over to Ben’s university again, but he keeps promising that I will be able to go there soon. Apparently both Henry and Andy had been asking when I was going to go to the Sunday morning swimming sessions again.

We talk on Skype every few days and get naked for each other, but I really did miss our daily fucking sessions.

**Dare Games**

Now that Katie is getting bolder and has stopped wearing underwear, our Dare Games have become less frequent. Instead of daring each other we just say let’s do something and we do it.

There was one time that I had to use the ‘dare’ word to get Katie to join me doing something. It was when I decided that I wanted to go for a night time naked walk round the area where Katie lives. One warm(ish) sleepover at Katie’s night I couldn’t get to sleep even after a great 69 with her. About 2 in the morning I woke her up and told her what I wanted to do. She told me that I was mad. When I dared her she just said, ”come on then”.

We sneaked out of the back door and out of their back yard. We walked all over the place for about an hour, ducking behind parked cars and bushes whenever a car came. I was a bit disappointed that we never saw anyone, but I (we) did get very wet, and all for nipples were rock hard.

When we got back to Katie’s bedroom she told me that she had always wanted to do that. We then had sex again.

One time when we were waiting for a bus alongside a bit of a park, we went behind the bus shelter and sat facing the park. I opened my legs wide (skirt and no knickers) and started frigging myself. After looking a bit shocked, Katie started doing the same.

After a couple of minutes we changed to frigging each other. We missed the bus and climaxed as we heard some people that had got off the bus. One of them used the words ‘disgusting’ and ‘whores’, so I guess that they saw us. We never saw them.

There was one time that I was on a sleepover at Katie’s and her parents and brother were away for the night. We were naked and messing around when we decided that we were hungry. Instead of getting something out of the fridge I asked Katie if we could order a Pizza. After a bit of a discussion we agreed that we would stay naked when it arrived. I must admit that I was a bit nervous when the doorbell rang.

Katie didn’t want to be the one who opened the door in case we knew the delivery boy, so I opened it - wide. He was bit older than us and neither of us had seen him before. His jaw dropped when he saw first me then Katie. I invited him in, and after a long pause he stepped in.

In the excitement both Katie and I had forgotten that we’d have to pay him and it took ages for us to find some money. All the time Katie and I were bending over to look into drawers and cupboards. From where he was stood he could see into the kitchen so I went in there and asked Katie if her parents hid any money in tins in the cupboards. She didn’t know so that meant more bending over and climbing in the units to look into the top cupboards.

When we eventually found enough money the boy had creamed his pants. There was a big wet patch near the top of the tent.

We had one hell of a giggling session as soon as he went out of the door. We had both been afraid that we might know

**Old Misery Guts**

The old shit bag is still around and I still see him watching me. I’d told Katie about him a long time ago and until recently she just ignored the fact that he might be watching even when she was staying.

When she started getting bolder she started asking about him and when she was in my bedroom she asked me if I thought that he was watching. When I said, “maybe”, she jumped on the bed and started jumping up and down in front of the window. This was when we were both naked.

After that she was forever standing in front of the window and saying that she hoped he was watching.

One day when we were home on our own and the weather was reasonable Katie asked if we could go sunbathing in our back garden. The weather wasn’t really warm enough but I agreed.

We each put on one of the thong bikinis that I had made and went outside. It wasn’t that warm and my nips went solid the minute we stepped out of the door. So did Katie’s.

We had to dig out the sun beds from the garden shed and made a lot of noise doing so. So much that we had attracted the attention of Old Misery Guts. I could see him looking down on us from behind one of the curtains in an upstairs bedroom.

I told Katie but she just said, “so what”.

I positioned the sun beds so that our legs were facing Old Misery Guts and we lay down. I then realised that doing all the moving of stuff to get the sun beds and getting them out had given my bikini top a ‘wardrobe malfunction’ and there was 1 tit our for Old Miser Guts to see. I told Katie and she said that we may as well show him all 4.

We lay there topless for a while then I undid the strings holding up Katie’s bottoms while her eyes were closed. I lay back down and asked Katie to go and get us a drink.

When she stood up the inevitable happened and she was naked. She looked down, said, “what the hell” and kept walking. When she got back I had taken my bottoms off and had placed one foot either side of the sun bed. Katie looked down at my puss and said, “That looks inviting”.

She got back onto her sun bed with her feet in the same position as mine, and then asked if he was still looking. I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw that he was. He had even got some binoculars so he could probably see right into our pussies. I know that mine was wet and open and I guessed that Katie’s was as well.

After a while we both started rubbing our hands all over our bodies, lingering at the interesting bits. It wasn’t long before we were both madly frigging ourselves.

We both came about the same time and relaxed for a minute or so before I got up and sat on Katie’s sun bed facing her. I then kissed her (full tongue job) and let my hands wander. I brought her to another very noisy orgasm.

We had both warmed up by then but we went inside shortly afterwards.

**School**

Katie is starting to get the same reputation at school as me. Our skirts haven’t got any shorter, but they certainly haven’t got any longer. We still get boys waiting at the bottom of the stairs so that they can follow us up. Katie used to hold the back of her skirt against her bum, but she’s stopped that and just lets them look. A few times I’ve stopped half way up the stairs, turned round and asked the boys behind if they have seen enough. For some strange reason none of them have said they had.

I’m still getting good marks for History, even though I’m no good at it. I’m just not interested in what went on years ago. I’m always more interested in giving the teacher a good show.

I’ve discovered that our Maths teacher likes to look up girl’s skirts as well so I’m trying to get a desk on the front row so that I can tease him as well.

The boys got a new gym teacher a bit ago and he’s quite cute. Remember that trick that I did in the showers so that some boys got to see me naked? Well Katie and I decided to try to get him to see us in the shower.

It took a few weeks to work out when he was normally in his office and there were no boys there, and no girl’s gym lesson and the girl’s gym teacher not in her office; and 2 failed attempts before we lured him in on us.

We sneaked into the girl’s changing room, stripped and went into the showers. We were both nervous as hell when we banged on the door to the boy’s changing room. It took a few times before we heard someone unlocking the door. That was the cue for us to jump under the shower and get wet.

The door opened and there he was staring at us 2 naked girls. He seemed stunned and we just froze. It seemed like hours but was probably less than 30 seconds before he asked us what we were doing there. We hadn’t planned on him saying anything, just staring then backing out. It took me a few seconds to realise that I would have to say something and was about to open my mouth when Katie said that we’d been doing a job for the Art teacher and had got paint in our hair and all over our arms. Katie told him that she had sent us there to get cleaned-up.

Thankfully he believed Katie and then told us to hurry up. Before he has chance to leave I asked him if he had a towel that we could borrow, saying that we had forgotten to bring one.

Neither Katie nor I had made any attempt to cover our bodies and he had continued to stare at us all the time that we were talking.

After a pause he told us that he would see what he could find and he went back through the door. I gave Katie a big kiss and hug and thanked her for being so quick thinking.

We turned off the shower, went over to the door that had just closed and waited hoping that he would come back with a towel. We were thinking about giving up when the door opened and there he was, less than a yard from us 2 still naked and wet girls that were doing nothing to hide their goodies.

He held out 2 smallish towels that we both automatically wrapped round our hair.

He was the first to speak saying, “Katie and Amy isn’t it.” When we both said that it was he told us that he had heard about us. I asked him what he had heard and he told us that that we had a reputation for wearing short skirts with no knickers or bras. He asked us if the reputation was justified. I told him that it was and Katie followed saying that we didn’t care what people said, that we were happy dressing the way that we did.

He then asked us if we knew that lots of the boys were saying that they’d seen our genitals (his word). I then said, “Just like you are now.” He smiled and said, “Well, not quite like now, when you follow a girl in a short skirt and no knickers up some stairs you can usually see a lot more of their genitals than I can see at the moment.”

I asked him how much more they could see and turned away from him and bent over with my feet apart. He could see every bit of my swollen wet puss and clit sticking out. I asked him if they could see this much.

He grinned, nodded and said that he had better let us get on with our shower.

Mission accomplished. Katie and I were very happy for the rest of the day.

More to cum – soon!

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 5**

This part is about my last year at school.

But first a few basics about my body and my best friend.

**My body**

I’ve grown a little taller but I’m happy to say that I’m still quite slim. My breasts are still a ‘C’ cup and still as solid and pointy as ever. No droop whatsoever, which is a good job as I haven’t worn a bra for months.

I’m still plucking out every pubic hair that gets long enough for my tweezers to get a grip on.

**Katie**

Katie still isn’t quite as brave as me when it comes to her exhibitionism. But she’s getting there. When she’s with me she’s great and we have lots of fun; but when she’s on her own she sometimes chickens-out. Not sure if I’ve mentioned this before, but Katie has stopped wearing underwear, trousers and shorts as well. We often wear each other’s clothes.

Katie’s breasts seem to have stopped growing as well. They’re the same size as mine, but not as ‘solid’. She openly admits that they have rounded lower halves, unlike my ‘cones’. They’re very nice to play with.

**School**

Our school has a rule that pupils in their last year don’t have to wear school uniform, so you can guess what I’ve been wearing. Yep, short, miniskirts, and tops that have had the male teachers and older boys staring at me. I love it. Katie has been wearing similar clothes for school and she tells me that she’s almost permanently wet with all the attention she gets, just like me.

Even though History has never been one of the subjects I chose to continue it, I still went to the classes. The first time that I went after we chose our subjects the teacher looked surprised that I was there, and told me so. I told him that even though History wasn’t one of my core subjects, I wanted to keep ‘showing’ my interest in the subject. I emphasised the word ‘showing’ and the teacher smiled and asked me if I would be using the same front row desk. I smiled back and went and sat at the same desk. I don’t know how that man managed to get through the lessons with him staring at my puss most of the time.

PE is one of the subjects that both Katie and I opted-in for. Three reasons, firstly for the exercise, secondly it was an opportunity for flashing, and thirdly, it was an excuse to be in the girls changing room and therefore the showers (see Part 1 – The School Gym) after the girls gym classes had finished.

At first some of the girls were a little shocked that I wasn’t wearing anything under my PE skirt, and I got a few snide comments; but as the weeks went on, first Katie, then another, then another of them started wearing PE skirts and a few of them stopped wearing knickers as well. By the end of the last year there were 14 girls in the class and 10 were wearing PE skirts and 7 of us went commando.

Sometimes when we were playing hockey, some of the boys would come and watch. When they did, Katie and I would ‘accidentally’ trip up near where they were standing. For some strange reason we always ended up on our backs with our legs wide apart. Katie told me that she had a little orgasm one time when one of the ‘hot’ boys was staring at her bald puss. Windy days seemed to distract some of the boys from their football and rugby and we often had an audience watching our game.

We had a new PE teacher for our last year, another young woman in her early twenties. When she realised that I wasn’t wearing knickers she stared at me, probably a bit of a shock. At the end of that lesson she called me into her office. She told me that as long as she didn’t get any complaints I could continue going knickerless. I thanked her and told her that I was happy because I no-longer owned any knickers. She told me to be careful if I was going around the school in short skirts and no knickers. As I walked out Katie was outside the door and she told me that the teacher had a big grin on her face.

During those Gym lessons we frequently ended up in positions where our skirts were up round our waists. Just about every time, the teacher would be close by and watching. Both Katie and I are convinced that she’s a lesbian.

**School Cleaners.**

One day Katie and I were wasting sometime in the school library when a cleaner came in. Katie said that she wondered if male cleaners went into the girl’s gym changing rooms. That set us thinking and planning.

We knew that there was only one cleaner at school during the day and that others came in just after the kids left. We’d seen them.

We tried to think of an excuse for us to stay back after school and finally decided that we could pretend to want to join one of the after-school clubs if anyone asked. When school ended that day we went to the girl’s changing and discovered that it was empty and that the gym teacher had gone home. We went in and worked out what we were going to do next. We decided that since the gym was empty we would get changed into our PE kit and go and have some fun in the gym. It was easy to get the big rope out.

As we got changed , walked into the gym and as I started climbing the rope we worked out that if a cleaner came in, great, if none did, then still great, we would have a few orgasms on the rope and leave. Our plan never got any further than that.

I was at the top of the rope when this middle aged cleaner came in with a big brush. He stopped and stared at us. Katie said that we were just getting an extra workout and that it was okay for him to continue. He grunted and continued to the other end of the gym. As he got closer to us I had an idea. I quickly undid my wrap around skirt and let it fall. As it started to fall I screamed and shouted “Oh shit!” As the man looked up at me I started sliding down the rope with it pressed hard against my pussy. My clit bounced along the knobbly bits and I came before I reached the ground.

I lay on the ground still shaking with my legs open, my skirt a couple of yards away and the man and Katie staring at me. After a minute or so of no one saying anything or moving, I got up and said, “I’m okay, thank you for asking,” and went to my skirt and put it back on. The man walked away.

Katie went up the rope next. As she orgasmed coming down she screamed. I guess that the man thought that it was because she was coming down, not because she was cumming.

We had a little think and decided that it would take the man about 10 minutes to sweep the gym. What could we do to fill that time was the problem until Katie thought of handstands.

Well, we were both knickerless and wearing skirts that we knew would end up round our bodies if we went upside down; and loose fitting T-shirts.

We pushed the rope back against the wall then had a competition to see which of us could walk the furthest on our hands. Up we went and down came out skirts and T-shirts. We were laughing and giggling as we set off down the gym towards the man. I think that I was the first to walk out of my T-shirt, but Katie walked out of hers shortly afterwards.

The man was trying to ignore us but he kept looking over towards us.

Katie fell down first, and then I did, into the crab position. We got back up and continued. Then I remembered that I can balance better if I open my legs wide. My gaping pussy pointing to the ceiling as we passed the man. He even turned round to watch us.

Katie got to the wall first and we lowered our selves down and stood up. I bent over and put my hands on my knees as I got my breath back. My naked breasts hanging down.

Then Katie said, “Race you to the other end – on our hands.” Up we went and were off. Katie had seen that I was balancing better by keeping my legs wide apart so she did as well. We went either side of the man whose eyes quickly darted from one to the other of us.

I won that race and we went to get showered straight afterwards. We walked out topless, forgetting our T-shirts.

We took our skirts and trainers off and went into the shower. We were still there, kissing actually, when the cleaner came into the changing room carrying our T-shirts. He shouted hello but we ignored him and carried on kissing and caressing the others buns. We heard ‘hello’ again, this time louder. I looked over to the doorway and saw the man holding our T-shirts. I broke away from Katie and we both walked over to him without covering-up at all. We took the T-shirts from his outstretched hand, thanked him and Katie gave him a kiss on his cheek.

We put our T-shirts on a coat hook and went back to the shower. I looked back and saw that he was still watching us. Still looking at him I rubbed my hand down over one breast and over my pussy and loudly said that he could watch for as long as he wanted. He turned and walked out. We never saw him again.

**Student Gym Teachers.**

About two weeks before the end of the year, the teacher came into the changing room as we all arrived and told us all that the lesson was going to be different on 3 counts. Firstly, because the maths lesson after PE was cancelled because the teacher was off sick and that there were no other PE lessons that day, those of us who wanted to could stay for a double lesson. Secondly the lesson would be run by 3 student teachers; and thirdly, the student teachers would be running a series of exercises to record how flexible and nimble girls our age were. I asked if it would be a fair sample as all the over-weight girls had opted-out of PE for their last year. I was told not to worry about it.

One of the other girls (Maddy) that had started wearing a PE skirt and no knickers asked the teacher if she could sit out of the lesson. When asked why, she said that she didn’t have any knickers with her. The teacher got mad with her and told her that she had to be in the lesson and that it was her fault if she was ill-prepared.

Shortly after that a young woman came into the changing room and went to talk with our teacher.

Watching the other girls get changed I saw that 2 of girls that had stopped wearing knickers kept their thongs on and the 5 others (including Maddy, Katie and me) were commando.

When we went into the Gym there were 2 young man there dressed in gym kit. Maddy again asked our teacher if she could sit out and was told that she couldn’t.

One of the male student teachers told us all to sit on the floor while he explained what we were going to be doing. As we sat crossed legged Indian style I made sure that my little skirt was up and my bare pubes was visible. I noticed that Katie did as well.

The man was nearly at the end of his talk when he suddenly realised that he could see my bare pubes. He went bright red but continued talking. I’d been watching all 3 of the student teachers during the talk and the other man got a tent in his shorts too. The woman hadn’t seemed to notice our state of dress.

Our normal teacher had been in the gym with us during the talk and at the end she asked everyone if everything was good, then left saying that she might check in on us later.

The 3 student teachers then put us through a whole load of tests / exercises and made notes on their clipboards. The male student teacher had already explained that some of them might seem a little child-like but necessary. But if we got into the spirit of it all then we would have some fun.

The more interesting of the exercises were: -

Bending and touching our toes without bending our knees.

This was the first exercise and all 3 student teachers were confronted by 7 bare teenage girl’s backsides. 2 thongs – remember. All with legs spread a bit.

The 3 student teachers got together behind us and had a little discussion. I could over-hear bits of what they were saying and it was obvious that what they were talking about. I over-heard ‘lock’ and ‘doors’ and one of the men went out of the gym and came back a couple of minutes later and told the other that our teacher had told him that she knew about our state of dress and that everything was okay.

We were then told to stand up straight.

**Running on the spot for 2 minutes.**

No problem except for the ‘big’ girls and those (like Katie and me) who weren’t wearing bras. My nips had gone rock hard as soon as I walked into the gym and seen the 2 men, and the running was making them even harder and a little bit sore.

**Star jumps.**

That certainly opened our pussies.

**Running to the other end of the gym and back.**

We were all timed for this, and by the end, my T-shirt, and most of the other girls were sweaty and clinging to us.

**Crabs.**

We were all told to lean over backwards and land in the ‘crab’ position. Those of us wearing short PE skirts discovered that this left our pussies exposed and wide open because our feet were apart.

The 3 student teachers walked in amongst us making notes and looking at us.

By that time my puss was VERY wet and very swollen. I could feel my clit poking out. None of the 3 could have failed to notice.

From my head upside-down position I could see 2 tented pairs of shorts and 3 flushed faces. Was the young woman enjoying the sights as well? I was certainly wondering.

**Cartwheels.**

We all had to take it in turns to do 3 cartwheels in one continuous run down the gym. The inevitable happened and by the time we got to the end all of the skirted girls had their skirts up round their waists.

**Headstands.**

Now this was fun.

We were split into groups of 3 and took it in turns for each of the groups of 3 to do the headstand. The other 2 had to stand close by and help the girl doing the headstand get up straight.

When we were told what we would be doing I quickly realised the one group of girls would be one person short. I quickly grabbed the nearest girl, Maddy and pulled her over to the nearest male student teacher and asked him to make up our 3. He looked around and soon realised that one of them would have to join us. He said he would and we moved into an open area.

When we were told to start Maddy said that she would go first. Now both Maddy and I were wearing loose fitting T-shirts that weren’t tucked into the waist band of our skirts, without bras. I don’t think that Maddy realised what would happen. As she went up her skirt fell to her waist and her T-shirt went round her neck and over her head. Her skirt didn’t slide past her breasts so they were on display as well as her pussy. She let out a little squeal and started to drop her legs but both the teacher and I grabbed an ankle each and kept her upside down. As she tried again to drop her legs I started to pull her legs apart. I think natural instinct got the better of the teacher and he pulled outward as well. We both got a great view of her wet bald pussy. Maddy struggled again and we slowly let her down. Her face was bright red.

It was my turn next and I was upside down in a second. My T-shirt dropped and covered my head and my short skirt went inside out. Fortunately it wasn’t long enough to reach my breasts so all my goodies were on display.

Now I’ve always been good at balancing so standing on my head was easy. I even opened my legs wide the back and front almost into an inverted splits position. The male student teacher and Maddy just stared at my shiny, aching, swollen pussy. After a couple of minutes I realised that everyone else was standing up looking at me. I dropped my legs to the floor and stood up letting my clothes drop back into place. The teacher said ‘very good’. I think that he was talking about my balance.

Next was the turn for the third person in each group to do a headstand. The teacher was reluctant to do it at first but after a bit of persuasion up he went. His shorts went up a bit, but not enough for me to see his balls. I did see a wet patch on the front, near his waist band.

When I realised that I wasn’t going to see anything I looked round the room. There were 2 more pussies and 6 tits on display. One of the pussies was one of the girls that normally goes commando but had decided to wear her thong today. I could see all of her pussy as the thong had disappeared inside her pussy lips. I wondered if she realised.

**Handstands.**

Another one that I enjoyed.

One by one we had to stand on our hands then see how far we could walk on them. All 3 student teachers watched and timed us. I don’t know why they couldn’t have got 3 of us go at once, but I wasn’t complaining.

As we lined up to start Maddy whispered that she didn’t want to do it because the 2 men would see her pussy again. I whispered back telling her to enjoy it, that I knew that I would.

The 10 girls that were wearing PE skirts all showed what they weren’t wearing underneath their skirts for varying lengths of times, although Maddy and 2 others fell over after only a few seconds. 7 of us had our pussies on display, even the 2 who were wearing thongs because they had both turned into wedgies with the little triangle above their slits and the strings hidden in between their pussy lips.

Out of the 14 of us, 8 had loose tops on and these fell over our breasts. 6 of the 8 were not wearing bras and 2 of us (Katie and me) were wearing skirts that didn’t fall far enough to cover even part of or breasts.

All 14 of us kept our legs apart to some degree for balance but all were enough to give everyone a good display. All 7 of us had completely bald pussies.

As I said earlier, I’m quite good at balancing things and I was able to stay walking on my hands for ages. After all, I’d done it before in the gym.

As soon as I was upside down on my hands my skirt went towards the ground and my T-shirt followed it as far as it could go. The movement of walking on my hands soon had it round my elbows. This was restricting my movements so I walked out of it leaving it in a pile on the floor.

As I walked around I opened my legs quite wide to get better balance. I even walked right up to the student teachers with all my goodies fully on display.

Eventually I decided that I couldn’t stay up any longer and went right over into the crab position right in front of the teachers.

Someone threw my T-shirt to me and I put it back on.

**Rope climbing.**

The best of all.

I suppose they were testing our arm strength. One of the thick ropes that are suspended from the ceiling was pulled out and we each had to see how far we could climb up. We lined up. I was about fourth and Katie about tenth. The 2 male student teachers stood at the bottom of the rope to catch any girl that fell while the woman took the times and heights.

I did quite well and got very close to the ceiling. I enjoyed the men looking up my skirt as I went up. At the top I needed a rest and wrapped the rope round one leg for extra support. As it went round that leg it went between my legs and was pressing on my pussy. I quickly realised that by easing the grip of my hands there was more pressure on my clit. I was experimenting with this when the woman teacher shouted for me to come down.

I slowly slid down the rope letting the knobbly rope rub against my clit. Because of all the earlier exposure I was close to having an orgasm and that rope was just what was needed to take me over the edge. When I was still about 2 yards off the ground it hit me. I screamed, lost my grip and fell. I was still in mid orgasm as 2 sets on men’s arms caught me and lowered me to the ground. I was still shaking as they stood up and looked down at me. My skirt was still up and my throbbing pussy staring up at them. They didn’t know what to do and just stood there looking at me.

The woman teacher came over and pushed one of the men out of the way. She kept asking me if I was okay, and did it hurt anywhere. I was so dying to say that the only thing that was wrong was that I needed a big cock inside me as soon as possible.

Needless to say I didn’t say that and I was soon walking back to the lines of girls.

I stopped when I got to Katie and she said, “Have you just cum?” I smiled and asked her if she saw how the rope was wrapped round my leg when I slid down.

When it came to Katie’s turn she did exactly as I had done and as she slid down I could see that telling expression on her face. Katie made it to the ground on her own, but her legs gave way when she let go of the rope.

The 2 male teachers were staring down at a second pussy that was in the throes of an orgasm.

This time the female teacher didn’t go over to Katie and one of the male teachers put out his arm to help her onto her feet.

Katie had a big satisfied grin on her face as she walked passed me.

**Vaulting Horse.**

Our school gym has a vaulting horse and it was brought out along with some sponge landing mats and the little trampoline that is used for the students to jump over the horse.

First we all had to just bounce on the trampoline and jump over the horse without touching it. We all managed that easily though some of the landings were a bit awkward.

The trampoline was moved about 2 yards away from the horse and we all had to bounce on the trampoline, jump as far as the horse with our legs wide apart and put our hands down between them. The idea was that our hands handed on the horse and that our feet were far enough apart for us to get over the horse.

Thankfully the teachers had put a couple of the mats in front of the horse as 2 of the girls didn’t make it.

The trampoline was moved to about 1 yard from the end of the horse. We then took it in turns to bounce on the trampoline, spread our legs and hopefully get right over the other end of the horse.

I deliberately didn’t bounce hard enough and I landed about half way along the horse, one leg either side and my pussy pressing down on the horse. As I got off I noticed quite a few other ‘snail trails’ where some of the other girls hadn’t made it.

After this exercise the student teachers let us have a 10 minute break and we all went to get a drink of water.

We were all talking about the 2 hot male student teachers, how embarrassing it was having our pussies on display and how much of a turn on it was being on display like that.

Two of the girls that were wearing knickers under their PE skirts and one of the girls getting a wedgie from her thong, all went to the toilet and came back with their underwear (bras as well) in their hands. I guess that they’d seen the pleasure that we commando girls were having.

**Sit-ups.**

When we went back into the gym we were all told to lie on our backs with our knees in the air, feet flat on the floor and our hands against our thighs. We were then told to do 100 sit-ups. I looked round at the other girls and saw that nearly all of us had our knees and feet about a foot apart.

With me going up and down my skirt had fallen down a bit and each time my head was up I could see my very wet, swollen pussy with my clit poking out.

As we counted to 100, all 3 of the student teachers walked in amongst us checking that we were lifting our heads enough. One of the men stood at my feet for ages as my juices seeped out of my pussy and ran down to the floor. As I got up I saw a little puddle.

**Upside-down cycling.**

Probably not its proper name, but I’m sure that you’ve know what I mean.

After a short rest with us still on our backs we were told lift our lower bodies and put our feet as high as possible. We were told to support our waists with our arms and then pretend to pedal a bike. One of the male teachers asked me if my bike had a saddle 2 feet wide. Apparently that was how far apart my feet were.

**Squats.**

As a group we all had to do 100 of these with our feet apart at shoulder width. Each time we were down we had to count to 10 before getting up. Each time I went down I could feel my pussy lips part and my clit say ‘hello male student teachers’.

**Stomach crunches.**

As a group we all had to do 100 of these. Lying on our backs, knees in the air, feet flat on the ground and our hands on the side of our heads. All our knees were wide apart.

When I’d got down to start I’d made sure that my bare backside was on the floor and the front of my skirt at pussy level. With me going up and down my skirt had fallen down a bit and each time my head was up I could see my very wet, swollen pussy with my clit poking out.

**Splits.**

The student teachers wanted to see how many of us could do proper splits, right down to the floor. Only 6 of us could. As it turned out, the 6 of us that were wearing PE skirts with no knickers. The problem was that our skirts covered the bottom of our torsos so it was difficult to tell if we were right down. The female teacher told us to raise our skirts a bit so that they could check. My skirt was a wrap round one so instead of lifting it up I unfastened it, took it off and put it behind me to one side. The woman teacher looked at me and said, “Okay, I suppose that works as well.”

Each of the teachers looked between our legs and the floor to check that there wasn’t a gap. Luckily it was one of the men that came to me. As he bent down I lifted myself up a bit so that only my clit was touching the floor. He told me that he wasn’t sure that I was right down. I suggested that he get a second opinion hoping that he would ask the other man. He did, and the other man bent down and looked. His face was so close to my pussy that I could feel his breath. After a few seconds he got up and said that he wasn’t sure either. They called the woman teacher over and asked her for her opinion.

She got down on her knees and put her face close to my pussy. She said, “Hmm!” and slid her hand under my pussy. As her fingers touched my clit I shuddered and gave out a loud moan of pleasure. Everyone was looking at me but I couldn’t help it. That contact made me have another rush and the teachers hand got quite wet. She pulled her hand out, looked at it, smiled at me then put her hands on my shoulders. She pushed down and my puss went flat on the floor again. This caused another loud moan. If she had done it again I was sure that I would have cum.

The teachers were satisfied and did some writing on their clipboards as we were told to get up. When I got up I looked for my skirt but couldn’t find it. I guessed that one of my classmates had pinched it. I wasn’t going to make a fuss so I just told the woman teacher that my skirt had gone missing. She looked me up and down then told me that there was only one more exercise so I could manage without it till the end.

I wasn’t complaining, but I suspected Katie had something to do with it.

**Parallel Bars.**

This was the last of the exercises, and I have to say that in spite of the sexual excitement I was getting knackered by that time.

Our school has these for those who fancy gymnastics. The bars are nearly 2 yards off the ground.

The teachers explained that the exercise was to hang from one of the bars by our knees. We then had to bend our waists and pull our bodies up as high as we could 10 times, without using our arms.

The first problem was getting up there. The teachers solved this by moving the vaulting horse over to the bars. We had to climb on the horse, then the bars, shuffle ourselves along then lower ourselves down. We could only do this one at a time and everyone else watched.

As it turned out, all the girls wearing shorts went first. One of them was wearing a loose top and when she lowered herself down it went inside out covering her head. We all watched as she struggled to manage to get her head to her knees 6 times. All the time her breasts were saying hello to all of us and she could not see a thing.

The problem of how to get off the bars was solved by the 2 male teachers supporting our shoulders while we swung our knees up and off the bars.

When it came to the girls in skirts I just knew that the 2 male teachers were in for a treat. I managed to get myself to go last and all the skirted girls were wearing loose tops that fell over their heads. The teachers were treated to the sight of an assortment of breasts and wet, bald pussies. I noticed that when Katie lowered herself down, her legs were quite wide apart and when she admitted defeat she took ages to lift her legs up and over the bars.

The last exercise by the last person of the day was me. As I climbed up on the horse I caught my top on something and stretched it a bit. That gave me an idea and I discreetly stretched it some more round the neck part.

As I shuffled into the right place my skirtless, bare ass was pointing at everyone. When I looked over to them, every pair of eyes was glued to my naked ass. That sent a little shiver through me and rush to my pussy.

When I was in the right position I opened my knees as far as I could then slowly lowered myself down. As I went down I felt my T-shirt go with gravity. As planned it didn’t stop at my neck like the other girls had. Instead it kept going down my arms and off onto the floor. I let out a little fake scream which prompted the female teacher to ask me if I was okay. I was naked apart from my trainers; in front of 2 ‘fit’ young men and a young lady that had been staring at wet pussies for the last hour, and a half and had touched my soaking, throbbing clit. And on top of that my knees were wide apart and my puss was dripping. Of course I was okay. I was delirious.

I really took my time raising my head to my knees. Each time my head came up I looked at my puss and thought ‘god I need something in that.’ I got wetter and wetter. My juices were starting to run down the crack of my bum and down my front to my belly button. Each time my head was down I had a good rest and looked round the room. Right in front of my eyes was the crutches of the 2 men. I could clearly see the outline of their cocks and the wet patches at the top. I so wanted to reach over and grab hold of them. Thinking about this, my total exposure and all that had happened earlier made me cum. I started shaking and moaning. I screamed again and the woman teacher told the men to get me down. I don’t know if anyone other than Katie realised what had happened. It was the first time that I’d had an orgasm without anything touching my pussy.

I had managed 7 pull ups when the men got me down. They moved closer and lifted me up by my shoulders. As I came over and down I let my hands move to the men’s cocks and gave them a little squeeze. Katie later told me that she had seen that move but she didn’t think that anyone else had.

I stood there naked with my chest and pussy pounding. My tits were going up and down as I took lots of deep breaths. After a minute or so I started looking for my T-shirt but it was nowhere to be found. I still don’t know where it went.

The woman student teacher then announced that the session was over and she thanked us all for taking part. We walked to the changing room with me still naked. The 2 men went into the boy’s changing room and I never saw them again. As we went into the girl’s changing room our proper teacher came out of her office and asked if everything was okay. The student teacher told her that everything had gone very well and thanked her. Our teacher then asked what had happened to my clothes. The student teacher told her that they had got caught on something and ripped, but that I was okay.

As the student teacher and I walked on she whispered to me that it was ‘quite a performance that I had put on in there’. Before I could say anything she was off out of the door into the rest of the school.

The girls were all excited when we were in the showers and most of them (including Katie and me) took advantage of being naked to bring ourselves off.

I happened to look over to our teacher’s office and saw that she was watching us.

I found my skirt with my clothes.

The next time that we had a gym lesson I saw that all but one of the girls were wearing PE skirts and all of us were knickerless. Katie and I also persuaded our gym teacher to let us climb the rope again and left us to it providing that 2 girls stood at the bottom ready to catch the climbing girl if she fell off. I reckon that the teacher knew what we were going to do, and 9 out of the 14 of us had orgasms as we slid down the rope. There was nearly a fight to see who could go first.

The other thing about being in the top year at school and having lots of free lessons was that Katie and I could plan when the girls gym changing room would be empty just before the boys had a gym lesson. It took us about a month to work it out, the girl’s gym teachers routine, and know when we could sneak into the changing rooms, get naked and go into the showers and wait for the boys to come in.

Katie was worried about getting into trouble the first couple of times that we did it, but the boys weren’t going to complain about seeing 2 naked girls.

Our gym lesson was the last but one period on a Wednesday. We worked out that if we hung back the teacher would leave us to it and go home. The thing was that the senior boys had a football practice after school and would be in the boy’s changing room about 50 minutes after we should have been out of there.

Those 50 minutes seemed like hours as we sat around naked waiting. We passed the time talking about our bodies, Ben and other boys, and mutual masturbation. When the final bell went we knew that we had about 5 minutes to get into the shower, unlock the door to the boy’s changing room and get wet on the outside. We were both wet on the inside well before we turned the shower on.

Giggling and laughing we heard the door open but ignored it until we heard one of the boys say something. We turned to face them, screamed then told them to fuck off out of there. The first week that we did that they went out and shut the door. The second week they stayed and told us that we weren’t supposed to be there, that our gym class had finished about an hour before. We told them that we were late finishing because we had been told to do a job for our teacher. All the time we were just stood there not trying to cover our tits or pussies. We could see a couple of hard-ons starting to sprout under their towels.

After a minute or so I told them that we were going to finish our showers and it was up to them what they did. Some of them stayed and watched us but others went and finished getting changed ready for their practice.

We did that about once a month throughout the rest of the football season. Each time some of the boys came and watched us, and thankfully they had the sense not to try anything.

The last time we did it was just as the football season ended. But we made it different. Instead of being in the showers before their practice started we waited until it ended.

We kept quiet until 2 boys came in. They were naked and holding their towels. One of them said, “What the fuck,” and we turned round to face them. As we stared at each other Katie said, “I see that you are pleased to see us,” Both their cocks were rising. We all stood still as more naked boys piled in, all stopping dead as they saw us.

Eventually I couldn’t stay quiet any longer and I told them that we need to shower; they needed to shower so let’s just get on with it. After a few word between themselves, most of the boys hung up their towels and walked towards us. What an experience, about 15 naked rapidly getting hard cocks moving all around us. If they hadn’t been schoolboys I’m sure it would have turned into a gangbang.

At one point one of the boys shouted that their gym teacher was coming. Katie and I moved behind lots of the boys and ducked down a bit as the teacher stuck his head round the door and shouted for them to keep the noise down.

After that close call Katie wanted to get out so we left. As I went out I brushed my hand against 3 cocks. I was very wet, outside and inside.

**Easter Holidays**

The weather wasn’t too bad and Ben was at home for most of the 2 weeks. Mum suggested that Ben and I go camping for a few days and agreed that Katie could come with us; on condition that we took both the family tents, one for us girls and one for Ben. Well we took the 2 tents but only one of them came out of its bag.

Although Katie knew Ben and had masturbated for him on video-cam a few times, she didn’t really know him that well. We put that right the first day at camp.

As we loaded Dad’s car he said that he thought that our short skirts were a bit inappropriate for camping and that he hoped that we had packed some jeans. I told him to stop being an old grouch.

My Dad drove us to a little campsite in a village near the hills and left us to pitch the tent(s). It was a little site next to a pub and only had a few tents on it.

As we were pitching our tent 3 young men came out of the pub and went to a tent not far from us. They sat outside their tent and watched Katie and I bending over to push the pegs in. Needless to say that by the time the tent was up; all 3 had seen both our pussies.

We went into our tent to get some food and both Katie and I ended up naked. We had left the door of the tent rolled up so the 3 young men may have been watching, we never looked. Ben asked us to strip and we did straight away. He watched us while we ate then Ben stripped and fucked us both. Katie and I were a bit loud and we heard a few ‘encouraging’ comments from the 3 young men.

In the afternoon we went for a bit of a walk up a path on the hill, through a big wooded area. It wasn’t long after we passed the last farm house that I took my top off, then my skirt. As my skirt came off Katie decided to join me. We walked for about an hour without seeing anyone.

At one point we came across a big tree that had fallen over. Ben told us to go and straddle the tree trunk and grind our pussies into it. I found a knobbly bit and rubbed my clit back and forward over it. I had a nice orgasm looking down the hill to the campsite and wondering if any of the 3 young men had brought binoculars with them.

Katie brought herself off as well. Ben just watched.

On the way back down Katie and I stayed naked right until we saw some signs of life, which wasn’t until we had passed 4 houses.

That night we went to the pub and spent the evening enjoying flashing our pussies and listening to the expected comments about us, and also about Ben being a lucky bastard.

It was nice and sunny when we woke up, and it still was after we had had a great 3 some.

I opened our tent door, setup our little stove just outside tent and Katie and I cooked breakfast. The bacon and eggs were well on their way when I remembered that both Katie and I were still naked; and that we had a little audience.

We decided that we had better put something on so we went in and we put on one of the little thong bikinis that I had made. We could no longer be accused of being naked on a public campsite, but the material certainly didn’t cover much.

All the time that were cooking, eating and clearing up we’d had a little audience. They still watched us as Katie and I tried on most of our clothes as we decided what to wear that day. We were in the tent, but the door was rolled up so they could see everything that we did. It didn’t really take long as we didn’t have many clothes with us.

We didn’t go far that day, in fact only as far as the little kid’s playground in the village. It was set back from the main part of the village and surrounded by trees. We talked a lot about everything and nothing, stripped and messed about on the climbing frame, seesaw, and swings; and fucked again. Ben wanted to see us bring ourselves off upside down on the climbing frame, so we did.

Another evening in the pub followed. We drank a little too much and Ben had all on to get me to keep my clothes on. After that it was fucking, sleeping and more fucking in the tent. One thing was that in the pub Ben kept referring to me as his little sister. That got a few funny looks from the yokels.

Dad picked us up that afternoon and both Katie and I fell asleep in the car. When we got out Dad said that I still looked tired and that I must have had a lot of exercise. I didn’t say anything.

Mum and Dad worked as normal over the Easter holidays so Katie spent quite a bit of time at our house. We didn’t get many clothes dirty, but Ben and Katie knew each other quite well by the time we went back to school.

**End of year party.**

Another highlight of my last year at school was an end of year party. One of the girls (Billie) hosted it when her parents told her that they were going away for a weekend.

Needless to say some of us acquired some alcohol and we all had a great time. I’d read on a web site about a girl that pretended to get really drunk and let all sorts of things happen to her that she wouldn’t have remembered if she had actually been drunk. I told Katie that I wanted to do that and after a couple of real drinks Katie started getting me glasses of water, telling people that it was vodka.

Both Katie and I had gone there wearing floaty short skirts, skimpy tops and no underwear. We didn’t look slutty or out of place because most of the girls were dressed the same, even to the lack of underwear.

I started acting a bit drunk, sitting on the stairs with my legs open or dancing close to a boy and putting his hand on my bum. I even fell over a couple of times letting everyone around see my pussy. After a while I fell back onto a sofa with my legs wide open and my top pushed to one side so that one of my nipples was exposed.

Shortly after Katie came and sat next to me and shouted that I was drunk and had passed out. She continued saying that I liked to flash people and she pushed my skirt up and undid my top. Katie shouted for people to come and have a look.

That was an open invitation for the boys to come and grope me, and they did. As I pretended to be out cold I felt my tits being squeezed and mauled and my nips being tortured beyond belief. They have never been treated so roughly, but I enjoyed every minute of it. My pussy got similar treatment and was very wet. A point that some of the boys commented on.

I was loving every minute of it and I knew that I couldn’t last long before I went over the top.

I think it was when I heard a girl’s voice telling me that I was such a slut, and I felt my clit being gently rubbed that it hit me. My body convulsed and I let out a loud scream. I managed to keep my eyes shut and heard one of the boys say, “fucking hell, she even cums when she’s out cold.”

I think that I actually fell asleep for a bit because the next thing I knew I was being carried and Katie was telling 2 of the boys to be gentle with me as they carried me upstairs. Katie followed and the boys dumped me down on a bed. As the boys left, Katie whispered for me to stay where I was for a bit. Then she left.

I was laid on a bed with my arms and legs spread and my clothes in disarray. My pussy and 1 of my tits was uncovered. I left them like that and started daydreaming about scenarios that involved hunks of men.

A while later I heard the door open and 2 people come in. I didn’t recognise their voices, but they were definitely boys.

The light went on and one of the boys shook my foot. I ignored it and kept my eyes closed. Then my shoulder shook and one of them called my name. Again I still pretended to be out cold.

Next I felt my skirt go up round my waist and 4 hands start to slide all over my body. One of them asked the other what they should do with me. The other said that he didn’t have any condoms with him but that shouldn’t stop them from having some fun.

Those 4 hands groped my tits and puss for ages before I felt my head being turned to one side them my mouth being opened. Then I felt a hard cock being pushed into my mouth. I couldn’t help myself, I sucked.

“Fucking hell, she even gives blow jobs in her sleep.” I heard one of them say. The other said, “Shit, I’ve never felt a pussy so wet.” Then I felt a tongue on my clit.

Wow! I didn’t last long. I came as the boy shot his load down my throat. How I managed to keep my eyes closed and my arms and legs relatively still, I just don’t know. The boys heard my moans even though my mouth was full.

The cock in my mouth started to go down and one of them said, “Swap ends.”

They did and my mouth and clit were used again. This time the cock in my mouth came before I did, but the mouth on my clit kept going. I had swallowed and my mouth was empty when I did climax. This time I screamed – but kept my eyes closed.

The boys left leaving me to ‘sleep it off’.

After a bit of day dreaming I decided that I should go and find Katie. I arranged my skirt and top so that I looked semi decent and walked down stairs pretending to look like I had the hangover from hell. One girl who was stood with a group of boys asked me if I was okay. I told her that I’d just dreamed that I’d been having sex with 2 men.

The boys sniggered.

I found Katie in the kitchen looking a little pissed. She was very loud and swaying about a bit. She really did look drunk and stank of booze. I took her for a dance and we danced for a while with me holding her up. One of my hands had accidentally (honest) gone up inside her skirt and I was holding her up by her waist with her skirt trapped under my arm. Her head was resting on my shoulder.

I heard one boy say ‘nice ass’ and realised what I had done but I didn’t let her skirt drop. She could thank me later. After about 10 minutes she hadn’t shown any signs of sobering up so I half walked, half dragged her upstairs to sleep it off. When she collapsed on the bed I looked at her and thought she looked great. I decided to strip her just in case someone else went in there. They would see her gorgeous naked body spread all over the bed. I pulled her legs wide apart and left her.

I went downstairs and danced with some girls and some boys. Most of the boys took great pleasure (so did I) in putting their hands up the back of my skirt and fondling my bum and puss. I guess that my not stopping them encouraged them to go further.

Later, Billie (the girl whose house it was) switched off the music and asked what games we wanted to play. There was only one game that the majority wanted to play, twister. The mat was unfolded and the people for the first game were chosen. I’d always enjoyed playing twister in a short skirt and I wasn’t disappointed. My pussy was on display and there were faces right next to it. I also got my face right next to the naked pussy of one of the other girls in our class. She was always a bit of a bitch and the only one who didn’t wear a PE skirt. I hadn’t expected her to be knickerless, but there her bald pussy was, right in my face. I couldn’t resist it. I stretched over and licked it. She collapsed on the floor and was out. She accused me of cheating but everyone ignored her.

After the game I was in ended I was watching another game when Katie appeared next to me. She was sober and said, “I can fake it as well.” I quickly told her what had happened to me and she said, “Me too.”

When it came to Katie’s turn to play I saw that her puss was leaking quite a lot, all the inside of her thighs were wet. When she was out I told her that I could tell that she’d had a good time.

The music went back on and we danced some more.

It was shortly after that that some of the boys though that it would be fun to lift up the skirts of the girls and pull down, or off, their tops.

A sort of friendly battle took place with girls struggling to keep fully clothes and boys not wanting to have been beaten by the girls. There was lots of screaming but no one getting upset. It ended up with all of us out of breath and all of the girls having lost most of their clothes; and some (including Katie and me) being completely naked. There wasn’t a pubic hair in sight.

That nice bit of fun sort of ended the party and everyone drifted off home shortly afterwards.

More to cum in Part 6 – soon

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 6**

This part is about an event that happened during my last week of school.

**Student Gym Teachers**

At the end of the last gym lesson of our last term, our gym teacher called us all together and thanked us for our participation in the research with the student teachers. She then went on to tell us that the data that they had collected had been very valuable in their research. However, they had asked her if 4 girls would be prepared to take part in one more session on the Wednesday afternoon at the end of the school day. Our teacher asked if anyone would be prepared to volunteer to take part.

I looked at Katie, and Katie looked at me, and our hands shot up. So did one other hand, Maddy. Now last time that the student teachers had been there Maddy had wanted to skip the lesson because she didn’t have any knickers on. Our proper teacher hadn’t let her and she’d got quite embarrassed a couple of times when her pussy had been displayed to the student teachers. I wondered what she would wear for this session and why she wanted to come back for more. Later on I asked her why and she said that although she had been embarrassed to hell, she’d really enjoyed it.

After a bit of a pause, Rachel put her hand up. Rachel had been sick at the last session and had listened in amazement when some of us had told her what had happened. Rachel has always worn a skirt for gym, but ALWAYS wore big, horrible, cotton gym knickers under it.

That evening, both Katie and I got an old T-shirt and made sure that the neck hole was large enough to fall over our heads if (hopefully) we ended up, upside down.

At the end of school on the Wednesday the 4 of us almost ran to the changing room.

As soon as we walked through the door into the changing rooms we smelt this funny, burning type smell. We looked for our teacher to tell her, but we couldn’t find her.

As we were getting changed Holly asked Rachel where her granny knickers were. Rachel just laughed. Oh, BTW Rachel has very small breasts, 32AA I think.

All of us were dressed in just trainers, gym skirts and baggy T-shirts.

We went into the gym to find 4 student teachers (I’ll refer to them as STs), the same female one and 3 different male STs.

The female ST saw us arrive and called us over. Before she could say anything we told her about the funny smell. She told us that there were some workmen repairing the roof of the changing rooms and that the smell was tar that they were melting.

Let me tell you about the school’s gym and changing rooms. The gym is like a tall big rectangular building and the changing rooms are a single story building at one end of the gym. The gym has wall bars down the sides, nearly to the roof. The ends are brick except for 2 windows in the top half. The windows are covered in a metal grid to stop the glass being broken by a ball. There is never any chance of anyone seeing in, unless you happen to be 15 foot tall, or on the roof of the changing rooms.

When the female ST told us about the workmen, I looked up and could see 2 men walking about on the changing room roof.

The female ST said, “Right, firstly let me thank you all for taking part in the session the other week, and please pass on our thanks to the other girls that were there. We collected a lot of very useful data that has provided us lots of information about how the bodies, and in particular the muscles of teenage girls work. That information has highlighted a couple of areas that we need more data on, hence this session.

Thank you all for volunteering to take part again and I apologise for the session having to be after school hours. Unfortunately, your teacher has had to leave but I am sure that we will manage on our own. I know that you all enjoyed our last session and we will try to make this session just as enjoyable.”

Why was she looking at me when she said that last bit?

“Okay girls, we’ll start by doing some stretching exercises then move on to exercises that use the muscles. We’ll finish off with the exercises that you appeared to enjoy the most, last time we were here.

As you can see, there are 4 of us and 4 of you. One of us will be with each of you during each exercise. We will be recording how well you get on with each exercise and how your muscle shape changes when you put them under pressure. We’ll rotate round each of you every exercise.”

The first exercise was what I think you call Bridge-ups. We were told to sit on the floor with our knees bent, and shoulder width apart. We then had to put our hands on the floor behind us and lift our bums as high as we could.

Each time I lifted my bum I could feel my skirt dropping away from my bum. The hem of my skirt was just about covering my pussy. The male ST that was with me was walking around me, watching what I was doing and making notes on his clipboard.

We did about 20 of those the female ST told us to stop and stand up.

The next exercise was the crab position, but we were told to get our stomachs as high as we could. I wished that I put on a shorter T-shirt, as the one I had on didn’t slide over my boobs. My skirt however did ride up so that my pubes were showing to the male ST that had chosen me. I looked at his face when he was stood at my feet. He was smiling.

Things got more interesting for the next exercise. It was like the crab position but with our shoulders in the ground. That one did get my T-shirt over my boobs and over my face. As I thrust my bum as high as I could, my skirt went up round my waist. I had the female ST with me that time, and when we were told to get up I told her that my T-shirt was getting in the way, and I asked her if I could take it off. She said that I could. She also told the other 3 that they could take their tops off if they were getting in the way.

Katie and Mandy took theirs off straight away, but Rachel held back for a few seconds before taking hers off as well.

As I took my top off, I looked up at the window and saw one of the workmen looking down on us. I didn’t say anything.

Next we were told to lay on our stomachs with our arms by our sides. Then we had to open our legs wide, bend our knees and reach behind with our arms and grab our ankles. We were then told to pull our ankles as hard as we could to see if we could pull our heads and shoulders off the ground. I could a bit and as I held my head back I could see the crotch of the male ST that was with me. Although he has baggy tracksuit bottoms on I was sure that I could see the outline of his cock.

For the next exercise we were told to lie on our backs and do the swimming back stroke. As I was doing this I looked at the male ST and saw him holding his mobile phone by his side. He was talking photos of me and obviously trying to do it without us knowing.

The next exercise was a different version of the crab position. When we were in the crab position we had to lower our arms and rest on our shoulders. We were told to open our legs as wide as we could and go up on our toes. I had a different male ST with me and when he was standing over my head I saw that he too had his mobile phone out.

We were then told to spread out and do the splits. The female ST was in front of me when I went down. My skirt was covering my stomach to the floor. I asked the female ST if she could check to see that I was right down. I told her that if I tried to put my hand between my legs I would fall over.

She got down on her knees and slid her hand (palm up) under my wet pussy. As she did so, I felt her middle finger bend up and go straight into my pussy. I smiled.

The other girls saw what had happened and asked her if she would check them as well. She did, and she did. I could tell by the expressions on the girls faces.

Next we were told to lie on our backs, lift our legs and hips as high as we could, bend our elbows and support our hips with our hands; and drop our feet as far down over our heads. I was pleased that I could just touch the floor with my toes.

Obviously, my skirt was down (up) over my face and I couldn’t see anything. The female ST was with me and when I got up I told her that my skirt was getting in the way, and could I take it off. After a short pause while she looked round at the others, she said loudly, “Okay girls, I know that you prefer to be naked so you can take the skirts and trainers off.” The male STs smiled.

So did the now 2 workmen on the changing room’s roof.

Next came 4 more exercises that stretched our legs as wide apart as we could. We were paired up with another girl (I got Rachel) and 1 of us was to sit cross legged and put our hands on the floor behind us. The other then had to press down on our knees until we begged them to stop.

Because we were in pairs, the STs paired up. We got 2 of the men.

As I was pressing down on Rachel’s knees both male ST were taking more photos. In a whisper I asked Rachel if she’d seen the camera phones. She nodded.

When we swapped places I felt warm air on my pussy. I was wide open and the warm air was on my most sensitive parts. It felt good and I felt myself have a wet rush. I looked at Rachel and saw that she was looking down at my pussy. I’m not sure, but I don’t think that she was intending to blow air on my pussy; I just think that she didn’t realise what she was doing.

For the second of these exercises, one of each pair had to lie on their backs and open their legs as wide as they could. The other one of each pair was to then push the spread legs as hard as they could. They stopped when the victim begged for mercy.

The third of these exercises had us all on our feet. One of each pair had to lean over to their left then lift their right leg as high as they could. We had to see if we could get our right legs at 90 degrees to the floor. The other half of each pair was there to support the girl who was stretching. After we got as far as we could we changed places.

We had the female ST with us and as my legs were spread wide she bent down in front of me. I’m sure that she wanted a close look at my pussy.

That last of these leg stretchers was a bit of fun. We had to sit on the floor facing our partner. With legs spread as wide as possible we had to shuffle so that the flat of our feet were against the flat of the feet of our partner. We then had to hold each other’s wrists and try to pull our partner up off the ground.

That exercise really did stretch us.

The male ST’s camera was clicking away.

There was one more stretching exercise. The female ST told us to go and get out a bench. One of each pair had to sit at one end of the bench with their legs at 90 degrees to the bench. The other half of the pairs had to stand facing her partner with her legs either side of her partner. She then had to sit on her partners knees and hook her feet under the edge of the bench. The girl sitting on the bench then had to put her hands on the hips to hold her hips in place while she belt over backwards until her head touched the floor and her hand touched the floor in front of her face.

I was sat on the bench as Rachel went over backwards and I got a great view of Rachel’s very wet pussy. When I thought that neither of the male STs that were with us were not looking, I let go of Rachel’s left hip with my right hand and quickly pushed my right index finger into Rachel’s pussy. She giggled and fell off my knees.

One of the male STs looked at us and asked what had happened. Rachel just said that she fell off.

The female ST then called us all together and told us that we were having a 5 minute break. The STs went into a group and were talking quietly. We were all talking about the male STs taking photos of us. None of us really minded, but it would have been nice to have been asked first.

I whispered to Katie that we had an audience. I told her not to look at the moment, but that the workmen on the changing room’s roof had been watching us for ages. Katie didn’t look then, but I saw her take a sneaky look a bit later.

After the break the female ST told us that we were going to do some exercises that that had more emphasis on the strength of our muscles. She told us to try as hard as we could to, but not to push ourselves too hard.

The first exercise was a straightforward one. We each had to do 20 press-ups. The female ST told us that they had to be proper press-ups and not just bending the elbows a bit. She told us to keep our backs straight and go down each time until our chins touched the floor.

We all started, but as soon as we had, we were told to stop. She said that she couldn’t tell if we were going down to our chins because our hair was hiding our faces. She changed it to until our breasts touched the floor. Rachel said that it wasn’t fair because Maddy’s breasts were a lot bigger than hers and that Maddy would reach the floor before her. The teacher said that bigger breasts meant more weight to lift up and down each time. We all giggled.

The next exercise was sit-ups. With our knees bent, feet flat on the floor and our hands at the sides of our heads; we had to pull ourselves up 50 times. I found that it was easier if my knees were about a foot apart; much to the delight of the male ST who stood at my feet and took a couple of photos.

The female ST told us that it had been too easy for us, so the next exercise would be a harder version of sit-ups. It was back to the bench and get into the same position as before. I was paired with Katie that time. Katie sat down and I sat on her lap facing her. Before I could bend over backwards she rubbed her nose on my nipples. I said, “Ooow, keep doing that,” but she didn’t. I bent over backwards and lowered my head to the floor. Katie whispered, “Lovely view.” She was looking down at my raised bald pubic mound and shiny wet, spread pussy. I smiled and lifted my upper body. Yes, it was harder.

As I strained to pull myself up I felt air moving fast across my pussy. Katie was blowing at me. I collapsed down and told Katie that she wasn’t being fair. One of the 2 male STs that were with us asked what was wrong so I told him that Katie was blowing on my pussy. He smiled and agreed and told Katie to stop it. As he was talking I was looking up at him. His eyes were glued to my pussy and the bulge in the front of his tracksuit bottoms looked big. The other ST was exactly the same.

I only managed to do 5 sit-ups like that. It didn’t help that Katie didn’t stop blowing on my pussy.

We were then told to swap places and do the same exercise. As Katie sat on my lap I smiled at her and whispered, “Sweet revenge.” I pulled her to me and gentle bit one of her nipples. She screamed a bit. One of the STs had seen me do it and shook his head sideways.

As Katie lowered herself down I put my hands on the top of her thighs to hold her in place. Well they might have done if they had been round the top of her bum.

I slid my hands nearer her pussy and flicked her clit with my right thumb. Katie moaned and a ST asked if she was okay. She said that she was so I waited until she was half way up and did in again. Katie moaned again and collapsed back down. The other ST asked her what was wrong. Katie said, “Sorry sir, but I can’t concentrate because Amy keeps flicking my clit.” The ST seemed a bit stunned that Katie had used the word ‘clit’, then smiled and said to me, “Amy, she won’t be able to concentrate if you keep doing that.”

Katie strained as she raised herself up. I’d moved my thumb to the entrance to her hole and as she came up my thumb went in. It was definitely a pleasurable moan that Katie let out as she tried to hold herself up.

The male STs were stood either side of me (one with a phone in his hand), and were looking down at Katie and where my thumb was. As Katie had impaled herself on my thumb I had pushed it further in. It was in as far as it would go, and the STs could see that.

Katie lowered herself and my shiny, wet thumb was being looked at by the male ST.

I thought, ‘go for it’ and sucked my thumb before putting it back in place for Katie to have another go.

Katie lifted herself again and the STs watched my thumb disappear again. Katie was straining to stay up, her face was going red. One male ST suddenly went round to Katie, knelt behind her, and supported her shoulders. Katie relaxed a bit, then the ST lifted her higher. My thumb went further in and Katie moaned again; then shuddered. The lucky cow was cumming.

The ST held her there until she stopped shaking then lowered her down.

It was time for the next exercise. Something completely different this time. We were all lined up facing the 4 STs. We then had to squat down, hold it for a count of 10 then spring up into a star jump as high as we could.

The next exercise was something that I’d never done before. We were told to pair up and lay on the floor on our backs alongside our partner but with feet to heads. The leg nearest our partner then had to go up in the air and over the top of our partner. The then had to lock legs and push down. The girl who had the strongest leg forced the other girl up over backwards. We did this 3 times.

We stopped for another break and the female ST looked at her watch. She said, “Pete, we have to go, we’re going to be late. Josh and Matt, I shouldn’t really leave you two with these girls without a female teacher being present, but I think that I can trust you to not do anything inappropriate. I can can’t I?” Matt and Josh nodded. “You’ve got the list of exercises still to do, we’ll manager with just 2 sets of observations. Right, be good and I’ll see you at college in the morning.” With that, she and the other male ST left.

**4 Naked Girls with 2 fit male student gym teachers**

Matt seemed to assume the leadership role and told us that we would continue working our way through the list of exercises then throw the whole thing open and we could do the exercises that we wanted.

Our next exercise was a repeat of crab but on our shoulders exercise. We were up on our toes, legs spread wide, with our pussies as high as we could get them.

Matt came over and stood between my legs, my soaking pussy staring up at him. He surprised me a bit when he got his phone out and said, “You don’t mind if we take pictures do you?” I said, “You can take a video if you like. I hope that your batteries are fully charged.”

He pointed the phone down at my pussy and held it there. I looked over at Rachel and Josh had his phone in front of her pussy.

Next the STs had us line up in front of them, open our legs, bend forward at the waist and swing our hanging arms from side to side. As we were doing this, Matt and Josh walked behind us. At one point I looked between my legs and could see a pair of tracksuit bottoms bent down behind me.

The next exercise was to have us on the floor, on our sides, then lift our upper leg as high as we could. We had to try to get the raised leg behind our heads. None of us really managed it, but we sure did give it a good go, and a good pussy display.

The last of the exercises that the STs told us to do was for us to lay on our backs, swing our legs up and out and try to get them back far enough for us to put them behind our upper arms. We all made it in the end, though I did ask Josh to press down on my legs to help me a bit.

That was it for the exercises that they had on their list. Matt then asked us if there were any exercises that we wanted to do. I ignored the obvious and told Matt that we had really enjoyed climbing the rope during the last session. Matt looked round and saw the ropes hanging from the ceiling and all held to the dire of the gym. “Okay,” he said and we went and unhooked one of the ropes.

Matt said that since I had asked for it, I should go first. I climbed up as fast as I could then wrapped the rope between my legs and round one of my legs. Matt said, “Hang on a sec,” and called Josh over to stand there ready to catch me if I fell. When they were ready I started slowly down.

I had only gone about a yard when the knobbly rope rubbing on my clit gave me my first orgasm. I guess that the pent up frustration of displaying my boobs and pussy to 3 fit guys over the last hour or so just boiled over. I’d had my second by the time I got close to 2 of them. I lost it and let go of the rope.

Matt and Josh caught me (Josh had one of my boobs in his hand) and lowered me to the ground. I was still jerking and moaning when they stood up and looked down at me.

With both of them still looking down at me, it took me about 30 seconds to recover I looked up at Matt and Josh. Matt said, “Now I know why you wanted to climb the rope.”

The 3 other girls took their turn on the rope, each one cumming at least once.

The bulges in the 2 STs Tracksuit bottoms looked massive.

Katie asked if we could have some wheelbarrow races. Josh said, “Okay,” but looked a little puzzled. We all went to the side of the room and Katie asked Rachel and Maddy to stand in front of Matt and Josh, then bent over, keep their knees straight and put their hands on the floor. Katie then asked Matt and Josh to pick up their legs and race to the other side of the room and back. They all fell over a couple of times and we all had a good laugh.

Katie asked Matt and Josh to race with her and me. As I walked over to Josh I saw a wet stain on his tracksuit where he had held Rachel close to him. That gave me an idea. When we were turning round at the other side I took a dive. When I got up I stood in front of Josh with my back to him. I reached behind me and pulled the front of his tracksuit bottoms down enough to release his cock. I squeezed it and whispered, “Put it in me.” I bent forward and was rewarded with the feeling of a hard cock sliding in to me. Josh grabbed my thighs and pulled me back, hard onto him.

It took us ages to get back to the others and just before we got to them I felt the warm feeling of him shooting his load into me. We turned away from them for me to dismount and for Josh to get straight.

Matt asked us if there were any other exercises that we wanted to do. Rachel asked if we could do the splits again. She said that she wanted to practice getting all the way down.

The male STs said okay and we got into a suitable space. No sooner than Rachel was right down, she asked Matt if he could check that she was all the way down. Matt looked a little hesitant but agreed. He put his hand flat on the floor in front of Rachel and started sliding it towards her pussy. Rachel stooped him and said, “No, palm up please.”

Matt realised what Rachel wanted, and by the expression on her face he had given her it. We heard an ‘Arch’ an ‘Oow’ and a ‘yes’, before Matt slid his hand out.

Katie, Maddy, Josh and I quickly realised what Matt had done to Rachel and we all repeated it. I managed to keep my pussy about 2 inches off the ground and Josh flicked my clit a few times. I was sooooo close.

No one could think of any more exercises that we wanted to do; besides, if the other 3 were anything like me, we were all knackered.

Matt decided that we should call it a day and we went to the changing rooms.

As we walked out of the gym I gave the 2 workmen a little wave.

Us 4 went straight into the showers and were relaxing under the warm water when the door to the boys changing room opened. Matt and Josh had decided that they needed a shower as well and didn’t realise that it was a shared shower.

What happened next can only be described as a mini orgy. Everyone fucked everyone else. The 2 STs left with smiles on their faces and we went home saying that our school life couldn’t have ended in a better way.

I never did tell Maddy and Rachel about the 2 workmen.

Well, that was our contribution to the teachers training college research programme.

Read all about our summer holidays in part 7.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 7 – The summer holidays**

We final left school with loads of tears and hugs. I even got a hug from the history teacher. He whispered, “thank you” as he hugged me. I miss those history lessons.

We had quite a few weeks to wait before we got our exam results, then the panic to get into a University, then a few weeks to get organised and go.

Ben was home and happy as he’d passed all his exams and was going back for more. The daily fucks were keeping me relaxed. During the first week Ben, Katie and I decided that we needed a plan for what we were going to do over the holidays so that we didn’t just waste the time.

We made a list that we kept from our parents as it contained quite a few things that would horrify them.

The top of the list was a holiday in the sun. I didn’t think that we had enough money and I said that it wasn’t fair to ask our parents. The others agreed, but first we had to find out how much it would cost. We agreed that it would be cheaper if we went to a popular resort and if we all shared the same room. No arguments there, but we couldn’t let our parents know. We spent a couple of hours on our PC, worked-out what we thought we might be able to afford, then worked out how much we all had. We could just make it, and we booked it on the internet very easily.

It was booked. We were going on an 18-30s type holiday in San Antonio in Ibiza – for 2 weeks. With Ibiza’s reputation we just knew that we were going to have a fantastic time. When we told our patents we told them that we had 2 rooms, one for Ben and the other for Katie and me. They were happy for us and told us that we deserved a good holiday because we had all worked very hard. They said that they were proud of us. They also gave us some money towards the cost.

**Sewing**

It was only 3 week until we went, and top of our list was for me to make Katie and I some thong bikinis, skirts, tops and dresses. All either partially or totally see through.

Katie and I spent a whole day searching for suitable material. We went to dozens of shops before we finally got what we wanted.

Katie and I then spent 3 more days making an assortment on thong bikinis, all of which were strings that tied at our hips and the tops tied behind our necks and backs.

For the actual straps / strings I bought 2 rolls of thin nylon rope, one white and one black.

All the tops had triangle that would slide to give maximum or minimum coverage of our breasts. Of course, none of them had linings. I really like 4 of the thong bikini bottoms types and I am very grateful to Katie and Ben for suggesting some of them.

The first design has the bottom of the triangle of material missing. When standing up it looks just like a normal thong. Even when I walked round the house and back garden there was no hint that it isn’t a normal thong. But, when I lay down on my back the top of my slit is clearly visible. When I open my legs my whole pussy is totally visible and framed by the strings. I guessed that this one would get worn quite a bit. I made 6 of these in 3 different colours.

The second thong bikini bottom design doesn’t have any material in the triangle, just the strings at the side.

The third thong bikini bottom design couldn’t really be called a thong. It is just 2 pieces of string. One that goes round me and the other that joins the front and back. It disappears in between my pussy lips and rubs my clit as I walk.

The fourth thong bikini bottom design also couldn’t really be called a thong. It’s just two loops of string that tie round the top of each leg and are joined at the top of my butt crack.

I made 6 of the first one and 2 of each of the others. Ben loved watching us try them on.

Most of the tops that we made were halter tops. All tie at neck and back. Some fully cover our breasts and others have a big ‘V’ at the front that can be adjusted to show lots or little cleavage. When I say ‘fully cover our breasts’ I mean that they fully cover the tops of our breasts. They can be adjusted to show as much of the bottoms of our breasts, including our nipples, as we want.

The other design of top that we made was a girly version of a man’s string vest. I got the idea from my Dad. He’s had one for years but doesn’t wear it very often. The length of all of them is such that when I’m stood up they don’t quite cover all of my bum or pussy when I wear a belt with them. The mesh is big enough so that my nipples poke through.

There are 5 types of skirt that I made, all are low-risers.

The first ones are made of very light cotton. They have a 2 inch waist band then flare out for another 8 inches. The slightest breeze blows them up.

The second design is a bit heavier and a bit tighter than I planned. They are 9 inches long and to get round the tightness I put splits in them, front and back. Both splits go up to 1 inch above decency. These are only slightly see through and were designed for wearing when it isn’t REALLY appropriate to be obviously naked underneath.

The third deign are wrap round, like the ones that little girls wear over their bikini bottoms. These however are 8 inches long and there isn’t enough material for them to go all the way round us and overlap. They are 3 inches short. When we wear them it is very obvious that we have nothing on underneath. 2 sets of these are only slightly see through but the 3rd is totally see through.

The fourth type of skirt was the hardest to make. I started by getting a 2 inch wide strip of tough, lacy edging; a bit like a 2 inch cotton belt. I cut this and sewed the ends together so that it fits reasonably tight round the top of my legs – right at the level of the horizontal crack that appears at the bottom of my bum when I walk. I got Katie to walk around wearing only this bit to see if it would stay in place. It did, even though it restricted her leg movements a bit.

I then started on the back part of the skirt that goes from hip bone to hip bone. Its 6 inches deep at my bum crack and 4 inches at the hips, plus the 2 inch ‘belt’, just enough to leave a little bit of the top of my butt crack visible. It sits low on my hips, and the back section is a bit baggy.

The front panel was more difficult. I wanted the top of the front panel to follow the lines at the top of my legs until the front panel was 2 inches deep across my pubic bone. This makes the part over my pubic bone a total of 4 inches deep.

I had to experiment with the tension of the elastic of the waist band because I didn’t want the skirt to fall down on its own, nor did I want the tension pulling the skirt up and exposing me all the time.

I made the top parts out of semi see through material.

I made one other outfit for both of us to wear. It’s a sort of skirt and top and they took about 5 minutes each to make. They consist of 3 triangles of material.

The one that covers our breasts is about 10 inches by 5 inches. It lies on top of our breasts and is held in place (if you can call it that) by a string that ties behind the neck. Now I know that you will be thinking that it would just flop down and end up between our breasts. I got round that problem by sowing a long thin bit of plastic in to the top that I found in our garage. Ben tells me that it’s a big cable tie used by electricians to tie lots of cable together.

The bottom part consists of 2 rectangles of material. The rectangle that covers our bums is 10 inches long by 6 inches deep. The front one is 5 inches by 4 inches. Both these are slide able on one string that ties at one side. By tightening and loosening the bow we can wear these as high or low as we want.

I only made us 2 designs of dresses. We figured that we could have more fun in skirts and tops.

The first design was complicated to make and took a bit of experimentation to get it right. It is alternate (semi and totally see though material) vertical strips. That part was easy but I wanted to be able to wear the dress either way round. One way my butt crack would be covered but not my pussy and nips. The other way round my pussy and nips would be covered but not my butt crack. I eventually got this right then made the top to have a deep ‘V’ front and back. Sleeveless of course. This was my ‘little black number’.

The second design is a ‘respectable’ design and the material is a fine black mesh. You have to look closely to realise that you can see though the mesh. Nipple can be seen, but cannot poke their way through.

Needless to say that all this sewing was done when Mum and Dad were at work.

**Swimming**

A week before we went on holiday Katie suggested that we try out some of the thong bikinis before we went. I thought that only the first type was one that we MAY be able to get away with in this country. We went to a pool across town so that there was less chance of seeing anyone that might know us or our parents.

We got changed and walked out to the pool. I kept looking at Katie’s crutch and I couldn’t tell that the bottom half of her thong was missing. The dark patches of our areolas were clearly visible. We were also looking around to see if we could see any other women wearing thong bottoms. We couldn’t.

We jumped in the pool and were swimming about and messing about. It was great to feel the water on my pussy. One time that Katie’s breasts came above the water I saw that her bikini top was completely transparent and I could easily every little bump round her nipples.

We got out of the water and went to queue for the slide. It’s not a big one, but better than nothing. We were in a position where people could see the backs of our thongs, i.e. bare backsides. No one said anything to us but the 3 boys that joined the queue behind us were looking and sniggering.

Going up the steps I realised that if I opened my legs a bit the boys would be able to see my pussy. So I did. I nudged Katie and motioned for her to do the same. She realised what I was trying to say, smiled and did so. More sniggers from the boys behind / below us.

At the top the lifeguard (a youth in his early twenties) did a double take as he realised that he could see our bums. I wonder what he thought as we walked passed him and jumped on the slide. It felt great as my bare pussy rushed through the water.

As I got out of the water I realised that my thong had moved up a bit and I suspected that the top of my slit was now showing. I adjusted it a bit as I got out. As we were walking round to have another go, one of the older lifeguards came up to us and told us that we were inappropriately dressed and asked us to leave. In effect, he threw us out.

We walked back to the changing room (it’s a shared one with lots of cubicles to get changed in, and a communal shower at one end). We decided that as we were already being thrown out, they couldn’t do much else to us, so we got our clothes, went into a cubicle, took the bikinis off and walked to the showers.

We got quite a few people looking at us as we showered naked but we didn’t see any more staff.

After we’d been on holiday I had an idea that could give us some exposure, but at the same time appear to be ‘decently’ clothed. Instead of wearing the thong bikini bottoms to go swimming, I would make Katie and me a little ‘swimming skirt’. Yes, I know that the idea of wearing a skirt to go swimming is horrible, and that no self-respecting teenage girl would be seen dead in one, but it’s the ideal garment for us to look decent when we’re standing out of the pool; but at the same time allow us to expose ourselves when swimming, climbing steps to slides, and sitting on the side of the pool.

Katie and I went shopping, and then we got to work. Basically, they are micro skirts made of a thin, purple man-made material that doesn’t hold water. They have an elasticated band at the top and then flare out. They are 8 inches long. When we are stood up, and they are worn low on our hips, our bums and pussies are covered. Worn higher up, of if we bend over, our goodies are exposed.

We went back to the swimming pool that we had been thrown out of and had a great 2 hours swimming. It’s a great feeling swimming with my pussy uncovered. Whenever we got out of the water we were decently covered as the material fell back to its ‘decent’ position, but whenever we jumped in the skirt was up round our waists.

It was fun on the steps up to the slide. We made the day of a few teenage boys and men. We also got a few ‘surprised’ looks and sniggers from teenage girls.

**Cycling**

One other thing that we did before going to Spain was a bit of cycling. When Ben first suggested it I realised that I hadn’t used my bike for years. Ben got it out and made sure that it was all in good working order. He also went over to Katie’s and brought her bike over.

Ben had this idea that if we raised the saddle high enough we would have to slide our pussies from side to side as we peddled. I have to say that riding a bike in a short skirt with no knickers, and with the saddle too high, is ‘interesting’. Katie loved it too.

We also got quite a few looks from motorists as our little skirts flapped about in the wind.

One day when we decided to go for a ride in the country, Ben had me wear the remote vibe. Wow, what an experience that was.

**Reading in the Park**

There’s this little Park in the middle of town. On 4 of the few days when it was sunny we took a book and our sunglasses there and lay on the grass reading and sunbathing – trying to start our tans.

We wore our usual short skirts and no knickers and when we lay down our skirts always ended at pussy level. For some reason we always lay with our feet (apart) facing a path that people walked along. With our sunglasses on, and pretending to read, we were entertained watching people’s reactions when they saw what they could see.

One time, 2 youths who were riding their bikes through the park saw us and came back and stopped where they could see up our legs. They got off their bikes and sat on the grass and stared at us. Well, if they’d gone to all that trouble, who were we to deny them a good show? We opened our legs wide and let them stare at our pussies for ages until someone walked along the path. I even pretended that I had an itch on my pussy and gave it a good scratch.

**Medical check-up**

Mum thought that it would be a good idea for me to get a full check-up before I went to University. She booked an appointment at our Doctors. When I got there I found out that there was a new doctor there, a man in his thirties, and he was the one that I had to see.

The check-up started with questions about smoking, drugs, drinking and my general health; then he went on to ask me about my sex life. Was I sexually active, what types of sex, how often, what protection did I use etc. If he’d have looked in my notes he would have seen that I have been on the pill for years.

When the questions were over he asked me to undress and climb on the examination table. He was watching me as I dropped my summer dress revealing that I was naked underneath. He smiled and said something about ‘the healthy option’.

I climbed onto the table and automatically put my feet in the stirrups. I could feel my hard nipples almost throbbing and my open puss getting wet.

When he started checking my breasts he seemed to take forever squeezing and prodding them. He even squeezed my nipples, which sent a warm little shiver through me.

I was starting to enjoy it and was disappointed when he stopped.

After some checks in my mouth and ears he told me that it was time for some vaginal checks. That thought gave me a little rush and as he put some rubber gloves on I thought that if he doesn’t get a move on, he’s going to have to cope with me cumming.

As he slid a finger in me and probed all around, I couldn’t help myself, I let out little pleasure moan and I could feel myself getting very wet.

Then he surprised me by pushing a finger up my bum and probing around up there.

When he pulled his finger out he went to pick up a tube of something, then he had second thoughts and picked up this spreader thing instead. I guess that he thought that he wouldn’t need any lube.

The spreader thing was cold as it went in, and then felt good as he spread my puss wide. I had to bite my tongue and fight to not cum as he bent down and had a good look inside me.

I was glad that it didn’t take long as I was getting soooo close to cumming. The thought of cumming in front of him felt good, but for some strange reason at that time, I just felt that I shouldn’t.

Anyway, I survived without cumming and before long he was watching me put my dress back on.

**Teasing Dad and Katie’s Dad and brother.**

We only had a couple of sleepovers over the holidays, but when we did, we made sure that life was hell for the men in the house. Neither of us fucked the other’s father, but we sure made them wanted to fuck us.

One time that Katie was sleeping over at our house and Ben was there, my Dad looked quite embarrassed when Ben sat and watched us flaunt ourselves in our little T-shirt nightdresses.

**Dares**

Katie did a really rotten trick on me during the summer holidays. She dared me to meet her in the centre of town at 4 o’clock one Saturday morning. She told me that the only clothes I could wear were an old dress or skirt and top, and shoes. She promised me that she would be wearing the same.

I had to sneak out of the house at 3 o’clock and get a bus. Fortunately we both live on bus routes that run right through the night on a Friday and Saturday night.

I had to stand around for about 10 minutes before she turned up. Yes, she was dressed in old clothes.

We walked and talked about the fun of being naked and flashing people, and before long we were in this park that has a big pond in the middle, complete with ducks. There was no one around and Katie dared me to get naked and run around.

I always enjoy being naked out in the open, even if it was still dark, so I did. I danced around and before I knew it I was about 25 yards from Katie who was beside the pond holding my clothes. The next thing that I saw was Katie throwing my clothes into the pond and then running away from me. I could just hear her shouting that she would see me at home.

Stunned, I just stared at her disappearing into the distance thinking ‘what the hell is she doing’?

I stood there for a couple of minutes expecting her to come back. When I final realised that she wasn’t I went over to where she had thrown my clothes into the pond hoping that I could get them out. When I got there I couldn’t see my clothes, but I found my trainers. At least she’d left them.

I sat down and put my trainers on as I worked out what I was going to do. It was about 2 miles to my home. I thought about finding a policeman or stopping a taxi, but ruled both of those options out as I thought that the police would lock me up, and then there would be the embarrassment of them calling my parent to come and get me. I didn’t trust a taxi driver to not rape me; anyway I didn’t have any money. Using the bus was also out because of the lack of money. The only thing left was to walk.

I knew that I would have to be quick to get home before it got light, but at the same time make sure that I didn’t bump into my Dad who always starts work early and my Mum who started work a bit later.

It was scary and exhilarating walking out of the park and through the streets. Every time I heard a noise I ducked behind a parked car or anything else that was around.

I kept to the side streets hoping that there would be less chance of cars or people walking about. Once as I was walking by a noisy building I didn’t hear a car approaching from behind. It only had side light on and was right next to me before I realised it was there. Luckily it didn’t stop, but the driver proved that the horn worked.

Another time a young couple turned a corner right in front of me. They looked like they were on their way home from a good night out. I had nowhere to go so just kept walking, not trying to cover my ‘interesting’ bits. Fortunately they just laughed and the man asked me if I’d lost something.

I had to be more careful as I got nearer to my home, I didn’t was to see my Mum or Dad. I looked into all the parked cars until I found one that had a clock that was lit up.

It seemed like forever waiting for my Dad to leave for work. I nearly got seen by a man taking his dog for a walk. I didn’t see him, but the dog found me. I ducked behind a rubbish bin and the dog followed me. I froze and held my breath as the man shouted for his dog as it sniffed at my pussy. It licked it a couple of times and I had all on not to moan out loud. Anyway, it was a good dog, obeyed its master and ran off.

I watched first my Dad, then my Mum leave for work then I dashed to our house, got the hidden key and went in. I got a bit of a shock when I bumped into Ben as he walked into the kitchen in the dark.

Ben wanted to know all about what had happened, and then took me for a shower and my first fuck of the day.

After my naked trip home, Katie and I revived our little dares, but instead of one of us daring the other to do something, we would both do most of them. We found a list of 20+ dares for females on an internet site. These are the ones that we did: -

*Ride the bike whilst naked through a public park in broad daylight when there are lots of people about.*

Katie didn’t fancy this one so I did it. I picked a Sunday afternoon and Katie looked after my clothes while I did it. I got some strange looks but no one said anything.

*Find a clothes shop where they have curtains on the changing cubicles, and where these cubicles face the main store. Strip naked then put your shoes and some panties on. Pull your panties down to your knees and then stumble trying to take 1 foot out of the panties. Stumble against the curtain and fall out into the open.*

I had to borrow a pair of knickers from Katie to do this. I ended up on the floor with one leg bent up. When I looked up there was this female shop assistant looking at me, and a middle-aged man stood nearby, also looking down at me. I pretended to freeze with my mouth open. After a few seconds the shop assistant held out her hand to pull me up. I waddled back into the cubicle with the knickers round my ankles and one hand pretending to cover my naked ass.

*Go out on the street in just a dress and shoes and ask random men to take a photo of you. At the last minute take dress off saying that the photo is for your boyfriend who is working away.*

Katie and I went to this big park about 5 miles from our homes and took it in turns to have a go at this. We found this corner in the path quite near the main entrance, with a wall along one side of the path. Katie went first and I moved away from her. When she saw a man, in a suit, on his own walking towards her, she pretended to take a photo of herself by putting the camera on the wall and setting the timer; then looking at the photo that had been taken. She looked disappointed as the man got very close. She turned to face him and said something to him. He obviously agreed to take a photograph and took the camera from her.

Katie backed up a bit and posed. Just as the man looked like he was going to take a photograph she said something to him, then grabbed the hem of her dress and whipped it off. As she posed again, the man’s face was a picture. The poor man just didn’t know what to do. After about a minute, he lifted the camera to his face and took a photograph.

With him staring at her, she put her dress back on, said something to him, and walked off. Katie was about 50 yards down the path before he turned and walked off.

I think that I was a bit luckier than Katie. When I was waiting for some suitable man, a group of about 6 Japanese people came into the park. Three of the men had cameras hanging from their necks.

Knowing how crazy the Japanese are about taking photographs of everything, I didn’t bother with trying to take a photograph of myself. As they got close to me I just asked them. A couple of them said something that I didn’t understand so I just held out my camera for them and pointed from them, to the camera, then to me.

One of the men took it from me and I backed away a bit and posed. Just as I thought that he was about to press the button I shouted, “wait”, whipped my dress off and resumed my pose.

With lots of talking in Japanese, 3 cameras sprang into action and started taking photographs of me. That surprised me, I looked at the man who had my camera and saw that he was just looking at me. I walked up to him, pointed to my camera and asked him to take a photo.

He woke up and took 2 photos of me. As I put my dress back on the rest of the Japanese people were still taking photographs of me. They still were as I walked away from them.

*Sharking - Wear shoes and a summer dress with no sleeves or straps; and an elasticated bodice. Nothing else. Carry a heavy looking shopping bag in each hand. Get a friend wearing a hoody to run up to you and pull your dress down to the floor leaving you with your dress round your ankles. The friend runs off leaving you standing there pretending to be embarrassed and still holding the 2 shopping bags. Ask the man who was walking towards you to pull your dress back up.*

Fortunately I had a dress like this. I hadn’t worn it for years, which made it a decent (short) length. Katie had a button down sleeveless, strapless dress that she elongated the button holes a bit. Ben agreed to help us with this one. He decided that he’d need to wear a hoodie and pick a place that would easily give him the opportunity to ‘disappear’.

In the end we decided on a busy shopping area in the middle of a big housing estate on the other side of town. There are lots of little alley ways to get from one street to another. Because it took so long to find the ‘right’ place, we all decided to do this as a ‘double act’.

Katie and I walked down the street with a heavy (2 bricks) supermarket bag in each hand. Ben walked on the other side of the road about 20 yards behind us. We had a pre-arranged signal of me tuning 360 degrees.

As we walked, Katie and I decided which of the people walking towards us, we wanted to flash. We picked 2 workmen who were doing something in a hole in the side of the road. When we were about 5 yards from them I did a quick 360 and kept walking. Within seconds I felt my dress being dragged to the floor round my ankles. I screamed, but stood there hanging on to the bags. Then Katie screamed. Her dress had been ripped right off. Ben threw it on the floor and ran off.

The naked 2 of us stood there screaming for a few seconds before putting the bags down, pretending to be embarrassed, trying to cover our ‘interesting’ bits, and putting our dresses back on, all at the same time. Of course we made a mess of it and it took quite a few seconds for us to be decent again. All the time we were looking around to see the reactions of the people who were looking at us.

The 2 workmen were stood there grinning. One thirty something woman with a kid in a buggy looked more shocked than we were pretending to be, and an old man looked as if he was about to have a heart attack. Another middle-aged man had decided that he was going to catch Ben and was running after him. ‘Not a cat in hells chance’ I thought.

The woman with the buggy came over to us and asked us if we were okay and if we wanted her to phone the police. When we said that we were okay and that we would call the police, she wrote her name and address on a piece of paper and told us that she would be a witness if we wanted. I had all on not to laugh.

Anyway, we met Ben (with his hoodie in a bag) about 10 minutes later and all had a good laugh.

*Pizza dare – order one by phone for home delivery and answer the door naked.*

We did this as a ‘double act’ as well. We picked an afternoon when both my Mum and Dad were at work. We decided that we would act like 2 lesbian lovers when we answered the door.

It was an Asian guy in his twenties that arrived with the pizza. His eyes opened as wide as they could and his jaw dropped when the door opened and he saw Katie stood naked in front of him. Before Katie had chance to say anything, I went up behind her and put my arms round her, grabbed her boobs and asked who it was. She told me and I told him to come in.

We backed up and he came in the door – just. I told Katie to go and get the man some money and off she went. I stood about 3 feet in front of him watching his eyes go from Katie’s backside to my full frontal.

I tried to apologise for our state of dress but he wasn’t listening. His brain was working overtime and his jeans were getting tighter.

Katie got the money and walked back to us. As she woke him up and paid him, I went behind Katie and put on hand on one of her boobs and the other hand on her pubic mound.

I’m pretty sure that the guy creamed his pants.

When the door shut, Ben came down the stairs and we used the kitchen table for something that it wasn’t really designed for.

We had cold pizza a while later.

*Go bowling wearing an ultra-short skirt with no panties on, and play at least 2 full games.*

We decided that the best time to do this one would be late on a Friday evening. The 3 of us were given a lane towards the far end of the hall.

It wasn’t long before we got an audience of about 7 or 8 young people, mainly young men. I’m sure that I don’t have to tell you what was showing each time we bowled.

As the games went on the audience got a bit bigger, and Katie and I got more aroused. Ben was doing the scoring and afterwards he told us that the man who was scoring for the lane next to us had told him that he was, ‘a lucky bastard’. He agreed.

**My Last day at my Saturday job**

I had been working at a clothes shop on a Saturday for years. I got on well with the manager (Ann), a woman in her thirties and she had got to know about my passion for exhibitionism. She had sometimes helped me by telling me to model clothes for male customers if they weren’t sure what they would like on.

So, when I went in on my last day I asked her if I could take the place of one of the mannequins for a few hours. Ann smiled at this request then agreed saying that it could be fun. She said that she would do the dressing, undressing and moving of me so that the other girls could get on with keeping the customers happy. Then she told the other girls what was going to happen. Some were amused and some were horrified that I could want to do it.

Anyway, Ann gave me a dress and told me to go and put it, and only it, on then come out into the shop. When I got back she had moved one of the mannequins from a pedestal near the entrance, but not in the window, of the shop. I stood on the pedestal and was moved into the post that Ann wanted me in. She told me to make all movements animated, and not move anything on my own. She then told me to stand like that for 10 minutes.

10 minutes later she came back to me, asked if I was okay and if I wanted to continue. I said that I did and Ann started unfastening the dress I had on. She let it drop to the floor leaving me naked. My nipples went hard and could feel the rush in my pussy. It was still early and there were very few people in the shop. Customers walked in and out, right passed me as Ann lifted one leg, then to other to retrieve the dress.

Then Ann picked up the dress and walked away leaving me naked, just inside the shop. A couple of the other shop girls came over to see me. Both smiled at me and one of them asked me if I was okay. When I said I was, she asked me if I was enjoying myself. She then told me that I had the right breasts for it (conical) and that she could never do what I was doing because her breasts were way too droopy.

Ann left me for about 5 minutes before she returned with just a top. She put that on me, brushing her hand against my nipples as she did so. “Getting a little horny are we” she said, before walking away. Another 5 or so minutes and she came back with a skirt.

She knelt down in front of me, leaving her face inches from my pussy, and lifted a leg. She looked at my wet, swollen pussy, then up to my face and said, “You are enjoying yourself, aren’t you?” She eased the skirt up, fastened it, changed my pose and left me.

Fortunately I could easily hold that pose because it was a long time before she came back to me.

When she did, she stripped me then went away leaving me naked again. The shop was getting busier and a few people stared at me for a few seconds before walking on. A couple of teenage girls came in and both stopped in front of me. I could see them staring at my pussy.

Ann came over to them and said, “They’re getting very realistic these days aren’t they? They even use holes where the pussy is to screw the parts together.” The girls giggled a bit and walked on.

Later Ann came back and dressed me in a baby doll nightie, without the knickers, rearranged my pose and left me.

When she next came and stripped me she left me with my feet about 18 inches apart and bent at the waist so that my boobs were hanging down. My backside was facing a rack of clothes along a wall.

About 10 minutes later Ben came in to the shop. I’d already told him what I hoped to do and he thought that he’d come and see if I was doing it. Now Ann had heard about Ben but she had never met him.

Ben spotted me straight away and came over to me. He stood in front of me and just looked at me. After about a minute he went to my side and put his hand on my left breast.

Ann came over and said the same as she’d said to the girls. Ben still held my breast and said, “Yes, it’s amazing, the texture is the same as a real breast.” He let go and went behind me. I felt a finger go into my pussy, move around inside for a few seconds, then pull out. “Wow,” he said, “they’ve even got the moisture and taste right.”

I wanted to burst out laughing but managed to keep a straight face and keep still.

Ann just looked at him as he said, “Thank you;” and walked out.

Still staring after Ben, Ann asked me if I was okay.

Ann then put a dress on me and told me to go to the staff room for a break.

When I went back Ann had moved the pedestal neared the shop door. She had already given me a shelf bra and thong to put on under the dress. When I got on the pedestal she took the dress off, put me in the pose that she wanted, and left me.

Quite a few people going in and out looked at me, but none came for a closer look.

When she came back to me she took the bra off me then left me again.

I still wasn’t getting much attention so Ann came back and removed the thong. There was no way that the shop could sell that thong, it was sodden.

A short while later a teenage couple came in and the boy obviously wanted to get a closer look. They came over to me and stood in front of me. The boy was poking one of my breasts when Ann came over and said, “They’re getting very realistic these days aren’t they? Even the genitals look like the real thing.” With that the girls put her hand between my legs and felt my soaking pussy.

“Fucking hell,” she said, “it’s even wet and warm as well.”

“Let me have a go.” The boy said. He then put his hand on my pussy, but instead of just touching me his finger went inside me and moved about for a few seconds.

As he pulled it out he looked up at me and smiled. I had all on not to smile back.

The boy then said, “Very life like,” and dragged his girlfriend off.

A while later Ben came back. This time he ran his hand down my back from neck to below my bum. That sent a shiver through me. He hand then went between my legs and he started finger fucking me. He was still doing this to me when Ann came over and asked him if she’d seen him before. He said that he’d been in earlier and that he’d come back to see just how realistic the mannequin was.

“Very,” was all Ann said.

Ben then put his other hand on my stomach and slid it down and gripped my pubic bone. I was really finding it hard to keep still and keep a motionless face.

“Okay, that’s enough” Ann said, “It’s time to leave.”

I broke my silence and introduced them, Ben as my brother. Ann pulled a dress from a nearby rack and told me to put it on.

Ann was a bit shocked that I let my brother do that to me, but we were soon laughing about it.

I was told to go and take a break, and when I got back there was a naked proper mannequin stood where I had been. Ann came over and told me that me and the mannequin were going to be put in the same poses for the rest of the day; and that every 5 minutes one of the staff would come over and change the pose. Ann told me where to stand and then she took my dress off and put me in the pose that she wanted.

Every 5 minutes or so, one of the staff would come over and change the way we had to stand. Each one of them would whisper something to me. None of the comments were bad, most were encouraging. One girl (Sophie) whispered that I was so brave, that she had always wanted to do what I was doing but never had the courage.

As I stood there watching people and some of them watching me, I had an idea. When the next girl came to change the pose I asked her to send Ann over.

I told Ann what Sophie had said and asked her if Sophie could join me. Ann looked at her watch then called Sophie over. Ann asked Sophie, “Are you shaved?” Sophie blushed and said, “Yes.” “Completely?” Ann asked. Sophie went a bit redder and said, “Yes.” Ann then gave Sophie the dress that she had taken off me and told Sophie to go and put it on.

When Sophie got back. Ann told her to stand next to me. Sophie did and Ann told her that she was going to be a mannequin for the rest of the day; and started to take her dress off. Sophie started to say something. But stopped and went bright red again.

Sophie was stood there in just her little thong, but that didn’t stay on for long. Ann took the dress and thong and left us.

I could just see Sophie without moving my head. She looked nervous.

“Relax,” I whispered, “enjoy the experience. It might never happen again.”

A couple of minutes later I heard Sophie whisper, “That man’s looking at me.”

I whispered back, “Isn’t that what you wanted?”

Ann came back and changed our pose. As she changed Sophie’s pose I heard her whisper, “You are enjoying this aren’t you?” I saw Ann hold a finger up to Sophie’s face. Sophie went red again.

When one of the more outspoken girls came to change our pose, she opened our legs about a foot. It made it easier for us to stand still, but it left our pussies more exposed. I wondered what Sophie was thinking.

Just before closing time a teenage boy and girl saw us as they walked into the shop. They came right up to us and the boy bent down to have a closer look at our pussies.

The girl must have been a bit thick because she grabbed the boy’s arm and dragged him off saying, “They’re only plastic.” I just heard him say, “Yeah, right.” He had a big grin on his face.

All good things come to an end, and Ann came over and put a dress on us, then told us to go and put our own clothes on.

As Sophie and I walked to the office, Sophie told me that she had been really annoyed with me at first, but by the end she was really enjoying it. She thanked me and told me that she was going to rape her boyfriend the second that she saw him.

As we got changed I did the finger test on her, showed her the results and said, “You really did enjoy it didn’t you?” Sophie smiled and sucked my finger.

Sophie didn’t put her thong on under her skirt.

When we came out, Ann met us and asked me if I had enjoyed my last day. Not that she needed an answer. She wished me all the best at university and told me that I was welcome back anytime. I asked her, “As a mannequin?” Ann smiled.

**Old Misery Guts**

One day before school ended, I came home to find that the fence between our house and Old Misery Guts’ house had been replaced. The new one was 6 feet high and one of those wood panel things. It was a cheap one because quite a few of the planks were warped and had knot holes in them. I didn’t think much of it at the time, but on one of the few sunny days after school finished, I realised that perhaps Old Misery Guts had bought a cheap and nasty fence on purpose.

Mum and Dad were out at work and Ben was out with his mates, and I decided that I wanted to sit in the sun for a while. As usual, when Mum and Dad were at work I was naked. I got a garden chair out and sat facing the back of our house, and the sun. I got the urge to put on a show for Old Misery Guts and was a bit disappointed when I couldn’t see him looking down on me from one of his upstairs windows.

What the hell I thought, I was still going to pleasure myself, and I slid down in the chair and opened my legs. As my hands started exploring my breasts I heard a noise coming from next door’s garden and as I looked towards the new fence I thought that I saw something move. Wondering if I knew what was happening; I got up and walked into the house, then ran upstairs and looked out the back. There he was, the old perv was looking through one of the knot holes in the fence. He’d found a way of getting a closer look at me.

Feeling wetter and more desperate to put on a show for him, I ran back downstairs and walked out to the chair. I turned it towards the fence a bit and moved it a bit closer to the fence; then sat on the front edge and leaned back.

The old perv was now less than 2 yards from my naked, open, throbbing, wet pussy.

I spent the next 15 minutes slowly bringing myself to a wonderful orgasm knowing that he was watching my every move.

After satisfying myself I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew something was touching my pussy. Thinking that it was nice, but realising that it wasn’t my hand, I opened my eyes to see big dog stood between my legs, and licking my pussy.

My first reaction was panic and curse the fact that we don’t have a side gate, but the sensation it was giving me was good so I resisted the urge to shout at it.

I just sat there and let it lick and lick until I came again. It kept licking then tried to climb on to me. When I realised that it was going to try to fuck me I decided that enough was enough and chased it out of our garden. I sat down again and wondered if Old Misery Guts had seen what had happened.

I went inside, checked that the perv was still there, got my sunglasses and then went back outside. With my sunglasses on I walked round the garden letting him have a good look at me. I even went right up to the fence where I thought he was.

Shortly after that Katie arrived. I took her out the back and got another chair for her and put it next to mine. She stripped and sat down. We talked about all sorts and then I told her about the dog. We talked about what we thought it would be like to be fucked by a dog.

All this, not more than 2 yards from the perv; but I hadn’t told Katie he was there.

Katie said that all the talk about fucking had got her horny and she started rubbing herself. I watched as she made herself cum. I also kept looking through my sunglasses to check that the old perv was still there.

After Katie had calmed down I took her inside to get us a drink; then told her that the old perv had watched her. She grinned and asked me what we could do to give him a heart attack.

Shortly after that, Ben arrived home with one of his mates; who was a bit shocked to see us 2 naked girls. We didn’t waste any time and dragged them outside for them to fuck us both on the grass. If you are wondering which one of us fucked Ben and which one of us fucked his mate, the answer is that both Katie and I fucked both of them.

Old Misery Guts really got his money’s worth that day.

Read all about our holiday in Ibiza in part 8 – cumming soon.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 8 – The summer holidays - Ibiza**

The holiday really started when we walked out of our house. Katie had come over the day before because we had an early start. Katie and I both wore the only clothes that we were taking that weren’t either partially or totally see through. We figured that we would be well pissed off if we got arrested even before we got on the plane.

We had to be at the airport at 4 o’clock in the morning. Dad offered to drive us but it wouldn’t have been fair on him because of his early start at work. Instead we went by bus. We had leave home at midnight so we got no sleep. When we got onto the final bus we dumped our big case and took our carry-ons to the back of the bus. That journey took an hour and by the time we got there both Katie and I were wearing something more in-line with what we intended to wear for the rest of the fortnight.

Ben had decided that we would take the little black remote controlled vibe (my ‘little black number’) with us and while I was getting changed he got the vibe out and told me to put it in. He didn’t switch it on.

We had done online check-ins so we only had to dump our cases before going through security. As we queued Ben switched the vibe on and I gasped quite loudly. He switched it off just as we got to the front of the queue.

When I went through the scanning archway it beeped. I went through it again but it beeped again. A security guard came to me and told me to put my arm out wide. He ran this wand thing over me and was staring at my tits all the time. Being that close to me he could see my hard nips through my top and if he’d bent down to scan my bare legs he would have seen my juices running down the inside of my thighs. Anyway, he waved me through.

Before we got on the plane Ben told me to go to the toilet and get the vibe out. I was a bit disappointed but did as he told me.

Ben had booked the 3 seats right at the back of the plane and he sat between Katie and me. One of the toilets was right behind us and there was a constant stream of people queuing to use it. Most of the men were staring at Katie’s and my tops and tops of our legs to see just how much they could see. If it was a cute man I would shuffle my backside a bit so that he could get a glimpse of my pussy.

About half way through the flight Ben asked Katie to unfasten her seatbelt and sit on his lap. As she lowered herself down I saw Ben quickly unzip his trousers and get his cock out. Katie gasped then smiled as she realised what she had impaled herself on.

They stayed like that for a good 10 minutes before Ben told her that it was my turn.

I was sitting in the aisle seat which meant that my back was to Katie as I impaled myself on Ben’s cock. For the 10 or 15 minutes that I sat like that Katie was caressing my bum. She also reached round and up my top and caressed one of my tits when no one was looking. Poor Ben couldn’t take it anymore; I suddenly felt his hot juices fill me up. When he’d gone soft I got off him and sat down.

Ben then welcomed us both into the ‘Mile High’ club.

When we were talking on the plane I told Ben and Katie that I had noticed that Ben had taken on a sort of dominant role with us, and that both Katie and I had fallen into a submissive role. Both of them said that they hadn’t really noticed but when they thought about it they both agreed. We discussed it a bit and agreed that Katie and I were happy doing everything that Ben told us, and that Ben would also do anything that we told him, providing that we didn’t tell him to strip off in the middle of a crowded street and wank for us. He told us in most European countries women could usually get away with being naked just about anywhere, but men usually got arrested as soon as they dropped their trousers. We all complained about the stupid dual standards.

I also raised the subject of how we sat. I suggested that both Katie and I never cross our legs at all during the holiday. Ben said that it wasn’t very ‘lady like’ and Katie said that she didn’t intend to be anything like a lady. It was agreed.

When I got off that plane there was a big wet patch on my seat and a smaller one on Katie’s seat.

The warm air that hit us when the plane door opened was great. I instantly felt very happy and contented.

The tour operator ushered us out to a coach to take us to our hotel. It took about an hour. When we walked into reception there were lots of young people talking and laughing all over the place. It seemed like the whole place was filled with people our age.

We could see through to the swimming pool and there were lots of people obviously having a good time. We could also see the girls walking around. Most were topless and quite a few wore thongs. Some of the thongs were knickers style thongs not bikini style thongs. I could see that I was going to be happy there.

We rushed up to our room and flung the balcony doors open. We were on the second floor and our room was on the side of a busy, narrow road with narrow footpaths. At the other side of the road was another hotel with balconies. Katie said, “This could be interesting.”

After stripping off, Ben rearranged the furniture a bit so that 2 of the beds were right in front of the balcony doors with the foot of the bed nearest the doors. He up-ended the third bed so that we had more space in the room. We all lay naked on the bed, in full view of anyone in the hotel over the road, after a few minutes Ben told us to go and explore. He told us that he would come and find us in a bit.

We put on the same thong bikini bottoms that got us thrown out of the swimming pool in England (no tops) and went out of the room. It felt a bit strange, but nice, being virtually naked walking down the corridor of a hotel. We decided to wait for the lift and when the doors opened 2 young men got out. They had obviously had a few drinks and one of them said, “Well hello, where did you 2 come from?” They looked us up and down a few times and one of them had his eyes glued to my tits.

We smiled at them, told them that we might see them later and got in the lift before the doors shut.

I gave Katie the finger test and she was as wet as me.

None of the reception staff took the slightest bit of notice of us 2 virtually naked girls as we walked through reception and the rooms on the ground floor. We walked down the hotel steps and onto the street with all the cars wizzing by. We looked both ways then crossed the road. Just along a bit we could see Ben leaning on the railings of our balcony. Katie shouted at him and we all waved.

I wanted to go for a walk down the street but Katie wanted to go back into the hotel saying that we could go for a walk later. We went back into the hotel and through to the swimming pool where we saw other girls wearing just a thong. We fitted in quite well. Wandering round the pool we saw a little games area with a table tennis table and a pool table. A girl, who was wearing just a thong, and a boy were playing table tennis.

As we passed the outside bar a young man asked us if he could buy us a drink. We looked at each other then told him he could. We got the drinks and the 3 of us went over to his mate and we sat on their sunbeds and talked.

The lads moved to the bottom of the sunbeds and told us that we could lie down and start our tan. We did. About 5 minutes later I remembered the design of the thongs that we had on. Looking at the lads faces I realised that they had already seen our pussies.

‘What the hell’ I thought and let my legs part a little. I looked over to Katie and saw that she had done the same. In fact her legs were wider apart than mine. After a few minutes more of telling each other lots about each other, one of the lads told me that he liked our bikinis. I opened my legs more and told him that I had made them myself. “Impressive,” he said. I wasn’t sure if he meant what he could see, or the fact that I had made the bikinis.

The lads sat on the end of the sunbeds staring at our pussies and making more conversation for a few more minutes when Ben appeared. Katie and I got up and I introduced Ben. I thanked them for the drinks and we left.

As we walked away Ben said that it was easy for girls to get free drinks. He was right.

We showed Ben round the rooms that we had found, including the tour operator’s notice board. We saw that there was a party in the hotel every night, lots of swimming pool activities, pub crawls and a few trips to local and big island clubs.

We walked out of the hotel to a little supermarket next door talking about which of the trips we wanted to go on. Not many because we didn’t have much money.

We bought a supply of drinking water and a few bottle of beer. None of the staff took any notice of our state of dress but one man had a good look at my pussy as I squatted down to lift the big water bottle.

Back in our room we decided that we were hungry. Katie and I took off our thongs and put on a skirt and bikini top. I put on one of the little wrap round skirts that didn’t meet at the sides and slid it round a bit so that the front, top of my left leg was showing, right up to my belly button. Katie slid it round a bit more to show my pussy but I thought that it was better to cover my pussy, well for the time being anyway.

Just before we left, Ben announced ‘Rule number 1’. We both looked at him wondering what the hell he was on about. He produced the remote vibe and said that each time we went out for a meal and we knew that we were going back to the room we had to take it in turns wearing the vibe. He then asked who wanted to be first. We both put our hand up. I backed-down saying that I’d already used it once that day. Ben passed the vibe to Katie and she squatted down and pushed it in.

As we walked out through reception Ben gave the vibe a quick burst causing a loud gasp from Katie.

We went and found a little café and sat at a table outside. Ben picked a table at the roadside next to where everyone was walking. Katie was in a seat facing the street one way and I was in a seat facing the other way.

When I sat down I automatically crossed my legs. Ben corrected me, telling me that if I did it again he would have to punish me. I laughed and asked him if he was going to smack my bum. He got a suggestive look on his face and said, “Maybe.”

We ordered and got or drinks. Katie was quiet for a couple of minutes then she moved her chair so that she was parallel to the road, and slid down so that her bum was perched on the edge of the chair. Her little skirt had ridden up and her pussy was on display. She opened her legs wide then closed them. I could see her wet lips, so could anyone who was walking up the street towards her – if they looked.

I smiled and did the same.

We spent the rest of the time waiting for our food flashing the people walking along the street, interspersed with Ben giving the remote vibe a blast. Every time that Ben did it Katie squealed a bit which attracted a couple of people to look over to us.

Ben gave Katie a bit of a rough time as she ate but she finally made it and we paid and left. We were about half way back to the hotel when Ben pushed her over the edge and she grabbed my arm as she shook and fought to stay quiet. Ben just stood there smiling.

Back at the hotel we stripped, went and sat on the balcony and watched the people going by. We were all sat on chairs with our feet apart on the railings. Katie still had the vibe in and Ben was slowly getting her high again. The next thing that I realised was that a bus driving down the street had stopped in traffic, right in front of us. Some of the passengers were at a height where they were level with us; and 2 or 3 of them were staring straight between our legs.

That was it for Katie, with these strangers a few feet from her she just orgasmed. A loud one as well, though you couldn’t hear much over the noise of the traffic.

When the bus moved on a couple of young men and a man and a woman in the hotel over the road had come out onto their balconies and were about 25 feet from us. They were all in their swimwear – unlike us.

Over the noise of the traffic we said ‘hi’ to each other. The couple went in, but the young men stayed out drinking beer and watching us. A short while later we went in and the 3 of us lay on the bed. I fell asleep and when I woke up Katie was riding Ben with the 2 young men still watching.

That evening we went to the tour operators meeting where they told us a bit about San Antonio and tried to sell us ticked to every event on Ibiza. We skipped the end of the session and spent the rest of the evening in the hotel bar.

The inside bar has very low sofas which when you sit down the first time you think that you are falling to the floor. As a result both Katie and I ended up sitting there with our legs wide apart. Much to the delight of the men in the bar there was no way that we could hide our bare pussies without crossing our legs – which we didn’t.

The hotel party that night started and finished early as there were only a handful of people there. So we didn’t go.

The night was so warm that we all slept on top of the bed not knowing if anyone was looking into our room. In fact, we never closed the curtains and the light was on for the whole 2 weeks. We must have provided voyeurs paradise for the people in the hotel over the road.

*Author’s Note*

*I’ve just realised that if I write about everything that Amy and Katie got up to in chronological order I would be writing a book not a short story. I’ve decided to just write about the best bits and put them in time of day order. I’ve grouped them into Breakfast, Day Time and Nights, but there will be some overlap as ‘events’ went over from one time of the day to another.*

*Vanessa*

**Breakfasts.**

The first morning that we went for breakfast Katie and I just put on of our string vests on. When we got down there we saw that some girls wore bikinis or thong bikinis, some wore a skirt and bikini tops, and some just bikini or thong bikini bottoms.

Because a lot of the guests never made it to breakfast one waitress could look after the small number of people that were there, and she didn’t seem to be bothered about the lack of clothes.

The next morning we just wore the thong bikini bottoms that have the bottom half of the material missing, the ones that we wore the first day. We didn’t even wear shoes. These didn’t get any reaction from staff or guests so on all the days after that we wore any of the 3 other types of thong bikinis that we had with us.

I must admit that we did get a few looks and comments from the other guests, after all, our pussies were on display.

It was a bit ‘strange ‘ being dressed in so little in a hotel restaurant at first, but we soon got used to it.

One morning as we were coming out of the restaurant the receptionist called us over. I thought that we here going to be in trouble but he just told us that we should wear shoes in the restaurant as there was a danger from broken glass.

**Day Times.**

We decided to explore San Antonio the first day. Katie wore one of the wrap skirts and a very see through bikini top and I wore one of the thin flared micro skirts and a very see through top.

Because we intended to eat out somewhere, it was my turn to wear the remote vibe.

We wandered all over the place for hours. Ben kept giving me little reminders of what was inside me, usually when I least expected it. 3 times he made me cum that day, and each time it was when other people were around. I got a few funny looks. One time when I was cumming I dropped my purse and when I was able to, I squatted down to retrieve it. As I was doing so I heard a whistle and looked up in front of me to see a young man staring between my legs. I dropped my purse quite a few times after that.

During the afternoon we came across a sex shop and went in. It was amazing, I’ve never seen so many sex toys, some of which I still don’t know what you are supposed to do with. Ben insisted on buying 2 pairs of handcuffs.

We had lunch in Burger King with Katie and I flashing our pussies to anyone who looked towards us. One of my 3 orgasms that day was in that Burger King.

Another good day was when we got a boat to one of the beaches nearby. The ferry was only small and had people sitting in rows facing each other. We picked a spot opposite a group of teenagers and gave them the pleasure of staring at our pussies under our skirts. I was wearing one of the sets of rectangles. We had sunglasses on so we could watch them watching us without them knowing.

The beach was great, lots of warm sand and warm, clear water. One end of it was obviously for people who wanted to sunbathe naked, so we went to that end of the clothed part and we all stripped off (yes, Ben as well). No one really took much notice of us, but we did get a lot of people looking at us when we walked all along the water’s edge to both ends of the beach. Ben had decided to make it a little bit interesting for the gawkers by walking in between us and holding our hands or putting his arms round our waists.

We got even more looks when Katie and I went to the little bar to get some ice creams without putting anything on.

A bit later Katie and I went for a walk around the car park, the café at the other end of the beach, and along the coast a bit. Again we went naked.

We also went swimming a couple of times and Ben decided that he’d looked at us 2 naked girls for too long. One at a time he got us to float on our backs and he fucked us in amongst the other swimmers. We came out of the water right in the middle of the clothed part and walked in amongst them to get back to our towels.

On the boat on the way back Katie didn’t put her skirts on; instead she wore a thong bikini that left her pussy uncovered. A middle aged couple sat opposite us. The man looked happy, but the woman looked like she was going to explode. She didn’t half give her husband some grief.

Walking back to the hotel from the harbour was ‘interesting’ we had a few people looking at us and a couple of young boys following us. One time when they had gone passed us and were walking back towards us for another look; I dropped my bag and squatted down, with knees apart, to pick it up. I watched them stare at my puss.

The next day Ben took us to a large supermarket that we’d seen. We went to the pet animals section and Ben bought 2 dog collars and 2 leads. I asked him if he was going to lead us round town one day. All would say was, “something like that”. Katie and I were wearing see through skirts that morning and the checkout girl had a long look as she worked. After that we got a bus to another beach. I wore a wrap skirt while Katie wore one of the flared ones. I remembered the trick about holding the side of an unfastened skirt together, rubbing against the edge of a seat and letting go so that it looked like the skirt snagged on something and fell to the ground leaving me naked below the waist. A little scream and fake panic got other passengers to look at me.

Katie was so impressed that when we came back she wore that skirt and tried it. She got it right. Only she ended up completely naked as we’d decided to go back topless. I only wore one of the thongs that left my pussy completely uncovered so as we walked through San Antonio I was only wearing a couple of pieces of string (and shoes).

We spent quite a few days round the hotel pool and got to know quite a few of the other guests and both Ben and Katie had let it be known that I was Ben’s sister and that we were all sharing one room. Conversations often got started by both boys and girls asking me if I really was Ben’s sister. I always said that I was, but didn’t say that I was his step sister very often.

The first few times that we spent the day there Katie and I wore one of the thongs, but after a few of the boys told us that we may as well be naked, we went naked. Most days when we were at the pool the only things that we took down from our rooms were a towel, sun lotion and sunglasses. We let Ben carry our money. We had to walk through reception to get to the pool and none of the staff took a blind bit of notice.

Being naked in the hotel got so common that one day while it was still light we walked out onto the street and got about 20 yards down the road before we remembered that we were naked.

Someone at the pool had a plastic football and we often split into teams and played our version of water polo. It was usually girls v boys and there definitely wasn’t a ‘no contact’ rule. I lost count of the number of times that my body got groped. I wasn’t complaining as I often grabbed the boy’s cocks.

The hotel had an ‘entertainments officer’ who organised quite a few games for the guests to play. Most involved the swimming pool and had the opportunity for underwater groping.

Sometimes we got challenged to a game of pool or table tennis. Neither Katie nor I are very good at either, we usually lost when we were playing girls and won when we were playing boys. When we started losing against the boys we would start teasing them by hiding the table tennis ball where the boys couldn’t see it (in our pussies), or fingering ourselves, or using the pool cue as a dildo, or making out with each other. The boys kept complaining that we weren’t playing fair.

One day we got the bus to Ibiza town to have a look around. Katie wore one of the wrap skirts and a semi see through top. I wore a string vest and belt.

There were quite a few American sailors these because one of their massive aircraft carriers was in port. It had its side doors open and it looked big enough for a jumbo jet to fly right through. Anyway, the American guys loved the way that we dressed. We lost count of the number of offers to take us for a drink.

We went up to the old part of the town where it was very quiet. We found this big ancient canon and a couple of yanks that were there asked if they could take our photograph on the canon. After a couple of shots they asked is if we would pose topless for them. We did one better and posed naked, sitting on top of the canon with our legs either side. The yanks were well pleased and wanted to buy us diner. We declined.

Ibiza town has a lot of little clothes shops, all ridiculously expensive, but that didn’t stop us from trying some on. The shops usually only had us as customers so each time we found something that we wanted to try on we just changed in the shop. None of the shop assistants complained, but they all watched us.

At one point, Katie and Ben fancied a drink but I wanted to look in a few more clothes shops. We arranged to meet on the harbour wall and off they went leaving me to browse some more. I went into this one small shop that was being looked after by a really cute girl about my age. There was no one else in there. As I browsed she asked me if I needed any help. I said that I didn’t, but if I did I would let her know. I browsed some more and found a top that I wanted to see how I looked in it and I asked the girl if I could try it on.

I put the top down and started to undo my belt, but the damn thing was stuck. Either that, or I was too nervous about what I was hoping was going to happen.

The girl could see that I was having a problem, came over and asked if I needed any help. I told her that I was having trouble with my belt. She squatted down in front of me to get to it and unfastened it easily.

I was wearing one of my string vests that day and as she squatted down she could see through all the holes to my naked pussy. She said that she liked my dress, she said that she liked the way she could put a finger through the holes. As she was saying that, she pushed a finger through one of the holes and touched my puss. It felt nice and I moaned a bit. She slid her other hand up the back of my leg, right up to my bum.

Her other hand slid up my other leg so that she was holding both my cheeks. My vest was up round my waist and her face was right in front of my pussy. After blowing on my pussy a couple of times (which made me moan again), she stood up, pulling my vest up with her. My arms went up as my vest was pulled right up and off.

I was stood naked in a shop, right in front of a big window with people walking passed, and there was a cute girl stood inches from me. I decided that if I was naked, she was going to be naked too. Staring her into the eyes, I stepped back a little and got hold of the bottom of her top and lifted it up and off her. She wasn’t wearing a bra and her firm little breasts pointed straight at me.

She was wearing a denim skirt so I reached forward, unfastened the button and zip and slid it down until it dropped on its own. I was pleased to see that she too wasn’t wearing any knickers.

I stepped forward and kissed her full on the mouth. She reacted as I hoped and we explored each other’s tonsils. Our hands were busy exploring each other’s boobs and pussies.

Within seconds we were on the floor eating each other. Her pussy tasted really nice and her nipples were small but very sensitive, I had her cumming within a couple of minutes. Thankfully, she kept her teeth and tongue working on my pussy until I came as well.

I rolled off her and lay beside her for a minute or so. Then we got up and dressed in silence.

I kissed her cheek, thanked her for her help and said goodbye; and was off out of there. She was nice, but I prefer Ben and Katie.

I never did try that top on.

When I got to the harbour there was no sign of Ben and Katie so I went up onto the harbour wall and found a seat that I could sit on to wait for them. It was only when I sat down that I realised that just in front of me was a railing, then a drop of about 6 feet to a lower part of the harbour wall. There were lots of people walking along there and I realised that if they looked up at me they would be able to see up my skirt to my pussy; especially if I opened my legs and put my feet on the railings. So I did.

While I waited, I watched the people below through my sunglasses. Quite a lot of the youngish men and a few of the youngish women did look up and must have seen my pussy. I most enjoyed the 3 boys who were about 14 or 15. They just stood and stared as I got wetter and wetter as I ignored them. They eventually gave up and walked off.

Ben and Katie arrived and we walked off to get something to eat. Both Katie and I flashed a few people before it got too dark. We decided to head off back to San Antonio before it got too late.

On the way back to the bus station we came across a sex shop. We decided to go in and look around. I thought it would be good to get us feeling even more randy.

After a few minutes, Katie asked if we could spend the money that we had won at the wet T-shirt competition (tell you about that later). After a short group discussion we all agreed and we bought 2 sets of Ben Wa balls, 2 Butt Plugs and a long, double ended flexible dildo.

The Butt Plugs are made of stainless steel and at the end that doesn’t go in the butt there is a really nice fake diamond about an inch across. When they are in your butt or pussy, all you can see from the outside is this diamond sparkling in the light. Ben though that they would look great to anyone who we flashed our pussies and / or bum at.

Neither Katie nor I had heard of Ben Wa balls before and Ben had to explain what they were, and how they worked. We were both a sceptical, but Ben assured us that we would not regret using them.

As we walked to the bus station and while we were waiting for the bus. I was getting wetter and wetter thinking about trying our new toys.

Katie did the ‘get the skirt caught and pulled off’ stunt as we got on to the bus, much to the delight of a couple of middle-aged English men.

We sat right at the back and both Katie and I frantically ripped open the packaging.

We tried the butt plugs in our pussies first. They looked good, felt good too. The diamonds sparkled each time the light from a street light came in. Then we moved them to our butts. I felt full.

Because Ben was sat in between us we couldn’t try the double-ended dildo properly so we took it in turns. I was looking forward to getting on the bed in our room with Katie.

Last was the Ben Wa balls. When we pushed them in, I said that I could hardly feel them. Ben just told us to wait until we got off the bus and walked back to the hotel.

About 10 minutes later Katie suddenly said, “what if one falls out?” Shit, I hadn’t thought about that.

Ben told us that we could use the muscles in our pussies to keep them in. I spent the rest of the journey squeezing my pussy muscles, which got me feeling quite randy.

Ben was feeling a bit left out watching us both play with our new toys on the bus, so Katie gave him a blow job.

We got off the bus and as soon as I started walking along the road I started to feel the 2 balls bumping together, it felt good. More walking and more bumping and I was starting to feel quite good. Just before we got to our hotel, I heard a dull thud and Katie shouted, “Shit!” I turned round to see Katie walking back down the road and then bending down. One of her balls had fallen out and was rolling down the road. Ben and I both laughed.

Back in our room, Katie and I didn’t waste any time in replacing the balls with our double ended dildo. We gave Ben, and the people in the hotel over the road quite a show.

The next day I wanted to try flashing people with a Butt Plug in my pussy. I put it in while I was in the shower and swore that I wasn’t going to take it out all day.

Breakfast wasn’t a problem, but straight afterwards Ben wanted to relax by the pool for a bit. We went out and grabbed a sunbed each. As usual, my legs were open a bit and it wasn’t long before one of the other boy’s came over to us and asked what I was doing with a diamond in my pussy. I told him that it was a Butt Plug that I had just got and was trying it out. He said the obvious so I told him that if it had been in my bum he wouldn’t have seen it, but because it was in my pussy it had attracted his attention and he would be staring at it for as long as he could. He said that I was right.

We decided to go to one of the beaches by boat and I put on one of the sets of rectangles while Katie wore a little wrap skirt and bikini top. On the boat we were sat opposite a young couple. It didn’t take the boy long to realise that he could see my pussy and something shiny in it. I watched them through my sunglasses as he whispered to his girlfriend and she too looked at me. Both of them spent the rest of the boat ride with their eyes glued to my pussy and whispering to each other. The bulge in his shorts told me that he was enjoying the view.

We went and spread out at the end of the clothed area and had a relaxing few hours topping up our all-over tans. As I always wanted to make sure that I got the insides of my legs tanned, my legs were wide apart. Ben went for a walk up and down the beach and when he came back he told me that the sun kept reflecting off my diamond which would have made him want to know what it was, if he didn’t already know.

I wondered how many other people’s eyes had stared at my pussy and diamond because of the diamond.

One thing that I hadn’t bargained on was the sun on the metal ring holding the diamond in place. I was first reminded that the sun heats metal quite quickly when I felt my pussy was getting hot. It wasn’t arousal hot (although I was), it was temperature hot. I put my fingers on the Butt Plug intending to turn it and found it to be quite hot. After I realised what was happening I had to go for a swim or a walk along the beach (through all the unfortunate swimsuit clad people) for it to cool down.

Going back to San Antonio on the boat was just as good. Two teenage girls were sat opposite me and the spent most of the ride staring at my pussy and whispering and giggling.

Another day we got the bus to Ibiza town then got another bus to a place called Ses Salines. There are some nice little beaches and rocky and wooded areas there. Apart from one area, most of the people there were naked. We had a really nice time there relaxing, having sex in the sea and on the sand in amongst the rocks. We had the odd one or two people watching us, but we just ignored them. We walked quite a bit along the coast and through the wooded area, all whilst being naked. It was a wonderful feeling.

There is a little beach bar there where we had some lunch. Katie and I were the only completely naked people there, there were some people who we had seen naked on the beach but they had put something on before going there.

We walked to the bus stop still naked and only put our clothes on when we saw the bus coming. While waiting there, Ben went in to the little shop to get us an ice cream while we sat on the road curb with our knees bent and feet flat on the road. One teenage boy went and stood on the other side of the road opposite us so that he could get a good look at our pussies. We obliged him by opening our knees and feet wide.

About 10 days through the holiday we were out at a café having an ice cream and flashing people walking up and down the street when a girl about our age came and sat at a nearby table. We all thought that we’d seen her before but couldn’t place her. Ben was the first to remember her (probably something to do with her long blonde hair). She was on the plane out, with her boyfriend. They had been on the same coach as us but had got off at the hotel before we got to ours.

Ben said, “hi” to her and we started talking. After only a couple of minutes she started crying. We managed to get her to tell us what was wrong.

Her boyfriend had been going off and leaving her for hours on end. She (Emily) had found lipstick on his shirts and a couple of love-bites on his neck that she knew weren’t hers. The previous night they had gone to bed and when she woke up in the dark he was beside her, but there was a naked girl riding him. After a lot of shouting Emily had got dressed, grabbed her bag and walked out.

When we met her she hadn’t been back to their room and swore that she wasn’t going to; and she didn’t know what to do.

After a bit of discussion Ben told her that we had a spare bed in our room and that she could use that until she decided what she was going to do. Emily perked up a bit and bought us all some lunch. It turned out that all their money and traveller cheques were in her bag.

On the way back to our hotel Emily asked Katie and me if we realised that she could see through our skirts and tops. Ben laughed and told her that you could see through most of our clothes.

Emily got another shock when we went into our room and saw that the 3 of us were sharing the same bed. She got yet another shock when Katie told her that Ben was my brother.

Emily said that she hadn’t had a shower since the previous day and asked if she could use ours. Ben went to get her a new toothbrush.

A short while later Emily came out of the shower wearing only a towel saying that she literally had nothing to wear so we let her look through our clothes. She chose the black mesh dress and went to the bathroom to put it on.

She looked good when she came back, but she was pulling at the hem saying that she wasn’t used to not wearing underwear. We all laughed and said the she’d get used to it.

We talked a bit then Katie suggested that we go for a swim in the hotel pool. Everyone liked the idea and Katie and I stripped off and grabbed a towel. Emily jokingly asked if we were going like that, and was again shocked when we said that we were. I told her that she could borrow one of our thong bikinis but she said that she would just come and watch.

There were quite a few people that we knew at the pool, all of the girls there were topless and 2 were naked. It was funny that none of the boys ever got naked.

Anyway, after a lot of encouragement from everyone, Emily decided that she would take the plunge in both ways. The dress came off and she was quickly in the water, covering her small (but cute) breasts and bald puss as she went.

It took her about 30 minutes to relax and start enjoying herself, but when it came to getting out her hands were in covering mode.

We talked about her nude swimming experience and she said that she mostly liked it. She wasn’t happy that the boys were looking at her breasts all the time. She said that she was embarrassed by her small breasts. Ben told her that she shouldn’t be and that a large percentage of men actually prefer small breasts even though they always go on about big double Ds. He also asked her if she’d noticed that lots of the boys had spent lots of time looking at her breasts rather than Katie’s or mine. That they wouldn’t have done that if they didn’t prefer hers. That made her a bit happier and she relaxed a bit.

A bit later she got up and walked round the pool chatting to a couple of the boys. When she got back to us she said that was a lot happier about being naked around other people.

When the time came to go back to our room, Ben took the towels and Emily’s dress and disappeared leaving the 3 of us having to go back to our room naked. As we walked back through reception Katie asked Emily if she would be happy to prove that she was okay with being naked. When Emily asked how, Katie said that she had to go out into the street, cross the road and wait for us to wave to her from our balcony. Once we had seen each other she could come up to the room.

Off she went. We watched until she got to the other side of the road, then Katie and I went up to our room.

When we got there we could hear her shouting our names. However, some of the other guests in our hotel, and the hotel over the road had heard her and were on their balconies looking down at her. Some were whistling and shouting crude remarks at her. When we went out and Emily saw us she curtsied towards 2 of the groups of boys that were watching her, then walked over the road into our hotel.

When she got back to the room she told us that she was scared to death but at the same time very excited. She told us that she was quite turned on.

That night the 4 of us went round some of the bars and got pissed. Emily wasn’t very comfortable wearing see through clothes with no underwear out round the town at first, but she soon got used to it and was flashing her little tits and ass to get the boys to buy us drinks just the same as we were.

Back in our room Emily watched us 3 having sex before we all fell asleep.

Next morning Emily joined us for breakfast wearing one of our thong bikinis. She wasn’t too sure about going in to the hotel restaurant wearing so little and with her pussy on display, but soon got used to it when no one took any notice of her.

By the way, breakfast was ‘buffet’ style so no one noticed the extra person.

Late that evening Emily went to her hotel to get her things. Emily hadn’t wanted to go on her own so all 4 of us went – just in case. Fortunately, her ex wasn’t there so we got all Emily’s belongings without any problems.

The funny thing was that after we got all Emily’s clothes, she still kept wearing our clothes.

**Nights.**

On one of the tour operators pub crawls during the first week, we went to a bar that had a stage and ran wet T-shirt competitions. Oh, on these trips to pubs we usually didn’t have to buy many drinks for ourselves or Ben. The guys were always keen to buy ours if we flashed our tits or bums or pussies. We’d ask for bottles of beer and then pass some of them to Ben.

Anyway, both Katie and I told Ben that we were entering. We found the man who was organising it and were sent to a room at the back. We were given a T-shirt each and told to change into it. I didn’t fancy leaving what little clothes we had in that room so as soon as I had my T-shirt on I went and gave our clothes to Ben.

Back in the changing room we watched the other girls get changed and some of them rip their T-shirts to make them look sexy. We didn’t. All had knickers on. I went and told the organiser that we didn’t have any knickers. He seemed a bit disappointed saying that the guys liked to see the girls strip to their knickers, then take them off. I offered him a compromise of Katie and I doing a double act. I promised him that he wouldn’t be disappointed and that the guys would see lots of skin.

We were told that we would be on last and planned our act as we watched the other girls get wet then slowly tease their way out of their T-shirts. Some wore thongs, others full knickers. Not all stripped naked.

Then we were called on and got wet. We both then ripped the top of our T-shirts so that the neck hole was very big. As the music played we wobbled our tits and bums to the audience as they chanted, “Skin, skin.” Then came the unexpected bit, together, both Katie and I did a handstand and we stayed on our hands walking round the stage. Both our T-shirts fell round our hands and we walked out of them.

To tease the guys as well as help with our balance we opened our legs as wide as we could and went round the edge of the stage. After a while I winked to Katie and we both went over into the crab position with our feet right close to the front of the stage. On another wink to Katie we both lifted our shoulders and went down on our knees with our bodies leaning back. Our knees were as wide apart as we could and our open pussies were displayed to everyone.

The music stopped and we went off the stage.

We were well pleased when we were called back and told that we had won. We then had to repeat the performance. All went well, but at the end when we were on our wide apart knees, the music kept playing. I had an idea which Katie followed.

I lifted my body without moving my knees. Facing the very close audience I reached out to a boy who was drinking out of a bottle. I motioned for him to give it to me. I then took a drink and then slowly teased my pussy with the neck of the bottle. To shouts of, “In, in” I pushed the top of the bottle into my pussy. This got huge cheers from the guys as I started to fuck myself with the bottle. I looked over to Katie and saw that she was doing the same.

The music stopped and we got up, collected our money and left the stage.

Ben had our clothes so we went looking for him. We worked our way through the crowds getting groped quite a lot. My pussy was dripping, and it wasn’t with beer.

It took a while, but we eventually found Ben but didn’t dress until it was time to go.

One night during the first week, and after another night out drinking, Ben decided that he wanted to see how much of his hand he could get in to our pussies. With him between us on the bed he got to work on both of us at the same time. It was a bit of a competition between Katie and me to see who could take the most. I have to admit that it hurt like hell and we both screamed quite a bit (which attracted a bit of an audience from over the road); and we both had a couple of orgasms on the way.

Ben got all of his hand into Katie first. I wasn’t going to admit defeat and after a few more screams and another orgasm, he was in.

Both Katie and I had had our legs up in the air. We put them down and Ben shuffled round so that he was lying between us, head to feet. Katie and I played with Ben’s goodies and gave a joint blow job while he moved his fingers inside us.

After another orgasm for both of us, and one for Ben we all relaxed with Ben’s hands still inside us.

The next thing I knew it was morning and Ben’s hands were still inside us. I leaned up and gave Ben another BJ to wake him up.

Ben’s hands were a little numb, and with another couple of little screams from both Katie and me, Ben slowly extracted his hands.

We showered and went for breakfast with both Katie and I telling Ben that our holes were still wide open.

After breakfast we went and lay on some sunbeds by the pool. Of course, Katie and I had our legs open and a few people (girls included) asked what we had been up to.

When we told them one of the not so smart boys asked how the hell we had done that, so Ben showed him with Katie. We had a little audience as Ben slowly worked his hand in. One of the other boys said that he wanted a go so I said, “come on then.”

He wasn’t as gentle as Ben had been, it hurt quite a bit but I didn’t stop him. I orgasmed a couple of times, much to the delight of the girls and boys watching.

It’s one thing having an orgasm in public when people around you don’t know what’s happening to you, but it’s something else having one when you are naked, laying on a sunbed round a hotel pool, having a fist being pushed in to your pussy and you’re being watched by a group of people that you know. I don’t think that I’ve ever been so turned on. The other thing that I realised was that the more pain that that young man gave me, the more turned on I got.

Later that day we went on the boat to one of the nice beaches. We both wore one of the string vests, much to the delight of the group of boys on the boat. We spent most of the day sunbathing naked in amongst the people who kept their swimming costumes on.

It took most of the day for our pussies to get back to normal so a lot of people must have seen inside both our pussies.

The hotel parties were okay, they took place round the pool and were basically an excuse to dress up (or down) and drink a lot. The boys always managed to get the girls to shake their tits and bums. At some of them there were a couple of video-cams that were forever zooming in to get close-ups of our goodies. None of these parties lasted long and then most of the people went off to one or more of the bars in town.

As I mentioned earlier, each one had a theme. The more interesting themes and the ones that we went to were: -

**Pyjamas**

I think that the most anyone wore at these was knickers or boxers for the boys. They should have guessed (maybe they did) that most young people sleep naked these days, especially when it was so hot.

**On the beach**

Quite a few people chose to be naked there, and judging by the lack of tan lines I guessed that they sunbathed on the beaches where they could get naked.

**Toga Party**

Ben pinched a sheet from the maid’s trolley to help us with our outfits. All 3 of our togas consisted of 1 strip of sheet that went over one shoulder and down just long enough to cover our bums and pussies (meat and 2 in Ben’s case). Each toga was held together on our shoulders with a narrow strip of sheet, and round our waists was another strip of sheet that allowed us to pull the sheet as far round us, or not, as we wanted.

This time we girls were lifting the boy’s togas to see how many of them wore nothing underneath. We had quite a bit of fun comparing cocks and wondering what they were like hard. I think that most of the boys found this embarrassing as only 1 of them got hard.

**The School Dance**

We were amazed by the number of old school uniforms that people had taken on holiday with them. The only way that we could get to look a bit like school girls was to buy some black hold-ups and borrow a couple of ties from some of the boys.

Why is it that the boys go crazy when they see girls spilling out of school uniforms?

**Masters and Slaves**

Ben said that it was called this, but we later found out that it was actually ‘Naughty School Girls’. When Ben told us that we were going I knew exactly what we would be wearing. Katie hadn’t twigged and had put a skirt and bikini top on when Ben got out of the shower. He told her to take them off because she wouldn’t need them. She looked a little puzzled as he got the 2 dog collars out and told us to put them on. He then produced the handcuffs and told us to turn round. With our wrists cuffed behind our backs he attached the dog leads to the collars.

He told us to wait on the balcony while he got dressed. The lads over the road thought it was funny.

Katie and I were led down through reception and out to the swimming pool. We got a big round of applause when we walked in. The other girls there were in their old school uniforms and some of the boys had canes, rulers, slippers etc. so that they could ‘punish’ the girls.

We had to ask people to ‘feed’ us with drinks, which was an excuse for them to get close and personal. There was nothing that we could do to stop them groping us, even if we had wanted to.

As more alcohol got consumed some of the girls had to bend over a table and get their backsides caned, spanked or whatever. If the girl had knickers on they were removed to a lot of cheering. Most of the boys were being gentle, but one of the boys who had a cane gave this one girl a real thrashing. He kept asking her if she wanted him to stop but she kept saying no. Her face was getting as red as her backside, and her breathing was getting heavier. Just before it happened I realised that she was about to cum. She did, and very loudly too, much to the pleasure of the onlookers.

Katie was ‘punished’ before me, and she got a red backside from one of the boys who had a ruler.

When I was picked I bent over the table and opened my legs wide. When the boys saw what I was doing they shouted for me to open them wider. Who was I to argue?

One of the boys with a cane came forward. When I saw him I was a bit scared, but at the same time I got a little juicy rush. The strokes started off gentle but got harder. The boy also made sure that I never got 2 in the same place.

He asked me if I wanted to stop and I shook my head. The next 2 were a bit round one cheek, but the end of the cane whipped round and hit my pussy. Boy did that hurt, but at the same time it felt a sort of good. I knew that my pussy was getting wetter.

Two more strokes from the other side with the end whipping round to get my pussy and I realised that the pain wasn’t that bad and that I too was about to cum.

The next stroke took me completely by surprise. The boy stood beside me and brought the cane down between my bum cheeks with the end of the cane hitting my clit. That was it, with a loud squeal I came. I was shaking for ages. Fortunately (maybe not), the boy stopped. Later, Ben told me that I had got a lot of applause and cheers, but I never heard it.

When the group decided to move to the local pubs, Katie and I were lead out of the hotel by our collars and leads, still naked and with our hands cuffed behind our backs.

We got quite a few comments and cheers from other young people along the streets and we had to duck behind a parked van when a police car came along. Some older people just stared at us as we walked past them. In the pubs Ben and other boys, had to help us with our drinks and we got groped quite a few times.

We went to 2 of the nightclubs in San Antonio. In both of them we ended up dancing naked and us impaling ourselves on Ben’s cock.

One of the clubs had a room that had a small swimming pool in it and lots of people were jumping in. Most stripped off first but not all. That same club had a contest to see who could do the sexiest strip. We didn’t enter, but one drunk, very overweight twenty something woman did. The poor woman got lots of boos and rude comments. Still, I don’t suppose she remembered it the next day.

The other club had a foam machine that filled the dance area to head height. Some of the youths there used it as an excuse to grope the girls. I know that I got groped a couple of times. Katie told me that she had been as well.

That night both Katie and I decided to wear our Ben Wa balls. I can thoroughly recommend wearing Ben Wa balls and going out dancing. I was on a high all night and even went over the top twice. I couldn’t wait to get back to our room and Ben fucked us both on the balcony before we went to bed.

**The night before the Last Night.**

As Emily was getting ready she found my set of Ben Wa balls and my Butt Plug in the bathroom. I told her what they were. She though the Butt Plug looked great and I offered to let her try it, but she wouldn’t. I did manage to convince her to try the Ben Wa balls. I explained to her about what to do if she though they were going to drop out.

We went to a pub and danced quite a bit. Emily looked quite flustered for most of the evening, and later confessed that she’s had an orgasm when we were dancing.

**Last Night**

During the last day and evening, both Katie and I realised that Emily was getting very close to Ben. We already knew that she fancied Ben so in one of the pubs where we managed to get a seat, Katie and I went for a dance leaving them alone. When we got back they were trying to swallow each other’s tonsils. We knew what was going to happen if we didn’t stop it and Katie and I knew that we were happy to let them get on with it.

When we got back to our room, Katie and I jumped on the single bed leaving Ben and Emily to the big bed. We left the light on so that the voyeurs across the road could watch Ben and Emily enjoying each other while Katie and I gave another display of one way of using the double ended dildo.

**Returning Home**

We all checked-in at the airport together and we 3 girls sat together while Ben sat on his own. Emily had been scared that she would have to sit with her ex. Ben told her that one way or another, that would not happen.

The flight back wasn’t as exciting because we didn’t have a cock to play with, but we girls had a really good chat.

We saw Emily onto a bus that didn’t have her ex on, and went to find our bus.

**Ben**

I know that I haven’t mentioned Ben much but he was great, he had to watch us having such a great time and never complained once. Oh, and he usually wore swimming shorts most of the time.

Read all about my first few months at University in part 9 – cumming soon.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 9 – My first few months at University - first part**

Katie and I had both been lucky in that we had been accepted into the University of St. Damian, the same one as Ben. St. Damian was our second choice but our first choice wasn’t a realistic option, there isn’t a Blanke Schande collage in England. We hadn’t really expected to get in to St. Damian so we were really pleased when we found out. Both sets of parents had been happy that the ‘responsible’ (LOL) big brother of mine would be close by to keep an eye on us.

Even though Ben told us that everything would be fine, both Katie and I were nervous and apprehensive as we moved to the University. My Dad drove Ben and me there with the car full of our things. We met Katie there as her parents wanted to take her there.

Our plan was that we would use the student accommodation for a few months, and then look for a flat that the 3 of us could share. Luckily, Katie and I managed to get rooms next to each other. The block that we were in was about 500 yards from the one that Ben was in.

I won’t bore you with all the academic details, or the formalities that we had to go through, but Ben was a real help and told us quite a few things that helped us.

We soon got into the habit of sleeping together in each other rooms and I think that the only combination that we haven’t done is for Katie and I to sleep in Ben’s room while he slept in one of ours.

Lots of the girls on our floor soon got into the habit of walking around in bras and knickers, or just knickers, and no one minded when Katie and I were naked. Although it did get a little awkward (not for us) a couple of times when boys came to visit.

The showers on our floor always seem to be busy when we want to use them so we got into the habit of always going to the boy’s shower on the floor below or above us.

For the first few weeks it caused a bit of a problem as the boys got all shy and a couple of them told us to use our own showers. I just can’t understand some boys, why would they want to miss the opportunity to see a naked girl? Anyway, we kept going and it got to the point where they just treated us like one of them, not even trying to hide their cocks, even when they were hard. I have to admit it, I did give a couple of them blow jobs.

As I’ve mentioned, Ben’s building is about 500 yards from ours. One night Ben phoned me and told me and Katie to get over there as quick as possible. I told him that we’d have to put some clothes on, but he insisted that we get over there right then.

I looked at Katie and said, “Shall we?” She knew what I was talking about and said, “Yes”. We ran out of our building, down the road, through a courtyard and to Ben’s building – still naked. It was only when we got to the building door that we remembered that you need a code to get the door to open. Every time that we had been before, Ben had been with us. We were stuck there for ages before a young man going out, let us in. The poor man was dumb-struck and just stared at us as we bolted passed him and up the stairs to Ben’s room.

When we got there his door was locked. As we banged on it a couple of his mates stuck their heads out of their rooms and looked at us. Ben appeared out of one of the rooms and let us in to his room.

When we were in I asked him what was so urgent. He said that he just fancied a good fuck. I thumped him, and then unfastened his trousers.

When we woke up the next morning we remembered that we had gone to Ben’s place naked, and we had no clothes to wear to get back to our rooms. There was nothing for it; we had to run back naked as well, and it was raining, cold rain. At least we knew the code to get into our building.

**Swimming**

A few days after we arrived, Henry appeared while I was alone with Ben and asked me if I was going to go swimming with Ben on Sunday mornings. Ben and I hadn’t talked about it and I had thought that the swimming sessions must have stopped. I looked at Ben and he nodded so I told Henry that I would, on the condition that I could take a friend with me. I didn’t say that my friend was a female, but Henry said, “Okay”.

Anyway, that Sunday morning at the crack of dawn we were waiting outside the pool entrance when Henry turned up. His face lit up when he saw Katie. He told us that he was expecting me to take a boyfriend.

We all went into the men’s changing room and stripped as Ben and Henry changed into their swimming shorts. We had just got naked when 3 other young men arrived and they stopped dead when they saw us 2 naked girls in the men’s changing room.

Ben introduced us to Darren, Mark and Aaron. Mark asked if I was the Ben’s little sister that he had heard all about. I was a little embarrassed but said that everything that he had heard was probably true.

In the pool we all had a great time messing about with a ball and playing our version of games that always seemed to involve contact with Katie and me.

One thing that I didn’t remember from the last time that I was there was the water inlet. I found it by accident and was surprised by how powerful it was. It was pushing me away from it. I wondered what it would be like to have that water pounding my pussy. I told the others to get on with the game and that I’d join them in a bit.

The only way that I could get my puss into the jet of water with any chance of staying there was to swing my feet out of the water and put them on the side of the pool. Even that was hard and I kept getting pushed back; but it was nice.

I called Katie over and told her what I had found. She tried doing what I had done but she had the same problem. She then had the idea that if I got out I could hold her feet and she could relax and enjoy it.

I got out and knelt between Katie’s feet and held them. It worked and she was getting close to cumming when Mark swam over to us and asked what we were doing. When I told him he got a big grin on his face and asked if he could hold Katie in place.

He stood behind her head and put his arms under her shoulders and his hands on her breasts. He was strong enough to hold her in place so I let go of her feet.

Mark held her there as the others came over to see what we were all doing, just in time to see, and hear, Katie have an orgasm.

Aaron told me to get back into the water and that he would hold me while I enjoyed myself. I did, and I did. Aaron made a good job of massaging my breasts as the water did its job. I tried to reach down to grab hold of Aaron’s cock but I couldn’t reach. My orgasm wasn’t as loud as Katie’s but I certainly had a strong one that got me shaking all over. I think that I would have drowned if Aaron hadn’t been holding me.

Afterwards we decided that we should really get some proper swimming practice and we spent the rest of the time doing lengths.

When it came time to get out, we all went into the shower. It was fun watching 5 young men shower while they watched us shower. All of them, including Ben, were starting to get hard and Darren asked us if they could soap our backs.

Ben knew what that would develop into and told them, “Just because these 2 girls are here, naked and letting you grope them, doesn’t mean that they are up for a gangbang. If they say ‘stop’ then you stop, okay?”

We didn’t have a gangbang, but they all finger fucked us and we gave them all a blowjob.

The swimming sessions became a regular occurrence and always stopped short of a gangbang, although Katie did fuck Darren in the pool after all the rest of us had got out one day. I have lost count of the number of blow jobs that I have given on a Sunday morning.

The other thing about the swimming sessions was that the number of young men that went increased. I guess that word about us got out.

**We got caught naked in the Library**

Quite late one evening Katie and I were both in the very quiet library doing some research on our respective subjects when we stopped for a break and were talking about all sorts of things. The subject got round to ‘dares’ and I dared Katie to strip and stay naked for 30 minutes while we searched through different books. Katie said that she would if I would.

So there we were, both naked, getting books off the shelves and looking through them.

Our 30 minutes was just about up when this middle-aged woman came round the corner. Neither of us had seen her before but it turned out that she was Professor Lesley Jones.

Anyway, she read us the riot act and threatened to get us kicked out of the Uni. Obviously we didn’t want that so after saying that we were very sorry for disgracing the good name of the University, we asked her what we could do to put things right.

We were still stood there naked in front of her with one arm covering our breasts and the other hand covering our pussies.

Professor Jones stood there thinking and looking at us for about a full minute before saying, “Put your arms down by your sides and open your legs a bit.”

I was a bit shocked by that, but did as she ordered. She then got her phone out of her bag and took loads of photos and a video that proved that we were in the uni’s library.

She then told us that she had proof of our crime and that she would make sure that the Dean got them if we didn’t do exactly as she told us.

My mouth dropped as I realised that she was going to blackmail us. I looked at Katie and could see that she knew what was happening as well.

Professor Jones then told us to meet her outside the admin block entrance at 2pm the following Sunday, and to take our PE kit with us. With that she turned and left, telling us to get dressed as she walked away.

We packed up and went to see Ben. He told us that she has a reputation for being a miserable bitch who acted like she owned the university and hated all students. That was all he knew about her.

After a lot of discussion we all decided that it would be best if we did what she had told us, but Ben told us that it probably would be best if we repeated our ‘regret’ for the incident, and pretended that we were normally very shy and hated the idea of being naked anywhere, that we had only done it for a bet. Ben also told us to wear a thong under our skirts when we went on the Sunday. The only thongs, or knickers, that we had with us were the ones that we wore in Ibiza, with the bottom half of the material missing. Fortunately we’d both taken our PE skirts with us just in case we wanted to go to a gym, or we got invited to a fancy dress party.

We went to meet her that Sunday, with Ben lurking in the background, just in case. However, Prof Jones caught us out and arrived in her car and told us to get in.

She drove us in silence for about 30 minutes to a big stately home with gardens that are open to the public. There were only a few cars and no people in the car park. She told us to get out. We did, and she then told us to strip naked, then put our PE kit on.

Both Katie and I protested, saying that we couldn’t possibly get changed out in public. The Prof told us that we could, and would. If we didn’t, we knew what would happen.

Katie and I both stripped very slowly, trying to hide our bits as we did. I told the Prof that we didn’t have any gym knickers with us, and asked her if we could put our thongs back on. She told us that we could not and that we would have to stay naked under our PE skirts.

All the time that we changed, the Prof was using a proper video camera to capture everything that we were doing. I noticed a couple of times that she pointed the camera at the stately home and the car park sign that had the name of the place on it. It was evidence that we had been naked at that stately home.

The Prof pointed to a path going in to the woods at the side of the car park and told us that we had 10 minutes to run along that path to a stream, turn round and run back.

Well that didn’t seem too bad so we did it. We didn’t see anyone, and as we returned to the car park we saw that the Prof was videoing us.

As soon as we got back to the car, the Prof told us to take our tops and skirts off, leaving us naked apart from our trainers. We covered our bits as best we could, and kept looking around to see if anyone else had appeared.

We were then told to run along a different path into the woods at the other side of the car park until we came to another car park. When we got there we were told to turn round and run back.

After more useless protests from us, saying that she couldn’t possibly make us run naked into the woods, and that we’d get arrested if someone saw us; off we went with me holding a hand over my bum.

When we got out of her sight we stopped and had a good laugh. If that was our punishment then it was fun, not a punishment. Anyway, we set off again.

What we hadn’t known at that time was that the path went alongside a road and passed the back of some cottages. Neither of which bothered us at all.

Just before we found the car park we came across a middle-aged couple out for a walk. They just stopped and stared at us but didn’t say anything.

At the car park, we turned and ran back, passed the couple. When we got to the cottages we saw some teenagers in the back garden of one of the cottages. They shouted a few comments at us but we couldn’t understand what they were.

Back at the car park we found that the Prof’s car had gone. We panicked a bit, but as there was no one else there we weren’t in a rush to find a fix.

About 5 minutes later the car reappeared but the Prof parked it out in the open where we could be seen from the stately home. As it reappeared both Katie and I covered our bits with our arms and hands.

The Prof got out and called us over. She’d got the video recording again.

When we got to the car she said, “Right that was fun wasn’t it? From now on you can stop trying to cover your breasts and vaginas. I’ve already seen them so there’s no need for any modesty. What you are going to do now, is take it in turns to climb on the front of the car, lay back against the windscreen, open your legs and masturbate for me.”

We both begged her not to make us do it, but we were wasting our time. Katie volunteered to go first.

Katie rubbed herself as the Prof kept the video running. Twice Katie asked if she could stop. The second time she was told that she had to keep going until she had an orgasm.

After a while Katie’s moaning got louder and she came.

It was my turn. After I had been frigging myself for a couple of minutes a car drove into the car park, right passed us and out the other side. I was concentrating on the feelings in my wet pussy, but managed to see a man and a woman in the car.

It wasn’t the best orgasm that I’ve ever had, but it made the Prof happy and she told me to climb down.

She then told us to get in the back of the car and stay naked. She then drove us back to the Uni. Outside the admin building she gave me a pen and paper and told me to write our names and mobile numbers on it. She also told me to write our real names and numbers and that she could find us by showing the video around the Uni. She then gave us our clothes and told us to get out and get dressed, in that order.

As we got dressed she told us that she liked our thongs and asked us where we got them from. I told her that I had made them, to which she told me that I could do something right then.

Just before she drove off she told us that she would be in touch.

Ben was waiting for us in his room, and was relieved that we were okay. Ben got very randy as we told him all about our blackmail penalty and we ended up in bed together.

A week later I got a DVD of her video through the internal post with a note reminding us that she would phone us.

Two weeks later I got a phone call telling us to be outside the admin block entrance at 7pm that night. I asked her what she was going to make us do, but she wouldn’t tell me. What she did tell me was that it didn’t matter what we wore, except that we had to wear heals at least 4 inches high.

As she drove us out of the university she told us that she was hosting a dinner party and that we were going to be her waitresses. She told us that she would provide our clothes.

She lives in a big house in a village out in the country. When we got there no one else was there. The Prof took us round the rooms that we would be working in, then gave us these little maid’s aprons and told us to put them on. Katie and I both put then round our waists and started fastening them. The Prof told us not to be so silly and to take our clothes off first.

Both Katie and I begged her not to make us do it, but she just told us that we knew what would happen if we didn’t.

As we stripped off, the Prof said that she was pleased to see that we hadn’t bothered with knickers. I told her that I had assumed that they wouldn’t have stayed on for long so we didn’t bother. The Prof said that we were learning.

The aprons didn’t even come down to our pussies, so everything was on display.

The Prof then took us into the dining room and told us that while we were waiting for our next orders we had to kneel in the corner, facing the table. She told us to get on our knees, then lean back and put our hands on the floor behind us. Katie tried it first and fell over sideways. The Prof told us to open our knees wide so that it was easier for us. Katie said, “No, please don’t make us do that.” The Prof just said, “Do it.” The Prof told us that whenever she told us to ‘assume the position’, that was how we were to kneel. She then took us into the lounge and pointed to the corner that we were to use in there. She then told us that we were not to speak to her guests, only her.

The Prof went and sat down and looked at us. I was getting wet.

The doorbell rang and the Prof told us that it must be the caterers and told me to let them in and show them to the kitchen.

The caterers were men, and they had a real good look at me as they carried everything in and then explained what was what. One man then took some of the cold food into the dining room and put it on the table, then some nibbles into the lounge. Katie was still there on her wide apart knees, and I do believe that she blushed a bit when she saw the man.

The caterers left and the Prof told us both to go and make sure that everything was kept hot.

About 30 minutes later, the doorbell rang again. The Prof told me to go and show her guests in. When I opened the door there were 2 couples there, all were about the same age as the Professor. One of the men said, “Lesley wasn’t joking.” I’d given up trying to look embarrassed and just stood there in nothing but the silly apron and heels. I invited them in and led them to the lounge where the Prof was waiting.

One of the men complimented the Prof on her ‘staff’, to which the Prof called Katie out from the kitchen and told her guests our names. She then told us to do a twirl, to which one of the women said, “Nice ass.”

The doorbell rang again and Katie was sent to answer it. Two more men and one woman came in.

Katie and I were sent to the kitchen where we talked about the situation. We both agreed that things weren’t that bad, we were naked in front of strangers and getting compliments about our bodies.

We were called to serve the first course, and as we went in between the first guests to serve them I nearly dropped the tray. A hand was sliding up the back of my leg. That hand moved as I backed out to move on to the next guest.

When we finished we took the trays back into the kitchen and I did the finger test on Katie. She was wet. I told get that I had been groped and she said, “Me too.” Just then we were called back into the dining room and told to ‘assume the position’.

All the guests turned and stared at our wide open, wet pussies. One of the men said, “I do believe that they’re enjoying this.” I was.

Serving the main course took a bit longer for each guest, and my pussy got invaded by just about all the guests, women and all.

We had to ‘assume the position’ again while they ate. For some of the time the topic of conversation was us. The Prof told her guests how we were persuaded to help her. She told them that she had a DVD that they could watch later.

After diner, the guests went into the lounge and we had to serve coffee. I didn’t get groped; I think that they were worried that I might spill some coffee on them.

We were then told to ‘assume the position’ again, while they had a very boring conversation. After a while, the topic got round to us again, and the Prof put the DVD on.

It seemed strange watching myself masturbate on the big TV screen. Strange, but exciting, I could feel my juices running down my bum.

When the DVD finished we were told to get up and go and stand next to 2 of the seated guests. They then finger fucked us for a while before passing us on to another guest. I was really wet, and when the third quest pushed her fingers into me I shuddered and came all over her hand. She made me lick her hand clean.

One of the women told me that I was lucky to still have breasts that don’t sag.

After all the guests, and the Prof, had finger fucked us, we were sent to ‘assume the position’ again.

My legs were hurting by the time the guests decided to leave, and I was glad to be told to stand up. As the guests left, the Prof gave them each a copy of the DVD.

We then had to help the Prof clean up before she drove us back to the Uni, still naked.

Again, she didn’t give us our clothes until we were out of her car.

We went straight to Ben’s room and told him everything. We all agreed that our blackmail penalty had been quite enjoyable.

I got another phone call from the Prof a week later. Again, she just told us to be the admin block entrance at 7pm that night, and to bring our heels.

We had to take our clothes off before we got in to her car. After a while she told us that she was loaning us to a friend of hers who runs an art gallery. When we got there she drove passed the front and round the back. As we passed the front I saw a sign saying that there was an ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition.

The Prof told us to get out and leave our clothes in her car. She opened the back door to the gallery and we went in.

We were met by this middle-aged man who acted as if he was gay. He looked at Katie and me, told us to turn round, said, “Nice ass.” And then then said to the Prof, “These will be splendid, thank you so much.” The Prof said, “Don’t hurt them,” turned and left.

Katie and I were left there, naked, apart from heels, in a strange place, with a strange man. Albeit a gay man – probably.

Katie asked the man what we were doing there. He replied saying, “You child, will be complimenting the existing exhibits by posing on or beside them.”

“But what will we be wearing,” Katie asked.

“Don’t be silly child, this is an erotic art exhibition you will be wearing what you arrived in.”

Katie made a swallowing noise, but I was thinking that things could get interesting.

The man took us out into a big exhibition room. There was no one there, but we saw pictures of naked women and men all over the walls. In some of the pictures the couples were depicted having sex in lots of different positions. I’m not into art and don’t understand what people get excited about, especially the abstract pictures. Fortunately for me, not many of the pictures were abstract.

Scattered around the room were about a dozen life size statues, all of naked people. Some of them were of women in erotic poses. The one nearest me was of a woman lying on her back, legs apart, with one hand squeezing a nipple and the other with a finger inside her pussy.

The statues of men all had erections, some of them quite large. The statues of couples were all depicting them in different sex positions.

There was one stand in the middle of the room that had nothing on it.

Both Katie and I stood there in amazement.

The man let us take it all in for a couple of minutes then took us to 4 different exhibits. Each one of them was a naked man in a position where he looked like he would be fucking a woman – if there had been one there. He didn’t say anything, and we were too amazed to ask anything. Then he took us to the empty stand in the middle of the room.

We stood there looking at the empty stand. I got over the ‘shock’ of what I had seen and said, “You still haven’t told us what we are doing here.”

“Silly me,” he said, “on each of the exhibits that I have taken you to, you will spend 10 minutes impaled on the stone cock. You will get into any position that you want and then stay perfectly still until a whistle blows. You will then move on to the next exhibit and repeat the exercise. When you get to this stand you will lay on your back, open your legs wide and push your body up so that you are standing on your hands and feet.”

I interrupted asking him if he meant the crab position.

“Yes, I suppose so. You will continue moving to the next exhibit in the circle every time that the whistle blows until everyone has left, and you will not say anything to anyone unless spoken to. Is that clear?”

Katie and I looked at each other. We didn’t know whether to laugh, cry, scream or just hug the man.

He looked at his watch then told us that we had 15 minutes to rehearse our displays before the doors opened and people would be flooding in.

Katie and I went to the first exhibit that we would have to be part of. This one would be easy, it was a man stood on his feet with his hips pushed forward. His stone cock was pointing straight forward. I didn’t know how solid these ‘things’ were so I stood in front of the stone man, bent at the waist and backed onto the stone cock. Lubrication wasn’t a problem as I had been wet since I got into the Prof’s car, and dripping since the man had told us what we had to do.

Someone had worked out the height perfectly, it was just right for me. I put my hands on the floor and told Katie that I was ready for her to try it.

The second was a bit more difficult. The stone man was laying on the floor, partially raised on his right side. His right leg was bent to support his weight and his right arm was raised high as if he was holding something. His stone cock was parallel to the floor pointing away from him and slightly towards the top of his body.

After a bit of a discussion we decided that the best way was for us to lay at 90 degrees to the stone man, lift our leg nearest to his head, high, slide onto his ‘cock’, then slide round so that our body was parallel to his. If we then put our leg that was high in the air and rest it in his outstretched hand. We decided that in that position we would easily be able to last the 10 minutes. The only ‘problem’ was that our legs would be wide apart and our pussies on full display. We both laughed saying that it wasn’t a problem.

The third exhibit was another easy one. The stone man was on his knees that were spread wide. His hands were on his thighs, upturned as if they were holding something. His stone cock was pointing out and slightly down to the ground. To mount him I had to lay on my back, put my knees either side of my head and shuffle in so that my pussy lined up with the stone cock. By lowering my legs and resting them on his hands, my hips went up and my pussy impaled itself.

The fourth one was another easy one that didn’t need any practice. The stone man was lying on his back and his stone cock was pointing straight up to the ceiling. The only question was which way round did we ride it. We decided that if we had to do it more than once we would ride it the other way round. One other thing about that exhibit was that the stone cock was about a foot long and more than 4 inches in diameter. It was going to hurt.

Just as Katie was sliding back off exhibit 4, gay boy appeared and told us that the doors were about to open and we had to get into position. Katie went to exhibit 1 and I went to exhibit 3.

I slid into position and lowered my legs. No problems with lube as I was still dripping.

When I was settled in I decided that I could stay like that for ever. It was so relaxing.

People started walking around and there were a few gasps and OMGs when they realised that there were 2 real girls taking part in the exhibition. Lots of them bent over to get a closer look at our pussies, which made me even wetter. If I’d been there for much longer the comments and stares would have given me an orgasm without me even moving. I have to admit that I did squeeze my pussy muscles a few times which added to the excitement.

When the whistle went off I eased myself out and apprehensively went to exhibit 4. I knew that I could take it, but it was a question of how long it would take, and how much it would hurt.

I decided that I was going to ride the stone man facing his feet, and as I climbed up there were a few OMGs and one man said to another that there was no way that I was going to get on THAT thing. I was more determined to prove him wrong.

I got into position and rubbed my pussy round the stone bell end. I probably did this for longer than necessary, but I was building up courage to press down. I relaxed hoping that gravity would take ne down, but it didn’t. I started to push down and felt my pussy stretch.

With a few ‘aaargh’s’, ‘ooow’s’ and silent FIH’s I managed to get the bell end in. I relaxed for a few seconds then pushed again. It hurt like hell and I couldn’t make my mind up whether to scream or cum. I was making progress.

When I got about half way I stopped for a rest and heard more comments from the growing audience. I heard one man say. “Come on girl, I know you can do it.” So did I, it was just a question of when.

With sweat pouring out of me I put my hands under the stone man and pulled.

I screamed, quite loudly.

Not quite there, I pulled again, and screamed again. Then an orgasm hit me. I started shaking and twitching and moaning. If I could have fallen over I’m sure that I would have.

Then another orgasm hit me, then another. Shit, I wondered if it was ever going to stop.

Of course it did, and as my orgasms subsided I heard lots of cheering and applause. I even smiled at my audience.

I sat there and relaxed. Before I knew it the whistle blew. I slowly eased myself up and off. I nearly came again just getting off the thing.

I went over to the empty stand and lay down. I lay there for about a minute before opening my legs and pushing myself up. Despite being in the crab position I was reasonable comfortable and knew that I could last the 10 minutes.

What I did notice quite quickly was that my hole was still wide open. I could feel the cooler air blowing into me. If my hole was open enough for me to feel the fresh air blowing in to it, then it was open enough for people to see right up my pussy. That though made me feel warm all over, and I smiled a bit.

It didn’t take long for people to realise this and I overheard one man say, “Bloody hell, look at the size of her hole.” A woman’s voice then said, “What do you expect, the poor girl was sat on that monster for 10 minutes.”

The draught was turning me on again, but it didn’t make me cum before the whistle blew.

Exhibit 1 was the easiest of them all. I bent at the waist and backed onto the stone cock. With my hands on the floor and my breasts dangling, I relaxed for another rest.

I had hardly felt the stone cock as I impaled myself, but as time moved on I felt it more and more.

With me at exhibit 1 it meant that Katie was at exhibit 4. I hadn’t remembered that until I heard her scream, and scream again. I got a little rush knowing what she was going through.

I heard Katie swear very loudly, then another scream, then the unmistakable sound of her orgasming. There was also a lot of clapping and cheering. I assumed that Katie had made it to the bottom.

One or two people came to look at me. I guess that Katie was a better sight.

The whistle blew again and I pulled myself off the stone cock.

Exhibit 2 was the only one that I hadn’t tried, well, not with an audience. I lay down at 90 degrees to the stone man, raised my legs, impaled myself and shuffled round. Resting my right ankle on the stone man’s outstretched arm and moving my left out and bending my knee left my pussy on full display. Again, I was comfortable and had another rest.

I wondered how Katie was feeling.

Whistle, and moving to exhibit 3, I thought that something was different. Then I realised that the stone cock was pointing up. It was only when I started sliding myself into position, and I touched the stone man, and it was warm, that I realised that the stone man had been replaced by a real man covered in paint the same colour as the stone man. I had a moment of panic then thought ‘this could be good.’

When I slid into position I had to press his cock down into the right place for it to go in. I lowered my legs onto his hands and thighs, which forced my hips up, impaling myself on a real cock.

It felt good and I could feel myself getting wetter and desperate for that cock to move in and out.

After about 5 minutes I just couldn’t help myself, I stated moving my hips down and up which forced my legs to go up and down a bit. The movement attracted an audience which made me more desperate to cum. My movements got faster and faster and just as I started to cum I felt the warm gush of the man shooting his load into my pussy.

I was moaning by then, which attracted more people to watch.

I had just about got back to normal when the whistle blew again. As I got off and up I winked at the man, who still had a hard cock. I wondered if he took Viagra.

Walking away from exhibit 3 I realised that I was going towards that monster again.

An audience was already waiting for me and they applauded as I climbed up. I decided to face the stone man’s face.

I rubbed my dripping pussy round the bell end again. This time I was leaking some of exhibit 3’s juices as well. I was hoping that I would be able to take the monster in one go, but I was wrong. When I pushed down I only got about half way before I moaned then screamed. I took a brief rest, put my hands under the stone waist and pulled.

Down I went, right to the bottom. This time it wasn’t a moan and a scream, it was a scream and an orgasm. I could barely hear the applause as I trembled and jerked about.

When I had calmed down I decided that I wasn’t going to keep still that time. The audience wanted to fuck the monster and so did I. I started to raise and lower myself, just a bit to start with, then more and more, and faster. It wasn’t long before I felt another orgasm starting. I kept going up and down and the orgasms came again and again. I don’t remember much about it, but Katie later told me that I was screaming a lot.

I don’t know how long I lasted, but the next thing that I remembered was that I was leaning forward onto the stone man’s face. My pussy hurt like hell and I felt like I had a football in my guts.

I was just starting to straighten my body when the whistle blew. I slowly extracted myself getting a few 'after shock’ little orgasms on the way; then walked slowly over to the empty stand and lay down. I stayed on my back with my legs wide open for ages before managing to raise myself into the crab position.

After a few minutes I collapsed and couldn’t be bothered to get up.

I suddenly realised that everyone had gone. I looked round for Katie and saw her still impaled on the real, stone man. I got up and walked over to her. She had a big grin on her face and didn’t look too happy when I told her to get off him.

We both went back to the empty stand and just sat there, both of us too knackered to speak.

I’ve no idea how long it was, but gay man and the Prof came in and walked up to us. Gay man thanked us for our help, and the Prof just said, “Come on, let’s go.”

We followed her out and into the back of her car. About half way home she asked us if we were all right. Katie said that she had never been so embarrassed in her life, and that it was horrible that we had been forced to do such degrading things. I wanted to laugh, but just couldn’t be bothered.

The Prof dropped us off at the admin block entrance and gave us our clothes. She also gave us another DVD. We walked back to Katie’s room and were asleep in each other’s arms in seconds.

Ben woke us up the next morning by pulling the quilt off us. We both looked at him then closed our eyes again. Ben said, “It was either that good, or that bad’ I’ll go and make some coffee.”

When he got back we were sat on the side of the bed still half asleep. He gave us the coffee and I pointed to the DVD.

We all watched it. All Ben could say was, “Fucking amazing,” and “no wonder you’re knackered.”

Ben left us so that we could go back to sleep but we’d started to wake up by the. We did lie down again and kissed and cuddle each other for a while.

It was a good job that neither of us had a lecture that morning.

We haven’t had a phone call from the Prof for a few weeks now. I do hope that she will blackmail us again; she certainly has enough evidence to get us thrown out.

**NEWPS**

One night when the 3 of us were relaxing in one of the student’s union bars, Katie said that she wished that UK universities had sororities like they do in the US. That started us thinking about initiation hazings that we could do to have some fun. That was a bit of fun that got me a bit wet, but we weren’t in the US. Then Ben said that we could start our own sorority with just us 2 girls in it. We could do these crazy things saying that it was a pledging so that we could become members.

That night we invented the ‘NEWPS’, the ‘Naked Exposed Wet Pussies Sorority’.

Then we planned our first hazing.

In the city that we are in there are 2 universities, St. Damian (that we are at) and Whittle, both has Halls of Residence that are mixed sex. In both of them students are segregated, male and female, by floor. Each floor has a number of one person rooms for the students, a common kitchen, common shower / toilet room, and a common meeting room. The theory is that students are not supposed to go on to the opposite sex’ floors. However, that rule gets broken multiple times every day. Ben was living in one of these Halls of Residence when I went to stay with him a while back and you may remember what I got up to then.

We decided to do the hazing at the other university.

We decided that the first hazing would be an easy one (LOL), one where the person doing the haze wouldn’t be able to see the people who were watching what they were doing. Another decision was that we would both do each hazing, and take it in turns to go first.

Ben came with us on each ‘hazing’ for 2 reasons, the first was to check out the location and make sure that it was ‘suitable’; the second reason was for safety. If anything went wrong we thought it would be a good idea to have an older male close by to help us if needed.

**Hazing 1 - me**

We selected one of the boy’s common rooms and Ben went in to check it out. He said that there were too many boys and girls in there, so we went to another. The second boy’s common room only had 5 boys in it. A number that we had already decided was enough, but not too many for things to get out of control.

Ben came out of the room and gave us the go ahead.

Katie put a blindfold on me and we went into the room. The guys weren’t expecting 2 girls to walk in and we immediately had their attention. Katie opened a piece of paper and read it out. It said: -

*This girl has applied to join the NEWP Sorority. In order for her to be accepted she has to complete a number of hazings. This is the first one. We hope that you young men will show your respect for this Pledge, and only get involved if invited to by the Pledge, or the NEWP Sorority member with her.*

*To complete the hazing she must do the following: -*

*1 Keep the blindfold in place.*

*2 Strip naked.*

*3 Lay on her back on a table.*

*4 Raise her legs high in the air and spread them wide.*

*5 Masturbate until she has an orgasm.*

*6 Get dressed and leave with your Pledge Sister.*

*7 Write a report and give it to your Pledge Sister.*

There were a few cheers and other expected comments as Katie read the list. At the end, and when the young men had stopped talking, Katie asked the young men if they would show their respect for the Pledge.

Katie waited until all of them agreed.

My pussy had been tingling and getting wet even before we went in to the room. When Katie read out the list I could feel my juices running down the inside of my thighs.

Katie told me to strip. As I did I could almost feel the young men’s eyes burning in to my tits and pussy.

Katie then took me over to a coffee table and cleared it with one swoop of her arm. She then turned me round, told me to sit, then lie back, then raise and open my legs wide.

My swollen lips and clit were aching for the attention that I gave them. I really wanted it to take longer than it did for me to cum, but I just couldn’t help it. It was one of my ‘better’ orgasms (they’re always better when I’m being watched), and I screamed as I came. Katie later told me that the young men just watched in silence as I performed for them.

Katie waited until I had come down from my high then told me to get up and get dressed. I put my skirt and top on as Katie thanked the young men for their help.

We then went out, removed my blindfold, met Ben, then got the hell out of there.

**Hazing 1 - Katie**

Katie’s turn to be the Pledge.

We thought that it would be a good idea if hazing 1b was done on the same night as hazing 1a. There were 2 main reasons for this. Firstly, 2 hazings would be more of a mystery for the boys to talk about; and secondly, it was fairer on Katie and I if we both did it on the same night, no waiting.

We chose a different Hall of Residence about half a mile from the first one. That time the first common room was suitable, it had 5 boys and one girl in it.

We repeated what we had done the first time, but with the roles reversed. Katie lasted a bit longer than I had.

The boys were a bit more vocal, and the girl walked right up to Katie and closely watched her masturbate. I didn’t ask her to back away as she didn’t look to be a threat.

When it was over we headed back to what was rapidly becoming our regular bar. We had a drink and discussed how it had gone. Ben wanted to know all the details. All in all, we were well pleased with how our first Pledging had gone and started planning hazing 2.

One week later it happened.

**Hazing 2 - Katie**

Katie won the coin toss and went first.

We selected a different boy’s common rooms at the ‘other’ university and Ben checked it out. Ben came out of the room and gave us the go ahead. There were 7 boys in it.

With a table tennis bat in her hand, Katie took a deep breathe then we went into the room. I shouted to get their attention, then opened a piece of paper and read it out. It said: -

*This girl has applied to join the NEWP Sorority. In order for her to be accepted she has to complete a number of hazings. This is her second one. We hope that you young men will show your respect for this Pledge, and only get involved if invited to by the Pledge, or the NEWP Sorority member with her.*

*To complete the hazing she must do the following: -*

*1 Strip naked.*

*2 Select 5 people in the room.*

*3 Lay on her back on a table.*

*4 Raise her legs high in the air and spread them wide.*

*5 Extend her arms as wide and high as she can.*

*6 Invite 4 of the 5 selected people to hold her wrists and ankles in place.*

*7 Invite the 5th person to give her 10 swats on her bare backside.*

*8 Rotate the 5 people round their tasks until all 5 have given her 10 swats each.*

*9 Get onto the floor on her knees (not hands) and personally thank each of the 5 participants. She cannot speak to do this.*

*10 Get dressed and leave with your Pledge Sister.*

*11 Write a report and give it to your Pledge Sister.*

I then put out my hand for Katie’s clothes.

Katie slowly unfastened her top, took it off and passed it to me. The boys cheered and made a few rude comments as her breasts were revealed. Her nipples were rock hard.

As Katie dropped her skirt I could see that she was blushing. I wasn’t expecting that as I thought that she was used to being seen naked by then.

With Katie standing there naked, with her hands by her side, I told her to pick the 5 guys that she wanted to help her. When she had done that I apologised to the other 2, telling them that they could still watch.

I then asked one of the young men to clear one of the coffee tables and bring it to the centre of the room.

Next I told Katie to lie on the table, raise her legs high and spread her arms and legs.

I turned to the young men, but they didn’t need to be told what to do. There was a bit of a shuffle as 2 of them wanted to be the first to use the table tennis bat.

I picked up the table tennis bat and gave it to the young man who wasn’t holding a wrist or ankle and told him to get on with it, but to take his time. I stood just to one side where I could watch the swats, and Katie’s pussy. It was all swollen and very wet, her clit was very prominent.

I guess that he was a bit scared because the swat weren’t very hard. Katie took them well. She gasped a bit, but kept quiet.

At the end of the 5, the 5 young men moved round one place and the next young man looked at me to permission to start.

The second, third and fourth young men all took their turn, and all were too gentle.

When it came to the fifth person, I told him to make the swats a bit harder. Katie looked at me but didn’t say anything.

This time Katie gasped out loud, and by the 5th swat she was crying. I looked at her pussy again, and saw that her juices were running.

I gave Katie a few seconds to recover then told her to get on her knees. I then lined the young men up in front of her then told her to thank them.

Now when we had included this part in the hazing we hadn’t gone into any detail. I knew what I meant it to mean, but I wasn’t sure what Katie understood it to mean. I got a little concerned when Katie put her arms up to the first guy as if she wanted him to bend down and kiss her.

I’d got it wrong and her hands moved down to his trousers. She unzipped him and pulled his cock out. It was rock hard.

Katie gave blow job after blow job, and as the first ones moved out of the way, I motioned for the 2 unlucky guys to join the back of the queue.

4 of them pulled out and shot their load over Katie’s face and breasts, but the other 3 stayed in her mouth and she had to swallow.

When Katie was finished, I gave her a few tissues to clean up then gave her clothes to her. On behalf of the NEWP Sorority I thanked the boys for their help with the hazing and we left.

As we walked down the corridor Katie told me that her jaw was a bit sore and that she thought it was going on for ever. It was then that I told her that she had blown all 7 of the young men.

**Hazing 2 - me**

My turn; and I was really looking forward to it. As we walked to the floor that we had decided was going to be lucky I had mixed feelings about the pain that I knew I would suffer. I was sort of wanting to be hurt.

Ben came back out and told us that there were 6 boys and 2 girls in there, and asked me if I wanted to go through with it. Of course I did.

When we went in Katie shouted and got everyone’s attention.

She read out the document to a lot of cheering.

As I stripped and gave my clothes to Katie I was wondering if I should select 4 boys and 1 girl. I did.

One of the boys cleared a coffee table and moved it into the middle of the room. As I lay on my back and extended my arms and legs I could feel my very wet pussy open up. Katie then told them what to do and gave one of the boys the table tennis bat.

Ow! I was sure that I was getting paddled harder than Katie had done. By the time the 3rd boy had done, my backside hurt like hell.

By the end of the 4th lot of 10 swats I had a really warm sexy tingling in my pussy. The pain just didn’t seem that bad.

Then it was the girls turn. By the time she was half way through, I realised that I was going to cum. When swat number 8 came I just couldn’t help it. I had a fantastic orgasm.

It was a good job that my wrists and ankles were been held, I think that I might have fallen off the coffee table.

As soon as I calmed down, Katie told me to get on my knees on the floor. She lined the boys up, and one by one I gave them a blow job. I knew that Katie would get all 6 of the boys to line up, but I didn’t mind. One of them had a really thick cock.

When the last one moved away I saw that the girl who had been helping paddle me was stood in front of me. I looked up to see a big grin on her face. She obviously wanted me to eat her. I unfastened her jeans and pulled them down and off, then her thong.

I stood up and moved her over to the coffee table, lay her down, opened her legs, knelt in between them and started licking her pussy. I was real glad that she shaved.

As soon as I started, the boys in the room started cheering and egging me on. Some of the boys cum that was still on my face rubbed off onto her.

Chewing her clit and pushing my tongue in as far as I could, it didn’t take long for her to cum; and she was just as loud as I was.

Katie gave me some tissues and my clothes. As I got dressed Katie thanked everyone. Then we left.

Shortly after we went out of the room, the girl that I had just eaten out came running up to us and asked us how she could apply to become a member of NEWPS. Katie asked her if she realised that she would have to go through a similar hazing as well as other equally humiliating hazings. She had a smile on her face as she nodded her head. Katie then asked her to write her name (Ella) and a contact number on the back of the list of tasks that I had just done. As we parted I whispered that things could get interesting.

Back in the bar we told Ben all about it and he told us that he’d wished that he could have been there to watch. We also told him about Ella. He asked us what we wanted to do about her. Would it be a good idea to bring her into our group? Would it be a good idea to start-up NEWPS for real? Or would it be a good idea to get girls to apply, put them through some very humiliating hazings and make the last one impossible for them to pass. That way we (and them) could have lots of fun, but never have to have an actual NEWPS.

Anyway, I think that this document is long enough. I’ll write more soon.

**Amy the Exhibitionist – Part 10 – My first few months at University - second part**

**Blackmail**

Professor Lesley Jones blackmailed Katie and me into helping out at her gay friend’s art gallery again. After the usual strip off before we got into her car, the Prof told us that we were going to the same Art Gallery to take part in another erotic exhibition.

This was the third time that the Prof had blackmailed us and although we’d thoroughly enjoyed ourselves we’d pretended that we were shy and totally humiliated by them. We’d given up on the shyness but still wanted the Prof to believe that we were humiliated by it all and that we didn’t want to do it.

Katie started, “Please Professor Jones, you’ve already made us do lots of very embarrassing, humiliating and even degrading things. When is it going to stop? I don’t know if I can take any more.”

“Yes,” I said, “it’s horrible. I’m starting to think that I’d rather get kicked out of university.”

“Relax girls,” the Prof said, “this one isn’t going to be that bad.” I almost felt disappointed.

We arrived and were dumped outside the back door this time. We knocked, and gay boy let us in. He welcomed us and told us that this exhibition was all about bondage. He took us into the big exhibition room where we were surprised to see 2 other naked girls; and lots of men with ropes and step ladders.

Gay boy told us that each of us 4 naked girls would be taken to an area of the exhibition room where we would be put on display for 20 minutes before being moved on to the next area.

There were 3 open areas down each side of the room. Some had ropes hanging from the ceiling. The walls were covered with paintings of women restrained in all sorts of poses. Some of them looked really painful. The centre of the room had static displays of equipment that looked like it could be used to tie women to, or up with.

**Area 1**

At my first area I saw 4 steel rings screwed to the ground, quite far apart. I was told to lie on the floor, on my back, in the middle of them. A man that I hadn’t seen before came to me and put a pink leather cuff on each wrist and ankle. He then clipped chains to each of them and pulled my legs and wrists out and clipped the other end of the chain to the rings. I was spread-eagled - quite firmly.

I was starting to think that I could get 20 minutes sleep when people started walking into the room. A whistle blew and the man that had chained me down came over and knelt by my side. He was holding what turned out to be an electric massager. It was what I now know to be a Magic Wand massager. He held it against my pussy and switched it on.

Fucking hell, it was good. Within seconds I was getting wet and feeling good. I had my first orgasm within 5 minutes; and it was a loud one. People were looking over to me and some were stood watching me. I was in heaven, being brought to an orgasm by a man I had never seen before, and being watched by strangers.

It took no more than 2 minutes for me to cum again, then again, then again. I was screaming, shouting obscenities, sweating, writhing about, shaking, twitching and shouting for the man to stop. But he didn’t.

I’ve heard of orgasm torture before but I always thought that it was orgasm denial.

I even passed out for a while, but my clit was still being massaged when I came round. Then I came again, and again, and again.

I never thought that I could get too much sexual pleasure, but I really did need that man to stop.

Eventually I heard the whistle and the man stopped. He unfastened the cuffs and helped me get up. I had real trouble walking.

Another man came and helped me to area 2.

**Area 2**

When I got there I saw a bar about 1 yard long, hanging about 3 yards from the floor. Attached to each end was a webbing strap. And the bottom, about 1 yard from the floor was a loop in the webbing.

I had no idea what it was until the man told me put a leg through each loop and slide them up to my thighs. I was holding the 2 lengths of webbing that were hanging down. It hit me, it was a swing. The man attached a length of webbing between the hanging ones, behind my lower back. I had something to lean back on. I wondered if I could just swing there with my legs wide open for 20 minutes. No such (bad) luck.

The man brought out a dildo on a stand and screwed it to the floor. The dildo was pointing at my pussy. The man told me to lie back so that I was lined up better with the dildo, and he gently pushed me forward until I hit the dildo. The height wasn’t quite right and the man made an adjustment and tried again.

That time the dildo hit the entrance to my hole and went in just a bit. After the 20 minutes of torture that I’d just had, I needed something inside me.

The man stopped the swing and got out a couple of nipple clamps with a chain between them and put them on me. They hurt, but it was a pleasurable pain.

He started pushing me again.

What I hadn’t realised was that the man was going to keep pushing me back and forwards for the rest of the 20 minutes. I was getting fucked by the dildo.

He started slow at first and it felt good. He started pushing faster and harder. I started cumming again. Fortunately not as often as the last torture; and I was disappointed that my audience was smaller.

During my calm periods I could hear the other girls shouting and screaming. At least I wasn’t the only one getting tortured.

I managed to count the number of orgasms that the swing and dildo gave me, it was 7.

The whistle blew and the man helped me down.

**Area 3**

This just had 2 ropes hanging down from the ceiling. They went up and through some sort of pulley and down to a winding handle on the wall.

The man at area 3 cuffed my wrists behind my back then put another pair of the pink ankle cuffs on me. He told me to lie on the floor on my back under the ropes. He clipped my ankles to the ends of the ropes then went to the wall and winched me up. As I went up my legs were stretched wide apart. He stopped winching me up when my head was about a yard from the ground.

Just when I thought that I was just going to be hanging there with my pussy wide open for all to see, I saw the man working a different winch. The next thing that I knew my pussy was being massaged. He’s lowered one of those massage things down on to me.

I was rapidly getting to heaven again. I started moaning and before long I was cumming again, and again, and again. I don’t know if it was the fact that I was upside down and my blood was pounding round my head, but the orgasms seemed stronger.

The only relief that I got was when my body jerked and shook. The massager moved a bit, but soon settled back to just touching my clit.

I was screaming just as loud as I was at area 1.

I didn’t pass out even though I thought that I was going to.

At last the whistle blew and the massager was switched off. The man lowered me down and un-cuffed me.

**Area 4**

No dildo or massager on this one, but more pink ankle and wrist cuffs. My left wrist and left ankle were clipped to the end of a bar about 4 feet long. Then my right ankle and wrist were clipped to the other end.

The bar was then pulled up into the air. I was left with my wide open pussy pointing to the ceiling.

When my audience grew, the man swung me out into them. I actually bounced off a couple of them until they got out of the way.

I had a bit of a rest on this one, and could hear the screams from the other girls.

**Area 5**

Instead of being on the floor, this area was raised up and sloping to the wall a bit; and there were plastic curtains across the back and down the sided. In the middle was a rope hanging down with a clip on the end.

More pink cuffs on my wrists and my right ankle. My wrists were clipped to the hanging rope and it was adjusted so that I was on my tip toes. The man then lifted my right leg right up and clipped my ankle with my wrists. It was like doing the splits with one foot on the floor and the other high in the air.

The man obviously didn’t want to hear me screaming because he got out a ball gag and put it on me.

Not too bad I thought, but then he got our some high pressure hose pipes and gave them to people in the audience. He told them to squirt me wherever they wanted. Guess where they squirted me.

My nipples took such a pounding that the clamps fell off. It did feel good. There was a constant stream (no pun intended) of high pressure water hitting my pussy. It took a while, but I did cum.

When the whistle finally blew, my pussy felt numb. The rest of me felt cold and clean.

**Area 6**

There were 4 ropes hanging from the ceiling in a big square, about 2 yards across. I was told to lie face down on the floor with my hands out in front. Yet more pink cuffs were put on my wrists and ankles then attached to the 4 ropes. I was winched up in the air to about the height of standing people’s faces. My back was bent backwards and I wondered how much it would be hurting after the 20 minutes.

Next, the man who had winched me up showed me a remote controlled vibe. Then he inserted the business part into my pussy. He then showed me some sort of whip. It was about a dozen strips of leather all attached to a handle.

He them passed the whip and the vibes remote control to people in the gathering audience.

They were a sadistic lot. It was seconds before the vibe was switched on, and it never seemed to go off. I was brought to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.

All this pleasure was increased by having my pussy and tits whipped by different people from the audience. The women were the worst. They whipped me so hard that I screamed.

It was difficult for my body to jerk about, but it did. None stop pain and pleasure.

When I stood up after the whistle and I had been released, I looked down at my hurting boobs and pussy. There had red and purple marks all over them.

It was over, and I was knackered. I have absolutely no idea how many orgasms I had that night, but I do know that it was a hell of a lot.

As the Prof drove us back we had another go at her for making us do such degrading and humiliating things, but I’m sure that we were wasting our breath. At least we were keeping up the pretence that we didn’t enjoy what she was making us do.

When we told Ben what we had been forced (LOL) to do he said that he was worried that we might have got hurt. I laughed, showed him the bruises on my pussy and said that we already had been hurt, and it had been good.

**Flashing one of my Professors**

The lectures on one part of my course are given by a middle-aged man. For his age he is quite good looking.

Yes, you can guess where this is going, History teacher all over again.

I decided that I would play it cool for the first couple of months by only ‘accidentally’ flashing my pussy at him. So far I know that I have attracted his attention and he has looked up my skirts, but I have just ignored him and not deliberately opened my legs making it obvious that I wanted him to look. It’s been hard, but I’ve done it. I plan to keep doing that for another month or so, then get him in a conversation and see if he says anything. Then get a bit more blatant about it and see what happens.

Another thing about my course is that it involves some laboratory work. We’ve been split up into groups of 3, and I’ve ended up with 2 geeky looking guys. They look geeky, but they’re okay actually. They’re both shy and get very embarrassed whenever I mention my clothes or sex. Even dirty jokes make them blush.

I haven’t deliberately flashed them, but a couple of times I’ve caught them looking at my legs and breasts, especially when my nipples have been creating little bumps in my tops.

I still haven’t decided what or even if, I am going to do anything about these two.

**NEWPS**

We decided that we would advertise for new members, get started with the hazing; then take it from there. We weren’t sure how things would go so we didn’t plan too far ahead.

We decided that we would look for pledges at Whittle University so that there would be less chance of anyone recognising us. We designed a poster that we pinned on the notice boards on the girl’s floors of all the halls of residences and some of the public notice boards. The poster wording was: -

***NEWP Sorority***

*A Sorority similar to those that have proved very successful in the USA has been formed in Whittle University. It is being run along the same lines as the American ones and now has vacancies for a small number of young ladies.*

*Applications will be processed in the same way as the American Sororities i.e. Applications will be received and young ladies will be invited to attend a number of hazing sessions.*

*Applicants will not know the names of, or even knowingly meet any of the existing Sorority Sisters until they have been fully accepted into the Sorority. The only exception to this is the Sorority Sister that is chosen to guide the applicant through her hazing.*

*Any applicant found to have been discussing her application with anyone other than her appointed Sorority Pledge Sister will be immediately dropped from the programme.*

*As in America, the hazings will be of a humiliating nature and are designed to ensure that successful candidates are capable of living up to the high standards of existing Sorority Sisters.*

*Guaranteed: -*

*Fun*

*Improved Self esteem*

*Confidence*

*Figure*

*New Friends – for life*

*Pleasure*

*Community Work*

*Application can be accepted only by email.*

*Please send an email to newpsorority at yahoo co uk requesting an application form.*

The poster included a few pictures of groups of young women partying and generally having fun.

When we received an email we would reply requesting the following information: -

*Name*

*Age*

*Height*

*Weight*

*Measurements*

*Do you prefer to work in a team, or on your own?*

*Do you consider yourself to be outgoing?*

*Do you like helping other people?*

*Do you smoke?*

*-----------------------------*

*Select your preference in each of the following groups: -*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *Clothing*  *Dress*  *Skirt and Top*  *Trousers / Jeans*  *Full length Skirts*  *Mini Skirts*  *Micro Skirts*  *Tights*  *Hold-ups*  *Stockings and Suspender Belt*  *Bare Legs*  *Pyjamas*  *Nightie*  *Baby Doll*  *Bra and Knickers*  *Knickers only*  *Nude*  *Bra*  *No Bra*  *Full knickers*  *Bikini Knickers*  *Thongs*  *Commando* | *Swimwear*  *One piece Swimsuit*  *Bikini*  *Bikini Bottoms only*  *Nude Swimming*  *Pubic Hair*  *Full Pubic Hair*  *Trimmed Unshaped*  *Trimmed Shaped*  *Landing Strip*  *Fully Shaved*  *Sexual Orientation*  *Straight*  *Lesbian*  *Bi*  *Nun*  *Sexual Activity*  *Virgin*  *Frequently Activity*  *Occasionally Activity*  *Masturbation Frequency*  *Daily*  *Weekly*  *Less than Weekly* |

*-----------------------------*

*What is the highest number of orgasms that you have had in one session?*

*Was this on your own or with someone else?*

*Have you ever gone out in a short skirt with no underwear?*

*Have you ever been Naked in Public?*

*If so, enter the details here.*

*Have you ever been gangbanged?*

*Would you like to be gangbanged?*

*-----------------------------*

*No application will be accepted unless it includes an attached photograph of the applicant wearing no more than her preference of swimwear.*

*All applicants will have to submit to medical examination by a NEWPS appointed doctor. This is to ensure that the applicant is physically fit enough to perform the Sorority programme of events, and to ensure that they do not use drugs.*

*As NEWPS is a relatively new organisation it can only cope with a small number of applications each term. All applications will be dealt with on the*basis*of*first come, first served.

*Applications (with photo(s)) to be emailed to newpsorority at yahoo co uk*

**Our first Pledge**

We had already had one girl show interest in joining (Ella), so I phoned her and asked her if she was still interested. She was, so I told her to meet me at a bar in town the following night.

When she arrived she was wearing jeans and a top and a jacket. I could see the outline of a bra. She is only a small girl, about 6 inches shorter than me, and probably a 32A. I bought her a drink then gave her a copy of the poster. She told me that she had seen the poster and was about to send an email when I phoned. I gave her a print of the questionnaire and a pen and told her to complete it.

I studied her as she was writing and decided that she was quite a cute little thing.

I asked her why she wanted to join a Sorority. She told me that at school she was a very quiet girl who never really fitted in the popular girls, she had a reputation for being a bit of a geek. Also, the popular girls had continually teased and almost bullied her because of her small breasts. I told her that she should be proud of her breasts and that although men go on about big breasts all the time, most of them actually prefer small breasts.

Ella told me that when she got into university she had decided that she no longer wanted to stay in the background, she wanted to have as much fun as all the other girls.

I explained to her that I had passed all my hazings and that my first task as a fully-fledged member of NEWPS was to initiate a new member.

Her answer to the questionnaire looked promising, but didn’t fit in with what she was wearing. She looked a little worried as she told me that she was wearing jeans and underwear because all the other girls in her block were. I asked her if she was sure about the knickers. She couldn’t answer that one.

I told her that because both me and my Pledge Sister had already met her, her application had been successful subject to her passing all the hazings. I reminded her that failure to pass any of them or to disobey any of her Pledge Sister’s (me) commands would mean that she would not pass through to the next stage. I also told her that I would never tell her to do anything that I hadn’t already done, or would be happy to do.

Ella asked me how many hazings there were but I avoided giving her a number saying that it depended on how she got on with the first few hazings. She then said, “Okay, I’m happy, what do I do now?” I leaned over and gave her a big hug.

I then gave Ella her first instruction. “Go to the toilet and remove your knickers, bra and top. Dump them in the trash can and return wearing only your shoes, jeans and jacket.” Without a word or pause, Ella stood up and went to the toilet. She was back in less than 5 minutes.

Before I let her sit down I told her to stand in front of me and open her jacket wide. Without hesitation she did just that. I studied her pert little breasts for a full minute before telling her to fasten her jacket and sit down.

I asked her what her feelings about what she had just done were. She said that she was nervous, even scared a bit, but that she was determined to get into NEWPS and would do everything that I ordered her to do.

My next order to her was that when she got back to her room she was to put all her bras, knickers, thongs, tights, trousers and jeans into a bag and tape it shut. I told her to bring it with her when she came to her first hazing which would be the following evening at 7pm. I told her to meet me at the same pub.

We went outside. I gave her a kiss and another big hug and told her that I would see her the next day.

I told Katie and Ben all about Ella and told them that I had arranged for her first hazing to take place the next evening. I told them that I would take her to the same boy’s residence, but on a different floor. Ben told me that he would go and check the place out and phone me to tell me which floor. He told me that I probably wouldn’t see him, but if I did, I was to ignore him.

**Ella’s First Hazing**

Ella arrived on time wearing a miniskirt, jumper and jacket; and carrying a big bag. I

asked her if the bag contained ALL the clothes that I had told her. She nodded. I then told her to prove that she wasn’t wearing underwear. Outside the pub she opened her jacket and pulled up her top to show me her boobs, she then pulled up her skirt revealing her bald pubes. “Freshly shaved are you?” I asked. She nodded.

“Right then,” I said, “let’s go,” and we set off back to Whittle University. On the way I told her to dump her bag of clothes into a rubbish bin saying that it was her last chance to back out. The clothes went in the bin.

As we walked I asked her how her first day without underwear had gone. She told me that she had been very nervous; and excited. She told me that she’d been wet all day.

She said that she’d walked to the shower with her towel wrapped round her instead of her usual bra and kickers with her towel over her arm. I told her that from now on she was to walk around the corridors and common room naked. She blushed but didn’t say anything.

I pulled out the questionnaire that she had completed and went through them.

I said that she’d put a tick against Nude Swimming; and asked her if she’d ever gone swimming in the nude, or just her wish. She confessed that she had always wanted to try nude swimming but had never had the opportunity. I made a mental note to talk to Katie and Ben about that.

Next I asked her when she had last masturbated and when she had last has full sex with a boy. She told me that she had masturbated 3 times since I had last seen her. She had been so excited that she had masturbated just as soon as he had got back to her room, as soon as she woke up, and in the shower when she was getting ready to come to meet me.

She said that she last had full sex with a boy when she had got drunk at a party 2 weeks ago. She told me that she was taking the pill.

Ella asked me what this part of the hazing involved. I told her that she would not know what each hazing involved until it started; but as this was her first one it wasn’t going to be a difficult one. I explained to Ella what a ‘safe word’ was, and gave her one.

As we approached the chosen building I got a phone call from Ben telling me which floor he had decided was okay. I had just hung up when Ben walked out of the building. As Ella and I got close to Ben I told her to close her eyes, pull up her skirt and flash her pussy. With absolutely no hesitation she did. I ignored Ben, and after Ben had passed I stopped Ella, put my hand up her skirt and gave her the finger test. I held my wet finger up to her face. Without being told to do so, she opened her mouth and sucked my finger.

I smiled and told her that she was ready.

Just inside the building I pulled out the blindfold and put it on Ella. I didn’t want her to know which floor she was going to perform on. She may have been able to work it out by counting the steps, but I wasn’t going to make it easy for her.

I slowly led her up the stairs and to the door to the common room, told her that it was her last chance to change her mind (she said not), opened the door and led Ella in.

The 5 boys that were in there stopped and looked over to us as I pulled out the same piece of paper that Katie and I had used for hazing 1 (see part 9); and started reading.

The boys cheered when I read out item 2; and Ella’s face went red. It went even redder as I went through the rest.

I then asked the boys if they would show their respect for the Pledge, and waited until each one had agreed.

I asked the boys to clear a table and bring it to the middle of the room. I then told Ella to strip naked. Again, without hesitation, but with a very red face, Ella stripped and dropped her clothes onto the floor. I held her arm and led her to the table and turned her round. I put her hand on the table and told her to lay back and get on with it.

And she did. The thing was, she must have been very close to cumming before she started because she started moaning as soon as her fingers touched her pussy; and it took less than 2 minutes for her body to start shaking and jerking about.

She came in less than 2 minutes.

The fingers on her right hand kept on rubbing and the fingers on her left hand went in and out of her little pussy.

Everyone stood in silence as Ella kept on going until she had cum 3 times.

When she final stopped, the boys complimented her on her performance (well that’s the polite way to describe their comments); and I told her to drop her legs and rest for a minute.

I stood and looked down on that naked, lovely body with her legs over the edge of the table and wide apart. I felt like kneeling down and eating her out there and then.

I didn’t, I told her to get up and passed her clothes to her one item at a time. When she was dressed I thanked the boys for their help and we left. I led her down the stairs before taking her blindfold off.

I asked her how she was feeling, and all she could say was, “Fucking brilliant.” I then asked her where her room was and we walked to it. On the way there, Ella thanked me for making one of her fantasies come true. She told me that ever since she had started masturbating she had dreamt what it would be like to make herself cum with boys watching.

When we got there I undressed her and lay her on the bed. She was still in a bit of a state and her chest and little boobs were going up and down at one hell of a rate. I sat on the bed beside her and told her that she had been fantastic and that she should be really proud of herself.

Whilst waiting for her to calm down I looked round her room. I noticed that there weren’t many clothes in her open drawers and also that when I looked out of her window I could see the windows of another hall of residence quite close.

I asked her about her clothes and she told me that now that she had dumped all her jeans she needed to go shopping. I told her not to go shopping without me.

She told me that she sometimes had to close her curtains because she was being watched by some boys in the nearby hall of residence. I told her to never close the curtains and to stay naked in her room at all times.

When Ella finally got back to near normal she sat up, hugged me and gave me a big kiss on my lips.

Ella was still all sweaty so I told her that she should have a shower. She asked me if I would go with her, so I stripped and we walked naked to the shower room. One of the other girls on that floor came out of her room just before we got to her and Ella said a very cheerful ‘Hey’ to her.

We shared the same shower and we rubbed each other’s pussies until we both came; then we walked back to her room, still naked.

I got dressed and left, telling her that I would be in touch.

When I got back to my room, both Ben and Katie were waiting for me. I told them that it had gone well, and told them about Ella not stopping until she had cum 3 times. Both were impressed. I told them about Ella’s desire to try nude swimming and asked them if there was any way that we could get her into the Sunday morning sessions. Ben said that he was sure that his mates would agree to it. Katie said that she had already met Ella and that she already knew that she (Katie) was a Sister in NEWPS. All I had to do was remind Ella that she must never say anything about NEWPS to anyone other than a Sorority Sister.

We all seemed happy with that so I suggested that Ben didn’t tell any of his mates that another girl would be there, and let them have a little surprise.

We then talked about how we could get Ella, and any future NEWPS candidates to have a humiliating medical examination. Ella had already filled in the questionnaire so she was expecting one sometime soon.

We agreed that it would need to take place somewhere where the victims felt safe, and where it was feasible that a medical exam could take place. Ben told us that he knew a couple of guys in the medical research department and that he would talk to them, and that he was sure that they could set something up.

I phoned Ella the next day and asked her how she was feeling. She said that she was really happy and asked me if she had done enough to pass her first test. She told me that she even sang while she was in the shower.

I told her to meet me at a certain place in town at 10am that Saturday morning.

**Shopping with Ella**

When we met that Saturday she was wearing a little denim skirt and white blouse. The blouse was a bit thin and I could see her little nipples through it.

Me on the other hand, had worn my Ben Wa balls under a thin cotton dress and jacket. The thin material wasn’t really appropriate for the weather, but it did feel nice.

I asked Ella how she was getting on without jeans and underwear. She said that she was getting used to it, but that she had accidentally flashed a boy in the café at the Uni. I asked her how her pussy felt when she realised. She said that it tingled and got wet.

I took Ella into the clothing department of a big store and we looked at what they had for teenage girls. We found 3 skirts (all very short) and 2 tops that I thought she would look good in. The changing rooms were at the end of that floor. I took her to one and told her to strip and try a skirt and a top on. I was standing in the door-way, keeping it open with my back. The changing rooms are in a little corner and partners usually wait in front of the cubicles.

A young woman came to try something on and her partner stood close by. It didn’t take him long to spot Ella, just as she was taking the first top off. I saw him watching and said to him, “She looks good doesn’t she?” He looked a bit shocked at first, and then said, “Sure does.” I turned to Ella and told her to drop her skirt and do a twirl for the man.

Ella didn’t even look at the man until she had dropped the skirt and done her twirl. When she stopped, she was facing him. She looked at him and blushed. The man said, “She looks fantastic.”

Ella went red and started to cover her boobs and pussy. I just said, “Ella, stop it,” and she did. She had only giving the man a full frontal for a few seconds before his partner came out of her cubicle and walked to him, without even looking at Ella and me.

Ella tried-on the other clothes with me keeping the door open, but no one else came that way.

Two of the skirts were actually quite nice (and short), and I bought them for her.

We went for a McDonalds and I asked how she felt when we were in the clothes shop. She told me that she had been terrified, but VERY turned on. I leaned over and gave her the finger test. I showed her that she was still very wet. She sucked my finger clean. I congratulated her on her first experience of exhibitionism.

Ella asked me if I was feeling okay, she said that I had looked a bit flushed a couple of times. That was when I told her about my mate Ben Wa. She was amazed, she’d never heard of anything like that before. I told her that I would get her some.

I then told her that I was going swimming on the Sunday morning and that she could come with me. That it was optional and if she chose not to come it would not prejudice her application to join NEWPS. I told her that the other Sorority Sister that she had met when I was doing one of my hazings (Katie) would be there. I told her that it was not a NEWPS event and that she must not mention NEWPS to anyone there.

Ella asked if her black bikini would be okay to wear. I told her that she could wear it if she wanted to, but Katie and I would be naked. She asked me where and when.

I told her that it was at St. Damian’s Swimming Pool and that as well as Katie being there; my brother and a couple of his mates would be there. Ella asked me if I really went swimming naked with my brother. I nodded.

**Email from Ella**

A couple of days after Ella’s first hazing, the NEWPSorority yahoo uk email account got this email from Ella: -

*Dear Sisters of NEWP Sorority,*

*Firstly let me say a BIG, BIG thank you for accepting me (subject to me passing my hazings) into NEWPS. I feel so proud of myself for getting this far.*

*I have to say that when I met Katie and Amy when Amy was being hazed I realised that I was really missing out on a lot of fun and swore to myself that I was going to do my best to get into NEWPS, even though I still don’t know what the NEWP acronym stands for. I confess that I had had a couple of drinks that night but my feelings were exactly the same the next morning.*

*When I met Amy at the pub I was nervous and even shocked when she told me to go to the toilet and return without my underwear. Amy told me that I would soon get used to wearing short skirts with no underwear and she was right. I am really pleased that she got me to get rid of all my underwear and trousers etc. Being underwearless has given my confidence a real boost as well as getting me turned on when I realise that a man is looking at my naked pussy up my skirt.*

*When I was stood outside the boy’s common room with the blindfold on I was nervous and scared, I just didn’t know what to expect. Okay, I’d seen Amy go through her hazing but she had told me that my first hazing would be different.*

*When Amy read out the list of orders I was nearly peeing myself. I really had to pull myself together and prove to myself that I could do it. In a way I was pleased that I was blindfolded because I was embarrassed enough just being there, and when I got naked I was sure that you could have toasted some bread on my face.*

*When I put my hand to my pussy and touched my clit I immediately forgot about my embarrassment.*

*After 3 orgasms I just had to stop and I thought that I had failed my first hazing. I was so relieved when Amy said that she was proud of me.*

*Since then I have made myself cum at least once every day just thinking about what I did. I never could imagine how turned on I would get stripping naked and masturbating in front of lots of boys.*

*Every time that I sit next to a boy in a lecture or even speak to one I get wet wondering if he had seen me naked and watched me masturbate.*

*Thank you once again, and I am really looking forward to my next hazing.*

*If there is anything, absolutely anything that I can do for any of you in the meantime you just have to tell me.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

This email got me thinking. My original idea was that I wanted Katie and me to do our hazing at Whittle Uni just in case we bumped into someone who had seen us being hazed. Maybe it was because I was still new to the university game and didn’t have much confidence. Anyway, Ella made the point about getting excited by not knowing if the bloke next to her, or even talking to her had been at her hazing and seen her naked and masturbating. I realised that I would get just as turned on.

I chatted to Ben and Katie about this and they agreed that if I wanted to be hazed at St Damian’s then they would organise it. They told me that they would fix it up and surprise me with it.

**Ella’s Medical Exam**

Ben got everything set-up with the guys from the medical research department so I sent the following email to Ella: -

*Congratulations on passing the first part of your initiation. It is now time for you to have a medical examination to prove that you are physical fit enough to take part in the Sorority programme, and to ensure that your body is drug free.*

*Please attend St. Damian’s University, Rosewood Campus, G Block, Room 184 at 18:00 on Wednesday where you will be met by your Sorority Pledge Sister.*

I was waiting outside the room when Ella arrived. When we went in we saw that it was a small room with chairs down 1 side and another door opposite the chairs. There were 3 young men sat on those chairs. After a couple of minutes 2 men came out of the other room, one was a young man. The other was a little older and had a white coat on.

The man in the white coat spoke to the young man, thanking from coming and saying that his results would be sent to the coach.

White coat tuned to Ella and I and said, “You must be Ella, please come in. Bring your friend with you.”

Ella followed White coat in and I followed Ella. I tried to close the door, but the catch didn’t close properly leaving the door slightly open.

White coat sat at a desk, told us to sit on the chairs that were in front of the desk, then introduced himself as Doctor Pete Lawrence.

The doctor did something on his laptop then looked at us. A look of recognition came on his face and he said, “Amy isn’t it? You were here for your check-up a few weeks ago weren’t you?” Before I had chance to say anything he looked at Ella and said, “I see that you are here for a check-up before joining NEWPS. NEWPS are paying for this and have requested that I perform a few additional procedures that I doubt your GP will have performed before. Are you happy to proceed with these?”

Ella nodded.

The doctor then asked Ella lots of questions that you would expect at a normal medical and typed her answers into his laptop.

He then asked her to stand up and take her clothes off, shoes as well.

Ella did as she was told and the doctor took her to some scales and then a height measurer. He recorded the results on his laptop leaving Ella stood against the wall.

He called her over to the side of his desk, picked up his stethoscope and listened to her chest as she breathed in and out. Her little nipples looked as hard as rocks.

The doctor told Ella that one of the additional procedures that NEWPS had asked him to do was to check to see if she was capable of doing some basic exercises and that her limbs were as flexible as any normal girl of her age.

He then told her to go over to an open space. Just a she got there he told her to stop and open her legs to about shoulder width, then bend at the waist and touch her toes without bending her knees. Ella hadn’t turned round when she had been told to stop and she bent over and gave the doctor and me a beautiful view of her bottom and pussy.

He left her like that for a few seconds then told her to stand up, turn round and squat down.

Next he told Ella to do 20 star jumps. Finally he asked her to attempt to do the splits and get as low as she could. Ella managed to get right down.

The doctor kept Ella down in the splits while he made more notes on his laptop. While he was doing this Ella looked at me and smiled. I winked back at her.

When he had finished on his laptop, he told Ella to get up and go and lie on the examination couch. This was raised at the head end so that Ella could see what was happening. The bottom of the couch was next to the door. I realised that Ella’s feet would be visible to anyone who looked through the crack in the door. Ella would also be able to see them – if she looked.

The doctor looked round the room then said to me, “I appear to have left some instruments that I need in my bag in the other room, would you be so kind as to get them for me?”

As I opened the door Ella was visible to the young men that were in the waiting room. I got the bag and went back in. I deliberately left the door half open, gave the doctor his bag and went to stand near the door. I looked at Ella and her eyes were going from me to the door and back. I smiled and shook my head sideways.

The doctor started by feeling all round Ella’s neck. Then he slowly ran his hands down each arm, bending them at the elbow and waggling each finger. He said that he was looking for any irregularities. Then he did the same with each leg, going up to, but not touching her pussy.

Then came her body; he felt down the sides of her ribs then told her to turn over so that he could check her spine. When that was done he told her to turn onto her back again.

Next was her lower abdomen and hips. I don’t know if it was deliberate or not, but as the doctor felt round her hips her legs opened a bit.

The interesting bit started next. His hands went to each breast in turn, he felt them the same way that my doctor did when he was checking for lumps. Then he squeezed, lightly rubbed and pulled each nipple in turn.

Ella let out a little moan.

The doctor then told Ella to lift her feet and put them in the stirrups. As Ella was doing this the doctor asked me if I would come and stand next to Ella and hold her hand. I looked a little puzzled but did so. As I picked up Ella’s hand she gave my hand a squeeze.

I looked out through the partially open door and saw 3 pairs of eyes looking right at Ella’s pussy.

The doctor put on a pair of latex gloves then gave Ella’s pussy a close examination of every little bit of it.

Ella moaned a little louder than the last time.

The doctor’s finger went into her pussy and moved all around.

Ella moaned again.

The doctor withdrew his finger and went to his bag and got out a speculum. He held it up so that Ella could see it, and opened it to its full extent. Ella’s eyes opened wider as the speculum got wider. Closing the speculum, the doctor explained to Ella that he needed to examine the inside of her vagina. He said that he often needed lubrication to do this, but he could see that none was needed.

He inserted the speculum, opened it wide, then shone a torch into Ella’s vagina and had a good look. He then got this long cotton bud, wiped it round inside her then put the wet end in a little jar. He removed the speculum then started rubbing her clit. He explained to Ella that a late addition to the NEWPS requirement was that he had to stimulate her clitoris to establish if her response was normal for a woman her age.

I don’t think that Ella heard much of what he said, I could tell that she getting very turned on.

As Ella reached her orgasm she gripped my hand tighter and tighter. Her body started shaking and jerking. There were lots of loud ‘aaargh’, ‘oooow’ and ‘yes’.

But the doctor didn’t stop. As Ella came down a bit he told her that NEWPS needed to know is she was capable of multiple orgasms. Both Ella and I know that she is, but neither of us told the doctor.

The doctor kept going until Ella had had 4 orgasms. The poor girl was covered in sweat and looked absolutely knackered. My hand felt bruised as well.

The doctor then told Ella that he would leave her to rest for a couple of minutes and went over to his laptop and stared typing something. Ella looked up at me and smiled. I whispered, “Well done” to her.

I looked out of the door and saw 3 happy looking young men watching. I smiled at them.

The doctor came back over and told Ella that he needed to do a rectal examination and asked her to turn over and get on her hands and knees. Unfortunately for the young men outside, he went and stood at the end of the examination couch before putting a finger in her bum and waggling it around.

When he had finished he took off his latex gloves, threw them away, then went and sat down. He then told Ella that she could get off the couch. She came and sat on the chair next to me. The poor girl looked knackered.

After a couple of minutes of the doctor typing away, he turned to Ella and told her that the physical examination was over and that everything was in order. He then told her that the only remaining thing was for her to provide a urine sample for him to send to the laboratory for drug testing. He got a little sample jar out of his bag and passed it to Ella and said, “Can you go and pee into that please?” Ella looked round and back at the doctor. He said, “Oh yes, if you go to your left out of the other room you will find a toilet just down the corridor on your left.” Ella went to get her skirt but the doctor said, “Don’t bother getting dressed; there won’t be anyone around at this time of night.” Ella looked at me and I nodded.

Ella got up and went out of the door to be confronted by the 3 young men that had just watched her have a very intimate examination as well as 4 orgasms.

Ella later told me that she was so embarrassed. She also told me that the doctor had been wrong about the toilet being ‘just down the corridor’. It had been about 50 yards and round a corner. What’s more, there had been a group of people standing around that corner. She told me that she would have run if she’d had the energy. They’d gone when she came back.

I’d heard Ella come back into the outer room and held the door open for her. I didn’t close it; in fact I left it wide open.

Ella put the sample jar on the doctor’s desk and stood there naked waiting until he stopped typing. While he was typing I looked to the waiting room and saw the 3 lads looking at us.

When the doctor finished typing he looked up at us and said, “Ella, subject to your results being acceptable, your examination is now complete. Amy, I see from your notes that there is 1section of the NEWPS additional procedures that was added after you had your medical. You can either have it now, or we can book you in for a later date, which would you like?”

Well, I didn’t see that coming. Ben’s devious mind was at work again – thank goodness.

“I might as well get it over with now,” I said.

“Okay, please take your clothes off and climb onto the couch?”

I turned my back on the doctor and was facing the 3 young men in the waiting room. They stared at me as I peeled my top off, freeing my braless breasts. I was staring back at the 3 young men as I unfastened my skirt and let it drop to the floor. I was naked apart from my shoes, which I kicked off. One of the young men licked his lips, so did I.

I climbed on the couch and automatically lifted my legs and put them in the stirrups.

3 pairs of eyed were glued to my pussy.

The doctor walked over to me, pulling on a pair of latex gloves. He said, “I see that you’ve worked out what the additional requirement is.” I nodded.

The doctor stood on my right side looking down on me. His right hand went straight to my pussy and found my clit. I shivered when he touched it and the 2 of the young men smiled. I continued watching them watching me until my mind was on something more important.

Looking at a naked Ella, knowing that 4 men were looking at her, that a doctor had brought her to multiple orgasms, and that I was now going through the same, caused me to be very aroused even before the doctor told me to take my clothes off.

After seconds I was moaning and wanting more. After a minute I was almost screaming as my first orgasm came. As I was coming down a bit I looked at the Ella, then the 3 young men. Ella was standing there, still naked, and had one hand on her pussy. I could see the bulges in the 3 young men’s trousers, and the lust in their eyes.

The doctor kept going and it wasn’t long before he took me over the edge again, and again, and again.

5 times that man made me orgasm. I was a very happy, contented, sweaty, knackered girl when he finally stopped.

He stood there looking down at my heaving body for quite a few seconds before saying, “Very good Amy. I’ll add the results to my notes and forward them to NEWPS.”

I slowly got off the couch and Ella and I got dressed.

As we were leaving, the doctor started to thank us, then saw the 3 young men.

“Oh yes, I’ve still got to give 2 of you a check-up haven’t I. Come on in James”

“Wow, I’ve never had a medical quite like that before,” Ella said as we walked to the nearest bar. I told her that she looked like she enjoyed it. All she said was, “and more!”

In the bar Ella told me that it was the first medical that she had ever had where she’s enjoyed herself. She said that being watched by the 3 young men had made it so much more exciting.

After a couple of drinks we both went back to our rooms.

I found Ben and Katie in Katie’s room and told them everything. I thanked him for the extra bit, but he said that he knew nothing about it. He had only arranged for Ella to be examined. Ben also told me that the doctor’s name isn’t Pete Lawrence, and that his doctorate isn’t in medicine.

More to cum soon.

**Amy the Exhibitionist – Part 11 – My first few months at University - third part**

**Swimming**

I had deliberately told Ella that the session started 15 minutes later than it actually did, so when she arrived, Katie the others were already in the water. I took Ella into the men’s changing room. When she saw that there were men’s clothes there she was a little hesitant about getting naked. I asked her if she trusted me. She said that she did, we stripped and I held her hand and we waked out to the pool.

Ella tried to cover her bits when she saw all the boys there. When they saw her the game stopped and they all came over to find out who she was.

As they were getting out of the water I told her to relax and enjoy being seen by some gorgeous young men.

Five guys were stood around her, all wanting to say Hello.

I introduced everyone and we all jumped in. Ella stayed beside me for a while, but soon started relaxing and having fun. After about 5 minutes she swam over to me and told me that one of the boys had just grabbed one of her breasts and put his hand between her legs. I smiled and told her to enjoy it.

A bit later, Katie went off to the water inlet with Henry. Katie put her ankles on the side of the pool and Henry held her in place.

Ella spotted them and asked me what they were doing. I told her to follow me. We got out of the pool and went round to where Katie and Henry were.

Ella quickly realised that Katie was getting close to having an orgasm, but didn’t know how or why. I told her to watch and wait while I went and got Ben.

When we got back, Katie had cum and she and Henry were swimming away. I told Ella to get into the same position that Katie had been. She dived in and as she lifted her ankles out she said, “Ooow.” Ella had just answered her own questions.

Ben moved in behind her and held her in place. As soon as he put his hands on her boobs he said, “Nice tits Ella,” and started massaging them. I told Ben that Ella felt inadequate in the boobs department. Ben told her that she shouldn’t and that she has fantastic tits.

The water inlet did its work, and with a contented smile on her face, Ella had an orgasm.

Ella and I swapped places and I got the pleasure that I needed.

After I’d cum, Ella said that the others had left the pool. Ben and I got out and we all went to the showers.

Ella’s face was something else when she saw 5 naked young men and a naked Katie getting finger fucked. I held her hand and led her in, telling her to relax and enjoy herself.

The next 15 minutes saw Ella get finger fucked by all 5 guys and her giving 2 blow jobs. Katie and I took care of the other guys while they took care of us.

Ella was very relaxed as we got dressed and left.

**Toys**

I’ve started wearing my Ben Wa balls quite a lot. They have made lectures less boring. I’ve also bought a Pocket Rocket that I wear quite often as well. I carry the remote control in my bag and Ben and Katie sometimes take it out and get me worked up when I’m talking to strangers.

Another thing that I like doing with it is to put the remote control on the table in front of me wherever I am. Some people look at it and obviously have no idea what it is. Others look at it and grin. One Professor was walking round the room as he gave his lecture. When he got to me he picked it up and started playing with it as he talked. I was getting redder and redder as I fought to contain the pleasure that I was receiving. Fortunately (perhaps not) he put it down after a couple of minutes and continued round the room. I quickly switched it off. He’s never said anything about that ‘incident’ so I don’t know if he realised what he was doing or not.

Another email from Ella

*Dear NEWP Sorority,*

*I didn’t know if I had to write a report about my medical. I don’t remember Amy telling me that I had to. Just in case I was supposed to, here it is.*

*I was nervous when I met Amy outside the doctor’s office. As we sat waiting I was trying to remember the last time that I had been to the doctor’s. I think it was when I was 14 and I went to ask to be put on the pill.*

*The doctor is a nice man and I started to relax as he asked me the questions that I was expecting. Although the nerves came back a bit when he told me about the ‘additional procedures’.*

*I wasn’t at all embarrassed when he told me to take my clothes off, nor when he got me to stretch and bend and then do the splits. I was glad that I had kept myself fit at school.*

*I did get embarrassed when I was laid on the couch and Amy went to get the doctor’s bag and left the door open. Those young men were looking right at my spread pussy. I assumed that Amy left the door open on purpose and that the embarrassment was part of my overall hazing.*

*I’ve never had an orgasm when I’ve been at the doctor’s before, but when Dr. Lawrence started squeezing my nipples I just knew that it was going to happen. My pussy started tingling and I felt good all over.*

*The speculum felt good, but it was when the doctor started rubbing my clit that I just relaxed and let it happen, and happen, and happen, and happen. He was so good with his fingers.*

*I found it a little bit embarrassing going to the toilet to get the urine sample. The group of people that were in the corridor seemed quite surprised to see a naked girl walking along.*

*I was a little surprised when Amy had to have that additional NEWPS test, but I can understand why NEWPS needs that information. Amy certainly enjoyed it.*

*I don’t know if you have received the doctor’s report yet, but I do hope that he gave me a clean bill of health. He didn’t give me any indication of any problem.*

*I really am looking forward to my next hazing.*

*As I said in my last email to you, if there is anything that I can do for any of you please let me know.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

**Flashing one of my Professors and Labs group**

Okay, I couldn’t help myself. At one lecture last week I slouched down in my chair and sat there with my knees about a foot apart. It was ages before he looked at me and saw my pussy. It was all wet because I was wearing my Ben Wa balls, and they had got me worked up on the way there. I saw a bit of a smile on the Prof’s face as he kept talking.

At the end of the lecture he asked me to stay back, but just as I got to him a couple of men came in and he started talking to them. After a minute he turned to me and said that he would talk to me next week. That’s tomorrow. I wonder what he’ll say.

I’ve made a bit of progress with the 2 Labs geeks – accidentally. Well I’m pretty sure that it was an accident. One of them moved a stool that I was just about to sit on and I ended up flat on my back with my legs apart and one hell of a bruise on the back of my head.

The 2 of them rushed to me and knelt either side of me. One told me to stay where I was while he went to get help. I started to lift myself onto my elbows and shouted to him to stop because I felt okay – apart from the headache. He’d got to his feet and stood there looking down at me.

As I looked up at him I realised that he wasn’t looking at my eyes, but a lot lower down me. I looked at the other guy and his eyes were looking at my lower half too. I looked down my body and saw that my lab coat was unfastened and my skirt was up round my waist.

I lay there and said, “Just give me a couple of minutes for me to get over the shock and I’m sure that I’ll be okay. I stayed there watching them looking at my legs and pussy. One of them was getting redder and redder. Just before I thought that his face would explode I asked them to help me up. Each of them held one of my arms and they lifted up to my feet.

I had to say, “Hey, it was me who is supposed to be suffering from shock, can we please get on with this goddam test,” to get them to come back to reality.

I’m thinking about what I can do next.

**My second, first hazing**

I was in my room one evening, naked as usual, and planning on doing some studying, when Katie came in and told me to go and take a shower and get dressed because we were going out. She wouldn’t tell me where.

We had only gone about 100 yards when Katie gave me a blindfold and told me to put it on. She told me that I was going for my first St. Damian hazing. We walked a little further then Katie spun me round a few times so that I lost my bearings. We slowly walked for about another 10 minutes before Katie told me that we were there.

She wouldn’t tell me where we were. She led me up some stairs and round a few corners the stopped and asked me if I still wanted to go through with it. Silly question.

Katie opened a door and we went in. I could hear a television and a few boy’s and some girls talking. When some of them saw us some of them started cheering. This quickly spread and before long I realised that there were more than a handful of boys there. I thought, “fuck Katie, where have you brought me, a fucking football stadium.”

Katie shouted to get their attention then read what we had written for our first hazing.

Katie then told them that because I had already completed a similar hazing elsewhere, I had to do a few extras. She told them that I would award a couple of raffle prizes. I was totally confused by this.

Katie then said that she had a part of a pack of playing cards and that she was going to hand out one card to everyone there. She said that she had written on a piece of paper the name of some of the cards and what the holder’s prize was. When she read out a name of a card, the holder was to come forward and accept their prize.

There was a long pause, presumably where Katie was handing cards out, during which I was thinking WTF has Katie got me into? How many fucking students are there here? How many of them do I know? Am I going to be able to go anywhere without someone there having seen me doing all this? What is one of them asks me about it?

I was getting more excited, and wetter.

Katie then asked for someone to move a table to the middle of the room.

Katie then said, “Pledge, STRIP.”

I did, and could hear all sorts of comments about my tits and shaved pussy.

Katie guided me over to the table and whispered that it was a normal height table. She backed my bum to the table edge then told me to lay back. It was cold.

Katie didn’t need to tell me to raise my legs and start frigging, I just did it.

More comments and a bit of cheering.

As I was getting into a rhythm, all the thoughts that I’d had earlier went through my head again. Was I really doing this? It seemed unreal.

I cleared my head and concentrated. Not that my body needed me to try hard. My pussy was aching for attention.

I started moaning and it wasn’t long before I was shouting, “YES!” and, “Fuck!” and a few other expletives.

There was a bit of cheering, but less than I expected.

Katie gave me a minute to calm down then told me to lower my legs to the floor. I did, but kept them wide apart. My bum was on the edge of the table and I could feel my pubic bone sticking up.

Katie then announced that the raffle was about to start. There was a rustle of paper then she said, “The first lucky winner is The 4 of Spades.”

I could hear a bit of a cheer and a few groans.

Katie then announced that the Pledge would now get on her knees on the floor and give the winner a Blow Job.

I hadn’t a clue what was going on until Katie said ‘Blow Job’. I then realised that Katie, and presumably Ben, wanted me to think ‘was it him that I gave a BJ to’ when I was with someone in some innocent situation around the university?

The winner came forward; I got on my knees, felt for his zip and gave him a BJ. He held my head in place and shot his load down my throat.

Katie then announced the next winners and I performed the task that Katie and Ben had set me up for. The winners and tasks were: -

The 5 of Diamonds

Katie announced that the Pledge would get back on the table, lay back and open her legs wide.

Katie helped me back to the table and I was rewarded by being fucked by a large dildo. The winner kept going until I’d cum.

Queen of Hearts

Another Blow Job. This young man shot his load all over my face and chest.

Ace of Clubs

The winner will put this condom on and fuck the Pledge in any position that he wants.

I was instructed to get on my hands and knees on the floor, and was rewarded by a large cock being thrust in and out of me. It didn’t take long for the winner to start grunting, moaning and jerking. I couldn’t feel him cum in the condom. Unfortunately he didn’t last long enough for me to cum again.

2 of Diamonds

The Pledge will stand up and will be placed over the winners lap. He will then spank her 20 times on her bare butt.

It hurt. The brute spanked me hard.

9 of Spades

I was guided to the table and told to bend over it and hold the other side of the table.

The winner will then cane her 10 times.

WTF. Where did a cane come from? I was caned hard, but not quite hard enough or long enough to make me cum. I did have red marks across my butt for a couple of days.

8 of Hearts

Another Blow Job. All over my face and chest again.

7 of Diamonds

Back on the table with my legs wide open, and the winner got to finger fuck me for 5 minutes.

Jack of Clubs

While still on the table the winner had to insert my Ben Wa balls into their home.

I felt a rough hand push the balls in one by one. After each one, a finger followed and probed around inside me.

3 of Diamonds

The winner will dress the Pledge.

I wasn’t expecting that. He didn’t do a bad job either, even though he had a good grope of my boobs and pussy as he got on with it.

Katie announced that there were no more prizes and that the hazing was over. She thanked the young men for their help and to lots of applause and cheers, Katie led me out of the door.

With the blindfold still on, Katie led me back to our building where she took the blindfold off.

While we were walking I asked Katie where we had been, how many young men and women had been there and how many of them did I know? The only thing that she would say was that there were lots of people there.

I had visions of being in the universities café and some bloke coming up to me and saying, “That was you frigging yourself the other night wasn’t it?” or even worse, “That was a good fuck the other night, can we do it again tonight?” Terrifying, but at the same time, such a turn on.

We didn’t have to tell Ben all about it because he’d been there watching.

**Blackmail**

About a week after our last ordeal (LOL), I got an envelope from the Prof. It contained another DVD from the bondage exhibition. When Ben watched it he got very randy and bent me over the nearest chair and gave me a good fucking. Truth be known, if he hadn’t fucked me, I would probably have jumped on him.

Anyway, the following evening I got a phone call from the Prof. She reminded me of the consequences of the DVDs getting into the authorities hands; then told me to be at the usual meeting place, with Katie, on the Friday night.

As we walked there, both Katie and I were getting quite excited (in more ways than one) coming up with ideas of what we were going to be forced to do.

As usual, it was strip, then get into the car. After a 20 minute ride the Prof told us that we were going to be serving dinner at a Hockey Club. I felt disappointed. I had visions of loads of butch, heavily built women, all getting drunk and noisy.

As we pulled into the car park the Prof told us to strip, apart from shoes. She then led us in the back door to the kitchen. There was no one there, but the ovens were on and pans were boiling on the hobs. The thing was I could hear men’s voices, boisterous men’s voices. It was a men’s Hockey Club. My spirits lifted.

The Prof left leaving Katie and I not knowing what to do. I took a peek through the door to where I thought the noise was coming from. I could see about 50 men sat round 2 rows of tables, or stood at a bar at one end. There wasn’t another woman in sight.

After a few minutes a man who looked to be in his fifties came in and said, “I see the Prof’s come up trumps again. Right, you two look great, I can see that I’m going to have to look out for you two. If you have any problems you shout for me. I’m Pete by the way. I’m the president of this club, what are your names?”

We told him, then I asked him what he meant by ‘the Prof’s come up trumps again.’

Pete told me that the Prof always manages to get him a couple of naked girls to serve every time the club has a dinner.

I looked at Katie and she looked at me. As we were doing so, Pete asked us how the Prof had got us to do it. In stereo Katie and I said, “Blackmail.”

Pete said, “I do hope it wasn’t anything boring that you did. Some of the girls seem to have been sent here for doing nothing more than not wearing knickers.”

I said that I was surprised that he hadn’t had hundreds of naked girls there then.

“Yes, it does appear to be a growing trend doesn’t it?” Pete said. “Right then, you’d better get started, there are 46 hungry men out there and they want their food. I’ll help you get it on the plates then you 2 take it out there. As I said, any trouble, you tell me, Okay?”

When we took the first plates of food out there, the whole place erupted. Anyone would think that they’d never seen a naked woman before. The first few trips went okay then some of them found some confidence and started putting their hands on our legs, then higher up. By the time we were getting to the last few the hands had found our pussies. Neither of us complained to Pete.

When they were all eating, Pete told us that there was a free bar that night and that we had to go round asking if we could get anyone anymore drinks. He also told us that we could have whatever we liked.

We did, then started going round asking if we could get anyone anything. That’s what we started out saying but we had to change it to if we could get anyone any drinks because a couple of them asked for blow jobs.

Taking drinks orders took longer and longer because we were getting groped more and more. My puss was dripping. I even had a couple of finger up my ass.

After about 30 minutes Pete called us over and told us to clear the tables. Afterwards Pete told us to get another drink then asked us if we were ready. “Ready for what?” I asked.

“Didn’t the Prof tell you? She’s done that before. You’re here to put on a show for the lads. Have sex with each other and entertain them. It’s up to you what you do, just as long as the lads aren’t disappointed.”

“Oh shit!” I said and looked at Katie.

We went and got a strong drink and discussed what we would do. Katie suggested something like what we did for the wet T-shirt competition in Ibiza. I said that it was a good starting place so I asked Pete if he could get some dance music playing.

Pete said that he could and told us to turn round. We saw that some of the men had cleared a corner of the room and were putting some tables together.

“Start whenever you’re ready.” Pete said.

We finished our drinks and went and sat on the edge of the tables. When the music started we climbed on them and started dancing.

After a few minutes I turned to Katie and ran my hands up and down her body, stopping at her tits and pussy for a couple of seconds. Katie had a big smile on her face. Katie’s hands found my tits and started playing with my nips.

I pulled Katie to me and gave her a long kiss while my hands massaged her bum. Still dancing (sort of) I went behind Katie and put my arms round her. My left hand found her tits and my right hand found her pussy.

The music tempo changed so I lay on the tables and motioned for Katie to get on top of me (69 style). We ate and fingered each other for quite a few minutes before I pushed Katie off.

I whispered to Katie and we both did a handstand. We opened our legs wide and some of the men stood up to get a better view. When we went down we went into the crab position with our pussies facing the men.

Dropping down onto our knees I waved for one of the men to come over and I asked him for 2 beer bottled. We fucked ourselves with those bottles for a while.

I had another idea and stood up. I put the bottle just in front on me then did the splits, right down. I then got up and moved forward so that the bottle was between my legs.

I did the splits again (not right down), so that the bottle was just touching my pussy. I looked at the audience and shouted, “Shall I?” Guess what they said.

I slowly lowered myself and the bottle slowly disappeared. It hurt a bit but I made it right down and the bottle disappeared.

Katie had been watching and she did the same. Two bottles gone.

Katie and I raised ourselves leaving the bottles upright on the tables. I gave the bottles to the audience who seemed eager to drink from them.

I shouted that I had been a naughty girl and asked if anyone wanted to spank me. It looked like 100 hands went up. I picked a good looking man and told him to bring a chair with him. I put his chair in the middle of the tables and sat him down facing the audience.

I felt his hard cock press on my stomach as I lay over his lap. As I did I saw Katie whisper something to him.

He rubbed my butt for a while before giving me one hell of a slap. Then another, then another. What the hell had Katie said to him?

He went on and on and on. I quickly reached the point where the pain started to turn to pleasure. I started shaking and cumming. I made it a loud one.

The spanker knew what was happening and stopped as I started cumming. He massaged my butt and fingered me as I calmed down. I relaxed and let him finger me for a couple of minutes before getting up.

I thought it was time to involve a few more men and whispered to Katie. We got off the tables and went to quite a few of the men. At each one we put our legs either side of theirs, and lowered ourselves so we could feel their cocks through their trousers, on our pussies. We rubbed our pussies back and forwards and rubbed our tits on their faces.

As I got off each one I looked at his trousers. My juices were on each one. Something for them to explain to their wifes.

We must have done that to at least 10 men each before we stopped.

I saw Pete standing at the bar. He looked happy. He waved us over and led us to the kitchen.

Pete thanked us, telling us that his team was ‘well pleased’. He then told us that the Prof was waiting outside.

We had what has become the usual trip back with Katie and I complaining about being degraded and humiliated. As usual, we were wasting our breath - thankfully.

**Ella’s Second Hazing**

I phoned Ella one afternoon and told her that she was doing her second hazing that evening. She asked me if it was going to be the same as my seconds hazing, the one that she had taken part in. I told her that part of it was similar but not all of it. I wouldn’t go into any details.

I met Ella in one of Whittle uni’s bars while Ben was out sussing out a suitably occupied boy’s common room. Over a couple of strong drinks, Ella told me that she was nervous as hell, but that she was determined to go through with it.

I asked Ella how she was getting on with her new dress code. She told me that she was loving it, loving the attention that she gets from men and the excitement when she realises that someone is looking at her naked boobs or pussy. She told me that she was getting used to not closing her curtains, even though she has seen a telescope, pointing at her window, in one of the rooms in the nearby students dorm block. I suggested that when she sees someone looking that she teases them by dancing facing the window and playing with herself.

I got a phone call from Ben and we set off. It didn’t take long to get there. As we stood outside the door I got the table tennis bat out of a plastic bag that I was carrying and gave it to Ella. At the same time I told her that it was the last chance for her to back out. She shook her head sideways. I opened the door and led Ella in.

There were 5 young men and 3 young women there, all making quite a bit of noise.

I shouted for them to be quiet. When they were, I asked the one nearest the TV to switch it off. He did. I then read from the same piece of paper that was used for Katie’s and my second hazing (see part 9).

There was no reaction from Ella when I read out the first thing that she had to do (strip naked), I guess that she was expecting it. There was however some reaction from the 8 young people in the room. All the boys and one of the girls cheered. The other girl just smiled.

When I got to the bit about Ella getting 10 swats from the table tennis bat from each of 5 people, Ella’s eyes closed and I if could have read her mind I’m sure she would have been thinking ‘oh fuck’.

There wasn’t a coffee table in the room but there was a kitchen table, so I asked 2 of the young men to move it to the middle of the room. It was done in seconds.

I turned to Ella, took the bat off her and said, “Strip!”

She blushed as she lifted her sweatshirt over her head, her cute little breasts getting the fresh air, hardening her nipples.

As her denim miniskirt passed her knees there were a few comments from the boys.

Ella was stood there wearing only 3 inch heels and a red face.

I then said, “Pledge, go and select the 5 people who you want to administer your pain.” Ella walked round the room and selected 3 boys and 2 of the girls.

I gave Ella the bat back and told her to give it to one of them.

I motioned Ella over to the table where she lay back with her bum at the edge of the table and her feet still on the floor.

I only had to say, “Arms and legs,” and up and apart they went.

I called the lucky 5 over and told the 4 without the bat to hold a wrist or ankle.

I wasn’t happy that Ella’s legs were wide enough apart so I told the 2 who were holding her ankles to move back and pull her legs further apart. I could see her pussy lips open as they did so. She was wet, very wet.

One of the boys holding an ankle said, “Wow!”

I thought of a slight change to the script. I said, “Pledge, you will count the swats from each student. You will thank them for each swat saying. ‘One, thank you.’ ‘Two, thank you’ etc. Do you understand me Pledge?”

Ella said that she did, so I told them to start.

The first boy wanted to leave his mark and Ella winced. By the time that Ella said, “Ten, thank you.” There were tears starting to form in her eyes.

The 5 students rotated and the second one started. Fortunately for Ella this one obviously didn’t want to hurt her and his swats were gentle.

It was one of the girls next. I suspect that Ella picked 2 girls hoping that they would be gentle with her. And this one was. Her tears disappeared.

The fourth student was the last boy. He wasn’t as gentle. The tears re-appeared. Her backside was VERY red.

The fifth was the other girl and she had a mean streak. I felt a bit sorry for Ella. After just the second swat Ella’s tears were flowing, but she didn’t use her ‘safe’ word.

By the time it ended I really wanted to hug Ella, but that would have spoilt it.

I gave Ella a couple of minutes to recover while I thanked the participants for their help. I then told Ella to get on the floor on her knees and told the students to line-up in front of her.

Ella reached forward and slowly unzipped the first boy. She put her hand in and released his cock. She looked at me then opened her mouth.

The 3 guys were in the front of the queue and each one of them had Ella gagging.

Each one of them pulled out at the last minute and shot their load over her face.

After the third one, Ella looked up and saw one of the girls. She looked over to me and I motioned for her to get on with it. I told the girl to lay back on the table so that it would be more entertaining for everyone.

Ella got up and went to her. She lifted her skirt and pulled her thong down and off. The girl was shaved bald; and wet. Ella threw the thong towards where the boys were standing.

I told Ella to stand back a bit then bend forward at her waist. The boys behind her had a great view of her assets as she got to work with her mouth on the girl.

It didn’t take long for the girls to start moaning, jerking and cumming. She had a big grin on her face when she sat up, got off the table and pulled her skirt down.

The other girl was wearing jeans. When I waved her over to Ella, Ella undid them and pulled them right down. She wasn’t wearing any knickers and she too was shaved bald. Instead of getting on the table, the girl sat on the floor and pulled her jeans off. Without being asked, she pulled her top off revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

The girl lay back, opened her legs and smiled at Ella.

Ella got into the 69 position and they both gave us good show, bringing each other to an orgasm.

When they finished, the girl stood up and got dressed.

I bet that Ella thought that her ordeal was over, but I looked at the 2 boys and 1 girl that hadn’t taken part. I turned to Ella and told her to thank them for being a good audience.

Ella didn’t waste any time in unzipping the 2 boys and giving them a blow-job. Both these boys held onto Ella’s head and made her swallow. When it came to the girl’s turn she refused to take part. Her loss.

Again, Ella looked as if she thought her ordeal was over, but again it wasn’t. I told her to get back on the table and spread wide.

I then picked up the plastic bag that I’d brought and pulled out a vibe. I gave it to the nearest young man and told him to use it on her ass and pussy. Ella had a surprised look on her face.

The student switched the vibe on and rubbed Ella’s pussy with it. He then pushed it into her and moved it in and out. As usual with most men, he completely ignored her clit so I told the girl student who had given Ella a 69 to rub Ella’s clit.

She came over and did. That extra stimulation quickly brought Ella to her climax.

It still wasn’t over for Ella. I put the vibe back in the bag and pulled out the big double ended rubber dildo that we got in Ibiza. I gave it to another young man and told him to put one end into Ella’s ass.

Ella wasn’t expecting that and her jaw dropped; but she didn’t say anything.

The boy had the sense to rub the end on her pussy to get it wet before slowly easing it into Ella’s backside. As he did, Ella moaned and gasped. When it was a good 6 inches in I told him to stop and leave it in. I picked another one of the boys and told him to bend the dildo and push the other end in her pussy. That got Ella moaning a lot more, but she didn’t cum.

Most of the foot long dildo was now inside Ella’s 2 holes.

That was where I wanted to end Ella’s second hazing so I told her to get up and I gave Ella her clothes. As she was putting them on I thanked the students for their help, and we left with Ella still firmly plugged.

As we walked away, Ella asked me how long she had to keep the dildo inside her. I told her to ask me again when we were in her room. She did look quite uncomfortable walking along like that, but she didn’t complain.

Back in her room I told her to strip and lay down on her bed. I extracted the dildo and gave her a 69. Afterwards I looked out of the window and saw the telescope, and a shadow behind it.

While we were laying there I asked her how she felt. She told me that both her backside and her jaw were quite sore. She asked if she had passed her hazing, and how many more she had to do. I told her that we’d wait for her report and then take it from there.

I told her to get some sleep and left.

**NEWPS applications**

We had 23 emails showing interest in joining NEWPS. All attached photos in a variety of swimwear or nude. 21 then replied with completed questionnaires.

The breakdown of these was: -

*Do you prefer to work in a team, or on your own? Team - 12 Own - 3 Both - 6*

*Do you consider yourself to be outgoing? Yes - 17 No - 4*

*Do you like helping other people? Yes – 21*

*Do you smoke? Yes – 5 No - 16*

*-----------------------------*

*Select your preference in each of the following groups: -*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *Clothing*  *Dress 6*  *Skirt and Top 7*  *Trousers / Jeans 8*  *Full length Skirts 2*  *Mini Skirts 14*  *Micro Skirts 5*  *Tights 4*  *Hold-ups 10*  *Stockings and Suspender Belt 1*  *Bare Legs 6*  *Pyjamas 1*  *Nightie 1*  *Baby Doll 1*  *Bra and Knickers 4*  *Knickers only 6*  *Nude 8*  *Bra 12*  *No Bra 9*  *Full knickers 0*  *Bikini Knickers 5*  *Thongs 11*  *Commando 5* | *Swimwear*  *One piece Swimsuit 1*  *Bikini 10*  *Bikini Bottoms only 6*  *Nude Swimming 4*  *Pubic Hair*  *Full Pubic Hair 0*  *Trimmed Unshaped 2*  *Trimmed Shaped 4*  *Landing Strip 4*  *Fully Shaved 11*  *Sexual Orientation*  *Straight 11*  *Lesbian 4*  *Bi 6*  *Nun 0*  *Sexual Activity*  *Virgin 2*  *Frequently Activity 17*  *Occasionally Activity 2*  *Masturbation Frequency*  *Daily 12*  *Weekly 5*  *Less than Weekly 4* |

*-----------------------------*

*What is the highest number of orgasms that you have had in one session?*

*1 - 14 2 - 4 3 - 2 5 - 1*

*Have you ever gone out in a short skirt with no underwear? Yes – 16 No - 5*

*Have you ever been Naked in Public? Yes – 4 No - 17*

*Have you ever been gangbanged? Yes – 1 No - 20*

*Would you like to be gangbanged? Yes – 18 No - 3*

*-----------------------------*

Automatically rejected were: -

5 Because they were obviously overweight

5 Because they smoked

2 Virgins

1 One piece swimsuit

8 Trousers / Jeans preference

We selected 5 who we all liked their answers and photographs. There wasn’t much logic to our selection, just our feelings. I have to confess that Ben had a lot of say on this and that he spent ages looking at the photos, especially the 4 nude ones and the 6 topless ones. He even saved the attachments and zoomed in on their interesting bits. He pointed out a birth mark right at the top of the inside of one girl’s leg.

Now we’ve got to work out how we can haze them.

**I got a job**

As most of you will know, money is a problem for students, unless mummy or daddy is loaded. Well, my parents aren’t so money is a problem. The UK has this crazy student loan system that leaves students owing the government huge amounts of money for the rest of their lives. I had decided years ago that I don’t like debt and would do everything and anything to keep my debts to a minimum.

Anyway, I saw this ad for a sort of ‘Girl Friday’ to help in an office in town a couple of days a week. It said that the hours were flexible so I hoped that it could fit in with my lectures and lab work. The ad gave the companies name so I looked them up and found that they were just a short bus ride away. I went straight down there. They are in a smallish office block and have one end of a floor. There is a locked door that keeps unwanted people out.

I rang the bell and was met by this thirty something guy who told me that they’d already interviewed a few girls and had selected one who they were going to offer the job to. I was pissed, and must have looked it.

I don’t know if it was pity, or my short skirt and bare legs, but he offered to interview me anyway. He said that I might be able to impress him. He took me to his office and we sat on sofas either side of a coffee table.

Okay, I took advantage of him being a red-blooded male. I did the old crossing and uncrossing of my legs a few times. I could see him looking up my short skirt. So what? A girl’s got to use her assets.

He told me that the job was a sort of secretary cum office junior for the 5 men that worked there. They’d already got a woman that worked 4 hours each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday but they needed someone for 8 hours spread over Thursday and Friday. It could be 4 hours Thursday and 4 on Friday, or 8 on either day. I asked him if it had to be the same each week and he told that as long as I put the 8 hours in each week it could be whenever I wanted. That would suit me.

The interview went well and at the end he told me that he thought I was very capable of doing the job. I asked him if there was anything that I could do to help him change his mind about the other girl. He looked me up and down, and without thinking I said, “What if I worked naked?” He looked stunned and was silent for about 30 seconds. Then he said, “That could work, I’ll let you know.”

I left the place thinking ‘what the fuck have I possibly let myself in for?’ The thought of working with 5 men while naked got my juices running, but I was a bit scared.

Things got worse later when I got a phone call offering me the job. I started the next Thursday.

I told Katie and Ben. Ben told me to be careful, while Katie said that it sounded fun and that she was jealous.

On the bus the next Thursday I was so nervous, but at the same time I left a wet patch on the seat. I was thinking, should I strip off before I went in or wait until I was told to do so? Should I get totally naked or should I leave my heels on? Where could I leave my clothes? Will I be expected to give them all blow jobs? Will they expect to fuck me? Will I become the ‘office bike’? What if they get visitors? Will I be expected to fuck them as well?

To say that I was nearly bricking it as I went in was an understatement.

Straight away, Bob took me into his office and offered me a coffee. While we were drinking it he told me more about the business and what I would be expected to do. All the time I was wondering if I should just stand up and remove my skirt and top (which was all that I had on – except for heels). I was confused.

Bob then took me to meet the others. None of them looked as though they expected me to be naked. They were all quite nice actually. Bob showed me the desk that I could use.

We went back to Bob’s office and as we walked in he started to say that there was one thing that we needed to get sorted out straight away. I just knew that was my cue to strip, so I did. I pulled my top over my head in one go and started unfastening my skirt. Bob had gone all silent and was staring at me. He watched me drop my skirt, step out of it and pick it up. I held my top and skirt and asked where I should put them.

Bob eventually found his voice and said, “I really didn’t expect you to work naked. I just took your comment to mean that you were desperate for work.” After a pause he continued, “But now that you are naked, and look comfortable being naked, perhaps we can take you at your word. Stay like that, you look good. I’m sure that productivity will improve as well. Let’s go and tell the guys. You can leave your clothes in your desk.”

As we entered the main office Bob announced, “Gentlemen, Amy wasn’t joking when she said that she would work naked, here she is. Please don’t put the company into a position of having to defend a sexual harassment case.”

Work had stopped and all 4 were staring at me. I felt a tingle in my pussy.

Joe broke the spell by saying, “Welcome again naked Amy. I’m sure that we’ll all be happy with you working here.”

My duties are what you would expect for a secretary cum office junior; and I have to go to each of the guys often. At first it seemed strange being naked next to working, clothed men, and a couple of them were embarrassed at first, but we all got used to it quite quickly.

Just before I was due to finish for the day Bob called me into his office and told me to sit down. He asked me how my first day had been and if I’d had any problems. I told him that my first day had been great. I was comfortable with what I had been asked to do and was sure that I would be happy there. Everyone had been perfect gentlemen. I didn’t tell him that I’d had to go to the toilet and frig myself to orgasm twice.

Bob then told me that I would get a 50% pay rise if I wore the same clothes every time I was there. I asked him if I could change my shoes occasionally. He smiled as he said, “Okay.”

I went back to my desk and got dressed with 4 men watching me.

I’d only worked 4 hours that morning and had to go back to work the other 4 on the Friday afternoon. When I got there I went straight to my desk and stripped with 4 pairs of eyes watching me.

I have to say that working there naked with 5 men is such a turn-on for me, but they take it all in their stride. Okay, they watch me a lot but none of them has tried to touch me or make any suggestive comments. I’m almost disappointed.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 12 – My first few months at University - fourth part**

**Sunday Morning Swimming**

Ella joins us on most Sunday mornings. She’s totally relaxed and is fucking a couple of Ben’s mates in the pool and in the shower. We 3 girls take it in turn to use the water inlet and the boys take it in turn to support and grope us. What a great way to start a Sunday.

**Another email from Ella**

*Dear NEWP Sorority,*

*Please accept my apologies for this late email as I had to go home to my parents last weekend. While I was there my mother commented on how I had changed. She was very pleased to see that I am no longer the quiet mousey girl that left home to go to university; that I am now self-confident and outgoing. She was pleased with my more feminine look (skirts, not my old habit of always wearing jeans all the time). I don’t think that she noticed my lack of all underwear.*

*My father also seemed happy with the ‘new’ me. He spent quite a lot of time talking to me about university and lots of other things as well.*

*My older brother started to acknowledge my presence and was actually quite friendly towards me.*

*In our house we have our favourite chairs for watching TV. The men sit on one side of the room and the women on the other. Both my dad and brother never used to take much notice of me when we were watching TV, but this last weekend both of them kept looking over to me and sometimes talking to me. I suspect that it may well have had something to do with my short skirts, bare legs and no knickers. I’m pretty sure that they both noticed my lack of underwear and poking nipples.*

*My second hazing started quite similar to the one that I had seen Amy go through a few weeks ago.*

*I remember watching Amy have an orgasm when she was being paddled and I am truly sorry that I couldn’t manage to cum as well. Maybe if it had gone on longer I would have got there. If you would like to get someone to spank, paddle or cane me longer we will see if they can make me cum.*

*I was expecting to have to thank the students for helping me with my hazing so that was no surprise. After I had finished that I was expecting it to end. When Amy told me to get back on the table I had visions (nice ones) of her telling all the boy’s to gangbang me. This is something that has be the subject of many masturbation fantasies.*

*I was not disappointed when the boys used a vibrator to give me the relief that I so much needed.*

*I did find the dildo very difficult to walk in. I have never felt so ‘full’ in all my life. I was pleased when Amy removed it, but I was a little disappointed when Amy took it away with her.*

*I do so want to be a fully-fledged member of NEWPS. I will do absolutely anything that you want me to do. I will gladly be your sex slave if that is what you want.*

*I’m looking forward to my next hazing.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

**Flashing one of my Professors and Labs group**

I’m convinced that one of the Labs geeks was at my second, first hazing. He has a permanent grin on his face and a frequent bulge in his trousers. Every time that I look at him I get wet thinking about what happened to me that night. Was he one of the students who paddled me? Was he the one who fucked me?

I’ve got to get a grip of myself and concentrate on my project work.

I suppose that I don’t really help myself. I quite often go to one of the Lab sessions wearing my Ben Wa balls or Pocket Rocket or Butt Plug. Last week I went wearing nothing under my Lab coat. It’s a bit longer than my skirts, but it’s a tighter fit, so you can see through where it fastens - if you get at the right angle. I’m wondering if I can do something to the press fasteners so that they pop open easily.

The Professor that I flashed and had asked me to stay back so that he could have a word with me, managed to do that at the end of the next lecture from him. I’d sat there with my legs partially open throughout his lecture and I’d seen him looking a couple of times.

When everyone else had gone he asked me how I was settling in at university and how I was getting on with the work.

He then told me that he was a good friend of Professor Lesley Jones and that she’d told him all about me and my friend. I started to get a little concerned. He said that he wanted me and my friend to provide him with a similar service. I said that I didn’t know what he was talking about. He opened his briefcase and got out a couple of DVDs. I blushed and got a little wet rush.

Professor Thomas Gibbons looked at me as I said, “Yes Sir, we’ll be pleased to do whatever you ask.”

“Right, for starters you can keep on with your little shows each week. It’s nice having 3 or 4 girl’s sitting on the front row trying to influence their grades each year. Not that they do you understand. The more interesting you make your displays the better. And don’t think that I didn’t know what that little remote control thingy was the other week. I’m getting good at using those things and looking as if I haven’t a clue what I’m doing.

I’ll let you know when there’s something that you can do for me. Now be off with you, and not a word to anyone.”

As I walked out of there I was wondering which of the other girls on the front row were flashing him. I couldn’t remember which ones were wearing a skirt.

As soon as I got back to my room I went looking for Katie. I found her in the kitchen area and I told her all about it. We’re waiting apprehensively.

At his next lecture I saw that one other girl sitting on the front row was wearing a miniskirt. I couldn’t see if she had her legs open, and the Professors eyes didn’t appear to be looking in the direction of her legs.

After the lecture I caught up with her and told her that I knew what her game was. She denied it but went red in the face. I asked her if the Prof had spoken to her about it. She didn’t say anything so I told her that he had spoken to me about me doing the same.

That made her relax and she said that he’d threatened to get her kicked out if she didn’t do what he told her. He’d told her that there was a little video camera hidden somewhere on the wall and that he’d recorded, in detail, what she was doing.

We went to the uni café and compared notes. I told her (Sarah) how Professor Lesley Jones was blackmailing Katie and me, and told her what we had been forced to do.

Sarah was horrified and told me that we should have gone to the police. She backed away from that when I told her that, firstly, we valued our place at university and didn’t want to lose it; and secondly, we’d enjoyed it.

She appeared surprised, but after I told her more of the details she admitted that she would have enjoyed it as well.

I asked Sarah if she had a remote controlled vibe. She seemed a little surprised by that question but said that she had. I asked her if she would wear it for the lecture with Prof Gibbons next week. When she agreed I told her that we could have a bit of fun at Gibbon’s expense.

We parted, promising to keep flashing and comparing notes after each lecture.

**My Thursday / Friday Job**

This is going well. I am well into the habit of stripping as soon as I get to my desk.

After the third time that I was there I realised that some of the novelty and excitement of being naked was wearing off so I decided that I would go there wearing either my Pocket Rocket, Ben Wa balls, or my Butt plug, the one with the big diamond that stays outside me.

The next time that I went, I put in my Ben Wa balls before I left my room. They did their work as I walked to and from the bus. By the time I got to my desk the inside of my thighs was wet. I spent the next 4 hours on a high and got so close a couple of times. The journey back to my room was torture and I was glad that Ben was there when I arrived. I’m definitely going to take my friend Ben Wa to work again.

The time after that I put my Butt plug in my pussy before I left my room. I checked in a mirror and if my legs are slightly apart you can just see the diamond. I wondered if any of the 5 guys would notice it. I needn’t have worried. I was in the kitchen area getting another jar of coffee out of one of the floor cupboards when Pete came in. My back was to him and I was bent at the waist so he got a great view of my assets and the diamond.

I was a little disappointed when all Pete did was to ask me if it was a real diamond.

The last time I went to work I wore my Pocket Rocked. I couldn’t help myself; I used the remote to make myself cum on the bus on the way there, and on the way back.

After being there for about an hour I decided to switch it on each time that I had to go and talk to one of the guys. I’m sure that they couldn’t hear it, but I sure as hell could feel it.

I’d left the remote control on my desk and in a quiet moment I turned it right up to full and made myself cum. It was weird having an orgasm and watching 4 men working close by and them not knowing what I was doing. I’m glad that I managed to do it without making a noise.

We had a visitor when I was there last Friday. There was a knock on the door and I automatically went and opened it, forgetting that I was naked. Imagine the surprise on the face of the visitor when he saw me. I invited him in and took him to Pete’s office as if it was something that I did every day. The poor man kept starting to say something but nothing coherent came out. I took coffee to them a few minutes later and he just stared at me. Pete acted just like he does every time that I take him coffee. The poor man must have been quite confused.

**Human Anatomy**

One day Ben brought me a leaflet that he’d intercepted before it was put on one of the notice boards. It was from one of the Lecturers of the Human Biology course. For the Human Anatomy module he was looking for a man and a woman to help him demonstrate the differences between males and females and their responses to different stimuli. They were willing to pay £100 for 2 one hour sessions. Ben thought that I might be interested.

Of course I was. I grabbed the leaflet and phoned the number. The man asked me if I realised that I would have to be naked for it as the students needed to examine my body in detail. He also told me that I would have to take part in some sexual activity so that the students could examine my biological reactions. I told him that it wouldn’t be a problem. He told me when the sessions were. One of them clashed with a lecture but I wasn’t worried, I’d be able to borrow someone’s notes and read up on it.

Everything was agreed and I would be there for the first session one day the next week.

**The first session**

When I got there I was met by a man in a white coat who introduced himself as David. He asked me to wait until the ‘male specimen’ arrived. A couple of minutes later there was a knock on the door and a rather cute looking guy walked in. He introduced himself as Nathan.

David then explained that sexual arousal and activity was a natural human act and that we weren’t to be at all embarrassed by it and that we were not to hold back. “Just let it happen” were his words. He then told us to take our clothes off and follow him through the door when we were ready.

As David went through that door I heard him say, “Ladies and gentlemen, our living specimens have arrived and will be joining us shortly.”

I looked at Nathan, and to break the ice I told him that it was going to be the easiest £100 that I had ever earned. He laughed and agreed.

Nathan and I went through the door to be greeted by about 20 young men and women. All staring at us.

We were told to stand in front of the 2 tables that were at the front of the room. We had to stand there for about 20 minutes as David went into all the technical names for the parts of Nathan and I that were different; and described their functions. He went on to explain why men and women are shaped differently (apart from their sex organs).

To be honest, I was bored. I had never heard of a lot of the names that he used and I wasn’t really interested in them.

Things brightened up when he started touching me to explain things like what my buttocks and breasts were made of and why they wobbled when prodded. He almost sounded disappointed that my breasts didn’t sag at all, and had to explain that most women’s do, and why. He seemed to take his time prodding and poking my boobs as he explained to the students how to examine breasts for lumps that shouldn’t be there. When he started squeezing, pulling and twisting my nipples I couldn’t help moaning a little.

When he came to my pubic bone he said that he was glad that it was the fashion these days to keep them free of hair as it was much healthier. Nathan wasn’t shaved and David explained to the students all about the bacteria that can grow in the hair if not regularly washed.

Nathan isn’t circumcised and David got Nathan to pull back his foreskin. As he was holding his cock, Nathan started to get a semi as David gave all the names for the different bits.

David went on to explain why some men were circumcised, a little bit about the religious reasons and more about the medical reasons. He also explained how circumcision is done and all about the bacteria that can grow there. He almost put me off un-circumcised men for life.

It was only when David told us to sit on the two tables, lean back on our elbows and bring our knees up and wide open that I started to wake up.

Nathan’s cock was getting harder as David explained what caused men (medical reasons) to get erections. I watched as David pulled and pushed Nathan’s cock and balls.

David turned to me and said, “now the female specimen.” He stood beside the table and had another grope of my breasts.

He turned to my pussy and explained what all the bits were that were now on display. As he squeezed my clit I could feel myself getting hot and wet; which was what he obviously wanted because he then explained the medical reasons why I was wet.

Next Nathan and I were told to lie back on the table. David then told the students to come to the front and examine the ‘specimens’ themselves.

Twenty students came forward and started examining Nathan and me. I lay back and enjoyed 20 pairs of hands playing with my tits and pussy. Most of the talk was medical gibberish but there were a few comments like, “God, she gets wet easy,” and “look how much liquid she’s producing.”

Comments like that were turning me on even more. One male student started rubbing the end of my clit very gently. That was it, my orgasm started and I was jerking and moaning. As my peak passed I heard David say that he was glad that I had reached orgasm as it was a perfect example and asked the students to note my body’s reaction. He went on to explain what had happened in medical language.

Just then I heard Nathan grunt and a couple of the students took a step back from him. As David gave Nathan some tissues he explained what happens internally when a man ejaculates.

The hour was up and David thanked Nathan and I and told us that we could leave. As we were getting dressed Nathan told me that he was embarrassed but it had been worth it for the money. I smiled and agreed.

Davis came in and reminded us that the second session was the next week at the same time.

**Ella’s Third and Final Hazing**

We had real trouble thinking what we could get Ella to do for this. In the end we sent this email to her: -

*Dear Ella,*

*You have done very well to get this far, we are all pleased with your performances. You will also be pleased to hear that you passed your medical examination. The doctor was impressed with how easy it was to get you to have multiple orgasms.*

*We are also pleased with how you have adapted to life wearing short skirts and no underwear and how quickly you have discovered, and taken advantage of, the benefits that short skirts and no underwear can get a girl.*

*We are all interested how your relationship with your father and big brother develops. Previous experiences by some Sorority Sisters show that fathers and brothers are a great source of sexual excitement and pleasure. It is easy to tease them into doing whatever you want by ‘accidentally’ revealing lots of skin. I believe that Amy has already discussed her relationship with her brother with you. I’m sure that she will be able to give you some tips on how to ‘accidentally’ let your father and brother see you naked.*

*Keep us informed.*

*Your third and final hazing will be different to the first two in that you will know what you have to do before you start. It is also different in that you get to choose what you do. You have to choose and complete 3 of the following:-*

*Wearing only shoes, handcuffs (behind your back) and a dog collar and lead; be led by your Pledge Sister down the main shopping street at 3pm on a Saturday afternoon.*

*Repeat your second hazing, but with a much larger audience and a greater number of participants.*

*Streak through the town’s main shopping mall on a Saturday afternoon.*

*Be the star at a bukake party.*

*Get gangbanged. A big box of condoms will be provided and men will only be allowed to participate if they wear one.*

*Go out in town on a Saturday afternoon and persuade a man (any man) to take you down an alley and let you give him a blow job.*

*Be a sex slave for a weekend for a NEWPS appointed man.*

*Be a sex slave for all the NEWPS Sisters for a weekend.*

*Strip naked and masturbate in the St. Damian’s Library.*

*Attend a university lecture naked.*

*Attend a university student’s party naked.*

*Earn £100 as a lap dancer at one of the two bars in town that have lap dancers.*

*Wearing you shortest skirt, with it rolled at the waist so that it only just covers your butt and pussy, and with no underwear on, go up and down all the escalators in the town’s main shopping centre 20 times on a Saturday afternoon. On each occasion, wait at the bottom and only get on when there are un-attached men looking as if they are about to get on. Make sure that you are in front of them.*

*Please let us know your choice before this weekend so that your Pledge Sister can approve it and make any necessary arrangements.*

*Good luck,*

*NEWPS Sisters*

The following day later we got this email from Ella: -

*Dear NEWP Sorority,*

*Thank you for your email. I have to say that allowing me to choose which challenges that I want to do for my third and final hazing was quite a surprise, and quite a challenge in its self. Just reading through the list got me all excited and wet. Some of the items have been part of my fantasies for a number of years and been the source of sexual stimulation on a number of occasions.*

*After a lot of daydreaming and a couple of frigging sessions, I have decided that I would like to do the following 3 sessions: -*

*Session 1 – a. Repeating your second hazing, but with a much larger audience and a greater number of participants.*

*With more people paddling my backside I’m hoping that I will be able to go through the pain barrier into the pleasure part and reach an orgasm.*

*If you would like to practise this on me before the hazing session I will be more than happy.*

*Session2 – c. Streak through the town’s main shopping mall on a Saturday afternoon.*

*Session 3 – Please can you combine: -*

*k. Attend a university student’s party naked.*

*d. Be the star at a bukake party.*

*e. Get gangbanged.*

*These to be in one marathon session where I will get ‘used and abused’ by a group of men. I have always dreamed of what it would be like to be a sex slave and this seems like the perfect opportunity to find out.*

*Of course, if you wish me to, I will do every item on the list.*

*I am really looking forward to these ‘challenges’.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

**Gym Club**

Well that’s what we call it. Ben takes us to the swimming pool but he has never told us about all the other keep fit facilities that are at St. Damian’s. Basically they’ve got just about everything that a student could need in the way of keeping fit. Katie and I decided to go to the aerobics, basic keep fit sessions and spend a little bit of time in the workout area. Nothing too energetic, but a way of keeping healthy.

The first time we went to the aerobics we wore our school PE skirt and a tight, thin cotton top with spaghetti straps, and trainers; nothing else. When we went into the class there were just 3 other girls and a couple of men there; and 4 nipples poking out at them.

The class started and it wasn’t long before our bums and pussies were getting displayed. I think that everyone in there must have seen our pussies during that session. One of the men was behind us and must have appreciated the view because at the end I saw that he had a bulge in his shorts and a little wet patch where the end of his cock was.

The female instructor stopped us before we left and asked us if we’d enjoyed ourselves. She then asked us if we always wore so little when exercising. Katie told her that we were wearing no less, and often more than we did in school PE classes. Katie told her that we sometimes did lessons in the nude. She asked us which school we went to.

There wasn’t anyone in the gym at that time so we went into the workout area and tried a few of the machines. Neither of us had any idea of how to work any of them.

There is one that we think that we’ve worked out. It’s for strengthening your leg muscles. You sit on it and spread your legs, pushing against 2 big pads. I tried it with Katie stood in front of me. It was hard, but I managed to spread my legs wide only twice. Katie told me that I should try that machine when there are a couple of guys in the room.

We were trying to work out how another machine worked when a good looking guy came in and sat on this bench like thing. At one end there are a couple of upright bars that support a bar with weights on each end.

We watched the guy lay back with his head between the weights. He tried to lift the bar with the weights on, but couldn’t. He got off and removed a weight from each end. He tried again. He managed to lift the bar but his arms were wobbling.

He sat up and looked at us. I smiled and he asked us if one of us would ‘spot’ him. I hadn’t a clue what he meant and I told him that if he explained what he meant then I would be happy to ‘spot’ him.

We went over to him and he explained that one of us had to stand behind his head and if he looked as if he was going to drop the bar then the ‘spotter’ had to help him lift the bar back onto the supports.

I volunteered, he lay back down and I stood with my knees about an inch from the top of his head and slightly apart.

As he started to lift I realised that he was looking up my skirt. He would be able to see my bare pussy. I had a little moisture rush and his face went red. Not sure if that was him straining with the weight or because his face was so close to my bare pussy.

The weights went back on the supports and I opened my legs a bit more. He braced himself for another lift and I looked down at his face. He was looking again.

This time when the weights went back on the supports I told Katie that she should have a go at ‘spotting’. I moved out of the way and Katie moved in. She stood with her legs together so I told her to spread them. She did, about a foot apart.

The man lifted the weights again and I watched his face. I also watched his shorts get more uncomfortable for him. Katie had a grin on her face.

He lifted the weights one more time before getting up and thanking us. I asked him if he could do something for us. He had a puzzled grin on his face. I then asked him if he could show us how to adjust the leg spreader machine. I told him that it was set too hard for us.

We went over to it and he told me to sit on it while he made some adjustments. He then squatted down in front of me and told me to try again. I saw Katie grinning as my legs opened and my skirt rode up my legs. He was staring at my bare, wet pussy.

After a few seconds he asked me if I wanted it harder. Katie laughed and he said, “I mean the pressure needed to open your legs for me.” Katie laughed again. He said, “Sorry, that didn’t come out right.” Katie laughed again. “Sorry, you know what I mean,” he said.

I said that I did, and told him to ignore Katie. I told him that the pressure was fine, and closed my legs. I opened them again with him still squatted in front of me.

I let him have another good look before closing my legs and telling Katie to have a go.

We swapped places and the man squatted down on the pretext of showing Katie where to put her legs.

Katie opened her legs giving both the man and I a great view of her open pussy. She looked as wet as I felt.

When the man stood up the wet spot on his bulging shorts was big. He asked us if there was anything else that he could help us with. I was tempted, but said not. He left the room, probably to take care of the bulge in his shorts.

We looked at a couple of other machines to try to work out how to use them before deciding to look round the rest of the place. We found a sauna, but it wasn’t switched on. Neither Katie nor I have been in a sauna so we decided to go back soon.

**NEWPS**

We’re still thinking about what to do for the hazing of the 5 girls that we’ve chosen. Do we haze them all individually or in a group? Do we haze them the same way as we did Ella? We just don’t know yet.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 13 – My first few months at University - fifth part**

**My Thursday / Friday Job**

It’s going well. When I was there last Friday I was wearing my Pocket Rocket. I had it turned on low when Bob asked me to get him and Joe a coffee. I didn’t bother turning the Pocked Rocket off as it would only take me a couple of minutes; and I thought it would be nice to serve coffee to 2 men with a pleasant vibration going on in my pussy.

I was in the kitchen area and the kettle had just boiled when the fire alarm went off.

Before I knew it everyone was walking out. Joe grabbed my arm and said that we had to get out. As we were walking to the main door I asked about my clothes. Joe said that we couldn’t go back, we had to keep going, and there might be a real fire.

We all went down the stairs and out onto the street. Now this is a street in the middle of town with lots of people going by. There were dozens of people standing around, and quite a few were looking at this naked girl standing there in amongst them. Bob, Joe and the other guys were standing in a circle round me, but others could see that I was naked. People were coming to talk to my colleagues so that they could look at me.

It was so exciting standing out in a crowded street in the middle of the day, naked, with a vibe inside me quietly pleasuring me, and lots of people looking at me. So much so, that I was getting really turned on. I mean really turned on.

The Fire Brigade arrived and I’m sure that at least one Fireman saw me.

It was too much. I started shaking and biting my lip to stop myself screaming out. I vaguely remember someone asking me if I was cold and someone else asking if I wanted to borrow a jacket.

I was glowing and not at all cold. I declined the offer of the jacket and just stood there partially oblivious to the people watching me.

Someone must have given the all clear because everyone started going back in. There were 2 Firemen just inside the door as we went in and they had a big grin on their faces as I went passed them.

When we got back to the office Bob asked me if I realised that lots of people in the other offices were going to be visiting us just to see if they could see the naked girl.

I apologised to Bob.

**Human Anatomy the second session**

Both David and Nathan were there when I arrived. I was a little late and apologised.

David told us to get undressed and follow him in.

When we went in I was told to lie on the examination couch and put my feet in the stirrups. David explained to the students that he was going to show them how to do an internal examination. He explained that it is always a good idea to stimulate the clitoris before going inside the vagina as it usually gets the patient to lubricate naturally, rather than having to use KY Jelly. It worked for me.

By the time his finger went in I was quite wet.

His finger probed round inside me, with long pauses, as he explained what he was doing to the students.

That warm, tingly feeling was starting.

I looked over at Nathan and saw that he was getting a hard-on.

David then produced a speculum and demonstrated the correct way to insert it. He did this a couple of times, presumably to make sure that the students understood.

David then pulled over a chair and shone a torch into me and explained what the students should look for.

I was getting more and more aroused and knew that I couldn’t last much longer, but all of a sudden it stopped.

David went over to Nathan. He had his back to me so I couldn’t see what he was doing, and I wasn’t really listening. I was too busy dreaming about what I hoped was about to happen.

And it did. A few minutes later David told the students to come forward and practice what they had just been told.

Wow, I was expecting some pleasure, but those 20 or so students (male and female) practicing stimulating my clit, fingering me, inserting the speculum and breathing all over my pussy as they looked into me, brought me to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. At one point they had to stop and let me calm down before they started again.

I was knackered by the time David called it to a halt. I’m not sure, but I think that a couple of the men had more than one session working on my puss. I had a bit of trouble walking out of that room and was still sat naked when David came in, thanked us and paid us our money.

**Ella’s Third and Final Hazing**

Once again, Ben worked hard to organise things. Ella first choice was: -

*Session 1 – a. Repeat your second hazing, but with a much larger audience and a greater number of participants.*

*With more people paddling my backside I’m hoping that I will be able to go through the pain barrier into the pleasure part and reach an orgasm.*

*If you would like to practise this on me before the hazing session I will be more than happy.*

Ben organised the venue and audience. He tells me that it isn’t the same place that I did my second, first hazing, but I’m not sure. Anyway, Katie and I met Ella, blindfolded her and led her to the door of the room. I double checked that Ella still wanted to go through with it. She nodded. So we went in. There must have been a good 20 people in there.

There was loud cheering when they saw us. I could see Ella mouth the words ‘Oh fuck.’ When the noise died down I read out the words about NEWP Sorority hazing like I did the last time (see part 9).

There was already a big table at one side of the room to I told Ella to take off the blindfold and the rest of her clothes. When she could see again, she looked round and said, “Oh fuck.’ again.

As her top then her skirt came off the crowd cheered. Her little nipples looked rock hard.

I’d decided to use the deck of cards system that Katie had used for my second, first hazing as it was fair and easy to use. I handed the deck of cards to the nearest student and told him to take one and pass the rest on until everyone had a card.

While this was going on I told Ella to lie on the table with her legs facing the audience, and wide open as I went and found a bag that Ben had put in the corner of the room earlier.

When things went quiet I announced that when I read out a card name, the holder of that card would come forward and give the Pledge 5 swats with the table tennis bat that I’d got out of the bag. When I read out the next card, the first person would hold the Pledge’s left ankle as high as it could go; and the second person would administer 5 swats. When I read out the third card, the first person would go to the right ankle, the second person to the left ankle and the third person would administer 5 more swats. I didn’t bother explaining any more.

I told them that the Pledge had a backside big enough for everyone to have a go so just be patient, everyone would get a go.

I read out the first card name and a young man came forward. I gave him the bat and told him to get on with it. His first 2 swats were gentle but they got harder. Ella was counting.

When the fourth person came out I told the ones holding Ella’s ankles to spread her even more. I looked at Ella; she had tears in her eyes, red marks on her bum and a wet pussy.

The seventh person (a girl) had a mean streak and Ella screamed out. Tears were rolling down the sides of her face. I caught her eye and mouthed, “You okay?” She nodded.

By the thirteenth person Ella was quiet. The tears were still running. I could see Ella’s chest going up and down quickly.

As the seventeenth person (another girl) came forward, Ella looked like she was oblivious to the swats. Her sobbing had stopped and she was just lying there like she was in a trance. He breathing was completely normal.

While the seventeenth person swatted Ella’s backside I saw that Ella had started breathing heavily and was glowing.

When the last person came forward I swapped the bat for a cane that was in the bag. The young man looked at me. I nodded. The first of his swats made Ella gasp. The third started her shaking and when the fourth landed she shouted, “YES,” as an orgasm hit her hard (no pun intended). The young man’s fifth got Ella shouting again and she jerked so much that her feet came free from the hands holding them.

I gave Ella a couple of minutes to rest as I announced that 5 people were going to be personally thanked by the Pledge. I told everyone to swap cards with someone so that everything would be fair.

I read out 5 card names and 4 men and 1 girl came forward.

I looked at Ella and told her to get on her knees on the floor. She winced as she got up and down. Her backside must have hurt like hell.

Kneeling in front of the first guy, Ella unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock. It was already hard so Ella engulfed it with her mouth and started sucking. It wasn’t long before he started pushing further into her mouth and she started gagging.

He let her get some air then thrust in again. This time he groaned and held her head close. When he pulled out he wiped the end of his cock on her nose and walked away.

Number 2 let Ella do all the work. He just stood there as Ella’s head bobbed up and down. He too didn’t last long. But he pulled out at the last moment and covered Ella’s face with his cum.

Number 3 only had a small cock and it was easy for Ella to take the lot and get him to cum. He too pulled out and shot his load on to her face.

Number 4 really gave Ella hell. He rammed into her throat and made Ella’s face go red as she tried to get air. In and out he went, just as if he was fucking her pussy. Eventually his face screwed up and he held her head hard on him. I saw Ella throat move like she was swallowing and the man let her go.

The last one was the girl. She was wearing jeans and Ella un-fastened them and pulled them down and off. No knickers.

I told her to lie on the table with her bum on the edge. She did, but not facing the audience so I told her to move. Her bald pussy was facing everyone.

I held Ella back for a couple of minutes to let the audience have a long look at the girl’s pussy. If they weren’t going to see mine then they sure as hell were going to have a good look at hers and Ella’s.

Eventually I motioned for Ella to go and eat her. Everyone was silent as Ella teased her clit with her tongue. Ella reached up and pushed her hand up the girl’s top. She pushed her top and bra up over her breasts and played with her nipples.

It took a while, but Ella made her cum. A loud one it was as well.

The both got up and the girl went back to her boyfriend. The thing was, she left her jeans at the front.

Ella may have thought that it was over, but no, I got a condom out of the bag and held it up. I announced that for the finale, one luck guy was going to fuck the pledge. Ella looked surprised as I called out a card name.

With a mixture of groans and the odd cheer, a guy came forward. I gave him the condom and told Ella to get back on the table. With her bum just over the edge of the table the man thrust in and out. Ella’s little breasts were bouncing back and forward as much as little, pert breasts can. One of the man’s hands went to a breast and squeezed hard. Ella went, “Oow!” but he didn’t stop.

Ella orgasmed but the man kept going. I could see Ella getting close to her second orgasm when the man suddenly stopped moving and trust deep into Ella. He went, “Aaargh,” and the both orgasmed.

Eventually the man released Ella’s breast and pulled out. Ella looked knackered.

I told her to stay put and pulled my Pocket Rocket out of the bag and gently inserted it into Ella as she lay on the table.

With my back to Ella, and facing the audience I got the remote control out of the bag and turned it on full.

Ella screamed a bit and jumped up. The audience laughed.

I announced that the hazing was over and thanked them for their help. I gave Ella the blindfold and told her to put it on. Picking up her clothes and putting them into my bag I led her out of the room.

I led her out of the building before giving her clothes to her and telling her to put them on. I led her to somewhere that she knew then told her to take off the blindfold.

As we walked to the nearest bar to get a stiff drink for her, I asked Ella for her thoughts. The first thing that she said was that her backside hurt like hell. I stopped her and went behind her. In the middle of the street I lifted the back of her skirt and looked at the red marks. While I was looking at her backside a couple of young men walked passed and one of them asked if Ella had been a naughty girl. We ignored them.

After a few seconds I dropped Ella’s skirt and told her that there was no permanent damage and that it would tale about a week for the marks to disappear. I turned her round and gave her a big hug and kiss on her mouth. I felt her relax.

Ella said that apart from her backside, she’d enjoyed it. She was really pleased that she’d gone through the pain barrier and orgasmed while being caned. I asked her if she’d do it again. She said that she would, but not within the next week.

We left the pub and headed back to Ella’s dorm. I undressed her, and me, and I took her for a shower. I gently soaped her all over, and then rinsed her before wrapping a towel round her. She just stood watching me wash myself. The poor girl was too knackered to do anything else.

I put her to bed and left.

The next morning Ella phoned me to thank me for looking after her, and also if we could wait a few days before the next part of her hazing.

*Session2 – c. Streak through the town’s main shopping mall on a Saturday afternoon.*

This was the easy one to setup. I met Ella at McDonalds in the shopping centre and took her to the toilets at one end of the shopping centre. I told her to go into a cubicle and take off all her clothes, and her shoes, and pass them out to me. I then told her to count to 100 then come out and run to the toilets at the other end of the shopping centre. We were on the ground floor and the toilets at the other end are on the first floor.

What I didn’t tell her was that Katie and Ben were strategically positioned along the route she would take. I headed off to the other toilets.

I was just getting near the toilets when I heard a bit of a commotion behind me. I turned to see a naked Ella running flat out towards me with a security guard running about 20 yards behind her. She didn’t see me as she turned a corner and out of sight. As the guard passed me I ran after him. When I turned the corner the guard was stopped right in front of me. He was looking all around. Ella had disappeared. The security guard got on his radio and asked if they’d seen where she’d gone on the CCTV system. They hadn’t, so he said that he’d check the nearby shops.

He went into an electrical shop and I stood and looked round thinking where I would go. I saw a small clothes shop that looked nearly empty. That was my guess.

There was only a young girl working in the shop and I started browsing the racks as the girl walked to the back of the shop. She was nearly there when the security guard came in and asked her if she’d seen a streaker. She said not and continued walking.

When she got to the changing cubicles I heard her ask if the person in one of them was okay. I heard Ella say that she was. I moved closer and heard Ella explain that she had lost a bet and that she was paying the price. Ella asked the girl if she could stay there for a while until things quietened down.

The girl said that she was about to close the shop and that she’d have to ask her to leave. Ella pleaded to be able to stay and said that she’d do anything. After a few seconds silence the girl said that there might be something that Ella could do. She told Ella to wait there and turned to walk back into the main part of the shop.

I ducked down behind a rack. The girl looked round, saw no one and went and shut the shop.

She went back to Ella and told her to come out of the cubicle. Looking all around, Ella stood in front of the girl. She told Ella that the shop was shut and that they were alone. She them told Ella to take her (the girl’s) clothes off.

Ella looked a bit surprised but did so. She started with the girl’s blouse. The girl was wearing a see-through bra over her small breasts. Next the skirt was taken off to reveal a little thong. The bra and thong came off leaving her naked apart from her shoes. Her bald pubes seemed to shine in the shops light.

The girl reached over to Ella and caressed her breasts. Ella got the message and did the same to the girl. After a couple of minutes the girls broke away and sat on the chair that was outside the changing area. She beckoned Ella over and told her to make her cum.

Ella opened the girl’s legs and got to work with her hand while leaning over and taking a nipple in her mouth.

It didn’t take long for the girl’s head to go back and for her to start moaning. Ella moved her mouth down to the girl’s pussy and I watched the girl start shaking.

When it was over, the girl told Ella to dress her, and then offered to lend Ella a dress, but Ella declined, asking the girl if she would have a look around outside to see if there were any security guards there. She did and came back to say that it was all clear. Ella thanked the girl again, and then took off running.

I stood up and walked to the door. As I passed the girl I just said, “Interesting!”

When I got to the toilets I couldn’t see Ella so I called out her name. A cubicle door opened and Ella stuck her head out. I gave her clothes to her and watched her get dressed. We then walked back to McDonalds at the other end of the shopping centre. We walked passed 2 security guards but neither of them took any notice of us.

Again, Ella phoned me the next morning to thank me.

*Session 3 – Please can you combine: -*

*Attend a university student’s party naked.*

*d. Be the star at a bukake party.*

*e. Get gangbanged.*

*These to be in one marathon session where I will get ‘used and abused’ by a group of men. I have always dreamed of what it would be like to be a sex slave and this seems like the perfect opportunity to find out.*

It took Ben a couple of weeks to fine someone who lived in a house where we could hold the party during which I had a few phone calls from Ella asking how things were going. I kept telling her that we were waiting for her red backside to get back to normal and that it was difficult to find the right location.

Anyway, Ben did come up trumps again. Four of his mates share a rented house and they all agreed to let it happen there. Those 4 were the only ones (apart from Ben, Katie, Ella and I) that knew what was going to happen.

Us 3 girls and Ben met one of the 4 in a pub and had a few drinks before going to the house. Before we went in we told Ella to strip naked (in the street).

We went in to find about 30 students there, mainly men, but a few girls. Ella was a hit from the start. All the guys wanted to talk to her and get her a drink. A couple of the girls also wanted to talk to her to find out why she was naked.

A few drinks later Ben told me that everything was set-up and the big box of condoms was in the room waiting. I got Ella and took her to the room.

There was a big bed in there with a big plastic sheer over it. Ella went and lay in the middle. There were ropes tied to each corner and I helped Ben tie them to her wrists and ankles. I gave Ella one last chance to back out. She said that she still wanted to go through with it.

One of Ben’s mates had agreed to act as a ‘bouncer’ with Ben, just in case there was any trouble. For his help I told him that he could go first while Ben went out to where the music was coming from and switched it off. When it was quiet he announced that there was a young lady in the back bedroom that wanted to be gangbanged and was suitable restrained ready, He said that there was only one condition and that was any man who wanted to fuck her had to wear a condom. There was a bit of groaning so Ben announced that there was a big box of condoms in the room.

I watched Ben’s mate fuck Ella. She was a bit tense. I guessed that she was nervous.

She didn’t cum.

Ben and the bouncer let the men in one at a time and I watched 16 men fuck Ella. She came about 5 times, I wasn’t really counting. About half way through a couple of other girls who wanted to watch came in and stood at the side of the bed with me. All 3 of us girls played with ourselves as we watched.

When the queue ran out I untied Ella and held her while she pulled herself together. She told me that her pussy was very sore, but apart from that she felt good.

After about 5 minutes later I asked Ella if she still wanted to go through with the second part. She did and she lay back with her legs wide open ready to get covered with man juice.

I told Ben that Ella was ready and he stopped the music again and announced that the young lady would like every man there to go and wank in front of her and to shoot their loads all over her.

Four other girls asked if they could watch.

At one point I could hardly see Ella for all the naked man butts that surrounded her. As soon as one man finished another would take his place.

It took about 15 minutes for enough space for me to see Ella. She was using her hands to help 2 of the men to cum. She had blobs of white man juice all over her. Her hair was all matted and she had obviously had to wipe it out of her eyes.

Eventually all that wanted to cum over Ella had done so. She just laid there, arms and legs spread. The 4 girls left, one of them saying, “what a slut.” I guess that she was jealous.

I went and sat next to Ella and asked if she was okay. She smiled and said, “That was fun, can I do it again?”

I took Ella to the bathroom and turned the shower on for her. After she’d got all the cum and sweat off she opened the curtain further and asked if I wanted to join her. I did, and we enjoyed ourselves under the warm water for a while before getting out.

Neither of us got dressed and we went and cleaned up the bedroom where the deed had been done.

Going downstairs we found Ben and Ella said that she wanted to thank him properly for helping NEWPS to organise her hazing. Ben said that it wasn’t necessary and she took him back upstairs to the bathroom. Ben later told me that she’d fucked him without a condom.

The party was still going strong so we joined the fun and dancing, still naked. Some of the boys managed to persuade 3 of the other girls there to strip off as well, not that they’d been wearing much, no more than I had been when I went there.

Katie re-appeared and stripped off to dance with us as well. She told me that she’d been in one of the other bedrooms with one of the boys who lived there.

The party finally wound down around 3 am and we left. Ben almost had to force the 3 of us to put some clothes on. Ella stayed in my bed that night and Ben stayed with Katie.

The following day later we got this email from Ella: -

*Dear NEWP Sorority,*

*Thank you so much for organising my third hazing and for letting me act out some of my fantasies. Not that I was acting last night.*

*When I re-did my second hazing I was quite shocked when I saw how many people were there. I was thrilled that I was naked in front of them, but terrified that they were all going to paddle my backside. Some of them hurt me quite a lot and I’m sorry to say that I couldn’t stop myself from crying. As it went on and on and on the pain seemed to stop and I just lay there not feeling them hit me. It was like my backside was numb.*

*Towards the end my pussy started to tingle and the swats started to feel good. I knew that I wanted to cum but I just didn’t seem to be getting there. That was until I saw the cane in Amy hand. I got real scared, but I could feel my pussy oozing my juices.*

*When the cane hit me it felt like I’d had a vibe throbbing in me for hours. I suddenly knew that I was about to cum. I think it was the third stroke that started me cumming and when the fourth stroke hit me I virtually exploded. It was amazing; it was one of the strongest orgasms that I have ever had.*

*While I was enjoying the after-glow I heard Amy tell the audience that I was going to thank some of them. I’d forgotten about that bit. It was fun giving the blow jobs, except for the one that tried to keep his cock half way down my throat. For a couple of seconds I thought that I was doing to die.*

*The girl tasted good, kind of sweet. Her little nipples were rock hard.*

*Amy surprised me again, when she said that I was going to be fucked by one lucky man. He fucked me hard, I remember sliding back and forwards on the table as he rammed into me. I think that he took me to 2 orgasms, good ones, but he did leave my pussy sore.*

*I didn’t know what Amy put in my pussy, I presumed that it was a dildo, and you can imagine my surprise when it burst into life.*

*I was so pleased that Amy looked after me when it was over, I was knackered and my backside and pussy hurt like hell.*

*The second part of my hazing didn’t quite go as I expected either. As that security guard chased me I had visions of me being locked-up still naked. I was pleased and surprised by the girl in the clothes shop. I didn’t see her demands coming, but was quite happy to oblige.*

*The third part of my hazing did go roughly as I expected. I have now lived one of my fantasies and I thank you all for that.*

*Anyway, how did I get on in your eyes, have I passed my third hazing? Is there anything else that need to do before becoming a fully-fledged member of NEWPS?*

*If this is my last hazing I would just like to take this opportunity to thank you all for changing my life. I am not the girl that walked into Whittle University those few months ago. I am a much happier, self-confident girl who has discovered what she enjoys doing.*

*THANK YOU*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

**Flashing one of my Professors and Labs group**

I had 2 lectures from Prof Gibbons this last week. I met Sarah before the first one and asked her if she’s remembered the remote vibe. She had, and got the control out of her bag. I was wearing my Pocket Rocket and got the control out of my bag. I then asked Sarah to swap controls for the lecture, telling her that if we leave the controls on top of our books the Prof might come and ‘innocently’ play with them. I told her that he may look as if he hasn’t a clue what they are, but he does, and he fiddles with them to wind us up. He’d done that to me one week and I’d had all on not to scream out with pleasure.

I told Sarah that if he did that we would be able to sit there as calm as could be and he wouldn’t have a clue what was going on.

What I hadn’t bargained on was him picking one up and turning it up more and more because he didn’t get the reaction he’d expected. Although the one of us that he was standing next to was all calm and collect, the other one of us was in pleasurable agony.

He did it standing next to Sarah quite early on in the lecture. When Sarah didn’t react he turned my Pocket Rocket up high. Three chairs along I was struggling to stay still and quiet. My face felt as hot as hell and my chair was getting wet. He eventually put the control down and walked away from Sarah. She quickly turned the control down. I looked at Sarah and mouthed the words ‘thank you’.

I’d been sitting there with my legs open all through the lecture, and once when I thought that he was looking I reached down and scratched an itch right at the top of my inner thigh. He didn’t react, but a couple of minutes later he came and stood next to me. Without missing one word of his lecture he reached for the control.

In what must have looked like an absentminded way he moved the control up and down. He was looking right at my face but I didn’t react one little bit. He turned it up to full and still looked at my face. Then he shook it. Nothing. He gave up and continued walking round the room.

I looked over to Sarah as I switched it off. The poor girl was bright red and had sweat beads all over her face. I smiled and winked at her. She smiled back.

At the end of that first lecture last week Prof Gibbons gave both Sarah and I a DVD as we were leaving his lecture. He didn’t say anything but he smiled. When I got to my room I played it and saw that it’s a compilation of lots of girls flashing their pussies in his lectures. The cameras are far enough away to be able to get the girls head in as well. I say cameras because the surrounds are different.

Every one of the girls has a shaved pussy and some of them have what is probably a vibe just sticking out of their pussies. I found both Sarah and myself on there, along with 2 other girls that I know.

At the end of the second lecture Prof Gibbons asked Sarah and I to stay back. When everyone else had left he told us that we were going to help a friend of his with a Fashion exhibition. He said that the Fashion Design course wanted 4 ‘live’ models. The shop display mannequins were just not good enough for the exhibition that they were putting on.

Prof Gibbons gave us each a piece of paper with a location and date and time and told us to be there, and for each of us to take a friend along. He looked at me and said that he could guess who I’d take along. He looked at Sarah and told her that finding someone would be a nice little challenge for her.

We went to the coffee shop and talked about what had happened during the lecture, and what we were going to do about his demands. I’d already told Sarah about Katie but Sarah told me that she had no idea who she could get to go with us. I thought about Ella and got Sarah’s mobile number and told her that I would phone her.

When I got back to my room I told Katie what she was going to have to do, well as much as I knew, which was next to nothing; then I phoned Ella. I explained to Ella that it was nothing to do with NEWPS but she said that she didn’t care. If it would help me out then she was happy to do it.

I gave the Lab geeks a pleasant surprise this week. I pit a bit of chewing gum in the top press fastener on my Lab coat and it kept popping open letting them look in at my nipples. Of course I pretended that I hadn’t noticed, even when I caught one of them looking and blushing. I might just use some chewing gum on the bottom press fastener for next week.

**Gym Club**

We went back there the other night. I’ve bought a new gym skirt. I was wandering round the shops when I saw this little tennis skirt made of this very light, silky material. It’s a wrap-round design with a hook and eye fastener. Well it was hook and eye, it’s now Velcro, and at each end one side of the Velcro is less than half an inch wide, which means that I can wear it round my waists or on my hips. It doesn’t take much for it to be pulled off. It should be fun. I’ve also shortened the overlap so that when I sit down they fall apart revealing more flesh in the inverted ‘V’. The other part is that it’s only 9 inches long. More than enough to be decent (when stood up), but short enough to easily flip up and expose my goodies.

Anyway, at the Gym Club we joined another aerobics class with the same teacher. There were 3 men there this time and all 3 got a good look at our bodies as we bent and jumped about. At the end the teacher asked us if we’d be interested in joining a naked yoga class. Katie said that we’d think about it and let her know.

We’ve talked about it and decided to give it a miss for a couple of reasons. Firstly there’s not enough exercise involved, and secondly there’s not enough men there to show ourselves off to.

While we were there we went to the main hall and saw that there was some sort of class going on. It looked like some sort of circuit training. And there were only 2 females taking part with 2 female teachers.

I recognised one of the females in the class as Sarah, the girl who, like me, had been caught by Prof Gibbons flashing him.

Katie suddenly said, “Hey isn’t that one of the student teachers that came to our school, what was her name?” “I don’t remember ever getting to know her name” I replied, but it was her.

We went in and watched until the class had finished. As Sarah went out I said, “Hi,” and told her that I’d catch up with her in a few minutes. The student teacher came up to us and told us that it was good to see us. She told us her name (Ruby) and asked us to remind her of our names. She then told us that she was at St. Damian’s for a week working on a female fitness research programme. She told us that she was desperate for more girls to help with her research. She asked us if we would help her out and also if we knew anyone else who would be prepared to give up an hour or so, 2 evenings next week. I looked at Katie and in stereo we both said, “Ella.”

Ruby told us that now that she knew we were going to help with her research she would get a camera crew over from her college so that they could get close-ups of our muscles working. I was a bit pissed that she hadn’t asked us first, but what the hell, I assumed that we’d end up naked, and being videoed for lots of people to look at was a good turn-on.

Ruby gave us the details of the first session and we went to look for Sarah.

Sarah was in the shower when we found her and we talked as she got washed. I couldn’t help notice Sarah’s cute little tits. They can’t even be an AA cup; and with her being less than 5 feet tall and quite skinny, she could easily pass for a 12 year old. Anyway, I introduced Katie and told her about Ruby’s visit to our school and what we’d got up to. Sarah didn’t look at all shocked; she was more interested in the details.

We continued to talk as Sarah got dressed, no underwear. I told Sarah what Ruby had just told us and Sarah said that she was pleased that she would be at those sessions.

I suggested that she wear a sports skirt rather than shorts. Sarah looked a bit puzzled but said that she would.

When we got back to my room I phoned Ella and told her that there was another thing that she could help me with.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 14 – My first few months at University - sixth part**

**Ella**

We’d told Ella that her third hazing was her final one; and to be fair, she’d performed extremely well at all her hazings. She’d also done other things that proved that she was very much like Katie and I. There was no reason why she shouldn’t become a member of NEWPS; only there isn’t a NEWPS.

We decided that there was only one thing to do, come clean with her. I told Katie and Ben that it was my mess, and I’d have to sort it out.

I tried to contact Ella last Friday, and all over the weekend, but I got no response. When I got up on Monday morning I found this email from Ella.

*Dear NEWP Sorority,*

*I do apologise if you were trying to contact me over the weekend. We had a bit of a family emergency and I had to go home for the weekend.*

*While I was there I managed to follow Amy’s advice about teasing my brother and father. Mother had to go and look after her sister and wasn’t due back until Sunday morning so as soon as I got home I went and got a shower. Amy suggested that I leave the bathroom door open a bit, and I heard little noises outside the door when I got out of the shower and got dried. From the angle of the door, if anyone had been the other side of the door they would have been able to see part of me naked.*

*When I was dry I picked-up my dirty clothes and carried them to my bedroom, not bothering to wear anything, or a towel. I felt a bit nervous being naked on the landing knowing that my father and brother were close by, but not actually knowing where.*

*I left my bedroom door open as I put lotion on. That landing light was off but my bedroom light was on, I heard noises on the landing but I didn’t look to see if anyone was there. I put on just a baggy T-shirt that only just covers my bum and went down to the kitchen to get something to eat.*

*My older brother was sat at the kitchen table eating and reading a magazine and I made a point of bending down (at the waist) to get a pizza out of the freezer, then bending to put it in the oven. I’m sure that my brother had a good look at my bum and pussy because he had a red face when I turned to talk to him.*

*I stood in front of him and talked about what was going on with mum’s sister and then about his job and the magazine he was reading. I’ve never had much interest in cars but I bent over to ask him about a couple of articles and pictures in his magazine. He had a great view down the top of my T-shirt and could not have missed my little tits because his face went red again.*

*When the pizza was cooked I again bent at the waist to get it out of the oven and then sat opposite him as we ate it.*

*Dad had been in the garage and came in and joined us in the lounge to talk about a few things. I think I told you that the men sit on one side of our lounge and the women on the other, so I was sat opposite them in a short T-shirt, no knickers, and legs not crossed. My bald pubes were staring at them the whole time and I caught both of them looking at my legs a few times.*

*When I got up to go to bed they must have had a good look at my pussy as my T-shirt bunched up round my waist as I got up. As I walked up stairs I heard my father tell my brother that I had changed quite a bit since I went to university. He told him that I wasn’t so shy and as up-tight about things like I used to be. My brother (Toby) laughed and told my father that he’d definitely got that right.*

*I left my bedroom door half open and lay on my bed reading for a while. The central heating was up so I took the T-shirt off and lay there naked. I never looked, but I could hear one of them walking about on the landing.*

*Next morning Dad had to go to work for a few hours leaving just my brother and me. It was about 9 o’clock when I heard my brother get up. I dashed into the bathroom before he had chance to get there, and stood there quietly facing the door.*

*When he opened the door and walked in he just stopped dead and we both stared at each other. His pants started to bulge before he finally said, “What the hell are you doing here?” I grabbed a towel and covered my boobs before telling him to get out.*

*A few minutes later I shouted that the bathroom was free and waited until I heard him coming before I went back to my room wearing only a towel. I said, “Good morning BIG brother when I saw him on the landing.*

*I went and made breakfast still wearing only the towel. I was still getting it ready when he came and sat down. I told him that I’d get his breakfast ready and he just sat there watching me. The problem was that with me only having small boobs, and I not tucking the towel too well, it kept falling down. The first time that it fell down I was taking the cereal bowls to the table and I ended up with a bowl in each hand and the towel on the floor. I apologised saying that I needed bigger boobs so that the towel would stay on better. Big bro smiled and said that he wasn’t complaining.*

*The towel fell off 3 more times before I sat down to eat. It even fell open when I was sat down. When that happened I left it on the chair saying that I couldn’t be bothered with it anymore; and that it wasn’t as if I had anything that he hadn’t seen before. He smiled and said that my boobs were just a little bit bigger than the last time that he’d seen them. I reminded him that he’d seen them about 15 minutes ago in the bathroom.*

*When I’d finished eating I got up and carried the towel in my hand out of the kitchen, telling him that he could wash-up. I looked back to see him watching my bare backside as I walked.*

*Brother was out that night, so it was me and my Dad. It was about 9 pm when I noticed that Dad was fidgeting a lot, like he does when he needs a pee, so I got up and told him that I was going for a shower. I left my clothes in my bedroom and went into the bathroom and shut the door. I had my shower then opened and closed the door knowing that my Dad would hear that. I got back in the shower leaving the curtain open.*

*A couple of minutes later the door opened and Dad walked in. He got a full frontal of me as he realised that I was still there. He started to say something about thinking that I’d finished in there; then backed out. I dried myself then opened the door to go to my bedroom, still naked.*

*Dad was stood on the landing waiting for me to finish and I pretended to be surprised that he was there. I stood there, not trying to cover-up, and told him that I was sorry that I took so long and that I didn’t realise that he was desperate for a pee. I told him that next time he was to just come in and get on with it, I didn’t mind.*

*He went and had his pee and I put the same T-shirt on and went and watched TV.*

*Dad came down and sat opposite me. I was sat with my knees under my chin and my arms round them pretending to be engrossed in the comedy program on the TV. Dad would have had a great view of my pussy sat like that.*

*When the program ended Dad asked me what life was like at university. I was telling him all about the mundane things and he was asking questions, when all of a sudden I blurted out that I was trying to join this sorority group and that the girls there had really helped me to get more confidence in myself.*

*My knees were still up and I saw Dad look down at my pussy as he said, “I can see that.” I blushed, put my feet on the floor and said, “Sorry Dad.” He told me that there was no need to apologise and that he’d seen me naked thousands of times. I said that I was a little girl then and that I’d grown up since then. He said that I would always be his ‘little girl’ and that I hadn’t changed that much. I said that I had changed and that I’d prove it. I stood up and took the T-shirt off so that I, an eighteen year old girl, stood naked in front of my father.*

*Dad looked a bit embarrassed as I told him that my boobies had grown a bit. He said, “Okay, you boobs are BIT bigger but you still don’t have any hair down there,” pointing to my pubes. I didn’t know if he was joking and knew that I must shave, or if he really believed that the hair hadn’t started growing.*

*“Right then,” I said, “when I was a little girl you used to let me run around the house and garden with no clothes on. Would you let me do that now?”*

*Dad was silent for a few seconds then said, “I don’t know if your mother would approve, but as far as I’m concerned you can, and I can’t see your brother being a problem. We’ve always taught him to be open-minded.”*

*“Right then,” I said, “I’ll stay like this.” And I sat down again and slouched down so that I was almost on my back with my knees slightly apart.*

*“So, what’s been happening round here while I’ve been away?” I asked. We talked a bit more before going silent and watching the TV.*

*I was watching the TV looking down at my naked body and realised the situation and position that I was in. I started to feel that tingling in my pussy and got a wet rush. I couldn’t help myself, my knees opened a few inches. I wanted to put my hand on my pussy and play with it but I just couldn’t, it wouldn’t have been right; or would it? What do you think NEWPS Sisters?*

*I was still sat like that when my brother got home. He came straight into the lounge and saw me and Dad. Bro stopped dead and Dad said, “I told Ella that she still looked like my little girl and she asked if she could still act like she did when she was little. I told her she could, and here we are.”*

*Toby said, “Cool” and then introduced his mate who was standing behind him in the kitchen.*

*I jumped up and looked round to see a young man that I hadn’t seen for at least a year. He looked me up and down and said, “Hey Ella, how you doin?”*

*Dad started to say that I should cover up when we had guests but I picked up my T-shirt and went to bed.*

*I left my door open and the light on while I lay on my bed naked and read a book. Over the next hour or so I know that 3 people came up to use the toilet and that they stopped outside my room to look at me. I know that because of the noise that they made going up and down stairs and walking along the landing.*

*Next morning I went down to breakfast still naked. My Dad and Brother were there. The only thing that was said was my Dad telling me that I’d better get dressed before my mother came home. So I stayed naked until I heard Dad shout that mother was home.*

*Dad was gardening most of the morning leaving Bro and I alone. He kept coming to talk to me and asking if there was anything that he could get me. When I went and watched a bit of TV I slouched down the same way as I did the night before, leaving my knees open and my pubic bone sticking up. Bro went and sat opposite me. I got wet.*

*Toby (brother) was staring at me, or more specifically my pussy. So I asked him what he was staring at. He went a bit red and said, “You.” I said that he’d seen me naked hundreds of times. “Not recently.” He said.*

*”Well I’m still the same little girl.” I replied. Toby smiled and I could see that he was still looking at my pussy. It was getting wetter.*

*Pointing at Toby’s tented trousers I said, “You never used to get excited like that when you saw me before. Can I have a look at it?”*

*“Ella, you’re not supposed to think like that.” My brother said.*

*“Why not? One of the girls at uni has sex with her brother all the time.” I said.*

*Toby just had time to say, “Wow!” before my father came in to tell us that my mother was back. He told me to go and get dressed and that he’d talk to my mother when the time was right.*

*Anyway, did I do well?*

*I’ve been rambling on trying to avoid asking you if I passed my third hazing. I know that you’ll tell me when you’re good and ready. It’s just that I’m so excited.*

*Sorry, I’ll close now and wait for you to contact me.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

I finally managed to talk to her on the Monday evening and arranged to meet her in a pub.

I got there early and was sitting with my drink when Ella came bubbling in. Before she sat down she turned round and lifted her skirt revealing her bare bum to me.

“Look, all the red marks have gone,” she said. The poor man at the next table nearly choked on his pint.

I started by telling Ella that I was very proud of the way that she’d exposed herself to her father and brother. I told her that I wished that I could use the ‘little girl not grown-up’ bit, but my boobs were too big for that. Ella disagreed and said that I should try it. I’ll think about it.

I went on to tell her that she had done extremely well in all 3 parts of her third hazing. She should be really proud, and that she had passed. I gave her the Ben Wa balls and Pocket Rocket and told her that they were a little present from me because she had done so well.

I hesitated for a few seconds then told her that there was some bad news and that it was ALL my fault.

Ella looked at my serious face and put her hand on my bare thigh. “It can’t be that bad, can it?”

I then told her all about how Katie and I had invented NEWPS and how we’d hazed each other just for the fun of it. The Sorority part was just an excuse for us to have some fun. That we’d invited her to join NEWPS so that we could get someone else to have some fun with us.

Ella laughed, a lot; then asked if the medical check-up was fake as well. I nodded.

Ella laughed again the said, “Fucking amazing! I wish that I’d thought of all that.” She turned to face me, put her hands either side of my head, kissed me on my lips and told me that I was something else, and that she loved me.”

“Does that mean that I’m forgiven?” I asked. Ella kissed me again and told me that there was nothing to forgive me for.

I relaxed and got us another drink.

When I sat down again I asked her if she was still on for the swimming, the Fashion Exhibition and the PE research. “Try and stop me,” was all she said.

“By the way, what does NEWPS stand for?” Ella asked. I burst out laughing and told her. She laughed too.

I then told Ella that we’d had lots of replies from the NEWPS advert that we’d put up in Whittle and that we’d narrowed the applicants down to 5. Ella said that having to come over from Whittle all the time was a bit inconvenient, but well worth it, and wouldn’t we be better getting girls from St. Damian’s? I told Ella that I’d think about it and discuss it with the others and get back to her.

Ella went to the toilet and when she got back she told me that she was so happy that she’s christened her new friend Ben Wa. She put them in and was going to wear them until she went to bed.

When we left and split to go back to our dorms, Ella gave me a big hug and kissed me as her hand slide up the back of my leg and squeezed my bare bum.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

The 4 of us arrived at directed by Prof Gibbons. We were met by a woman who told us that the Fashion Design course was putting on an exhibition like no other exhibition. Instead of there being a catwalk surrounded by chairs in one room and all the changing going on in another room, everything would happen in one room. The guests would be able to get in amongst the models and clothes and select and even dress the models; and if they wanted, the models would then walk down the cat walk wearing what the guests had chosen. They wanted ‘live’ mannequins so that everything would be more realistic and quicker.

She (Mary) also told us that the range of clothes goes from outrageous to skimpy to even work-wear. It was the student’s designs.

Mary told us that we were there at that time just to get measured and to have a few photographs taken. It would then give the students one week to get everything ready.

Mary took us to a smallish room and told us to remove our clothes. She then took loads of measurements from each of us and took 3 photos of each of us, front, back and side.

Mary then told us to be back there, same time, same day, next week.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

We haven’t heard anything from Prof Jones recently. I don’t know if I should be happy or sad.

**Gym Club**

The 4 of us (Katie, Ella, Sarah and I) all arrived at the gym at about the same time and got changed. Sarah noticed our lack of knickers and asked if she should leave hers off. Katie and I both said, “Yes”. None of us wore bras and 4 pairs of nipples poked little bulges in our thin, tight tops.

We went into the main gym and were met by Ruby and another student teacher (ST) or PE research student, or whatever they are. I’ll call them STs.

Ruby thanked us for taking part in the research program then introduced Abigail to us. She then told us that the research was all about muscles and how they respond to exercise. She told us that she had agreed with her Professor that she should video our muscles as they work so that they can analyse the movements later. She told us that she had tried to get a camera crew over from her university but they were all busy working on other projects. She told us that she’d spoken to St. Damian’s media studies department and a couple of people had volunteered to come and shoot the video. They would be along soon.

Ruby then went on to tell Ella and Sarah that she had worked with Katie and I when we were still at school and that they had discovered that they could record muscle reactions and shape changes much better if the subjects (us) were naked. Ruby told Ella and Sarah that Katie, me and the other girls at our school had taken part naked and she was hoping that us 4 would agree to take part naked as well.

Sarah looked a bit hesitant but when the rest of us took our tops, skirts and trainers off, she followed.

Ruby told us that to go through the planned exercises would take about 40 minutes each evening and that the last 20 minutes would be wind-down, relaxing, fun exercises.

To warm up a bit, Ruby told us to run to the other end of the gym and back. Just as we were getting back the door opened and in walked 2 guys carrying a couple of big cases. When they saw us they stopped and stared.

Ruby went over to them and I could hear her asking if they had been told that there would be naked people there. I could see them shaking their heads from side to side. Ruby then told them that she wanted to get long shots and close-up of all our muscles working. She told them not to be afraid of getting close to the girls; that they understood what they were doing. When Ruby came back to us she told us to pretend that they weren’t there.

Ruby put us through a hard work-out. Most of the exercises didn’t reveal much of our pussies and in a way I was a bit disappointed. The one exercise that was good was a form of sit-ups.

We did this in pairs with one of the pair sat on a bench. The other one had to sit on their lap, facing them with their legs round the sitting person. The one on the lap then had to lean right back until their head touched the floor. You then had to sit back up using just your stomach muscles to pull yourself up. It was hard.

If you’ve understood my description you will have realised that the pussy of the girl on top was wide open and in easy reach of the girl whose bum was on the bench.

When I was the girl with her bum on the bench, Sarah was the girl on top. As she leaned back reached round with my hand and flicked her clit. She screamed a little bit and when she came up she had a big grin on her face and said, “Not fair.”

When she went down again I did it again, this time flicking a couple of times. When she came back up she said, “Revenge is sweet.”

Ruby wouldn’t let us do it more than twice and told us to swap places. Revenge was sweet; Sarah pushed a couple of finger in to me. I struggled to get up that second time.

The video guys were right next to us getting it all.

Ruby and Abigail pushed us hard for that 40 minutes and it went quick. Ruby gave us a couple of minutes to relax as she told the video guys that it wasn’t necessary for them to be there for the last 20 minutes. I was listening and said that we didn’t mind if they stayed, especially if it would help the research. Abigail asked it the videos could be sent direct to her so that she could edit out any parts not relevant to the research. Katie asked if we could have a copy as well.

The fun part came next. Ruby told us that we could do whatever we could do anything that we liked. Us 4 girls had a bit of a chat and decided on the following:-

**Crab Race**

Katie’s idea. The 4 of us got into the crab position at one end of the gym and we had to race (LOL) to the other end. It’s not easy walking fast like that. The video guys kept getting in the way as they got between our legs to zoom-in on our pussies. I think that all 4 of our pussies bashed into one of their legs. There were certainly wet marks on all 4 of their trouser legs.

Sarah asked Ruby and Abigail if they would have a go. They said not, but the tone of their voices suggested that they might just have a go at something later.

**Splits**

My idea. I think that this is what started off Ruby and Abigail getting sexy with us. I did it first, but didn’t go quite all the way down. I asked Ruby to check by sliding her hand under my pussy. If she could then I wasn’t right down.

Now if you remember, when I did the splits way back in my last week at school, Ruby was the one who checked on my splits, and she slipped a finger into my pussy.

I wasn’t disappointed this time either. When she slid her hand under I felt her touch my clit. I moaned and said, “That was nice.” Ruby smiled and told me that I wasn’t quite down. As I lowered myself I felt Rub’s finger go inside me. I put all my weight on Ruby’s hand trapping it there.

Ruby tried to pull her hand out, but couldn’t move it. She smiled at me and moved her finger around inside me. I said, “Oooh, that’s very nice.”

The other heard me and all, including Abigail, realised what Ruby was doing to me.

Ella was the first to react and asked Abigail if she could ‘DO’ her. And she did. Ella’s face was a picture of pleasure.

Ruby and Abigail fingered Ella and I for something like 2 minutes before Ruby said, “Enough, I’m sure that Katie and Sarah want to have a go.”

Reluctantly Ella and I raised our pussies and set Ruby and Abigail free. We sat back with our legs still spread wide and watched Katie and Sarah get fingered for a couple of minutes.

Ella asked Abigail and Ruby if they could do the splits and get all the way down. They were a bit reluctant to try, but we managed to persuade them. Neither managed to get right down and I said that it was probably because they had tight nylon shorts on that would be restricting them. They didn’t disagree so I asked them to take the shorts off. Again they had to be persuaded.

As they started to slide their shorts down, I said that I thought that they should get naked like us. Ruby started to say no, but we didn’t give them a chance. We all moved in and took all their clothes off them. The only resistance that they put up was a few words saying that they shouldn’t really be doing this. As I pulled Ruby’s thong off I saw that it was all wet.

At first Abigail tried to cover her big boobs, but she had to stop that when we got them to try the splits again. This time they got further down and Katie and I did to them what they had done to us. Ella and Sarah were behind Ruby and Abigail and when they said that they couldn’t go and further, they both got a helping hand from Ella and Sarah to get all the way down.

The video guy must have been close to creaming their pants as the filmed 6 spread pussies.

Abigail and Ruby didn’t bother to their clothes back on as we talked about what to do next.

**Parallel Bars**

Now, as I said before, this university gym has the lot. There’s an alcove at one end that’s full of gymnastics equipment. Sarah challenged us to do what she was going to do on the parallel bars. We all went over and Sarah asked Ruby and Abigail if they would help her get up. Sarah was between the bars with all her weight on her extended arms. She started swinging her body back and forward and on the last swing forward her legs went up and over the bars, leaving her spread wide and a leg on each of the bars.

One of the video men took that as an invite to stand in between the bars and zoom-in on her pussy. Sarah smiled, waited for a few seconds then lowered herself down.

“Do that if you can!” Sarah challenged us.

And we did. I think that Sarah was a bit disappointed that we’d all (including both STs) had managed it.

**Handstand Race**

No gym session would be complete without a Handstand Race. We thought that the width of the gym would be far enough so all 6 of us lined up and started. I think that all 6 of us spread our legs to get better balance.

I think that it was the video guys that got the most out of it.

**Wrestling**

There were some floor mats spread out in the gymnastics area and Ella asked if any one of us had ever done any wrestling. Sarah said that she’d done some play wrestling with a boyfriend, but that was it. After a minute or so of discussion we decided to have a go. Ruby told us that we were there to have some fun and that no one was to get hurt. No one was to try to hurt anyone. Simple fun and it didn’t matter who won. The idea was to keep your opponents shoulders pinned to the floor for a count of 3. If anyone shouted stop, then their opponent was to stop immediately.

It was all agreed and we split into 3 pairs, Katie v Ruby, Me v Abigail and Sarah v Ella.

Katie and Ruby went first. They started by walking round in a circle facing each other and trying to grab the other one. Ruby managed to get hold on Katie’s arm and pulled her to the floor. They were writhing about, firsts Ruby was on top then Katie was on top. Katie got hold of one of Ruby’s legs and pulled it up. We all got a great view of Ruby’s bald pussy. Ruby got an arm round Katie’s neck and pulled her back. Katie went flat on her back and Ruby jumped on her, one knee either side of her chest.

Katie reached up and pulled one of Ruby’s nipples. ”Cheat,” Ruby called out and shuffled up Katie’s chest so that her knees were over Katie’s shoulders and her shins were holding Katie’s arms and shoulders down.

If you can imagine that position then you will realise that Ruby’s spread pussy was right over Katie’s face. They both forgot about the wresting as Katie started to eat Ruby’s pussy.

After a few seconds while we all watched, Abigail started counting. Neither Katie nor Ruby responded to the counting. Ruby had won, and Abigail had to pull them apart.

Abigail and I went next and we started in the same way. It was me that got Abigail onto the floor and we started trying to get on top and pin the other down. Somehow I managed to get on top with my lower legs pinning Abigail’s shoulders down, but facing towards Abigail’s feet.

Abigail was kicking her legs up and down trying to shake me off. Instead I managed to grab Abigail’s legs and pull them up and down to her chest. I managed to get her legs under my arm pits and held her solid.

It was Abigail’s turn to cheat and the first that I knew was that she had my clit between her teeth. I screamed a bit then leaned forward and did the same to her.

Ruby was counting as Abigail forgot about winning and was counted out. Ruby tapped me on the shoulder and told me that I’d won and to get off Abigail.

Sarah and Ella stood facing each other. Neither are big girls, either in height, weight or cup size. In fact they almost looked like 2 naked boys fighting – apart from the lack of cocks.

They walked round in a circle and then they were suddenly on the floor trying to get on top of the other. Ella managed to get hold of one of Sarah’s legs and pulled it up over Sarah’s shoulder, Sarah just rolled right out. They were face to face with Ella on top. They had fingers locked above their heads and Sarah’s feet were forcing Ella’s legs wide apart. Ella looked down at Sarah’s eyes and kissed her. I don’t mean a quick kiss; I mean a full tongue job. They both stopped struggling and Ruby started counting.

Ruby had only got to ‘2’ when we heard men talking. We looked up to see about 10 male students walking into the gym. One was bouncing a football.

Ruby looked up, said, “Shit, we must have run over out time slot. Time to go girls.”

We had to walk out of there through 10 men, all making rude remarks to us. I don’t remember seeing any of us trying to cover out boobs or pussies. What’s more, we had to go and get our clothes which left us on display for even longer.

As we got out of the gym and turned towards the ladies changing rooms, one of the video guys thanked us for putting on such a good display.

Ruby, reminded them that they had to send the video to Abigail, and asked them if they would be back for the second session. What do you think?

We showered and got dressed and just as we were leaving Ruby thanked us and reminded us to be back later in the week for the second session.

Sarah said that she had to be somewhere so Katie, Ella and I went to my room.

We got talking about NEWPS and Ella suggested that one of the hazings could be Nude Wrestling where the winner of each bout was the girl who didn’t cum.

Maybe!

**The Labs Geeks**

The 2 Lab geeks trapped me this week. I was wearing just my Lab coat and shoes again and they grabbed me when I was between 2 big tables. Both the tables have clamps on and they are just about the length of my outstretched arms apart. One of the geeks grabbed one on my arms and twisted the sleeve of my Lab coat so that my wrist couldn’t slide out of the sleeve. He then clamped the sleeve to one table.

I thought that they were just having a bit of fun, and said, “Okay, very funny, what are you going to do now, clamp my other arm to the other table?” And the little buggers did.

I still thought that they were having a quick laugh and asked them what they were going to do with me. One of them walked in front of me and pulled the sides of my Lab coat open. The whole front of my naked body was on display to them. The geek in front of me smiled and the other one blushed.

You’ve seen me naked before, haven’t you? I asked. He didn’t answer.

“Okay then, what are you going to do now?” I asked. He stepped back and said to his mate, “See, I told you so.” I hadn’t a clue what they were on about. They both stared at me for ages before releasing one arm. I released the other arm and fastened my Lab coat.

They both stood there looking a bit guilty. I had to work with these guys for the rest of the academic year so I didn’t want any agro between us so I said, “Next time that you want to see me naked, just ask, and I’ll let you. It’s no big deal.”

The brave one asked me if I would work with my Lab coat open. I said that I would, provided that it was safe and there was no one else there. They were happy.

**Katie and Ben**

I’ve noticed that Katie and Ben seem to be getting closer. I don’t mean the sex thing; all 3 of us are still good fuck buddies, I mean romantically. She appears to be spending more time with him and her kisses are more passionate.

I’ve got no problem with this just so long as I can still fuck the both of them.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 15 – My first few months at University - seventh part**

**Gym Club**

When we went for the next session we didn’t bother even taking our PE kit with us and just stripped off and walked into the gym. Ruby and Abigail were waiting for us, both dressed in their PE shorts and tops. Katie asked Ruby if she and Abigail were going to get naked, but Ruby said that they weren’t and that they shouldn’t have let things go that far last time.

I asked why not, saying that they’d obviously enjoyed it. Just then the 2 video guys walked in.

We got started and went through the same 40 minute routine that had done the last session. The video guys seemed just as keen to video our boobs and pussies as the last time, and I bumped into them a couple of times.

The fun part finally started but just before it did I said that we 4 girls thought that it would be a good idea if Ruby and Abigail joined in ALL the exercises. They agreed so I said that it wasn’t fair that they were wearing clothes and that they would be at a disadvantage. The other 3 girls agreed and Ruby finally agreed and started taking her shorts and top off. The thing was, unlike last time, she wasn’t wearing any underwear. I wondered if she planned on getting naked. Abigail followed Ruby.

The Crab race went well, but this time the video guys had 6 pussies and 12 boobs to zoom-in on. Sarah’s little none boobs attracted a lot more video time than ours. Maybe the guys thought that she was 12 and liked young girls.

The Splits presented us with a little problem in that everyone was doing them. We got round that problem by splitting into twos and going down right in front of someone else. That way each of us could reach forward and check (finger fuck) the pussy in front of us. Any excuse for a finger fuck.

The Splits seemed to take longer than the last time and Abigail got me soooo close to cumming. I think that she was trying to tease me a bit.

Instead of the Parallel Bars we decided to have a competition on the trampoline. We had to see who could get the highest and bring our legs up into the splits position while at the top of our bounce. Little Sarah won that one.

The Handstand race went very much the same as the previous time except that the video guys got in the way too much and kept causing us to fall over.

I think that we were all waiting for the wrestling, and we weren’t disappointed.

Ella was first up, with Abigail. Once they were on the floor Ella took great pleasure in squeezing Abigail’s big tits and nipples. I think that Ella’s concentration on Abigail’s tits caused her to end up under Abigail in virtually the 69 position. Ella lost it when Abigail started teasing her clit. Ella was counted out but Abigail kept on going until Ella screamed out in a noisy orgasm.

Abigail got up with a big grin on her face.

Katie’s match with Sara started. Poor Sarah was no match for Katie and Katie was soon sat on Sarah’s face. Sarah did what every one of us expected, and ate out Katie. No one even bothered counting and Katie soon reached an orgasm.

That left me to take on Ruby. I don’t know how I managed it but Ruby ended up on her back with her legs right over her head and her feet touching the floor behind her head. And the best bit was I was sat on her legs, facing her pussy, with my pussy on her face.

The thing was, she could still lift her shoulders a bit, and as she struggled they lifted just a bit so that the others couldn’t count the 3 seconds.

I took advantage of her and first licked her pussy and gently chewed her clit. She started licking me so I started pushing first 1, then 2, then 3 fingers into her. Ruby must have wanted me to keep going because she kept lifting a shoulder off the ground just enough for the others to see.

With one hand I was 3 finger-fucking her and my other hand was rubbing her clit.

Ruby orgasmed (but I didn’t), and I kept going.

All of a sudden something made me look up. There they were, about 10 young men watching me finger fuck a student teacher. I froze – with my fingers still inside Ruby.

The guys knew that we’d seen them and started clapping and cheering. Some of them were telling us to keep going but we didn’t. We slowly got up and slowly walked out, with big grins on our faces.

I don’t know if the video guys knew the football guys had been watching, but they certainly didn’t let on. On the way out Ruby reminded them where they were sending the video files and I reminded them that they were going to send me a copy.

Ruby and Abigail joined us in the shower and the pleasure continued.

Before they left, Ruby and Abigail thanked us for our help with their project, and we thanked them for such a good time.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

The 4 of us arrived at the time that Mary had told us. We were all wearing jackets as well as tops and miniskirts. We were greeted by Mary outside the building. When we went in we were greeted by 3 men who told us to walk through this archway slowly, and one at a time. Mary went first and paused in the middle, a speaker said, “Hello Mary.” Mary turned and told us that the IT department were trying out a new face recognition system that they’d developed.

Katie walked into the arch, the speaker said, “Hello stranger, please state your name.” Katie said, “Fuck off.” Ella went in and gave her name as ‘Mother fucker’. Sarah gave her name as ‘Big tits’ and I gave mine as ‘Sweet pussy’.

We laughed and entered the main room to chaotic sight. There were students and racks of clothes everywhere.

We were each assigned to a group of students, mainly female (but there was one boy in my group); who had their own little area to work in. I was told to strip naked and given a place to stand whenever I came back to that area.

When I was naked one of them told me that I had to stand there and anyone who wanted, student or guest, could come and select anything from the rack and either dress me or get someone else to dress me. They could then tell me to pose any way they wanted, or tell me to go and show someone, or go and walk down the catwalk. They would then undress me.

A bit strange I thought, but what the hell. I was going to be naked in front of lots of people that I didn’t know.

There must have been going on for 50 people in that big room before things started. Most of them were wandering around and staring at the 4 nude models that were just standing there.

Then it started. A man came over and picked up a dungarees dress. It was like a denim skirt size 25 (yes 25), with a little bib and 2 straps over my shoulders. He put it on the floor then lifted one leg at a time and put my feet in the dress. He then lifted it up and fastened the straps. I looked stupid. The bib was slightly to one side and my left breast was hanging out. The skirt was so big that there was room for Katie in there as well as me. The only parts of the whole thing that touched me were the straps on my shoulders and the bits of the bib that touched my breasts. I liked the idea, but nowhere near that big.

Once the man was happy, he had me walk round the room a bit. Everyone ignored me.

Another man came and got out this little Maids outfit. It wasn’t bad, but it was so small that my backside and pussy were on display. There were no knickers with it. The man took great delight fondling my breasts as tried to get them in the bra part of the dress that was so small that there was no chance at all. He too had me walk to the other side of the room and back.

One man came over and had a rummage through the racks and found a strapless bikini bottom. I watched his face turn to a big grin when he realised what it was. It was held in place by this short dildo like ‘lump’ that pushed into my pussy. A man took great delight pushing it in me. He then had even more delight as he told me to walk down the catwalk then round the room. When we got back to my ‘base’, the man took ages pulling it out of me. In fact he pulled it out and put it back in about five times.

Whenever there was none of the public dressing and undressing me, the students dressed me in some of their ‘creations’. Two of the girls always managed to have to handle my breasts and crotch for some reason. I lost count of the number of times that one of their fingers found its way inside me.

Other ‘creations’ of the students included: -

A skirt with side splits up to the waist.

A skirt that was just 2 rectangles of material.

A skirt that had a back, but only a 3 inch wide strip down the middle at the front.

Totally see through skirts.

Totally see through dresses in various designs. I have to say that a couple of the skirts and dresses were quite nice. They seemed out of place in this ‘collection’ of strange outfits.

A mesh top with holes big enough for my nipples to poke through.

A miniskirt so small that they didn’t cover my ass or pussy. It was more like a belt.

A dress made of strips of plastic held together with string.

A dress with no sides.

A skirt with no sides.

A weird dress thing. The skirt part was about 5 inches long and the top was a 3 inch strip of leather covering my breast bone, and lots of straps going round me. My breasts were totally exposed.

A bra with holes for my nipples to poke through.

A bra that was made entirely of string. Nothing covered my breasts.

Thongs that didn’t cover anything. These were just like the one that I made for our holiday to Ibiza.

There was even a wedding dress that would double as a French Maids outfit.

At the end, Mary got on the loudspeaker system and told the 4 ‘models’ to come to the cat walk. I was the last there because I still had a top on and the students insisted that I take it off and go out naked like the other 3.

When we were all there, Mary told us to walk up and down the cat walk in a line, and to remember to out one foot directly in front of the other. While we were doing that, Mary asked for the audience to give us a big round of applause for being such co-operative models.

It felt strange and artificial walking up and down that cat walk. After that we were told that we could get dressed and leave.

I have to say that the whole thing was weird, where do these arty, farty people get their crazy ideas from? What world do they live in? Certainly not the same one as me.

We met up at the door went through the arch and out. As we went through the arch a speaker said, “Goodbye Mother Fucker, then “Goodbye Fuck off,” then “Goodbye Sweet pussy,” and “Goodbye Big tits.” We laughed, when Sarah said, “What the fuck was that exhibition all about? That was the weirdest excuse that I’ve ever known for groping a girl. And what’s more some of the cunts thought I was a boy because my tits are so small.”

Ella said, “Sarah, I’m not trying to be nasty or anything like that, but you don’t have any tits, just 2 very suckable nipples.” Fortunately, Sarah wasn’t upset; she just said that it was cheaper on clothes being like that.

We all laughed as we walked to the pub.

When we were away from the building I pulled out the strapless bikini bottom that I’d had to wear. Nobody could guess what it was, but when I told them they all wanted to try it.

At the pub Ella kept going on about the strapless bikini bottom so I gave it to her and told her to try it. Ella had a quick look round, lifted her butt up, put the bikini bottom on the chair, held it in place with one hand and lowered herself on to it. You could see the pleasure in her eyes as she relaxed. After a couple of minutes she said that she wondered how easy it was to walk in it. She stood up and went to the other end of the pub and came back. The verdict was that she would like to go for a long walk wearing just that. Katie and Sarah said that they’d wait until later to try it.

We talked about Prof Gibbons and wondered what he was going to make us do next.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

Again, nothing; I was starting to wonder if she was ill or something.

No chance of being ‘forced’ to do anything before Christmas now.

**Flashing one of my Professors and Labs group**

Both Sarah and I flashed Prof Gibbons again this week, although we left the remote vibes back in our rooms. He never said anything to us as we left.

**My Thursday / Friday Job**

The only interesting time was when we had a couple of visitors. As Bob suspected, people from other companies in the same building suddenly needed to come and see him. Any excuse to see the naked girl.

Anyway, I led them into Bob’s office and Bob asked me to stay. I just knew that Bob was giving them an excuse to look at me for longer. The thing was, I had my Pocket Rocked in and it was slowly doing its job.

As they droned on and on about something that I didn’t understand I was getting warmer and warmer. That tingling was getting stronger. I started fidgeting and moving from one foot to the other. I could feel my face burning.

Bob was ignoring me but the 2 men kept looking over to me. I smiled at them but I was actually gritting my teeth. I got closer and closer. I tried to fight it but I knew it was going to happen.

My whole body tensed up and shook. I have no idea how I managed to stay silent but my teeth hurt a bit afterwards. When the peak subsided I physically relaxed and looked at the men. One was staring at me with a grin on his face.

Did he know? I didn’t care.

**Christmas Holidays**

My first term at university flew by and before I knew it I was on the bus going home for Christmas. Katie had another couple of lectures that she had to go to, and Ben’s course didn’t finish for another week.

On the second night that I was home I decided to try the ‘little girl’ trick that Ella had worked on her Dad. Mum and Dad and I were watching TV when I decided to give it a go. At worst I could be told to stop being so stupid and go and put some clothes on, and at best I would get my parent blessing to be naked around the house.

I told Mum and Dad that I was going to get ready for bed and went to my room. I took my clothes off and went to the bathroom, got washed and cleaned my teeth.

Taking a big deep breath I went down stairs, still naked, and sat back down on the sofa.

Dad was the first to see me and he asked me if I’d forgotten something. That triggered Mum to look up from the TV. She said, “Amy, what are you doing?” I came out with the little script that I’d rehearsed,

“Mum, do you remember when I was a little girl and you used to let me run around the house and garden without any clothes on?” I didn’t wait for her to answer, “You also let me sunbathe naked while we were on holiday in Spain, and in the back garden here, last summer; so what’s the difference with me being naked then and now?”

“Well, Amy since you put it like that I suppose there isn’t much difference. It’s a lot colder outside at this time of the year but I don’t suppose that you’ll be going out in the back garden; and the old man next door isn’t there anymore, so I guess that it will be okay. Mind you, when we have any visitors you’d better put some clothes on, I don’t want you giving someone a heart attack.”

“So it’s okay with you Mum,” I asked. “Yes, just so long as your Dad is okay with it.”

Dad shrugged his shoulders.

I’d done it. It was now okay for me to be naked at my parent’s home any time that I wanted.

“Oh Mum, what happened to Old Misery Guts? I asked. “He got sick and had to move to a residential home. His family have rented the house out to a family with 2 young teenage kids.” My Mum told me.

A couple of days later I was home alone and I could hear someone outside at the back. I ran upstairs and looked out. There was 2 kids about 13 years old bouncing a ball in the back garden next door.

The inevitable happened and the ball bounced over the fence. I waited for the front door bell to ring but it didn’t. Instead I heard a noise at the side of the house. The little brat was getting the ball without asking. I ran to the back door and opened it. The lad was just picking the ball up.

I said, “Excuse me, it’s polite to knock on the door and ask if you can get your ball back; not just go barging straight in.”

The poor lad just stared at the naked me.

I continued, “Next time you knock first, okay?” I shut the door and the lad came out of his trance and ran off.

The lad must have told his sister because about 5 minutes later the front door bell rang. When I opened it there was this girl there. I recognised her from when I looked out of the back, upstairs window.

She giggled a bit when she saw that I was naked. I asked her what her name was. It was Lizzy. She asked if she could get her ball.

“Yes, of course you can, come on in and I’ll show you through.” I said. She came in and we walked through to the kitchen. She was still giggling a bit so I asked her if her brother had told her about me. She nodded, then after a slight pause she asked me why I had no clothes on.

I told her that I didn’t like clothes and that I only wore them when I had to. “You’re lucky,” was all Lizzy said.

I let her out of the back door and waited for her to get the ball. As I waited I looked at the fence and saw her brother looking over it at me. I smiled.

When Lizzy came back in I lead her to the front door and said, “I know what it’s like being a teenage girl. If you ever want to talk and I’m here, just come round. You’ll be welcome anytime.”

Lizzy smiled as she walked down the drive.

A couple of days before Christmas my Mum got a phone call, a long phone call. When she hung up she turned to me and asked me if I remembered her sister.

“You mean the one that you get a Christmas card from each year and that we haven’t seen since I was about 3.” I said.

“Yes, that’s the one; well, she’s coming to England at Easter and she wants to meet your Dad and me in London for a couple of weeks. A business and pleasure trip for them. They’re going to pay for everything. The thing is, they have 2 teenage kids and they’re not bringing them with them. They want someone to look after them and their dog. I volunteered you and Ben, I hope you don’t mind.”

“You said that they’re coming to England, where do they live?” I asked.

Mum told me that they live in one of the southern Greek islands, Rhodes.

“Wow!” I said, “And how old are the kids?”

Mum told me that Dimitri is 14 and Alexis is 13.

I told Mum that I was up for it and started thinking about 2 weeks in the sun with no adults around. It would be a fuck fest.

Ben arrived home a couple of days later. I was home alone and the first thing that he did was to ask me why I was naked. I didn’t answer him because I was so excited about a holiday in Greece. He told me that there was a university field trip over Easter and that he wouldn’t be able to go. My heart dropped. I couldn’t be bothered to tell him about my nudity agreement, but when he heard the door opening he told me that I’d better be quick and get some clothes on. I didn’t move.

Mum walked into the room and greeted Ben then asked him if he’d be able to cope with his little sister being nude all the time. He shrugged his shoulders and said that he’d get used to it. If only she knew.

I told Mum about Ben’s field trip and she said that perhaps Katie could go with me. I felt a bit happier.

That night I phoned Katie and my heart dropped again. Her Father had arranged a short family holiday, saying that it was probably the last holiday that they’d have as a whole family. Katie didn’t want to disappoint them.

In bed after I’d frigged myself to a reasonable orgasm I hit on the idea of taking Ella or Sarah.

Next morning I bounced into the kitchen, naked, and told Mum about my idea. Mum said that she’d run it by her sister and get back to me.

That night she phoned her sister and then told me that it would be okay for 3 girls to go, but that she’d only pay for 2 of us. I told Mum that we’d find the money somehow.

I just had to go and phone Ella and Sarah and ask them if they would like to go.

Fortunately they both said that they would never miss a cheap holiday in the sun.

I got very bored just into the New Year. I’d been wandering round town, looking at all the sales and seen that they’d built a temporary Ice Rink in the town square. When I got home I told Mum about it and she suggested that I go and have a go. I reminded her that I had only ever been Ice Skating once in my life and that I’d spent most of the time on my backside. Mum told me to phone Katie and ask her if she wanted to go; and then she told me to ask the kids next door. I told Mum that I didn’t want to, but she persisted, saying that it would be a good way to get to know our new neighbours.

Mum won; and I put some clothes on and went next door to ask them. Lizzy and Jason’s Mum is quite nice actually, and said that she’d be happy to get them out from under her feet for a couple of hours. Arrangements were made.

Next morning I put on a thick miniskirt, thick top, thick jacket and knee length boots (nothing else) and went and collected the kids. Jason played the gentlemen’s role and let me go up the stairs on the bus into town before him. Well that was his excuse for looking up my skirt. On the bus I got them talking, they’re not bad kids really.

We met Katie and managed to get a family ticket to get in. It was only when I saw people going round and round; and quite a few of them falling over, that I realised that my backside was going to get very cold. Katie looked as apprehensive as me. As we looked at each other, Katie said, “I haven’t got any on either.”

We looked a bit odd because we were the only girls that had bare legs. The other girls in skirts all wore tights or leggings underneath.

The inevitable happened and it wasn’t long before a few people knew that we were naked under our skirts. Lizzy and Jason knew as well. On 2 occasions that I fell down, Jason also fell down, right at my feet. The second time that it happened I realised that it was deliberate. Jason was staring right up my skirt. As my backside got colder I reached down to my ankle, rubbed it and said that it hurt. Jason was still looking at my pussy.

Lizzy skated over like a professional and asked me if I was okay. I said that I was and asked Jason to help me up. The cheeky sod put his hand on my bare thigh and slid it right up to just short of my pussy as he helped me. I didn’t complain.

We stayed there for about an hour before deciding to leave. As we were taking the skates off I made sure that Jason had another look. I saw that Lizzy was looking up Katie’s skirt as well.

We decided to go to McDonalds and sat talking. I got them to tell us where they’d come from and other such trivia. We had one thing in common, they were going to the same school that we did.

Jason excused himself and went to the toilet. While he was away Lizzy asked if we often didn’t wear knickers, and weren’t we cold. We both laughed and told Lizzy that a lot of girls didn’t wear knickers these days and no, we didn’t get cold, with the size of knickers and thongs these days they wouldn’t make the slightest difference.

Lizzy then asked if we wore knickers when we went to school. I told her that I stopped when I was her age and that I didn’t let my mum know for years. I told Lizzy that I just used to put clean knickers in the washing bin each day. Lizzy just had time to laugh and say, “Sneaky,” before Jason reappeared saying, “Who’s sneaky?” No one answered him.

Katie left us and we got the bus home. Jason made sure that we went upstairs and that he followed me up again.

Ben and I have been sneaking in to each other rooms just about every night for a quickie. It will be good to get back to uni so that we can have a few long, slow fucks without fear of being interrupted by anyone other than Katie.

Mum insisted on buying me some clothes before I went back. When I chose short, thin miniskirts she told me that I’d ‘catch my death of cold.’ I guess that’s an old wives tale.

Unfortunately, with my Mum being with me it was impossible for me flash anyone.

**Email from Ella**

One day towards the end of the holiday I got bored and decided to check the newpsorority yahoo uk email account. I was a little surprised to find this email from Ella: -

*Hey Sorority Sisters,*

*I’ve just had this amazing couple of experiences and I just needed to tell someone as quick as I could. I know that I could have waited until we get back but I just couldn’t wait.*

*My Dad invited his sister and her family (hubby and son 2 years younger than me) to spend a couple of days with us at Christmas. I was a bit pissed because it meant that I had to wear clothes while they were there. Our house only has 3 bedrooms so the boy (Zak) had to sleep on the floor in Toby’s room and my Aunt Claire and Uncle Joe used my room. I had to sleep on the sofa.*

*Anyway, the first night that they were there everyone went to bed and I took off my skirt and top (all I had on) and got under the quilt on the sofa. I couldn’t sleep and was hot under the quilt. I had one foot on the arm of the sofa and the other on the floor so my legs were wide apart. Most of the quilt was on the floor and only my torso was covered. I heard someone walking downstairs and didn’t fancy talking to them so I pretended to be asleep.*

*The light went on and I heard someone walk into the kitchen, then the tap running. Then I heard them walk back to my feet end of the sofa. There was silence for ages and I was just starting to think that they’d crept out and forgotten to put the light out when I felt the quilt slide right off me onto the floor. I was about to reach for it to pull it back onto me when I heard a very quiet, “Wow!”*

*Someone was standing there looking down on my naked front. I could feel my pussy getting wet and my nipples going hard.*

*My heart started pumping faster and faster. Were they still there? I didn’t dare open my eyes. After what seemed like hours with no noise, I thought ‘what the hell’ and slid my hand to my pussy. I slowly started rubbing.*

*I wasn’t sure if anyone was still there and the possibility that they were, and my fingers, soon brought me to an orgasm. Apart from a quiet moan I managed to contain myself.*

*I let my hand slide down beside me. I could feel a pair of eyes staring at my naked, exposed, wet pussy. I was contented and happy.*

*A minute or so later I felt the quilt being pulled up over me; then the light went off.*

*I opened my eyes and could just make out a pair of men’s PJ bottoms going up the stairs.*

*I know that it wasn’t Toby because he always wears boxers when he leaves his bedroom, so it was either Uncle Joe or Zak; or my Dad.*

*Nothing was said next day so I stayed awake that second night and lay in the same position. I was starting to think that it was just a one-off and tried to go to sleep when I heard someone on the stairs again.*

*Everything went the same as the previous night except that my pussy rubbing was lot more vigorous, and I used 2 fingers to fuck myself. My moaning was a lot louder as well. When I orgasmed I’m sure that I had a big satisfied grin on my face.*

*Same as the previous night, there was a long pause, but this time I could hear heavy breathing. Then I felt something wet land on my stomach. It was definitely a man.*

*A short while later the quilt was pulled over me, then the light went out. I looked at the stairs, but I wasn’t able to see more than the PJs.*

*I moved my hand to my stomach and found a blob. The taste confirmed that a man had shot his load on to me.*

*Again, nothing was said at breakfast; and my relatives went home that afternoon.*

*Mum and Dad have got used to me being naked most of the time, but Toby still isn’t comfortable. One day, I can’t remember why, but I hugged him while I was naked. He was obviously tense, but I felt his hard cock pushing his trousers against my stomach. I hugged harder and longer.*

*I’m so looking forward to going back to St. Damian's; I can’t wait to serve you again.*

*Yours obediently,*

*Ella*

On another boring day I decided to go and visit the girls in the shop where I used to work on a Saturday. Ann (the manager) hugged me and asked if I wanted either of my jobs back. I laughed and asked her if she’d got another live mannequin yet. Secretly I’d been hoping that she’d ask me to be a mannequin for the afternoon, but she didn’t.

Pointing to a young girl tidying a rack on the other side of the store, I said to Ann, “Is that the new girl?” Ann nodded so I looked round and saw that the there weren’t many customers in, so I asked her if she minded if I had a bit of fun with her. Ann laughed and said, “Go for it girl.”

I went to the stock room and got a couple of skirts and a dress from the damaged stock bin, then snuck into the changing rooms. I stripped off and put one of the skirts on. I had selected one that was a low-riser with a little zip at the front. I played with the zip and forced it to get really stuck.

I opened the half closed curtain and I went to the entrance to the changing rooms. I shouted over to the new girl and asked her if she could help me. She looked at me with a bit of shock on her face. Well, I was topless in the main store. She hurried over to me and guided me back into the changing area then asked me what she could help me with. I held the top of the zip and told her that it was stuck and that I couldn’t get the skirt off.

The girl led me into the changing cubicle that had my clothes in and knelt down in front of me. She waggled the zip trying to get it open. She couldn’t get it open so I told her that it might be easier if she got one hand behind the zip.

By that time I’d opened my legs and the skirt was a tight fit. I pushed my bum backwards to give the girl more room. The girl said, “Excuse me,” and put her hand up my skirt.

As she did that I brought my bum forward and thrust my hips forward. The girl’s hand hit my pussy and one of her fingers went inside my wet pussy a bit. The girl froze and I let out a little moan. “That’s nice,” I said. The girl kept her finger there for a couple of seconds then pulled it out and apologised. She held her hand just below my pussy as I said, “That’s okay, it was a pleasant experience. Can you get the zip please?”

The girl’s hand went higher and rubbed against my pussy as it went. I moaned again.

As the girl worked on the zip the skirt rode higher and higher up me and the back of her arm rubbed against my pubic bone.

The girl finally managed to get the zip open and as I closed my legs the skirt dropped to the floor. The girl was still knelt there with her face inches from my naked pussy. I stepped out of the skirt and stood in the same place, but with my feet about a foot apart.

Without looking up, the girl asked if there was anything else that she could help me with.

“Well actually, now that you’re here, you could help me with that dress.” I said and saw a hint of disappointment in her face.

The girl got up and took the dress off the hook. It had buttons up the front and she stood right in front of me as she opened them. I could feel the heat coming off her body. She asked me to lift my arms up and she slid the dress over them. It fell into place and she started fastening the buttons. As she did she rubbed against my nipples and then my pubic bone.

I stepped out into the main area to look in the big mirror at the end. The girl stood slightly behind me to one side. I smoothed my hands up my body and cupped my breasts. I then slid them down to my hips and rubbed them over my hips, bottom and stomach down to my pussy.

“It doesn’t feel right.” I said as I slid my hands back up to my breasts and tweaked my nipples. “Here, get behind me and feel and tell me what you think.”

The girl did just that. She stepped behind me and put her hands on my little breasts. She caressed them and squeezed them through the thin dress. I moaned and my head went back on to her shoulder. Her right hands slid down to my stomach and her left hand slid in between the 2 sides of the front on the dress and onto my right breast. She squeezed my breast and toyed with my nipple before unfastening the buttons all down the front of the dress.

Now, remember where we are, in the changing area but not in a cubicle. Anyone passing the entrance to the changing area would be able to see us.

Both of her hands were on my bare pussy; one hand was playing with my clit and the other was finger fucking me. It didn’t take long for me to start shaking and cumming.

The girl backed off and came round to my front. She looked at me still shaking and said, “Is there anything else that I can help you with madam?”

I grinned and said that I was just fine thank you.

I took a deep breath and went and got dressed.

Now that’s what I call Customer Service.

As I exited the changing area I saw a man, on his own, holding 2 dresses up. He looked as if he was trying to make his mind up between the two. I went over to him and asked if he would like me, and the other assistant (pointing at the girl who had just left me) to model them for him. He looked surprised then said, “Yes please.” I took the dresses off him and led him to the changing rooms. I called the girl over again and gave one of the dresses to her and told her that the customer would like to see these on us.

The girl looked at me as I ushered her into one of the cubicles saying, “Put that on for the man.” She started to protest so I told her that it was her job to do what the customers wanted. She looked a bit stunned and went all silent. I went into the next cubicle and left the curtain open.

With the man watching me I took my top and skirt off and put the dress on. I made sure that I was facing him as I did it.

I went out of the cubicle and asked him what he thought. He nodded his head and said, “Good, can you do twirl please?” I did, and he continued, “I need to see the other dress.”

I looked over to the cubicle that the girl was in, the curtain was closed so I opened it – wide. The girl was just pulling the dress down over her head and we saw her bra and thong. She finished sorting out the dress out and came out looking like she was in zombie mode.

“Not bad,” the man said and asked her to do a twirl. She did. It was my turn to dominate her and I said, “It doesn’t look right with a bra on, you’ll have to take it off.” I went in front of her, unfastened the dress and pulled it over her head. I gave it to the man to hold and unfastened her bra and pulled it off.

The girl tried to cover her breasts but I pull her wrists down by her side. I then put my thumbs into the elastic of her thong and pulled it down. She instinctively stepped out of it leaving her naked in front of the man.

Her breasts are about the same size as mine, but sag a bit. She has shaved her pubic hair so that she just has a little heart shape at the front.

I got the dress from the man, gave it to the girl and told her to put it on. We both watched her dress and do a twirl for the man.

He looked from the girl to me and back, then pointed at the girl and said, “I’ll take that one please.”

We both watched the girl take the dress off, put it on its hanger and passed it to the man.

He left and I turned to the still naked girl and told her to wait there. I took off the dress that I was wearing and gave it to her and told her to go and put it back on the rack. She looked at me as if to say, ‘But I’m naked,’

“NOW!! I shouted at her. The poor girl scurried off and came back a minute later.

“Now eat me.” I said. The girl got on her knees in front of me and licked my pussy. I let her do that for a while then said, “Now dress me!”

She went and got my skirt and top and put them on me; keeping her hands off my interesting bits this time.

I walked out of the changing area leaving her to get dressed.

I went over to Ann and said, “You didn’t tell me that she liked girls.” Ann laughed and said that she thought that it would be fun for me to find out on my own; and that she liked my touch of sending her out naked.

We talked some more and was still there when the girl came out of the changing area. She came over to us, probably fearing that I was complaining to the manager. Ann turned to her and introduced me to her as the ‘Live Mannequin Girl’. The girls said, “You mean….. her….. you… well I’m so pleased to meet you Amy, I’ve heard so much about you. You are amazing; I wish that I had the nerve to do that.” Ann said, “Any time you want girl,” and left to go to talk to a customer.

We talked a bit more then I had to leave.

More to cum soon…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 16 – My second term at University - first part**

**NEWPS**

Ella was on the phone to me even before I walked into my room. I invited her over and got Katie. We spent hours talking about what we did and didn’t do over Christmas.

The conversation got round to NEWPS and Sarah. We’d all got on well with Sarah and thought that she was very much like us (apart from her lack of boobs that is).

Katie suggested that I talk to Sarah and give her a copy of the notice that we put up in Whittle uni and see what she said.

We then talked about the 5 girls that we thought were potential members of the non-existent NEWPS and Ella’s suggestion that we recruit from St. Damian’s rather than from Whittle.

Ella told us that she thought that it would be more convenient to recruit girls from St. Damian’s; after all, hazings and most of the other activities were at St. Damian’s. We all agreed and I promised to print copies of the advert so that we could pin it up all around the university.

Ella said that the first 2 hazings would work with multiple girls. Katie said that they’d take a bit more organising; then I said that we needed to do something else, something different. I threw in the idea of a nude wrestling contest where the winner of each match was the girl who didn’t cum. There’d have to be a male audience. Both Katie and Ella liked that idea.

Katie suggested a nude keep-fit session with male instructors. We all agreed that it could be fun.

We agreed to talk about it again when Ben was there.

**Sarah**

I phoned Sarah and met her in the uni café. I asked her if she knew how I met Ella; after all, she went to Whittle not St. Damian’s. She admitted that she didn’t know. I gave Sarah the NEWPS advert. She read it then asked if Ella, Katie and I were all NEWPS Sorority Sisters. I said, “Sort of,” then went on to explain a little about NEWPS and Ella’s initiation into NEWPS. Sarah listened quietly, but I could tell that she was intrigued.

At the end Sarah said, “So how do I get into this non-existent NEWPS?”

“That was the question I hoped you’d ask.” I said and got out the questionnaire that we’d used. I gave it to Sarah with a pen. I got us another coffee while Sara wrote.

She gave me the completed form: -

*Name* Sarah

*Age*  18

*Height*  4 feet 11 inches

*Weight* 101 lbs

*Measurements* 32 minus A 23 33

*Do you prefer to work in a team, or on your own?*  Both

*Do you consider yourself to be outgoing?* Yes

*Do you like helping other people?* Yes

*Do you smoke?* No

*-----------------------------*

*Select your preference in each of the following groups: -*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *Clothing*  *Dress y*  *Skirt and Top*  *Trousers / Jeans*  *Full length Skirts*  *Mini Skirts*  *Micro Skirts y*  *Tights*  *Hold-ups*  *Stockings and Suspender Belt*  *Bare Legs y*  *Pyjamas*  *Nightie*  *Baby Doll*  *Bra and Knickers*  *Knickers only*  *Nude y*  *Bra*  *No Bra* Ha! Very Funny  *Full knickers*  *Bikini Knickers*  *Thongs*  *Commando* y | *Swimwear*  *One piece Swimsuit*  *Bikini*  *Bikini Bottoms only*  *Nude Swimming y*  *Pubic Hair*  *Full Pubic Hair*  *Trimmed Unshaped*  *Trimmed Shaped*  *Landing Strip*  *Fully Shaved y*  *Sexual Orientation*  *Straight*  *Lesbian*  *Bi y*  *Nun*  *Sexual Activity*  *Virgin*  *Frequently Activity y*  *Occasionally Activity*  *Masturbation Frequency*  *Daily* y  *Weekly*  *Less than Weekly* |

*-----------------------------*

*What is the highest number of orgasms that you have had in one session? 5*

*Was this on your own or with someone else?* Own

*Have you ever gone out in a short skirt with no underwear? Frequently*

*Have you ever been Naked in Public?*  Yes

*If so, enter the details here.* Streaked at an amateur football contest

*Have you ever been gangbanged?* No

*Would you like to be gangbanged?* Maybe

*-----------------------------*

I looked through the answers and smiled. I then said, “What about hazing?”

“Of course,” Sarah said; so I told her more details of what we’d done, including my second, first hazing and Ella’s third hazing. Of course, I didn’t give Sarah ALL the details; I had to keep some surprises for her. Sarah said that she’d do whatever we wanted, providing that it was done at St. Damian’s, not Whittle; and that I would be her Pledge Sister. I told her that her hazings would be at St. Damian’s and that lots of fellow students would see her naked and indulging in sexual activities; and the fact that she wouldn’t be able to see who they were. I told her that she could easily be talking to a boy a week or month later, not knowing that he had seen her masturbate or get fucked. Her only comment was, “Hmmmm, nice.”

I told Sarah that one of the first things that I had instructed Ella to do was to stop wearing trousers, jeans, shorts, tights, legging, knickers, thongs, and bras; and to dump them all.

Sarah laughed and said, “Bras!” “Okay” I said, “I guess that we can forget that one; and what’s more, I told Ella to be naked in her dorm at all times and to walk around the dorm floor naked. Will that be a problem for you?” “Not for me, but I don’t know about the people in the office block out the back. Besides, I sometimes walk around the floor naked already.”

My turn to laugh and I told her to ignore the office block. As an afterthought I told Sarah about the Sunday morning swimming. She was up for that.

Sarah was wearing Jeans, top and a thigh length coat when we met. She asked me if she had to comply with the rules straight away. I looked round and saw the toilet nearby. I just nodded my head. Sarah got up and went to the toilet. Two minutes later she came back with her jeans in her hand. She sat down and pulled her thong out of the pocket. As she sat down, the middle of her coat opened and I could see flesh, right up to her stomach.

Sarah asked me if she could hang on to her trousers, jeans and shorts and take them home for her little sister. She promised not to wear them.

As we left we got a funny look from the girl that had served us when we went in. I presumed that she had remembered that Sarah went in wearing jeans and was leaving with bare legs.

**Sunday Morning Swimming**

There were now 4 girls going nude swimming each Sunday Morning. When Sarah walked into the changing rooms Henry asked me if where I found the little girl. I told him that Sarah was 18 and that she was quite capable of looking after herself.

Not much for the guys to grope when Sarah went on the water jet, but there weren’t any complaints, especially not from Sarah.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Our lectures started again and Sarah and I went and gave the Prof a long look at our pussies. I wondered if he’d missed that sight over Christmas. At the end of the lecture he asked Sarah and I to stay back. When everyone else had gone he said that the Fashion Department were pleased with our ‘efforts’ and that he would have something else for us to volunteer for soon. He then asked who the fourth girl was. I didn’t give him Ella’s name; I just said that we have some good friends that will do anything to help us. He smiled and said, “I hope so.” He also told us that he was pleased that we were continuing to ‘display’ our commitment to his lectures. We knew what that meant.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

About 3 weeks after we got back I had a phone call from Prof Jones. As soon as I heard her voice I got a tingling in my puss. I was expecting some humiliating, embarrassing and good fun; but she just told me that she hadn’t forgotten us, and that she was working on a ‘little project’ for us.

**The Labs Geeks**

The 2 geeks have been very quiet. Okay, some of the time that I’ve been in the Lab with them I’ve had my Lab coat open and let them ogle my tits and pussy; nothing special. Perhaps if I keep doing that they’ll get used to seeing a naked woman and stop being so embarrassed when they’re with me.

**Gym Club**

It was about 4 weeks after we got back to St. Damian’s that Katie and I got round to going again. We joined an aerobics class that was about to start and had a good workout. It was all girls and some of them got a good look at our pussies, but that was all.

As we were leaving we walked passed a notice board and I caught a glimpse of a notice about hiring the gym. Something made me stop and take the details of who to contact.

**Sarah’s First Hazing**

It took a couple of weeks for Ben to organise the room and audience. I found out where I had my second, first hazing, it was the same place that Ben had arranged for Sarah. Sarah recognised the place as well.

As we stood outside the door I asked Sarah if she still wanted to go through with it. She nodded so I took the blindfold out of the plastic bag that I was carrying and put it on her.

I opened the door and the noise was deafening. I could just hear Sarah shout, “Fucking hell Amy, how many hundred people are here?”

Ben had already got a table out and put it in the centre of the room. As I led Sarah over to it the noise subsided. I was glad because I didn’t fancy shouting over that racket.

When it was quiet I shouted: -

*This girl has applied to join the NEWP Sorority. In order for her to be accepted she has to complete a number of hazings. This is the first one. We hope that you young men will show your respect for this Pledge, and only get involved if invited to by the Pledge, or the NEWP Sorority member with her.*

I didn’t bother with the rest of the script.

There was only bit of talking going on as I turned to Sarah and said, “Pledge, strip.”

As she opened her top I heard someone shout, “Fucking hell, it’s a little kid.” I turned to where I thought the voice had come from and shouted. “Sorry to spoil the fun for those who wanted to see big tits, but I can guarantee that this young lady is 18 years old; and I can assure you that not many 12 year olds will have done what this girl is going to do tonight.”

There was a bit of talking as Sarah took her skirt off, folded her skirt and top and held them out for me to take from her. She did quite a good job of folding considering that she had a blindfold on.

I must admit that standing there with no pubic hair, and virtually no breasts, and looking nervous as hell; Sarah did look about 11 or 12.

I went over to Sarah and led her to the edge of the table. I told her to feel for the table, then perch her bum on the edge and lay back. I didn’t have to tell her to raise and open her legs, she just did it.

When things went quiet again, I told Sarah to masturbate.

Sarah started rubbing. She was nervous and probably scared a bit, and it took a while for her to relax and get into it. When she did relax she started moaning and with the fingers on her other hand she started finger fucking herself.

After 4 or 5 minutes, Sarah started shaking, jerking and shouting, “YES”. Then she came. Sarah continued rubbing herself as she started to calm down. I told her to stop.

I then said, “Pledge, move your legs right over so that your feet are behind your head then move your legs outside your shoulders and hold your legs down with your arms.”

Sarah’s pussy was now facing the ceiling with her clit sticking up; and she had easy access to it for her hands.

“Now masturbate again.” I told her.

The audience was captivated.

Sarah reached her second, noisy orgasm.

As she regained her composure I told her to stay in that position. I then got a deck of cards out of my bag and handed them to the nearest student and told him to take one and pass the rest on. As they were doing that I went over to Sarah and dipped a finger in her pussy then put it in the nearest student’s mouth. He sucked it.

I then shouted, “I am going to call out a few card names. If I call out the name of the card that you have, then come forward and I will give to a task to perform. I have quite a list here so don’t be impatient.” I had come prepared with a list of card names, in random order, with a task next to each.

*Author’s note*

*Some of these tasks are repeated so that Sarah had the same thing done to her by different students.*

*Vanessa*

The ‘tasks’ that I told the students to perform on Sarah were: -

*2 slaps on each butt cheek.*

*Finger fuck her for 30 seconds.*

*2 slaps on each butt cheek.*

*Finger fuck her for 30 seconds.* This young man decided to use 3 fingers.

*Chew her clit for 30 seconds.*

*1 slap on her pussy.*

*Eat her pussy for 30 seconds.*

*Insert dildo in her pussy and fuck her with it for 20 seconds then remove it.*

*2 slaps on each butt cheek.*

*1 slap on her pussy with provided Leather Belt.* I think that the lad was a wimp, or scared of hurting Sarah because she didn’t even flinch.

*Finger fuck her for 30 seconds.*

*Eat her pussy for 30 seconds.*

*Chew her clit for 30 seconds.* This lucky card holder was a girl and she was good at eating pussy. She made Sarah cum.

*2 slaps on each butt cheek.*

*2 slaps on her pussy with provided Leather Belt.* The girl who did this must have been in a bad mood. Maybe she was jealous or she wasn’t getting the attention that she wanted. Anyway, she brought that belt down hard. Sarah screamed out both times that she got hit. There were tears in her eyes.

*Eat her pussy for 30 seconds.* I could see Sarah’s chest rising up and down quickly, and her breathing was heavy.

At that point I stopped Sarah’s ‘torture’ and told her to get up. As she slid off the table her legs started to give way, but she managed to stop herself falling into a heap on the floor.

I gave her a couple of minutes to recover then asked her if she was okay and if she wanted to continue. She nodded, so I told her to bend over the table and spread her legs then I started reading out more card names.

*Using the provided condom, fuck the Pledge for 20 seconds.*

*Insert the Ben Wa balls into the Pledge.* The poor young man who got this task had to ask me what Ben Wa balls were, and where to put them. He got a good laugh from the audience.

*Spread KY-Jelly over the Pledge’s butt hole.*

*2 slaps on each butt cheek.*

*1 swat of the Riding Crop on each butt cheek.*

*Insert the dildo into the Pledge’s butt.*

*2 swat of the Riding Crop on each butt cheek.*

*Touch a Ben Wa Ball.* This young man had a really good feel around inside Sarah. I’m sure that he was pretending to not find them.

*2 swat of the Riding Crop on each butt cheek.*

I stopped the show there and told Sarah to stand up then get down on her knees. She had tears running down her cheeks.

*Blow Job.* This young man held Sarah’s head and thrust his cock down her throat. Just for a second I thought that I might have to intervene as Sarah was choking quite badly. The youth pulled out then thrust again and shot his load down her throat.

*Blow Job.* This young man was gentler and shot his load all over her face.

*Dress the Pledge.* The young man took this task as an opportunity to grope Sarah’s pussy and waggle the dildo that was still sticking out of her ass. He left her looking like she’d been dressed by a 5 year old.

I then announced that the show was over and told Sarah to shout her thanks to all who had participated. She did, adding that she had enjoyed every second.

The audience applauded and shouted a few comments like, “When are you coming back?” and “I’ll look out for you and we can do that again.”

We ignored these and I led a still blindfolded Sarah out of the room.

I took the blindfold off Sarah and she straightened her clothes then asked me how long she had to keep the dildo in her ass. She didn’t ask about the Ben Wa balls.

As we walked back to her room I reminded her that for the next few weeks, any of the 50 or so people that were there would look at her and remember what they had seen her do, or, in some cases, remember what they had done to her.

Sarah told me to stop or I would have to cope with her cumming as we walked.

Back in her room I told Sarah to remove the dildo, and told her to keep the Ben Wa balls for a few days.

We stripped and went for a shower together. Her butt wasn’t as red as Ella’s had been.

I phoned Sarah the next evening. After she had told me how she was, I told her that she had passed a combined first and second Hazing. I also told her that we were setting-up a medical examination for her. I hadn’t told Sarah about the medical.

**My Thursday / Friday Job**

On the first day that I went in after Christmas I had no sooner got to my desk and stripped off when Bob called me into his office. He asked me to sit down then told me that the business was closing down. They needed more money to develop something, but the bank wouldn’t lend them it.

It was a Friday and I had intended to work 8 hours that day. Instead I worked less than half an hour. At least Bob paid me for the full day.

I needed to find another job.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 17 – My second term at University - second part**

**Sarah’s Medical Examination**

Unfortunately, it took 3 weeks for ‘Doctor’ Pete Lawrence to be available; but it finally happened. Sarah was waiting outside the door when I got there.

Okay, Sarah knew that it was all a set-up, but she had said that she was more than happy to go through with it. The other thing was that ‘Doctor’ Pete Lawrence didn’t know that Sarah knew.

We went into the waiting room and saw 4 young men waiting for their check-ups. I didn’t recognise any of them from when Ella had her medical. I asked Sarah if she was okay and she nodded.

When the doctor came out of the examination room with another young man, everything went the same as it had done with Ella. The only difference was the breast examination. It’s hard to examine something that isn’t there. The doctor asked Sarah what her home GP had said about her ‘late development’; then confirmed that flat-chested women aren’t as uncommon as people think. Most hide their flat chests with padded bras.

The doctor asked Sarah if her flat chest caused her any problems or embarrassment and told her that he could organise some help for her if she wanted.

As you will have realised, Sarah’s flat chest is not a problem for her, in fact she uses it to her advantage at times.

Anyway, the examination went on, even to the doctor having left his bag in the waiting room. Needless to say, I left the door open when I went for the bag; and ‘forgot’ to close it when I went back in. I don’t think that the 5 young men even noticed me going back in; they had their eyes glued to the naked Sarah

On the examination couch, Sarah looked at me, then the young men, then back to me and smiled as the doctor continued checking all her limbs. When it came to the breast examination, the doctor spent plenty of time rubbing and squeezing Sarah’s nipples.

What Sarah lacks in breast size, she makes up for in nipple sensitivity. The doctor looked quite surprised when Sarah shook and twitched and moaned as her nipps were squeezed.

I could see the pleasure, almost lust, in Sara’s eyes when the doctor told her to lift her feet to the stirrups. She seemed to be having a staring contest with the young men outside.

When the doctor started examining Sarah’s pussy Sarah was definitely getting hot. She let out a little moan when the doctor examined her clit and stretched it every way that he could. The internal examinations went just like any other gyno check-up.

Then came the unusual part; up to that point the physical examination had been almost routine for a gyno check-up. The doctor explained the NEWPS requirement to stimulate her clitoris to establish if her response was normal for a woman her age.

I think that Sarah had already shown that it was, but the doctor wasn’t to be interrupted, he rubbed and squeezed and massaged Sarah’s clit until she lost it.

With a loud “Yes”, Sarah went over the edge and started shaking.

The doctor kept going as Sarah calmed down to a point where the doctor obviously thought that she could understand what he was about to tell her.

I looked into the waiting room to see 5 pairs of eyes glued to Sarah’s pussy.

The doctor told Sarah that it was a NEWPS requirement to know if all their Pledges were capable of multiple orgasms. He kept frigging her and it wasn’t long before she orgasmed again, and again, and again, and again. Poor Sarah was sweating and jerking and swearing and gripping the sides of the examination couch.

It was a good job that she was gripping the sides of the examination couch because I’m sure that she would have fallen off if she wasn’t. And how her feet stayed in the stirrups I will never know.

The 5 young men looked gobsmacked.

The doctor let Sarah regain her composure while he typed up his notes; then came back over and did the rectal examination.

When that was over he told Sarah that she could get off the couch and sit in the chair next to me.

After more typing, he gave Sarah a small jar for a urine sample and explained what they were checking for.

As with Ella, he sent Sarah to the toilet in the corridor and wouldn’t let her put any clothes on; using the same excuse that there would be no one there at that hour.

As Sarah went through the waiting room I heard her say, “Enjoy the show did you?”

I smiled.

Sarah later told me that she had to pass 2 male cleaners to get to the toilet. Both had stared at her, but neither had said anything.

When Sarah got back, the doctor thanked her and told her that the examination was complete; and that she could get dressed. She stood up and faced the 5 young men as she slowly put her top and skirt on.

I don’t know if Ben had put this Doctor Peter Lawrence up to it, or he’d done it off his own back; but he did the same thing with me that he’d done when Ella was there. He told me that the ‘multiple orgasms’ addition to the NEWPS requirement was added after I’d had my examination and suggested that I should have it there and then.

There was no way that I was going to turn down an offer like that and I agreed to do it there and then.

I was told to undress and get on the couch. I moved to where I could see the 5 young men (and they could see me) and took my top off. I put it on the chair then cupped my breasts, tweaked my nipples and licked my lips. A couple of the young men looked as if there were about to stain their trousers.

The doctor was still typing away as I got on the couch and put my feet in the stirrups. As I did so, I opened my pussy lips and flicked my clit.

The doctor left me like that for about a minute; then stopped typing and came over to me. He asked me if I was alright and was it okay for him to start.

I couldn’t say what I was thinking; which was, ‘if you don’t start soon I’m going to get of this fucking couch and rape you.’ Instead I just said, “Yes.”

It didn’t take long for my first orgasm to hit me. The doctor kept going until I’d had 4 orgasms.

I don’t know if the 5 young men had paid anything to watch our performance, but I bet that thousands of men would have paid a small fortune to have been in their shoes.

As Sarah and I walked back to her room, she asked me if the doctor was a real doctor. I didn’t lie when I told her that he is a doctor. I didn’t say what of.

Back at Sarah’s room we stripped and went for a shower. We had a lot of sweat to wash off.

I left Sarah sleeping, naked, on top on her bed and went any told Katie and Ben all about it.

Ben suggested that since we all knew Sarah well, and that she’d fitted in well at the ‘events’ that she’d been on; we should tell her that she’s passed her hazing and was now a fully-fledged NEWPS member. Katie and I were both happy with that so next morning I phoned Sarah and gave her the good news.

**NEWPS**

Katie, Ben, Ella, Sarah and I met up in a bar to talk about new recruits to NEWPS. I told Ben that we’d decided to recruit from St. Damian’s and showed him the new advert.

*NEWP Sorority*

*A Sorority similar to those that have proved very successful in the USA has been formed in St. Damian’s University. It is being run along the same lines as the American ones and now has vacancies for a small number of young ladies.*

*Applications will be processed in the same way as the American Sororities i.e. Applications will be received and young ladies will be invited to attend a number of hazing sessions and a medical examination.*

*American Sororities have an element of secrecy about them, and NEWPS is fostering this same secrecy. Applicants must not talk about their application to anyone unless they are 100% sure that the person is a NEWP Sorority Sister or Pledge. Any applicant found to have been breaking this rule will be dropped from the programme immediately.*

*As in America, the hazings will be of a humiliating nature and are designed to ensure that successful candidates are capable of living up to the high standards of the existing Sorority Sisters.*

*Guaranteed: -*

*Fun*

*Improved Self esteem*

*Confidence*

*Figure*

*New Friends – for life*

*Pleasure*

*Community Work*

*Application can be accepted only by email.*

*Please send an email to newpsorority at yahoo co uk requesting an application form.*

The poster included the same pictures of groups of young women partying and generally having fun.

Everyone was happy with the advert and I promised to print copies and start pinning them on notice boards the next day.

We talked about hazings and we all liked the idea of them frigging themselves whilst blindfolded and with an audience of men so we decided that we would put on a session for them to do it all together. Ben suggested that it would be better if none of them knew that the others were there. They’d think that everyone’s eyes were glued to their pussies and tits. We all agreed that it was the best way, but none of us believed that we’d be able to keep them thinking that for the whole session; something was bound to give it away. We decided that we’d keep them thinking that they were the only one there for as long as possible.

Ella said that she’d really enjoyed her medical examination and Ben agreed to talk to Doctor Peter Lawrence to see if he could find the time to examine more girls. I said that it wasn’t fair on Katie and Ella if I went with all the new pledges and it was agreed that we would split them between us.

Katie liked the idea of the nude wrestling but we couldn’t think of a fair way to judge winners. Then Ella said, “How about the loser of each match is the one that cums first.” We thought about it and agreed that it could work. We’d need a strict set of rules so that no one actually got hurt, and a referee to keep things in order. Ben fancied that job.

We would also need a place to hold it and an audience to embarrass and humiliate the girls. I remembered about the gym being for hire and agreed to book it once we had a date. Ben said that he would spread the word to make sure that we had enough people there. We agreed to charge £10 per person to cover the cost of hiring the gym.

Just as we thought that we’d got it all organised, Ella asked if us 4 girls were going to wrestle as well?

It was looking as if we’d need to hire the gym for a whole day.

Within 5 days we’d received 25 applications. As soon as they arrived in the Inbox I replied requesting that they complete the questionnaire and return immediately. We got 24 back within 24 hours of them being sent. The breakdown of the answers was: -

*Name*

*Age*

*Height*

*Weight*

*Measurements*

*Do you prefer to work in a team, or on your own? Team 22 Own 2*

*Do you consider yourself to be outgoing? Yes 24*

*Do you like helping other people? Yes 24*

*Do you smoke? Yes 7 No 17*

*-----------------------------*

*Select your preference in each of the following groups: -*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *Clothing*  *Dress 6*  *Skirt and Top 14*  *Trousers / Jeans 4*  *Full length Skirts 3*  *Mini Skirts 16*  *Micro Skirts 5*  *Tights 5*  *Hold-ups 2*  *Stockings and Suspender Belt 2*  *Bare Legs 15*  *Pyjamas 2*  *Nightie 3*  *Baby Doll 1*  *Bra and Knickers 1*  *Knickers only 7*  *Nude 10*  *Bra 13*  *No Bra 11*  *Full knickers 1*  *Bikini Knickers 3*  *Thongs 13*  *Commando 7* | *Swimwear*  *One piece Swimsuit 3*  *Bikini 7*  *Bikini Bottoms only 9*  *Nude Swimming 6*  *Pubic Hair*  *Full Pubic Hair 2*  *Trimmed Unshaped 2*  *Trimmed Shaped 6*  *Landing Strip 7*  *Fully Shaved 7*  *Sexual Orientation*  *Straight 15*  *Lesbian 2*  *Bi 7*  *Nun 0*  *Sexual Activity*  *Virgin 0*  *Frequently Activity 21*  *Occasionally Activity 3*  *Masturbation Frequency*  *Daily 16*  *Weekly 8*  *Less than Weekly 0* |

*-----------------------------*

*What is the highest number of orgasms that you have had in one session?*

*4-5 3-8 2-6 1-5*

*Was this on your own or with someone else? Own 8 Someone else 16*

*Have you ever gone out in a short skirt with no underwear? y 18 n 6*

*Have you ever been Naked in Public? Y 8 n 16*

*If so, enter the details here.*

*Have you ever been gangbanged? Y 2 n 22*

*Would you like to be gangbanged? Y 8 n 6 maybe 10*

*-----------------------------*

*No application will be accepted unless it includes an attached photograph of the applicant wearing no more than her preference of swimwear.*

*All applicants will have to submit to medical examination by a NEWPS appointed doctor. This is to ensure that the applicant is physically fit enough to perform the Sorority programme of events, and to ensure that they do not use drugs.*

*As NEWPS is a relatively new organisation it can only cope with a small number of applications each term. All applications will be dealt with on the*basis*of*first come, first served.

*Applications (with photo(s)) to be emailed to newpsorority at yahoo co uk*

Automatically rejected were: -

6 Because they were obviously overweight

7 Because they smoked

3 One piece swimsuit

4 Trousers / Jeans preference

We had another meeting and discussed each one that wasn’t automatically rejected. There was something funny about 2 of the applications, their photographs looked funny; so they got rejected as well. That left us with 4.

They were: -

Brooklyn 32B – 28 – 30 Blonde

Kailene 34B – 30 – 33 Brunette – stated that she is a born exhibitionist

Leah 32A – 26 – 30 Blonde

Zoe 36C – 32 – 33 Brunette – stated that she is a lesbian

We waited for Ben to organise the room and people.

**My New Job**

I decided to try and use my previous experience of working in a clothes shop; and went round most of the clothes shops in town.

I was getting a bit despondent and wasn’t expecting to get anything when I went into the last possible shop in the shopping centre.

The manager is a woman in her thirties (Isabelle) and she didn’t sound very helpful at first. When I explained that I was only looking for part-time work, and that I’d worked in a clothes shop in my home town, she seemed a bit more interested. She even asked me for the name of the shop that I’d worked in so that she could get a reference.

I came out feeling a little less despondent than when I went in; but still not expecting to hear from them.

Imagine my surprise when I got a phone call from Isabelle that evening. She told me that she’d spoken to Ann at the shop in my home town and got a favourable reference. Ann had also told Isabelle about my day as a mannequin.

Isabelle asked me if I could start the next Friday.

Friday arrived and I went to work. There were 2 other girls there as well as Isabelle.

The day went well and I soon got used to the way things worked there.

During my lunch break Isabelle came and asked me how things were going. She also told me that she runs a sort of fashion road show where she takes the shops products to all sorts of places like village halls, big parties, works canteens and any other place where she thinks that she may be able to get some sales.

Isabella told me that she has a big van that she transports the clothes and a couple of mannequins around in. She said that one of the other girls (Hayley) sometimes plays the role of a mannequin; and she would like me to consider doing the same so that she will have more space for clothes.

I told Isabelle that I would be happy to help her.

Later that afternoon I spoke to Hayley and asked her about the fashion road shows.

Hayley told me that they were okay; they sometimes went to places where people would want see what an item of clothing looked like on someone, and Isabelle would tell the customer that I would put it on for them to see. As there usually wasn’t anywhere to get changed I would have to get changed in between the racks of clothes.

Hayley also told me that if things weren’t too busy Isabelle would have her standing like a dummy wearing one of the shops outfits. Sometimes Isabelle would keep her standing there while she changed the clothes on her.

I asked Hayley if Isabelle had ever left her standing there naked. Haley said not, but she had been left in just a bra and thong a couple of time. I told Hayley that if Isabelle did that to me the public would see more than a bra and knickers.

Hayley said, “I can see that you’re not wearing a bra, but haven’t you got any knickers on?”

“I never wear bras or knickers.” I told her.

Next I asked Hayley if Isabelle ever asked her, or any of the other girls, to model outfits for customers in the store.

Hayley told me that she had been asked a couple of times and that she had done it. The man had waited out in the main store and Hayley had gone out to him each time that she’d changed.

I asked Hayley if she’d ever seen any men in the changing area.

At this point, let me describe the changing area. It’s a room about 12 feet square. The entrance is an arch-way (no door or curtain) in one corner. As you go through the arch the room is ahead, and to your left. On the left wall there are 2 cubicles about 6 feet by 4 feet. They have curtains for doors. All the walls have big mirrors so that you can see yourself from all angles. It’s just perfect for any voyeurs standing at the arch-way; if the curtains aren’t closed properly.

Hayley told me that sometimes men did go in there and waited for their partners whilst they changed. She said that she’d never seen anyone doing anything that they shouldn’t do in there.

I laughed to myself, and thought, “Not yet!” I then told Hayley that I’d modelled store outfits for men a few times at my last place, and went on to tell her about the man that I’d let into the changing area and changed dresses a few times with the curtains open.

Hayley said, “But you don’t wear underwear. He’d have seen everything.”

I smiled and nodded.

Poor Hayley sounded so naive and innocent.

The day ended with Isabelle having a talk with me to make sure that everything was okay.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Both Sarah and I are still flashing Prof Gibbons. The only thing that he’s said to us the last time that we were there was the word, “Soon.” We hadn’t a clue what he was on about until I got a phone call from Prof Jones that evening.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

I was a bit gobsmacked when Prof Jones phoned me and told me what our ‘little project’ was. She told me that my friends and I were going to become St. Damian’s unofficial Cheerleading Squad; and that she and Prof Gibbons were going to provide us with everything that we needed; and our performance details.

She told me to go to reception in the admin block where there would be a box waiting for me. She also told me that she knew that there were 4 of us in our ‘little group’ and that she expected us to recruit a few more so that the cheerleading squad was more like a real one.

The note inside the box: -

*There are enough uniforms here for 10 girls. As you will see, they are fully adjustable so they will fit all of you. When performing you will wear only what is in this box, nothing else.*

*The annexe in the gym is booked every Thursdays from 19:00 to 21:00 for you to develop and practice a 15 minute routine. It had better be erotic.*

I didn’t take a good look into the box whilst I was at the admin block; instead I took it back to my room; then called the other 3 girls. When they had all arrived I tipped the contents out of the box.

There were indeed enough clothes for 10 girls.

Skirts - Wrap variety, made of a lightweight silky material with Velcro fasteners. They are only 10 inches long and are purple and yellow trim.

Tops – Made of the same material and the same colour scheme. They are like a sleeveless blouse that ties at the front just below the breasts. They go down to about half way between our breasts and belly button.

Pom Poms – Yes, Pom Poms. In the same colour scheme.

We had a good chat and tried the outfits on. In a way, they looked good. In the end we decided to go give it a go – not that we had much choice in the matter. Katie and Sarah volunteered to watch lots of YouTube videos and come up with a sexy routine.

We missed the Tuesday booking at the gym because Katie and Sarah hadn’t managed to put any of their ideas together. On the next Thursday we went and started practicing. We’d taken the uniforms and put them on at the start, but we soon realised that with us falling down so many times it would be better to leave them off until we were more competent at what we were trying to do. So we practiced in the nude.

Katie and Sarah have come up with the start of a routine that is a combination of dancing and gymnastics. No one is stationary for more than 3 seconds (except for when stood upright with both feet on the floor). The reason for this is to increase the ‘tease’ factor.

We thought about what Prof Jones had said about recruiting more girls into the Cheerleading Squad. The only girls that we could think may be able to help us were the girls that we had selected to be hazed for NEWPS. That meant that we had to get on with the hazings as quick as we could.

**Psychology Thesis**

Ben saw another notice pinned up the other day. It was from a Psychology student who is writing a Thesis on Exhibitionism. He is looking for subject material; and Ben though of me.

Not wanting to miss out on getting some money for doing what I enjoy, I phoned him straight away. After him (Logan) asking me for details of a couple of instanced where I had exhibited myself; Logan asked me to meet him so that we could discuss things further. He’d booked one of the Psychology department’s meeting rooms, saying that he wanted all our meetings to be on a professional basis.

The following afternoon I went to the meeting room. I was a bit early and he wasn’t there. While I sat and waited I thought about what he might expect of me. One of the things that crossed my mind was; 'would he expect me to be exhibiting myself to him; or put another way, would he expect me to be naked at that meeting?

This played on my mind a bit and I decided to take the plunge and stripped off. I sat there wearing only my shoes for another 5 minutes or so before he arrived.

I guess that he wasn’t expecting me to be naked because he looked a bit shocked when I stood up to shake his hand.

Logan explained that he wanted to observe me in a number of different situations and then soon afterwards we would meet up and he would get me to explain what had happened and what I had felt about it. Logan told me that my deciding to be there naked, and the way that I had been comfortable talking to him whilst being naked demonstrated that I was the sort of person that would make good subject material for his research.

I asked Logan what sort of situations he was talking about. He told me that some would be formal events like an organisations dinner; some would be public places such as going shopping; some would be informal gatherings like a party or a meeting at a pub. He told me that he wasn’t expecting me to be naked at these ‘events’, but to be wearing whatever I wanted, just so long as it didn’t get me arrested. He also told me that he would pay for hiring any formal clothes that I thought would be appropriate.

I asked Logan if there was any sort of confidentiality agreement between us; if my name would ever be written down anywhere. I explained that there were things that I could tell him that would get me into serious trouble if people could put my name to them. Nothing like murder or anything stupid like that; just me being naked in the wrong places. Logan laughed a bit then told me that I had nothing to worry about; I was someone called ‘X’ in all his notes and he would never tell anyone who ‘X’ was.

All this sounded very easy, and when he told me that he would pay me £40 for every time that we met up and discussed my ‘adventures’. I was sold on the idea.

Logan was happy and I was happy. Logan asked me what days and times I wouldn’t be available and he told me that he would put together an itinerary get in touch.

We shook hands again and I got up and started to leave. Just as I got to the door Logan called me and asked if I’d forgotten anything. I said, “No,” then realised that I was still naked. Ooops!

Wow! I’d landed 2 jobs within a week.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 18 – My second term at University - third part**

**My New Job**

So far so good. Near closing time this week there was a man shopping with what looked like his daughter. She looked about 14 years old. He was waiting in the changing area while she was in a cubicle with the curtains fully closed. She was obviously taking her time making up her mind. Anyway, things were quiet so I quickly selected a dress and went into the other cubicle and only half closed the curtains.

From where I was stood I could see the man in the mirror, and he could see me. We almost made eye contact once. I took my top off and watched him watching me. When I dropped my skirt I ran my hands slowly up each side of my body, cupping my breasts; and smiled at him. He just stared at me. I turned round and looked over my shoulder at my backside in the mirror. I pulled my butt cheeks apart and then turned and picked up the dress.

I slowly lowered the dress over my arms, then boobs, and then the rest of me. I’d timed it just right as the girl came out of the other cubicle and told her dad which dress she wanted. They left, leaving me to get changed back into my own clothes.

Isabelle told me that the mobile fashion shop was going to a big hotel in town on the Sunday and she asked me if I would go with her and Hayley.

I met Isabelle and Hayley on the Sunday morning and we drove to the big hotel. The posters said that there was some sort of car show going on. This sounded a bit crazy to me so I asked Isabelle what we were doing at a car show. Isabelle said,

“It’s not the car show that we’re here for, nor the men that will be looking at them, it’s the women that will be here with their men, and have no interest in the cars. We’ll give them something more enjoyable to do; something that all women love to do - shopping for clothes.” We go to a few exhibitions like this.

How could I have missed that?

We unloaded the van and pushed the racks into a big exhibition room. There weren’t any cars in there; but there were dozens of stalls for people selling lots of things that I had never seen before, nor would I worry if I never saw them again.

We arranged things as Isabelle wanted; then she gave Hayley and me a dress each and we were told to go and put them on.

No changing cubicles. Hayley told me that we had to change behind one of the racks of clothing. Hayley went right behind a rack, but I went just to the end where I could see everyone. I stripped a lot quicker than Hayley (fewer clothes) and took my time putting the dress on. It was fun standing there naked watching all those people knowing that at any second, one (or more) could turn and see me naked.

Isabelle told us where to stand and then put us in the pose that she wanted.

We must have been stood there for 10 minutes before Isabelle told Hayley to serve a woman who was browsing the racks. Hayley looked a bit relieved to be able to move about, but I still felt okay. The woman looked a little surprised when one of the mannequins came to life.

That woman left without buying anything but it wasn’t long before 2 more came over. After a few minutes one of them asked Isabelle if there was anywhere that she could try a dress on. Isabelle apologised and told her that she could put it on the mannequin to see what it looked like. The woman looked over at me then said, “Okay.”

Isabelle gave the dress to Hayley and told her to put it on me. I got a little rush as I realised that I was going to be naked out in the open.

Hayley said, “But Amy is naked under that.” Isabelle cut her off by saying, “Do it!”

Hayley started un-buttoning my dress and whispered that she was sorry. I wanted to tell her that it was okay, but I didn’t want to open my mouth.

Hayley put my arms by my sides and let the dress drop to the floor. As she lifted one leg, then the other to free the dress; I could hear the woman telling Isabelle that mannequins looked quit realistic these days.

Hayley put the dress on me then backed away so that the woman could get a good look. The woman liked the dress and said that she would take it.

Hayley looked at the size tag on the dress I had on, and then went to the rack. After searching through the rack she told Isabelle that there was only one that size. Isabelle told Hayley to take it off me.

I was left standing there with no clothes on; and what’s more, a couple of customers were coming into our area. I heard Hayley ask Isabelle what she should do about me. Isabelle told her that customers came first and that they’d get back to me in a minute.

One of the women stopped and looked me up and down and then walked on.

After the customers had gone Isabelle gave Hayley another dress and told her to put it on me. I was left for a few minutes then Isabelle told me to relax and go and put my own clothes on. When I got back Isabelle asked me if I’d enjoyed the experience. I told her that I had, but it would have been better if the woman had brought their men with them. Isabelle laughed.

We were reasonably busy after that and I didn’t get to be a mannequin again that day.

On the drive back Isabelle asked me what I thought of the day. I told her that I’d enjoyed it, especially when I’d been a mannequin. Isabelle was smiling as she said, “Yes, I could see that; I’ll have to see what else I can organise; but it’s not as easy when you’ve only got one naked, living mannequin.” I told her that I was sure that could find some other girls to help out. Isabelle smiled again but didn’t say anything.

**NEWPS**

I sent this email to the 4 girls that we had selected: -

*Dear potential NEWP Sorority member,*

*Please be at the University café at 18:30 on Friday where you will be met by some of the NEWPS Sisters. They will explain more about NEWPS, its standards and expectations of you.*

*The NEWPS Sisters will then take you to your first hazing.*

*You are advised to wear a skirt, not trousers or jeans.*

*If you are not there at exactly 18:30 we will assume that you no longer wish to join NEWPS.*

*NEWP Sorority Sisters.*

Katie, Sarah, Ella and I were there early, waiting for them. We had previously prepared a list of notes for things that we wanted to tell them, and Ben was at the venue arranging the furniture; after previously inviting a few dozen people to attend.

We had taken the photographs that they had sent us with their ‘preferences’ form, so that we didn’t approach the wrong girls. Three of the photographs were topless ones, and the fourth (Kailene) was a nude one of her walking down a busy street.

As each girl arrived we got them a drink and then we took over to one corner of the café.

When one of the girls walked in both Ella and I thought that she looked familiar. We’d both looked at the photograph that she’d sent us and hadn’t noticed anything, but when she walked in, there was something that was familiar. Neither of us could place her.

When everyone had arrived and got a drink, I got out the list of notes that we had prepared earlier then said,

“Welcome to your first NEWP Sorority meeting. This is the start of a new and exciting chapter in your lives.

At this meeting I am going to say a few words about each of the following subjects: -

*What NEWPS is all about.*

*Dress Code.*

*Hazing.*

*Medical Examination.*

*A Safe Word.*

Before I start rambling on let’s introduce ourselves. We’ll go round the tables starting with me. I’m Amy and I am one of the founder members of NEWPS.”

*Introduction by each person.*

“NEWPS – The NEWP Sorority. For starters, we will not tell you what the acronym stands for until you have passed all your hazings. There are a number of ‘little secrets’ that will be kept from you until you become a fully-fledged member of NEWPS. None of them are anything to worry about.

The NEWP Sorority is all about young ladies having fun as a group; taking part in group activities that improve their self-esteem and confidence. As most of the activities are physical, they will help you to keep fit as well. Some of those activities will also help other people in the community.

We expect ALL new Pledges to put 100% effort into all NEWPS activities; and that includes Hazings.

Dress Code - We are a female organisation and believe that women are women, not pretend men. As such we have a dress code that is definitely feminine. None of this dressing in clothes similar to what men wear. As you can see, we are all wearing skirts and tops. We expect all NEWPS members to wear skirts or dresses; never trousers, jeans or shorts. Legs will be bare, or covered in stockings or hold-ups; not tights. Skirt length may be anything from full length to not even long enough to cover your butt; that’s up to you.

Women’s underwear was invented by men as an excuse to extract money from women. NEWPS members never wear underwear. Not only does make for more fun, it is the healthy option. You don’t get thrush and other such ailments if you are knickerless and wearing a skirt.

Recent recruits have either disposed of all their bras, knickers, trousers, jeans and shorts; or packed them up and taken them home to their parents to give to their siblings or to a charity shop. Oh, keep one pair of knickers; you will need them for one of your hazings.

That’s enough about what clothes to wear, now when not to wear clothes. All NEWPS sisters do not wear clothes on their dorm floors or in their rooms. Obviously there is the exception of getting ready to go out and for a short while after you get back; but the rest of the time we are naked. The other girls on your floor will soon get used to seeing you naked all the time; and if any of them invite their boyfriends over, it’s their problem, not yours.

Some of you may have rooms that are overlooked by other dorm buildings or office blocks or other buildings that are occupied. Again, this is their problem, not yours. Do not hide away behind closed curtains; be proud of your body, and do not be ashamed to let others see it.

Hair, as you can see, some of us have long hair, and others have short hair. Head hair length is at the discretion of each individual. However, NEWP Sorority Sisters shave off every hair below their necks, at least every other day.

This Dress Code applies to Pledges as well.

Hazing serves 2 main purposes; firstly it gives the existing NEWPS members the opportunity to get to know the Pledge very well and build a ‘bond’ between the Pledge and her Sorority Pledge Sister. It also gives the Pledge the opportunity to get to know more about herself. To know what she is capable of and what gives her pleasure.

Pledges, your Hazing will be demeaning, embarrassing and humiliating; you will be your Pledge Sister’s slave. She will do with you whatever she pleases. If she wants you to eat her out in the middle of a pub or the street, then you will do it. If she wants you to walk naked down the High Street, you will do it.

NEWPS members have to be fit. You may have noticed that none of us smoke. Girls that smoke did apply for membership, but there are no smokers here. Draw your own conclusion.

We need to know that all new members are physical fit, drug free and capable of functioning as a ‘normal’ girl. To this end, all potential members have to submit to a medical examination by a NEWPS appointed doctor. His notes are passed to the most senior members of NEWPS for their eyes only.

A ‘Safe Word’ is a word or phrase that can be spoken by any pledge at any time. If spoken, the activity being undertaken by the Pledge will stop immediately and the Pledge’s application to be a NEWPS member will be cancelled immediately.

No one will think any the less of any Pledge who uses the Safe Word. We all recognise that we are all slightly different and that what some people are happy with, other are not. The Safe Word that we use is the phrase, ‘Chocolate Teapot’.

Before we go any further, does anyone have any problems with what I’ve said so far?”

Brooklyn asked about her periods saying that she used pads. I said, “Not anymore; from now on you use tampons; unless you can get a note from your doctor.”

Kailene asked if they were expected to go around flashing their tits and pussies to lots of men. I told her that it was up to her who she flashed; but for those who had never flashed before I suggested that they try it. I told them that it is a great turn-on and it also gives you a sort of ‘power’ over those men. They are like ‘putty’ in your fingers

Each of the Sorority Sisters here will chose one of you; she will be your Pledge Sister and will be responsible for guiding you through your hazings and helping you in any and every way that is necessary; not just on NEWPS activities, but in all aspects of life at St. Damian’s. She will be your confidant and best friend; your ‘BFF’

To start the ball rolling, I choose Kailene. There’s something about you that I want to know more about.”

Ella chose Zoe; Katie chose Brooklyn, leaving Leah for Sarah.

Right, now that we’ve sorted that out we’ll split into our pairs for 10 minutes so that each couple can get to know one another better; then we’ll go to your first Hazing.”

I went and sat opposite to Kailene. She’s from Florida and has decided to study in England. I told her that I couldn’t understand why anyone would want to leave such a beautiful part of America; a place that has so much sunshine and sand. Kailene is quite good looking, green eyes, tanned skin and long black, silky hair. I told her that I wanted her to tell me all about the photograph that she’d sent us; that I found it ‘interesting’. I told Kailene that I’d chosen her because on her application she’d said that she was an exhibitionist. That part had really got me interested. I wanted us to get together and exchange details of the adventures that we’d both had.

I asked Kailene if she’d have any problems with what I had told everyone; adding that I didn’t expect the Dress Code would be a problem as I could see that she wasn’t wearing a bra or knickers (I could see the triangle of tanned skin up her skirt and her nipples were poking her top quite nicely). Kailene told me that she was happy with everything that I had said. She said that she already complied with the Dress Code and that she was looking forward to being my sex slave.

Now I hadn’t used the word ‘sex’ in front of ‘slave’; but Kailene had. This girl wanted to be my sex slave; that will be fun.

I told Kailene that I thought that I knew her from somewhere, but couldn’t place her. Kailene laughed and told me that she had been lucky enough to help at one of Ella hazings; and that she’d been lucky enough to have been eaten out by Ella.

It clicked. I told Kailene that the hazing that she was about to do wasn’t quite the same, but that I was sure that she would enjoy it.

I told Kailene that I could see that we were going to get on well together.

After 10 minutes, I announced that the new Pledges were now going to do their first Hazing. We were going to a big building. Outside of it, each Pledge would be blindfolded and that the blindfold MUST remain in place until the Hazing was over and they were back outside the building.

Each Pledge Sister will guide their Pledge to one of a number of rooms where they will go in and the Pledge will be given some instructions by a man. These instructions are to be followed to the letter. The Pledges were told that the only thing that they could say from that point on was the Safe Word; IF they felt they needed to use it.

We went to the building and blindfolded our Pledges then we each guided our Pledge into the building then split and went 4 different ways. As we slowly walked I asked Kailene if she was nervous. She said, “A little.” I squeezed her arm and told her that she would do just fine, that it would be easy for her.

We all ended up outside one door and I knocked.

Ben had told everyone in the room that they were to act, and speak, as if there was only one Pledge there.

Ben opened the door and invited us in. We took our Pledges and stood each one in front of a table.

Ben then read out the following:

*This girl has applied to join the NEWP Sorority. In order for her to be accepted she has to complete a number of hazings. This is the first one. We hope that you young men will show your respect for this Pledge, and only get involved if invited to by the Pledge, or the NEWP Sorority member with her.*

*To complete the hazing she must do the following: -*

*1 Keep the blindfold in place.*

*2 Strip naked.*

*3 Lay on her back on a table.*

*4 Raise her legs high in the air and spread them wide.*

*5 Masturbate until she has an orgasm.*

*6 Get dressed and leave with her Pledge Sister.*

I was watching Kailene’s face as Ben read. She smiled. I heard a bit of a gasp from Zoe.

After the cheers and comment died down Ben said, “Pledge, remove your clothing!”

All 4 girls started to undress. Kailene was the first to be naked; she didn’t have any underwear on. Leah was second; she too was underwearless. Brooklyn was third; she wore a thong but no bra. Zoe was last; she wore both a bra and a thong. Brooklyn also had a full bush of pubic hair.

“Pledge Sister, get your Pledge on the table.” Ben said.

“Pledge, raise your legs and open them wide.” Ben said. That got more cheers and rude comments from the crowd. Kailene had another smile on her face.

“Pledge, masturbate.” Ben said.

All 4 girls started to frig.

Kailene was the first to use both hands; two fingers from one hand going in and out; and Kailene was also the first to cum. I guess she appreciated the excitement of being watched by a few men.

It took quite a while for the others to cum, but eventually their moans got louder and they started shaking. Meanwhile Kailene was going for number 2. She just made it before Zoe (the last of the other 3) got number 1.

The 4 Pledges must have realised that they were all in the same room by then. The moans and shouts from the others would have given it away.

Ben had been standing right in front of the middle 2 tables getting a front row view. When he was happy that they were all done; he told them to stand up and told them that their Pledge Sister was holding their clothes in front of them; and to get dressed. Brooklyn’s and Zoe’s underwear didn’t go back on.

While the Pledges got dressed Ben thanked the audience for their help and as soon as each girl was ready, we led them out of the room and out of the building.

When everyone had arrived we told the Pledges to take the blindfolds off and asked them what they were thinking.

Kailene said that it had been roughly what she had been expecting and that she had thoroughly enjoyed it. She said that she’d get that delicious tingling in her pussy every time that a male student gave her a funny look. Was he one of the ones that had seen her frig herself to an orgasm?

Kailene also asked me if all 4 of them had been in the same room; and just how many people had watched her frig herself.

I wasn’t going to lie to them and told them that we thought that it would be more of a turn-on for them if they thought that they were the only one that was frigging. I didn’t answer the question about how many people were there.

Zoe told us that she’d been expecting to have to get naked and perhaps masturbate; but she never expected there to be a male audience; but at the same time she’d been really turned on by it; and yes, it was more of a turn-on thinking that she was the only naked person there; and yes, she’s looking forward to people giving her that ‘knowing look,’ and her wondering if they’d seen her naked and having an orgasm.

Brooklyn said that she had exactly the same feelings as Zoe.

Leah said that she’d not expected anything like that. She said that for a couple of seconds she had considered using the Safe Word; but her pussy had told her not to be so stupid.

I then announced that everyone had done well and that NEWPS would discuss the evening’s event and that the Pledge Sisters would be in touch with their Pledges.

I also added that the next time that we see any of them we expected them to be fully compliant with the NEWPS Dress Code.

We split into our 4 pairs and Kailene and I walked to her dorm room.

No sooner than we’d got through the door, Kailene stripped off, saying that she must comply with the Dress Code.

We had a long chat, exchanging details of some of our adventures. Kailene was amazed by what we’d got up to in Ibiza, saying that if she’d done anything like that in America she’d have been locked-up. But Kailene did tell me all about the time she’d been dancing naked in a club in Switzerland.

Kailene also told me about one time that she’s been in a clothes shop and she’d had to ask for some help. The assistant had dragged her by her pubic bone with her fingers in her pussy; to the checkout; and made to pay for some clothes while still held like that. The best part was where she’d gone back to the shop a few days later and asked for a job. Kailene didn’t get a sales job, but she did get a job as a mannequin for the day. The staff had left her naked in the middle of the shop for ages; and even groped her in front of the customers.

All that talking about clothes shops started me thinking; I needed a plan to have some fun with Kailene in the shop that I’d just got a job in. I didn’t tell Kailene about that; I thought that I might be able to use that to surprise her.

When we’d run out of experiences that we could think of at that time; Kailene asked me if there was anything else that she needed to know; or anything else that she could do for me. I thought for a minute then told her to get on her knees, spread her knees wide, lean back and put her hands on the floor behind her.

Kailene looked good with her bald, wet pussy spread wide and her nipples pointing to the ceiling.

I sat there staring at her pussy thinking how I was going to enjoy it. After a few seconds I said, “Every time that I say ‘assume the position’, that is how you are to present yourself. It doesn’t matter where we are, or who else is there, you get down into that position. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress Amy.” Kailene said.

I liked the ‘Mistress’ bit.

I then told Kailene that I was going back to my room; that I would be back at 10 o’clock in the morning and that I expected her to be back in the same position when I walked through the door.

**Shopping with Kailene**

I walked into Kailene’s room at exactly 10 o’clock; and Kailene was there on the floor, wet pussy staring at me. I walked to between her legs and rubbed the front of my shoe up and down her pussy. I wished that I’d worn some pointed shoes.

Leaving Kailene like that I asked her what jackets she had. She told me that they were in the wardrobe. I went and looked through her clothes and selected a leather jacket and a short, flared miniskirt. I gave them to her and told her to put them on, along with some shoes; nothing else.

We collected her purse and bag and we set off into town.

The bus was a double-decker and I was happy to let a youth push in between us to follow Kailene up the stairs. He wanted to look, and I wanted him to look. I’m pretty sure that there was another youth following me up the stairs, but I wasn’t sure, I didn’t look.

As we sat there I told Kailene that she looked good, and I asked her how she was doing. She told me that she was good; she felt that she looked good. Then she asked me what I was going to do to her. So I asked her what she wanted me to do to her.

Kailene said that she wanted her pussy to be seen by thousands of men; she wanted to be humiliated in public and she wanted have thousands of orgasms with people watching and knowing.

I told her that I couldn’t promise thousands but I would promise dozens over the next few months.

I reached over and put my hand between her legs. They opened automatically and I gave her the finger test. She sighed as I went in and out a couple of times. I then pulled out and put my finger in front of her face. She sucked it.

We went to the Ann Summers shop first and I got Kailene to buy a Pocket Rocket and some Ben Wa balls. Then we went to McDonalds and I sent Kailene to the toilet to insert the Pocket Rocket while I bought us some lunch.

We sat in the shop window facing the street. Kailene automatically crossed her legs but I told her never to do that again. At other times she could keep her knees together, but that time she had to keep her knees wide apart so that anyone passing who looked in, could see her pussy.

I told Kailene to shuffle down in her seat so that her butt wasn’t on her skirt – like me.

As we ate our food I played with the remote control. A homeless man shuffled passed and looked in. When he saw us he stopped right in front of us and stared at our pussies which were no more than 3 feet away from his filthy, bearded face.

He looked up and I smiled at him. He left.

Two other passing men did a double take as they passed.

All the while, I was playing with the remote control. How Kailene managed to eat her food I shall never know. Just as she was taking a drink I turned the control up to full. Kailene nearly choked; then started shaking. She grabbed my arm and squeezed. I left the control on full.

Kailene came down from her high and I let her finish her food and drink; then I turned it up again.

Kailene was up there again and my arm was starting to hurt; when one of the McD’s girls came to clear the table. As she went to pick up the tray she realised that she could see 2 pussies and that Kailene was obviously close to an orgasm. The girl looked at me, smiled and walked away with the tray.

I switched the control off and let Kailene get back to normal. Kailene said, “That was wonderful, thank you.”

As we got up to go to the toilet to clean-up I saw 2 wet patches on the seats. I told her to leave the Pocket Rocket in.

From there we went to a clothes shop; not the one that I worked at; Kailene wanted to buy a new skirt. The one that we went to was quite busy and there was a queue for the changing rooms so I told Kailene to try on the skirt behind one of the racks. Kailene asked me if she could get arrested for that. I told her that the worst that could happen was that we’d get thrown out. The skirt is a little Rara number, it’s very cute. I might get one like that myself sometime.

I held the skirt for Kailene as she took off her own skirt leaving her wearing only the short jacket and shoes. Two teenage girls ware moving over to where Kailene was so I held on to the skirt to see what would happen. One girl saw the bottomless Kailene and called her mate over. They both stared at her. Kailene said, “The queue for the changing rooms was a mile long.” The girls giggled and walked away.

I passed the skirt over and Kailene stepped in to it. She looked good. The material was smooth against her belly and as she smoothed her hand over it I thought she was going to cum; especially when I gave the Pocket Rocket a quick blast.

Kailene bought the skirt.

We wandered around a few more shops but didn’t buy, or even try on, anything; then we took the bus back to St. Damian’s. As I followed Kailene up the stairs on the bus I slid my hand up hey leg. Boy was she wet.

I turned the Pocket Rocket up and made her cum again while we were still on the bus.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

The cheerleading practice is going well. We’re starting to get it together. Katie and Sarah are doing a good job of choreographing things.

Prof Jones phoned me a couple of days ago wanting to know how we were getting on. I told her that it was coming along, but we were having trouble remembering the sequence of all the moves.

The Prof asked me how we were getting on with recruiting more girls to the squad. I told her that we were making a bit of progress but it was difficult talking girls into wearing such a skimpy outfit that would embarrass and humiliate them in public.

After practice last Thursday we talked about getting the Pledges involved, but we decided against it for now; for two reasons. Firstly we thought it would be better if we’d got our act together first; and secondly, we wanted to be sure that they’d get through the Hazing and stick with NEWPS. They had enough on their plates for now.

**Psychology Thesis**

Logan phoned me a few days ago and told me that he’d arranged for me to go to a dinner as someone’s ‘+ 1’. The dinner was a semi-formal one at a hotel in town and that the man was a respectable person that he knew well. Logan told me that I would be safe with him and that he (Logan) would be close by. I was to wear anything that I thought was appropriate, but he had been told that it wasn’t a dinner jacket job so it wasn’t that formal. If I had any problems about what to wear, I was to call him back.

Logan gave me the time and place details.

As soon as I got back to my room I started going through my wardrobe and after a lot of indecision, I finally decided that I would wear my black fine mesh dress. It’s mid-thigh length and the design is quite respectable really; it’s only when you take a closer look that you realise that you can see through it. The holes in it aren’t quite big enough for my nipples to poke through; but you can easily see the shape and colour of my nipples and areolas; and the front of my pussy.

If I’m stood up with my legs slightly apart and there is a bright light behind me you can easily see the shape of my pussy lips and clit.

I met my ‘partner’ for the evening in the hotel’s reception. He’s a middle-aged man named David. I’d already left my coat in the cloakroom and when he saw me he said,

“Oh my! You look wonderful my love. I can see that I’m going to have a lot of people wanting to talk to me this evening.”

David took me into the room there the dinner was, with me holding his arm. Quite a few people standing around the door looked at us. I wasn’t sure if it was my dress that they were looking at, or the fact that David had a young woman, half his age, on his arm.

I felt good standing there.

We walked round the room with David introducing me to so many people that I gave up trying to remember names. At the time I was watching people’s faces to see their reactions to my dress. Quite a few of the people there were in their late forties or fifties; and it was their wives that gave me the dirty tramp looks.

The younger people smiled and stared. One woman told me that I had a ‘divine’ dress. I felt like bursting out in laughter.

It was watching the men’s eyes going backwards and forwards from my breasts to my pussy that made me feel good. My pussy was wet and tingling. I doubt that many of the men in there could tell you what my face looked like.

The tables were circular and set for ten people. All had place names on them. I was sat between David and another man called Peter.

Peter started the conversation by asking me how I knew David. Before I could answer, David said, “I’ve never met Amy before. I picked her up outside the hotel about 30 minutes ago.” Okay I thought; I’ll go along with that and said that I was walking passed on my way into town with a couple of girlfriends and David came up to us and asked who would like to have dinner with him in this hotel. I was hungry so I volunteered.

“Wow! I didn’t think you had it in you David.” Peter said.

The conversation went on, all polite conversation making stuff. Peter kept looking at the side of my breasts and my legs that were bare right up to my pussy. I hadn’t put my napkin on my lap then. Peter’s partner kept asking him questions to distract him from my flesh. At one point she asked me where I got such an unusual dress. I told her that I’d made it myself.

All through the dinner people kept coming to talk to David and their eyes were always on my breasts. I loved it; and so was my pussy, it was wet; and my nipples were rock hard.

When the dinner itself was finished there was dancing. Thankfully it was a DJ and not some amateur band. I had a constant stream of men asking me for a dance; and when I was up dancing, nearly all of them wanted to put their hands on me. The attention was fantastic, but towards the end I was getting tired.

At one point I noticed Logan standing at the side of the room.

When I did get to sit down next to David at the table, the men there were staring at my breasts. If they were on my side of the table it was my legs. The napkin had been cleared away with the rest of the stuff.

I managed to escape to the toilet once. While I was there a woman, only slightly older than me, told me that she thought that I was very brave.

At the end of the evening David walked me out. He apologised for all the harassment that I’d been given. I told him that I’d sort of loved it, and that being dressed like I was, I had been expecting it. I gave him a big kiss.

The next day I got a phone call from Logan inviting me to a meeting. When I got to the Psychology department’s meeting room Logan was already there. I asked him if he wanted me to take my clothes off. He told me that it was up to me. So I did.

We were both sat at one side of a table with him taking notes. There was some coffee in a flask that we took it in turns to fill our cups from.

Logan asked me to talk him through the evening adding details of what I was feeling. I told him that I’d enjoyed the evening, and certainly enjoyed the attention; but I hadn’t been exposed that much.

Logan seemed a bit disappointed; but I didn’t know what he’d expected.

After that, Logan asked me to tell him about some of my most memorable moments when I was exposed in public. Wow! I had to think where to start. In the end I chose to tell him about my holiday in Ibiza. He was a bit surprised when I told him that I was sharing a bed with my older brother.

As I told him the ‘interesting’ bits I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter. My nipples where throbbing.

I told him that the most memorable part was being led through the streets and bars naked, with my hands cuffed behind me, wearing a dog collar and lead. It was such a turn-on knowing that I was so helpless and so exposed. Dozens, if not hundreds, of people saw me and dozens groped me. It was an amazing feeling.

I told Logan about a few other ‘adventures’ and before I knew it the time had gone and we had to get out of the room. I got dressed, Logan gave me my money, and I left.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 19 – My second term at University - fourth part**

**NEWPS – The Medical Examinations**

Ben had done a great job yet again. He’d managed to get the 4 medical examinations set-up for 4 consecutive days. Doctor Pete Lawrence was a busy, lucky man.

Katie was the first to go with Brooklyn. It was only when Katie said that she was looking forward to meeting Doctor Pete Lawrence that I realised that Katie had never been to a medical.

I had a quiet word with Ben and made sure that Katie got her share of the fun.

When Katie got back she told us what had happened. Brooklyn had been quite nervous. Apparently she is still getting used to having no pubic hair and was embarrassed to have to be naked in front of a doctor. She said that she felt like a little girl. Wearing short skirts and no knickers hadn’t helped her either, as she was constantly turned-on as the cool air tickled her pussy.

Apart from that, Brooklyn had done quite well. The doctor had given her 4 orgasms.

Katie hadn’t been expecting to go through the ‘additional’ requirement so she was pleasantly surprised to be told to strip and get on the couch. The doc had given her 4 orgasms as well.

I asked her how many young men had watched them going through their peaks of pleasure. She told me that the door had been shut all the time.

What a missed opportunity. After Katie had gone back to her room I got on the phone to Ella and Sarah to remind them to leave the door open.

Late the following evening, Sarah phoned to let me know that Leah had done well. She’d been quite embarrassed and the doctor needed to play with her clit quite a bit to get her well lubricated, but after that she’d relaxed and orgasmed quite quickly.

There had been 3 young men watching Leah then Sarah have the doctor’s favourite number of orgasms.

Ella phoned me to let me know how she and Zoe had got on. Zoe had been a bit slow at responding to the doctor’s massaging of her clit. Maybe it was because the doctor is a man, and Zoe prefers women. Ella told me that the doctor had got a new weapon to make them cum. Instead of using his hand, he’s got a Magic Wand and perhaps didn’t realise how good they are. He’d given Zoe 5 orgasms in next to no time. When it came to Ella’s turn she’d grabbed the Magic Wand from the doctor after her third orgasm and the doctor (and Zoe and 5 young men) had watched her give herself 3 more orgasms.

Kailene’s medical was set for a couple of hours earlier than the other 3 because I needed to be back for cheerleader practice. Kailene was waiting outside the room when I got there. There were 6 young men in the waiting room, and all of them had a real good look at us while we were waiting. Kailene whispered that she’d like to show them her goodies. Little did she know.

When we went in, the doctor went through the same routine as he had when I’d taken Ella and Sarah. I could see that Kailene was enjoying it; her wet pussy was sparkling in the light when she first got up on the couch.

Kailene had a ‘happy’ grin on her face when I left the door open while I got the forgetful doctor’s bag. I didn’t even bother to attempt to close the door when I went back in. It stayed as wide open as Kailene’s pussy.

Kailene looked to be struggling to hold back as the doctor examined her pussy. She’d already moaned when he’d rolled and tweaked her nipples; but when he put the speculum inside her the moans were through gritted teeth.

The doc told Kailene that he needed to see how she responded to stimulation of the clitoris; and started teasing her clit. It didn’t take long for Kailene to prove that her response was entirely normal.

The doctor let Kailene calm down a bit, then got the Magic Wand out of his bag. He plugged it in and passed it to Kailene. He started to tell her about the NEWPS additional requirements, but Kailene was way ahead of him. She’s switched the thing on and was massaging her pussy.

Kailene went over the top shouting ‘yes’ and ‘more’ and ‘fuck’ and ‘shit’ and ‘I’m cumming’.

Kailene was in an orgasmic heaven; and what’s more, the doctor loved every minute of it. So were the 7 voyeurs looking through the door.

Kailene kept going.

I think that she had an orgasm for each of the sets of male eyes that were watching her. The poor girl looked knackered and looked to be a bit unsteady on her feet when the doctor told her to get off the couch. The doctor hadn’t bothered with a rectal examination.

Kailene took ages going to fill the little jar with her urine. Again, the doctor had told her not to bother getting dressed; that the place would be empty. All the time that Kailene was away, the doctor was typing away on his laptop. I wondered if I should say anything to him about me knowing that he wasn’t a medical doctor; but I didn’t.

When Kailene finally got back she told us that she’d got a bit lost. She told us that there had been quite a few people walking around the corridors. I’d forgotten that we were a couple of hours earlier than the previous times; but Kailene didn’t look at all upset by being naked with all those people around.

The doctor hadn’t forgotten the late, extra NEWPS requirement that I hadn’t yet had!

As I stripped I stared at the voyeurs in the next room. I’d been wet from seeing Kailene being given the works; but when I stripped I positively gushed.

I got on the couch and put my legs in the stirrups. As I was laying there waiting for the doctor I noticed what looked like a surveillance camera screwed to the wall above the door. It was pointing down to the couch; specifically at my pussy. I hadn’t noticed that there the last time I was on that couch.

The doctor started by using his fingers on my clit. Then he started finger fucking me. It didn’t take long for my first.

The doctor stopped and looked down at me. There was a satisfied grin on his face as he got the Magic Wand and switched it on. As it came into contact with my clit I had flash-backs of our torture at the Art Gallery; of me hanging upside down with the Magic Wand driving me crazy.

It was seconds before I started getting vocal. I was shouting and screaming and jerking about. The voyeurs must have thought I’d gone mental.

The doctor slowly moved the Magic Wand around my pussy. I wanted him to push it inside me but he didn’t. He tortured my pussy and clit for what seemed like hours. I have no idea how many orgasms I had. When he finally stopped I just lay there with my chest going up and down and my heart pounding.

As I started to come back down to earth I looked round. The only pair of eyes that weren’t looking at me was the doctor’s. He was busy typing.

I slowly got off the couch and sat next to Kailene. After a minute or so, the doctor looked up and said, “You can both get dressed now girls.”

As we walked away from there Kailene said, “That was fucking amazing. Are all British medicals like that? I really loved him watching me cum so many times.” I laughed and said, “Unfortunately not,”

I wanted to go back to Kailene’s room and have a shower with her, but I didn’t have the time; I had to get to cheerleader practice.

When Ben came to my room later for his last fuck of the day, I asked him about the camera. He told me that Peter Lawrence wanted some memories of him pretending to be a medical doctor so he’d installed the wireless webcam. He’d recorded all 8 of us girls on that couch. Ben had told him that he could make a fortune selling copies. Peter Lawrence had given Ben a copy and I looked forward to watching it.

I had a sudden naughty thought. I asked Ben where Peter Lawrence had got the wireless webcam from and how much it was. Ben made quick phone call then told me he’d got it at a shop in town. I asked Ben if he’d go and get one for me, telling him that I’d give him the money later.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Both Sarah and I are still flashing him whist we are at his lectures. I wore my Pocket Rocket last time that I went, and asked Sarah to put the control on her books. The poor man looked confused again when Sarah didn’t respond to him playing with it.

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

I had to have a shower before I joined the other 3. It just wouldn’t have been fair on them to have to put up with sweat and my dried sex juices all over my body.

We’ve been practicing forming a pyramid. The getting up is okay, it’s the getting down without anyone getting hurt that’s been the worrying part. Sarah, being the smallest, is the one who gets lifted to the top, but we’ve been nervous about throwing her up that extra bit and letting her drop right down into our arms. None of us want to see her get hurt.

There’s one bit that’s especially good; it’s where Katie stands with her legs wide apart and Ella and me get in a sort of crab position with our legs either side of her legs; and we rub our pussies against her knees. It only lasts a couple of seconds but it feels good. It probably looks good as well.

There’s lots of back flips and cartwheels where our little skirts will come up and flash our pussies for a few seconds.

The tops that the Prof gave us to wear are tie front and we couldn’t work out how we could flash our tits with the tops tied. Sarah (the one without any tits) said that we should only put half a knot in them. They’d look fastened until we started jumping about, but would soon become loose and flap open revealing our tits. Because we haven’t started wearing the uniforms yet (still practice in the nude) we don’t know if it will work.

**NEWPS – The 4 Pledges Second Hazing**

The annex of the gym is booked and Ben and a couple of his mates have started selling tickets.

We’ve decided on a format for the event. We all liked the idea that the loser was the one that orgasmed first. We don’t believe that anyone of them could cum without us knowing.

We’d originally thought that we could have each of the 4 take on the other 3, one at a time; but that would have meant 10 matches. It could take forever.

Then we thought of a sort of team match where 2 of them would take on the other 2 then the winning pair would take on each other. The problem with that was that we couldn’t decide on how we got a winner. Did 2 from an original team have to cum; or just 1?

In the end we decided that it would be a free-for-all. All 4 would start together and would naturally gang-up to eliminate the others one at a time.

**The Rules**

These are the rules that we all decided on: -

Each girl is to start the match wearing only one pair of knickers; nothing else. *(We thought it would be a bit more entertaining for the audience if the girls start off wearing a pair of knicker and the others rip them off.)*

Once the knickers start coming down they cannot be pulled back up.

No one will inflict any pain on anyone*. (We need to say how important this is. The last thing that we want is for one of the girls to have to go to hospital and have to explain how she got the injury.)*

Any indication of deliberate un-warranted violence or loss of temper will result in immediate disqualification and a severe public punishment. *(We thought that if this happened we’d give the Pledge the opportunity to apologise; if she accepted a good thrashing of her backside, there and then.)*

Hair pulling is not allowed.

All girls must remain on the mats at all times until they are eliminated. *(We don’t want any unofficial breaks.)*

If the referee says ‘break’, you will go back to your Pledge Sister immediately. *(Each girl will have a ‘corner’ of the mats where she will have her breaks. Her Pledge Sister will be there with a bottle of water.)*

Once the referee has decided that you have cum, you will be eliminated.

A 1 minute break will be taken every 5 minutes – approximately. The referee will decide when a break time is appropriate, based on the nature of the action at that time.

The referee’s decision is final.

Ben will be the referee.

**The Prize**

The winner will lay spread-eagle on the floor and the 3 losers will work on her to give her 3 orgasms. Only objects provided by the referee will be allowed.

We then had a couple of weeks to wait until the big day.

**My New Job**

This is going well. Nothing really exciting has happened. Isabelle has told me there’s another mobile fashion shop coming up soon and asked me if I was interested. She also asked me if I could get someone else to be a living mannequin as well as me. Hayley isn’t available as the road show is on a Saturday evening and Hayley will have been working in the shop all day. I told Isabelle that I was sure that I could get someone. The only question was, ‘who would I ask?’

**My Pledge**

I told Kailene to knock on my room door at 6:30 in the morning on the next Sunday. She was a bit shocked by the time, but didn’t ask any questions. I also told her to make sure that she was wearing trainers.

The girl was prompt. I woke to the sound of knocking and looked at the clock.

“Come in,” I shouted and a naked Kailene walked in.

“Where are your clothes?” I asked.

She told me that she’d assumed that I wanted her naked and had left her miniskirt, top and shoes outside my door.

“Have you showered and shaved? I asked.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Right, go and make us both a coffee, then bring them back here and assume the position. I’m going for a shower;” I told her as I got out of bed, grabbed a towel and my toilet bag, and walked passed her.

When I got back, there she was, on her spread knees with her cute ‘Bs’ pointing to the ceiling.

“Any problems?” I asked.

“No Mistress; but there were 2 men sleeping on the floor in the common room. They watched me all the time that I was there.”

I reached out with my foot and ran my big toe up her pussy lips. She was wet; and she moaned as my toe touched her clit.

“You enjoyed them watching you didn’t you? Get up.” I told her. “Drink your coffee.”

“Yes Mistress, I always enjoy it when men see me naked.”

When we’d finished our coffee I told Kailene to masturbate. I let her get close to cumming and told her to stop.

I put on a top, skirt and trainers and told Kailene to get dressed. Picking up 2 towels, we walked out and to the swimming pool. We were the first to arrive so I told Kailene to ‘assume the position’ just outside the front door. I also told Kailene that she wasn’t to speak to anyone unless I told her to.

Henry and Aaron arrived next. They looked at down at Kailene and her exposed pussy then asked me if I’d got a new Pledge. They knew about our Sorority from Ben; and Henry had been at my second, first Hazing; although I didn’t know it at the time.

“Cute.” Aaron said and asked Kailene what her name was. She didn’t answer, but I did, “Kailene is from America and has decided to study over here and to learn our English ways. I’ve told her not to speak today; and by the way, you can’t fuck her; well not today anyway.”

Ben arrived just then and unlocked the door. I told Kailene to get up and follow us in.

Kailene watched as everyone stripped. Darren, Mark, Katie, Ella and Sarah all arrived at the same time and started stripping. Ella had brought Zoe along with her. I think that Ella wanted Zoe to see some naked men and a bit of heterosexual fucking.

Zoe tried to talk to Kailene but got no response. I told her that Kailene was under orders not to speak.

Zoe said that she was amazed that we were going to swim naked and was a little concerned that we might get caught. I re-assured her that my big brother had it all under control. “Brother!” Zoe said. I didn’t answer her.

We all had a great time messing about in the pool; even the silent Kailene; and it wasn’t long before a few started using the water inlet. Ella took Zoe over to it and Darren and Henry held her in place. I think that Zoe even enjoyed Darren playing with her tits. I don’t think that Ella had told Darren that Zoe was gay.

After a while I took Kailene over and she watched as Henry held my feet and Ben held my top half at the surface. I watched Kailene as Ben started massaging my tits. She looked a little surprised; but of course she didn’t say anything.

After I’d cum, I swapped places with Kailene. She looked eager to have a go. Ben held her and started playing with her breasts. I let her get really into it; and just as I thought she was getting close, I pulled her away.

Ben tried to scold me, saying that I had spoilt Kailene’s fun. I told him that I knew; I was letting her experience a bit of orgasm denial.

Things got worse for Kailene in the showers when we all got out. Katie, Ella, Sarah and I were all getting fucked. Zoe was watching by her own choice (and playing with herself); but I had told Kailene to stand and watch and to make sure that she didn’t touch her pussy.

Kailene looked very uncomfortable standing and just watching. Her expressions and the movement of her legs told me that she was frustrated and jealous.

We left the swimming pool and I took Kailene to the gym. I told her that she could talk again and she told me that she really wanted to cum. “Not yet.” I said.

I hired a couple of squash rackets and a ball and we went to the courts. We were the first there so we had a choice of courts. I chose one of the ones with a glass back wall. Anyone who was passing would be able to see us; so would anyone who was sat on the spectator’s seats.

When we went onto the court Kailene asked if we were going to play wearing our skirts and tops because they weren’t the proper clothes.

“No we’re not, take you clothes off, we’re playing in just our shoes.” I told her.

Now I’ve never been any good at squash. I took Kailene there so that there was the chance of us being seen by anyone passing. It turned out that Kailene was better at squash than I was; although she didn’t admit it, and she deliberately lost the match to me.

While we were playing we got a little audience. Two young men, and a man and girl, who looked like they had hired courts, decided to watch us instead.

The match went on for ages, every time that I managed to get a few points Kailene would show her skills and catch up. She kept telling me that it was just good luck.

By the end we were both quite a bit sweaty and I took Kailene for another shower. As we left the court (still naked) we got a small round of applause.

In the shower I told Kailene for frig herself; but not to cum. I thought that she was getting too close at one point so I grabbed her hand and pulled it away.

I took Kailene into town next. We met up with Ben who had been shopping for me.

After getting something to eat in a café, where I got Kailene to sit with her legs wide open (don’t know if anyone saw her pussy, I didn’t look); we went to the local park. It wasn’t really the weather for spending much time in a park, but I wanted Kailene to give Ben a blowjob, and to eat me, in a public place.

In a bit of a wooded area I told Kailene to pull her skirt up to her waist, and her top down to her waist, get on her knees and blow Ben. Kailene unzipped Ben’s jeans and pulled his soft cock out. It wasn’t long before Ben’s cock was rock hard and hitting the back of Kailene’s throat. I had to stop Kailene’s hand from playing with her pussy a couple of times. I held Kailene’s head on Ben’s cock as he shot his load down her throat.

My turn. We went to the deserted kid’s playground and I sat on one of the swings with my legs wide open. I told Kailene to get on her knees again and get to work.

Kailene was good. She really knows how to use her tongue and teeth.

This time it was Ben’s turn to stop Kailene fingering herself.

As I reached my peak I nearly pulled myself up off the swings seat.

When I was in a fit state, I got off the swing and told Kailene to get on. She didn’t need to be told to open her legs. I got down in front of her and gave her soaking pussy just one lick. Kailene moaned, and for one second I thought that she was going to cum; happily she didn’t.

After that, we got the bus back to St. Damian’s and Kailene’s room. Kailene went up the stairs first, then me, then Ben. I reached up and quickly pushed a finger into Kailene’s exposed wet pussy; and Ben reached up and quickly pushed a finger into my exposed wet pussy.

Back in Kailene’s room Kailene stripped and I told her to ‘assume the position’; I asked Ben to use Kailene’s laptop to set-up the webcam. He positioned it on top of the wardrobe. It has a wide-angled lens so that it covers most of her room. After testing it I told Kailene that she wasn’t to switch it off and that she was to pretend that it wasn’t there.

I then asked Ben if he would fuck me on Kailene’s bed. I’ve never know Ben to refuse a request like that. Kailene watched me ride my brother and have a noisy orgasm.

Ben and I got dressed and before leaving, I told Kailene to stay where she was for an hour then she could do whatever she wanted. Kailene asked if she could go and pee before the hour started, so I asked Ben if he would go with her and make sure that she only touched her pussy enough to wipe it. Later Ben told me that he’d made Kailene leave the cubicle door open so that he could watch her.

Back in my room I switched my laptop on and opened the webcam. There was Kailene on the floor as we had left her. I phoned Katie, then Sarah, then Ella and gave them the webcam address. Kailene was going to have a nice little audience when her hour was up.

Right on time Kailene got up and onto her bed. By the time she was flat on her back, she was finger fucking herself. Within 2 minutes she was shaking and bouncing on the bed. She suddenly went all still; then her hand started slowly rubbing her pussy.

I wished that I could have afforded a webcam with sound.

**Psychology Thesis**

Logan phoned me and told me that he wanted to observe my day-to-day life. He asked if he could ‘shadow’ me for a few hours and be the proverbial ‘fly on the wall’. He asked if he could ask questions as we went; and that the questions would count as a ‘de-briefing’ so I would get my money. I told him that I was happy with that so he asked me which day would be best for me. I told him that a Saturday would probably be best; no lectures, no work, no swimming.

I told him to come to my room early, as I often get up early.

At 7 o’clock he knocked on my door. I was still asleep and when the knocking woke me up, I just shouted, “Come in.” He did. When I saw that it was Logan I just turned over and tried to go back to sleep as he told me to just ignore him.

About 8 o’clock Katie came in and looked a little surprised to see a man sat there watching me. She was naked and climbed into bed and cuddled up to me.

Katie played with my nipples under the quilt and it wasn’t long before I was wide awake. Katie looked over at Logan and said, “What’s the story with the voyeur?” I laughed and told her that he was that psychology student writing a thesis on female exhibitionism that I’d told her about. “Oh yes; the voyeur who gets his rocks off watching girls. Okay, let’s give him something to watch.”

She threw the quilt off the bed and turned round and started eating me. Of course I returned the compliment and we had a great ‘69’; totally ignoring Logan.

After we had both cum we got up and went for a shower. Logan followed and came into the shower room. There was one of the other girls from the floor in there drying herself, and when Logan walked in she screamed and covered her pussy and breasts – well part of her breasts. I told her to calm down; that Logan wasn’t going to rape her; he was there to watch me.

I went to the toilet and left the door open so that Logan could see my wipe my arse and pussy.

I joined Katie in the shower and we soaped each other before towelling off and walking back to our rooms.

I needed a coffee and went to the kitchen. Logan tagged along.

I put the kettle on and went and sat on one of the sofas. Logan stood at the side of the room. One of the other girls came in wearing only her bra and knickers. She looked at Logan, then at me. I told her that he was with me and that she should just ignore him.

When I got up to make the coffee, Logan asked me if it bothered me that the curtains were open and that anyone in the building opposite would be able to see me.

“No” I said, “Do you take sugar.”

We took the coffees back to my room where I put on a skirt and a top. The skirt is made of light weight material and of the ‘A’ design. The top is slightly see-through. Most people wouldn’t realise that. It’s only when you look closely that you realise that you can see my dark brown areola and the shape of my breasts and nipples.

I had to go into town to get a book for my course and told Logan that I’d be taking the bus. He was happy with that and followed me out.

When we were standing at the bus stop two teenage boys made rude comments about being able to see my tits. I just ignored them. When I got on the bus the 2 teenagers followed me upstairs and one of them groped my backside and pussy. Logan saw it and asked me if I minded, and why didn’t I sit downstairs. There was only one answer to both questions, “Because I was hoping that one of them would do that. I get turned-on when a stranger gropes me; and they can’t do that if I’m wearing jeans.”

In town I went round the book shops until I found the book I was looking for. Two of them have stairs in them, and the area where my book was likely to be was up those stairs. In each of those shops I hung around at the bottom of the stairs, pretending to look at a book, until a man started to go up the stairs. I then bounced up the stairs, overtaking the man, hoping that he wold look at my legs and higher. I was sure that the way I ran up those stairs meant that my little skirt was bouncing up to give the man a good upskirt view.

After the second time that I did that, Logan told me that he’d worked out what I was doing, and why. I asked him if he’d worked out just how wet my pussy was at that moment. He smiled.

I got my book and we went to McDonalds for some breakfast / lunch. I managed to get a window table and sat there with my knees open hoping that a passer-by would notice. Unfortunately, I don’t think that anyone did.

We got the bus back to St’ Damian’s. Logan let me go upstairs in front of him. He didn’t grope me, but he must have had a good view.

When we were walking back towards my dorm Logan told me that he’s seen enough for that day (not quite sure what he meant); and he gave me my money and left.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 20 – My second term at University - fifth part**

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

The Prof phoned me the other night and told me that our first performance will be 2 weeks after we get back from the Easter break (she didn’t tell me who we’d be performing in front of). That’s only about 7 weeks. Just as soon as we’ve got the 4 Pledges through their second hazing we’ve got to get them into the team and start practicing. I had planned to spend some time with my parents over Easter but I can see that I’m going to have to come straight back to uni after our Greek holiday.

I told the Prof that 4 new girls would be joining the team in a week or so, but it wasn’t long for them to get up to speed. The Prof said that she’d book the gym for every night the week before our performance.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Prof Gibbons obviously knows when our cheerleading performance is going to be. After Sarah and I had spent the whole of our last lecture exposing our pussies to him, he stopped us leaving and said, “I hope that your public exhibition will be good.” We just smiled and walked out.

**Psychology Thesis**

Logan phoned me a couple of weeks ago and told me that he wanted to take me clubbing. He’d go in with me then I was on my own until we met up ready to go home. He told me that if I scored and didn’t want him to escort me back to St. Damian’s then to please let him know. It was the middle of the week so I wasn’t expecting it to be too busy.

I decided to wear this black and blue clubbing Tutu skirt that I have. When I bought it there was a built-in pair of pants. Needless to say that the scissors were in action as soon as I got home. When I wear it I feel like I’m naked from the waist down. With it I decided to wear some net hold-ups, 4 inch heels and a tube top that is slightly see-through. In the right light you can see the dark circle of my areolas, even the little bumps on them. When my nipps get hard the top looks even better.

I met Logan and he paid for a taxi into town. We went to a club that I hadn’t been to before; and I was surprised to see a bit of a queue to get into the club. It was cold queuing and my nipps were so hard they were hurting.

When we got in Logan gave me some money for a drink and told me that he wouldn’t be far away if I needed him. I went to the nearest bar and queued to buy a drink. While I was there this ugly guy (I could see his face in the mirror behind the bar) came up behind me, pressed himself against me and asked me what I was drinking. While I was deciding what to say, his hand slid up the outside of me leg, right up to my hip. I was about to tell him to piss off when his hand slid round to my stomach.

I did tell him to piss off; his breath smelt as well.

I bought myself a drink then went for a wander. I found a staircase up to a balcony and another bar. The staircase was one of these open plan things; all open and easy for someone to see up skirts; especially if a girl is wearing a Tutu skirt. What’s more, there were lights underneath, pointing up. The management really wanted people to look up girl’s skirts. Who was I to spoil their fun; I went half way up and stood against the railing sipping my drink.

I didn’t look down very often, but when I did I saw one or two young men looking up at me.

After a while I got bored with that and moved up onto the balcony. The railings up the side of the stairs continued along the balcony so I stood against them for a while.

I wandered off, back downstairs and explored. I found some stairs going down, and went down. There was yet another bar down there, and another dance floor. I’d finished my drink by then so I dumped the glass and went for a dance.

While I was dancing something made me look up. I needed to look twice because at first I didn’t believe that I could see right through the ceiling to the dance floor above. The ceiling was glass. I could see up the skirts of the girls above; and I wasn’t the only girl that was knickerless.

That was it; I wasn’t going stay down there. I went upstairs and danced there.

A couple of guys tried to dance with me. I let them for a while. One of them got real close and put his hands on my hips on the top of my skirt. He was reasonably good looking so I didn’t push him away. After a few seconds I felt his fingers go inside the elasticated top of my skirt. Okay, no problem with that; but after another few seconds his hands went lower, so did my skirt. It was half way down my thighs before I realised. Well, his hands did feel good.

It was too early to be dancing naked so I pushed him away and pulled my skirt up. Perhaps too high up because when I put my hand round to my bum I could feel flesh where I expected to feel layers of net.

I decided to go for a pee. While I was there a girl asked me if I knew I had been dancing on a glass floor and there were men below. When I said, “I certainly hope so,” she just looked at me then walked off.

I decided that I needed another drink so I went to the nearest bar. As soon as I saw the crowd I realised that I could have some fun and get a free drink or two. I looked for some cute guys and went and stood near them. People got served and moved away and more joined behind us. I was surrounded by men.

It didn’t take long for hands to find my body. I let them grope me for a while before following arms until I saw a guy that looked good. I looked at him and said, “Feel good do I? Buy me a drink and you can keep doing that.”

He wasn’t in a rush, and I did get the drink; and I got finger fucked.

I took my drink and went looking for somewhere to sit down for a while. I found a space on a sofa and flopped down. What I’d forgotten was that a Tutu skirt is made of layers of stiff netting. They’re made to stick out horizontally. Well mine doesn’t stick out totally horizontally; it does go down a bit so that when the waist of the skirt is on my hips my butt and pussy are covered.

The thing was, I’d flopped down with my butt on the front edge of the sofa and I’d laid back. The front of my Tutu was horizontal, leaving my pussy exposed. As well as that, my knees weren’t together.

Because I was laid back and my Tutu was sticking up I couldn’t see my pussy so at first I didn’t realise how exposed I was.

I sat there listening to the music and watching people. There was a couple on the next sofa getting very up close and personal with each other. One of the man’s hands was up the girl’s top and the other was up her skirt.

After a few minutes I realised that a couple of men were staring at me. At first I thought that they must be looking at the top of my net hold-ups. A minute or so later I realised that my Tutu wasn’t covering my pussy. I’m happy to say that my first reaction wasn’t to press my Tutu down; it was to have a little rush in my pussy.

I stayed still and looked round. Okay, a couple of blokes were looking at me, but in general, everything was going on as it normally did. In that case, why should I cover up? I couldn’t think of a reason; so I had another sip of my drink. I decided that if anyone said anything I would pretend to be drunk.

One time about a year ago I got away with getting out of a taxi with my dress up around my neck, leaving me naked from neck to shoes, right in front of a policeman. I staggered a bit, giving the impression that I was drunk. All the policeman said was, “Excuse me madam, but would you mind adjusting your dress?” I stopped, turned round to face the policeman and said, “Whaaaaaat?” The policeman said, “Your dress madam.” Pretending not to know, I looked down; then slowly shuffled my dress down saying, “Soooory,” and walked off thinking, ‘that was easy.’

Anyway, after a while exposing my pussy, I decided that I wanted another drink. I went through the same routine as the last time and got another free drink. Well, not quite free, it did cost me another finger fuck.

I went over to the side of the dance floor and watched the dancing. A couple of guys asked me to dance but I didn’t want to put my drink down.

The dance floor was crowded, but when I’d finished my drink I went to dance. I moved into the middle of the crowd and was having fun. It didn’t take long for some guys to dance near me. And the occasionally one of them would dance right in front of me and put his hands on me.

The group of guys took it in turns to hold and grope me. My skirt got pulled up and my top down. I even felt a bare cock in between the cheeks of my butt; and fingers in my pussy.

At one point I remembered that I was dancing on a glass floor, and looked down. I could see faces looking up. ‘What the hell,’ I ignored them.

With a very wet pussy, I decided that the boys had had enough. I pulled my clothes back into place and went and earned another drink.

I flopped down onto one of the sofas, this time leaving my knees apart; and slowly drank my drink.

I started to feel a bit tired and decided to go and look for Logan. I finally found him propping up the end of the bar up on the balcony. As I went up the stairs I was followed by a couple of guys who had realised what they could see. At the top they tried to hit on me. I decided to go along with it for a while and managed to get a drink out of them with only having to let them finger me.

I went to the end of the bar and told Logan that I was ready to go back to St. Damian’s. We walked out and got in one of the waiting taxis. I fell asleep and woke up with my head on Logan’s lap.

Logan escorted me to my dorm building, then left saying that he’d call me.

**My Pledge**

I let Kailene have a quiet week so that she could catch up on her course work (I needed to as well). The webcam is still on the top of her wardrobe and I’ve been watching her most mornings and evenings. I have to say that she is a horny young woman. She frigs herself at least twice a day; and she’s got a few toys that I didn’t know about.

On the Wednesday night she took a man back to her room and I watched them have quite a long session. Kailene obviously likes to have her backside spanked while she’s getting fucked.

**My New Job**

I was working on the Friday and Isabelle reminded me about the mobile fashion shop on the Saturday evening. There had been so much going on that it had gone out of my head. Isabelle asked me if I’d managed to talk someone into being a mannequin for her. Without thinking I said, “Yes, I’ve still got my Pledge, she’ll do it.”

Isabelle said, “Your Pledge! What’s that all about?”

“Oh, err… it’s this crazy sorority thing at university. Yes, my good friend Kailene will be with us tomorrow; we can dress and undress her as much as you like, she’ll be happy to help you.”

Isabelle thanked me and gave me details of where and when. At my break time I phoned Kailene and told her to keep Saturday evening clear, and to make sure that she was showered and shaved.

When I collected Kailene on Saturday evening I told her that we were going to be ‘living dolls.’ Kailene said, “Ooh, I hope that means what I think it does.” I didn’t say anything.

We met Isabelle and got in the van. I introduced Kailene to Isabelle, who wanted to know why an American was at an English university. When that topic of conversation ran dry, I asked Isabelle where we were going. She told me that we were going to a large Travel Show where lots of travel companies were trying to sell all sorts of summer holidays. We were one of a few fashion companies who were hanging on the back of it pushing our summer lines; so the van was full of summer lines.

We got there, unloaded the van and set-up.

We were a little early so Isabelle told us to go and select a bikini, put it on and stand like mannequins at the front. She told us that one of us should change bikinis every 15 minutes so that we displayed all the different lines. When we get busy Isabelle would get me to serve customers leaving Kailene stood there.

Kailene and I went over to the racks of bikinis and selected one each. With there being no changing rooms Kailene asked me where she should change. I told her to strip, put her clothes under the table where the till was, then put the bikini on.

Kailene said, “Yes Mistress.” Isabelle over-heard Kailene and asked me what the ‘Mistress’ bit was. I laughed and told her that it was this sorority thing, and we were hazing new pledges; Kailene was my pledge.

“You mean hazing like the Americans do, making them do all sorts of embarrassing things?” Isabelle asked. I told her that it was exactly like that.

“Wow! That sounds fun.” Isabelle said.

While we were talking, Kailene had stripped off, walked over to the till naked, put her clothes under the table, walked back and was starting to put a bikini on. I looked all around and saw one of the security guards looking; just looking. I guess that he didn’t care about naked girls being there.

I stripped, with him still watching, gave my clothes to Kailene to put under the till; and put a bikini on. It felt strange having something covering my backside and pussy.

We went to the front of our area and posed. I told Kailene to stay perfectly still.

The security guard got bored and walked away.

Fortunately there was a big clock high up on the wall of the exhibition hall so I could keep track of the time.

When the first 15 minutes was up I told Kailene to go and get another bikini and to change me into it. Kailene got a thong bikini and brought it over. She took my top off. My exposed nipples were rock hard. Then she pulled the bottoms down and lifted my feet out of it. She was knelt in front of me with her face right in front of my pussy.

“Amy, you’re dripping.” She whispered to me. She didn’t have to tell me, I knew that already.

Kailene lifted my feet into the thong bikini bottom and pulled it up. She left it hanging a bit low, and before she stood up she blew on my pussy. I let out a little gasp.

Kailene then put the bikini top on me, but again she didn’t put it on quite properly. The right cup was too far towards my right arm and my areola was exposed a little.

Kailene then resumed the pose that she was in before, but with her feet slightly further apart.

The whole place was getting busier and more people were walking passed us. About a dozen people looked at us as if they knew something wasn’t right. More people were coming into our area and browsing the racks.

Another 15 minutes passed and I whispered to Kailene that it was time to change her bikini. I told her to stay there and I went to get another bikini for her. I got back and started taking off the bikini that she was wearing. First I undid the top and let it fall; her beautiful nipples were rock hard; next I undid the tie sides of the bottoms and let them fall. Kailene was naked in a public exhibition hall (aptly named) with people walking by.

I was just about to lift Kailene’s foot when Isabelle shouted for me. She wanted me to serve a customer. I whispered to Kailene that I would be back, and left her standing there naked at the entrance to our area.

Isabelle and the customers kept me busy. I was serving customers wearing a thong bikini. My ass moving around seemed to attract the man part of the couple that came in; or perhaps it was the bikini top that I hadn’t adjusted, my right areola was still partially exposed. One woman that Isabelle told me to serve was about my age. She was there with her partner and she fancied one of the thong bikinis. She asked where the changing rooms were. I apologised and offered to try in on for her so that she could see what it looked like on me. She wasn’t sure, but her man was. He asked me to put it on.

I went behind the rack of bikinis and changed. Now I’m sure that you will have realised that a rack of bikinis gives a lot less coverage than a rack of dresses; so the couple got a good view of me naked. At one point I got eye contact with the man. I smiled, but he went bright red. He still kept looking though.

The woman liked it and asked her man what he thought. I did a twirl so that he could see the rear view (the bikini as well). He said that he liked it so the woman said that she’d have it. She went to look at summer dresses while the man stayed and watched me change back.

I went behind the rack and watched him watching me taking off the bikini that his girlfriend was about to buy. I stood naked putting the bikini on the hanger. Instead of putting on the bikini that I had been wearing before, I went round the end of the rack to give him the bikini. I held it out for him. He put his hand on it, but I didn’t let go. His eyes went from mine, all the way down my nakedness, and back up. When his eyes met mine again, I smiled, thanked him for his custom and let go of the hanger.

I went round the back of the rack and put my bikini on again, making sure that my right areola was showing again.

Isabelle had me attend to more customers; as I was putting a dress that a woman didn’t want, back on the rack, when Isabelle asked me how long I was going to leave Kailene like that. When I told Isabelle that I hadn’t really thought about it she said, “How about you serve the next customer; then go and put a bikini on her.”

“Okay.” I said, smiling.

The thing was; we didn’t have any customers at that time.

I walked around the racks, still wearing the thong bikini, checking that everything was right. When I got to where Kailene was I told her that I would get round to her in a bit. I gave her a quick finger test and said, “You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” She didn’t answer. I altered her pose a bit so that she wouldn’t get cramp, and left her.

It must have been another 10 minutes before someone wanted to buy something. In that time about 7 or 8 people, men, and women, had come into the area. Kailene had been given a few funny looks, and one woman even stopped in front of her for a few seconds and looked her up and down.

I served a customer and went to Kailene. Before I could get to her, a young couple walked in and stopped right in front of her. I stopped and watched. The couple were talking to each other, but I couldn’t hear what they were saying.

The woman put her hand out and touched Kailene’s right breast, As soon as she made contract, her hand came back quickly. Then the man touched Kailene’s left breast; only his hand didn’t pull back. Instead he cupped her breast and rubbed her nipple. I was afraid that Kailene would cum and give herself away so I stepped forward and said, “These new mannequins are so life-like aren’t they?” The man took his hand away.

I continued, “They cost a fortune, but they really do look life-like. They even have a battery in them that keeps a sort of body shaped electric blanket warm. That’s why they feel warm to the touch.” I squeezed Kailene’s right breast and said, “They fill the breasts with silicone as well. You could say that these breasts are as genuine as some real women’s.”

I gently pulled Kailene’s silky black hair and said, “It’s not a wig as you or me know it either; they sew human hair on to a false scalp then attach it to the mannequin’s head.”

I cupped Kailene’s pubic bone and said, “They don’t bother with hair here for two reasons, firstly, mannequins usually have clothes on them, and secondly, a lot of women these days shave all theirs off.”

While I was saying that, and cupping Kailene’s pubic bone, I slipped my middle finger in her hole. I say slipped because she was so wet that a cucumber would have slipped in if it had been at the right angle.

The man said, “Isn’t technology amazing. I’m surprised that they don’t sell these in sex shops instead of those blow-up dolls. Does it have all the sex bits as well?”

I’d removed my hand by then, and the man put his hand where mine had been. The woman said, “Trevor, stop it!” and pulled his hand away. “Come on, we haven’t got all day.” She said, and pulled Trevor away.

The thing was, as he walked away, Trevor was holding his middle finger up and looking at it. He looked back over his shoulder then walked off with his girl.

I whispered to Kailene, “That would have made me cum.” Through closed teeth Kailene said, “I just did.”

I put the bikini on Kailene and left her whispering that I would come and collect her in a few minutes and take her for a break.

I served another young woman who had picked out a bikini that she liked. She asked me if we had it in a smaller size. I looked through the racks and couldn’t find one. I told her that I was sorry, but we didn’t. She turned and looked at Kailene and said, “What about that one?” I looked over to Kailene and realised that the one that Kailene was wearing was the same.

I went over to Kailene and whispered for her to stay still. I checked the size, and it was the size the woman wanted. I went back to the woman and told her that it was the right size. The woman asked me if she could have the one on the mannequin.

“Certainly,” I said, “just bear with me while I get it for you.”

It’s a good job that our bikinis have a protective, waterproof strip over the crotch part.

Kailene was left standing there naked, again. The number of people at the exhibition had increased again. More and more people were walking close to Kailene. The amazing thing was that 99% of the people just saw a normal mannequin. Only a handful had a second look. Amazing as it sounds, more people took notice of me in the thong bikini than a naked human female mannequin.

I couldn’t be bothered to put any clothes on Kailene to take her for a break, so I grabbed her arm and pulled her to the back of our area. We went passed a middle-aged woman who was there with what looked like her daughter. The woman’s face was a picture; she obviously wasn’t used to seeing naked girls.

I selected the briefest thong bikini that we had and gave it to Kailene to put on. Then I grabbed my purse and we went to look for some food.

Two girls in thong bikinis walking round a big exhibition hall got a bit of attention. It felt good with all those men looking at us. We found a fast food stall and bought a burger; with lots of men checking-out our backsides.

As we walked back, we passed a stall pushing holidays in Greece. Looking at a poster of gorgeous girls on a beach; I told Kailene that Sarah, Ella and I would be doing that in a couple of weeks. I told Kailene that I wished that she would be there with us.

I told Kailene all about our babysitting job. Kailene told me that she wished that she could go with us as well.

Back in our sales area Isabelle was busy so I jumped right in and served the next customer. Kailene went and started to tidy an area where a few garments had ended up on the floor. Kailene bent at the waist to pick-up some clothes. I saw a man standing behind her staring at her virtually naked ass.

We were quite busy so Isabelle told Kailene to select something to wear and go and be a mannequin again. A few minutes later I saw Kailene standing where we had been before. Her pose had her feet about a foot apart. She was wearing a little dress that was meant to be a beach cover-up worn on top of a swimsuit. It was see-through. The thing was; Kailene had taken off the bikini she was wearing. She was naked under the see-through dress. I could clearly see her open pussy lips and protruding clit. She did look good.

We stayed busy for about an hour, until the exhibition was winding-down. I hadn’t had much time to think about Kailene. Isabelle decided that it was time to start packing up and called Kailene to come and help us.

We were just about ready to start moving everything to the van when Isabelle asked Kailene if she liked the dress she was wearing. To be honest, I’d forgotten that we were still wearing the shops clothes. Kailene looked at herself in one of the mirrors and said that she did.

Isabelle told Kailene that she could keep it; that she’d earned it.

I changed back into my own clothes (in between the racks), and told Kailene to stay in the see-through dress.

Some of the other people loading vans appreciated the sight of Kailene working wearing just a see-through dress.

During the drive back I’m sure that Isabelle drove through all the pot holes so that we could watch Kailene’s tits wobble.

It was dark when Isabelle dropped us off and Kailene and I walked back to St. Damian’s and no one got to see Kailene’s dress, or more to the point, her body.

When we got back to St’ Damian’s I told Kailene to go and get a good night’s sleep; she had a big day ahead of her.

**NEWPS – The 4 Pledges Second Hazing**

It was the big Sunday. Ben and his mates had sold over 50 tickets and had worked out a rota for his mates to work the door. Ben had even borrowed a decent video camera to record the whole event.

The Pledges knew that it was their second hazing, but not what they were going to have to do. They’d been told to bring their remaining pair of knickers with them.

First thing that morning I had phoned Kailene and told her to masturbate twice before she left her room.

Sarah met them all at the café and walked to the gym with them while Katie, Ella and I got the mats out and made sure that everything was okay.

When Sarah and the Pledges arrived some of the audience were still arriving. Two of the Pledges tried to get Sarah to tell them what was going on, but Sarah kept her mouth shut.

Sarah brought them to the corner that we were working from. They looked very nervous. So much so that Brooklyn looked as if she might wet herself.

It was noisy in there, and I was glad that Ben had borrowed a megaphone from somewhere.

I waited until it looked as if just about all the audience were there, then got the megaphone from Ben and said,

*“Welcome to this NEWPS Hazing session. First of all, let me remind you that you are here as spectators; NOT as participants. Please stay OFF the mats and OFF the girls. There is plenty of room for you to see everything from where you are now.*

*Please respect these girls; they are here to take part in their final Hazing before they become members of NEWPS. The embarrassment and humiliation that they will endure here is part of that Hazing. Your presence here is to enhance that embarrassment and humiliation. Any entertainment value is a bonus for you to enjoy.*

*These girls don’t even know what they will have to do yet. Ben here is about to put them out of their misery.”*

I passed the megaphone to Ben, who turned to the 4 Pledges and said,

*“Right girls; today you are going to take part in a wrestling match.”*

I was watching the girls faces, 2 jaws dropped and 1 hand came up and covered her mouth.

*“This is entirely for FUN and there is no money at stake. Providing that you stick to the rules and put a lot of effort into winning, you will be accepted into NEWPS.*

*All 4 of you will start together and the winner will be the girl who doesn’t have an orgasm.”*

All 4 girls looked puzzled.

*“Put another way, you have to give the others an orgasm before they give you one.*

*We want each of you to be able to walk out of here without any injuries so there are a number of rules that you MUST follow. They are: -*

*Each girl is to start the match wearing only one pair of knickers; nothing else.*

*You may not pull your knickers up. If someone pulls them half way down you leave them there or kick them off.*

*No one will inflict any pain on anyone. You may restrain someone, but hot hurt them.*

*Any indication of deliberate or un-warranted violence or loss of temper will result in immediate disqualification and a severe public punishment.*

*Hair pulling is not allowed.*

*All girls must remain on the mats until they are eliminated.*

*If the referee says ‘break’, you will go back to your Pledge Sister immediately.*

*Once the referee has decided that you have cum, you will be eliminated.*

*A 1 minute break will be taken every 5 minutes – approximately. The referee will decide when a break time is appropriate based on the nature of the action at that time.*

*The referee’s decision is final.*

*There is a prize for the girl who doesn’t have an orgasm. The lucky winner will find out what that prize is when we get to that point.*

*Right girls, prepare yourself.”*

Katie, Sarah, Ella and I had all moved to a corner of the mats and we each called our Pledge over.

Kailene walked over to me looking very nervous. I smiled at her and told her that it would be easy for her. I told her that all she had to do was concentrate on not cumming. I asked her if she’d done what I asked her to do earlier. She nodded.

I looked over at the other 3, all looked nervous. I turned back to Kailene and told her that the others looked scared. She said that she was. I told her that if she walked out there, head up, and with a smile on her face then she was half way to winning. I suggested that when someone gets someone else down, help them to get their knickers off then start to work on their pussy. Pounce when someone looks vulnerable. Help the others to eliminate the fourth and then the third.

I asked Kailene where her knickers were. She pointed to her bag. I told her to take her clothes off while I got her knickers out. The knickers were a thong. She put it on and turned to face the centre of the mats.

As the clothes came off, the noise from the audience increased.

Using the megaphone, Ben called the 4 to the centre. He then told them to shake the others hands; and have a group hug.

Ben backed away to the side and said, “Let the fun begin.”

The 4 just looked at each other for a few seconds then started grabbing for each other. As soon as they realised that it wasn’t going to be that easy, they started moving round and grabbing out.

After about a minute, Zoe made a lunge for Leah. Leah went down with Zoe on top of her. Kailene grabbed Zoe’s knickers and managed to get them down to her knees. Brooklyn tried to get Kailene’s thong, but Kailene moved away before she could.

Ben called a break and Kailene came over to me. I told her that she needed to get the others on the ground. Kailene said that she knew that, but it wasn’t as easy as it sounded. All of them were full of energy and hyped up. They were moving too fast.

Ben got them started again, and the same happened again; although Brooklyn’s knickers did come off and find their way into the audience.

After the next break things slowed down a bit, but there was still way too much jumping all over the place. Progress was slow.

Towards the end of another 5 minutes, after another break; Brooklyn was standing at the side getting her breath back when Kailene and Zoe pounced on Leah. Poor Leah didn’t stand a chance. Zoe was on her back holding Leah on top of her. Kailene took her chance and grabbed Leah’s knickers. The knickers were off in one move and Kailene was waving them in the air. She sniffed them then threw them into the audience.

This left just Kailene with knickers (thong) on.

Zoe was still hanging on to Leah as Kailene and Brooklyn both grabbed one of Leah’s legs. They pulled them wide apart, displaying Leah’s wide open pussy to the audience. Zoe’s legs automatically went over Leah’s and held them wide apart.

Without realising it, the 4 Pledges had worked out that the best way to win was to eliminate the others one at a time.

Poor Leah was to be their first victim. Zoe was lying with her back on the floor. Leah was on top of her with her back to Zoe. Zoe’s arms were holding Leah’s arms and her legs were holding Leah’s legs apart. Leah must have known that her pussy was wide open, but I’m not sure that Zoe realised that her pussy was wide open underneath Leah.

Kailene and Brooklyn sat at either side of Leah and Zoe. They leaned over, effectively pinning both Leah and Zoe to the ground.

Kailene and Brooklyn started working on Leah’s pussy. Brooklyn was playing with her clit and Kailene was finger fucking her.

Kailene was leaning further over Leah’s pussy and she must have seen Zoe’s pussy just below Leah’s. Kailene realised that there was another opportunity there and moved to Zoe’s pussy. She worked furiously on Zoe’s pussy while Brooklyn continued working on Leah.

Both Zoe and Leah were moaning. The fight was going out of them; they relaxed for a while; then decided to fight it a bit more. That didn’t last; and they relaxed again.

Kailene and Brooklyn were working hard. I’ve never seen fingers go in and out so fast.

It wasn’t that long before Leah reached her peak. Natural body functions took over and she shouted that she was cumming.

Ben didn’t call a break. It was way overdue but other things had priority.

About 30 seconds later Zoe shuddered and screamed, “Yes!”

I think that Kailene was going for number two, but Ben stopped her and told her and Brooklyn to get up. Leah rolled off Zoe and they both lay there for a while before Ben helped them up. In a dejected, but happy way, they walked back to their Pledge Sisters.

Ben called a break and as Kailene walked over to me I could see that she was wet, very wet, but I didn’t want to touch her pussy, or talk about it. I didn’t want to risk exciting her even more.

As she drank I told her that Brooklyn loses her breath easily. I told her to get Brooklyn running round for a couple of minutes, then pounce.

Kailene went straight to the centre. Brooklyn dived for Kailene but Kailene dodged out of the way. Three times that happened before Brooklyn realised that Kailene’s reactions were too fast.

Brooklyn grabbed at Kailene’s arm. Instead of grabbing hold of it, Kailene dodged and caught hold of Brooklyn’s arm. Using Brooklyn’s momentum, Kailene sent Brooklyn running passed her.

Brooklyn tried that move again, with the same results.

Brooklyn was getting out of breath and tired; and Kailene had hardly moved.

Kailene took the initiative and charged straight at Brooklyn. Brooklyn went down and Kailene went on top of her.

The 2 of them were rolling around the floor grabbing arms and legs. First one was on top, then the other. Arms and legs were everywhere. Each one was trying to hold the others legs wide apart, whilst being in a position to play with their opponent’s pussy.

They both still had too much energy.

Ben called a break.

I gave Kailene the same pep-talk; adding that she was doing brilliantly. I told her that if she played things the same way she would win; Brooklyn was looking tired and I told Kailene to make sure that she walked back to the centre looking full of energy and confidence.

And she did. They started again in the same way but Brooklyn looked a bit stronger. She managed to get hold of Kailene’s thong and rip the elastic. Kailene’s response was to take it right off and throw it into the crowd. With a big grin on her face she turned to Brooklyn and marched towards her.

Brooklyn looked a bit scared and Kailene grappled her to the floor. They were rolling all over the place, arms and legs all over the place; again.

This time however, Kailene managed to get Brooklyn with her back to the floor and lift her legs. Kailene swung round and sat on Brooklyn’s chest with her knees on the floor. Brooklyn’s arms were out, and pinned down by Kailene’s shins.

Kailene was facing Brooklyn’s legs which she was holding straight up in the air.

Got her! Brooklyn was pinned down and at Kailene’s mercy. There was to be no mercy, Kailene pushed Brooklyn’s legs wide apart. The noise from the audience got louder. Like everyone else in the room, they knew what was going to happen next.

Kailene pulled Brooklyn’s legs under her shoulders, and leaned back a bit so that Brooklyn couldn’t use the strength in her legs (if she had any energy left); then plunged 2 fingers into Brooklyn’s pussy. Brooklyn gasped. She knew that she was beaten and stopped struggling. All that was left was for Kailene to give her an orgasm. And Kailene wasn’t in a rush to see Brooklyn cum.

Kailene took her time teasing Kailene’s clit with one hand and slowly finger fucking her with the other. She even leaned forward and licked her and chewed her clit for a while.

Ben’s mate who was working the video camera was getting it all. He was right in front of them getting every detail.

Ben forgot about the time as Kailene slowly brought Brooklyn to an orgasm.

Brooklyn looked like she was going to cum. Kailene must have realised that too because she shuffled her body back so that her pussy was over Brooklyn’s mouth.

Brooklyn couldn’t verbally tell us that she was cumming, but her jerking body did.

Kailene suddenly gasped. She later told me that while Brooklyn was cumming she bit her clit.

Ben let things settle down then told Kailene to get up.

Kailene got off Brooklyn and put her hand out to help her up. Brooklyn looked total knackered. Kailene put out her arms and gave Brooklyn a big hug then a slow kiss full on her mouth.

The audience loved it. So did I.

**The Prize.**

None of the 4 Pledges knew what it was until Ben said,

*“Kailene, you have shown great strength, initiative and skill. I am proud to announce that you are our winner.*

*Although the 3 other Pledges didn’t win, they are to be applauded for their brilliant effort. They all should be proud of themselves, and I for one would not like to upset any of them.*

*All four of you; you were fantastic. You are all now fully fledged members of NEWPS”*

The audience gave a long round of applause and cheering.

*“Kailene, to collect your prize you need to lay spread-eagle on the floor with your feet towards the audience.”*

Ben pointed to the centre of the mats and Kailene did as requested, with a puzzled look on her face.

Ben turned to the 3 losers and said,

*“Each of you 3 is going to give Kailene an orgasm. The only things that you can use are your body and this.”*

Ben pulled a big dildo out of a bag.

*“Leah, as you were the first to have an orgasm, you will go first.”*

Leah took the dildo and walked over to Kailene. She gave Kailene a kiss on her mouth and said something to her; then started caressing her body. Her hands were everywhere. She was massaging her and teasing her. Leah lingered over Kailene’s nipples and pussy. It must have been a good 5 minutes before Leah squeezed Kailene’s nipples.

Leah massaged Kailene’s breasts hard. Kailene’s nipples were pulled and pinched and squeezed.

Leah moved her hand to Kailene’s pussy while her mouth worked on Kailene’s nipples.

Kailene’s clit got all the same treatment as her nipples did.

Kailene was getting close, Leah continued. I saw that first twitch and knew that Kailene was about to cum. Leah saw it as well and picked up the dildo and plunged it deep into Kailene.

Kailene just about sat upright as she screamed. Leah pushed and pulled the dildo in and out.

Leah looked like she was going to give Kailene her second, but Ben stopped her. Leaving the dildo still inside Kailene, Leah got up and walked back to Sarah. I saw Sarah hug Leah as Ben told Zoe to take over.

Zoe knelt down and gave Kailene a looooong kiss on her mouth; then got to work. Zoe was good (not that the others weren’t), and brought Kailene up again. Zoe worked on Kailene’s clit with one hand and pumped the dildo in and out with the other.

Kailene shouted ‘Fuck’ and came again.

Brooklyn wasn’t quite as gentle as Leah or Zoe. She worked Kailene’s breasts and clit in a rougher way. Kailene obviously didn’t mind because she came quicker than with either Leah or Zoe.

Ben let Kailene compose herself then held out his hand to help her up. Kailene pulled the dildo out then took Ben’s hand. Using the megaphone, Ben held up Kailene’s hand and said,

*“Once again; our winner!”*

Kailene smiled at everyone then ran over to me and gave me a big hug with her sweaty body. Not that I minded. I told Kailene that she was no longer ‘my Pledge’; that she was now my equal and that I was VERY proud of her.

Ben then turned to me and said, “Are we on for the next part?”

Now I hadn’t told Katie, Sarah and Ella about this; but I had gone to M&S and bought a 4 pack of bikini knickers. I held them up and Ben announced,

*“Katie, Sarah, Ella and Amy; would you all come out here please?”*

When we were all near Ben, he continued,

*“As a big thank you for all you hard work in looking after your Pledges, and all your work for NEWPS; you are now invited to compete in a similar match. Do you accept this invitation?”*

How could they not?

I tore open the pack of knickers and gave them each a pair. We went back to our corners and our grinning ex Pledges folded our clothes as we took them off and put the horrible knickers on.

We all went back to the centre and Ben reminded us that the same rules applied.

The bout started in a very similar way, but we all quickly settled down and applied what we had learnt from the Pledge’s match.

Sarah, being the smallest, was the first to get her knickers ripped off, and to be forced (LOL) to cum (quite loudly for such a small 18 year old).

After a break, Katie managed to rip my knickers next. I stepped out of them and threw them to the crowd. Ella and I got the opportunity to jump on Katie at the same time. We had her knickers off and were teasing her nipps and clit in no time.

She didn’t stand a chance. We had her cumming in no time.

Ella vs. Amy – Katie is a bit bigger and looks stronger than Ella so I half expected Katie to be in the final. I didn’t know if the other finalist would be me or Ella. Anyway, Ella still had her knickers on. I had to get them off her.

Ben called another break and Kailene gave me lots of moral support.

Within seconds of us starting again we were rolling around on the floor again. I managed to get Ella’s knickers off her backside and halfway down her thighs; but all of a sudden I found myself on my back with my feet either side of my head. What’s more, Ella was sat on the backs of my legs, directly over my face. Her knickers had gone (still can’t remember how) and she was facing my butt.

Ella slapped my pussy and said, “We’re going to enjoy this.”

She was right; she pumped her fingers in and out of my soaking pussy. I tried to reach Ella’s pussy with my tongue, but couldn’t.

Ella had got me. I relaxed and enjoyed cumming with dozens of men watching me.

Ella deserved her reward and we made sure that she got it. One by one, the three of us brought Ella to an orgasm with a combination of fingers, tongue, teeth and the dildo. She was loud, but not as loud as Kailene.

Ben announced the end of the event and we all tidied up in the gym. I think that all 8 of us slept well that night.

The next day after lectures, I went over Kailene’s room for the webcam and a general chat. We ended up in bed together with the webcam still switched on.

**Full NEWPS Meeting**

Two days after the hazing we had a meeting of the now 8 members of NEWP Sorority in the university café. For starters I asked the new members what they thought of their hazings and medicals. I asked Kailene for her comments first because I believed that she had enjoyed them all.

Kailene said that she thought that they were awesome. They had been everything that she could have wished for. She loved the fact that everywhere that she went in St. Damian’s there could be someone who had seen her naked and perhaps masturbating or getting fucked. There could well be some young man in St. Damian’s at that moment, having a wank and thinking about one of the 4 of them. That idea really turned her on.

Kailene told us that when she came to England she didn’t know anyone. Although most of the people at St. Damian’s were very friendly towards her, she hadn’t made any real friends. That was until she joined NEWPS. She said that she really felt at home now.

Leah said she had been quite surprised by what the hazings involved. The Dress Code had caught her by surprise, but she agreed with the principles and was happy to conform, even if it did mean that she had to be extra careful when she sat down. She said that she was getting used to it and was no longer mortified if someone saw up her skirt or down her top. In fact she was starting to be more like Sarah and use her body as a tool to get men to do what she wanted. She’d tried it a couple of times in town and had been surprised by just how gullible men are.

Leah also said that she was impressed with how well Sarah coped without any breasts, she said that she didn’t think that she could cope that well.

As for the hazings, Leah said that she really had considered using the ‘safe word’ when she realised that she had to strip naked and masturbate in front of all those men. If it hadn’t been for Sarah she would have run out crying.

Leah said that she’d been disappointed to be the first one out of the wrestling, but Zoe’s strength and Brooklyn and Kailene’s hands had been just too much for her.

Brooklyn too said that she was surprised by what the hazings had involved. She said that she’d looked on the internet for hazings and found nothing like what she’d had to do. Brooklyn said that she’d never considered shaving off her pubic hair and that when she first did it she was very self-conscious and covered her pubes when she walked round the dorm floor. She said that she hadn’t been prepared for the nice feelings that the fresh air blowing across her pussy gives her when she’s outside.

Brooklyn also told us that the medicals that she’d had in the past had never included what Doctor Lawrence did to her and that she’d been mortified when she first realised that she was going to cum. She’d later talked to Leah about the medical and been both horrified and disappointed when Leah had told her that the door to the waiting room had been open when Leah had her examination. But the wrestling experience had made up for it. Brooklyn told us that she felt that she could now quite comfortably have an orgasm with men watching her.

Zoe told us that one of the reasons why she applied to NEWPS was that she wanted to have some friends that weren’t lesbians and always trying to hit on her. She’d always thought that she was open-minded, but NEWPS took that to the next level. Zoe told us that she was now convinced that there are people out there who are happy to mix with lesbians and not make any assumptions. Zoe thanked us all.

Zoe went on to say that she too had been horrified and scared when she realised that she had to masturbate naked with lots of men watching. She’d never thought that she could get turned-on by the thoughts that she had while she’d been frigging that night.

Zoe told us that the medical examination was the first that she’d ever had by a man doctor. She’d always insisted to her mother that she had a woman doctor. Now she has realised that men doctors are not the horrible creatures that she had originally thought. She wanted her next medical to be with Doctor Lawrence.

As for the Dress Code, she’d never even considered that she could have so much fun not wearing underwear. We had opened a whole new, exciting world to her. She also told us that she had never thought that a man massaging her breasts could turn her on so much, and she hoped that we would let her go swimming with us again.

I thanked everyone for being so open and honest, and told them that it was my turn to be open and honest with them. I told them that every member of NEWPS was in that room; that NEWPS was the idea of Katie, Ben and myself, and that we had started it just for a bit of fun.

I started getting a bit sentimental and told everyone that everything had turned out far, far better than I could ever have dreamed of. I came to St. Damian’s with one good female friend; and I now had 7. I also told them that, just for the record, Ben was my step brother so I wasn’t the incestuous whore that some people, present company excluded, had called me.

I went on to tell the 4 new members how I met Sarah. How Prof Gibbons was blackmailing Sarah and me into doing things that he thought would embarrass and humiliate us. I told them how we made a fool of him, without him even knowing it, with the remote vibes.

I then told them about Prof Jones and what she had made Katie and I do; again thinking that we were embarrassed and humiliated; but in reality we had enjoyed every minute of it.

Next I asked the new members for their help. I told them about Prof Jones latest bit of ‘blackmail’. I told them that in 6 weeks we had to perform a cheerleader’s routine in a yet to be disclosed public place. I told them that it couldn’t be a place where kids would be as the Prof had demanded that it be erotic.

I explained that we had 2 problems. Firstly we needed more girls in the team, and secondly, the Easter holidays started next week and we didn’t have much time to practice.

The fab four demanded that they all be in the team and also promised to make themselves available for practice for some of the time over the holidays. We all said when we would be available and we worked out when we could practice.

There was a chance that we could make it and not make fools of ourselves.

I was happy.

I told everyone that we had covered everything that I wanted, and asked if anyone else wanted to discuss anything. Kailene said that she had 2 things.

The first was to ask us if the new members could all go to the swimming on Sunday mornings. The second question was to ask what the acronym NEWPS was for. She told us that she knew that the ‘S’ was for Sorority; and guessed that the ‘N’ was for Naked; but what the fuck was the ‘E’ and ‘W’ and ‘P’ for?

Four of us laughed and the other 4 had blank expressions on their faces.

Exposed Wet Pussies I said, and we all laughed.

I then told them that they would be very welcome at the swimming sessions.

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 21 – Babysitting in Greece – first week**

**Day 1**

My mother arranged for me to babysit her sister’s kids for a couple of weeks while their parents came to England on a trip that was a mixture of business and pleasure. The original plan was that my step brother, Ben, would come with me but he had university commitments. My oldest, BFF would have come with me instead but she had planned to stay at university for some of the holidays; then had family commitments (a none-optional family holiday to Spain).

It sounds bad, but Ella and Sarah were my next choices. Actually, if it had been possible, all of them would have come; even the 4 new members of NEWPS; but there again, we didn’t even know them when we had to book the flights.

Anyway, to save money on the ridiculous luggage charges made my airlines, we packed a few things in a carry-on bag, and carried a carrier bag containing an extra skirt and 2 extra tops each. We planned to put these on before we checked-in and take them off on the plane. All 3 of us were wearing our Ben Wa balls.

To get to the airport we had to take a train down to London, go across London on the Underground then get another train to the airport. The thing was; we hit London at the evening rush hour. The Underground was bursting. When we got on the tube we were crushed by the hundreds of people trying to get home. We ended up right in the middle of a gang of noisy youths. I was squeezed between 2 of them and couldn’t see Ella or Sarah. It wasn’t long before I felt a hand on the back of my thigh. Hand paused for a second, presumably to see my reaction, or lack of, then slid up my flimsy skirt.

Hand slid between my legs and rubbed my pussy. I wanted to see how far hand would go so I opened my legs a bit. I was rewarded by a finger sliding back and forth inside my lips. I had a bit of a rush and the finger went in my well lubricated pussy. Finger went deeper, then in and out a few times. It went deeper and then stopped. I felt my Ben Wa balls knock together.

Finger started going in and out again as I heard Ella shout, “Get your fucking hand out from under my skirt.” I almost burst out laughing. Finger decided that he’d better stop in case I shouted at him. The train slowed down and then stopped at a station. The youths got off. As people started moving I looked round to see if I could see who ‘Finger’ and ‘Hand’ belonged to, but I didn’t have a clue.

Things cleared a bit and we managed to get next to each other. Ella said, “I had to get the ugly, smelly bastard didn’t I.” Sarah and I laughed.

We made it to the airport and went and put our extra clothes on; then promptly got frisked by an ugly dyke on security. As her hands slid up the outside on my legs she accidentally, maybe, pulled my skirt up. She pretended not to notice and it went right up above my ass and only fell down when the dyke’s hands wet out along my arms.

We settled in on the plane and when the seat belts light went off we took it in turns to go to the toiles and take off all but 1 layer and stuff the rest in a carrier bag. None of us had seen the others get dressed and we had a good laugh because we’d all ended up wearing similar, slightly see through tops and wrap skirts that were really a bit too short. There wasn’t a bra or pair of knickers on any of us, nor in any of our bags. There was however some of the thong style bottoms that I’d made for our Ibiza holiday and 2 see-through bikini tops, one for me and one for Ella. We’d all agreed that Sarah’s tits were too small for her to bother with a top most of the time that we were there. Ella said that she didn’t plan on wearing one most of the time either. My boobs are a ‘C’ cup so I thought that there may be the odd occasion when I should probably wear a bikini top – unfortunately.

The bouncing of the plane made Ben keep us all happy, and we all had to make sure that we weren’t sitting on our skirts.

The plane was 2 hours late taking off, and 2 hours late arriving so we missed my Aunt and her husband. The plan had been that they’d meet us at the airport, pass on any last minute information and introduce us to their kids. It worked out that my Aunt and Uncle were in Departures when we landed, and the kids were waiting in Arrivals with a big sign saying ‘Amy’.

Dimitri is 14 and Alexis was 13 the week before we arrived. Fortunately, my Aunt had taught them pretty good English. They were very polite and took us to a taxi for the 30 minute ride to their home; which turned out to be a small villa with its own swimming pool about half a mile south of Faliraki.

Alexis is a late developer and her breasts are somewhere between Sarah’s (none existent) and Ella’s AA cup.

At first Dimitri and Alexis gave the impression that they didn’t want us there and that they believed that they could look after themselves. Shortly after we arrived at their home I sat them down and explained that it wasn’t our idea to be there, and that we were not going to dominate them. We were there to have a good holiday and we hoped that they could have fun with us.

That seemed to put them at ease and we asked them if they would join us for a swim. They said that they’d join us in a bit. Just as we started leaving the room I turned to Alexi and Dimitri and asked them if they’d do us a big favour. I asked them to speak in English whenever anyone of us was there. They both agreed saying that it would help them too.

The 3 of us left our clothes in our room (we all shared my Aunt and Uncles room) and walked naked to the pool. As we went out the back this big black dog (Apollo) came running over to us and started licking our feet and legs. We had to spend a little time with it to get it to calm down. When it did calm down it started sniffing around us. It seemed particularly interested in our groins. A fact that seemed to amuse Ella.

The back garden of the villa is surrounded by other villas. There is a small wall around each one, but wouldn’t be difficult to see over to the neighbour’s pool area; but that didn’t bother us. We weren’t going to let a few holiday neighbours stop us getting all over tans.

We’d been messing about, ducking and groping each other for about 10 minutes when Alexis came out. She was wearing a little bikini and seemed quite surprised to find us naked. She didn’t say anything, got a ball out of a big box, and jumped in. We started throwing the ball to each other and one time that she was close to me she told me that she knew a good shop where we could buy some bikinis. I told her that we normally swam naked and asked her if she ever swam naked. Alexis said that she sometimes did with her girlfriends at the beach, but never at home. I reminded her that her parents were thousands of miles away for the next couple of weeks; and anyway, her parents had seen her naked thousands of times.

The ball came our way and Alexis dived for it.

Alexi came back over to me and said that she couldn’t take her bikini off, not with Dimitri there. I laughed and said that Dimitri would be too busy looking at us 3 from England. Alexi said that I was probably right and took her top off and threw it towards the sunbeds.

After a while we got out and sat on the sunbeds. I went and got us some drinks and while I was there Dimitri came into the kitchen in his swimming shorts. When he saw me he stopped and stared. I saw him, said ‘Hey’ and asked him if he wanted a drink. He didn’t answer so I asked again, a bit louder. He seemed to come out of his trance and asked what I said. I asked him again, adding that he must have seen a naked girl before. How could he possibly not have when he lived in such a hot place so close to the beach? He told me that he had, but never in their kitchen.

I laughed and told him to get used to it.

By the time he got outside and saw the 3 of us, and his little sister topless, he had got quite a boner. It amused Alexi and she kept giggling every time she looked at Dimitri; even though Sarah had told her to stop it and leave the poor boy alone.

Mind you, the sight of three naked 18 year old girls laying on sunbeds with their legs open would probably be enough to give a 95 year old man a hard-on.

We talked and asked Alexi and Dimitri what there was to do around there, how far was it to the main part of town; was there a nightclub there; how far was it to the beach; how far was it to the supermarket. Then I asked Alexi and Dimitri if they had any friends living nearby and if we hadn’t been there, would they have invited them round. Yes and yes were the answers so I told them that it was still okay to invite them round; just as long as everyone was sensible then everything would be okay.

Our talking had attracted the attention of Apollo and he came slowly walking out to us. He went to Alexi and started sniffing round her pussy. Alexi pushed him away saying, “Not now Apollo.”

We started to feel hungry so us 3 went to see what we could find, leaving Alexi and Dimitri playing in the pool. Alexi didn’t put her top back on.

The fridge was well stocked and we got a meal ready. We ate it outside with Apollo sniffing around us and searching for scraps of food.

After we’d cleaned up we put short skirts, bikini tops (not Sarah) and shoes and told the kids that we were going to explore.

The place wasn’t that big and the supermarket and bars were just where the kids had told us, and within easy walking distance. We kept walking and found a lovely little beach with golden sand and gentle waves crashing on the sand. We just had to go for a swim.

There were still a few people on the beach and no one said anything when we took our clothes off and ran to the water. It was gorgeous. That warm water swirling round our sensitive parts felt really good. When we got out we went for a short walk along the water’s edge while we dried off.

We put our clothes back on and headed back. On the way we stopped at a bar and had a drink. We’d sat at a table outside, next to the footpath, where quite a few tourists were walking back and forth. Ella said that we shouldn’t miss an opportunity and turned her chair so that anyone who was walking towards her could have a good look up her little skirt. As soon as Sarah realised what Ella was doing, she moved her chair so that she could flash the people going the other way.

I felt a bit left out, but not upset, it was still the first day and I knew that I would get plenty of opportunities.

When we got back to the villa we told Alexi and Dimitri where we had been and Alexi told us that the beach that we’d been on wasn’t a nude beach. The nude beach round there was near the harbour. There was a long beach a bit south of there and they had often seen naked people there.

It was about 5 minutes after we got back that I suddenly realised that Alexi was still topless.

That night we walked to the start of the lively part of Faliraki and had a drink before heading back. When things got quiet we took our clothes off and walked back naked.

Both Alexi and Dimitri were already in bed although I could hear a few noises coming out of Alexi’s room.

**Day 2**

The 3 of us went to explore the beach area to the south. Apart from shoes, both Sarah and Ella decided to wear only an ‘A’ shaped microskirt made out of very thin, lightweight material. I was feeling jealous, and told them so. Sarah suggested that I forget the bikini top even if it was see through, and let my long hair hang free (I normally tie it behind my head). I could easily pull it over my breasts if I needed to. My spirits raised, I put on one of the skirts that is made out of 2 rectangles of material that I made for our holiday in Ibiza (see part 7); and with my breasts sticking out proud, we set off.

I think that only one man looked at us as we walked out of the built-up area, and I didn’t try to hide my breasts.

We walked along the coastal path over the rocky area, passed a little beach to a beach that we later found out is called Traganou Beach. It was great walking along the path over the rocks. We were the only people on the path and we took our skirts off and walked naked.

Traganou Beach isn’t the best beach in the world, but it was good for us. There are areas of trees at the edge of the sand and a bit further down there’s a café.

There was hardly anyone on the beach and we walked right along until we saw a road and lots more people. We put our skirts on and went and bought an ice cream before heading back. We’d gone less than 50 yards when Ella decided to take her skirt off; so we all did.

There were a few people walking along the path over the rocks, but we didn’t bother putting our skirts back on until we got to the built up area. As we put them back on I thought about going to that beach again, and leaving all our clothes back at the villa.

We got back to the villa and went in. I could hear Alexi screaming. I told the others to stay there and I ran up to where I though the screaming was coming from – Alexi’s room. The door was open. I was just about to go in and ask Alexi what was wrong when I saw Alexi on her hands and knees with Apollo’s front legs on her back. He was fucking her. The screams were pleasure.

Alexi was too engrossed in what she was doing to have heard me. I just stood there for a few seconds then thought that I’d just got to let Ella and Sarah see this. I turned, quietly went downstairs, put my finger over my mouth and whispered for Ella and Sarah to follow me.

We quietly stood in the doorway and watched Apollo fuck Alexi who was totally oblivious to the rest of the world.

Alexi reached her peak and calmed down a bit but Apollo kept on going. Something made Alexi look towards the door. She saw us and screamed. She tried to push Apollo off but he growled at her. Alexi covered her face and let Apollo finish.

Now I’ve heard of this ‘knot’ thing that dogs have, but never had any experience of it.

Apollo was stuck inside Alexi. I explained to Sarah and Ella what was going on and told them to go for a swim, I’d be down later. I went over to Alexi and held her hand. I told her that it was okay, that I didn’t think that she was a bad girl.

Eventually Apollo freed himself and got off Alexi. Apollo went into the corner of the room, lay down and started licking his cock. Alexi got up and went and lay face down on her bed. She was in tears. The thing that attracted my attention was Alexi’s pubes; she had quite a little black bush.

I went to Alexi and lay down next to her. I put my arm over her and told her that we would keep her secret. No one would find out from us.

Alexi turned on her side and looked at me. I smiled and asked her if it was good. She laughed. I asked her if she’s ever had sex with a man. She asked me what it was like.

I asked her how long she’s been having sex with Apollo and what had happened the first time that he’d got stuck inside her. Alexi told me that she’d been using Apollo for about 6 months and that she had been real scared the first time that he’d got stuck, she’d been panicking and scared when Apollo growled at her when she tried to push him off. Alexi said that she’d had visions of her mother finding her and having to take both of them to hospital stuck together.

We talked about sex and men. I told her that I had a secret that I wanted to share with her. I told her that I’d been fucking Ben since I was her age. Alexi said something in Greek, then apologised. She asked me if our parents knew. I shook my head sideways.

Alexi told me that she would never have sex with her brother. I asked her when she had last seen him naked, and when he’d last seen her naked. She told me that it was when they were little kids. I pointed to her pubic hair and told her that in England most girls shave their pubic hair, that it was why Ella, Sarah and I didn’t have any.

Alexi ran her fingers though her pubic hair and told me that she used to like it, but now it just looked ugly. I told her that she knew what she could do about it.

I changed the subject and asked her if she was coming for a swim. She nodded and went for her bikini. I told her that she didn’t need it; Dimitri wasn’t home, not that it mattered.

We went down to find Ella and Sarah in the pool. Sarah looked at me and mouthed, “Everything okay?” I nodded. Alexi and I jumped in the pool and joined in the fun.

We all got out about 15 minutes later and lay on the sunbeds. Ella, Sarah and I put our feet on either side of the sunbed so that we didn’t end up with a white pussy or inner thighs. Alexi did the same.

We were all talking, asking Alexi about school and her friends when I looked up and saw Dimitri and another boy. I said, “Hey Dimitri, who’s your friend?”

Dimitri introduced him, but all the time, both the boys had their eyes on 4 naked girl’s bodies. Dimitri seemed to be concentrating on Alexi’s pubic hair – which she wasn’t trying to cover.

After quite a few seconds, Dimitri turned to his friend and said, “Come on.” As they walked away I heard him say, “I told you so.”

We stayed there for about another hour or so. At one point Ella asked where the suntan lotion was. Alexi volunteered to go and get it. When she got back she told us that Dimitri and his friend had stared at her as she walked passed them. I told her to ignore them.

We used most of the bottle of suntan lotion on each other, paying quite a bit of attention to our ‘interesting’ bits.

We went for another swim then Ella and I went and got some food ready.

We invited the boys to have some food and we all went outside to eat round the pool. The boys didn’t eat much because they spent the whole time staring at Alexi and us.

Alexi seems to be getting used to being naked round her brother and never made any attempt to cover her pubes or little breasts. She didn’t eat much either as she spent a lot of time giggling at the 2 boners that were straining the material of the boys shorts.

That evening we all walked up to the edge of lively part of Faliraki and sat in a bar and talked and drank. The kids had soft drinks. We all wore almost decent clothes. Even Alexi went commando under her little skirt. But Dimitri didn’t know that.

When we got back to the villa everyone went to bed except me, I told Ella and Sarah that I wasn’t tired and that I was going for a walk. What I didn’t tell them, but they probably could have guessed, was that I was going for a naked walk.

I walked back to the lively part of Faliraki but didn’t go onto the main drag. Instead I stayed on the quiet and dark streets. It was so exciting being naked so close to hundreds of people with my clothes about a mile away.

I kept walking as close as I dare to the lights and noise, but always chickened out before the lights got so bright that I would be easily seen. The excitement and nerves really turned me on. My pussy was dripping and aching for attention. I finally gave in to my pussy and leaned back against a parked car and frigged myself to orgasm while watching all the people walk across the end of the road, no more than 20 feet away.

Once satisfied I decided to walk back to the villa, but I wasn’t as alert as I was earlier and as I turned a corner a middle aged couple were right in front of me. They stopped and stared as I walked right passed them.

When I got back to the villa everyone was asleep so I squeezed in next to Sarah and went to sleep.

**Day 3**

When Alexi came down for breakfast the next morning she was only wearing her bikini bottoms and when she joined us 3 naked girls in the pool later she took them off revealing her bald pubes. She said that she was ‘like the English girls’.

We were laying on the sunbeds when Dimitri came out and saw his bald, younger sister. I’m sure that he wanted to say something, but he didn’t, he stared at her for a full 30 seconds before walking off.

I turned to Alexi and said, “That wasn’t so bad was it?”

“My pussy is tingling.” Alexi said.

“My pussy tingles every time a man sees my pussy too. It’s a nice feeling isn’t it?” I replied.

We’d been laying there for about 20 minutes, finishing our breakfast, talking and enjoying the morning sun; when Dimitri came back with another of his friends. They both stared at us, and in particular Alexi, for a while; then disappeared into the villa.

I turned to Alexi and asked how many friends of Dimitri lived nearby; and how many of them she thought he would bring round to look at us.

Alexi laughed and told me that he had 4 friends that lived within walking distance and that he would probably bring all of them round at some time.

I had a quick chat with the others then Alexi and I went to find Dimitri. He was in his room, with his mate, doing something on his computer. I didn’t want to embarrass him by asking him is he was going to bring all his friends round to see the naked girls; so I told him that we were having a pool party that afternoon, and that we would like him to get his friends to come.

Dimitri looked at his friend, then at the naked Alexi, then at me and said, “Will you all be dressed like that?” Both Alexi and I laughed and I said that unless it rains, then we would.

Dimitri asked what time it started then the 2 of them went off to tell their friends.

I asked Alexi if she was going to be okay being naked in front of all Dimitri’s mates. Alexi said, “Sure, I like being naked and bald; it will make me feel all tingly.”

We went and told the others.

After we’d finished breakfast, Alexi and I put a skirt and top on and went to the shop. On the way there I showed Alexi how she could ‘accidentally’ drop her purse and then squat down in such a way that anyone who was looking would be able to see her pussy. She told me that she could have some fun doing that at school.

Back at the villa I asked Alexi if I could use her computer to check my emails. I found one from Katie to us 3 girls. It read: -

*Hey Amy, Sarah and Ella,*

*I wish that I was there with you. Our family holiday to Spain isn’t going as planned. When we got to our hotel there had been a mix-up with the bookings and only 2 rooms had been reserved for us. What’s more they were fully booked so didn’t have any empty rooms.*

*After a bit of a discussion, Mum and Dad said that I would have to share a room with Tom. I didn’t fancy sharing a room with my younger brother and told them that if I had to share then Tom would have to fit in around me; I was going to do things the same as when I’m on my own. Tom didn’t seem too happy, but in the end everyone agreed.*

*Amy, tell Sarah and Ella about that time that you were round at our house and Tom and his mated gangbanged you; and the time that Tom fucked me without me realising that it was him.*

*Anyway, I decided that if I had to share with Tom them it would be on my terms, not his. I was going to tease him something rotten.*

*When we got to our room I tipped the contents of my case out on to my bed. In there was my Ben Wa balls and vibrators. They were at the bottom of my case so were on the top of the pile. Tom saw the vibes and blushed.*

*I told Tom that I was going to freshen-up and went to the bathroom. When I came out my skirt and top were in my hand. I was naked. Tom said, “Katie, what are you doing?”*

*I told him that he’d agreed to me doing whatever I normally do in my room; and that he’d have to get used to it.*

*Tom sat on his bed and watched me put all my things away in the drawers and wardrobe. The poor lad had a large bulge in his trousers all the time.*

*Next I went outside onto the balcony (still naked). We don’t have a sea view; instead we look out to another hotel. I sat on one of the chairs and read a book for a while.*

*About half an hour later I heard a knock on the door and then my Dad’s voice. I got up and went in to see what he wanted.*

*Both my Dad and my little brother stared at me. After a few seconds I asked my Dad what was happening. He started to say something about me not having clothes on, but I cut him off saying that he and Mum had agreed that I could do everything that I normally do when I’m on my own.*

*Dad said that he didn’t know that they taught naturism in university these days.*

*Anyway, Dad told me that we were all going out to get something to eat and that we’d all meet in reception in 15 minutes. As Dad left he kept looking back at me.*

*I swear, by the end of this holiday I’m going to fuck one or both of them.*

*This is only day 1. I’ll keep emailing you.*

*How’s Greece?*

*Love,*

*Katie*

I told Sarah and Ella about Katie’s and my sessions with her brother and his mates and we decided to have a little bet on who Katie would fuck first; and if she would fuck both of them.

We spent the rest of the morning sunbathing and getting the food ready for the pool party. Dimitri had spread the word and mid-afternoon 4 of his mates arrived.

There were 5 x 14 year old boys all wearing swimming shorts, 13 year old Alexi, naked, and us 3 x 18 year old girls, naked as well.

The boys went straight into the pool, probably to hide their little hard-ons. After a while we 4 girls joined them. We were all messing about with a ball and ‘bombing’ everyone. All of the boys can speak some English so communications were okay.

About 30 minutes later people started getting out and sitting around the pool.

Ella and I decided to split the boys up and we each called some of them over to us. They were still a bit embarrassed about being around naked women, but not as bad as before.

I got 2 of them talking about Greece and Faliraki and the beach, and I guess that Ella was doing okay with the 2 that were with her as I could hear them laughing at times.

That left Sarah, Alexi and Dimitri. They seemed to be getting on okay, at least they were talking.

I changed the subject to the beach and asked the 2 with me where the beaches for naked swimming were. They told me the same as Alexi had told us; so I asked them if they went there to look at the naked women. This embarrassed them a bit, but not enough for them to stop looking at my tits. I embarrassed them again by asking them if they liked looking at Alexi’s body. They both nodded.

I asked them if they had ever touched a woman’s breasts; then if they would like to touch mine. One looked nervous, and the other looked excited. His shorts tented a bit more.

“Go on then.” I told them. They both put out a hand and touched my breasts. “They don’t bite.” I said. First one, then the other started massaging my breasts. When they got a bit more confident they concentrated on my nipples.

It was nice, and I moaned a little. That surprised them and they stopped. I told them that women like it when a man touches them like that.

Before they could say anything, Alexi shouted for everyone to go and get some food.

They were off; so were the other boys. A naked Alexi was inside with 5 boys. I could hear laughing; from Alexi as well, so everything was okay.

We 3 sat on the sunbeds to get some more rays; especially on our tender bits.

We talked and decided that we were going in to town that night.

After quite a few minutes, the 5 boys and Alexi came outside. Alexi looked happy.

The boys saw us 3 with our legs spread wide and stared at us. I said to them, “Stop staring boys, you must have seen a pussy before. If you want to get a closer look, get down and look; we don’t mind; but there’s one condition. I’ll show you mine, if you show me yours.” I had to explain that to Dimitri and he had to explain it to a couple of his mates.

One of the boys decided that he was happy with that, and dropped his shorts. He has quite a big cock; and it was pointing towards the sun. Alexi giggled. Ella pointed to her pussy and said, “Okay, get down here and look; but no touching.”

Dimitri was next to drop his shorts. I pointed to my pussy and Dimitri got on his knees.

Two more of the boys took the plunge. One got down between Sarah’s legs and the other had to wait. While he was waiting, the fifth boy decided that he wasn’t going to be left out and dropped his shorts.

While Dimitri was getting a close look at my pussy, I looked around. There were 5 hard-ons and one very giggly Alexi. The boys were being good and only looking.

When all the boys were done looking I told everyone that it was time to get back in the pool. I was the last one in because I went and picked-up 5 pairs of boys swimming shorts and dumped them on the table.

We all messed about in the pool for another hour or so. The boys seemed to be paying quite a bit of attention to Alexi. I suspect that some of the boys were groping her, and possibly she was grabbing the odd cock or two; but I couldn’t be sure; they were under water.

The sun was starting to go down so I told everyone that the party was over. There were still 5 hard-ons as the 4 boys put their shorts on and left.

Alexi and Dimitri were still in the pool.

That night, Ella, Sarah and I went look round the bars. The place was heaving and very noisy. We had only intended to go and look; but after about the third offer to buy us a drink, we caved in and let the boys buy us a drink. I guess that our skimpy skirts and next to nothing tops helped.

It only cost us a few gropes for us to get a few more drinks.

Quite a few of those bars have a small stage and run some sort of entertainment. One of them was doing this kids game, musical chairs. But this was an adult version. There were 6 players (3 girls and 3 boys), and 5 chairs. When the music stopped, the person who didn’t get to a sit on a seat had to take off an item of clothing.

When the music started again, no chair was taken away and everyone got up and started walking round the chairs again. This went on until 1 person was naked.

We volunteered for the next game and knew before it started that one of us 3 would lose (win) because each of us only had on a top, a skirt, and shoes. All the boys wore a top, trousers or shorts, under pants, shoes and socks.

Ella lost this game. She had to stand naked in front of the crowd while the organiser presented her with a bottle of booze. She kept her hands by her sides, unlike the girls that were losing when we first went in. I was down to my top and Sarah still had her top and her shoes on. One of the boys was down to his under pants, but that was all.

We were suddenly more popular with the boys and it didn’t take much to get some more free drinks.

On the way back we promised ourselves that we’d go back for another go later in the holiday.

When we got back to the villa, Dimitri and Alexi were in their rooms. I could hear moans coming from Alexi’s room but I didn’t know if Apollo was in there, or she was on her own. We didn’t find out because we went to bed and the 3 of us cuddled up.

As I said, the 3 of us share my Aunt and Uncles bed. On the first night we decided that the 2 of us that were on the outside would slowly bring the middle one to an orgasm. The next night we would all move 1 place to the left and have a different, lucky middle girl. Next night, move to the left again.

Well that night I was in the middle and Ella and Sarah did a fantastic job of bringing me off. I had a very contented night’s sleep.

**Day 4**

We decided to stay round the pool at the villa for the morning; all 4 of us girls improving our all-over tan. Dimitri went off to see his mates, again! Around mid-morning Alexi went to get us all some ice-cream. She came back out with just one portion, which she gave to Sarah. Alexi said that they’d run out in the freezer in the kitchen, but there would be some in the freezer in the garage. I went to help her.

While I was there I saw this cycle thing. I say cycle because it had pedals and a chain that were obviously from a bicycle, but they were mounted on a wooden board. The chain went round a circular disc of metal with holes in it. Resting on top of the contraption was a steel bar with what looked like a dildo on the end. The whole thing was covered in thick dust.

I asked Alexi if she knew what it was; she didn’t. I asked her if she minded if I got it out and had a closer look at it to try to work out what it was. While Alexi took the ice-cream to the kitchen, I took the ‘whatever it was’ out to Sarah and Ella by the pool.

Neither of them knew what it was. While we were eating the ice-cream we all had wild guesses about what it could be.

It was Sarah that got it right on her third guess. She’s finished her ice-cream and went to fiddle with the ‘whatever it was’. She attached one end of the metal bar to the metal disc and put the whole thing on her sunbed. After a couple of minor adjustments she could lie on her back with the contraption between her feet; and pedal the ‘whatever it was’. The ‘dildo’ end of the metal bar was resting on her stomach and went back and forwards as she turned the pedals.

Ella and I had big grins on our faces; but Alexi hadn’t worked it out yet.

Sarah got up and cleaned the dildo thing and lay down again. This time she put the dildo up against her pussy. She slowly started to pedal and the dildo pushed its way into her; then came out; then went back in. The faster she pedalled, the faster she got fucked.

We christened the ‘whatever it was’ as the CFM (Cycle Fucking Machine).

Alexi was amazed. Not only hadn’t she seen anything like that before; but she found it in her parent’s garage. “What the hell else was there in there,” she asked.

Alexi, Ella and I went back into the garage. Ella found a small cardboard box that had a dildo in it. It had a suction pad on the base. “That will be fun,” Ella said.

I picked-up a piece of plastic pipe about 4 inches long with a 2 inch diameter. It had a slit all down the length of it. Alexi told me that her mother sometimes used it if she had a lot of heavy plastic bags to carry; she told us that you slot the bag handles through the slit then hold the pipe. I said that I could think of another use for it; and we took it with us when we left.

Ella went and washed the suction pad dildo and stuck it on one of the plastic chairs by the pool. Since Ella had found it, we let her christen it. She sat there looking completely normal, except for the big grin on her face. Sarah said that we should take it with us when we went to a café. If they had plastic chairs we should stick it on before sitting down.

I washed the piece of pipe and pushed it up my pussy so that the end was just showing. I soon got used to walking around with it in; the breeze was getting inside my pussy and was quite pleasant. Two of the other girls all came and had a look up the pipe. Sarah was still fucking herself on the CFM.

We got round to talking about all the different things that we’d put up our pussies. The usual carrots, cucumbers and hair brush handles were mentioned. I said that I’d been thinking a bit about bestiality lately. There was a pregnant silence. Alexi blushed. I continued, “Those cocks that horses have look inviting; so big, so long.” Sarah went, “Mmmmm.”

I told them about the time that I was fisted in Ibiza and that I’d enjoyed it. Sarah said that it sounded delicious, but that she’d like to try something a little smaller to start with. I looked around; Apollo was nowhere to be seen.

Ella changed the subject and said, “Let’s go and look in the villa and see what we can find.” We never got any further than the kitchen because Ella looked in the fridge and brought out a bottle of beer and a can of whipped cream.

It was a big can of whipped cream and Sarah said that it could be painful.

“No, not the can, just the cream; I mean squirt it into us.” Ella said.

We opened the beer bottle and took it and the can of cream outside into the sun.

Sarah wanted to go first with the bottle of beer. She sat on the edge of a sunbed and pushed the bottle in her pussy. She got the narrow bit and some of the thick bit, then lay back to enjoy the feeling.

She suddenly said that she could feel the cold beer coming out of the bottle in to her pussy.

Ella said, “Let’s not waste it; pull the bottle out then I’ll suck the beer out of your pussy.” And she did. When Ella got up she said, “Nice taste, but I prefer my beer cold.” That got a bit of a laugh.

The other 3 of us had a go at pushing the bottle in. I had to take the pipe out to have my go. I managed to get 99% of the bottle inside me. I didn’t want to push it right in because I didn’t know how easy it would be to get it out.

Even Alexi’s young pussy managed to take some of the thick part of the bottle; although she did say that it really hurt.

Next was the whipped cream. As it was Ella’s idea, she went first. She eased the spikey nozzle in to her pussy as far as she could so that she could still get to the button to press to release the cream.

When she first gave the button a blast, she screamed and pulled the nozzle out.

“That was weird and cold,” she said, then immediately put the nozzle back inside her pussy.

This time she gave herself a long squirt, and sighed. Some of the cream seeped out round the nozzle. She looked funny.

“Hold it in.” I said.

Ella tensed up; then she relaxed. As she did, this long sausage of cream came out. We all laughed. When it stopped I put my hand on her pussy and rubbed the cream all over her.

“My turn!” Alexi shouted as she grabbed the can from Ella.

Alexi lay back on a sun bed, pushed the nozzle in; she screamed a bit as she caught one of the spikes on her pussy flesh, the squirted.

“Arrrrgh.” Alexi said, and laid her head back with a big grin on her face. Then she squirted again. This time cream oozed out round the nozzle. With a satisfied grin on her face she pulled the nozzle out and we all watched another cream sausage appear.

Alexi’s hand went to her pussy and she started massaging and teasing her little clit.

Sarah picked up the can and went to a sunbed.

“Oooow.” Sarah said as the first squirt went inside her. This was quickly followed by, “Arrrgh,” as the second long squirt filled her.

Alexi was watching as the sausage of cream came out of Sarah’s pussy. Alexi suddenly got up, came over to Sarah and said, “Can I lick the cream please? I’ve never licked a pussy before.”

Alexi knelt beside Sarah’s sunbed and Sarah welcomed Alexi’s mouth to her pussy; then guided her in the best ways to please another girl. Ella and I watched for a while. I realised that Alexi’s still cream covered pussy was pointing at us. I picked up the beer bottle and fucked her with it as she worked on Sarah.

Both came about the same time.

I was the only one left that hadn’t had the cream treatment. I picked up the can and was ready to inject myself when I had a sudden thought; I got off the sunbed, gave the can to Ella, and got down on to my hands and knees. Ella just knew what I wanted and eased the nozzle in to my pussy.

I didn’t know exactly when Ella was going to press the button so it came as a bit of a surprise when she hit me with a long blast.

I squealed then sighed as Ella filled me up. When Ella removed the nozzle I tried to hold it in, but didn’t manage for long. The cream came blasting out of me and went all over the place; much to the amusement of the others.

As the flow subsided, it ran down my legs to the floor.

We all had cream all over us. Alexi suggested that we dive into the pool to get clean. Sarah said that we should go and have a shower. I looked over at the hosepipe and said that I had an idea.

I took the spray thing off the end and turned the tap on, then sprayed everyone for a second. After the screams I sat on the end of the sunbed and held the end of the hosepipe to my pussy.

Ella looked at me and said, “You’re not going to are you?” I didn’t answer. Instead I held the end of the pipe to my hole. I felt the water going inside me. I pushed the hosepipe in. I was full and the water was rushing out round the edge of the pipe.

The volume of water was putting pressure on my insides, but it felt good. I pulled the hosepipe out and water shot out. As it slowed down I squeezed my muscles and more shot out.

I put the hosepipe in to my pussy and did the same again. Next I squeezed the end of the hosepipe so that a fast jet came out and directed it in to my clit. It didn’t take long for me to cum. When I’d calmed down I hosed myself down to get rid of the rest of the cream then passed the hose to Sarah to do the same.

She did; both parts. Then the other two did the same.

Just as Alexi had the hosepipe in her pussy, Dimitri came round the corner. Alexi was beyond caring who saw her, but Dimitri looked shocked. I grabbed Dimitri’s arm and dragged him into the kitchen. I sat him down and explained that girls have need as well as men. He looked a bit embarrassed when I told him that it was easy for boys to have a wank and get their satisfaction that way; but girls have to be more creative; they have to find something that will meet their needs. I explained that a water jet is one way of massaging a pussy to please a girl. It’s just a bit different form a girl using her hand; or a boy using his hand on a girl’s pussy.

I asked Dimitri if he had ever felt a girl’s pussy. When he shook his head sideways I asked him if he wanted to touch mine. Dimitri nodded.

I took Dimitri up to his bedroom and lay on his bed. I looked at Dimitri and told him that he could do whatever he wanted to me. He still stood there so I put out my hand and guided him to me.

I put his hand on my right breast and moved his hand around. He got the message and started doing it on his own. I asked him if he’s watched any videos on the internet. He nodded; so I asked him if the girls in the videos had been fucked. He nodded again so I told him that he could do to me what he had seen in the videos.

Natural instinct took over and Dimitri started caressing my whole body. He made it to my pussy and roughly poked and prodded me. I told him that girls liked it gentle.

Dimitri’s cock was straining at his shorts and there was a little wet patch on the front. I told him that he could take his shorts off if he wanted. He did, and his cock sprang out.

Dimitri climbed in between my legs and lay on top of me. With a bit of help he entered me, and he came within seconds. He lay there as his cock went soft, then rolled off me.

I left him lying there, still naked, with a smile on his face.

Back at the pool everyone was getting hungry. No one fancied preparing any food so we decided to go and find a café. I sent Alexi to tell Dimitri. She came back and told us that he was lying on his bed naked when she went in. He’d got a hard-on, which he didn’t try to hide, as she told him where we were going and asked him if he was coming. Alexi told us that she’d stared at him as he’d got up and put his shorts on.

I told Alexi that Dimitri had found some confidence and that he would probably be a bit more outgoing from then on. Ella looked at me and said, “You didn’t did you?” I smiled and nodded my head. Sarah looked at me and gave me that knowing smile.

We girls went and put a skirt and top on and all 5 of us set off. I put on my favourite rectangle outfit and put my stainless steel butt plug in my pussy. It’s the one that has a big, really nice fake diamond that is on show when I insert it.

On the way I got talking to Alexi when the others couldn’t hear and asked her if she’d mind if I let Apollo fuck me. “Of course, he’s a randy dog. He’s often waiting at my bedroom door when I go to bed. Do you really fancy letting a horse fuck you?” she said. I laughed and said, “Yes, I think I do.”

We got about half way to Faliraki and found a café. We 3 girls all teased the waiter with flashes of tits and pussies. Alexi said that she was too close to home to join in. Dimitri was more talkative and took all opportunities to look up our skirts.

At one point Alexi saw my diamond sparkling in the sunlight. She asked me what it was. I told her, and showed her. Dimitri had a good look as well.

When we got back to the villa we stripped and all but Sarah jumped in the pool. Dimitri took his shorts off too. His cock kept getting hard then going soft again; but he never tried to hide it. Alexi had stopped giggling at Dimitri’s cock, and even stared at it when it got hard.

Sarah meanwhile, had decided that she was going to give herself a long, slow fuck using the CFM.

We’d been in the pool for about 30 minutes when we saw a youngish couple come outside to the pool in the villa next door. The man was wearing swimming shorts and the woman was wearing just a bikini bottoms. Now, as I’ve mentioned before, the wall between the villas is low, so it was easy for us to see them, and easy for them to see us, even when we were in the pool.

Alexi told us that she didn’t know the couple and that the villa was sometimes rented out.

We were all in the pool when they came out so they probably didn’t realise that we were all naked; and they didn’t appear to have spotted Sarah. They did when we got out. The man spent quite a lot of time looking at us, but the woman ignored us.

That night the 3 of us went into Faliraki again. We went to a few bars and never had to buy a drink; which was a good job as we didn’t take any money with us. One of the bars has a mechanical bull in it, but it wasn’t working. Another had posters saying that there would be a wet T-shirt competition in a couple of days.

As we passed one of the clubs we saw an advert saying that they were looking for dancers. Obviously we couldn’t get a job there, but Sarah said that it could be a bit of fun going for the try-outs. Ella went and asked at the door, and was told that we should go back in the afternoon any day. The manager was usually there from lunchtime and would be able to fit us in.

We decided to give it a try.

Both Alexi and Dimitri were still naked when we got back. Alexi told us that Dimitri had a hard-on most of the time that they were watching TV and that he didn’t try to hide it. She told me that she’d gone outside and had a session on the CFM and had an orgasm. Dimitri had been watching her.

I asked Alexi if she realised what she was doing to Dimitri. She laughed and said, “It was payback for all the times that he’d been nasty to her.” I told her to be careful; that men sometimes force themselves on girls who tease them. Alexi said, “Maybe that would be a good idea.”

We went to bed and the 3 of us cuddled up and released each other’s tension.

**Day 5**

I woke up early and went to put some coffee on. There was a bit of a noise coming from out the back. I looked out to see Alexi using the CFM.

I poured myself a coffee and went outside and watched Alexi.

Alexi was in a world of her own. I watched her cum before she even realised that I was there.

“You like that machine don’t you?” I asked. “Yes, I can see why my Mum’s got it; but I don’t understand why it was hiding in the garage. If I had my way it would stay out here all the time.” I smiled and told her that she’d have to talk to her Mother about that.

We 4 girls had breakfast by the pool and worked out what we wanted to do that day.

We decided to go to Rhodes. Dimitri didn’t want to go so it was a girl’s day. The 3 ‘English’ girls wore skirts, tops and shoes with no underwear, but Alexi wasn’t feeling that comfortable not wearing knickers going to Rhodes. We finally persuaded her to wear one of my thongs; the one that looks decent from the front, but has the material in the bottom half of the ‘V’ cut out.

The skirt and top that I wore was one of my favourite ‘rectangles outfits’. This time I wore the top part as well.

We walked into Faliraki and got a bus to Rhodes.

We wandered around the shops and the sea front area, stopping a couple of times for an ice cream or a soft drink. Each time we sat at a café there was a race to see which of us 3 could get to the seats that faced the tourists, so that we could sit there with our pussies visible to anyone who looked our way.

Alexi practiced dropping her purse when a man was walking towards her, then squatting down, with knees wide open, to pick it up. She did a great job when some teenage boys were walking towards us. Their faces told us that they had got a good look at her pussy.

As we were wandering around we suddenly found ourselves at one of the entrances to Rhodes old town. We went in. It was so quiet there; there was hardly anyone to be seen. Ella said that we could walk naked and no one would even know. Well, we didn’t get naked, but we all (Alexi as well) took our skirts off and the 3 of us walked bottomless. Alexi still had the thong on.

The crazy, and the disappointing thing, was that the people that we did see didn’t take a blind bit of notice of us 3 girls that were bottomless and 1 that wore only a thong. In the end we’d had enough of the old buildings and quiet, narrow streets and searched for a way out. We found one, and had been out of the walled old city for about 5 minutes before Sarah said that she’d noticed quite a lot of people looking at us. We decided that we’d better put our skirts back on before the police saw us.

We found ourselves on a beach on the west side of the city and there were a few people sunbathing or wind surfing. As soon as we’d got onto the beach Sarah decided that she wanted to walk topless and took her top off. So Ella and I did too.

It was quite windy and our skirts spent quite a lot of time up round our waists. The 3 of us never bothered trying to hold our skirts down and let the natural forces control it; but to start off with, Alexi spent a lot of time holding her skirt down. By the time we were about half way down the beach she gave up and let anyone who was looking see her thong.

We got to the end of the beach, put our tops back on, and headed back to the main part of town. We found ourselves in an area that has lots of little shops that were history and art based. Not the sort of places that I would normally go, but in one theatrical looking shop Ella spotted someone painting something on someone’s back. It wasn’t what they were painting it was the fact that it was paint on skin.

Ella stopped and was watching the artist and turned to me and said, “We could paint bikinis on us and walk around Faliraki naked.” We bought 2 large bottles of it and a couple of small sponge brushes.

When we got back to the villa I asked Alexi if I could check my emails again. There was another one from Katie

*Hey Amy, Sarah and Ella,*

*I DID IT! Last night we all went to a bar down the street. All of us had too much to drink. When Tom and I got back to our room I stripped and went to the bathroom. When I came out I climbed into Tom’s bed instead on mine. Tom asked me WTF I thought I was doing. I said that I just wanted a cuddle; turned to face him and put my head on his chest. Tom said, “Okay, but nothing else, it’s not right.” I let my hand wander and found his cock. It was hard. I teased the end of it, then slid down and licked it. Tom half tried to push me off but I put my mouth over it. Tom gave in and told me that it felt good.*

*I sucked him for a while then climbed on top of him and impaled myself on his cock. It was good. I rode him for ages with him teasing my tits and nipples. As he shot his load into me I came as well.*

*We went to sleep with me holding his cock.*

*Next morning Tom kept moaning about what we did was wrong; but that didn’t stop him from fucking me on the balcony before breakfast.*

*One down, one to go!*

*Dad seems to be the one that keeps coming to collect us when we’re going out. I left Tom to answer the door before, but today I beat Tom to it. I opened the door wide and there was my Dad. I just said, “Hey Dad, come in,” and turned and walked back to my bed leaving my Dada to watch my naked butt as I walked.*

*Dad watched me all the time as I put my skirt, top and shoes on. He didn’t say anything about my lack of underwear.*

*I think that I’ll get into Tom’s bed again tonight.*

*I’ll keep you posted.*

*Love,*

*Katie*

*P.S. How’s Greece? Any stories to tell yet?*

That night the 3 of us went into Faliraki again. We were all a little tired so all we did was get ourselves a few free drinks by doing a bit of pulling out tops down, lifting our skirts up and letting a couple of boys grope us.

We had an early night.

**Day 6**

The day started slowly. I was up before anyone else, and I decided to go for a spin on the CFM. I was well on my way when I saw the man from the next villa walking round their pool. At first he didn’t see me; then he did. I pretended not to notice him as I peddled away. My orgasms are always good when someone is watching and it doesn’t look like they know that I’ve seen them. That one was no exception.

My quiet moaning stopped, so did the peddling. As I got up I looked over to the man. He was still staring at me so I said, “Good morning; it’s nice to get a bit of exercise before it gets too hot isn’t it?” “Yes, I suppose it is,” he replied.

I went in and put the coffee on.

The others got up and we all sat round the pool eating breakfast. Everyone, including Dimitri was naked. He’s starting to get used to being around so many naked girls, because he didn’t have a hard-on. Maybe he’d taken care of it before he got up.

Both Dimitri and Alexi said that they were going visiting friends that day, so the 3 of us were going to be on our own.

Dimitri went to get dressed, closely followed by Ella who said that she was going for a pee. It was about 10 minutes before Dimitri came down. As he was leaving he wished us all a happy day; which was something that he hadn’t done before; it was usually just an “I’m going to my mates” and he was off. He also had a ‘pleased; look on his face.

When Ella finally came back down I asked her if she was okay. She had a grin on her face. I just said, “Dimitri,” Ella nodded.

As Alexi was going out she caught her skirt on something and it pulled it up. I saw that she was going to see her mates without underwear.

We decided to stay by the pool for the morning and go into Faliraki for the dance try-outs in the afternoon

Sarah wasn’t feeling that brilliant so we put her on a sunbed and pampered her with sun lotion and drinks.

Ella wanted to use the CFM but we needed to get some food from the shop. I volunteered to go on my own. Before I went I put my butt plug in my pussy (a girl never knows when she might get the chance to show-off her diamonds) and put on another of my favourite rectangle outfits.

In the supermarket I got the chance to squat down a couple of times and to bend over to get something from the back of the shelf. I’m pretty sure that the young girl assistant saw my diamond; and that an old man saw my breasts as I leaned over.

When I went to the check-out I slid my skirt around so that my pussy was only just covered. Of course, when I was filling my bags my skirt ‘accidentally’ got brushed away from my pussy, giving the young boy on the till a good view.

When I got back to the villa, Sarah was feeling a bit better, and Ella had positioned her sunbed so that the couple next door would get a full on view of her pussy; if they looked over. They weren’t there when I got back, but Ella told me that they’d been there a few minutes ago.

Sarah was feeling good enough to do some dancing so after lunch we headed off to Faliraki. We all wore little wrap skirts and tops.

As we walked there we wondered what sort of a place it would be, and what sort of dancing we were expected to do. We talked a bit about using part of the cheerleading routine that we’d learnt from Katie and Sarah.

It turned out to be okay; not a bit dingy as we’d expected. Only the manager and 3 cleaners were there getting the place ready for the night.

The manager told us that he was looking for girls to dance in cages, round a pole and to put on a bit of a show on the stage. There was nothing that needed a lot of synchronisation with other dancers, just general erotic dancing. He told us that we’d be expected to be topless all the time. He looked at Sarah and asked her if she was old enough to be there. We managed to convince him that she was 18, even offering to take her passport in the next time we were there. He then told us that most of his girls wore just a thong and shoes.

Ella told him that none of us had any experience at pole dancing. He said that it would come naturally providing we were natural dancers. He then told us that we needed to show him what we could do; and he went and turned the music on. He pointed to the stage and told us to go and dance.

We had a quick chat and decided to go with the cheerleading routine, although we wouldn’t be able to throw Sarah up in the air; not with just the 3 of us, nor with the light hanging down.

Anyway, as we got on the stage we took our shoes and tops off. We got into position and waited for the word from Sarah. I suddenly remembered that I still had my diamond butt plug in my pussy. The manager was going to see it.

We started and were doing most of what you’d expect from cheerleaders. Our skirts were going up as we back flipped, somersaulted and did high kicks etc. etc. When 2 of us got into the crab position and started rubbing our pussies against Sarah’s leg I looked at the manager. He had a big grin on his face.

The music stopped and the manager came over. He told us that we started on Thursday and that we needn’t bother about the thongs; he was happy with us wearing what we were right then. He told us that it was Thursday because his most experienced girl was going to be there on Thursday, and that she would look after us.

We left the club putting our tops on as we walked. We had all sorts going through our heads. Thursday was 5 days away. That was 3 nights before we went back to England. Were we going to tell them? Were we going to turn up at all? Were we just going to go for 1 or 2 nights? We went to the nearest café and got a beer.

As we sat down Sarah looked at me and said, “I see that you didn’t take your butt plug out before we left. I wonder if it helped us to get the job.”

We weren’t really thinking about flashing the waiter, nor the tourists passing by. We had other things on our minds.

We discussed all the options and possibilities; well the ones that we could think of; and decided that we’d go on the first night and see what it was like. Then take it from there. If we got paid then great; if not, then hopefully we’d have had a good time and it would have been worth it. It wasn’t like we were starting our future careers.

We walked back to the villa; but I still wanted to do some thinking; so I told the others that I was going for a walk. Before I left I went and swapped the butt plug for my Ben Wa balls; I wanted to a distraction.

My thoughts were drifting from the dancing, to my friends back at the villa, to Katie, to Kailene, to the effects that my friend Ben Wa was having on me, to Alexi and Apollo, to the cheerleading we had to do, to Greece, to everything. Before I knew it I was walking along Faliraki beach in amongst the tourists. I realised that I had even ignored a couple of young men trying to hit on me.

I found myself walking towards a little gazebo with a table in the middle of it. There were 2 youngish men in white T-shirts and trousers there. One of the men was writing on a board. He stopped writing and put the board against the gazebo corner. It read,

*Trainee Masseuse needs volunteer*

*to help him develop and demonstrate*

*his techniques. Why not volunteer*

*and get a free massage?*

Well, I was less than 2 yards from the man and I thought that a massage might help me to relax and clear my head. I asked the man when he wanted a volunteer. He looked me up and down and said, “Now!”

“Okay, can I volunteer please?” I said.

“You can be my first of the day.” He said; “Just give me 10 minutes to finish getting set-up and we can begin.”

I sat on the sand and watched him get himself organised. The other man was watching him and telling him things some of the time. I couldn’t understand what they were saying. It didn’t sound like Greek words. Man 2 got out a video camera and tripod, and set it up in one corner.

I wasn’t the only one watching them. A few people were gathering; and couple of the men were looking at me. I remembered that I was sat on the sand with my knees up and slightly apart. As I wasn’t wearing anything under my skirt I guessed that they were looking at my pussy. I didn’t move.

I realised that I was going to be watched, and videoed, having a massage; hopefully a full body one.

When he was ready, Man 1 came over to me and told me that he was ready. He asked me if it was okay for him to video the massage as it would be helpful as a training video.

“Sure, no problem.” I said as I thought about how many massage student s would be watching my naked body.

Man 1 invited me to take my top and skirt off and to climb on the table, face down. I don’t think that he was expecting me to be naked under my skirt. He looked a little confused at first, then carried on.

As I climbed on to the table I looked round. The audience had grown, and lots of the men had their phones or cameras; even proper video cameras out. The thought of all those men back at their homes, watching me get massaged, sent a little rush to my already wet pussy.

Man 1 offered me a towel to cover my backside, but I refused it.

I lay there, naked, on my stomach with my legs slightly apart; with goodness knows how many video cameras pointing at me.

Man 1 started with my scalp and neck. He was good. If my mate Ben Wa hadn’t been doing his job and my pussy hadn’t been wet and happy; and there hadn’t been all those people watching me, I swear that I could have drifted off to sleep.

I would have woken up when he started on my back; he was pummelling and kneading me all over my back. It was hurting, but at the same time it was nice. He even did the same with my backside.

When he did my arms and hands he was pulling and pushing and bending. At one point I thought that he was going to pull me off the table; but none of it felt bad.

Man 1 started on the back of my legs, pummelling my thighs and calves and squeezing my muscles. When he was right at the top of my legs the sides of his fingers touched my pussy. The first time that it happened I let out a little moan and shuddered.

Man 1 asked me to turn over. This is it I thought; everyone is going to get a great view of my tits and pussy. I felt another damp rush to my pussy.

As I lay down I left my feet about 18 inches apart. Everyone would be able to see that my pussy was very wet and swollen.

Man 1 started on my head again. As he massaged my temples I felt as relaxed as was possible under the circumstances.

He started on my arms again; this time bending and pulling them in every position possible. My fingers even got pulled until they cracked.

Man 1 started on my torso next. He didn’t do anything with my nipples, but he massaged my breasts hard and very slowly. It felt good and I moaned a couple of times. I wondered if the video cameras would pick up those moans.

He moved down and was soon massaging my stomach and hips. I couldn’t see what he was doing but it felt like he was trying to get his fingers behind my pubic bone. That felt weird, but good too.

Next were my feet. I had expected him to do one leg, then the next, but he did both my feet first. I heard my toes crack.

Then he worked up and down each leg. When he got to the top of my left leg the side of his hand was pressing against my pussy. He kept pressing for a few seconds. His hand was covered with massage oil before, but it now had my juices on it as well. What’s more, I was close to exploding. He worked back down my left leg.

He moved to my right leg and worked his way up. At the top the side of his other hand pressed against my pussy. After a few seconds the hand moved up and down, rubbing against my clit. That was it; I couldn’t take any more and my orgasm hit me. I started jerking, shaking and moaning loudly.

The man just held my leg and waited until I got back to something like normal; then he carried on as if nothing had happened.

When he was back to my right foot he lifted my right leg and bent it at my knee. Then he pulled my leg right up so that my knee was on my chest. He pressed down on my leg. It hurt a bit and stopped my thinking about how much of my pussy was getting on the videos.

He then did the same with my left leg; then both of my legs. I was bent double and my chest felt like I was getting crushed. Just as I was thinking that I should say something, he lowered my legs.

Then he surprised me again, he pulled my legs wide apart and pushed them wider until it hurt. After a few seconds he closed my legs and pulled my feet high up in the air.

He held my ankles with one hand and went round to my head. Leaning over my face he took an ankle in each hand and spread my legs wide – again. This time he wasn’t blocking the view that the audience and cameras had of my wide open, swollen and very wet pussy. The stretching of my pussy triggered another orgasm albeit a little one.

He held me like that for about 20 seconds then pulled my ankles together. He went round to the other and of the table and lowered my legs, leaving my feet about 18 inches apart. He came round to my side and smiled and told me that the massage was complete.

I just lay there thinking how relaxed and satisfied I was. After about 30 seconds I sat up and looked around. Most of the audience had gone but there were still a couple of cameras pointing at me.

Man 2 this time, passed me my skirt and top and thanked me for my help. My immediate thought was that it was me who should be thanking them.

I got dressed and walked away thinking that I was a very lucky girl.

Before I knew it I was back in the villa, a very happy girl. Sarah was feeling a bit ‘off’ again and was relaxing by the pool. Alexi and Ella had prepared something to eat. Dimitri was nowhere to be found.

Sarah didn’t feel like going out that night so she and Alexi watched some DVDs while Ella and I got ready and went into Faliraki.

We walked down the crowded street not being able to make up our minds which bar to go in when we came to the bar that did the Wet T-shirt competitions. I looked at Ella and she looked at me. Neither of us said a word as we turned and went in. We earned ourselves a drink then went to see about entering the competition.

There was a girl already talking to the man. We saw that she had breasts smaller than Ella’s, and the man was telling her that the customers wanted to see big tits and cleavage. She looked a bit upset as she walked away.

We told the man that we wanted to enter the competition. He looked us up and down then told Ella the same that we’d heard him tell the other girl. Ella was quick to tell him that we did a double act; and that she could guarantee that the audience would want to look at her.

“Are you sure?” the man asked, “I wouldn’t want you to get upset by the lads taking the piss out of your small tits.” Ella nodded. “We don’t normally do double acts and you won’t get any sympathy from us if the lads don’t like you.”

I just said, “They’ll like us, I guarantee it.”

“Okay, you’re in. Go through that door; you’ll find T-shirts in there. Get yourselves ready. We start in 15.”

Through the door we saw 5 other girls, all wearing different types of knickers, and some already wearing T-shirts. They’d modified the T-shirts in various ways so that they showed their curves.

Ella and I picked up a T-shirt and went to a corner of the room.

Back at university when I’d first got to know Ella well, I’d told her all about my holiday in Ibiza with Katie and Ben. I’d told her about the wet T-shirt competition that we’d entered there; including what we’d done on the stage.

I asked Ella if she remembered what I’d told her about Ibiza. She said that she had, but asked me to take the lead and she would follow. I told her that it would be good practice for the cheerleading that we had to do. She laughed.

We took our tops off, put the T-shirts on (they came down below our skirts); then took our skirts off.

The T-shirts were cheap XXL man-size ones, but the neck holes weren’t big enough to easily slide over our heads and hair; so we ripped them so that they only just stayed on our shoulders.

While we were waiting we listened to the other girls talking. They gave the impression that they didn’t know each other; but that didn’t stop the catty comments. We got the impression that some of them were taking the competition very seriously and were trying to psych-out the others.

A bit later the man came in and gave us all a number. When he got to us he said, “Oh yes, a double act,” and gave us just one number; the last number.

The contest started and we could hear the guys cheering. One by one the 5 girls went out to do their turn. One by one they came back in. Only 2 were naked when they came back in, the other 3 still had their knickers on. One girl looked like she was about to cry. One of the naked girls had a big grin on her face. Both Ella and I thought that she thought that she was going to win.

Our number was called and we went out and on to the stage. The DJ called us over and asked us our names. We both gave false names. Then he picked up a big jug of water and poured it down out fronts. I had expected it to be warm water, but it wasn’t; it was freezing. I looked at Ella’s hard nipples, then at mine.

The DJ announced our names and the music started. It was Katy Perry’s Teenage Dream. We danced like we would on the dance floor for a minute or so; then started teasing the T-shirt over our shoulders and down to the tops of our breasts. I let a nipple ‘slip’ out for a couple of seconds then covered up.

I looked at Ella and nodded. We danced to the back of the stage then did a handstand with our feet about 2 feet apart. Gravity took control of the T-shirts and they were soon round out hands. We both walked on our hands, out of the T-shirts, to the front of the stage. We were both totally naked. The guys loved it. The noise was deafening.

We backed up a bit and turned round giving the audience a great view of our backsides.

Ella was the first to drop over into the crab position. I saw her go and followed. Our open pussies were now facing the audience.

For some reason the DJ walked to the front of the stage between us. Instinctively, both Ella and I followed him, still in the crab position, and slotted one leg from each of us, between his. Our pussies were up against his legs. We both raised and lowered our bums so that we were rubbing our pussies against his legs.

The DJ couldn’t cope, and backed away.

I dropped down onto my wide-open knees and raised my body. Ella followed. With our spread knees and bums on our ankles, we thrust our pussies back and forwards, as if we were fucking some lucky guy.

By this time the music had changed, but we kept going. I pointed to a guy holding a beer bottle and motioned to him that I wanted it. He looked at the bottle, then at me. I nodded my head and he passed the bottle to me.

I had a quick swig then put the top of the bottle to my pussy. The crowd knew what I was suggesting and shouted, “In, In, In.” I looked over to Ella; she was just getting a bottle from the audience.

In the bottle went, right up to the thick part. I pulled it out then put it to my lips and took another swig. Then I put it back in my pussy and fucked myself with it with my right hand and rubbed my clit with me left had.

With an audience like that I came within a minute.

I stayed there with the bottle still in me until Ella had cum and returned to normal. Then we passed the bottles back to the guys who had given us them (I think).

We stood up, turned, and picked up our T-shirts and left the stage.

We were back on the stage with the rest of the girls within a couple of minutes. The others had put their T-shirts back on, even in their ripped state, but we just held ours.

When we collected our prize I turned and wiggled my bum at the audience.

We went and put out clothes on and went to find someone to buy us a drink. A group of half pissed lads started chatting to us and bought us a drink. One of them came out with that ancient line, “I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on.” Then they all tried to talk us into taking our tops off. I decided that I’d play them along to get us some more drinks. I told them that for 2 drinks each we’d take our tops off. They bought them and we did.

We stood there topless, drinking with them and listening to all their old chat-up lines. Each one of them was trying to hit on us and get us back to their hotel.

When our drinks ran dry one of them asked if we’d take our skirts off for another drink. Ella told them 2 drinks. They bought them and we did.

More chatting and bribery to touch us.

We got more free drinks and got groped; and all this in a crowded bar late at night.

Ella looked as if she’d had enough to drink (I had as well). So I told the lads that we were going to the toilet. We put our skirts and tops on and told the lads not to go away.

We did, instead of going to the toilet we went outside and walked back to the villa. About half way there I realised that I desperately needed a pee.

One of the advantages of not wearing knickers and wearing a short skirt is that it’s dead easy to have a pee. There wasn’t any traffic on the road so I stopped and opened my legs wide and let rip. I felt much better after that.

When we got back to the villa, everyone was asleep. Ella and I had to forgo our little tension relief as Sarah was asleep in the middle of the bed. I went to sleep thinking that we must explain to Sarah why we entered a wet T-shirt competition without her.

**Day 7**

We all got up around the same time. Sarah was feeling much better. Over breakfast we talked about what we wanted to do that day. Dimitri had said that he wanted to go to the water park that is up the coast from Faliraki. Everybody thought that it was a good idea so that is where we went.

Before we left we had to decide what to wear in the water park. Both Sarah and Ella wondered if they could get away with pretending to be little kids and staying naked. Everyone thought that Sarah could get away with it if she got the mannerisms right, but most of us weren’t too sure about Ella. With her little breasts she might just be able to get away with it. Ella decided that she’d put on her best ‘little girl look’ and hope that she could get away with it.

Alexi said that I should pretend to be their mother. Great, I thought. Okay, I knew that with my breasts I couldn’t get away with being naked, but maybe I could get away with being topless. I’d have to wait and see. I could always try it and see what happens. We talked about what I should wear as bottoms. Sarah suggested a thong. That sounded good, especially if chose one that was basically just string. Ella suggested that I wear one of my ‘rectangle outfit’ skirts. It would look quite decent when I was stood up, but in the water and when going down the slides, it was unlikely that the rectangles would stay in place. Also, I wouldn’t have anything between my legs so I would feel better. I went with Ella’s idea.

We all agreed that Alexi could get away with being naked, but she wasn’t sure. She was worried that she might see someone that she knew and it might get back to her mother, or school teachers. In the end she decided to wear one of the thongs with the bottom half of the ‘V’ material missing. That way she would look decent until she opened her legs.

Dimitri was the easiest. He would have to wear his swimming shorts; not that I think he would have gone naked even if he could. It was virtually guaranteed that he would be in trouble if he went naked. Society standards in Greece are as stupid as they are in England.

We got ready, walked to Faliraki and got a bus to the water park.

When we got in, we went to the changing rooms. There is a communal locker room; and separate men’s and women’s changing room. We all followed Dimitri into the men’s.

Three men stared at us as we stripped and those of us who were going to wear something put it on. We put our things in a locker and we walked out. I told Alexi that she should talk English all the time, and if anyone said anything to her in Greek she was to pretend that she didn’t understand and come running to me. Ella was listening. To look more like young kids I told them that they’d have to mess about in the kid’s pool some of the time.

The naked Sarah and Ella, and the thong wearing Alexi ran off to the kid’s pool. I was only wearing my ‘rectangle’ skirt. I looked round to see if any other women were topless. There weren’t; but it was early, so I walked after the 3 ‘kids’. Dimitri was already off to the slides.

I found the ‘kids’ playing on the galleon in the kids pool. There were a few other kids and their parents there. All were ignoring ‘my kids’.

I let them ‘play’ there for a few minutes then shouted, “Kids.” They ran over to me.

I’d noticed a couple of little girls looking a bit scared. Each one of them was holding her elbows tight against her sides and her hands at her mouth; and was chewing a finger. I told ‘my kids’ what I’d seen and suggested that they do the same if anyone looked at them and they thought that there might be a problem.

We went to one of the big slides and climbed up the steps. Near the top there was a bit of a queue. People were in front and behind us. Okay, some of the men were checking us out but no one said anything.

When we got to the top there was a young man organising everyone. He looked at us, doing a double-take when he realised that Sarah and Ella were bottomless; but he carried on and set them off down the slide. He looked at my breasts, then at my face and pointed to the lane that he wanted me to use. I jumped on and was on my way down.

Within seconds the rectangles of my skirt were up round my waist. I may as well have been naked. My pussy felt good as it rushed through the water.

At the bottom there was another young man checking that everyone landed okay. He looked at me for a long time, but never said anything. As I emerged from the water, both rectangles fell back into a ‘decent’ position.

We all sat at one of the tables and talked about how things were going. Both Sarah and Ella said that it was great; a fantastic CMNF experience. Some men had stared at them but so far, none of the staff had taken any notice of them. Alexi asked what CMNF was; then said that she was having fun as well. So much so that she was thinking about taking the thong off.

I told them that my perky breasts had attracted a few looks from men; that I wished that I could be as naked as them. Alexi sat that she’d seen one other woman topless.

We then worked out which rides we wanted to go on, made a plan and set off. Two of them were more interesting than the rest.

The first was where you go down a big slide sat in a big inflatable ring. Your butt sticks out of the bottom. Ella was last to set off, after me. When I got to the bottom and off the ring I went over to Ella. She was still firmly in the ring. I think that she’d bent over too much before falling onto the ring. I put my hand under her butt to push her up. I hadn’t planned it, but my fingers landed on her pussy. I pushed my middle finger inside and said, “Imagine that was a stallion’s big cock.”

Ella turned her head to face me and said, “Fucking hell Amy are you trying to make me cum?”

“Yes.” I said.

The second interesting slide was a sort of long, slow rafting ride. Again, you’re in a big inflatable ring but you are going a lot slower. At times you are stopped and bumping into other people. The rings on this one have smaller holes and you almost lay across the top. It was more comfortable and easier to stay stable if you lay with your knees apart. All 4 of us girls had our goodies on display.

Parts of the ride are really slow, so slow that they have staff in the water pushing you to get you moving again. All the staff that we saw were young people, boys and girls, about our age. All of them had a good look at us as they pushed us on. Some of the guys looked quite cute.

The other thing was; we quickly caught up with a group of noisy English youths. They loved seeing us, and I loved their comments. Some were quite rude; those got me wet in a different way. This went on for about 5 minutes; until we got to the bottom.

When we got off the rings I asked Alexi if she was okay. She said that she was, then asked if all English boys were like that. “No,” I said, “some of them tell you what they want to do to you as well.” “They did.” She said.

After we’d been on about 5 of the slides Alexi came over to me and asked for the locker key. I told her that we’d wait for her right there. When she came back she was without the thong.

One of the slides is quite wide and quite slow for a slide. As you go down it on your back, with your legs open, you tend to swing round. My skirt had moved up round my waist and the man on the high chair half way down that was making sure that everyone was okay, got an eyeful of my pussy.

They have this funny slide thing there. It’s like a big breast pointing to the sky, with water running down it. There’s a rope that you can use to help you pull yourself up to the top; then you just slide down the tit. We only did that one once.

As we 4 girls were going round all the slides we bumped into Dimitri. He had met up with a couple of his school mates that I hadn’t met before. They were talking in Greek and pointing to Alexi. She told me that she was going to be talked about when she went back to school.

At the top of one of the slides the man setting everyone going said something to Ella. She did her ‘little girl’ act and didn’t say anything. I was behind her. The man looked at me and pointed his finger to Ella then me; then said something to me – in Greek. I came out with my best (crap) schoolgirl French and said, “Je ne comprends pas le grec,” hoping that I’d said that I didn’t understand Greek. I didn’t want to use English because there was a chance that he might understand what I was saying. The man muttered something then waved us on.

Getting something to eat was ‘interesting’. Ella went and got my purse and we went to the snack bar. It was a bit strange lining up and ordering food wearing only a skimpy skirt; and having 2 totally naked 18 year olds and 1 totally naked 13 year old with me made it all sort of unreal.

We got out pizzas and drinks and sat at one of the tables eating. None of the adults around us were taking any notice of our state of dress. Okay, some of the teenagers, especially the boys, were staring at us at times, but no one seemed to care.

We talked about how it felt being naked in amongst so many clothed people, albeit them in swimwear; and the reactions that we’d all had. All of us agreed that our pussies had been tingling most of the time; and that they’d been wet quite a lot of the time; and I don’t mean with the pool water.

Alexi said that she found it ‘exciting’ knowing that at any minute someone she, or her parents, knew could appear in front of her. She had had a real rush when the 2 mates of Dimitri had seen her. The fear and excitement of not knowing if they would tell their parents, and they tell her parents, was keeping her wet.

It was also the first time that Ella and Sarah had been naked in front of so many people. Both of them loved it. Both said that if they could get away with being naked there, then perhaps they could get away with it in other places. Both wanted to try it. Ella said that she hoped that her breasts didn’t grow any bigger.

Dimitri and his mates found us and I gave them some money to get some food. They went and sat at a table on their own.

As we were eating I noticed this older man, dressed like the other staff members, watching us. He was still watching us when we finished and got up to leave. He followed us out. I’d pointed him out to the other 3 while we were inside. Sarah told me that he was behind us as we walked towards the lockers.

I told the other to go to the kid’s area and act like young kids again; and that I’d go and put my purse away and then join them. We split up and I looked back and saw that he was following the others.

I rushed to put my purse away, and then to the kid’s area. As I got close I saw the man watching the others as they ‘played’ on the galleon and kid’s slides. I stood back and watched him, and the others.

After a few minutes he turned and walked away. I went and got the ‘kids’ and told them that he’d gone. Ella said that she thought that maybe he was security and he wasn’t sure that all 3 of them were young kids; and that he was watching them to see if they acted like kids or adults. Alexi said that she thought that he must be a paedophile. We all laughed and went to go on the slides again.

We did the rounds again a couple of times. There were a lot more people there and it took longer and longer to actually get on the slides. There was also more teenagers and older men looking at us as we queued up; not that we were minded. A couple of times I noticed Alexi holding her arms close to her sides and her hands to her mouth. I guess that she still isn’t that comfortable about being looked at so closely.

About an hour after lunch the 3 ‘girls’ all looked a bit tired; so I suggested that we head for home. All agreed; and we went looking for Dimitri. It took us a good 10 minutes to find him; and when we told him that we leaving, he asked if he could stay. He was happy that he could get back on his own, so he came with us to the locker room to get the key and some money.

We didn’t even go into the changing rooms and got dressed next to our locker, with the odd person looking at us.

We left and went for the bus.

On the walk back from Faliraki to the villa, we stopped at a café and had a big ice cream each. Alexi hadn’t put her thong on and wanted to join in with our tourist flashing.

The waiter got an eyeful a couple of times as well.

Back at the villa we got a drink and went and sat round the pool.

After a while I asked Alexi if I could check my emails again. When I got in there was another message from Katie: -

*Hey Amy, Sarah and Ella,*

*I’ve spent the last 2 nights fucking my little brother something stupid; and the last 2 days giving my Dad some serious flashing and innuendoes. Every time that I get into Tom’s bed he tells me that we shouldn’t; then he tells me to get into different positions ready for him to fuck me. Last night as soon as I got into his bed he kicked me out and told me to go and lean over the balcony. Guess what he did next.*

*Tom’s been spending more time away doing something without the rest of us during the daytime. I’ve been hanging in our room and on the balcony quite a bit. Two reasons; firstly there’s people in the rooms either side and some above that keep looking at me; well I do go out there without any clothes on. Secondly, whenever my parents decide to go anywhere it’s my Dad that comes to my room to collect me.*

*When he came for me this morning to take me to the pool, he was just wearing his swimming shorts. I didn’t know that we were going to the pool so I hadn’t sorted out a bikini to wear (I would preferred to be naked but Mum says that I have to settle for topless by the pool; and wear a top going there and back). Anyway, I couldn’t make my mind up which bikini to wear so I kept putting one, then the next one on, and going to look at myself in the mirror. Dad kept asking why women always take so long to decide what to wear. I felt like saying that I did it because I wanted to dress and undress in front of him as many times as I could; but I didn’t.*

*Anyway, to get from wardrobe to mirror I had to walk passed him. One time that I’d just taken a bikini off by the mirror and was walking passed my Dad, naked; I dropped the bikini top and tripped on it and fell on top of him (he was sitting on the end of the bed).*

*Dad went back onto his back and I was laying on top of him face down. I lifted my head up and said, “I can tell that you’re pleased to be here, can I have a look at it?” I pressed down with my stomach on to his hard-on then slid down onto the floor on my knees. I put my hands on the sides of his shorts and pulled. Thankfully he hadn’t fastened the cord and his shorts came down.*

*Dad said, “Katie, stop it. You can’t do that.” His cock sprang out (a nice one too). There was pre-cum on the end. I put my hand on it and I swear that it got harder. I gave it a gentle squeeze, then before he could do anything I jumped up and onto the bed straddling him. My pussy was pressing his cock to his stomach.*

*“That feels nice doesn’t it Dad?” I asked.*

*“Katie, stop it.” He said.*

*I slid up a bit so that his cock rose up, then down I went. His cock slid into me.*

*“See Dad, I knew that you wanted to.”*

*“Katie, you shouldn’t be doing this.” He said.*

*“Come on Dad,” I said, “I’ve been looking at that big cock ever since I got back from university. It’s been as hard as that since I got home. Either you take viagra every day or you’re pleased to see me.”*

*I rode my Dad until we’d both cum. All the time my Dad kept saying that we shouldn’t be doing it; while reaching up and playing with my nipps. I love dual standards.*

*When I got off the bed and picked up the bikini top I saw that one of the straps had broken. I turned to Dad and told him that I’d have to go down to the pool topless.*

*My Dad got assertive then and told me that I had to cover up.*

*Assertive when it comes to walking through the hotel topless (if only he knew), but passive when it comes to fucking his daughter. Hmmmmmmmm!*

*I put the bikini bottom that went with the ripped top, back on (a thong type), wrapped a towel round me and said, “Let’s go.”*

*Well, I’ve done it! I can get on and try to enjoy the rest of the holiday now.*

*What have you 3 been up to anyway?*

*Love,*

*Katie*

I went and told Sarah that she’d won the bet.

The 3 of us walked into Faliraki that night. We didn’t set off until late so the place was heaving. After earning a couple of drinks each, we walked further on and came to the bar that has the Mechanical Bull. We looked in and saw that it was working. We went and stood at the barriers round it and watched a young man get thrown off the bull.

We went and talked to a group of young men that had tried to talk to us when we went in. Apart from the usual chat, I said that I fancied a go on the bull. Just then a girl went to have a go on the bull and the young men moved us all over so that they could all see more. Ella said that the guys wanted to see if the girl’s tit’s bounced out, or if her skirt rode up. The guys all admitted that they did. I said, “You get us all a drink and I’ll go and have a go.” Well, the top I was wearing was a little sleeveless, thin, crop top and tie front one; and it wasn’t a tight fit. Anyone whose head was down near my stomach would be able to see the bottom of my breasts. The other thing was that the skirt that I was wearing was a little wrap skirt, only held up by little patches of velcro; and the warp part of all my skirts is very small.

Sarah told the guys that if I got on that bull, they’d see a hell of lot more than white knickers (which the girl who was currently on the bull was showing).

One of the guys went to the bar and another went to book a place on the bull for me.

As the bull operator man spun the bull round and bounced it up and down, the girl’s tits spilled out of her top; much to the delight of the guys. Then her skirt rode up revealing that it was a thong, not knickers.

A minute or so later the girl got thrown off the bull in our direction. She was left spread-eagle right in front of us. The guys loved it.

I just had time to have a sip of my drink when the bull operator called out my name. Handing my drink to Ella, I went over. As I went I slid the wrap part of my skirt round to the front and loosened the knot holding my top together. The operator took me to the bull and held out his hands for me to use them as a step to get on. As I lifted a leg to put my foot on his hands the wrap part of my skirt opened so that my pussy was exposed. The operator said, “Wooooa there.” He was looking right at my uncovered crotch.

As I swung my leg over, I felt the warm air on my open pussy; and I’m sure that I gave the audience a good look.

With my legs being spread wide, the front part of my skirt was more of an open inverted ‘V’. My pussy was just behind the rope that I had to hold on to. The operator got hold of that rope and showed me how to wrap it round my hand. While he was doing this, his hand was right in front of my pussy. It didn’t touch it, but it was so close that I was expecting him to touch me at any second. He didn’t, but he did tell me how to hold my other arm out to help with my balance.

As the operator walked back to his controls I looked down at my top. The knot was getting loose. I looked at Ella and Sarah and the lads with them. All eyes were glued on me.

The operator started turning and rocking me slowly. Then he gave me a jolt as the bull went back and forward quickly. I felt my C cups bounce, but didn’t look. I was concentrating too much.

Another quick burst of rocking backwards and forwards and I felt air on my nipples. What’s more, I could hear cheering from the audience. I didn’t need to look.

Round and round the bull went, I started to feel a bit dizzy. How I managed to stay on I don’t know how, but I did.

The bull stopped and I started to feel normal again. I looked down my front and confirmed that my tits were out; and my skirt was open at the front, right up to the top of it. The velcro was holding, but it needed re-fastening.

All of a sudden the bull leaned backwards; right back. I was hanging on, but the rope and my hand were pressing against my pubic bone. I brought my other hand down behind me and pressed hard to give me more support.

The bull tipped forward quickly; and I felt my skirt rip off. My hand that had been supporting me from behind had trapped the back of the skirt, As my body had lurched forwards quicker than my hand had let go, the last remaining part of the velcro gave way. I was naked apart from my top which has round my shoulders.

The operator had no sympathy and kept the bull leaning forwards. Just as I thought that I was going to topple over the front; the bull went back up and round slowly. My balancing hand was out.

The bull started shaking; so did my tits. I could feel them bouncing up and down; and I could hear the cheering.

I think that the operator decided that I’d had enough. He spun the bull fast; and I lost it. I went flying off, landing spread-eagle right in front of a different group of lads. I was dizzy and lay there for a few seconds. When I did try to get up, I stumbled with my dizziness and the fact that I was trying to walk on inflated bags.

I looked for my skirt, which I found at the other side of the bull; put it on; then fastened my top.

I needed that drink when I got back to Ella and Sarah.

The lads were praising my efforts and making all sorts of comments about my tits and pussy. All I could think of to say was, “Well, that was embarrassing.”

When my adrenalin rush started to calm down I realised that Ella was getting on the bull. Ella was wearing a little, loose fitting tube top. She’d had to pull it back up quite a bit as we walked into Faliraki. Her little skirt was made of light cotton and had a zip up the back.

The operator started the bull. Round and round Ella went, then up and down. Her top was sliding down.

Poor Ella went in every direction that the bull would go. Her tube top was more like a belt and her little tits were bouncing as best they could.

“Nice little tits, I’d like to get my mouth round those.” I heard one of the lads say.

I have no idea if Ella lasted longer than me or not; but she suddenly came flying towards us; and landed spread-eagle right in front of us. I could see her spread pussy, so could the lads.

Like I did; Ella lay motionless for a few seconds; then got up, adjusting her top as she did so. She came back to us and took a big gulp of her drink.

Ella got all the expected comments from the lads. One of them put his arm round her bare waist and pulled to him to give her a hug.

I asked Sarah if she was going to have a go; but she told us that whenever she went on things like that she felt ill for hours afterwards. She told us that she can’t even go on rollercoasters for the same reason.

We watched another half-drunk youth try to stay on the bull, but he lasted less than a minute. I think that the operator didn’t like him because the ride was rough from the start.

Another girl had a go. She was wearing a low-cut top and short skirt. It wasn’t long before her big tits sprang loose and wobbled like a couple of plates of jelly. The lads loved it. When she came off, her see-through thong gave the lads more reason to cheer.

I fancied another go and one of the lads went and organised it. I had to wait about 10 minutes because the operator had disappeared.

When my name was called the operator told me that I had good balance, and asked me if I wanted to try it facing the rear end of the bull. What the hell, I thought and nodded my head. Oh, on the way to the operator I’d loosened the knot in my top and adjusted the velcro on my skirt so that it was only just holding, and was at my front.

It was only when the operator gave me a leg up that I realised that the rope that I had to hold on with was behind me. My legs were spread wide over the bull and my skirt had opened at the front. My pussy was being displayed to everyone. As the operator wound the rope round my right hand behind me; I pretended to cover my pussy with my left hand.

The bull started slowly, up, down, round and round it went. The operator started the bull shaking. My left hand had to go out to help me balance. As soon as my hand went out the operator started tipping one end then the other. My top knot came undone displaying my tits.

As rear end went down I lay back and put my left hand behind me. When the front end went down I lay forward and my skirt lifted up. The next time the rear went down and I put my left hand behind me, trapping my skirt. As soon as the rear end got down the operator tipped the front down. My body moved quicker than my left hand by just a second, but that was enough for my body to break out of my skirt. My left hand followed freeing my skirt and it disappeared.

The rear went down part way and I lay back again. This time the operator left me there. I was laid almost horizontally with my legs wide open and my tits pointing to the ceiling. At first I was grateful for the rest.

The bull slowly rotated and I realised that the operator was turning me so that everyone got a good look at my pussy; and I felt my pussy get even wetter. I had this vision of some naked, handsome, hunk jumping off the top of the operator’s enclosure, landing on top of me and getting a hole in one.

I must have done 3 complete turns before the operator suddenly tipped the front end down. I’d relaxed a bit too much and started sliding sideways as the bull started to rotate faster. It suddenly went the other way and I slid back on. The bull was slippery under my butt. Was that my juices?

The operator started shaking the bull and my breasts wobbled. All of a sudden the bull rotated fast and I lost it. Off I went and landed spread-eagle on my back.

It took me a few seconds to get my breath before I stood up. My open top was all I had on. What’s more, I couldn’t see my skirt. As I looked for it I fastened my top.

It took 4 or 5 minutes, with the operators help for me to find my skirt, it had slipped between 2 of the inflatable cushions on the floor.

I walked back to Ella and Sarah and finished my drink, in one go.

The guys were all either compliment me, or cracking rude jokes about me, or telling me what they wanted to do with my body.

When the adrenalin wore off I was tired. I needed to sit down. That was impossible inside the bar so we went outside and sat on the footpath curb.

After a while we decided that we’d had enough and walked back to the villa.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 22 – Babysitting in Greece – second week**

**Day 8**

At breakfast Ella suddenly said that we hadn’t used the body paint yet. She was watching Sarah pleasure herself on the CFM and I guess that she was having nice sexy thoughts.

“It would be a shame to waste it,” I said “How about I go and get it and we put it on now? I asked. Everyone agreed and I went for it and the brushes.

On the way back I thought that I would be a good idea to have a shower first. I put the paint and brushes down and told Ella that I was going for a shower; as we didn’t know how it would react to warm water and soap. Ella said that she’d come with me and Sarah said that she’d be along in a bit.

Alexi hadn’t shown much interest in the body paint when we bought it, but she said that she’d go and have a shower as well.

Dimitri kept eating his breakfast.

When we got back down we talked about what we wanted painting on our bodies. We all agreed that it needed to be simple as none of us have any artistic skills. We then talked about where we were going to go with it on. I said that I wanted to walk through the main drag in Faliraki when there were lots of people about, but not when it was dark. Both Ella and Sarah said that they wanted to walk along the beach. Alexi didn’t care where she went just so long as it wasn’t to school.

We decided on a bit of a compromise. What we were going to do was walk south for quite a way and then back to the villa. Then in the middle of the afternoon we were going to walk into Faliraki, along the main drag; then back along the beach.

That being sorted we worked on what we wanted to ‘wear’ for those walks. Things were made easier when Sarah, Ella and Alexi said that they only wanted bikini bottoms. I thought then said that if they were only having bikini bottoms then that is all that I’d have as well. If we decided to go somewhere where my tits should really be covered then we would have to come back and paint a bikini top on.

That was all too easy. Next we had to decide on the size and shape of these bikini bottoms.

Alexi said that she wanted a smallish bikini that covered her bum. The rest of us just wanted a thong bikini. They had to be reasonable sized thongs so that we didn’t attract any unwelcome attention. I went and got an eyeliner pen and started drawing the outside line of what we wanted. It was easy for the thongs, but for Alexi I asked her to go and get a put on one of her bikini bottoms so that I could draw a line round the outside.

Each of the thongs had a ‘V’ about 2 inches across the top, at the top of our butt cracks.

I did a bit of a test with the paint to see how long it took to dry. I used Alexi’s backside. Anyway, it dried within a few minutes and we were surprised just how durable it was. It took really hard rubbing to remove it. That being the case we got to work and within about 30 minutes we all had our bikini bottoms. It was fun painting pussies and we had to use lots of paper towel to dry them before they got wet again. Sarah was painting my pussy and I got her to put a thick layer on.

We got a few things together, I let my hair out and we set off. As soon as we got out on to the road, Alexi said that she felt weird. We were going the way that she goes when she goes to school. She had visions of going to school and spending the day naked.

I have to say, I felt really naked. I could hardly feel the paint. As we turned out of the side road, a car was going passed. Alexi’s immediate reaction was to cover her breasts and pussy. Ella told her to relax; that she had to pretend that she had a proper bikini bottom on.

We passed a couple of walking people, not too close, and they didn’t react in any unusual way.

We walked for about an hour, out of the built-up area, along the coastal path, along a couple of beaches and down a road with houses either side. We even stopped at a little beach bar and bought some ice creams. It was only when we were close-up to people that some of them looked at us a bit strangely. I guess that they weren’t sure what we were wearing; did we all have nice camel toes or what?

When we were near the houses I asked Alexi if she’d been there before. She told us that she’d been there a few times with her friends, and a couple of times on family walks. I then asked her if she’d seen topless women there. Alexi said that she thought she had, but wasn’t sure; it wasn’t something that she looked out for.

On the way back we took a route that meant we spent more time walking along the side of the road. There wasn’t much traffic. We had a bit of a heart stopping moment when a police car went passed us and put its brakes on; but it kept on going. Two young men on motorbikes went passed us, then turned round and went behind us, then passed us again. The second and third times they passed us they went real slow.

Back at the villa we had some drink and food and discovered that if we sat down and didn’t wiggle about, the paint stayed intact. We only had a little touching up to do before we set off to Faliraki. But before we left, Sarah, Ella and I went and put our Ben Wa balls in. Alexi came with us and when we got out our little balls she asked us what they were, and what they were for. I explained to her that as we walked along they would move about inside us, knock together and give our pussies little jolts of pleasure. If we moved about enough they can even make us cum.

Alexi was amazed and said that she wanted a pair. I was feeling in a good mood so I let Alexi borrow mine. I explained how far they had to be pushed in, and that she had to use her pussy muscles to stop them coming out. Alexi asked me if I would help her put them in.

Her pussy was already wet as I gently pushed one in. I couldn’t resist it, when I pulled my finger out I gave her little clit a quick flick. She liked that. I gave her the other little steel ball and told her to push it in. When she was done I told her that I’d better check that it was far enough in. I pushed my finger in again and probed round until I’d felt both of them. Alexi was getting wetter. As I pulled my finger out I flicked her clit again. Alexi told me to stop it, unless I wanted her to cum.

As I was now the only one without something in my pussy I got out my diamond butt plug. Alexi saw it and asked me what it was. I told her and she said, “People put those things in their backside?” “Or their pussy,” I added as I squatted down and slid it in. When I stood up I turned away from Alexi and bent over so that she could see the diamond sticking out of my pussy.

As we left the room I told Alexi to remember to use her pussy muscles to keep the balls in. I added that it could be quite embarrassing if one fell out and everyone around looked at you and saw the ball rolling across the room.

We set off, and as we got closer and closer to the busy part of Faliraki we were all getting a bit nervous.

Alexi had had one near mishap with her little balls. She had to stop and push one further back in. She said that she was so wet that she was finding it hard.

Alexi seriously thought about hiding somewhere and waiting for us to get back. We left the decision to her; in the end she came with us. By the time we got to the first busy street my pussy was dripping. We’d already walked passed a few people without any problems; but we were expecting there to be a lot more people in the busy part.

There were. I could feel my heart pounding. I asked the others how they were and they all told me that they were just like me.

Anyway, Ella reminded us that we had to walk as if we had bikinis on; and that we were doing nothing wrong. The confident approach.

It worked too. Okay, we got a few people doing double takes, and a few people openly staring at us; but no one said a word. The confident approach had worked. I wondered what people would have done if we’d been trying to cover our interesting bits; or hiding behind anything that we could find. I suppose that it also helped that there were a few other young women walking around wearing just bikini bottoms or thong bikini bottoms.

We decided that we would walk back along the beach; through the hundreds of people that were there. Quite a few young male tourists looked at us, and I saw one or two that had big grins on their faces; but the rest must have thought that our thongs were made of thin material and were giving us nice camel toes.

We came to the part where we had to leave the beach to head back. When we got back we all sat round the pool and brought ourselves off to get rid of all the sexual tension that had built up. Then we tried to remove the paint. We tried warm soapy water, then straight detergent. Nether worked. We tried soaking in the pool for 30 minutes; but that didn’t work either. In the end we had to peel it off. It was painful.

We started with Alexi. The poor girl was screaming as we pulled the front part off. It was like pulling well pressed on duct tape off the poor girl’s stomach. She didn’t scream as much when we pulled it off her backside but she wouldn’t let us pull it off her pussy. She said that she’d leave it for a couple of days and see if natural skin growth and natural skin oil would make it easier.

Us 3 with thongs weren’t so hard. It still hurt like hell, and was worse than any waxing that I’ve ever had.

We all had red and tender skin when we’d finished. So much so that we spent a good hour or so in the pool.

We didn’t feel like going out that night so we watched some DVDs until about midnight. I’d got some energy back and asked if anyone fancied going for a walk. Alexi didn’t, but Ella and Sarah were up for it.

“Okay, let’s go!” I said and started walking to the door.

Ella shouted, “Amy, we need to put at least a skirt on.”

“No we don’t” I said, “Let’s go like this, it’ll be more fun.”

Ella and Sarah followed me out of the door.

We walked right to about 100 yards from the main drag in Faliraki before we saw anyone. We hid behind a parked car while they passed. I’m surprised that they didn’t hear us and come and investigate; as we were giggling and whispering.

We got right to the end of the side road. We were about 10 feet from the main street with people walking by. At that time of night, most of them would be well lubricated and maybe would even realise that we were naked, even if we were stood right in front of them; not that we intended to do that.

We could see a road going off the other side of the main road; it looked as quiet as the one we were on. We decided that we were going to cross the main road and hoped that we’d picked the right moment.

We 3 naked girls stepped out of the relatively dark side road onto the bright main road and walked across it. We’d already decided that we’d walk as if we were fully clothed. We had to look as if we were doing nothing wrong.

My heart was pounding and my pussy was dripping as we got into the bright lights. I slowly looked left; there was no one for about 10 yards. I looked right, shit, 2 couples were right there. One of the men said, “Fucking hell.” One of the girls said, “Lost something sluts?”

“There’s a fucking good party going on down there.” I said, pointing to where we’d come from. One of the couples turned left towards where I’d pointed, the man in the other couple stared at us as we walked.

It took less than a minute for us to cross that road. As soon as we got somewhere dark, I finger tested Ella and Sarah. Both were as wet as I was. I leaned back on a car and frigged. Both Ella and Sarah did the same. When I’d cum I said, “Fuck, I needed that.” After a minute or so, Ella said, “So did I.” Sarah was last to cum the she said, “Shit, that was good.”

We started walking down the deserted road. We guessed that if we turned right, then right again, we would be back somewhere that we recognised. We looked at the buildings that we were passing. They were shops; we were on a shopping street.

We turned right to be confronted by a young man staggering down the middle of the road. As soon as we realised he was drunk we kept walking. The man saw us, but it took a few seconds for it to register that we were naked. He stopped and stared at us and was mumbling something incoherent. As we walked passed him, his head followed, but his body didn’t. He fell over.

We came to another brightly lit road, but it wasn’t as noisy. I had a quick peek from behind a parked van. No one! I waved to the others and walked out. Looking back for the others, I collided with something and ended up on the ground. So did another drunk man; right on top of me. He rolled off me, looked at me, and said something about him being in heaven.

Ella and Sarah pulled me up and we ran. We were well into the dark street before we slowed down to a walk. Sarah asked me if I was okay. I did a quick mental check for any pain and told her that I was okay.

Ella said that she’d had enough excitement for one night and we headed back to the villa.

**Day 9**

Dimitri was up and out before we emerged.

Alexi was the last to come down and she had managed to get the rest of the paint off.

We were sat round the pool eating breakfast when Apollo wandered over and sniffed at us. Sarah asked Alexi what it was like to get fucked by a dog. After getting over the shock of the question, and the blushing, she said that she’d never had sex with a man so she had nothing to compare it with; but she’d enjoyed it.

I asked Sarah if she wanted to try it. She said that she did, and so did Ella. I said, “Well that makes 3 of us.” Sarah then asked Alexi how she first got Apollo to fuck her.

Alexi told us that we should get on our hands and knees and that she would get Apollo to come and sniff us. Natural instincts would take over and he would probably mount one of us. Sarah said that as all 3 of us wanted to try it, we should all get on our hands and knees and see what happens.

I said that I wanted to go to the toilet before we started, and went off inside. Needing the toilet was an excuse. I went to the fridge, got out the jar of honey and smeared some on my pussy; then went back out.

All 3 of us got on our hands and knees in a line and Alexi brought Apollo over to Sarah first. Apollo had a good sniff and licked her pussy causing her to moan. Before Apollo could decide if he wanted to fuck Sarah, Alexi took him to Ella. She too moaned as Apollo licked her pussy.

Alexi brought Apollo to me. His licking felt good; and Alexi had a bit of trouble getting him to leave me. She took him over to the back door then let him go. He came straight to me and started licking my pussy again. His tongue was rough, but nice.

Just as I thought I was about to cum, he stopped licking. Just as I thought he was going to leave me, he climbed up on me. His claws hurt as he put them on my back then slid them round my hips. I felt his warm cock rub all over my pussy and butt. Alexi bent down, held his cock and pointed it in the right direction.

It wasn’t the biggest cock that I’ve had in me, but it certainly was the warmest. I felt Apollo start to cum, hot cum, and his cock felt like it was getting bigger. He stopped thrusting and just lay there. I turned my head and told him to get off me; and I tried to push him off. He growled at me. He was scary so I decided that it would be best if I just stay still.

After what seemed like an eternity I felt his cock shrink and he got off me; and went over to the wall and lay down.

As I got up, Ella asked me how it was. “Interesting,” was the only word I could think of; and told her that she should try it. “I would, but I don’t think that Apollo’s up to it at the moment.” Ella replied. “Next time when Apollo is around, you and Sarah get down on your hands and knees and see which of you he wants to fuck.” I added.

We decided to spend the day on the beach in Faliraki. We thought that it would be nice to have lots of young men purving at our virtually naked bodies. I say virtually because if we had gone totally naked we could well have got arrested. Alexi wasn’t too keen on coming with us at first, but when we told her that 99% of the people on the beach would be foreigners then she changed her mind. I think that she didn’t want to be caught on the beach, wearing just a thong, by adults that she or her parents might know.

We thought that it would be more fun to go naked under our skirts and then change on the beach.

We packed a bag with a few thongs, towels etc. and were ready to leave when Ella asked if we knew what time it was. It was only mid-morning. We didn’t want to get to the beach before there were lots of people there. We wanted to be seen, especially by young men. We had a couple of hours to kill.

Alexi decided to use the CFM and give herself a long slow fuck; while the rest of us jumped in the pool.

We’d been in there for about 15 minutes when Sarah spotted the couple in the villa next door. They looked like they were moving pool furniture around. About 10 minutes later they were joined by 4 men and another woman. Some of them were sitting and talking, while others were standing and talking.

Some of the men were looking over towards us. I guess that they could see that we were topless as we jumped up and down in the pool. From where they were standing and sitting they wouldn’t have been able to see what Alexi was doing.

I got out of the pool and walked round the pool. As I got near the wall between the 2 villas, one of the men came over to say hello. As I’ve said before, the walls are only about 4 feet high so he would be able to see all of me.

It turned out that all of them were Scottish so there wasn’t much of a language problem. He told me that there were about 15 of them meeting there before going off on a cruise down the coast.

As we talked some of the other men came over; and so did Ella and Sarah. More people arrived and more of the men came over to join us. There were about 6 men talking to 3 naked girls, over the garden wall.

One of the men was looking behind us. I hadn’t thought about it, but when they were by the pool they wouldn’t have been able to see what Alexi was doing; but stood against the wall they could see her, and what she was doing.

Alexi was in a little world of her own, pedalling away and playing with her nipps. She was totally oblivious to what was going on around her.

The man that had spotted her was just staring at her. I waved my hand in front of his face. He looked at me as I said, “Great machine that, exercise and pleasure at the same time. We take it in turns to use it.”

“I wish that they’d develop a machine like that for men.” He said.

“It is fun watching her though, isn’t it?” I said.

He didn’t answer. By that time, just about all of the men had seen Alexi and were stood quietly watching.

One of the young women came over. When she saw what the men were looking at she just watched, with a grin on her face. She said to me, “Where did you get that from, I want one.” I told her that we’d found it in the garage. “Lucky you,” she said; then she told the men that it was time to leave. She had to prod a couple of the men to break their concentration; and the whole lot of them left.

We went back in the pool. A bit later Alexi joined us and Sarah told her that she’d had an audience. Alexi looked towards the next door villa and saw no one. “Are you teasing me?” she asked. It took us a while to convince her that it had actually happened. When she finally accepted it, she went bright red. She said that being seen naked was one thing, but to be seen fucking herself with a machine was something else.

Alexi asked if she could borrow my Ben Wa balls for going to the beach. No one else had thought of wearing them until Alexi asked me. I said that she could and we went upstairs to sort out what we were going to wear (inside and out). Alexi had my Ben Wa balls so I put my remote vibe in and gave Alexi the control. She went to put it in the bag of our things and gave me a quick blast to prove that the battery wasn’t dead. I wasn’t expecting it and I screamed. Ella asked me if I was okay. I just said, “Oh yes!” Ella and Sarah wore their Ben Wa balls. I thought that it would be fun letting the sun reflect off the fake diamond in my butt plug as I lay on the beach, so I put that and the strapless bikini bottom into the bag.

Wearing our skimpy skirts and tops on our outsides, we set off and decided to stop at a café for a drink and a bit of pussy flashing. We had the little race to see who could sit in chairs that faced the tourists walking by.

Alexi was carrying the bag of our things and she kept sneaking her hand in to it and giving my remote vibe a quick blast. I was expecting her to do it when the waiter was giving me my drink, but I still jumped and gasped when it happened. The waiter gave me a funny look.

We managed to get a couple of nice reactions from passing tourists. Two youths who spotted Sarah’s pussy turned round and went for another look; what’s more they got an eyeful of Ella’s pussy as they went back; then another look at Sarah’s as they went in their original direction. The thing was; they were so obvious with their staring. I was watching them, watching Ella and Sarah; they pretended to read the café’s menu just so that they could get a longer look.

Just as we were getting to the beach, Alexi told us that she needed to stop for a minute because my Ben Wa balls were getting her close to cumming.

Both Ella and Sarah grabbed an arm each and kept Alexi walking. She came as they were walking in amongst the crowds to the water’s edge. Fortunately she kept it quite quiet and didn’t attract any attention.

We walked along the water’s edge looking for a spot near a group of lads who we could tease. It didn’t take long.

I’m sure that at least one of them spotted us walking in their direction; and by the time we dropped our bag, most of them were watching us.

We made a big deal of spreading out our towels, bending over and squatting down. I’d be surprised if any one of them hadn’t seen at least one of our pussies by the time we sat down.

Off came our tops and we heard a couple of rude comments from the lads. We sat and quietly discussed how we were going to change from skirts to thongs. We all agreed that we wanted to swap thongs during the day, so that we could have different exposures at different times.

Ella said that she wanted to wear the strapless bikini bottom for starters. She got it out of the bag, lifted her butt up, and slid the shaped lump of plastic into place and sat down; giving a satisfied sigh as she impaled herself on the little dildo part. She turned to me and told me that plastic had just met metal and that it felt good. Then she took her skirt off. She stood up and made minor adjustments to the position of the bikini; then sat down again. All that time, my eyes were watching the youths; who were watching Ella.

Sarah and Alexi were both rummaging around in the bag looking for which thong to wear. As Sarah leaned over I could see most of her backside. I guess that the youths could see it as well. Both of them decided to wear one of the thongs that have the bottom part of the ‘V’ of material missing. Sarah held the one that she’d selected, up in the air and had a good look at it; then she lifted her feet and pulled it up her legs.

Next she got onto her knees and pulled the thong the rest of the way up. As she did so, her skirt got lifted. I playfully slapped her butt. Sarah took her skirt off and lay down on her back.

Alexi was a bit more discreet, shuffling the thong up her legs and raising a cheek at a time to get the thong into place. The she took her skirt off. All that without getting up.

Sarah passed me the bag. I decided to wear one of the thongs that is basically 2 pieces of string; one goes round, and the other under. I slid it up to my knees then got onto my knees. I was facing the youths. Unlike Sarah, I took my skirt off first; leaving me looking like I was totally naked; then pulled the thong up. The ‘string’ that goes under disappeared in between my lips as I lay down, face up.

We lay there for about 30 minutes, talking about everything and nothing. Alexi had got the remote control out of the bag and occasionally gave me a quick blast. She gave me the impression that she wanted to me to ‘suffer’ for quite a while.

Sarah and Ella got a bit restless and decided to go for a walk. They weren’t gone long. When they got back Ella said that the strapless bikini bottom wasn’t that comfortable to wear for walking; it rubbed the top of her legs. She also said that the dildo part had been pushing against her balls and got her really worked up.

Ella looked in the bag to see what thongs were left. She got out one of the ones with all the material of the ‘V’ missing, sat down and pulled it up her knees. She lay back and eased the strapless bikini out of her pussy and held it up to look at it. I could clearly see the shiny dildo part; so could anyone else who was looking. She put it in the bag and pulled the thong right up.

Alexi asked if anyone wanted some suntan lotion rubbing on. We all said, “Yes.”

Sarah was nearest so Alexi knelt next to her and started on her legs. She worked her way up each leg. Sarah’s legs opened as Alexi got to the top. Alexi rubbed the side of her hand against Sarah’s pussy. Alexi did the same on the other leg.

Alexi shuffled up a bit, squirted the lotion onto Sarah’s chest; and rubbed it all over; paying attention to Sarah’s nipples. More lotion went on Sarah’s stomach and Alexi massaged it in. Alexi took her time rubbing lotion on Sarah’s pubic bone and pussy. She slid her hand under the thong and down to her pussy. I heard Sarah moan and guessed that Alexi had fingered her.

Alexi told Sarah to turn over and started at the top of Sarah’s back and arms. Alexi left Sarah’s backside to last, the paid special attention to her cheeks and in between the top of her legs. I heard Sarah moan again.

Alexi moved to Ella and repeated what she’d done to Sarah. Ella moaned a couple of times as well.

It was my turn, but before she started on me I looked all around. Not only were most of the youths watching, but others were as well; including some girls.

Alexi turned the remote vibe on and left it on slow the started on me. Her hands felt good. She wasn’t as good as the masseuse a few days ago, but she was good.

Alexi squirted the lotion onto my breasts, left most of it there, looking like blobs of man cum, as she massaged my arms. Alexi started on my left breast and gave it a really good massage. She teased my nipple then rubbed it between finger and thumb, hard. Then she did my right breast; doing exactly the same.

When she got to my stomach she lifted my thong out from between my lips, and slid her hand down. Her finger went in and I nearly came. As her finger came out she pressed it against my clit; I nearly came again. She pulled the thong up so that it disappeared between my lips again.

Alexi slapped the side of my thigh and told me to turn over.

Slightly disappointed, I did so. As Alexi rubbed the lotion on my legs they opened, giving her access to my pussy. She didn’t waste the opportunity and as her hands slid up the back of my thigh, the inside hand hit my pussy and her index finger pushed the thong out of the way and went in a little bit. She did the same with my other leg.

Ella said that she wanted to put lotion on Alexi, got up and told Alexi to lie down. Ella squatted next to Alexi and got to work. Ella didn’t look very comfortable, and I could see her pussy poking through her material-less thong. As Ella got to Alexi’s pussy (front and back), Alexi moaned louder and longer. Perhaps Ella was properly finger fucking her.

We all lay back and soaked up the lovely warm sun with the vibe inside me, still on tick-over.

After about 15 minutes I heard someone say, “Hey there!” I opened my eyes (I was on my back) and saw that it was one of the youths from the nearby group. He was looking down at our virtually naked bodies. Some of us had our legs slightly apart.

“My mates were wondering if you’d like to come and join us; we’ve got some beer and they’d really like to meet you.”

I looked over to his mates and saw them all looking our way; then at my friends. They were all looking at this youth. I decided to play it a bit polite, and a bit cool, and said, “Thank you for the offer, we’ll discuss it and see how we feel.”

I felt the vibe go into top gear. I gasped a bit and clenched my fists.

“So where are you all from?” Ella asked the youth. He told her as he looked down at her exposed pussy. Ella said, “Amy comes from that part of the world too, don’t you Amy?” Everyone looked at me, the youth as well. I tried to hold it, but I couldn’t. I started to cum; shaking and moaning, I looked up at the youth. He hadn’t a clue what was happening.

Alexi said to the youth, “We’ll discuss it and let you know.” The youth took the hint and left. Alexi looked at me and said, “Nice was it?”

We had a quick discussion and decided that we would go over to them. If any of us wanted to leave for any reason we would say, “Are we going to have a go on that mechanical bull again tonight?”

I told them that before I went over I had to get that ‘wonderful’ vibe out of me. I turned to Alexi and said, “Get those balls out Alexi, here and now.”

Alexi turned on her back, sat up, covered her pussy and delved in for the balls. Meanwhile, I’d sat up, removed my thong and got the vibe out.

I gave the remote vibe to Alexi and told her to put it in. She did; then moved the skirt that was covering her lap. I put the Ben Wa balls into our bag and got out my butt plug. I asked Ella if she would swap thongs with me. I told her that I wanted to make sure that my diamond was on display. Ella agreed and sat up, slipped her thong off and we swapped thongs.

I pushed the butt plug in and slipped the thong on. I looked down at my pussy. I could see all of it because of the lack of material in the ‘V’ of the thong. My diamond was showing nicely.

Four virtually naked girls were walking into a group of young men who were probably on holiday in Faliraki with the sole intention of fucking as many girls as they could. I felt a little rush of juice.

The youths welcomed us and gave us a beer each. We talked about all the expected subjects then one of them said that he liked our thongs. That made all the lads look at the nearest pussy (not that many of them weren’t already). I got another rush. I looked at the front of the shorts of all of the youths; all of them had a hard-on. One of them asked me if I’d got a ring in my clit. I pushed my pussy forward and opened my legs a bit.

“Is that a diamond? And how is it staying there?” another one asked. Another said to his mate, “It’s on the end of a dildo, it’s got to be.”

I looked down at their crotches again and said, “I can see that you all like our bikinis; and my diamond.” Two of the youths hands moved to cover their crotches. Alexi giggled.

One of them said, “Right, that’s enough of the small talk, we want it, you want it, so let’s go back to our hotel”

“Nothing like being up-front.” I said, “Tell you what, we’ll go for a walk and think about it. If we come back to you then you’re on. If we go back to our towels then sorry, you’ll have to find some other girls. There’s plenty about. Oh Sarah, are we going to have a go on that mechanical bull again tonight?”

The lads looked blankly at us. Sarah, Alexi and Ella understood and we turned and walked off.

We walked to the water’s edge and along the beach. Ella was a bit pissed because she fancied one of the lads. I said that I fancied one of them as well, but it wouldn’t have been fair on Alexi. She might look old enough, but it wasn’t right for us to put her in that position. Alexi said that she wanted to go with them; that she wanted to get properly fucked. I told her that I understood what she was saying, but this wasn’t the right time; and they definitely weren’t the right guys.

There was a long silence then Ella looked at Alexi and said, “Amy’s right, flashing your goodies to everyone is one thing, but there’s a right time and place; and this isn’t it. Talking about goodies; look at him over there.” Ella pointed at a really cute guy.

We walked a fair way along the water’s edge, then back. We saw a few guys checking us out and Sarah said that her balls were getting her randy.

We walked back to our towels and lay down, without looking at the youths.

I lay on my front with my legs open so that anyone passing would be able to see my pussy and diamond. I hoped that the sunlight would catch it and sparkle to attract attention. Alexi was laid next to me on her back, but up on her elbows; again with her legs apart (but not as wide as mine), with her sunglasses on. She was giving me a running commentary of people who were walking passed and looking at us.

After a while I remembered that Alexi was wearing the remote vibe. I reached for the bag, got the control out and gave Alexi a quick blast. She screamed loud enough for me to look round to see if anyone was looking at her. No one was so I turned it on low. Alexi looked at me and said, “What the fuck was that?” Alexi told me that although she’d seen a vibrator before she’d never felt one, least of all a remote controlled one inside her. She told me that she liked what she was feeling.

I turned it up and down and watched Alexi’s face. Yes, she was enjoying it. I left it on low and asked her about the people walking by. She started telling me what was going on, but I could see that she was getting close. I turned it off.

“Amy, please?” Alexi said. I said, “Not yet.”

I left it for a few minutes then turned it on to low again. Alexi gasped; then smiled.

I left in on again until she looked close; then turned it off.

I did this 4 times then decided to let her cum. I waited until 2 youths walked passed. They’d obviously seen us from a distance and decided to walk passed close to us. The youths got to within 4 yards of us when I turned the vibe up to full. Amy gasped again and then started shaking. Her legs were jerking up and down, her stomach was wobbling and her head was rolling round. What’s more, she was shouting, “Yes!” and “Fuck!”

People were looking at her; especially the youths. I wondered if they know what was happening.

Ella put out her hand and held Alexi’s hand.

Alexi’s orgasm went on, and on, and on. In the end I decided that I had better turn the vibe off.

As Alexi came down from her high she looked at me and said, “That was the best; I’ve never had one so intense.” I smiled at her.

When Alexi was able, we all ran down to the sea and dived in. It was cold, but good.

We picked our moment and came out of the sea right in front of a group of lads that were walking passed. My nipples were rock hard.

We lay on our towels and dried in the sun.

About an hour later we decided that we wanted an ice cream. We walked through the crowds in just our skimpy thongs. I really enjoyed all the people watching us. We didn’t know exactly where we were going and it took us a while to find somewhere. Both Ella and Sarah were finding all the walking on the sand ‘interesting’. They were still wearing their Ben Wa balls.

The girl selling the ice creams looked us up and down as she served us. Alexi didn’t speak while we were there so the girl didn’t know she spoke Greek. The girl muttered something in Greek and then smiled at us. As we left Alexi told us that the girl had called us English sluts. We laughed.

We had real trouble finding our towels. We must have walked for about a mile before we finally found them. In that time both Ella and Sarah had an orgasm brought on by the little steel balls.

We collapsed on our towels and did nothing for 5 minutes; other than notice that the group of lads that had tried to hit on us earlier, had gone.

When I started to get some energy back I got a bottle of water out of our bag, had a drink and passed it round. After it had done the rounds I put it back in our bag and got the remote control out. Alexi hadn’t seen me.

I waited a minute or so then turned it on. Alexi had been relaxing as was caught by surprise.

“Arrrrrgh,” she said as she got the first jolt. “Slowly please.” She begged.

I let the vibe slowly bring her up. Just as she was showing signs of getting there I switched it off.

“Please Amy,” Alexi begged.

I teased her for a good 15 minutes then decided she was going to have to wait. I put the remote in our bag and stood up; then pulled Alexi up. I told her that we were going for a swim. To protests of me being a rotten bitch, I dragged her into the sea.

We didn’t stay there for long; then went and lay to our stomachs.

Ella and Sarah went for a swim. I waited for a few minutes then got the control out.

I teased Alexi again.

On, off, on, off; I went. The poor girl must have been in hell. All of a sudden I heard,

“Alexi, stop playing with yourself!” It was Ella. I got up on my elbows and saw that Alexi had opened her legs and slid her hand (the one on her side away from me) underneath her stomach and was playing with her pussy. “Good for her;” I thought and turned the vibe on to full.

Alexi grunted, started twitching and reached her goal.

After she’d calmed down and got her composure back, she turned to me and said,

“Thank you Amy.”

I too had been lying with my legs apart and the sun was heating the metal casing round my diamond. I had to go and have a quick swim to cool it down. As I was walking back I saw that a middle-aged man had laid out his towel about 3 yards from the feet of the others. He was lying on his stomach, resting on his elbows, and having a good look up the legs of Alexi, Ella and Sarah (they were also laying the same way having a good chat). Their legs were slightly apart so the man was able to see the 3 pussies.

I walked right passed the man to the others and told them that a man was perving at them. Alexi closed her legs, but Ella and Sarah both opened theirs a bit more. I put on my sun glasses then lay down next to Alexi, on my back, up on my elbows and with my legs open, watching the man, who had noticed my diamond.

I wondered if he’d dug a little hole in the sand for his bulging cock before he had spread out his towel so that he would be more comfortable when he lay down.

I asked Alexi why she’d closed her legs and she told me that it was what her mother had always told her to do. I asked her if she always did what her mother told her, then said that I get a thrill out of teasing men, it makes me feel horny.

I reminded her that only a few minutes ago she’d had an orgasm, right there, on a public beach with lots of people all around, with goodness knows how many of them watching her; and that she was only wearing a next-to-nothing thong.

Alexi said, “Yeah, what has my mother got to do with it. I’ll do what I want to do.”

She opened her legs a bit.

The man kept watching us so I thought that I’d give him a better look at my puss. I turned over and got onto my hands and knees with my backside facing him. I had my knees open. With the material of my thong being non-existent, my pussy was nicely framed by the strings. I looked through my knees as one of his hands slid under his waist. I imagined his hand gripping a nice hard cock.

I stayed like that for a few minutes, talking to the others and waggling my bum. The poor man must have been real frustrated.

We 3 English girls started feeling like we hadn’t had enough suntan lotion on, so we decided that we’d better head back to the villa. On the way I teased Alexi with the remote vibe. At one point she had to stop when her legs trembled. We sat her down while she recovered.

I teased her some more.

When we got to the villa we shed our thongs and jumped in the pool. It felt good.

Later, I asked Alexi if I could check my emails. There was another one for Katie in my InBox.

*Hey Amy, Sarah and Ella,*

*This holiday isn’t turning out too bad. First I fucked my brother (still am – every night); then my Dad. Now I’m getting out without my parents and flashing my goodies to unsuspecting holidaymakers.*

*I’m wearing my sunglasses a lot, and carrying a book that has had the same page read a hundred times. There’s lots of cafés and all of them have tables outside. I’m sure that I don’t have to fill-in the rest of the details.*

*Sometimes Tom comes with me. He’s starting to get used to my exhibitionist tendencies. He doesn’t understand them, but he’s living with them. Why wouldn’t he, he’s getting laid every night; and again in the mornings sometimes.*

*Another good place for some fun is the seafront. Everyone walks up and down this every day. Along the sea side is a wide, 2 tier wall that’s about 3 feet and 4 feet high. I sit on the 4 foot high part with my feet on the 3 feet part. When I open my knees and pull my skirt tight across my thighs, my puss is on display to anyone who looks. The other afternoon I was sat there pretending to read my book when a group of young men saw what they could see. They stood a couple of yards from me and discussed the details of my pussy amongst themselves. They even discussed how it was getting all wet and shiny. All the time I was pretending not to see or hear them; and getting as horny as hell. When they finally left I had to rush back to the hotel and take care of myself. It was a shame that Tom or my Dad weren’t there.*

*I’ve had an email from Kailene, she sends her love, and tells me that Brooklyn, Leah and Zoe are back at uni and have been watching the video of our routine. They’ve been to the gym and have been practicing. Brooklyn tells me that she’s finding the standing splits a bit difficult. I’m really looking forward to our ‘performance’. I just hope that it’s in front of lots of hunky men. Perhaps a football team.*

*Better go, I’m expecting my Dad to come and collect me; we’re going to a little restaurant for diner.*

*Love,*

*Katie*

That night we had a quiet time; we all went to a quiet Greek locals bar and had a few drinks. We didn’t even do any deliberate flashing; but with us girls wearing very short skirts there was every chance that someone will have seen something. We did catch Dimitri trying to look up Alexi’s skirt at one point. He blushed and denied it.

**Day 10**

Apollo chose Sarah to fuck that morning. I don’t think that Ella was mad; not after I told her how I got him to choose me the previous day.

This was before we’d even started breakfast.

Sarah sat eating her breakfast with Apollo’s cum dribbling out of her and through the slats of the plastic chair. We’d told her to remove the cushion before she sat down because we were expecting her pussy to leak.

Dimitri appeared just as we were finishing breakfast. He told us that he was going to the water park with some of his mates.

I put the CFM on my sunbed and gave myself a long slow fuck as we discussed what we were going to do that day. Sarah said that watching Ella and me on the mechanical bull had made her think about horse riding. She never had the opportunity to ride a horse, but had always fancied trying it. Ella said that she wouldn’t mind having a go.

Alexi told us about a Horse Riding Club at the other side of Faliraki. It’s owned by the family of one of the girls in her class. She been there lots of times and thought that she was quite good at it. Alexi said that if we liked she could phone her friend and see how their bookings were.

We all agreed and Alexi phoned her friend. We were in luck; they could fit us in that day.

I got off the CFM and we cleared up and went and got dressed. The 3 of us were back by the pool quite quickly and we had to wait for ages for Alexi. When she did appear, she was wearing a thick top and jodhpurs. Not only that, she was carrying one of those riding hats.

We all laughed but Alexi told us that she always wore those clothes when she went riding.

I put on a serious face and told her that she was the sensible one and we were being stupid. No one in their right mind would go horse riding wearing only a skimpy top, short flimsy skirt and sandals; but we were. One reason was that we didn’t have any sensible clothes with us. The other reason was that we fancied doing the Lady Godiva bit. We had to explain to Alexi who Lady Godiva was.

I told Alexi to put a change of clothing in a bag as we didn’t know if we would go anywhere else afterwards. I suggested that she wouldn’t be happy lying on a crowded beach wearing jodhpurs.

While we were waiting for Alexi we talked about wearing our Ben Wa balls. We thought that it would be good to have them bouncing around in our pussies while we were on the horses. Sarah killed off that idea when she reminded us that our pussies would be spread wide open as we straddled those horses. It could be difficult to squeeze to keep them in; and if one did come out we might lose it forever.

Anyway, we walked to Faliraki and caught a bus to the stables. Alexi found her friend and they were wittering on in Greek. Her friend kept pointing to us and saying something. Alexi came back to us and told us that her friend wasn’t happy with the way we were dressed, but it would be okay if we signed a form saying that they weren’t liable if we had an accident.

We signed the forms.

I asked Alexi if we could take the horses down to the beach. Alexi spoke to her friend then told us that she (Alexi) would be leading us there. Her friend trusted her to look after us.

Alexi took us into the stables and told us to select a horse each. Alexi told us that they were all quite docile so we wouldn’t have any problems. I looked for a male horse. I wanted some strong male meat between my legs. I found one; what’s more, his cock was out and hanging down. It must have been over 3 inches in diameter. Alexi laughed and said that they often got like that. I reached under and held it. It was warm and seemed to be throbbing a bit. Maybe it was my wishful thinking.

I asked Alexi if she’d ever held one. She shook her head sideways. “It won’t bite you.” I said. Alexi put her arm out and held the horse’s cock. After a couple of seconds she moved her hand up and down, wanking him. “He’ll like that,” I said.

Ella called for Alexi. She stopped and turned away. I took over the wanking and started dreaming.

Alexi was obviously enjoying being in charge. She told us that we had to put the saddle on our horse. She quickly explained what to do then got on with saddling her own horse. When she turned round, all 3 of us were struggling. One by one she came round us and helped us do the job.

Alexi then told us to lead our horses outside to the steps to help us get mounted. When we got out there we saw 2 young men that I guess were stable hands. They’d obviously got word that 3 girls in very short skirts were there.

Alexi told us what to do, and she held the reins of each of our horses as we climbed on. Then she led our horses to one side while she got us all on. Then she quickly got on her own horse.

The little audience of stable hands must have got a right eyeful as us 3 knickerless girls in micro skirts lifted our legs over the horses.

Alexi then showed us how make our horse go forwards, backwards, fast, slow, slow down and turn. She also told us that talking to them helped keep them calm; to remind them who was in charge.

We set off at walking pace with Alexi at the back to keep an eye on us all

When we’d got well out of the stables and along a wide path; Alexi came along side each of us and showed us how to go up and down like I’ve seen riders do on the TV.

I asked Alexi if we could go back and swap the saddle for one with a dildo in the middle. She laughed and said not.

Alexi steered us up though a field and into a wooded area. I shouted for everyone to stop; then asked Alexi if we’d be going back the same way. When she said that we were I was naked within seconds. Ella and Sarah followed. I carefully got off my horse and collected the skirts and tops. I then hid them behind a bush and marked the bush with a couple of small rocks and an empty coke bottle that I found.

As I walked back to my horse I saw that it still had a hard-on. I asked Alexi if they stayed hard for a long time.

“Oh yes,” she replied, “I’ve known them to be like that for the whole of my riding lesson.”

Alexi then had to tell me how to get back on my horse

We rode our horses out of the woods and along a wide track towards the beach. Along that track were a middle-aged couple walking towards us. I was the only one who spoke as we passed them. All I said was, “Good Afternoon!”

The beach was only, about 100 yards long and there were a few people on it, none were kids. We rode along the water’s edge, then back, with the water splashing up onto our legs. Alexi asked us if we’d like to do it again, but a bit faster.

We did, with us bouncing up and down. It was a great feeling as my naked butt and thighs came down on the leather. The saddle was wet with both seawater splashes and my juices. At one point I looked down at my breasts as they bounced along. I was really pleased that I have firm ‘C’ cups and not floppy ‘DDs’.

Just about everyone on the beach watched us; but none of them said anything.

Alexi then led us up onto a coastal path. At some time in the past it must have been popular for people to walk along the now deserted path because every 10 yards or so was the remains of a bench for people to sit and look out over the sea.

Alexi came alongside me and asked me if I was okay. I asked her if my horse’s cock was still hard. When she said it was, I asked her if we could stop for a while.

We were near one on the remains of a bench; the backrest was missing and there were only 2 planks left.

We all got off our horses and Alexi tied the reins to a bit of a tree that was near. Ella and Sarah sat on the bench, but I had other ideas. I asked Alexi if it was possible to get my horse to walk lengthways, straddling the bench. She wasn’t sure that the horse would do it, but she said that she’d have ago.

As the horse approached the bench, Ella and Sarah got out of the way. The horse wasn’t sure that he wanted to do it. Alexi calmed it and eased it forward. When it was over the bench I asked her to stop.

Sarah said, “Are you going to do what I think you are?” to me.

“I’m going to try.” I replied. I may well end up with one hell of a bruise, or perhaps worse, but unless I try it I will always regret it.

With Alexi holding the reins and talking to my horse, I eased myself onto the bench, on my back with my head between the horse’s front legs. As I moved in I felt the big cock knock against my leg. I was gushing just thinking about what I was going to try to do.

I put my hand out and grabbed the horse’s cock and lifted it over my leg so that the end of it rested on my pubic bone.

“Now or never!” I said and eased the end of that giant cock to my pussy entrance. It was warm; and as soon as it touched my pussy I felt my juices running even more.

I started to ease it in. I’m happy (I think) to say the horse just stood there and let me do all the work. I got it maybe 4 or 5 inches inside me and was playing with my clit when all of a sudden the horse started shooting his load into me. And what a load it was, it was more like the time that I put a hose pipe up there.

The last time I felt that full was when I was at that erotic art exhibition and I had to impale myself on that 4 inch stone cock.

I lay there waiting for the horse to finish; eased his cock out of me and manoeuvred myself out from under the horse.

I have to say that it wasn’t the most satisfying fuck that I’ve ever had, and I was surprised by the size of his load; at least I’ll be able to say that I’ve been fucked by a horse.

We got back on our horses and continued along the coastal path. We’d only been moving for about a minute when 2 young couples appeared in front of us. They looked quite surprised to see 3 naked girls and 1 girl wearing jodhpurs on horses. The men seemed to appreciate the sight, and the girls looked amused.

I had a smile on my face as I wondered what they would have thought if they’d been walking just a little bit faster.

We came to a flat stretch and Alexi decided that we could go a bit faster. It was then that I discovered just how much cum that horse had. My saddle was so slippery that I had to slow the horse down. I was scared that I might slip off.

We came to a junction in the path and turned off, up towards the hills. We had a quiet walk through some woods and back to the stables. We were just about to turn in to the stables when Ella said, “What about our clothes?” We’d all completely forgotten about them, and had to go back and get them.

The stable hands appeared almost as soon as we arrived, and were eager to help us get off our horses. I’m sure that they got a good look up our skirts; and I haven’t a clue what the one that helped me would think about the slippery saddle.

As we walked out of the place, the 3 of us that hadn’t ridden before all felt that we were walking a bit bow-legged. The inside of my thighs were still wet.

On the bus on the way back to Faliraki we decided that we’d go for a walk along the beach, and maybe have a swim before returning to the villa. Alexi was still wearing her riding gear and asked that we find somewhere for her to change.

“No problem!” Ella said, “You can get changed right here.”

“No, I can’t,” Alexi said, “What about all these people?” There were about 6 or 7 others on the bus. Only 2 of them, men, were behind us.

“No!” said Alexi. But we weren’t listening. We pounced on her and stripped her naked. Getting the boots and jodhpurs was a bit of a challenge; and I’m sure that the driver was looking in his mirror at us.

Fortunately, Alexi took it in good spirit and didn’t scream out. The 2 men behind us were watching, but all the others just ignored us.

When we’d got Alexi naked we looked in the bag for her change of clothes. We found her shoes and skirt, but couldn’t find a top for her. She asked if she could put her riding top back on but we wouldn’t let her. We told her that she’d have to go topless.

Alexi wasn’t happy, so Sarah asked her if she would be happy if there were 2 of us topless. She agreed and Sarah took her top off.

We walked from the bus station to the beach, stopping for an ice cream on the way. As soon as we got to the beach both Ella and I took our tops off as well. We were all now wearing only shoes and skirts. The shoes didn’t last long before being consigned to our bag.

We walked slowly along the water’s edge, searching out the good looking guys on the way.

After a while Ella said that she wanted to cool down. We had a little discussion and decided that if we took our skirts off close to the water and ran in, hardly anyone would realise that we were naked. So we did.

We spent a good 15 minutes splashing around. I washed all the dried horse cum off the inside of my thighs. By that time I think that I was only leaking my own juices.

We decided to get out and headed for the beach. When we got to about knee deep, I looked for our bag. I couldn’t see it; neither could any of the others.

We scanned up and down the beach but couldn’t see it anywhere. We went back into the water to decide what to do.

We worked out that the sea’s current might have moved us up the coast a bit, so our bag might be down the beach out of sight. As we needed to go down the beach to get back to the villa we decided to walk down the beach, in the water, so that our lower halves were hidden.

We set off and I soon got fed-up with walking that deep in the sea, and went to about knee deep. It wasn’t long before the other three joined me.

Fortunately there weren’t many kids there, and those that were there just ignored us. I can’t say the same for the older boys. They had a good look at us; one of them even followed us for about 100 yards.

One time Alexi thought she saw a policeman walking towards us. We all immediately turned and went neck deep in the sea. As we swam on and the man got closer we realised that it was just a man wearing a shirt and trousers the same colour as the cops. We went closer to the shore.

We got closer to the point where we needed to leave the beach and we still hadn’t seen our bag. Alexi was getting worried about her riding clothes; she hadn’t a clue how she would explain the loss to her mother.

We stood around in the sea deciding if we had any option other than running for it. The consensus was that we didn’t. We had to get over the beach and across a busy street before we would get to a street that would be a lot less busy.

We looked all round to make sure that there were no police around; then started walking. We figured that running would attract more attention.

As we got half way to the road we realised that we would have to walk passed a large group of youths. Alexi was a bit scared so we told her to stay close to us.

We got just about every comment that you could imagine; even a few phrases that I’d never heard before.

Alexi was a bit shocked, but okay.

At the roadside we had a quick look each way. Apart from a few holidaymakers we saw no one that might cause us a problem. Then we ran; across the main road and down the side road. We ran for about 100 yards before slowing down to a walk. The rest of the way was along quiet roads. A couple of cars passed us, and one beeped its horn, but that was it.

As we got close to the villa we saw Dimitri turn into the villa; and he had our bag with him.

When we asked him about how he got it he said that he’s been on the beach with some of his friends and he’s recognised it as Alexi’s. He checked inside and found Alexi’s riding hat with her name on it. So he’d brought it home.

We didn’t know whether to be mad at him of pleased with him. Was he a being a caring brother, or had he seen us and decided to play a trick on us. I guess that we’ll never know.

That night we 3 English girls decided that we wanted to get laid. We got cleaned-up and set off. I’d decided that instead of wearing a top and skirt, I would wear 2 tube tops. The ‘skirt’ one just covered my butt, and only covered my pussy to people who were stood up.

We were looking for a group of 3 guys who were reasonable looking and were willing to buy us a few drinks. The first bar that we went in didn’t look promising; perhaps we were out a little too early.

The second was better; lots of groups of lads, some too drunk. We moved around in the semi light, getting groped a bit as we went. There were 3 potential fucks propping up a concrete pillar and drinking from bottles. We went and danced close to them.

I made eye contact with one of them, but he just looked away. He hadn’t a clue what he was going to lose out on.

In the third bar we struck lucky. As we walked in, 3 good looking guys walked in the same door coming from the other direction. We nearly collided; which was a great excuse to start talking. We stood talking for a couple of minutes then one of them decided to go to the bar. He came back with 6 bottles of beer.

We split naturally into 3 couples and were dancing, talking and drinking beer. The guy I was with was quite lively with his hands. It didn’t take him long to have an arm round me and a hand that kept ending up on one of me boobs or a butt cheek (over my ‘skirt’).

I only pushed them off if I thought he was getting a bit too confident, too quickly. I wanted a bit of a chase, not a quick, “wham, bang, thank you mam,” night.

We danced some more and I saw that Ella and Sarah were getting on with their guys okay. One time, relatively early on, Ella was dancing with her guy with her back against his chest. He had his arms round her and up her top.

My guy must have seen them as well because he danced his way behind me and held me the same way. As he went under my tube top and played with my breasts and nipples, my tube top rode up over my tits, letting everyone have a look at them. I could feel his hard-on pressing into my butt. It felt big.

After a few minutes I pulled away, turned to face him, letting him have a look at my tits; then pulled my tube top back over my tits. I had to adjust my ‘skirt’ as well, it had crept up and most of my cheeks and pussy were on display.

We got together with the others and decided to move on, to another bar. As we were walking down the main street, my guy had his arm partially round me, with his hand on my butt. It crept down to my thigh, then back up, under my ‘skirt’.

Of course, my ‘skirt’ rode up, back and front. When I looked down, I could see the top of my crack. If I could see it, then so could anyone else who looked. I didn’t care.

We found a bar that the guys wanted to go in, and they got us all some more beers. We stood and talked and tried to swallow each other’s tongues. My exposed ass was getting massaged. Ella’s and Sarah’s were as well; although I couldn’t be 100% sure as their guy’s hand was under their skirts.

I pulled my ‘skirt’ down as we went to dance. My guy wanted to dance real close straight away. He was behind me, holding me real close as we shuffled in time to the music. One of his hands was massaging my tits, and the other my stomach (above my ‘skirt’). His hard cock felt good against my ass.

I slid both my hands behind me and they met at his zip. Down the zip went, and out came his cock. I wanked him a bit then rubbed his pre-cum all over one finger. I pulled that finger out from between us and held it to the side of my face, where he could see it; then I sucked it.

The guy got ambitious; he lifted me up so that his cock sprung between my legs. I reached down and guided his cock inside me; then pulled my ‘skirt’ down in front to cover my pussy.

He danced a bit, still holding me off the ground with his cock buried deep inside me.

I looked over at Sarah and Ella; they appeared to be having nearly as much fun as I was.

He walked out of the bar onto the middle of the street with me still impaled on him and my feet dangling. He turned and said that he was waiting to see if his mates followed us. They did, but all 4 of them were walking.

I leaned my head back and asked my guy if we were going back to their hotel. He said, “Unless you’ve got anywhere better.”

We got about 100 yards down the road before he lowered me to the ground. It hurt a bit as his hard cock got at a funny angle before slipping out. I turned and put it back in his shorts before pulling my ‘skirt’ down.

We almost ran all the way to their hotel and through reception. In the lift clothes were being almost ripped off. Six nearly naked people left that lift and ran to their room.

What happened next could easily be described as an orgy. The 3 guys on the three beds and us 3 moving round the guys until we had fucked each of them.

The guys needed a rest so one of them got some beers out of the fridge and 6 naked people went out onto the balcony and watched the world go by.

Then it was round 2. We started by getting the guys hard with our mouths. I didn’t let the guy I was with cum; instead I lay on the bed and lifted my legs up and back. He knew what to do and rammed into me.

With more moaning, grunting and swearing, the 3 guys came again.

I needed to cum again so I told him to get on top of me in the 69 position. I took his soft cock into my mouth and he started eating me. He was quite good at it as well.

It took a while before his cock got hard again. He was concentrating on eating me and kept his cock in the same place so I raised and lowered my head so that the whole of his cock was in my mouth and throat. I was glad that his pubic hair was short; I hate getting a hair stuck in the back of my throat.

I orgasmed before he did; but I still kept on throating him. I felt him tense up then cum. I never even tasted his cum; it went straight down my throat.

He rolled off me and I looked round. The others were all just lying there.

We just lay there relaxing. After a while I realised that the guy next to me was asleep. I whispered to Ella and Sarah that he’d passed out. Both of them said, “So has mine,” at the same time. We laughed (quietly); then Sarah said, “Shall we go?”

We found our clothes, got dressed, helped ourselves to another beer; and left.

Out on the street we decided to head back to the villa. That was after a discussion as to whether or not we should go looking for some more fun.

It was my turn in the middle of the bed that night and I had a very relaxing sleep.

**Day 11**

As we were eating breakfast I was looking at the CFM. I had this thought that we could turn it into a 2 girl operation. I thought that it could be set-up to tease a pussy, rather than fuck it. After I’d finished eating I turned the CFM round on the sunbed and pulled a chair to the end. I asked Sarah to sit on the front edge of the chair with her legs wide open. I adjusted the sunbed’s place until the dildo part was touching Sarah’s pussy.

I got on the sunbed and started pedalling. Yes, Sarah could just sit there and let me pedal-fuck her. Good, but not quite what I was originally thinking of. I got off the sunbed and moved it closer to the chair. The dildo was resting along the length of Sarah’s pussy and pointing more towards the sun. I got back on the sunbed and slowly pedalled. The dildo slid up and down the length of Sarah’s pussy, rubbing her clit as it went.

Sarah smiled and said that it felt good. I kept pedalling. Sarah discovered that she could adjust its position by moving her butt on the chair. She begged me to keep pedalling.

While we were having fun, Dimitri appeared. He looked at us, then at Sarah and said, “Can I fuck you Sarah?” Sarah looked shocked and said, “No.”

“Please; Amy and Ella let me fuck them.” Dimitri replied.

Sarah looked over to me and Ella. We smiled.

Sarah repeated her refusal. Dimitri turned to Alexi and said, “How about you sis. Do you fancy a fuck?” Alexi’s jaw dropped; then she said, “The only fuck you’re going to get here is ‘Fuck Off’; go and have a wank Dimitri” Ella and I laughed. Dimitri stormed off.

Alexi looked at me, so I said, “Better that he learns from me than some slut down an alley somewhere.” Alexi thought for a minute then said, “Yes, you’re right, thank you. It’s a shame that your brother Ben didn’t come with you.”

Ella was the only one of us that Apollo hadn’t fucked, so when he came walking round the corner Ella called him over. She gave him a bit of left-over breakfast then shuffled to the front of her chair. She opened the jar of honey, got a spoonful out, and smeared it on her pussy. Then she got Apollo to lick her.

“Ooooow, that’s nice.” Ella said. Apollo kept licking and Ella got more worked up.

Ella looked as if she was getting close when Apollo decided that he wanted to mount her. As his front paws landed on Ella’s chest, she looked a bit surprised and shocked. Alexi pulled him off and Ella got down on her hands and knees.

Alexi let go of Apollo and he quickly mounted Ella who said, “Owww,” as his paws scratched her sides.

Alexi guided Apollo’s cock in to Ella and he started fucking her.

Ella came first, just; then said that Apollo was getting bigger. They stayed like that for a good 5 minutes before Apollo got off Ella; who promptly collapsed on her back.

“That was, errrr, different,” she said.

We weren’t in the mood, or had much energy, so we stayed by the pool; not even clearing the breakfast things.

After about an hour we heard noises and assumed that it was Dimitri doing something. Imagine our surprise when this cute guy came round the corner carrying a long pole with a net on the end, and a tool box.

All 4 of us were naked and lying on sunbeds.

The guy looked at us, saw Alexi and said something in Greek. By that time Alexi was bright red and had closed her legs. Alexi said something in Greek back to him and he smiled; then looked at us 3 again. None of us 3 had tried to cover up, or close our legs.

Alexi and the guy had a short conversation, then Alexi said, “Ladies, this is Andreas, he’s come to clean the pool. I forgot all about him coming today, sorry.”

“I’m glad that you did forget Alexi, he’s quite cute, and does he speak English?” Sarah said.

“Only a few words.” Alexi replied.

“Well don’t let us stop him doing his job.” Ella said.

Alexi had another conversation with Andreas, who then walked on, towards the pool.

Andreas says that he likes English girls Alexi said. “And we like him too!” Ella said.

Andreas got on with his job as the 4 of us watched him. After a while we cleared the breakfast things then started messing about, running around and throwing little things at each other. We could see Andreas watching, but pretending not us watch us.

I swear that it wasn’t planned, but as I ran passed him I collided with him and he fell in the pool. We all stopped and watched him get out. He said something to Alexi in Greek. She laughed then turned to us and told us that he’d said that if he’d done that when he was a kid he would have got spanked.

I said, “Wow!” Sarah looked at Ella; then they both looked at me with evil grins on their faces. “You wouldn’t?” I said; but they did. They came to me and grabbed an arm each. Alexi twigged what was happening and moved a chair over towards me. Alexi told Andreas to sit down; then Ella and Sarah dragged me over to Andreas and put me over his lap. I have to admit that I didn’t struggle much, or complain.

As I went down I could feel Andreas’s cock pressing against my side.

Alexi and Andres had another little conversation in Greek; then I felt Andreas’s hand swat my butt. I wasn’t really expecting it and I screamed a bit. Ella and Sarah laughed and told Alexi to tell Andreas to get on with it.

After about the fifth stroke Ella said, “More; harder.” Alexi translated. The more that Andreas spanked my bare bum, the more the others urged him on.

My butt was hurting and I was close to crying. After about the thirtieth stroke I realised that it wasn’t hurting any more, in fact I was feeling good.

My hand (that wasn’t trapped against Andreas) came up from the ground and went up the inside of Andreas’s wet shorts. As more swats come down on my butt I discovered that Andreas wasn’t wearing underwear. My hand found his cock. I squeezed it then realised that I was close to cumming. Five more swats and I started moaning and shaking; then it hit me. I screamed, loud. So loud that the couple in the villa next door came out to see what the noise was.

Andreas stopped spanking me and his hand rested on my butt. As I started to get back to normal I felt Andreas’s hand slide to my pussy and enter me. I squeezed Andreas’s cock again, and moved my hand up and down his cock as much as I could in the limited space.

I wanted more. I got up and pulled Andreas up. He started to walk towards the villa but I didn’t move. Instead I reached for the zip of his shorts, unfastened them and let them drop. I heard Alexi gasp as Andrea’s cock came into view.

I led him to a sunbed and motioned for him to lie down; then I held his cock and sat on it facing away from him. I looked at the others; Ella and Sarah were smiling and Alexi’s mouth and eyes were wide open.

I rode Andreas until we both orgasmed; me first. As he started to go soft I reached down and fondled his balls and stroked the inside of his thighs until I could feel him getting hard again.

I got off Andreas and offered him to the others. Ella and Sarah weren’t in the mood, but Alexi was. I told Alexi that she was too young to let him fuck her; and besides, we didn’t have any condoms. Alexi wasn’t happy, but she accepted it. She walked over to him, knelt beside him and took his cock into her mouth. When she came up for air she said, “You didn’t say that I couldn’t do that.”

I smiled at her and said, “Go for it girl; why don’t you try a 69?” Alexi knew what to do. She told Andreas to move from the sunbed to the floor; then knelt over him, offering her pussy to his mouth as her mouth engulfed his cock again.

Andreas was good; I almost wished that I’d got him to do that to me.

We watched them satisfy each other; afterwards, Alexi came and sat with us. She said that she was going to see her doctor to get on the pill soon.

Andreas finished working on the pool; had a brief conversation with Alexi, kissed her, and left. As Alexi came back to us she said that she always thought that he was cute.

We got a drink and discussed what we were going to do for the rest of the day. No one could think of anything special that they wanted to do so I suggested that we go to Traganou Beach again; but this time leave all our clothes back at the villa. It is one thing being naked and having some clothes in a bag with you, just in case; but it’s something else leaving all your clothes miles away. It’s a lot more daring, and arousing.

After a bit of debate everyone agreed and we then had to decide what to take with us.

We settled on suntan lotion, money, bottles of water, shoes and towels; that was it. We all agreed that the towels were not to be worn at any time. Oh, one more thing, our Ben Wa balls. We decided that we’d share the three pairs between the four of us, swapping whenever one of us had an orgasm.

Alexi was a bit nervous when we set off, but as soon as we got out of the built-up area she relaxed.

Two youths on motorbikes passed us and turned round and went passed us again (slowly) for a better look. We turned off the road onto the coastal path just after we’d seen them.

There were a few people walking along the paths, but no one said anything. Shortly before we got there Alexi had to stop for a minute, then for another one while she took out the balls and passed them to me.

We spread our towels out at the top end of the beach and improved our all-over tans for an hour or so. To start off with, we were the only people for about 50 yards; but after a while, a middle-aged man came and sat about 15 yards from us. Alexi swears that she saw him wanking at one point. That may have been something to do with the little contest that we had. We decided to see who could cum first. All 4 of us frigging probably had something to do with him wanking; but apart from that we had a quiet time.

We decided to walk further down the beach to find an ice cream. We got to the part near the road where quite a few people were. Some openly stared at us, but again, no one said anything. Neither did the young man in the beach café who sold us the ice creams. I’m pretty sure that he under-charged us, he probably wasn’t able to add-up properly when confronted by 4 naked girls. Poor boy! We were all feeling in a bit of a teasing mode so we sat at a table near the counter and teased the poor boy by opening and closing our legs. I tied my hair back so that he could have a good look at my tits as I tweaked my nipples.

We finished the ice creams and got a bit bored so we headed off back up the beach.

We stopped and spread our towels near where the sea looked more inviting, and ran into the water. We swam and messed about for about 15 minutes then went back to our towels.

After more suntan improvements we had another quick dip then headed back to the villa. On the way we had to stop to let Sarah give Alexi her Ben Wa balls.

As we walked along the costal path we saw 2 young couples walking towards us. By the time they got right up to us we could see that the boys were uncomfortable in the shorts department, so much so that Alexi giggled at them. Just after they’d passed us, Alexi looked back and saw them going down to a little cove. There was no one there when we passed it so we assumed that our little display had prompted a bit of action between them. Alexi wanted to go back and spy on them; but she was out-voted.

As we walked back through the built-up area, Alexi got a bit nervous when we saw a man walking down the street towards us. Alexi told us that he lived just down the road from them. She hoped that he wouldn’t tell her parents what he’d seen. In the hope that we could distract him so that he didn’t see Alexi. I asked Ella to put her arm round me and play with one of my nipples. It may have worked because he was looking at Ella and my breasts all the time.

It was dancing at the club night, so the 3 of us showered and got ready. We wore the same little wrap skirts that we wore for the audition; the tops didn’t matter as we didn’t expect them to stay on for long.

We left the villa in time to get there for 10 pm. The security man on the door had been told to expect us and we were led to a room at the back where we met the club’s lead dancer, Anna. It turned out that she is from Manchester and moved to Rhodes five years ago and started out by seeing an advert for a dancer at a club, just like we did.

Anna asked the usual question about Sarah and didn’t seem at all concerned about her flat chest. She then asked us if we were wearing thongs to dance in. I told her that the manager had told us that it would be okay for us to wear our skirts. I didn’t say, “Just our skirts.”

Anna looked each of us up and down; then said, “They are quite short, I guess it will be okay.” None of us said anything about our lack of underwear.

We were told where to leave our tops and taken out into the club. It was still quiet, but there were dancers on the floor, in cages and one dancing round a pole. Anna told us that she knew that none of us had danced round a pole before and that we’d soon get the hang of it.

Anna told us that 2 of us would take over from 2 of the girls in the cages, and the other 1 would dance round the pole. She’d come and swap us over every 10 minutes or so.

Anna took us to one of the cages first, and pressed a button on a remote control. The cage came down to the floor and a girl wearing just a thong got out. Sarah got in and with another press of a button, the cage went up. As it went up I could see Sarah’s butt, but couldn’t tell that she was underwearless.

Sarah started dancing as Ella, Anna and I went to another cage. Another button pressed and down the cage came. Ella got in that one.

That left me to be the pole dancer. As we walked over to the pole I watched the girl who was already there. She was good. I told Anna that I was worried about losing my grip and coming crashing down. She picked up a jar and told me to rub a bit of the waxy substance on my hands, and my lower legs. She told me that it would help me grip the pole.

When the other girl left, Anna told me to do a few spins round the pole, then try whatever I wanted. She told me that I would soon get the confidence to try some more ambitious things.

And she was right, as soon as I gripped the pole with my hands I realised that I wouldn’t slide easily. I did a couple of spins round the pole then put my hands high and gripped. I could easily lift both my legs and do the mid-air splits, both at the side of the pole and either side of the pole with the pole pressing against my pussy. I was enjoying myself and was totally oblivious to the people watching. I certainly wasn’t thinking about my pussy being on display.

I tried climbing the pole with my legs and feet in the position that I saw the other girl do. I could do it; I was elated. I wrapped my legs round the pole and slowly slid down with the pole rubbing against my pussy. It felt good, but not as good as the knobbly rope in the gym back at school.

I tried gripping the pole high above my head and swinging my legs right up so I was upside down. I wrapped my legs tight round the pole. I wanted to let go with my hands but I didn’t have the confidence. I slid down with my skirt round my chest.

At the bottom I put my hands on the floor into the handstand position against the pole; then wrapped my legs round the pole. I wanted to pull myself up but I didn’t have the confidence, instead I lowered my legs either side of the pole and walked away on my hands as my pussy slid down the pole.

I was just thinking about what else I could do when Anna came over and told me my time was up. I walked over to Anna as another girl took over.

“The boss didn’t tell me that you didn’t wear anything under the skirt. Are the others knickerless as well?” Anna asked.

I asked Anna if there was a problem with that. She said not and added that the punters would love it; that it was a lot more teasing than thongs.

Anna told me to dance on the main dance floor until one of the cages was free. As I danced I watched the girl on the pole and looked for Ella and Sarah. I could see them, but it was a bit dark. I couldn’t see up their skirts and I guessed that anyone standing underneath wouldn’t be able to see that they were knickerless.

The cage that Sarah was in was lowered to the ground and I swapped places with her. As we passed each other I told her not to wear shoes when she went to pole dance, and that it was fun.

Up I went, to about 7 or 8 feet in the air. I started dancing and looking around. I could see Sarah starting on the pole. She looked as nervous as I had been. She kept spinning round the pole with her skirt flipping up in the draught that she was causing.

Sarah started doing similar things to what I did. There were times when I could see her skirt round her chest, but I was too far away to see any detail.

Sarah’s time was soon up and Ella took over. Ella was good. In no time she was spinning round with her legs wide apart in the air. She was good at climbing the pole as well. I could see her face as she slid down with the pole against her pussy. She was enjoying it.

All too soon, Ella’s time was up, and so was mine. Anna came and collected me and took me to Ella and Sarah.

Anna told us that the boss had told her that we had some sort of a dance routine that we’d done for him. She told us to have a 10 minute break then she’d clear the stage and we’d be up. We found a quiet corner and talked. We all agreed that the cage dancing wasn’t much fun because it was too dark. We all enjoyed the pole dancing. I said that it would be good to add it to our cheerleading routine back at university; but as we didn’t know where we would be performing it was a non-starter. Ella asked Sarah and me if we knew of any pole dancing clubs or bars near the university. I said that I might do, and that I’d check it out when we got back.

Anna came for us and took us to the stage. We left our shoes at the back of the stage and Sarah took the lead. We went through everything that we’d done for the manager, and some more. The bright lights were on us and we couldn’t see how many people were watching us; but we could just hear the cheers over the music. They were the loudest when we were rubbing our pussies against Sarah’s legs.

By the time we’d finished I doubt that there was anyone, other than the barmen who hadn’t seen our pussies. It felt good.

As the night went on, we repeated our routine, and had another couple of sessions on the pole and in the cages. We all got more confident on the pole and spent more time upside down and with our legs spread wide.

As the place filled up, the place got darker; but the places where girls were performing got lit up more with spotlights. Some of the spotlights were on walls low down and shining up into the cages. I started to enjoy the cage dancing more as I could hear men below passing comments about what I wasn’t wearing.

At about three in the morning the place closed down and threw the last of the customers out. Anna called us over and told us that we’d got the job on a permanent basis. Our skirts and lack of underwear had been popular with the customers. She told us that we’d get paid weekly as the club closed on each Saturday night.

On the way back to the villa we all said that we wanted to do more pole dancing. We decided to do some research when we got back to university.

**Day 12**

We were late up that morning. By the time we emerged, Dimitri has disappeared and Alexi was skinny dipping. She told us that one of her friends had phoned and invited her round. She said that she didn’t really want to go, but felt that she should. We promised not to do anything exciting without her.

As Alexi was leaving, I called her over and lifted her skirt. She wasn’t wearing any underwear. I kissed her and told her that she was a good girl.

We decided to go for a long, slow walk; got dressed and set off. The pace was slow; we were still tired from the night before.

We ended up walking along the main Faliraki beach. As we’d gone onto the beach we had automatically taken our tops and shoes off; leaving us in just our micro skirts. The ones that fasten with just a small piece of velcro.

About half a mile along the beach we came across a game of volleyball on a properly marked court. We decided to stop and watch for a while and sat on the sand. That part of the beach was reasonably crowded and we weren’t the only ones watching the game.

After a few minutes Ella said, “That’s it, I’ve just realised what’s odd about this game. There are 3 players in each team. I’m sure that there should only be 2.”

“Whatever!” said Sarah.

There was a team of 3 girls and a team of 3 boys. The girls were getting thrashed; losing just about every point. Ella said that we could do better than them.

When the game ended, Ella got up and went over to the lads. When she finally got them to raise their heads and talk to her face, she challenged them to a game. Sarah and I overheard this and I said, “Thanks Ella,” in a sarcastic voice.

The lads looked over to Sarah and me; then one of them accepted the challenge. I wasn’t really in the mood, but my friend had challenged them and I wasn’t about to let her down. The NEWPS ‘team spirit’ and all that.

Sarah and I got up and went over. The lads didn’t see my face; their eyes never went higher than my chest as I asked them how to play the game; what were the rules? One of them finally saw my face and quickly explained the rules.

We got started and it didn’t take the lads long to realise that if we had to jump for the ball, out little, light, floaty skirts would go up and they’d get an eyeful of our goodies.

The problem for them was that if they knocked the ball high, one of us would jump for it. If we missed, which we usually did, there was a good chance that the ball would go out of the court. It wasn’t long before we were leading.

Ella was the first to trip on the court’s edge marking tape. She went flying, landing with her skirt round her waist. The boys enjoyed that view, so did some of the few people that were watching.

A bit later, both Ella and I went for one rally. We collided and fell to the sand. As we fell, something must have caught on my skirt because when I landed I realised that I was totally naked. I pretended not to notice, got up and went to my starting position, expecting the game to start again.

Nothing happened; everyone was looking at me. I said, “What!”

Sarah looked at me and said, “Amy Skirt.” I looked down and said, “Ooops.”

I looked round, saw my skirt and went and put it on.

After that the lads didn’t stand a chance. We beat them easily. We went over to them to thank them for the game; and got talking. This time they managed to look at our faces.

We got our tops and shoes and went and sat with the lads. I sat with my knees up and together; but one of the lads was in front and to my side. It didn’t take him long to realise what he could see.

As he mumbled on, I looked at Sarah; she was sat with her legs out straight, slightly apart. She was leaning back on her hands. One of the lads was sat at her feet. Her skirt wasn’t covering much at all so he must have been able to see her puss.

Ella was flashing as well. She was sat like me, knees up and together; right in front of the third boy; but her feet were well apart. He had a straight line of vision to her pussy.

I was getting wet seeing these 3 lads lust after our pussies and the bulges in their shorts.

Ella suggested that we go for a swim, saying that we all needed to cool down. One of the lads said that we couldn’t because we hadn’t got our bikinis with us. Sarah said that if we’d been somewhere quieter we’d have gone skinny dipping; then said, “Why don’t we go like this?” meaning in our skirts.

Both Ella and I said okay, and we all got up and ran into the sea.

It didn’t take long for us to split off into pairs and start snogging. This got more passionate and hands started wandering.

The inevitable happened and we started fucking. The lad standing there and me floating on my back with my legs round him. The last time that I’d fucked in the sea was in Ibiza, with Ben.

As I lay there with him ramming into me, I looked round at Ella and Sarah. I couldn’t see much of them as they were floating in front of their guy.

All around us, dozens of people were going in and out of the sea. Only a couple were watching us. I guess that they were trying to work out if they were watching what they thought they were watching.

When there are so many people messing about in the sea it’s difficult to know if the scream of pleasure were that, or just people having fun.

Sexual needs satisfied, we got out of the sea. We didn’t want to sit on the sand because it would have got all over our wet skirts. Instead we decided to dump the lads and move on. We said our farewells and thanked the lads for the fun. As we left we reminded them who won the volleyball.

We decided to head back to the villa, stopping for a coffee at one of the bars.

As we got back to the villa we heard people talking and laughing round the back. When we’d left, both Alexi and Dimitri had gone out, so we went to a window and looked out at the pool area. Imagine the pleasant surprise when we saw Alexi and what we assumed to be one of her mates standing by the pool, both completely naked. There were two other girls in the pool that were at least topless.

We left our clothes in our room and went to join them.

As we walked out to the pool, the girls saw us and the three mates all tried to cover their ‘bits’. Alexi told us that she wasn’t expecting us to be there; but was glad that we were. She introduced us then told us that they’d been at one of her friend’s houses and they’d got talking about her English relative and her friends. Alexi had told them all about us being naked most of the time; and about some of the ‘adventures’ that she’d had with us.

Alexi’s friends had told her that they wanted to meet us. Alexi had told them that we wouldn’t be at the villa, but that they could all go there and wait. Alexi put three conditions on it. Firstly that the three of them go and shave off all their pubic hair, secondly that they go there underwearless, and thirdly, that they remove all their clothes when they get there. Alexi told them that if they were going to be at her villa, then they would have to be dressed like the ‘English’ girls.

Apparently there had been a little bit of a conversation about those conditions, but Alexi had won; and here they were.

The girls started to relax a bit and stopped trying to cover-up; not that they’d been very successful anyway.

The English of the other three girls wasn’t as good as Alexi’s so Alexi had to translate at times.

The girls wanted to know all sorts of things about us, about England, about English men, and all sorts of other things. We spent the next couple of hours answering questions either round or in the pool.

We were all sat drinking (soft drinks) when all of a sudden Dimitri and one of his mates came round the corner. It had taken Dimitri long enough to get used to seeing us three and his little sister naked, but to see three of his little sister’s friends naked a well, was something of a shock. He just stood there and stared. His mate was one of the ones that had been round; he too just stood and stared.

As for Alexi’s three mates, well they screamed and six hands went to breasts and pubes. Apparently, Alexi had told them that Dimitri wouldn’t be there.

Alexi tried to calm her mates and I went to Dimitri and told him that either they both get naked, or they disappear. They opted for the latter option. Before they left I told Dimitri that his sister had told us that he wouldn’t be back until the evening. Dimitri said that his mate wanted one more look at the naked English girls before they went back to England.

I escorted the two boys away from the pool and told Dimitri that if they wanted to spy on all the naked girls they should go into the villa through the front entrance; and quietly go upstairs and look out of a window; but to make sure that they weren’t seen.

The last time I saw them, they were heading for the front door.

Back round at the pool things were more relaxed. The young girls were talking amongst themselves and Ella and Sarah looked a bit amused by it all.

I asked Alexi what her mates were saying. She told me that they were horrified that Dimitri and his mate had seen them naked. I asked Alexi to tell them that they now had a sort of power over those boys. That the next time that they saw them they should act all confident and tease them by asking them if they enjoyed the view; and did they want to see more. I could just about guarantee that they would say that they did. Once that happened they have a sort of control over them; and that they could get those boys to do just about anything for them.

The girls looked very sceptical so I told Alexi to tell them to try it; that men will do just about anything for a beautiful woman.

Sarah changed the subject by suggesting a game of water polo and we all ended up in the pool throwing a ball about. I looked up to the windows a couple of times and could just about see a couple of faces watching us. I wondered how many times Dimitri, and maybe some of his mates, had looked down on us.

After a while I asked Alexi if she had introduced her friends to the CFM. She hadn’t, so I suggested that she did. The four of them got out of the pool and we watched Alexi demonstrate how it worked.

One by one, all four peddled themselves to an orgasm while the others, and us three, watched.

Time was getting on, Alexi’s friends left and we got some food ready.

That evening we got ready to go and do our dancing bit at the club again. When we walked there we went a slightly different way. As we passed a bar that we hadn’t seen before we saw a sign that said that there was a hypnotist performing there later that night. It was surrounded by pictures of young men and women doing silly things.

Ella stopped us and read all of the sign. “That looks fun!” she said. Sarah agreed. I was a bit sceptical. Ella said, “Sod the club; let’s go in here instead.”

We actually bought some beers for ourselves as we waited for the act to start.

When it did, I was a bit surprised that it was a woman; not that I have a problem with that.

She started by telling everyone that hypnotism doesn’t work for everyone; you have to be receptive to the idea. She said that she was going to attempt to hypnotise some people from the audience and then tell them to do a few silly things. No one would get hurt or be forced to do anything that they didn’t want to do.

Then she asked for 6 volunteers, 3 men and 3 women. Ella’s hand went up and she shouted, “3 women here.” The hypnotist looked over; then called us up. Sarah said that she wasn’t going, saying that we would need someone to tell us what we had done when we were hypnotised. I said that she had a good point. I would like to know what I had been up to. Ella said, “Okay,” and Ella and I went up.

I have to say that I wasn’t convinced about all this hypnotism stuff; but I was happy to give it a try.

The hypnotist selected another woman and 3 men. She asked us to get a chair each and sit in 2 rows – boys in 1 row and girls in the other; facing each other.

We were then told to sit upright, with our hands on our thighs, eyes closed, and to keep still and relax for a minute.

Next we were told to imaging a large metal box; open it and put all our thoughts, worries, debts, jobs and all our concerns into the box. Then close and lock the box. Then push the metal box to the back of our minds.

We were then told to sit quietly for a minute, thinking only about relaxing.

After the minute we were told to think about each part of our body, starting with our eyes, and to tell it to relax. We were told that by the time we got to our little toes, our body should be like a pile of children’s play dough.

The hypnotist then slowly went through the parts of our head, arms, torso and legs etc. telling us to tell that part to relax.

*Author’s Note*

*At this point the story will continue being told by Sarah as Amy, and Ella, were ‘hypnotised’.*

*V*

The hypnotist told the audience that what she was going to tell the ‘victims’ to do next would determine if the hypnotism had worked. She turned to the ‘victims’ and told them that their right arm was getting lighter and lighter. So light that it would start floating up, right up in the air.

When their right arm was fully in the air they were told to tell themselves that it was getting heavy; and to lower it back to their thighs.

Six arms slowly went up; then fell back down.

The audience were then told that when they opened their eyes, the ‘victims’ would do whatever she suggested that they do. She told the audience that her voice saying, “When I count to five, you will open your eyes and feel refreshed etc.” would bring them out of their hypnotic state; and someone saying, “Put all your thoughts into a large metal box,” would put them back in their hypnotic state.

The hypnotist then started telling them to do silly things like, scratch their armpit, pull faces, stand on their chair etc.

Then the interesting things started.

For starters they were told that would not be embarrassed by anything that they did.

The girls were told to passionately kiss the boy opposite them. Ella must have fancied her boy because she had to be told to stop.

The boys were told to take their shirts off.

The girls were told to put on the boy’s shirt, over their tops.

The boys were told to take their shirts off the girls.

At this point the hypnotist told the audience that she was going to test taking them out of their hypnotic state and putting them back in. She said, “When I count to five, you will open your eyes and feel refreshed etc.” All 6 looked all round with a puzzled look on their faces.

The hypnotist then told them that she was about to start the hypnotism. She said, “Put all your thoughts into a large metal box.” All 6 looked straight ahead.

The girls were told to take their tops off; none of them were wearing bras. They were reminded that they were not embarrassed so there was no need to cover their breasts.

The girls were told to hug the boys.

The girls were told to tweak the boy’s nipples.

The boys were told to tweak the girl’s nipples.

The boys were told to take off their shorts and underwear. They were reminded that they were not embarrassed so there was no need to cover their genitals.

The girls were told to take off their skirts and underwear. They were reminded that they were not embarrassed so there was no need to cover their genitals. Of course, Amy and Ella weren’t wearing knickers, but the third girl was wearing a small thong.

There were now six naked young people on the stage, none of them covering their ‘interesting’ bits. None of the boys were erect.

The girls were told to passionately kiss the boy opposite them again. The naked girl’s bodies pressed against the naked boy’s bodies caused 3 erections; much to the delight of the audience.

Next, all six were told to go into the audience and passionately kiss two members of the opposite sex; then go to the bar and get a bottle of beer and take it back to the stage.

One of the boys kissed me, it was quite nice. I took the opportunity to have a quick fondle of his cock. I watched the naked people move through the audience. All of them were getting groped as they moved around. I saw Amy put her hand on a man’s crotch as she kissed him.

While this was going on, the hypnotist moved all the chairs so that they were in one row facing the audience.

When they all got back on the stage, the hypnotist told them to put the bottles on the floor behind their chairs. The boys were told to sit down and the girls were told to sit on a boy’s lap. Ella and the third girl sat sideways on their boy’s lap, but Amy sat with one leg either side of the boy; facing the boy. I couldn’t see from where I was, but I believe that as she sat down, Amy impaled herself on her boy’s cock. The expression on his face supported my theory.

They were all told to kiss their partner.

Things got even more interesting next. All six were told to get their bottle of beer and sit on the front edge of their chair. They were then told to use the bottle for what they usually used a bottle like that for. The boy’s automatically put the bottle to their mouths and drank; but all three girls hesitated.

“Okay,” the hypnotists said, “do what you normally do with a beer bottle.”

All three girls took a drink from the bottle then put it to their naked pussies. After rubbing the end around their clits, they pushed the end into their pussies. Amy took her time and alternated between fucking herself with the bottle and drinking from it.

The audience loved this.

The hypnotist let this go on for a minute or so then told them to stop. The boys were then told to lie on the floor on their backs. Then the girls were told to get on their hands and knees; with their hands and knees either side of their partner. The classic 69 position.

The hypnotist then told them to do whatever they wanted to do. The girls started blowing the boys and the boys started eating the girls. The audience was going wild; but the six just continued as if they were the only ones in the room.

After a few minutes they all started cumming. The third girl backed off her partner’s cock and got his load on her face and chest. No one saw the other two guys cum; Ella and Amy swallowed it.

When they had all finished, the hypnotist told them all to stand up and go into the audience and kiss as many of the opposite sex as they could within the next 10 minutes.

One of the boys came to me for a kiss; as we kissed I wanked his semi into a full hard-on. After that I watched Amy and Ella enjoy being groped and finger fucked. I wondered how much, if any, of it they would remember.

The hypnotist called them back onto the stage and told them to get dressed. After that they were told to sit on a chair, close their eyes and relax. She told them that they wouldn’t remember what they had just done, but they would remember that they enjoyed themselves.

She then said that whenever someone said, “Put all your thoughts into a large metal box;” we would relax and start doing whatever the person who said it suggested.

She then said, "When I count to five, you will open your eyes and feel refreshed and alive. One, two, three, four, five."

All six ‘woke-up’ and looked round. One of the boys asked what had just happened. The hypnotist told him that he had just been hypnotised for a short while, and that he wasn’t to worry, he hadn’t done anything to be ashamed of.

The audience laughed.

*Author’s Note*

*Back to Amy.*

*V*

Ella and I went and found Sarah and started asking questions about what had happened. With a big grin on her face, Sarah told us that we had just snogged two of the guys that had been on the stage with us.

We suddenly had quite a few guys around us, all wanting to talk to us. I overheard one of them tell another that he wondered where we got our all-over tans.

After a couple of free drinks we decided that we’d had enough and headed back to the villa.

**Day 13**

After we’d finished breakfast we were sat relaxing in the sun when I brought up the subject of the Hypnotist; and how good she was. I turned to Ella and said, “Put all your thoughts into a large metal box.” After a minute of silence from Ella I told her to clear up all the breakfast things. Ella stood up and started to do just that.

Sarah looked at me and asked me how I knew to say those words. I smiled and said, “You didn’t think that I’d fall for that load of crap did you?”

“Then you ……..” Sarah started to say. I just said, “Yes, it was fun wasn’t it?”

Sarah and I then had to explain to Alexi what had happened the night before. We were all laughing when Ella came back outside. She wanted to know what the joke was, but we wouldn’t tell her.

What I did tell Ella was that the CFM was getting lonely, and that she should go and give it its daily exercise. Ella went straight to the sunbed with the CFM on it, and started to fuck herself with it.

After a couple of minutes I said, "When I count to five, you will open your eyes and feel refreshed and alive. One, two, three, four, five."

Ella looked round and said, “How did I get here?” Sarah looked at me and we both laughed.

Ella was still pedalling away when Dimitri final emerged. I had a sudden thought and said, “Dimitri, this is our last full day here and I want to do something that involves you.” Dimitri turned to face me and looked interested. “Can you and 3 of your mates be here at 2 pm? I’ve got something for them to do that will probably take about 2 hours. I promise that you’ll all get well rewarded.”

Dimitri looked a bit puzzled and stayed quiet. “Please!” I said. After another pause he said, “Okay,” and left.

Ella looked at me and said, “What are you planning Amy?”

I smiled and said, “Something outrageous, exhibitionistic and it would be humiliating for a lot of women.”

“But not for you?” Ella said. “Spill!” was all Sarah said.

I turned to Alexi and asked her if Apollo had a collar and leash. When she said that there should be one in the garage I asked her to go and get it. As she walked to the garage I told Ella and Sarah that I was thinking about Dimitri taking a different dog for a walk. Sarah said, “Who; you?”

Alexi was back with the collar and leash. I told all 3 of them that I was still working on the details and that I’d tell them at 2 pm.

We improved our all-over tans for a while, whilst working out what to do for the rest of the morning. Someone mentioned photographs of Faliraki and Alexi asked why we hadn’t taken any photographs while we were there. Ella said that we were poor students and couldn’t afford a camera.

Alexi said that she’d got a digital camera that we could borrow; she said that she could email the photos to us. We liked the idea. I got a pen and piece of paper and wrote the NEWPS email address. I asked Alexi if she could email the photos to that email; then everyone could look at them.

Alexi asked what this NEWPS thing was. We spent the next 15 minutes explaining about NEWPS.

Alexi went and got her camera and took some photos of us around the pool. We all took some so that no one would be left out.

We decided to put some clothes on and go into Faliraki and take some photos of places that were interesting to us. While we were walking there I remembered something that I’d read somewhere. I didn’t say anything to the others.

We must have taken about 50 photos of places with us in front of them. It was difficult to get a serious photo that we could show our parents; every time someone was about to take a photo, one of us would lift someone’s skirt or top so we’d have to start again.

We were stood outside the club that we’d danced in when I remembered my idea. I asked Alexi for the camera and asked the others to go and wait about 20 yards away.

I waited for some tourist looking people to walk by and went up to one of them, a man. I asked him to take my photo, telling him that it was for my boyfriend who couldn’t come on holiday with me because he was sick. The man agreed and I gave him the camera, showed him how it worked and backed away.

I posed all respectable like until just before I thought he was going to take the shot. I then said, “Wait, I know what will cheer him up.” I dropped my skirt and pulled my top off, leaving me naked; then assumed the same pose.

The poor man didn’t know what to do. I said, “That button on the top, just point the camera at me and press it.”

When he’d taken the shot I quickly wrapped my skirt round me and pulled my top on while walking towards him. I thanked him again, and while he passed me the camera I said, “He’ll have something to look forward to when I send this to him.”

The others wanted a go and all selected their ‘victim’. Ella picked two youths who looked well pleased when she got naked. All in all, we must have spent nearly 30 minutes getting photos for our ‘boyfriends’.

We headed off back to the villa to get something to eat.

Dimitri and 3 of his mates arrived right on time. The 3 mates stared at us 4 naked girls. I asked Alexi if she was going to be alright at school with Dimitri’s mates spreading the word that they’d seen her naked. She laughed and told me that she’d thought about it when they’d first come round and seen her. She said that she couldn’t care less; she was going to try what I’d said about turning it on them and getting them to do things for her.

I laughed and said, “Good for you.”

When the boys had got over their initial lust, I told everyone what my plan was. I told them that I wanted to wear Apollo’s collar and leash, have my hands tied behind my back, and be walked naked, right through the centre of Faliraki.

Alexi translated what I’d said, and we watched the shocked expressions on the boy’s faces. One of them said something that Alexi translated to, “Are you crazy?”

Sarah said, “Yes,” which Alexi translated.

I went on to tell them that as a reward for taking part I would let them all gangbang me when we got back.

When Alexi translated, they all looked more interested.

I then told them that there were two more parts to the deal. The first part was that they were all going to have to spank my bare butt just before we left; and secondly, someone had to write the words ‘whore‘, and ‘slut’ in Greek and in English, on my back and chest in marker pen (the removable type).

I explained to everyone that if anyone asked what was going on, they were to say that I was married to an old-fashioned Greek man, and that I had cheated on him. His punishment for me was that I had to let his son lead me through town dressed like the cheating whore that I was.

Ella said, “Brilliant!” Sarah said that only I could have thought of that, and wanted to do that. Alexi asked me if I was sure that I wanted to do it.

I then explained that I wanted two of the boys to lead me, and the other two and Ella and Sarah were to be about 15 yards ahead and behind me, keeping a lookout for cops. I said that I wanted Alexi to walk about 5 yards alongside me carrying a bag with some clothes in it. If anyone sees a cop you are to run to me and Alexi, and get me covered-up. We’d then split up and meet back here. I told everyone that I wanted Dimitri to be leading me through the main part of Faliraki, just in case I needed something translating. The other 3 boys could swap places whenever they like.

Alexi translated and I then said, “Right, let’s get organised. Dimitri, you go and find some rope to tie my hands. Girls, you put some clothes on and help Alexi find a dress or something that will slip easily over my head, remember that my hands will be tied behind me; Oh, and get the camera and the remote vibe please. I want to be on a high all the time. I’m going for a pee.”

When everyone was back I was the only one naked. I looked at the rope that Dimitri had got; it was okay, so I told him to tie my wrists. While he was doing that I checked that we had everything that we’d need. I then asked Alexi to put the collar and leash on me, then write ‘whore‘ and ‘slut’ in Greek and English on my back and chest with the marker pen. I asked her to write it in big letters; I told her that I wanted everyone to be able to read it.

I went over to the table and was just about to bend over it when I remembered the vibe. Obviously I couldn’t put it in, so I asked Alexi to. Sarah said that she wanted to do it. I turned to Sarah and said, “Don’t be greedy Sarah, you had your tongue in there last night.”

One of the Greek boys saw what Alexi had in her hand and asked her what it was. She laughed and told him. She put it in his hand then switched it on. The poor boy nearly had a heart attack, and more importantly, he nearly dropped it. More laughter and Alexi took it back from him.

I bent over the table and spread my legs. Alexi squatted down behind me and rubbed the vibe up and down my pussy. “Amy, this is going to be easy, you’re soaking wet already.” Alexi said as I felt the vibe go in. She pushed it in as far as she could; then licked her fingers.

“Right, who’s going to spank me first?” I asked. As soon as Alexi had translated, Dimitri and his mates all moved forward. Ella took control and told three of them to move back. My legs weren’t wide enough for Ella and she told me to spread them more. I could feel the air on my open puss.

The lad was obviously nervous; his first slap didn’t even hurt.

“Harder.” I said.

The second slap hurt.

“Ella, count them up to 50 and then let someone else take over.” I said.

The slaps continued. By the time he got to 50, my backside was starting to hurt all the time. The next boy took over. Again, his first slap didn’t hurt.

“Harder.” I said.

By the end of the second 50, my backside felt hot. I asked Ella what it looked like and she said that it was bright red, but it didn’t look painful. I wanted my butt to glow and have marks that would last all day. I asked her to go and look for something that would hurt more, but not a cane. I didn’t want marks that would be there for a week.

Ella set the third boy on to his task. By the time Ella got back I had tears in my eyes; but I still wanted more. Ella had found an old table tennis bat in the garage and gave it to Dimitri.

When the first swat landed I knew that I was going to make it. What I hadn’t told anyone was that I wanted to see if the boys could punish my backside enough to make me cum. I liked the idea of leaving the villa having just cum, and still be on a bit of a high.

After about the tenth swat they stopped hurting. Obviously I could feel them, but I felt no pain. By the twentieth swat I was starting feel my pussy getting warm and tingly. By about the thirtieth swat I was cumming. I was shaking and swearing.

Dimitri stopped and watched. As soon as I realised that he’s stopped, I shouted, “Keep going!” Dimitri looked confused and Ella had to help him get started again.

After a few more swats I was starting to come down. I turned my head to Dimitri and said, “Harder.”

The last few were quite hard and I could feel the tops of my legs being pressed against the table edge. Fortunately, they were hard enough to make me cum again.

Dimitri stopped. Just about everyone was behind me watching me jerk and shake.

When I got control of myself again, Ella told me that my pussy had been shooting drops of my juices out. When I stood up and looked down I could see these drops of liquid on the concrete. My inner thighs were wet half way down to my knees.

I asked Sarah what my butt was like. She said that it was a mixture of bright red and dark red. There was no broken skin. She guessed that I’d have a few bruises the next day.

We set off with Dimitri holding the leash and me totally naked (not even shoes) on the other end. The Greek boys were talking in Greek, but they appeared to be enjoying it.

After a couple of minutes, Alexi switched the vibe on to low. I wasn’t expecting it and jumped a bit. She left it set on low to keep me simmering.

We got to what we always took to be the border between the main town and the suburbs. I told everyone to spread out like I’d told them. I fell in behind Dimitri and told him to give the leash a gentle tug occasionally. Before Alexi moved away I asked her to turn the vibe onto full as soon as people started looking at us. I wanted to cum lots of times when people were watching me. I also asked her to take plenty of photos.

We turned a corner onto the main street and immediately some of the people stopped and stared at me. Of course, some people turned away as soon as they saw me; I will never understand why they do that; are they embarrassed to look at a naked woman or what?

Even one of the waiters, in the first bar that we passed, stopped what he was doing and stared.

I’d only walked about 50 yards when I felt another orgasm cumming. I always find it hard to walk in a straight line and upright when I’m cumming; I seem to lose control of my legs a bit.

We walked on with me being a shaking wreck. I was nervous as hell, but I was sooooo excited. I could feel my juices running down the inside of my legs and my pussy throbbing with pleasure.

The street got busier and more people were stopping and looking at me. Some of them were saying some things which I just knew were about me. I asked Dimitri to translate. He told me that they were saying that the writing on me was right.

No one was coming up to us and saying anything directly to me, well not that I heard. I was so excited, and on a sexual high that I don’t thing that I would have heard them anyway.

I saw a few men get out their phones and cameras. I was giving them some memories of their holidays that they could wank to for years.

I’d just had what must have been my fifth or sixth orgasm when a group of young English men saw me. They’d obviously started on the pop early and were all ‘happy’.

They came over for a closer look and started saying things to me and their mates. They asked lots of questions and made comments like: -

Why are you naked?

Are you being punished?

Are you a sub?

Can I fuck you?

Why is your arse red?

Can you suck on this?

Why are your legs all wet?

Have you been whipped?

Nice tits.

Can I suck those big nipples?

Is that kid your Master?

I could show her a thing or two.

Are you his slave?

Will you be my slave?

Alexi had obviously seen what was going on and had turned down the vibe. I guess that she didn’t want me to lose control with those yobs around.

At one point Dimitri started telling them the story about me being married to his father and that I’d cheated on him, that this was my punishment.

They started asking Dimitri lots of questions. I told Dimitri not to say anything else, and to keep walking.

The lads eventually got bored and went away. The vibe got turned back up to full.

I don’t know how long it took us to get to the other end of the main drag. It seemed forever; but at the same time it seemed to be over in seconds. I have no idea how many orgasms I had.

We turned onto a quiet street and waited for the other to arrive.

Ella asked, “What now Amy?” My adrenalin was pumping, I wanted more. I thought for a second; I didn’t want to walk back the way we had come, that would be pushing my luck too much; so I said, “Let’s walk back along the middle of the beach, then back to the villa. Oh, and thank you guys, this is amazing.”

We headed for the beach and then walked along it. There were quite a lot of people on the beach, very few were kids. What kids there were, were playing at the water’s edge; and we walked along the middle of the beach.

Again, people stared at me and nudged their companions; cameras and phone were out; and apart from a bit of name calling, no one said anything to us. Alexi gave me a few more orgasms on the way.

We got to the place where we needed to leave the beach and went back onto the road. It was a lot quieter there and it didn’t take long for us to get out of the main part of Faliraki. The other moved closer as we walked back to the villa. Thankfully, Alexi turned the vibe down; I needed the rest.

Back at the villa, Ella got us all some cold drinks. No one offered to untie me, and I never thought to ask until the drinks came out. I asked Sarah to untie my wrists but she refused saying that I wasn’t finished yet. She held the glass for me while I drank.

I went for a pee; which was ‘interesting’ with my wrists still tied together.

When I got back outside everyone was waiting for me.

Ella untied my wrists and told me to lie on the towel that she had spread on the floor. As soon as I was down, Ella and Sarah came and sat on me. Then the 4 boys came to me. I could see that each of them had the end of a piece of rope in their hand. Each of them pulled one of my arms or legs wide apart and tied the end of their rope to me. The other end of the ropes were attached to something solid.

Ella and Sarah got off me. I was spread-eagle with my wrists and ankles tied. I was going nowhere.

Ella said, “We thought that we’d continue your humiliation for a bit longer. You appear to be enjoying it.” Ella turned to Dimitri and said, “She’s all yours boys.”

The four boys moved towards me all at once. Eight hands were all over me. My breasts were getting mauled, my nipple were getting pulled and twisted, and I was getting finger fucked.

“Slow down boys!” I shouted, “There’s enough for all of you.”

Dimitri said something in Greek and they all stood up. More Greek chatter and three of them backup away. The fourth went and knelt between my legs. He leaned forward and down and took my left breast into his mouth. As he was sucking and chewing my nipple I felt him undo his shorts and get his cock out. Then I felt his cock start to enter me.

All of a sudden I realised that the remote vibe was still inside me. His cock was trying to push it deeper and it was hurting. He realised that something was wrong and got off me. I turned my head to face the girls (who were all sat watching) and asked Sarah to get the vibe out of me. The girls all burst out laughing as Sarah got up and came over to me.

While Sarah was delving into my pussy I opened my mouth wide and looked at the boy. He has covering his cock with his hands. He saw my open mouth and realised what I wanted. He knelt down near my head and put his cock in my mouth.

Instinct took over and I sucked him. I felt Sarah retrieve the vibe and the next thing I felt was someone else’s weight and then another cock in my pussy. I was getting fucked at both ends.

Neither of them had much staying power and it wasn’t long before I was swallowing and feeling my pussy fill a bit more.

Those two got up and another one lay on me. This boy was better organised, he’d got his cock out before he lay on me. While his hands mauled my breasts I felt his cock searching for my hole. He found it and in he went.

This boy also didn’t have much staying power and it wasn’t long before he was shooting his load into me.

Dimitri was last, he was better than the others; he probably learnt some things in the past week or so. Nevertheless, it wasn’t long before I felt him cum and he got off me.

Okay, they’d got their reward for helping me, but I wasn’t feeling very satisfied. The girls were watching all this and Ella must have seen the disappointment on my face. Ella stood up and said, “Boys, come over here and watch this. I’m going to show you how to make a woman VERY happy.” Alexi translated.

Ella came over to me and sat on the floor on the other side from the boys. With one hand she caressed my boobs and nipples, and with the hand she played with my clit.

“This is what women like, slow and gentle.” Alexi translated.

Ella continued and slowly brought me to a wonderful orgasm. I know that I wouldn’t have moved if I hadn’t been tied down, but the fact that I was tied spread-eagle seemed to enhance the experience.

Ella got up and asked the boys if one of them would like a go. Alexi didn’t need to translate, Dimitri moved forward, got down and started frigging me. Ella was watching and gave Dimitri a couple of pointers; like not trying to twist my nipples right off me.

Dimitri was starting to get me worked-up when Ella stopped him and invited one of the other boys to have a go. This one was good at it and it wasn’t long before Ella realised that I was getting close. She pointed out to the boys that my breathing was getting heavy, that my eyes were shut and to note the expression on my face.

As I reached my climax the boy stopped and I vaguely heard Ella saying something about shaking and jerking being normal reactions.

I opened my eyes when I felt hands on my breast and pussy again. Boy number 3 was starting his turn. He wasn’t bad; I had a bit of a low as he got into a rhythm; then I was back up there having what felt like orgasm number five hundred of the day. When I opened my eyes boy number 4 was there; I’d missed the swap over.

This boy just couldn’t push my button. The more he played with my clit the less turned on I got. I didn’t want to disappoint him so I faked it. Anyway, I needed a rest.

When he got up; Ella asked me if I was okay. I said that I was, but that I needed a drink. She went and got me some water. While she was getting it I had flashbacks of the time when I was the ‘subject’ at the Human Anatomy classes when David was demonstrating how to stimulate a woman; then getting all the students to practice on me.

After the drink, Ella told the boys (with Alexi’s translation) that there was another way to give a woman a lot of pleasure. I guessed what was coming (no pun intended) and wondered how much more I could take. Ella pointed to her tongue and said, “With this,” and after a pause she said, “I’ll demonstrate.”

Now Ella is good at eating me; she never fails to make me cum; and quite quickly too. She got on her knees between my legs and bent down and started on me. She got me sooo close, then stopped and got up.

“Teaser!” I complained. Ella turned to face me, smiled and said, “And you love every minute of it.” I couldn’t deny it, I love being taken to the edge, over and over again, and then finally taken right over. It always makes my orgasms more intense.

“Boys!” Ella said. That was all they needed; one by one they ate me out. A couple of times Ella had to tell them not to bite too hard when she saw my face wince. Each one of them brought me to yet another orgasm; albeit not so strong ones.

I lay there wondering how much more I could take; I needed some rest.

Thankfully, Ella told the boys that the fun had ended and sent them on their way.

“Now it’s our turn Amy.” Ella said.

“Oh shit!” I said, “I’m knackered.”

“You can’t be that knackered,” Sarah said, “You’ve been laid on your back for the last hour or so.”

“Very funny; besides, I need a shower; and what’s more, how come I’m the only one naked?” I said.

Ella, Sarah and Alexi looked at each other; then Sarah said, “I guess we’ve been too busy watching you enjoy yourself.” With that, Sarah stripped, got the hosepipe and hosed me down.

“That should have sorted out your problems.” Sarah said. With that she knelt either side of me in the ‘69’ position and started chewing my clit.

Instinctively I responded, or was it something to do with her pussy pressing on my face? Whatever; we enjoyed and satisfied each other before Sarah got up; only to be replaced by a now naked Ella.

By the time I’d satisfied Ella, my neck was aching; but I soon forgot about that as I reached yet another climax.

A naked Alexi was stood next to me when Ella got up. She looked at me and said, “I’ve been watching and learning.” I smiled and said, “It will be my pleasure.”

Alexi got into place. She is a quick learner. She took her time and so did I.

I had a very satisfying orgasm, and I think that Alexi did as well. She looked very happy when she got up.

The 3 of them came and stood over me.

Alexi said, “Shall we untie her now?”

Ella said, “I’m not sure, maybe we should leave her there for a bit longer.”

Sarah said, “I think that the neighbours will appreciate it if we leave her there for a bit longer.”

Both Alexi and Ella looked round. “How long have they been there?” Ella asked Sarah.

“I first saw them when the boys were eating Amy’s puss.” Sarah said.

Ella said, “I think that Amy’s really enjoying all this; I’m tempted to leave her here; let her get a bit more exposure. Amy, what do you think?”

I said, “Guys, this whole afternoon has been the most amazing afternoon of my life. Something that I will remember until the day I die. I have absolutely no idea how many times I’ve cum; and I really do appreciate your help; but I’m totally knackered. Please untie me.”

They did; when I got up onto my feet I went and hugged each one of them. Ella was the last one and she was stood by the pool. As I hugged her I walked her backwards, right into the pool.

When we came up for air, Ella said, “I suppose I deserve that.” I kissed her, full on the mouth.

The other got some food ready while I lay on a sunbed. When they brought the food out they had to wake me up to eat.

That evening we went for a last trip round some of the bars. Ella wanted to have a last go on the mechanical bull, but when we got there it wasn’t working.

We ended up chatting up a few guys to get us some free drinks; then went back to the villa quite early.

**Day 14**

We had our last breakfast in the morning sun before helping Alexi and Dimitri clean the place up.

As we were getting ready to leave, both Ella and Sarah put in their Ben Wa balls. I was about to do the same, but then went to see Alexi. I gave her my Ben Wa balls and the remote vibe and told her to enjoy herself. I also made her promise to share the CFM with her friends.

We all wore slightly see through tops and short wrap skirts for the journey home.

Alexi phoned for a taxi for the three of us. While we were waiting I got Dimitri on his own and asked him how often he and any of his mates had been in the upstairs window looking down on us. At first he denied doing it, but after I told him that I’d seen him there, he said that he’d been there most days. I laughed, kissed him on the cheek and said that I hoped that he’d enjoyed it.

With lots of hugs and kisses we got in the taxi and left.

Unfortunately, our flight times meant that I wouldn’t see my Aunt and Uncle; their flight wasn’t due to land until 4 hours after ours took off. The meeting had been arranged for the flight there; but……

Security at Rhodes airport wasn’t anywhere near as tight as at London and we sailed through with no body scanning or frisking.

The flight back to England was a relatively quiet one. I think that all of us were sad to leave.

As with the outward journey, we had to cross London to get out train back to university. Not only had we hit London at rush hour (again), it was a Friday. The first train was busy, and that was going in to London. When it stopped at our change station we had a bit of a battle getting off. I was pulling up the rear and only just managed to get off before the doors closed. What’s more, the platform was crowded and I only just managed to get my feet on the platform. As the doors closed I felt them brush against my back.

The people started moving forward and the train moved off. I felt a tug and the next thing I knew my skirt was gone. As I screamed I looked in the direction the train was going and saw my skirt fluttering from a door.

I was bottomless in a London underground station; and what’s more, everyone, except Sarah and Ella, was ignoring me.

All the people who had been in front of me were disappearing leaving just a few coming onto the platform for the next train. I was pissed-off on two counts. Firstly I’d lost a perfectly good skirt, and secondly, no one was looking at me. All I had on was a skimpy top and shoes, and no one cared. I guess that what they say about Londoners living in their own little world and not wanting to get involved in anyone else’s is right.

It was a good job that we had our holiday clothes with us. I considered staying bottomless, but decided against it on the grounds that although the public were ignoring me, I bet that there would be security people around who wouldn’t. We opened our little case, got another skirt out and I put it on.

The next train was just as crowded. No group of noisy youths, but plenty of business suits carrying briefcases. None of us got groped, but I was stood face to face with one of them and he was looking down at my breasts most of the time. My nipps got hard and made little tents in my top. Just before we got to our station I adjusted my top and ‘accidentally’ pulled it too far down. I let him have a good look at my nipps before saying, “Ooops!” and pulling it back up.

The rest of the journey to university was uneventful and we got back to our rooms that evening.

There was a note pinned to my door asking me to phone Kailene as soon as I got there. I did, and she said that she was coming right over. I was walking back from the shower when Kailene arrived and she followed me down the corridor. As always, I was naked and carrying my towel over my shoulder. After a big kiss to welcome me back, Kailene wanted to know what the red marks on my butt were.

We spent the next hour or so catching up on events in Greece, at uni, and with the other NEWPS members.

I fell asleep with Kailene gently caressing me all over.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 23 – My third term at University**

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

All 8 NEWPS members got back to university well before lectures started. We had to get our cheerleading routine finalised. We also had to have it flexible just in case we had to perform to an audience with kids in it.

On the first official day of the new term I got a phone call from Prof Jones. She welcomed me back, then immediately told me that our cheerleading debut was on the following Friday afternoon. She told me that we had to be at the universities sports field at 14:00.

I immediately phoned the others and gave them the news. When I phoned Ben he told me that it was the annual inter-university Rugby match between St. Damian’s and Whittle that afternoon. That must be it.

When I told the other about this at the practice that night, they all jumped with joy. The thought of 26+ strong Rugby types had their thighs all wet. I reminded them that Prof Jones hadn’t said that it was the Rugby game.

We had one more practice session before the big day. I have to say that I thought we looked good. We were still practicing in the nude but we had to wear the uniforms, that Prof Jones sent me, for the live performance. I took them to that last practice and handed them out. They were all ‘one size fits all’, but I told the others that if they had any problems with them, then to come and see me. I had my sewing machine in my room.

Just as a reminder, the uniforms are: -

Skirts - Wrap variety, made of a lightweight silky material with Velcro fasteners. They are only 10 inches long and are purple and yellow trim.

Tops – Made of the same material and the same colour scheme. They are like a sleeveless blouse that ties at the front just below the breasts. They go down to about half way between our breasts and belly button.

Pompoms – In the same colour scheme.

That last practice went badly. We’d decided that we should wear the uniforms, a sort of dress rehearsal. The problem was that the material was slippery and we had problems with holding on to each other. Sarah came very close to breaking some bones one time when we were trying to catch her. Kailene suggested that we arrange the fastenings on our skirts so that they could easily be pulled undone and ‘accidentally’ pulled off. Leah added that we could loosen the knots on our tops so that they too ‘accidentally’ came undone. We all liked those ideas and did another practice of the routine working out the best time for the ‘accidents’.

We all met up in the university bar at 12:00 on the Friday in our normal clothes, carrying a bag with our uniforms in and Katie carrying the music machine. We were all nervous as hell and we all had a couple of strong drinks before setting off to the sports field.

We saw Prof Jones and went over to her. She confirmed that it was the Rugby game that we were there for. It was our job to support the St. Damian’s team and make sure that they won. She told us that the only rule was that we couldn’t touch any of the Whittle team members. She also told us that we had to entertain the crowd (about 50 adults – thankfully) before the start (in 15 minutes), whenever St. Damian’s were doing well; and during the interval.

Katie and Sarah had anticipated something like this and our routine was already in 2 parts. One with us in a straight line; and the other with us in a group.

The only problem left was, where to get changed. Katie asked Prof Jones and she told us that we could change near her car, and leave our clothes in it.

“No privacy then!” Zoe said.

“With what you all are about to do I’m surprised that you even mention that word,” the Prof replied.

Within 3 minutes we’d all removed our tops, skirts and shoes and put on the cheer skirts and tops. We fastened these as we walked across to the field.

In those 3 minutes we saw the Dean of St. Damian’s drive in. He looked at us and saw us in various states of undress.

We stood at the end of the stand waiting for the teams to come onto the pitch. As soon as they started appearing we marched along the side of the pitch and spread out from the centre line facing the crowd. Sarah was near the middle and was carrying the music machine.

The pitch side line is only 2 yards from the start of the stand so we were quite close to the front of the crowd.

As I stood there waiting for Sarah to switch the music on I became aware of 2 things. Firstly, the Dean of St Damian’s was sat between Prof Jones and Prof Gibbons. They WERE working together. Secondly, one of the teams was wearing the same colours as our uniforms. They must be the St. Damian’s team. Why hadn’t any of us realised that before?

The music started and so did the NEWPS cheerleading team. We stared with the pompoms on the floor beside us and did a back flip, then a star jump, then a cartwheel back to where we started. Over the music I heard some gasps and saw a few hands go over a few mouths. Also, some of the men had grins on their faces. The crowd now knew that we had no knickers on.

It’s pointless writing details of our every move but they included cartwheels, handstands, somersaults, splits, crab position, bending at the waist with straight legs (backs to the crowd), splits standing on one foot and holding the other leg with our arms up in the air and star jumps; all mixed in with waving those damn pompoms.

Needless to say, all 8 pussies were on display quite a lot; but never for more than the 3 seconds that we had decided was best for teasing the crowd.

The routine ended with much applause from the crowd. I glanced behind us and saw both teams and the referee staring at us; most with grins on their faces.

I looked to my left and saw that Zoe’s top had come un-fastened and her boobs were on display.

The referee got himself organised first and blew his whistle. We all turned and watched as the teams took their positions.

A couple of times our team looked like they were getting the better of Whittle, so we started our routine again. Each time we got as much applause as the players did.

At half-time the teams went off and we took our positions to start our other routine. As pre-arranged, as we did this we loosened the knots fastening our tops and re-positioned the velcro fastening of our skirts.

The routine included many of the moves that we’d seen in videos that Sarah and Katie had downloaded from YouTube. The difference being that the crowd would not be getting glimpses of shorts or knickers.

About a third of the way through we got together in twos and held each other round our waists. As we pressed our breasts together we sneakily pulled the other’s tops knot open. Then we bent over backwards so our tops slid to our sides and our little puppies saw the daylight – much to the delight of the crowd. Ignoring the applause and cheers we pressed our breasts together again. This time we pulled the fastening on the other’s skirt.

As we parted, our skirts slid to the ground.

Totally ignoring our exposure we carried on with our routine.

We split in to 2 groups, quite close to each other. In each group 3 of us lifted the fourth up in the air to stand on our up-stretched hands. Sarah and Leah were up and they lifted their foot that was nearest to the other one and touched feet. As I looked up I got an eyeful of Leah’s beautiful, open pussy. The girl was as aroused as I was.

We held that pose for a lot longer than the 3 seconds then lowered and thrust up our hands. Leah and Sarah went flying up. Leah’s top came off one arm as she was caught by the 3 below. As she stood up her top fell off her other arm. She continued as if it were still in its original place.

The routine continued and included the part where 4 of us are in the crab position with the other 4 standing sideways between our legs. We rubbed our pussies up and down the side of the standing legs. I heard some gasps as we did that one.

Our routine finished to standing applause from the crowd. We recovered our skirts, and Leah’s top, and put them back on as someone announced over the tannoy system, that the cheerleaders would be carried off the field at the end of the game by the winners. Brooklyn squealed a bit and looked very happy.

We were quite busy during the second half as St. Damian’s got the better of Whittle.

St. Damian’s won and after going to receive their trophy they came over to us to receive their second trophy.

I remembered that the tannoy had said that we would be carried off the field and wondered what that meant. We soon found out.

Eight of the St. Damian players came and knelt in front of the 8 of us. They held their hands up for us to hold and told us to climb on their shoulders. The thing was that we were facing them. I looked down at the hunk in front of me. He told me to lift my right leg up, put it on his left shoulder and let it take my weight; then lift my left leg onto his right shoulder. I got a little rush as I realised that my pussy would be right in his face.

He stood up and I let go with one hand to pull my skirt up out of his face. His tongue came out and found my pussy. FIH, I was getting eaten out in front of a crowd of Rugby supporters; including the Dean of our university. I looked round and the other 7 girls were getting the same.

Other players guided us off the pitch and into the men’s changing room. By that time I had cum twice, and by the sounds from the others, most of them had cum as well.

The players helped us down, pulled our clothes off, and took us into the showers. Somewhere between 15 and 20 naked hunks joined us and what took place next could only be described as an orgy. We had all our holes filled, often more than one at once. At one point I saw Sarah with her feet on the ceiling. One of the guys was giving her a standing-up 69. Even Zoe was joining in. I guess that she not a total lesbian.

It was amazing and I have no idea how long it went on for. I do know that I was knackered.

The players gradually left, leaving us sat on the floor in the shower looking for some energy.

After quite a while we realised that we were the only ones left in the changing room. We all had a warm shower and went looking for our skirts any tops. We managed to find them all, but only 1 towel (that we shared).

We went outside and discovered that everyone had left; including Prof Jones with our clothes. We had no choice; we had to walk barefoot back to our dorms wearing only those skimpy uniforms. Not that our attire bothered us; even if it was muddy.

On that walk, none of us said much. Just before we got to the first dorm Kailene asked when our second performance was.

Ella slept with me that night; she was too knackered to walk back to Whittle. She wasn’t too tired next morning and we enjoyed each other before she left (she borrowed some clothes).

Later that morning, while I was on my way to work, I got a phone call from Prof Jones congratulating us and telling me that she would be in touch in a few weeks. She told me she appreciated that we would have to be working very hard that term and that she would make it easy on us. She told me that we must keep up our training and that she had booked the Gym every Tuesday evening at the same time.

She also told me that we would find our clothes in the Reception of the main Admin building.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Prof Gibbons wasn’t being nice to us. After our next lecture he asked Sarah and I to stay back. He told us that the Dean was impressed with our performance and that he’d asked that we staff the annual university lecturer’s dinner. Prof Gibbons told us that he would let us have the details later. He also told us that he expected us to continue with our little displays at every lecture.

Three weeks later we had to stay back again, and Prof Jones told us that he expected 6 of us to be at a local historic building at 8 p.m. that Saturday. He told us to bring our cheerleading skirts and high heeled shoes with us.

When I told the others, all of them wanted to go. We decided to use a pack of cards to decide who lost out. Sarah and Katie were the unlucky ones.

In a way, I was disappointed with the do. All we had to do was change into just our cheerleading skirts and heels and serve the lecturers with dinner and drinks. Not one of them put a hand on our flesh. The upside was that we got to flash some skin to people who hadn’t seen it before, and we got better known by all our professors.

Whilst I was topping up the Dean’s glass one time, I heard him tell Prof Jones that he was pleased with the girls that she and Prof Gibbons had found this year. He said that he had no idea how they managed to find us, and probably didn’t want to know.

I smiled and walked away.

As I said, I was a bit disappointed as that was all we had to do.

**Psychology Thesis**

I’d been back about 2 weeks when I got a phone call from Logan. He wanted to know what I’d been up to during the Easter break. We arranged a time when we could meet at the Psychology department’s meeting rooms. He asked if I minded if he brought another student with him, one that was writing a thesis on Voyeurism. I laughed and said, “The more the merrier.” I told him to book the room for 2 hours.

As I walked to the Psychology department I suddenly thought that if the other student is studying voyeurism them I should really give him something to look at. I rushed back to my room and replaced my top with a see-through one, and my skirt with a tight one that rides up if I sit down. Impossible to do without showing the skin on my pubic bone.

When I got there I was pleased to see that the voyeurism student was quite good looking. I made a point of sitting at the end of the table, opposite him, where he could see all of me.

Logan got me to tell him every detail of everything that I had done since I last saw him. It took forever. After about an hour, and before I’d got to the best parts of my Greek holiday (see parts 21 and 22), he asked me if I wanted a coffee; then went to get each of use one.

So far the voyeurism student (Dan) had just been listening and looking at me. I had been too engrossed in telling Logan what I’d been doing to really think much about putting on a show for Dan.

“So, you like watching girls do you Dan?” I asked, opening my legs a bit and slouching down in my chair. My pubic bone had been on display since I sat down, but as I slouched down and opened my legs, my skirt stayed when it was and some of my pussy slid down and into his view.

“Err, yes I do, I find girl watching to be a fascinating subject. You girls are amazingly complicated people and I’m trying to understand how your brains work.” Dan said. I laughed and told him he would never manage that.

“What parts of us girls do you like watching the best Dan? Is it our breasts?” I said as I pulled my thin, see-through top tights against my now rock hard nipples; “Or is it our bald pussies?” I asked as I opened my legs more, showing him my wet pussy and clit that had decided that she wanted to see what was going on.

Poor Dan went a little red, but his eyes were clearly riveted to by body. I could see his package getting bigger; and probably uncomfortable for him.

I put my hand on my sparkling pussy and started rubbing the end of my now visible clit. I asked, “Do you like watching girls play with their pussies Dan?”

“Yes I do, most men do, but I assure you that I’m here today to do nothing other than get material for my thesis,” Dan said.

“Yeah right, of course you are Dan.” I mocked, just as Logan came back in with a cup holder and 3 coffees.

Logan handed out the coffees as he asked if he’d missed anything. I just said that we’d been helping each other with our ‘needs,’ emphasising the word ‘needs.’

Logan looked a bit puzzled then asked me to continue.

As I said earlier, I was sat at the end of the table where Dan could see all of me, but Logan was sat further along the table and could only see the top half of me. As I continued recalling my wonderful babysitting holiday, my hand kept going down onto my lap and rubbing my pussy a bit.

By the time I got to the part where Dimitri led me around town, naked, hands cuffed and wearing a dog collar and lead; I was getting close to cumming. I had to decide if I wanted to keep talking (and rubbing), or get up, pull my skirt down and cool off. I kept talking; and within seconds I stopped talking, started shaking, and had a wonderful orgasm.

As I started to come down from my high, I looked at Logan and Dan. Both were just sat there staring at me. A few seconds later I said, “Now, where was I? Oh yes, being led through Faliraki,” and continued with my recollection.

I got to the end of my time in Greece and moved on to coming back to uni and the cheerleading.

I’d told Logan about being blackmailed before, but not named the professors. He’d soon realised that it was me that was taking advantage of the professors, so he hadn’t been worried about it. I’d also told him about the cheerleading and naked practising. He’d once told me that he was going to come and watch us practice, but I’d never seen him there.

Anyway, I apologised to him for not telling him about the Rugby match beforehand.

He said that it was a shame because he would have been able to claim some money for me.

“Only joking, I’m a Rugby fan and I was there. I really enjoyed the show, especially the part where you took each other’s skirts off,” Logan said.

I laughed and watched Logan get an envelope out of his pocket and pass it to me.

“Here’s your fee,” he said.

I explained that we’d not worn the uniform while practicing and found the skirts to be slippery. When we found out that the audience was only adults we’d hastily change the routine to get rid of the problem.

Then I thought, if Logan is getting money to pay me, is Dan? So I said to Dan, “Logan is getting some sort of grant that he can give me money out of, are you in a similar position?”

Dan told me that he was, but one meeting was hardly grounds to make a claim. I quickly thought then said, “What about a webcam in a girl’s dorm room?”

Dan looked a little stunned, then after a pause he said, “Yes, that does sound good. It would give me the opportunity to observe someone during their normal daily routine. Tell you what, I’ll discuss it with my professor; if it’s okay with him I’ll contact you and we can set it up. Who’s the girl that you are thinking of?”

When I told him that it would be me his eyes light up. What man would pass on the opportunity to spy on a young girl who spends most of her life naked; and who has quite an active sex life in her room. We exchanged phone numbers and got back to Logan.

Logan asked me where the other 7 girls in the cheerleading squad came from. I’d told Logan about some of my friends before, but I’d never told him about NEWPS. I thought that this was a good time to let him have some more details.

I told Logan and Dan that I was a member of a Sorority that is known as NEWPS and that all 8 girls are members. Logan said that he assumed that NEWPS was an acronym and asked me what the letters meant. I told him that only the members know that.

It seemed to me that the meeting was coming to an end and I relaxed a bit. I looked down at my lap and realised that the fingers on my right hand were still caressing my pussy. I stopped and then saw that Dan’s eyes were glued to my pussy. I smiled at him, but he never saw it.

Logan thanked me for my time and passed me another envelope.

I stood up and pulled my skirt back into place. That brought Dan down to earth and he got up to say goodbye. There was a little wet patch at the top of the bulge in his trousers.

I left with Dan saying that he’d be in touch.

He was, 2 days later. He phoned me and gave me the news that he could pay me a fee for each day that he could observe me 24 x 7. I told him that there was no way that I would stay in my room for 24 hours. He laughed and told me that he expected me to continue as normal and that he would set-up something on his PC that would record only when there was movement in my room.

After getting him to promise that he would use the videos only for his research, and not pass them to anyone else, I agreed and gave him the IP address of the camera that had been in Kailene’s room and asked him to phone me when he had got his PC set-up. I got the camera out of my wardrobe and set it up in a position where he’d be able to see most of my room, including the bed.

I was going to experience the same exposure and feelings that Kailene had.

I suddenly had an idea; I checked the wireless webcam and confirmed that it could run on batteries. What if I took it with me wherever I went and set it up there? I would be able to let Dan spy on (sorry, observe), other girls as well. I phoned Ben who told me that it if I took it outside of the universities wifi network it would need to be reconfigured. He also reminded me that it wouldn’t be right setting it up to spy on people without them agreeing to it.

I knew Ben was right; my enthusiasm had got the better of me for a moment; but I could use it at NEWPS events. The Tuesday evening Gym cheerleading practices would be real wanking material for Dan.

I hadn’t seen much of Ben since I’d got back so I asked him when he was going to come and fuck me. I told him that I’d missed the feeling of his cock inside me.

**Ben**

Ben came over that evening; shortly after Dan phoned me to tell me that his PC was all setup. Everything that anyone did in my room was getting recorded. That excited me a bit.

Ben started taking his clothes off just as soon as he walked in the door. I pointed to the camera, but Ben just said, “So what!”

We had a really satisfying fuck and then lay on my bed bringing each other up to date. I told him all about Greece. Before I’d even got half way through the details, we needed to fuck again. The thought that Dan was watching made me even more randy.

Ben briefly told me about his Easter holidays, his university project and his time at our parents. He told me that he’d taken Katie out a few times when he was there. I told him that Katie had already told me and that I was happy for them. Ben assured me that it wouldn’t affect our times of pleasure; both Katie and Ben didn’t want anything to change with us.

**Part-Time Job**

I’ve started this again. When I went in the first time after the Easter break I spent the first hour tell Isabelle all about my babysitting job. The rest of that day was quite boring with nothing exciting happening.

The second day that I worked had an ‘interesting’ event. Just after lunch a teenage girl came running in. She was naked, crying, and in a bit of a state. She stood in the middle of the store looking very nervous and was looking around the store. I was hanging clothes on a nearby rack. I looked at her, then over to Isabelle who nodded to me, telling me that she wanted me to sort out the problem.

I went over to the girl and put my arm round her. She just said, “Hide me.” I walked her into Isabelle’s office and sat her down. She sat with her knees up a bit and her arms crossed over her chest. She was obviously upset about something.

I told her that she was safe in there and that she could relax. I put the kettle on. The girl asked me to check to see if anyone had followed her into the shop. I reminded her that she was safe there, but she insisted, so I went and looked. I went over to Isabelle and told her that the girl thought that she was followed. Isabelle confirmed that there were no security guards in the store, nor anyone suspicious looking. Isabelle told me to take my time and sort the problem.

I went back to the girl and told her that there were only normal customers there. I asked her what her name was (Rosaline) and told her my name.

Rosaline relaxed a bit and started to tell me that she was in the shopping centre with 2 of her mates. They’d all gone into the toilet and her mates had dared her to strip naked and come out of the cubicle. She’d taken the dare and then her mates had grabbed her clothes, told her that she could have them back in the toilets at the other end of the shopping centre, then they’d run off.

Rosaline had spent about an hour crying and deciding what she could do. I asked Rosaline why her friends had dared her to strip, and why she’d done it. She told me that she’d stripped naked in front of her friends, and some boys, a few times and that she’d enjoyed it. She thought that stripping in the shopping centre would be exciting.

“Sexually?” I asked.

Very quietly she said, “Yes.”

I told her that it was nothing to be ashamed of, I had streaked a couple of times, and discovered that it was a real turn-on; I also told her that I got really turned-on by being naked in places that other people wouldn’t even consider. I told her that I’d even been naked in this shop, standing by the main door.

Rosaline looked at me and I could tell that she was interested.

Rosaline relaxed a bit more and got back to her story. She told me that she’d finally decided that she had to run through the shopping centre to the other toilet. She’d set off, with tears still in her eyes. “And feeling very sexually excited?” I interrupted.

“Yes,” she said, then continued to say that she’d got about half way when she saw a security guard. He’d seen her as well, and started running towards her. She’d run into a shop, expecting it to have 2 entrances. It hadn’t and the security guard had caught her.

He’d marched her to the security office and started grilling her about who she was, and what she was doing. The phone in the office rang and Rosaline took the opportunity to bolt. She got out into the main thoroughfare and ran. She could hear the guard shouting after her then, she saw another one. She’d run into Isabelle’s shop.

I laughed and told her that she was good, very opportunist to get away and to pick a shop where she would be looked after.

By this time Rosaline had relaxed and was holding her teacup. I took my time and had a good look at her. She was quite slim and had breasts that looked to be a ‘B’ cup. She shaved as well.

I told her that I had an idea as to how I could help her but that I would have to clear it with my boss. I told Rosaline to stand up and turn round. She did, so I told her that it could just work. I told her to stay there while I talked to my boss.

I went and had a chat with Isabelle and then went back to Rosaline and sat on the edge of Isabelle’s desk. I was about to start to talk to Rosaline when I saw that her eyes were looking at my skirt. I suddenly realised that my skirt had ridden up when I sat down and Rosaline must be looking at my knickerless pussy. I ignored it and said,

“Okay, my boss says that I can give you some clothes, but you have to earn them.”

“Couldn’t I just borrow some and bring them back later?” Rosaline asked.

“My boss says not, she doesn’t know you and there’s no guarantee that you’d bring them back, besides, we’d have to throw them out if you’d done more than just try them on. Your only option is to earn them.”

“So, what would I have to do to earn them?” Rosaline asked.

“What the boss has in mind is that you become one of our mannequins for a few hours,” I said.

“You mean stand out there perfectly still for a few hours?” That doesn’t sound too bad.

“There’s one interesting catch, you’d have to wear a few different outfits and I would have to change you out there on the shop floor.” I told her.

“WHAT!” Rosaline said.

“It’s not too bad,” I told her, “I’ve done it a few times and it’s a fantastic turn-on.”

After a bit of thought, Rosaline said, “So, it looks like I have 2 options, be this mannequin thing and you’d strip me naked a few times, out there in front of all the shoppers; or I run for it and risk getting caught again, and maybe not find my clothes or friends.”

Rosaline was thinking, so I told her that the mannequin option was the best, it wasn’t like she hadn’t been naked in the shop already.

Rosaline laughed and said, “Okay, I’ll do it.”

I told her to stay there and I went and told Isabelle, who told me that I really had the gift of the gab. She told me that I had to organise everything and that I could stand the girl near the door, where I had stood when I did it.

I decided that Rosaline’s first outfit would be a microskirt and a sting vest. The vest is sold with a blouse to go underneath but I thought I would get Rosaline used to being exposed from the start.

When I went back into the office Rosaline was stood leaning back against the desk. Her legs were slightly apart and her hand was quickly moving up her body. She blushed. I smiled and said, “The thought of what you are about to do getting you horny is it?”

Rosaline’s face went a darker shade of red; she looked down at the floor and quietly said, “Yes.”

I told her that it was okay, and told her that I jilled off before I did it first time. I also told her that I was dripping all the time that I was stood out there and that I nearly had an orgasm when a man came over to me and touched my pussy.

Rosaline looked shocked so I told her that it was okay, it was quiet out there and the chances of her getting fingered was very, very small.

I gave Rosaline the top and skirt and told her to put them on. The skirt went on first then Rosaline picked up the top, looked at it and said, “I can’t wear this, everyone will be able to see my tits.”

“I wouldn’t let that worry you; hundreds of people have already seen them this morning.” I replied.

Rosaline blushed again and put the top on.

As Rosaline was doing that, I told her that once she was out there on the stand, she was not to move a muscle, not a finger, a lip, or anything. I would move them for her. Once I put her into a pose she was to keep that pose perfectly until I came back to her, changed her clothes and put her in another pose. I told her not to worry about muscles aching, I would change her every 20 minutes or so and move her arms and legs to loosen them up.

I led Rosaline out to the mannequin stand that I had vacated earlier and told Rosaline to stand on it. “That’s it,” I said, “from now on, I am in total control. You do not move a muscle; and keep those eyes looking straight ahead.”

I put one of Rosaline’s arms on her hip, and the other bent at the elbow and pointing to the door. Then I lifted one leg and set it down so that her feet were about a foot apart. Next I rearranged her skirt upwards a bit and her top so that one of her nipples was poking out through one of the holes. Then I left her.

About 20 minutes later I selected a nice summer dress in a size that I thought would be way too big for her, and went over to her. She hadn’t moved. I slid one foot nearer to the other then unfastened the skirt. It dropped to the floor. I then slid the other foot out about a foot. I was kneeling in front of Rosaline and could see her very wet pussy and little clit poking out.

I stood up and lifted first one arm straight up in the air, then the other. That action pulled the string vest up a bit and the breast that had a nipple poking out went up with it a bit, then slipped back inside. The breast wobbled a bit. When both arms were straight up I pulled the string vest up and off her. I slipped the summer dress over her arms and let it fall into place. The dress was too big, so I lifted it up and off her. I whispered that I had to go and get a smaller size and walked off leaving her totally naked.

As I walked back to her a young woman walked into the shop, glanced at Rosaline, then stopped and stared at her for a few seconds, then walked on.

Rosaline looked a little flushed. I slipped the dress on her, fastened it, then lowered her arms and put her into another pose then left her.

That pose was too easy and she was well covered so I only left her for 10 minutes. This time I got a sheer blouse and an ultra-short skirt. I stripped her again then put the blouse on her. Again, I had selected a skirt that was too big for her. I lifted her legs one at a time then raised the skirt. I left her with her legs slightly apart and the skirt threatening to fall down.

About 5 minutes later Isabelle called me, then motioned towards Rosaline. The skirt was round her ankles. I smiled at Isabelle and continued with what I was doing.

I left Rosaline like that for another 15 minutes before selecting some more clothes and going over to her. In those 15 minutes I saw a young couple walk into the store and stand in front of Rosaline. They spoke to each other for a minute or so then walked over to a rack of clothes. The young man had a big grin on his face.

As I walked up to Rosaline a couple of teenage girls came in and looked at Rosaline. They stared at her for a few seconds then one of them said, “Very life-like these dummies these days. This one looks just like one of the girls at school, what’s her name, Ros something or other.”

“Yeah, I suppose it does, come on, I want to try that skirt on;” and they walked on.

As I stripped Rosaline I said, “That was close, do you know them?” Through clenched teeth Rosaline told me that they went to her school.

This time I put just a belt on Rosaline. I told her that it was my favourite belt and I wanted to see what it looked like on her. “Won’t be long,” I said, and left her.

I was selecting what I wanted to put on Rosaline next when I saw Kailene walk into the store. She saw me and started to walk over to me. As she passed Rosaline she suddenly stopped and turned to face Rosaline. She went up to her and looked her up and down. Kailene smiled, touched one of Rosaline’s rock hard little nipples then ran her finger down to her pussy. I saw Rosaline’s eyes open wide.

Kailene gave Rosaline the finger test then, holding her wet finger right in front of Rosaline’s face, said, “You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” Then she licked her finger and walked over to where I had moved out of Rosaline’s line of sight.

Poor Rosaline looked like she was about to collapse or explode. She did neither. She just continued standing there.

Kailene’s first words to me where, “Have you found another recruit?” “No,” “she’s in her last year at school.” “That didn’t stop you,” Kailene said.

I told Kailene all about how Rosaline ended-up stood there virtually naked. Kailene told me to get her number, before telling me what she had come in for.

Kailene left without Rosaline seeing the two of us together.

This time I’d chosen a sexy little slip for Rosaline to wear. I deliberately chose a size too small. It is made of see-through lace and is meant to just cover your bum and puss. When I put it on Rosaline it only just came down to her hips and her breasts were straining to escape from the top. I slid her legs a bit wider than before, and as I was knelt down in front of her I looked up at her pussy. Her little clit was poking out of its hood and was in danger of drowning in all her juices.

I stood up and said, “I’ve had a complaint from one of the customers that one of our mannequins is enjoying herself too much. Would that be you?”

Rosaline’s face went a darker shade of red.

About 5 minutes later 2 young couples came in and as the girls wet off to look at clothes, the boys went and stood in front of Rosaline. As there were 2 of them I decided to intervene. I went and stood next to them. They saw me and stopped talking.

I said, “They really do make the quite life-like these days don’t they?” After a short pause I continued, “Do you want to know how they make them?” Both boys nodded.

“What they do is get a nude model then cover her in Plaster of Paris. Then they cut it up both sides so that the girls can get out. Next they put the 2 halves back together and fill it with silicone. After it has dried they cut it open up the sides again and discard the Plaster of Paris mould. The silicone mannequin then gets painted in exactly the same colours of the model; even the different colours round the areolas and eyes. While someone glues a wig on, someone else drills holes in all the right places. One of the boys laughed a bit when I said that bit. Next they insert a little heating element and batteries; and a little bottle of creamy water that is set to leak out a little bit to give the mannequin a natural, wet touch to the pussy.”

One of the boys turned to me and said, “You’re joking?”

“No, they really do, if you like you can touch the pussy.” I said as I looked at Rosaline’s face. She was starting to sweat.

Rosaline’s eyes opened wide as the boy’s finger touched her pussy. It was only a quick touch and he pulled his hand back saying, “Bloody hell, look at that.” He was holding his finger up.

“Can I touch it?” The second boy asked. I nodded and his finger touched Rosaline’s clit.

Poor Rosaline couldn’t hold back anymore and she started shaking. I could tell from the expression on her face that she was having an orgasm. The boy jumped back.

“Damn!” I said; the bloody thing has gone into vibration mode. I’ll have to go round the back and switch it off.

Just as I said that, one of the boy’s girlfriends called them and they turned and left.

I was behind Rosaline and I put a hand on her inner thigh with my thumb upwards. I slid my hand round and slid my thumb up, into her vagina. “Where is that bloody switch?” I asked as she continued to shake and get even sweatier.

After a few seconds I pulled out and went round to the front of her. I looked her in the face and said, “I guess that it was you having too much fun.” And I walked away.

I let her fight to stay still for a few more minutes then went and told her to relax and follow me.

I led her back to the office and told her to sit down.

I let her relax for a minute then asked her what she was thinking. She said, “That was fucking unbelievable. I’ve never had such a killer orgasm. Is that what you did? Did it have the same effect on you?

“Yes, and yes, I still do it sometimes, but I’ve found other ways to be naked where people normally aren’t naked.”

I was expecting her to ask me what, but she didn’t. She was probably still coming to terms with what had just happened to her. She told me that the second boy who touched her clit was in the year below her at school. She told me that she’d never be able to look at him again.

I told her she’d get over it then I told her that I was going to see my boss and that I would be back in a minute.

While I was talking to Isabelle, Rosaline appeared beside me. She was still wearing just the slip that only covered the top half of her bum and didn’t cover her pussy.

I introduced them then told Rosaline that Isabelle had said she could have any top and any skirt that she wanted. Rosaline then said, “Can I be a bit cheeky?” Isabelle replied, “Go on.” Rosaline continued, “Can I have a job as a mannequin every Saturday please?”

Isabelle and I laughed and Isabelle told Rosaline to give me her number then go and pick what she wanted. She chose a really short skirt and low-cut top. She went almost skipping out of the store.

I’ve still got that number. I’m going to tell all the other NEWPS members all about Rosaline and we’ll take it from there.

**Swimming**

All 8 of us go swimming each Sunday morning. The girls are now out numbering the boys, but that doesn’t stop them, or us, having lots of fun. It’s almost at the stage where not much swimming gets done and we find other ways of occupying ourselves. The water jet is in big demand, and we girls spend a lot of time floating on our backs with a boy in between our legs.

**Pole Dancing**

If you remember, I did a bit of Pole Dancing while I was in Faliraki. I had really enjoyed it and wanted to do more. I talked to Kailene about it and we both wanted to do some. The only thing was that neither of us had had any training or knew any contacts that could get us a job. We’d asked at a club that we sometimes go to and the manager told us that he got all his girls through an agency. We looked for the agency on the internet but couldn’t find them.

Kailene did a bit of research and found a little Pole Dancing school on a little industrial estate on the outskirts of town. One afternoon we went out there to find out more. It was a bit of a dingy dive, but when we knocked on the door it was opened by a woman in her thirties who seemed quite nice. She told us that she could give us a trial lesson, then if she thought that we had potential we could have a few more lessons. She also asked us if we realised that we would have to get topless. Both Kailene and I laughed and told the woman that it wasn’t a problem.

I asked her how much it would cost, and told her that we were broke students looking to offset some of the costs of education. She (Jenny) told us that the first lesson was free then if we had potential she would get paid commission by the clubs that she placed us in.

That was better than we had expected as I had been worried about the cost.

Kailene asked when we could have the free lesson. Jenny asked if we had time, there and then.

We went into the main hall to find that it had 3 poles with rubber Gym mats round the base of each one. There was also a man in there that Jenny introduced as her boyfriend. She told us that they both ran the business.

Jenny explained a few things to us and showed us where to rub that waxy stuff to help us with grip.

The first move that she showed us was how to climb the pole then let go with our legs and swing them wide open.

Kailene tried it first, and when she swung her legs wide open her pussy was on display.

Jenny said, “Woah there! Our girls usually wear thongs or knickers, or shorts at worst. I’ve never seen anyone do it knickerless.”

That word got her boyfriend interested and he came over to watch.

We explained that we never wear underwear, don’t own any and have no intention of ever wearing any.

Jenny had a quiet word with her boyfriend then told us that it might restrict the number of clubs that we could work at; but that we would be in big demand in some of the other clubs.

We got on with the lesson with her boyfriend watching our every move. At the end Jenny told us that we could continue with the lessons and we arranged the dates and times.

Four lessons later (always with Jenny’s boyfriend watching), Jenny told us that she had a booking for us. We both decided that we would wear short, thin cotton ‘A’ style skirts. We wanted to make sure that they would easily end up round our waists when we were upside down on the poles.

The booking was at a club that we’d never been to before; it looked a bit up-market and cost a fortune to get in, even for the girls. When we got there we were taken to a supervisor who showed us the pole and explained what each of our time slots would be, and where we could change. He also explained that we could mingle with the customers when not dancing.

After asking us our names (we gave false ones), he told us that he’d heard that our act was a little different to the other girls from the agency. Kailene smiled and pulled out the skirt that she would be wearing. She told him that the skirt was all that she would be wearing.

“Why a skirt, what’s so special about that skirt? The other girls usually just wear a thong.” He said, looking a bit puzzled and disappointed.

“No.” Kailene said, “The skirt is the only thing that I’ll be wearing.”

The supervisor suddenly realised what she was saying and said, “You mean that you’ll not be wearing anything underneath it. Sorry for seeming to be a bit thick, but we’ve never had any girls wearing JUST a skirt. That should make for an interesting evening.” He turned to me and said, “You as well?”

I nodded then told him not to worry, when we are upside down on the pole, our inverted skirts are not long enough to cover our breasts. He laughed a little.

We sorted out the music and lighting (we wanted the lights over the pole turned off before we started so that we could remove our tops and wipe the pole clean and dry before we started), then he left us to get used to the place.

It was an hour before the first slot so we went to the changing room and dumped our bags. Then we went for a wander round. The place was quite smart, and the customers were all smartly dressed. Judging by the 50 pound notes that were being handed to waitresses we soon realised why students didn’t go there.

We went back to the changing room and tossed a coin to see which of us would go first. Kailene won. We got changed into our little skirts and skimpy halter tops and carried our little towels that we knew we would need to dry the pole; and went and waited by the bar near the pole.

About 5 minutes later, Kailene’s false name was called and she was on.

Kailene went on the little stage and while the lights were out she used her towel to wipe the pole and took her top off.

The lights came on, so did a couple of bright spotlights. They were so bright that I could see a little mole that Kailene has on the top of one thigh.

We both agree that the routine is a lot sexier with us wearing just a little skirt. When we are stood up we are decent (even if we are topless); but when we are upside down or our legs are spread wide, our pussies are there for the world to see. What we weren’t expecting was for there to be spotlights that highlighted every detail of our pussies. I loved it.

The music started, and so did Kailene.

Kailene kept the audience spellbound and applauding for the next 10 minutes. Some were even throwing money at her. As she ended, the lights dimmed and Kailene collected the money and walked over to me.

About 15 minutes later my false name was called and I went up.

As I said, both our routines are similar and contain lots of the moves that you would expect; but the ones that I enjoy the most are: -

I start by doing a headstand against the pole then lowering my legs either side of the pole. I arch my back so that my pussy is right against the pole. I push up onto my hands and bend my knees so that my feet land on the ground. I then walk away from the pole in the crab position.

I put one foot on the pole, reach up and grab the pole with both my hands. Then I raise the other leg as high as it will go, effectively doing the sideways splits with both of my feet on the pole, I then spin round the pole. After a few seconds I lower the top leg and bend my knee round the pole and spin, letting go with my hands.

Another move that I really like is where I climb the pole; swing one leg up above me, then the other, leaving me upside down with my pubic bone resting against the pole. Next I lower my legs and cross them, gripping the pole with my upper thighs. I then let go of the pole with my hands, pushing myself into a spin, then stretch out so that my body is parallel to the ground. I slowly spin and descend with my pussy pressed against the pole.

The move that I thing I enjoy the most is where I climb the pole then rest it my right hip on the pole and spread my legs wide. I then slowly spiral down. I can adjust my descent by applying more or less grip with my hands. Apart for the obvious, I am able to watch the audience starting at me and my wide open pussy. Those lustful expressions gave me wet rushes.

I end the routine by crab walking up to the pole and rubbing my pussy up and down on the pole a few times then swinging my legs up into a handstand then on until they are on the ground and I can stand up.

As the lights dimmed I did a little curtsey then collected the money then went over to Kailene.

She hadn’t bothered to put her top back on, I hadn’t as well. We took our money back to the changing room and put it in our purses; then went for a wander round. We didn’t get far before men wanted to talk to us. It was all very polite with none of the groping that I have had when working in topless bars, or even naked in pubs.

A few of the men asked us to pole dance again, but without the skirts. Our reply each time was that we would do it, but not without the management’s approval. We thought no more about it, but an hour later the speakers told us that we were doing a repeat performance.

We both assumed that someone had spoken to the management, and when Kailene went on the stage and the lights went off, then back on, Kailene was totally naked.

She got a lot more applause this time; and more money thrown at her.

She stayed naked when she came back over to me. I got a bit jealous because she was naked and I wasn’t, but it wasn’t long before my false name was called out.

When the light when on I was naked too. It was the first time that I’d done my routine totally naked. When I wear a skirt I’m conscious of it all the time. Being totally naked is much better. I enjoyed that performance best. I could feel my wet pussy a lot more as I spread my legs and when I rubbed it against the pole.

When I’d finished I went back over to Kailene; and still naked, we went and put our money away, then went back to the main club area.

We had even more men wanting to talk to us and purve at us; but all very politely.

Things started to thin out and the supervisor found us and congratulated us for our superb performances. He gave us an envelope each and left.

We went to the changing room to get ready to leave, and to count our money. We each walked out of there with close to 500 pounds. We were VERY happy.

The next day I phoned Jenny and told her that we were ready for our next performance. She asked us what we had got up to at the club. The managed had phoned her to congratulate her for sending 2 amazing girls. He wanted us again the following week.

We performed at that club 3 more times before our exams started and we had to concentrate on them.

**Exams!**

After all the excitement during the first few weeks of the term we suddenly remembered that we had major exams coming up soon. We decided to concentrate on them so we didn’t have much fun for a while. Having said that, I still have my part-time job, Kailene and I have our pole dancing, and we have our cheerleading practice once a week. I have meetings with Logan and Dan, and Dan is well pleased with the webcam – I take it to the cheerleading practice each week as well.

**NEWPS Sports Day**

After the exams ended, and with the Olympics being in England this year, NEWPS decided to have our own little Sports/Fun Day. After lots of discussions, and the fact that some of us didn’t have any proper sports clothes, we all decided that we would paint some sports clothes on to us. Kailene and I decided to spend some of our hard earned pole dancing money and bought a load of body paint. It wasn’t the same texture as the paint we’d got in Greece, but the shop assistant assured us that it would dry quickly, and stay on for quite a long time if we wanted it to.

We all gathered in the common area of Katie’s and my dorm floor and got started. Some of the other girls that live on my floor thought that we were all crazy.

Brooklyn, Zoe and Leah all have some artistic talent, so they did the painting. It was difficult painting our pussies as we were permanently wet. Both Kailene and Katie had an orgasm as the paint brush tickled their pussies. We went through nearly 2 rolls of paper kitchen towels before we were all done.

We all had painted shorts on, some longer than others; but our tops were all different, ranging from halters to full T-shirts. I chose a halter top.

When we were all done, we walked as a group over to the sports field. We passed quite a few students and a few of them looked at us. Expressions ranged from confused, probably noticing that something looked odd, but not realising what; to amusement when they realised that it was paint that we were wearing.

Just before we set off I went back to my room and looked up at the webcam. On the assumption that Dan was watching me live, I told him that we were all going to the sports field to have a sports day. Shortly after we got there I saw Dan standing at the edge of the field with a video camera in his hand. I hoped that it had a good telephoto lens.

There’s a big oval running track, marked in lanes, on the sports field. Ella took charge and organised us into 2 teams and we had 2 races of once round the track. I could feel my little puppies bouncing up and down. Poor Zoe’s ‘C’s mush have been giving her hell.

After that Katie suggested that we have a hurdles race. The problem was that there were no hurdles. Kailene suggested that we use ourselves as hurdles. In 2 teams of four we stood in a line, about 25 feet apart. We then all bent at the waist in the same direction. The person at the back of each line then leap-frogged over the 3 in front; then ran to 25 feet in front of the person in the front of the line. When she bent over it was the cue for the now person at the back of the line to do the same.

This worked fine until Leah came to leap-frog over Brooklyn. Instead of leap-frogging he, she pushed a finger up into Brooklyn’s pussy. That caught Brooklyn by surprise and she let out a little squeal. The hurdles race tuned into a finger fuck and move on race.

Next, Leah suggested the Pole Vault. Zoe reminded Leah that we didn’t have any sports equipment with us. Leah said, “I’m sure that I could find a pole in Dan’s trousers.”

No one could think of any other sports that we could do out there (without risking damaging our clothes) so we decided to head for the sports halls, hoping that we could get on the badminton courts or something.

Unfortunately, the little old man who looks after the equipment wouldn’t let us borrow any without our student ID cards. We tried to bribe him by sticking our tits in his face, but he still wouldn’t budge.

Instead we decided to go for a walk round the campus.

The students bar is close to the sports filed and as we passed it we saw lots of crates of empty beer bottles and barrels. Brooklyn had an idea and told us to each get an empty bottle. We went back to the sports field and Brooklyn explained our next event. We all lined up with the beer bottles on the floor in front of us. Brooklyn told us where the finishing line was. We then had to get the beer bottle over the finishing line without touching it with our hands or mouths. The only exception being that if it fell over we could stand it back up.

Ella looked a little confused, but as soon as Sarah squat down over the bottle she grinned and squat down over her bottle. There were a few moans of pleasure as we each impaled ourselves on the bottles. Then came the hard part; standing up and walking with the bottle sticking out of our pussies.

None of us made it in one go, but Leah made it in two. My bottle fell out twice. I was just way too wet; my pussy muscles didn’t really stand a chance.

Dan was still lurking nearby with his video camera. I’m sure that he could sell that video for a fortune.

We took the bottles back then went for the walk.

We got a few people staring at us and even had 2 guys following us for a while. We didn’t have any problems with security. I guess that when they saw us on the security cameras we looked like we had clothes on.

We even went off campus, out onto the public streets, without any problems; but soon after it started raining and we got a bit cold; so we headed back to Katie’s and my dorm. We had fun in the showers getting the paint off, well most of it; some didn’t want to budge.

**End of Year Parties**

Straight after our last exam, the end of year parties started. All 8 of us decided that we were going to go to one of them dressed only in the body paint. Each of us decided what costume we wanted paining on, and we had a great time painting each other. That was the best of the parties, even the walking back to our dorms the next morning was fun (apart from the bad heads).

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 24 – Ella looks after her sick Uncle**

Hey! My name is Ella and I’m going to tell you about my month in Spain looking after my sick Uncle.

No sooner than I’d got back to my parent’s home at the start of the summer break, my Mom told me that her brother had been seriously ill and was now back at his home, but wasn’t able to look after himself. My Mom was hoping that I would volunteer to go and spend a few weeks taking care of him until he was able to cope on his own again.

A bit of background - I hadn’t seen Uncle Henry for about 10 years. He’d been married once, but they had split and he’d gone to live in this very remote, area of Spain. Basically, he’d cut himself off from the world that he’d known and gone to live the quiet, simple life.

My Mom knows how to pick the right time to ask me for something, and how to ask it. I’d just got back from a very hectic year at uni and I had told her that I just wanted to chill for a couple of weeks before looking for a summer job. Mom sold it to me by telling me that all I had to do was a bit of housekeeping and the rest of the time I would be able to soak-up the sun. What’s more, Uncle Henry would pay me to look after him.

Spain is a country that still has good weather in summertime and Mom told me that my Uncle lives in a village so remote that I wouldn’t need much with me apart from a couple of good books. I packed a few clothes in a small bag and set-off.

One early morning flight, two bus rides and I was on a third bus that would take me to my Uncle’s village. I was glad that I had chosen Spanish as my foreign language at school. I hadn’t spoken any Spanish for over a year, but I could still remember enough to get by.

I had told the bus driver where I wanted to go to and he’d told me that he’d let me know when it was time to get off. Well, the bus stopped in the middle of nowhere and the driver shouted that I was there. I went to the front of the bus and repeated the name of the village to the driver. He pointed to a dirt track and said the name again.

‘WTF have I let myself in for’ I thought as I got off the bus. A woman and three kids got off the bus as well. One of the kids was a boy of about 10 years old, and the two girls looked about 12 and 14.

I looked at the woman and said the village name. She pointed up, along the dirt track and said, “Si.” Then she started walking. The kids followed her, so I did as well.

It didn’t take long for me to be grateful that I’d worn Sandals and not heels. Also, knowing that it would be hot there, I was only wearing a short, thin skirt and a loose cotton top; nothing else.

We walked for about two miles into this valley, most of it up hill When we turned a corner, there it was; a cluster of about 20 houses. All of them looked a bit run-down.

As we got closer, I saw a policeman, with a gun, walk towards us. He said something to the woman then turned to the kids. What happened next shocked me. The two younger kids put their bags down and stripped naked.

I stood there thinking WTF is going on?

As the kids picked up their clothes and bags and started walking on, the policeman turned to me. What happened next shocked me even more. He said something about an inspection, and pointed to my skirt.

Not really understanding what he wanted, I just stood there.

“Tener la falda fuera,” he said again. Could he really be telling me to take my skirt off?

When his hand moved to hold his gun I decided that maybe he did want me to take my skirt off, so I let go of my little suitcase, unfastened my skirt and let it fall to the ground.

There I was, wearing only a top and sandals in front of this rough looking policeman who had his hand on his gun.

The policeman bent down and looked closer at my pubes. I was glad that I’d had a shave before I left home that morning. The policeman then put one hand between my knees and prised them apart.

I was shocked, scared, and getting very turned on. I could feel my pussy get wet and wondered if he could see my juices and my swelling clit that had come out to see what was going on.

The policeman stood up and told me to take my top and sandals off. When I was completely naked he asked me what I was doing there. I told him that I was visiting my Uncle Henry.

The policeman’s face completely changed. He relaxed and smiled and said, “Enri, si, si.” He then shouted after the kids and the older girl came back to us.

The policeman said something (way too fast for me to understand) to the girl. She looked at me then waved for me to follow her.

As we walked through the little village (with me still naked) I saw a few naked, young kids wandering around.

The girl stayed a couple of yards in front of me, and led me to a house on the outskirts of the village. She pointed to the house and said, “Enri!”

I knocked on the open door and a middle-aged woman turned and looked at me. I introduced myself and the woman looked happy. “Bueno, bueno,” she said and came and hugged me. She seemed totally oblivious to the fact that I was naked.

She welcomed me in, and said something about me being younger than she expected. She told me that Uncle Henry was sleeping and that he would sleep for about 6 hours. She pointed to a glass and a packet of powder.

I started to put my skirt back on, but she stopped me, saying “Enri se explica.”

Then she left.

I just stood there feeling totally confused. After a couple of minutes of total silence I started looking round. Uncle Henry’s house is a very simple, the front door opens into a largish room with an open-plan kitchen in one corner. There are 3 doorways at the back of the main room. I say doorways, because there are no doors. One leads to a little bathroom (toilet, shower and sink); the second leads to a small bedroom; and I found my Uncle in the third. He was fast asleep on the bed, covered in a thin sheet. It was obvious that he was naked under the sheet as I could see the shape of his penis lying on his stomach. A reasonable size it was too.

I guessed that I would be staying in the smaller bedroom and put my case and the clothes that I had been wearing, in there. I was stood looking in to my Uncle’s room again, with my eyes focused on the bulge in the sheet, when the woman came back with some food and drink for me. She put them on the table then came and stood behind me. Looking over to my Uncle she said that he is a good man, and then with a grin on her face, a big man.

We went and sat at the table and while I was eating she told me that my Uncle is liked by everyone in the village and that he is the head of the village council. Everyone had been sad when he’d been taken ill. She explained that shortly after he moved there, the village went through a very hard time and that he had helped them through those bad times. She thanked me for coming to look after him, but at the same time she again said that she was surprised that I was so young.

I asked her why I had been made to strip naked, and why other children in the village were running around naked. Isabella told me that it was one of the cut-backs that my Uncle had suggested. He’d asked why we were spending our hard earned money on clothes for our children when they seemed to be happy running around naked. Of course, he’d added that once the kids reached puberty they should start wearing clothes; he said that puberty is a hard time for kids. One of the elder men had asked how they should determine the age that the kids should start wearing clothes, and everyone agreed that the time was when they started growing pubic hair. That was the most obvious sign.

I laughed to myself and wondered what it would be like in England if we had such a law. Half the female population, and some of the men, would be walking around naked.

I asked Isabella about the powder near the drinking glass. She told me that it was an old remedy that the elders of the village used when people were having trouble sleeping. It knocks you out for five or six hours and my Uncle had been told that he had to get plenty of rest and sleep; he’d asked her for some. Isabella told me that once you’ve taken it nothing will wake you until it wears off.

After a long slow talk, Isabella left and my Spanish was getting better.

I went and checked on my Uncle again, and had to smile when I saw that there was a tent in the sheet. Remembering what Isabella had told me, I went and stood over my Uncle and looked down at the tent. I could feel myself getting wet and I got in a mischievous mood. I slowly slid the sheet down the bed until his penis was exposed.

I stood and stared at it for ages whilst I got wetter and wetter. I had never had the chance to study a man’s genitals in such detail before. I wanted to touch it but I was too scared.

I suddenly realised that my right hand was on my pussy and that my fingers were rubbing my clit. I couldn’t stop, and before long I came all over my hand.

I had an attack of guilt and pulled the sheet back over my Uncle before going and lying on my bed.

The next thing that I knew was that Uncle Henry was walking around and making a bit of noise in the kitchen area. I got up and went to see him. He was wearing just a pair of shorts.

He looked a bit surprised to see me and had to ask who I was. When I told him, he grinned and told me I couldn’t be because I hadn’t changed a bit. I managed to convince him that I am who I am, but he told me that I looked so young. His eyes were going from my little 32As to my pubes and back again.

I explained to him that I shaved my pubic hair off, and that a very large percentage of English girls shaved their pubic hair off these days. He laughed and told me to remind him to tell Javier (the policeman) that he should ask to see visiting women’s passports before making them strip off. He told me that I could get dressed if I wanted, and that he would explain to everyone.

I told him not to bother as he and most of the village had probably already seen me naked and that it would be good for my all-over tan. I also told him that I spent most of my time at home with Mom, Dad and Toby without any clothes on as well. He smiled and said that he bet that it was difficult for my Dad and Toby. My turn to smile.

Uncle Henry asked me if I wanted some breakfast. He told me that I’d slept all night and that he’d been up for hours. I asked him if he often got up to find a naked girl in his spare bedroom. He laughed and told me that it wasn’t the first time.

I suddenly remembered why I was there, and told my Uncle to sit down and let me do all the work. I had to ask him where everything was, but soon had some food ready for us. Over breakfast he explained that Isabella had been looking after him, but she also had her own family to look after and he didn’t like taking advantage of her generosity.

After I’d cleaned-up I asked Uncle Henry if it was okay to have a shower. He said that it was, but not to use the inside one. There is a shower outside and it’s much better.

I helped Uncle Henry walk outside and round the back where he showed me how the shower worked and he sat down and watched me use it. I have to say it felt good showering outside; and it gave me a little thrill watching my Uncle watch me wash myself.

As I was drying myself, I suddenly realised that I might have to help my Uncle have a shower. I asked him if he wanted some help. He told me that he hadn’t had a shower since getting back from the hospital. He hadn’t wanted to ask Isabella to help him, and he sure as hell wasn’t going to ask his friend DD to help him. He told me that DD was a neighbour that lived in the nearest house – about 50 yards away.

Uncle Henry stood up and came over to the shower. I told him to drop his shorts and helped him to the shower. Without even thinking, I got the soap and started soaping his head. I slowly moved down his body. When I got to his waist, I had to squat down to do the rest of him. My face was right in front of his cock. It was soft, but I remembered what it looked like hard, when I’d stared at it the night before.

As I started soaping his cock and balls he told me to be careful, that I might see something that I shouldn’t. I kept soaping and he started to get hard. I was getting wet, and it had nothing to do with the shower water.

I looked up at him and told him that it was okay, that it was only natural. I also told him that I thought that he had a beautiful cock.

I continued down his legs with his hard cock swinging right in front of my face. Shit, was I tempted?

I stood up, turned the tap on again and rinsed the soap off. As I towelled him dry I made a point of holding his hard dick and told him that I could take care of it any time that he wanted. He smiled and said, “Maybe in a few days when I’m feeling better.”

Uncle Henry took me for a slow walk round part of the village, introducing me to everyone that we saw. He introduced me to the only shopkeeper in the village and warned her that I would be in to see her.

On the way back we saw Isabella with a naked girl. The thing was, although the girl had no pubic hair, she had breasts that looked to be a ‘B’ or ‘C’ cup; and she looked about my age. Isabella introduced her as her daughter, Consuela. She acted all shy, but at the same time she had that ‘look at me’ posture. Isabella told me that Consuela would like to get to know me and asked if she could come over later, when “Enri” was sleeping.

When we got back to Uncle Henry’s house and I’d got us some food; Uncle Henry asked me for some water and the packet of powder. He put a spoonful into the water and drank it down. I helped him to his bed, took his shorts off and covered him with the sheet.

He was asleep within seconds of his head hitting the pillow. I looked down at him and his cock making THAT bulge. Without thinking, I bent forward and kissed his cock through the sheet.

I went for another look around the house and then through the food in the kitchen. I decided that we needed some supplies and got my purse and walked down to the shop. A few people saw me and said, “Hola.”

On the way back I met Consuela and invited her back for a chat. I’d bought some bottles of cola and offered her some. She told me that everyone had been expecting “Enri’s” niece to be about 19 or 20. I laughed and asked her if she could keep a secret. When she said, “Si,” I told her that I was 19 and that I looked younger because of my small breasts and lack of pubic hair. I explained to her that most English girls shaved off every hair on their bodies below their necks.

Consuela was smiling as I asked her how old she was. She told me that she is 18, so I asked her about her pubic hair. She laughed and asked me if I could keep a secret.

Consuela told me that about 6 years ago she realised that she enjoyed being naked all the time; and enjoyed the looks that men gave her. She discovered that she could tease the men to get her own way. She said that an ‘accidental’ open pussy flash or brush against a man’s crotch could get her anything that she wanted.

Consuela said that she was horrified when a couple of pubic hairs started growing. She’s panicked and plucked them out. Over the next few days she realised that as long as she plucked out her pubic hairs no one would realise that she was reaching puberty and she could stay naked. No one said anything when her breasts started growing and 6 years later she is still getting away with it.

She told me that she was having a great time teasing the men.

Consuela asked if should use the toilet and went to the bathroom. When she came out I saw her looking into my Uncle’s room. She had a big grin on her face so I went to see what was causing it. I could have guessed. There was a nice tent in my Uncle’s bed sheet. I grinned and said, “It’s nice isn’t it?”

Consuela moved to the side of the bed and slowly slid the sheet down. My Uncle’s hard-on stood proud. Consuela bent over and took the tip in her mouth. Her head went up and down.

With Consuela being bent over in front of me I had a great view of her pussy. It was all wet.

I went over to her and put my hand on her backside and caressed it. Consuela’s feet spread and my hand went to her pussy. Consuela’s mouth kept going up and down as my hand teased her pussy, and it wasn’t long before she was cumming. So was my Uncle. As Consuela stood up I could see his cum dribbling onto his stomach, and round Consuela’s mouth.

Consuela smiled at me, grabbed my hand and pulled me outside. We walked out of the village and to the side of a stream. Some kids were playing in the water a little further upstream of where we stopped. Consuela sat me on a rock and told me to lay back. I did and she opened my legs and started caressing my legs, stomach and little breasts. My pussy was aching and the longer she caressed around it, the more I wanted to feel her hand or tongue inside me.

That girl really knows how to tease a pussy and I was just about to cum when two of her fingers plunged deep inside me. I screamed and started jerking and cumming as more fingers plunged into me.

I reached my peak and started to relax when Consuela’s hand was replaced by her mouth. The girl had me riding another wave within seconds. I screamed again. As I started to relax I saw that we had an audience. My screams had attracted a couple of the older boys. They were both holding their cocks. Consuela waved them over and knelt down in front of one of them. As she gave him a blowjob she waved me over and I got to work on the other cock.

Neither of them lasted long.

As we walked back to Uncle Henry’s house Consuela told me that the teenagers often went to the stream and played in the water naked. It was the teenager’s hang-out place and she often went there to have sex with the older boys.

I changed the subject and asked her if she was worried that my Uncle would have woken-up while she was giving him the blowjob. She told me that he never had before, and that when people took the ‘poción para dormer’ (sleeping potion), they didn’t wake-up for hours.

I asked her if she’d taken advantage of anyone else with the sleeping potion. “Only Jose at the next house” she said. She told me that he has a wonderful cock and that I must try it before I leave. I was a little puzzled as I was sure that Uncle Henry had said that someone called DD lived in the next house; but I let it pass.

When we got back to Uncle Henry’s house Consuela left and I got a book and went out the back and read for a while before going to bed.

I woke up the next morning to find my right hand slowly frigging my pussy, my left hand on my right breast, and my Uncle standing at the doorway watching me. My sheet had fallen off the bed sometime during the night and I was totally exposed. I blushed and pulled my hand away.

“Don’t stop on my count,” he said, “it’s perfectly natural and we all do it; even if some people won’t admit to it.” I laughed, but the moment had gone. I got up and went and got breakfast ready.

I asked Uncle Henry about Consuela. He laughed and said that she was a right little prick tease. He told me that he knew what she was doing and thought that it was quite amusing. He told me that some of the women in the village weren’t too happy, but the men enjoyed watching her. No one had raised the subject at the village council meetings and he certainly wasn’t going to.

I then asked him what his neighbour friend was called. He told me he was Jose, but he called him DD. I asked why, but all he would say was, “You’ll see!”

We went and had what turned out to be our daily shower together. That second morning I gave my Uncle a blowjob in the shower, and every day after that.

Later that morning my Uncle took me to meet Jose. He is another man living on his own. He was working out back wearing only a pair of shorts when we got there. He went inside and got us all a drink and we sat round a table talking and drinking.

Jose was sat to one side of the table with me opposite him. His shorts were long enough to nearly reach his knees, but they were baggy. I could see just a little up his shorts and no more than 3 inches above his knee, there it was. I was dumbfounded. I’ve never seen a cock that long before, and what more, it looked thick as well.

My Uncle caught me looking and I blushed. He just smiled. Jose continued talking as if nothing was wrong. I couldn’t help it. I kept looking down at the end of his cock. It was like a magnet to my eyes.

Eventually Uncle Henry decided that we were leaving, and as we walked back down the road Uncle Henry asked me if I now knew why he called Jose DD.

“Donkey Dick” I said. Uncle Henry laughed and said that the poor man had had to live with it all his life. He’d moved to the village to escape the lust of the women and the jealousy of the men. Jose had told Uncle Henry that he’d been beaten-up a few times by men who had accused him of upsetting their female partners. People had called him a freak so many times that he just couldn’t take it anymore.

That afternoon when Uncle Henry had taken his sleeping potion I went looking for Consuela and asked her about Jose. She laughed and asked me if I’d actually seen him without his shorts on. I said that I hadn’t and Consuela said that she could put that one right. I asked her what she meant and she told me that she had a plan to get him naked. She wouldn’t tell me what, but she did tell me to be ready at any time. She’d let me know.

We went to the stream and lay on the rocks with our legs wide open and teased the older boys that were there. They kept coming over to us and asking us stupid questions just so that they could get a closer look.

After about the fourth time I decided to put on a bit more of a show for them. I got on my hands and knees next to Consuela and kissed her full on the mouth. My butt was in the air and my knees were apart. The boys were getting a great view.

Consuela responded and it wasn’t long before we were in the 69 position eating each other out. If you remember the NEWPS hazings that I did, you will know that I get really turned on having an audience when I’m having sex, even with another woman; and this was no exception. Consuela was giving as good as she got and it didn’t take long for us both to cum.

We lay back soaking up the sun with our legs wide apart and the boys still watching. Consuela looked at them then told them to come over and do the same to us. They looked a bit nervous, but slowly came over and knelt between our legs. I have to say that they weren’t very good, but they did eventually give me another orgasm.

A few days later, Consuela came running in to Uncle Henry’s house just as he was going for his afternoon nap. She told me that Jose had called in at her house to see her mother and that she had managed to slip some of the sleeping potion into his drink. She wanted me to go with her to see what state Jose was in.

When we got there we found Jose lying out round the back of his house. We went and stood over him and shouted his name. We didn’t get any response so Consuela shook his arm. Still nothing.

Consuela then started unfastening his shorts. As she pulled them down, first his pubic hair, then the base of his penis came into view. She stopped when the bottom 3 inches were visible. She stood up and we looked down. It must have been nearly 3 inches in diameter. His balls were bigger than any I’d ever seen before. They looked like a bag with two tennis balls in. It must have been difficult for the poor man to walk. My pussy started tingling and getting wet, very wet.

I told Consuela that we shouldn’t be doing this, then bent down and pulled Jose’s shorts down another 3 inches. I looked up at Consuela who told me to keep pulling.

Another 3 inches and still I couldn’t see the end of Jose’s penis. Just as I started pulling again, the circumcised end came into sight.

I stood up and we both stared at that wonderful flaccid cock. Ages later, I put my hand on my pubic bone and slid my middle finger inside me. I sooooo wanted that cock inside me.

Consuela pulled Jose’s shorts right off him, and I saw that, like my Uncle, he wore no underwear. I asked Consuela if any on the men in the village wore underwear. She said that none of the men whose shorts she had got into wore any.

I looked down as Consuela lifted Jose’s cock up and rubbed it up and down a bit. Consuela looked up and said that there was enough for both of us. I knelt down and put my hand round Jose’s cock next to Consuela’s. I couldn’t get my thumb anywhere near my fingers.

Moving our hands together, we gave Jose a synchronised wank. Slowly, that magnificent cock got hard and bigger.

I thought about Uncle Henry’s nickname for Jose; then back to the time in Greece when Amy stuffed that horse’s cock into her pussy. The inside of my thighs was wet and the ache in my pussy was almost painful.

We let go of Jose’s cock and stood up and looked down on that magnificent specimen. It must have been a good 12 inches long and at least 4 inches in diameter.

I suddenly remembered that I had my camera with me (but in my case back at Uncle Henry’s house), and my friends in NEWPS. I had to get a photograph of that magnificent cock so that they would believe what I was going to tell them.

I told Consuela where I was going and ran to get the camera. As I ran into Uncle Henry’s house I looked in on him. He was naked under a tented sheet. In that second I decided that I was going to fuck him before I went home.

I grabbed my camera and ran back to Jose’s house. As I ran back I remembered what Amy had told us about being blackmailed by Professor Jones and forced to take part in an erotic exhibition where Katie and her had to impale themselves on a giant stone cock. I’d be able to show them photos of the human version.

When I went round the back of Jose’s house Consuela was riding Jose’s cock. She was covered in sweat and moaning quite loudly. Her moans got louder and louder as she peaked. When she did, she sank down and sat there shaking.

Three or four minutes later she turned and looked at me. With a big grin on her face she told me that Jose hadn’t cum yet and that it was my turn. She stood up and a very wet giant cock fell to about 45 degrees from Jose’s belly. I looked at it for a few seconds; then took a couple of photos.

I gave the camera to Consuela and lifted one foot over Jose and squatted down over his crotch. I held that cock with both hands, pointed it towards the sun, and lowered myself until the end touched my pussy.

As the tip opened my pussy, I shuddered, thinking that this was going to be painful and literally, fucking amazing.

Inch by inch I slowly lowered myself until I could take no more. A couple of times I had to raise myself and start again. Consuela put her hand (the one that wasn’t being used to hold the camera, that was running in video record mode), out so that I could steady myself. Then I started going up and down; slowly at first, then faster and faster.

The pain, the pleasure; it was fantastic. My body got closer and closer to cumming, and my moans got louder and louder. I was shouting everything that you could think I might do. What’s more, I could feel Jose’s cock twitching.

The feeling of Jose shooting his load into my pussy took me over the edge. I screamed and collapsed down on Jose. I sat there for ages while my breathing got back to something like normal.

I looked over to Consuela. The camera was still rolling. I stood up, held Jose’s cock with both hands (side by side), looked at the camera and said, “Beat that guys!”

Consuela laughed and switched the camera off.

I said that I needed a shower. Consuela said that we should use Jose’s outside one; but first we had to pull Jose’s shorts back up. We did, and then shared the shower.

We stood in the sun while we dried. Consuela pointed to a big rock a few yards away, and told me that she and a couple of the other girls sometimes hide behind it and watch Jose shower. She told me that she had watched Jose wanking a couple of times.

Consuela wanted to go to the stream where the kids play, but I told her that I had to go and rest for a while; my pussy hurt like hell and needed to be rested.

As the days went by I noticed that Uncle Henry was getting better. He got more jovial and positive in his movements. He appeared to be enjoying his morning blowjobs more as well. In the shower one morning I held Uncle Henry’s hand and guided it to my pussy. He played with my clit for a few minutes and slipped a finger into me. He stopped after a couple of minutes and smiled at me. I said to him, “It’s yours whenever you want it.” He hugged me and said, “Soon my princess, soon.”

Consuela and I went to the stream quite a few times to tease and sometimes fuck the older boys. We always had an audience, boys and girls. The fact that we had an audience always made me more horny and daring.

We never did go back to see Jose; but I bet that Consuela has.

One afternoon I heard a lorry driving towards the village. I went down to the shop and saw that it was delivering supplies. Consuela was already there, and flaunting her naked body in front of the driver. There were signs that he was enjoying the view.

Just before the lorry drove off, Consuela climbed into the lorry cab. I ran and climbed onto the back.

As the lorry drove down the dirt track I wondered if Consuela had got out without me seeing her. I had visions of the lorry not stopping until it got to the nearest town and the driver finding me, completely naked, in the back.

I needn’t have worried (not sure that I was worried); the lorry stopped at the junction with the main road and the door on the passenger side opened. As I climbed off the back I heard Consuela say that she would see him next week.

As the lorry drove off Consuela saw me and was quite surprised. She told me that she often gave the driver a blowjob as he drove down the track. I asked her if she often came down to the main road without clothes on. She told me when her mother went into town she would walk down there and wait for her so that she could help her with her bags. She said that she sometimes came down hours before the bus was due so that she could wave at the traffic. If any cars stopped she would just run back up the hill.

I laughed and told her that I had a friend that was just as mad as she was.

After I’d been there about 3 weeks I woke up one morning to see my Uncle looking down on me. He was naked and sporting a big hard-on. My sheet had slipped on the floor again and my right hand was slowly massaging my clit. Uncle Henry told me that he was on the way to the bathroom, saw me masturbating and couldn’t resist coming to watch. He apologised for waking me up.

I told him not to be sorry, and that he could watch all he wanted. I told him to sit at the bottom of my bed and watch all he wanted.

I opened my legs wider and my right hand got back to work. I wanted my Uncle to enjoy the view for as long as possible so I took my time. I was slowly building up to an orgasm when Uncle Henry’s hand touched my leg and gently slid up and down.

I looked right into his eyes and had a wonderful orgasm. As I started to come down from my high, I asked Uncle Henry if he was ready. He knew exactly what I meant, so when he nodded I got up and told him to lie down. He did and I got on top of him and lowered myself on too him. The look of pleasure on his face was truly satisfying.

I wasn’t going to rush things for him, and slowly went up and down. Even so, it wasn’t long before I felt him cum inside me. He tried to apologise for not lasting longer, but I shushed him, telling him that it was okay. I sat there until he’d gone soft then climbed off and took him to the shower.

There was a noticeable improvement in my Uncle’s health that day and he took me round the village visiting people again. I didn’t let him stay out too long before giving him his sleeping potion and putting him to bed.

I fucked my Uncle every day for the last week that I was there. Half way through that last week Consuela was there watching us. Uncle Henry didn’t mind, and I sure as hell didn’t.

On the day that I left, I got Consuela to promise to go and see my Uncle every day, and to make sure that he fucked her every time that he wanted. I also got her to promise to be gentle with him until he got all his strength back.

When I did leave, Consuela walked down to the main road with me and we waved at passing cars until the bus came. I didn’t put my skirt and top on until we saw the bus coming. The naked Consuela waved to a bus full of people as we drove off.

I had been totally naked for 4 weeks, got a fantastic all-over tan; and got just about as much sex as I had at university.

Ella

To be continued…….

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 25 – Kailene and I go to Tenerife for the Summer Break**

After all our exams and end of year parties; and the other fun that we’d been having; Kailene and I decided to spend a few weeks in the sun (not much of that in England). We had some money from our pole dancing job and decided to hit Tenerife.

Before I could get away I had to go and see my parents. As I’d done the last few times that I’d been home. I stripped as soon as I got into my room and went down to see Mom and Dad. Neither said anything about me being naked, but Dad’s trousers looked pleased to see me.

Nothing interesting happened while I was there, except that I teased my Dad and brother something wicked.

The week soon went and I packed a little bag and early one morning I headed to the airport to meet Kailene.

I say a small bag because neither of us intended to be wearing much when we were there. All of the skirts that we took were ultra-short and all of the tops had very little material and most of that was see-through. No bras and knickers; and only 2 or 3 minute thongs that we intended to wear on the beach. The thongs were the ones that I’d made for my holiday in Ibiza and most of them didn’t actually cover my pussy.

Besides, we didn’t have any accommodation booked and didn’t want to have to lug a heavy suitcase around.

Both Kailene and I had decided that the best place to carry our Ben Wa balls was in the place that they belong – our pussies. Now that wasn’t such a good idea because when we had to go through security, we both set-off the buzzers.

I was first through the arch and the buzzer went off. The male security man told me to stand on the little feet images on the floor and ran the wand thing all over me. He could see that I wasn’t wearing much (micro skirt and short halter top), and was a little puzzled as to what could have triggered the alarm. The wand thing went off as it went up passed my pussy.

I’d been thinking what could have triggered the alarm, and as the wand thing passed my puss and buzzed I realised what had caused it. I smiled and told him that I was wearing Ben Wa balls. The poor man hadn’t a clue what I was talking about. I put my arm out in front of me and pointed to my pussy and slowly said, “Ben Wa balls; sex toy!” When he heard ‘sex toy’ he seemed to get the message; but he just stood there.

Was this man stupid or what? Perhaps the ‘or what’; I pulled the front of my skirt out, being glad that it had an elastic waist, and pointed down to my exposed, bald pubes; and slowly repeated, “Ben Wa balls; sex toy!”

I don’t know if I’d made the man’s day, he’d just given up; or he actually knew what I was saying; but he waived me through.

Kailene, the little minx, pre-empted the man, and as he waved his wand over her, she lifted the front of her skirt up and pointed to her displayed bald pubes. The man stared at her pubes for a few seconds; then waved her through.

Giggling like naughty little school girls, we walked off to the departure lounge, arm in arm.

After wandering round a bit, we bought a sandwich and a bottle of water for the flight; then found somewhere to settle for the hour or so wait for our flight to be called.

We found a small area that has a few, low, comfortable chairs. We flopped down onto them and soon realised that our knees were higher than our butts. Neither of us sat very lady-like (legs not crossed, and knees slightly apart), and it didn’t take long for a group of youths to realise what they could see, and they sat on the chairs opposite us.

In the middle of our conversation, Kailene whispered that she was going to put on a show for the youths. She stood up and lifted her little case onto the chair. Then she bent over it, with her back to the youths.

You’ve guessed it; her little skirt was up over her butt letting her sparkling wet puss wink at the youths.

Kailene stayed bent over and opened her case. She rummaged around it for a about 10 seconds before zipping it closed and lifting it off the seat and sitting back down.

All the youths were silently staring at her; and one of them was holding his mobile phone up as if he was taking a photograph.

Kailene said something about being glad about not forgetting to pack something, but I wasn’t really listening.

We continued talking about everything and nothing; all the time watching the youths, and opening our legs to let them get a better look at our pussies.

After a while we decided that we should go to the toilet before we got on the plane. We stood up and I asked the youths if they would keep an eye on our cases for a while. Two of them said that they would, and off we went.

In the ladies room I had a little go at Kailene for being so brazen. She just laughed and said that I was jealous because I hadn’t thought of it first. She was right.

After we’d peed, I heard Kailene pull lots of paper off the roll. I guessed that she had more than just the last drips of pee to wipe, just the same as I had.

As we were washing our hands I suddenly had an idea to confuse the youths – if they were that observant. I started taking my skirt off and told Kailene to do the same.

As we stood there, wearing only skimpy tops, I asked Kailene if she thought that the youths would realise that we’d swapped skirts. Both skirts are similar designs, but Kailene’s is a dark colour, and mine a light colour.

Once we were legally decent, we went back to our cases and sat down again. The youths were silently watching us. Neither Kailene nor I were going to disappoint them, and we both sat in the same un-lady-like way.

Shortly afterwards our flight was called and we headed for our gate. I noticed that the youths waited until we’d got up and then followed us.

The airport is only a little regional one and doesn’t have any of these mobile bridge things, so we had to walk outside, over to the plane and up the steps to the entrance.

It wasn’t raining at that moment, but it was a little windy. Neither Kailene nor myself held our skirts down and the youths, and other people behind us, must have had a good look at our butts.

Going up the steps to the plane was fun; the youths stayed a few steps behind us, and when I looked round, their faces were level with our butts. There was some sort of hold-up in the plane and we were stood on the steps for a few minutes waiting.

I turned round and looked over the youths to the control tower. I said to Kailene, “Look, that must be the control tower.” Kailene turned, just in time for the wind to blow both our skirts up. The youths were staring at our un-covered pussies. I got a bit of a wet rush.

The youth’s seats were nowhere near ours, but in the third seat of our row, the aisle seat, was a middle-aged man. We had to ask him to let us by to get to our seats. When I first asked him, he looked as if he was going to stand up for us, but he changed his mind and turned his knees to one side so that we could shuffle passed him.

These charter flight planes have way too many seats crammed in, and there is very little knee room, so it was difficult. As I shuffled, I felt my skirt ride-up as I squeezed against the seat in front. My back was to that seat, so my front was right in front of the man. I’m sure that my pussy was on display, but I don’t know if he saw it.

I certainly saw Kailene’s pussy as she squeezed in, but I don’t think that the man saw it; he was too busy staring at her skin between the top of her skirt and her top; that only just covered her breasts.

We settled-in for the four and a half hour flight, with lots of our legs on show for anyone who looked. And as the plane continued to fill-up, some of the passengers looking for their seats did look down at our legs.

When the flight got boring, I leaned over to Kailene and put my head on her chest and said that I was tired. Kailene put her arm round me and put her hand on my skirt that had ridden up a bit. If the man had cared to look down he would have been able to see my butt. Kailene didn’t help; or perhaps she did, as I dozed I felt her hand slide up a bit and more of my butt go on show.

The man must have noticed because I heard Kailene tell him that I had a nice butt and that he could touch it if he wanted. He must have been too embarrassed because I never felt another hand on my butt.

I couldn’t get off to sleep because the plane’s vibrations were causing Ben to keep me thinking about my pussy; and after a few minutes I sat up and turned to the man and said, “I wouldn’t have minded if you’d touched my bum; I quite like someone doing that.” He went bright red.

Eventually, the planes vibrations got too much for both of us; and within 10 minutes we both had to stifle our moans as we had small orgasms.

When we landed and stood up, both our seats had wet patched on them.

The flight got there at lunch time and we got a public bus into Las Americas and searched for a cheap hotel. We wanted somewhere cheap to start with until we worked out what was where; then find somewhere with a bit more luxury.

After about an hour wandering round we found one and were shown to our room. It was on the second floor, but when we opened the curtains, we got a bit of a shock. About 3 feet in front of our balcony was a path; then a café. The hotel was built on the side of a hill. Anyone walking up or down the path, or sat on that side of the café, would be able to see right into our room. I was a feature that we exploited quite a bit it the few hours that we were there.

On the first night we decided that we needed a drink, and walked to where the noise was coming from. We went into the first bar that we came to and got a drink; and we paid for it!

We were stood in a corner drinking, talking about what we wanted to do while we were there. At one point, Kailene said, very loudly, “I want sex, lots of sex.”

There were 2 couples nearby and they heard her. The 2 girls smiled then turned to the men that were with them. They looked at us then continued talking amongst themselves. All the time, one or more of them kept looking over to us.

When Kailene and I had finished our drinks we were a little happier and more relaxed.

After our second drink we decided to go to the toilet. While we were in there, the two girls that had smiled at us came in and one said, “You girls look like you’re here to have some fun.”

“Too right we are.” I said.

“What sort of fun are you thinking about?” the other asked.

“Sex, adventure, excitement, more sex, something different; anything except drugs,” I said.

The first girl then told us that they might be able to help us, and asked us to come and meet their boyfriends.

Kailene and I looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders and followed the girls out.

After introductions (Luke and Kelly, Ashley and Angie), Luke suggested that we went and got a table outside the bar where we could talk more easily.

As we sat down I noticed that both Luke and Ashley made a point of sitting where they could see Kailene and my legs; all of them. Luke ordered us all some more drinks and then asked us to tell them all about ourselves.

The drinks came and we told them about some of the crazy things that we’d got up to at university. We told them about the sorority, but not its name.

That round of drinks disappeared quickly and more were ordered. As the waitress served them I happened to look at Kailene’s legs; she was sat with her knees about a foot apart. Then I looked at mine; they were the same. I looked at Luke and Ashley; and guess where they were looking.

When the waitress left, Angie leaned over and lifted my skirt up high enough to see my bald pubes. “I thought so; you must have nice pussies for Luke and Ashley to stare like that.”

“Sorry,” Kailene said, “we’re not trying to pick them up or anything. It’s just that all this talk about sex gets us wet and excited; we can’t help it.”

“That’s okay,” Kelly said, “we’re not worried, it’s nice to see that you are so open about sex; we might just be able to offer you the fun that you’re looking for.”

Kelly went on to tell us that Ashley and Luke were budding porn film directors and that they’d come to Tenerife to film some scenes for a film. Kelly looked at Luke, Ashley and Angie. All 4 of them nodded.

Kelly then asked us what we thought about bondage, mild bondage. I got a bit of a wet rush then told them that it was something that I’d always wanted to try. I told them that I’d once been tied to a table and gangbanged. Kailene told them that she’d once been tied to a tree, stripped and finger fucked.

“Yes, that’s the sort of thing that we’re thinking of.” Luke said.

“What about spanking?” Angie said. I’ve been spanked before, it made me feel good,” I said.

“That’s good,” Kelly said, “I think that we’d be able to include some of that.”

After a pause, Angie said, “Have either of you been in a movie before?”

We both shook our heads, then Kailene said, “We’ve both had live webcams in our dorm rooms, does that count?”

“Yes, that’s good.” Luke said.

“Tell you what, there’s no need to say yes or no now, there’s a quiet service road behind this bar. We’ll be there at 11 o’clock tomorrow morning. If we see you there we’ll know that you’re interested,” Angie said.

Luke changed the subject and we started talking about the beaches and night-life there. They told us about the clubs there and Kailene asked if they had pole dancers.

Luke said that there was at least one club where the girls pole danced and gave personal strip teases. I asked him for the name of it.

After another drink, they said that they had to go and left.

Kailene and I talked about the offer that they’d made us. We both agreed that it sounded fun, but at the same time we were both apprehensive. How did we know that they weren’t the front for some slave trade gang?

We decided to make up our minds in the morning.

It had been a long day and we decided to get some sleep.

We opened the balcony curtains and door and slept naked on top of the bed.

The next morning we went and got some breakfast then went back to our room. The café across the path had a few people in and it didn’t take them long to see that we were walking round our room naked. We ignored them.

Neither of us spoke about the porno film offer, but at 10:30 we both put on T-shirts; nothing else, and went to the door. Kailene looked at me and said, “Where are you going?” I replied, “Where are YOU going?” We both laughed and said that it looked like we’d decided that we were going.

We left our key at reception and walked barefoot towards the bar. Both our T-shirts were short; they only just covered our butts.

We got to the bar and found the service road. It wasn’t very long and had cars and vans parked down both sides. No one was walking along the road, but we saw a couple of men come out of the back of bars and either get something from their van, or get in a van and drive off.

We walked up and down that road about 4 times. I was starting to think that we’d been conned and started messing about lifting the front or back of Kailene’s T-shirt. She started doing the same to me.

Two men came out of a bar about 20 yards in front of us. I decided to let them know that Kailene had nothing on under her T-shirt. When they were about 4 yards in front of us I grabbed the front of her T-shirt and pulled it up.

We were both giggling as the men went either side of us.

The next thing that I knew, my T-shirt was being pulled up, right up and pulling my arms up as well. I screamed and thought, “I’m being sharked.”

Kailene screamed as well and the next thing I saw was a naked Kailene. Then 2 arms went round me from behind, grabbed my tits and lifted me off the ground. I was dragged backwards and saw Kailene in the same position as me.

As we passed a van, the side door opened and we were bundled in. We were pushed on the floor and held there while a third man put our arms behind our backs and tied our wrists together with cable ties. Then our ankles got the same treatment.

As the van drove off we were lifted up and sat down on the floor with our backs to the side of the van.

The 2 men stood there looking at these 2 naked, bound girls. I know that I was terrified. They weren’t Luke or Ashley and they looked rough. Were they part of Luke and Ashley’s plan, or were we really getting kidnapped.

The 2 men started talking, almost arguing. Then they both unzipped their trousers and forced their cocks into our mouths.

Well, what can a girl do in a situation like that? I licked and sucked. I could see that Kailene was doing the same.

After a few minutes I realised that the cock in my mouth was about to explode. My head was forced forward and I swallowed.

When they’d both cum, they turned away and got something out of a bag. They turned to us and put a cloth over our faces. I smelt something, then blacked-out.

The next thing that I knew I was waking up and my arms and head hurt. It was dark and I was stood up, well sort off, I soon realised that my arms were tied apart, to something above me; and I was hanging with my knees bent a little. Then I felt something tickle my pussy. My legs were spread wide and tied to something. Then my pussy was tickled again.

WTF was going on. It was pitch black so I couldn’t see anything. I put my weight on my legs and my arms felt a little better. Then I was tickled again. It started feeling good.

I was starting to come to my senses and called out to see if Kailene was there.

At first I got no response; then I heard her groan. I shouted for her to wake–up.

As she came round she started swearing quite loud.

After about 30 seconds she calmed down and told me that she was tied spread-eagle and something was touching her pussy.

I told her that I was in the same position and that the tickling was starting to get to me.

We stood there and got more and more turned-on by whatever it was that was ticking our pussies. We tried to work out what it was but neither of us really knew. The only way that we could stop it was to push our butts out backwards; but the tickling was good.

We tried to avoid the inevitable orgasm by talking about where we were; who had kidnapped us and was it something to do with the 4 people from the previous night.

We kept telling ourselves that it was; the alternative didn’t bear thinking about. As we were talking I saw 2 very small red lights in front of us.

The inevitable happened; Kailene first, then me. We both screamed with pleasure.

The tickling kept on going. Whatever it was must have been quite wet by then but it still felt good.

A few minutes later we had our second orgasm.

Just as I was getting to my third the lights went on. Once my eyes adjusted themselves I looked round. Kailene was tied the same as I was. The room turned out to be a basement. There were hooks all over the ceiling and walls. In front of each of us were 2 cameras. The red lights must have meant that they were recording.

The distraction from my pending orgasm didn’t last long and I started to cum again. As I calmed down, Angie was stood in front of me.

“Thank fuck for that.“ I said, “I was starting to think that this was nothing to do with you and we actually had been kidnapped by some slave traders or something.”

Angie laughed and said, “You wanted some excitement didn’t you?”

My turn to laugh.

I looked down to between my legs and saw something that looked a bit like an old-fashioned music metronome. It was still tickling my puss.

“In case you’re wondering, those cameras have night vision lenses on them; Luke’s experimenting.” Angie said.

“Can you switch that thing off please, it’s driving me crazy.” Kailene said.

“Not yet, Luke and Ashley need one more orgasm each, in the light.

And we gave them it; not that we had any choice.

Afterwards, Angie released us and took us to a shower. As we went she pointed down a hallway and told us to join them when we were ready.

The shower was good and Kailene and I hugged each other in both relief and enjoyment.

We dried ourselves and walked down the corridor to a big room. All 4 of them were there, Luke and Ashley fiddling with cameras and Angie and Kelly were sitting sipping drinks. Both girls were naked.

Kelly got up and offered us a drink; then took us for a guided tour or what turned out to be a villa up in the hills, complete with a swimming pool.

When we got back, Luke sort of half apologised for the way that we’d got there, but hoped that we’d forgive them. After all, we were looking for excitement.

We did forgive them, and told them that anything that gave us 4 orgasms couldn’t be that bad.

More idle chat, then Kailene asked Ashley what else they were going to do to us.

Luke answered saying that if we agreed, he had 3 more scenes that he needed. He told us about some scenes that he’d filmed with Angie and Kelly, and some with some other girls that they’d recruited; but they’d had to fly home.

“Lucky us!” I said; then asked Luke what the scenes were. He told us, and we both agreed to take part; although Kailene had reservations about one. One of them was a bit risky, police wise, but Luke assured us that he had it covered, and the chances of us getting arrested were virtually non-existent.

Angie suggested that us 4 girls go and relax in the pool while Ashley and Luke set things up.

It was nice in the pool and in a way I didn’t want to get out when Ashley came and told us that they were ready for us.

They took us to the biggest bedroom. It has 2 double beds and there were ropes tied to each corner. We were told to lie on a bed while our wrists and ankles were firmly tied to each corner. Next, a ball gag was put in our mouths and fastened behind our heads.

Something was on each bed between our legs, and covered with a sheet. We were each asked if we were still happy to go through with it. When we nodded, 2 machines were uncovered. They were identical fucking machines, with identical dildos on the business end.

They looked big, but we’d both had bigger.

Angie asked us if we wanted any lube, but we both declined. I was dripping in anticipation and I guess that Kailene was as well.

Angie then adjusted the machine so that the dildo went in to me quite a way; while Kelly did the same with Kailene. The girls got off the beds and Luke asked if we were ready. We both nodded.

The machines were switched on and the dildo slowly went out then back into me; and again, and again.

That was nice I was thinking. I looked round the room and saw that there was a camera suspended from the ceiling above the beds, one on a tripod at the bottom corner of the bed (pointing at my pussy) and both Luke and Ashley were holding one.

Angie looked down at me, smiled and asked me if I was okay. When I nodded she told me to relax and enjoy it.

It didn’t take long for me to reach my first orgasm; then my second, then my third. I was sweating and getting well and truly fucked.

On and on the machine went. I started losing count of the number of orgasms. I wanted it to stop; I couldn’t take any more, but at the same time I didn’t want it to stop. I realised that my body was struggling and writhing. I didn’t know if it was to try to get away from the machine, or get that dildo deeper inside me.

I was knackered and started to try to tell Luke to stop the machine but the ball gag turned my words into garbage.

In and out went that dildo. I have no idea how many orgasms I had.

I blacked out. I have no idea how long for, but the dildo was still going in and out when I woke up. My pussy ached. I had more orgasms then passed out again.

When I woke up the machine had stopped but the dildo was still inside me, deep inside me. I looked round the room; Kailene was motionless on her bed.

Angie looked down to me. “You did well; you lasted nearly 90 minutes before passing out.”

I turned my head towards Kailene.

“She’s okay, Luke’s just switched her machine off; she lasted a couple of minutes longer than you,” Angie said, “We’ll leave you to rest for a while.”

After a couple of minutes, Kailene’s head turned towards me. We couldn’t speak, but when I nodded, Kailene nodded back. I drifted off into a deep sleep.

When I woke up that damn machine was at it again; and I felt like I had just had yet another orgasm.

Angie let us have one more orgasm, with Luke and Ashley filming; before switching the machines off and un-tying us. She led us outside; it was dark by then; and we relaxed in the pool before going inside for some food and drinks.

Luke explained that he wanted a naught schoolgirl scene where the girls got their bare backsides spanked. I was all for it, but Kailene wasn’t so keen. Luke thought for a minute then said that I could do the spanking scene and that Kailene could hang around, watch and get pleasured at the same time. Kailene was so pleased that her backside wasn’t going to get tanned that she forgot to ask exactly what Luke meant.

Luke told us that we’d start filming again in the morning, and told us where to get some sleep.

Next morning; well, middle of, we emerged and Luke told us that everything was set-up. He told us that it was probably best if we got the next scenes out of the way before breakfast.

Luke took me outside to where there was a table near the pool. On the table was a schoolgirl’s uniform which he told me to put on. As I was doing that I saw Kailene walking with the others, round the side of the villa.

There were 3 cameras set-up pointing towards the table.

Luke took some footage of me standing there in the uniform, saying that he’d edit a teacher’s role into it later. I then had to pretend to be shocked and slowly take the uniform off.

Next I had to stand in front of the table and bend over it before Luke started swatting my bare backside with a table tennis bat. I didn’t have to count them but there were something like 50 and my backside was hurting, and my pussy was wet.

Next, Luke removed his trousers belt and gave me something like 50 hard swats with the belt. It hurt like hell. Tears were running from my eyes, but at the same time I was thinking about the ache in my pussy.

Luke stopped and asked me if I was okay. I said, “Yes, more please.” I’m not sure why I said that; I must have been mad. My pussy must have taken control of me.

Ten swats later, I couldn’t feel any more pain; but I certainly could feel the orgasm that was about to hit me. And it did. It was just as intense as the others that I’d had there.

When it subsided Luke told me to put the school uniform on again. Putting those goddamn knickers on hurt. Fortunately I didn’t have to keep them on for long and Luke told me that I could strip and cool my backside in the pool.

When my backside felt better I got out and walked towards where I had seen Kailene go. When I turned the corner, there was Kailene; she was hanging upside down by her spread ankles, with her beautiful, silky black hair hanging below her. Her wrists were tied behind her back. She was high enough for her to have Ashley’s dick in her mouth. The really interesting part was that there was one of these Hitachi Magic Wand things hanging between her legs so that the ball end of it was resting on her clit. She was having a different type of orgasm torture.

I watched as Kailene had more orgasms, and Ashley teased her mouth with his dick. After a few minutes, and a few moans from Kailene, Ashley pulled out and shot his load all over Kailene’s face. Kailene licked her lips.

Luke replaced Ashley and after another orgasm, Kailene got some more sperm to lick.

All the time, Angie and Kelly were watching and checking on the cameras.

Luke let Kailene have one more orgasm before getting everyone to help her get back on her feet and untied. Once her hands were free she searched her face for more sperm to lick.

We went for a short swim with Luke and Ashley while Kelly and Angie got the breakfast ready.

Luke wanted the last scene to be filmed early evening so we all relaxed round the pool for a few hours.

The time came and we all got into a jeep to drive to Las Americas. I suddenly remembered that Kailene and I were naked (the others had all gone and put some clothes on).

I asked Luke where our T-shirts were. He told us that they were probably still in the van that brought us there; but that was miles away. He then said that we’d be okay as we were (naked); after all, we needed to be naked for the filming.

The journey was uneventful, with no adverse reaction from anyone who may have seen us.

We stopped on a quiet road not far from an area popular with tourists and the four of them put a dog collar, leash, ball gag and handcuffs (behind us) on Kailene and me. As they were doing that, four Spanish men appeared and started talking to Luke. He explained to us that they were there to act as lookouts and to distract any policemen that may appear.

I was nervous as hell, and it showed. Luke told us that the area that he’s chosen rarely had policemen there; and that Ashley would be leading us while Kelly and Angie would be close by carrying dresses to cover us if necessary; and watching the lookouts.

Kailene and I both felt a little happier, but still nervous.

We set off, and it wasn’t long before people started looking at us. I was wet and getting wetter by the second.

We must have walked around for about 30 minutes with Luke running round us capturing every second on film. At one point Ashley stopped us, dropped the leash and went behind us. He gave out butts 5 swats with his hand. My butt was still sore from the morning’s fun and I tried to squeal.

We headed back to the jeep where the ‘accessories’ were removed. The four Spanish men got paid and had a good look at us.

Amazingly, no one said anything to us, just stared; and we never saw one policeman.

When we got in the jeep, Luke thanked Kailene and I for helping them and told us that they’d take us back to our hotel. I gave them the NEWPS email address - newpsorority@yahoo.co.uk and made him promise to send us a copy of the finished DVD.

When we got to our hotel we got out of the jeep and Angie offered us a couple of T-shirts to put on. Kailene said “forget it!” and after saying our goodbyes, we walked into reception naked and asked for our key.

That night we went out for a drink and scrounged a few more by flashing lots of skin to the young men in the bars.

We spent the next couple of days getting to know our way around Las Americas using the TITSA green local buses (we called them TITS); and improving our sun tans. We went topless on the beaches and paths alongside the beaches; wearing only one of the revealing thongs that I’d made for Ibiza.

We also had more fun sitting on our balcony naked and teasing any young men that used the path or café.

We decided that we needed to move out of the hotel into somewhere better and less restrictive. We also needed (wanted) to get a bit of work; where we could tease and show off our hot little bodies.

That night we started asking some of the male bartenders and the girls that stand outside the bars trying to entice potential punters in. We got the names of three clubs that took on girls for the summer season, and the name of a young man who was house-sitting for a relative; and the name of the bar where he worked.

We headed for the bar and found the man working behind the bar. He was busy so we hung around until about 3 in the morning when things quietened down. We were both wearing see-through tops and ultra-short skirts. We had no trouble getting drinks bought for us.

When we eventually managed to talk to the man (Matt) he told us that his Aunt and Uncle lived in Las Americas and were spending the summer in England. He was house- sitting for them while having some fun himself. The villa was on the outskirts right next to a golf course and had four bedrooms. He had already got two other young men renting two of the rooms and he’d promised the fourth room to another young man; but was waiting for him to get back to him.

We persuaded him to phone the man and check to see if he still wanted the room. He did. We were disappointed, and Matt knew it. We asked him if he knew of anyone else with a spare room. He thought for a bit then told us that the master bedroom at his place had two beds in it, and, as he only used one of them, he could move the other into the main living area. If we didn’t mind sleeping in a room with 4 men walking through it all the time then we could have it.

Kailene told Matt that we always sleep naked and often don’t put any clothes on until we go out. Matt smiled and said that he was sure that it wouldn’t be a problem. Kailene asked how much the rent was. Matt said that if we cleaned-up after the four of them, and did a bit of shopping and cooking for them, then we could have it for free; especially if we were naked most of the time. Kailene told Matt that there might just be a couple of other benefits for them. Matt smiled.

Kailene and I looked at each other, smiled, and both said, “Okay, you’ve got two new lodgers.”

When the bar closed we got a taxi to our hotel to collect our belongings; then on to what was going to be our home for the next few weeks.

The villa wasn’t big, but big enough. It had a small pool that was shared with two other villas; both were rented out most of the time.

No one else was up when we arrived, and the noise of us moving the bed didn’t wake anyone. Matt went and got clean sheets and we put just the bottom one on the bed. We told Matt that it was too hot to cover us.

Matt went to bed and we stripped and lay next to each other on the bed. I went to sleep slowly teasing Kailene’s pussy.

Sometime next morning I woke up and heard someone in the kitchen. I turned over to Kailene and finished what I started when I went to sleep. Kailene woke up just as she started to cum. As her ‘high’ subsided I heard someone clapping. I turned over and saw a young man standing watching us.

“Who are you?” I asked. He introduced himself as Jonny. He pointed to one of the bedrooms and said, “That’s my room.” We introduced ourselves and told him about our arrangement with Matt. Jonny smiled and looked pleased. Well his boxers looked pleased.

Matt appeared and we got up and went and made more coffee. We sat out the back, telling the boys about us. We told them that we were looking for some dancing work and that we’d been given the name of a club. Jonny said that we’d have to put some clothes on if we wanted to work as strippers. He knew the place, and someone who worked there – a bloke. He offered to phone him and ask if they were looking for girls. They were, and Jonny arranged for us to go there early evening to see the manager.

Both Matt and Jonny had to go out and we were left to get some breakfast and soak up the sun.

A couple of hours later another new face (wearing only boxers) appeared from inside. He introduced himself as Oliver, telling us that he was pleased that he wasn’t that pissed when he came home. He’d seen the 2 of us naked on the bed and thought that he must have been dreaming.

We went through our story again, while Oliver got a hard-on staring at Kailene. She fancied him as well.

We went and showered and put some clothes on, then found the nearest TITS stop to get a bus to where the club was. We went in and found the manager. He told us that he was looking for girls who could pole dance, lap dance and who could give seductive personal stripteases. We told him that we could do all that, but we’d have to go and buy some clothes so that we had some to take off.

He laughed as he looked us up and down. He then told us that he didn’t take anyone on until he’d seen them perform. If we wanted the job we’d have to show him how good we were. We were expecting that and he sent us over to the pole and put some music on.

I went first, but before I started I told him that we normally do it either just wearing a little skirt, or naked. He told me to dance naked.

I stripped and did just that. When I finished he asked me what I was like at lap dancing. I went over to him and stood with my legs outside his. I proceeded to rub my little tits in his face and grind my pussy on his crotch; which was hard. When he put hand on my butt I pushed it away, saying that he’d get me into trouble with the management. “Ooops” I said, “you are the management;” and lifted his hand back to my butt. He probed my holes then said that I’d got the job.

Kailene was next. Just as she started, a delivery man came in carrying a big box. The manager called him over and sat him down to watch. I watched the man adjust his trousers and lick his lips as Kailene slowly spun round with her legs wide apart. All the lights were on in the club so we could see every bit of her shinny wet pussy.

She had to dance on the delivery guy’s lap as well; although he didn’t try to molest her; not that it would have been molestation.

We both got the job, and headed off to find a shop where we could but a couple of proper thongs and a nice bra each. We’d agreed to work 3 nights a week starting the next night.

After getting the undies we wandered around and found a sex shop. No way were we going to miss that opportunity, and in we went. There were a few men in there looking at different things. As soon as we went in they were all looking at us.

We started looking round and came to the section that had remote controlled vibes. Neither of us had brought ours with us and we regretted that. We found some egg shaped ones and decided to buy one each. After looking round the rest of the place we went to the counter to pay.

Kailene asked the man if he spoke English. He did, so she asked for a discount for buying the 2 items. He said not.

“What if we put them in here and let you play with the controls a bit?” That got his attention. He said that we could have both of them for the price of one.

We unwrapped both of them, put batteries in them, then Kailene jumped up and sat on the counter. “Put one in me.” She said to me. The sales guy just about ran round to our side of the counter. Three of the other guys in the shop came over to watch.

I moved to Kailene’s side and slowly pushed one in.

Then I jumped up on the counter, gave the sales guy the other egg and told him to put it in me. He did.

We then gave the controls to the sales guy and asked him to put the batteries in.

As he put the battery in the second one, he switched it on. We both jumped; then laughed. Both eggs could be controlled by either of the remote controls.

“That could be fun.” Kailene said.

The sales guy gave the other control to another customer and they both brought us to a wonderful orgasm.

We jumped down, paid the guy and left with the eggs still inside us and a control in each of our bags.

After getting something to eat we got a TITS back to the villa.

We got undressed as soon as we got in and went to sunbath by the pool.

I took my bag and we walked out with a towel over our arms.

There was a young couple in the pool. They told us that they were renting one of the villas. The man was looking at us all the time.

We lay on 2 of the sunbeds that were there and relaxed. Our legs were pointing towards the pool and both of us had gaps between our knees.

I fell asleep.

I’ve no idea how long I’d been asleep, but I woke up thinking, ‘Ooow, that’s nice.’

Kailene had gone into my bag and got the remote control. I looked over to her and the control was in her hand and she was looking towards the pool.

The vibe slowly increased speed. Both Kailene and I were enjoying it. I felt my pussy swell and my clit come out to play. I looked over to the pool and saw the couple getting passionate with each other.

I touched my clit and exploded. I had all on to keep quiet. As I calmed down a bit I looked over to Kailene. She was in the middle of her high. The vibe kept going.

Kailene kept the vibe on until she’d cum again. Then she turned it off. The problem was that I was just getting close to cumming again; but didn’t.

I watched the couple in the pool for a while then fell back to sleep. When I woke up Kailene was stood over me. She looked down and asked me if I’d had a good dream. She pointed to my very wet pussy and told me that it looked like I had.

I reminded her that we both still had our eggs in and that each control worked both eggs.

“Ooops!” she said, and giggled.

We went in and started getting ready for our first night’s work. We were both in the shower, with the door closed but not locked, when Oliver walked in.

“Sorry.” He said and started to back out.

“It’s okay,” I said, “you’ve already seen us naked so just get on with it man.”

He came back in and stood at the toilet.

“Do you need someone to hold it for you?” Kailene said.

“No, I can manage.” Oliver said.

After a couple of minutes he said, “It’s no good; I can’t pee with you 2 looking at me.”

“Turn your back to us.” I said.

He did, and a minute later we heard the tinkling.

We got dressed in just a skirt and top, put our new undies and a spare top and skirt in our bags and left to find a bar near the club.

Three drinks (2 bought for us) later, we walked over to the club. It looked different at night.

We found the manager and he took us to the changing room. We put on a thong, bra and little skirt and went out. We’d been told to mingle, chat-up the male customers and get them to buy us a drink. When they said that they would we had to take them to one end of the bar where the bar staff charged them a fortune for a glass of cheap champagne for us.

If they wanted a lap dance we had to take them to a woman who took their money, wrote something in a book and told us which booth to take them to.

There were 4 booths with curtains across the front, and a bouncer stood at the end.

He was there to make sure that we only gave the punters 5 minutes, and that they didn’t touch us. They would come and look into the booth every so often to make sure that the punters were keeping their hands off us.

Each time that I took a punter in there I would quickly take my knickers off and get the punter to sit on them. When I put my legs either side of his and rubbed my tits in his face; I would rub my wet pussy on the front of his trousers. If I fancied one of them I would quickly unzip him and pull his cock out. When I sat on his lap I would impale myself on his cock and gyrate my pussy. To the bouncer it didn’t look like I was fucking him. I never actually managed an orgasm, but it felt good.

The pole dancing was much the same as back in England, except for 2 things. Firstly the customers were a lot louder; and secondly, just as we were finishing, the lights were switched on. Our full naked glory was brightly lit up for the last few seconds.

At the end of the night the manager told us that it had gone okay, and told us that we were still good for doing it 3 nights a week.

We got a taxi back to the villa and stripped for bed.

We’d been dry humping guys and spreading our legs as we swung round that pole for hours without any real relief. As we lay on the bed we kissed and ended up having a great 69.

Jonny came in while we were in the middle of it and he watched us for a while before going to bed. I guess that he had a wank before going to sleep.

The next morning the fourth young man (Ethan) moved in and we told our story yet again. Ethan wore jeans and a long, baggy T-shirt so we couldn’t see the effect we were having on him.

One afternoon shortly after we’d moved in to the villa we were tanning by the pool and something landed beside me. It was a golf ball. Kailene said that it was dangerous living there. A bit later Matt came out and joined us. I told him about the golf ball. He laughed and went and got a bag full of them. He told us that some really crap golfers used the course.

I picked up a couple of them and was playing with them when Kailene had an idea.

“Why don’t you hide that ball?” she said. I looked at her then grinned, she wanted me to put it in my pussy. So I did.

She threw me another one and grinned. The second ball disappeared; then a third. Golf balls are a lot bigger than Ben Wa balls. I stood up and walked around. Not the most comfortable walk, but okay.

All the time, Matt was watching me.

Kailene threw me another ball. I said that I would need some help with a fourth ball.

Matt told me to lay wrong way round on the sunbed. The top of it was raised so that the person on it was almost sat upright. I lay on the sunbed with my knees bent over the top of the sunbed. My pussy was way above my head and pointing to the sky. As I opened my legs I thought that it was a great position to tan my inner thighs.

I gave the fourth ball to Matt and told him to gently press it in. My pussy opened up and it slowly went in. No sooner than it had disappeared, it slowly came back out.

I couldn’t keep it in.

Matt pushed it back in, and out it came again. Matt asked me if I could squeeze the first 3 out like that; so I did. I squeezed my pussy muscles and they slowly appeared and rolled down to my chest before I caught them.

Matt thought it was funny and asked if I could do it again. “Okay.” I said and gave him all 4 balls.

As he pushed the first one in he said, “That’s amazing, as it went in, your pussy seemed to grab it and pull it in. Push it out again Amy.” So I did. He put it at the entrance but didn’t push; then told me to suck it in. It was difficult at first, but I managed to open my pussy and engulf the golf ball.

“Wow,” said Kailene, “push it out and do that again.” They both watched as I squeezed it out and then sucked it in without anyone touching the ball. I got the hang of it and did it again; then again.

“Put a second one there.” I said. With the first one still inside me I tried to suck the second ball in. I did it; so I squeezed it out and sucked it in again.

“That’s a neat party trick,” Matt said; “Can you do that with a third one?”

I could, and I did, in and out I sucked and pushed that third ball 4 times.

I tried it with the fourth golf ball, but I just couldn’t do it.

I got off the sun bed with 3 golf balls still inside me, turned to Kailene and said,

“Your turn.”

She didn’t need to be told twice.

Oliver appeared and watched as Kailene got into position. I knew that Kailene and Oliver fancied each other so I gave Oliver 4 golf balls and told him to put them into Kailene’s pussy.

Kailene’s pussy took them and swallowed them up. When the fourth one went in Oliver pushed it right in but it came straight back out. He tried again, but out it came.

Kailene wanted to try squeezing them out and sucking them back in so she did the same as I had done. She could suck them in just the same as I could.

Oliver was staring at Kailene and her pussy; and Kailene was looking up at him.

Both Matt and I saw that look in their eyes. I told them to, “Get a room you two. Oh wait, you’ve got a room. Either fuck each other out here, or go and use that room.”

Kailene got off the sunbed (with 3 golf balls still inside her), and they disappeared for an hour or so.

I got back on the sunbed (the right way round) and asked Matt to stay and talk to me. I put my feet on the ground either side of the sunbed so that there was room for Matt to sit between my legs while we talked. I asked him to tell me about good places to go. We laughed and joked about all sorts.

All of a sudden one of the golf balls popped out of me. We both laughed and I asked Matt if he’d get the other 2 out of me. One thing led to another and it wasn’t long before Matt was fucking me on the grass.

What made it even more exciting was that in the middle of fucking the couple in the next villa came out to use the pool. The girl came out topless. Matt was on his back and I was on top of him facing the pool so I was watching them. They hadn’t been in the pool long before their costumes appeared on the side of the pool and they spent a lot of time very close to each other.

After that I spent quite a few nights in Matt’s room and Kailene spent even more nights in Oliver’s room. On the nights that Kailene was with Oliver and I wasn’t with Matt, I went and fucked either Jonny or Ethan.

Having said that, I still spent many happy nights with Kailene. We had an audience some times. One time Kailene was working on my pussy and Oliver came to watch. He got down to bed level with his head saying that he wanted to learn how to frig a woman properly. Kailene was doing an excellent job with her fingers inside me.

Then she pulled her fingers out and squeezed my clit. I erupted and had one of the best orgasms that I’ve ever had. The thing was, I squirted. I’d never done that before and Oliver wasn’t expecting it either. My juices covered his face.

Oliver stood up and said, “Fucking hell, she’s pissed on me.”

Kailene laughed, put her finger to his face and scooped up some of my juices. She licked some of them off then then said, “That’s not piss, it’s her pussy juices;” then she licked Oliver’s face.

One night that we weren’t working we decided to go round some of the more lively bars. One bar was having a ‘Ladies Night’. We decided to stay and watch. A bit later 2 male strippers got on the stage and started stripping. They kept getting a girl out of the audience and sandwiching her between them as they gyrated. Sometimes they pulled the girls skirt up round her waist so that their bulges rubbed against their knickers (or flesh for those girls who weren’t wearing knickers).

The strippers ended up naked with their big hard cocks swinging all over the place. They got more girls up on the stage and teased them with the ends of their cocks.

One of them pointed to me to get me up on the stage. I went up. As I walked up I unfastened my skirt and top. As soon as I was on the stage I dropped my skirt and top. I walked to the centre of the stage, spread my legs and bent at the waist keeping my knees straight. One of the strippers came up behind me, slid his cock between my legs and pretended to fuck me. I reached under my pussy and as he went back I grabbed his cock. As he came forward I guided it into my pussy.

He actually fucked me on that stage.

Kailene managed to get up on the stage as well. She didn’t strip, but she bent over and took one of their cocks in her mouth. She was bent over with her back to the audience and her micro skirt had ridden up and her 2 holes were on display for everyone to see.

Another night we went round the bars with our eggs inside our pussies. We only took one control with us and kept giving it to different young men and asked them if they knew what it was. All of them played with the controls. About half of them knew that it was a remote control. Only 5 of them knew what it was a remote control for; and only 2 realised that it was controlling vibes that were inside our pussies. Those 2 didn’t want to give it back to us.

That’s about all that I can remember from that holiday. If I (or Kailene) remember any more interesting bits I’ll write them up and post it with this document.

Love,

Amy

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 26 – Second year at university**

As soon as I got back to uni I started phoning the others to arrange a meeting. When I got hold of Ella she asked me if I’d read my emails, or looked at the notice boards. She wouldn’t tell me why, saying that it was best if I read it myself.

When I logged-on to my email there was a message to ‘All Academic Staff and Students.’ It read -

*Due to the desire of certain parts of society, a certain police chief and a certain judge, to have women go back to the 19th century and dress as they did in those days, the Dean has been approached by Professor Jones and Professor Gould (from Whittle University) with a proposal to introduce a ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course at each University.*

*The proposal was that these Professors would run a course that encourages young women to stand-up for their rights and not to succumb to the oppressive ideas that are starting to infiltrate our society. Female students will learn how to become comfortable with their sexuality, how to deal with situations where people are trying to supress their freedom of choice to wear whatever they like, and how to compete with such men on a level playing field.*

*The Deans of both Universities have discussed this proposal with their respective Board of Governors and funds have been made available for these courses.*

*Part of the syllabus requires female students to be partially, or totally naked for a minimum of 3 days a week. Both the above Professors and the Deans of both Universities have approached the city’s Police Authority; and the Police Chief Constable has agreed that female University students can go about their normal business partially, or totally naked, on campus and within the city boundaries without the risk of being arrested; providing that: -*

*They are carrying their Student I.D. cards and present them if requested to do so by an officer of the law.*

*They are not taking part in any sexual activities.*

*These courses will be open to all female students and will not be subject to any additional fees.*

*Female students wishing to enrol for this course are requested to contact the University Administrative Centre as soon as possible as there is a limit to the number of students that can be accommodated on the course.*

I read the email twice as the first time I just couldn’t take it in. I was overjoyed. Getting on that course was my number one priority. I phoned admin straight away and was told that I was only the third person to apply; so I was on the course.

My next thoughts were for the other NEWPS members. I dashed straight next door to see if Katie was back. I went bursting in asking her if she’d seen the email even before I’d got the door open. I never finished the sentence because Katie was there, bouncing up and down on Ben’s cock.

I went and sat next to them as Katie continued to ride my brother. As they kept fucking Katie asked me what I was talking about. I told her, and just about finished when she moaned loudly and shouted that she was cumming. I could see from Ben’s face that he was about to fill her pussy with his seed.

I watched them start to relax then Katie asked me to tell her again. As what I was saying started to sink in, Katie jumped off Ben and said, “Fucking brilliant, have you told the others?”

Katie picked up her phone and called admin while I started calling the others. While I was waiting for Kailene to answer her phone, I got hold of Ben’s now soft dick and told him that I’d missed him. “Me too sis.” He said.

By lunchtime the next day, all 8 NEWPS members were signed up for the courses, and we’d arranged a Sorority meeting so that we could discuss the implications; and to catch-up with everyone’s news.

I’d been thinking about Prof Jones and Prof Gibbons blackmailing us, and how the new ruling would affect that.

Three days later I got a phone call from Prof Jones. She welcomed me back then told me that she was pleased that I’d signed-up for the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. She then told me that our ‘little arrangement’ would be continuing; and that it would include more cheerleading performances. She informed me that she’d made a regular booking of the same room in the gym just the same as the last term. She also told me that there was another ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition coming up soon. Last years had been a big success and her friend was planning a bigger one.

As I lay in bed that night, on my own, I thought about Dan and the webcam. I’d switched it off when I left for the holidays and not thought about it until then. I wondered if Dan had his PC set-up to record when it got switched on. The next morning straight after I got out of bed, I switched it on, stood naked in front of it and mouthed the words ‘phone me’ and pointed to my mobile.

**NEWPS meeting**

A meeting was arranged in the uni bar the following evening. We were all excited as hell; we all wanted to talk about everything at once. After about 5 minutes of everything and nothing, I called the meeting to order and the first subject to talk about was what we were going to talk about first. The summer break won.

We went round the table and everyone told everyone else what they’d been up to.

Ella told us all about her month in Spain looking after her sick Uncle. After that she’d gone back to her parent’s house and managed to get a job for a few weeks working in an office.

She’d continued being naked at home all the time, even though her brother Toby had brought a constant stream of his friends round.

Katie had spent most of her break with my brother Ben. I wasn’t jealous; in fact I was pleased for both of them. Ben was back at uni for his last year and I wanted it to be a happy one for him.

Kailene told everyone about our break in Tenerife; how we’d worked in a club and lived naked in a villa with four men (see part 25).

Sarah told us that she’d spent a lazy summer break doing nothing. Except for when she had to look after her little sister. Her sister had noticed that she didn’t wear knickers and asked her why. Sarah had managed to get her sister to go out a few times in short skirts and no knickers. She’d promised to do it at least once a week while Sarah was at university.

Brooklyn had worked for most of her break. Her father had got her a job, and she needed the money.

Leah’s break was spent at her parent’s holiday home. She’d managed to get quite an all-over tan.

Zoe had spent most of her break with her girlfriend. They’d gone on holiday together and Zoe had managed to get her girlfriend to wear some of her revealing clothes, and go to a nude beach with her.

The next item on the unwritten agenda was the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. Everyone was so excited about being able to go round town naked without fear of getting arrested.

Brooklyn said that she thought that being naked around uni wouldn’t be as exciting if there were lots of naked girls all over the place. I reminded her that there were only 30 girls in the class and that there are well over a thousand students at St. Damian’s. I said that knowing that there were 30 naked girls around the campus would probably make them more observant. If they knew that we were there they’d be looking for us. If they weren’t expecting us then they wouldn’t be looking for us.

Leah asked if anyone knew anything about the syllabus. No one did.

Kailene volunteered to be the first girl to go into town naked. The first lesson was the following Monday and she needed to go into town sometime that week, so she’d go on the Monday afternoon. Zoe said that she’d go with her.

Sarah said that she’d read a story about a fictional human sexuality course where all the students were given sexual things to do between classes. If they didn’t do them then they were kicked out.

“What sort of things?” Brooklyn asked.

Sarah told her about 2 things that involved supermarkets. One was that a girl had to walk into a supermarket naked, walk to the fruit and veg stall, pick up cucumber and fuck herself with it, right there in the store. The other was that a girl had to walk into a supermarket naked, find a male assistant and drag him into the men’s toilet. She then had to give him a blowjob and get him to shoot his load all over her face. She then had to walk all round the supermarket with his cum on her face.

“Brilliant!” Leah said, “I hope that we have to do something like that.”

After a few more similar ideas we were getting nowhere so I suggested that we just wait until Monday and see.

The last item on the agenda was the blackmail and cheerleading. I told everyone that Prof Jones had been in touch and that she was planning a few more performances for us. Katie told us that her and Sarah would review the routine and see about getting us naked earlier on in the show. Now that nudity wasn’t a problem we may as well do it as soon as we could, but not right from the start. We needed to keep the ‘tease factor’ in there.

I then told everyone what Prof Jones had told me about the ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition. After a few “Oow goodies,” everyone said that they wanted to take part.

The meeting was adjourned.

**‘Females in the 21st Century’ course**

The following Monday at 10 o’clock, thirty girls were all nervously waiting for the Professor to arrive in the room. All were wondering what the syllabus was, and wanting to know more about this ‘being naked for 3 days each week’ was all about.

We didn’t have to wait long. Prof Jones walked in and welcomed everyone. The next thing that she said made seven (Ella had to go to the Whittle course) of us smile and most of the others gasp in amazement. Prof Jones told us all to stand up and strip naked – right there and then.

The seven of us were naked in seconds, and had a bit of a laugh as the others slowly peeled off their layers of clothing. It was a good job for the citizens of this fair city that none of the girls were more than slightly over-weight.

Quite a number of the girls were reluctant to let their breasts hang free, and covered them with their arms. Only 2 or 3 had masses of pubic hair; most were bald like us.

Prof Jones soon stopped the breasts being covered and 60 nipples proudly pointed to front of the room; albeit some to the floor at the front of the room.

She then told us that every one of the lessons would be conducted with us all in the nude.

One girl asked if being naked for 3 days a week was optional, and if it wasn’t, then which days did it have to be. Prof Jones told us that it definitely wasn’t optional and that we could choose whichever days that we wanted; and that a day was 24 hours long.

At the start of each lesson each girl would have to stand up and tell everyone which days, and what they did on those days. She then clarified the ‘partially naked’ part by telling us that it meant that either our breasts or our pubic area had to be uncovered and easy for anyone to see.

Prof Jones told us that she would be keeping records and if she thought that anyone was avoiding doing things when they were naked then they would have to be naked 24 x 7.

Prof Jones then told us that over the next few months we would briefly explore women’s clothing over the centuries and men’s attitudes to that clothing. We would also explore what we thought was wrong in today’s society and what we could do to improve things. She also told us that mixed in with what she had just told us we would be discussing and demonstrating female sexuality and how we can give ourselves more confidence in our bodies.

That last part interested me.

The lesson ended with Prof Jones reminding us to pick our 3 days. If anyone already had, and today was one of them, then they could remain naked. The rest could get dressed.

Guess which 7 opted to remain naked. So did 2 others. They sheepishly left the room, trying to blend in with the surroundings.

The 7 of us nearly danced out of that building. There was a gathering of boys who had read the notice or email and had thought that they were going to see lots of female flesh. They were right.

We went to the uni café to get a bite to eat and a drink. On the way there we got quite a few people looking at us. Some smiled and one young man grinned and said, “I like our Dean.” Another asked us what the hell we were doing. Zoe just told him to read his emails.

None of us had actually been totally naked in the café before and it felt a bit strange, but nice. When we were getting served Ella heard one of the older women who works there saying that it was disgusting and that naked girls should be banned. When Ella told us, Katie and Zoe went over to her and asked if she had a problem. She said not.

Without even discussing it, we had all decided that we would remain naked all of the time. At each ‘Females in the 21st Century’ lesson we would just report on 3 of the days that we’d been naked. We wouldn’t mention the other 4 days each week.

We split up and went our own way.

The following week I got there a couple of minutes late and was greeted by 29 naked young women.

The first thing that we did was to go round everyone and listen to which days they had been naked and what they had done on those days.

One girl told the class how she’d put off starting her 3 days of nudity until the Friday morning, so she had to be naked for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. What she’d forgotten was that she’d arranged for her father to drive down with some belongings that she hadn’t managed to bring on their first trip. Her father had phoned her on the Saturday to confirm that he’d be arriving at 11 o’clock on the Sunday morning, and that he’d take her out for lunch. She hadn’t had the courage to tell her father about the course.

The poor girl had been mortified. It had been hard enough having to face all the other students on the Friday, and the Saturday hadn’t been much better. She’d been terrified when she’d had to go down to the dorm’s entrance to meet her father.

Apparently he’d been quite shocked and had demanded to know what she thought she was doing. It had taken her quite a while for her to convince him that her being naked was legitimate. It was only when another naked girl walked passed them that he started to accept it.

Then came the second really embarrassing part for her; her father had wanted to call off the going out for lunch part, but the girl had told him that she’d get into trouble if they changed their plans; so off they went to a pub for their Sunday Lunch.

The girl told the class that she didn’t know who was more embarrassed, her or her father. On top of that, the staff in the pub had asked to see her student I.D. card. Fortunately, she’d remembered to take it.

Another girl told the class how she’d had to go to the dentists on one of her 3 days. She giggled a bit as she told the class that the male dentist had found it hard (that as well), to concentrate with a naked girl lying on the reclined chair in front of him.

A girl called Fiona told the class that she too had decided that her days would be Friday, Saturday and Sunday. She’d planned on an intimate weekend with her boyfriend who lived off-campus, sharing a house with 3 other young men. She’d hoped that they would spend most of the weekend in his room. However, her boyfriend had other ideas.

After spending a very passionate (her word) Friday evening and night; her boyfriend wanted to spend the rest of the weekend going everywhere that his housemates went. They went to a football match on the Saturday afternoon and the pub on the Saturday evening; and then again on the Sunday lunchtime.

She felt that he’d put her on display for half the town’s male population to see. She said that she’d felt good and bad about it. On the one hand she’s been pleased that he’d been proud enough to want to display her; and that she’d got sexually excited quite a few times when lots of men had looked at her in the confined spaces and passed comments about her body. On the other hand she’d felt a bit like a piece of meat on the counter in a butcher’s shop.

Prof Jones told us that it was typical of men’s attitudes towards women; that there were good things and bad things about his actions. She said that she’d be covering men’s attitude towards women’s bodies in a later session.

While Fiona was telling the class about being naked in front of all those men, I was getting a bit turned-on. I quite fancied the idea.

On the subject of sport, one girl was in the university badminton club and they had met on one evening of her 3 days. She’d had quite an audience as her breasts had bounced about. They’d distracted her male opponents and she’d won more games than usual.

Another girl told the class that she had a part-time job working in a bar in town. She’d picked 3 days when she wasn’t working; but on one of them she’d had a phone call asking her to cover for someone who was sick. She’d had to go into town naked and work behind a bar all night. After she’d explained her state of dress to the landlord he’d asked her to make sure that her 3 days each week coincided with her working days. She was good for trade.

After telling everyone about her 3 days, one girl told Prof Jones that in a few weeks she was going on a week’s teacher training experience to teach 14 and 15 year old kids. She wanted to know if she was expected to be naked whilst there. Prof Jones told her that if the school was within the city boundary, then “yes,” otherwise “no.”

The girl next to her groaned. Prof Jones asked her what the problem was. She told the class that she too had a week’s teacher training experience coming up, and that the school that she’d been allocated to definitely was within the city boundary. Prof Jones asked the girl to give her the details after the lesson and she would contact the school’s head teacher to clear it with him or her.

A driving lesson was the most unexpected thing that one if the girls had done on one of her naked days.

After that Prof Jones told us all about women’s clothing in the 19th century. I wasn’t surprised to hear that they didn’t wear bras or knickers in those times.

The rest of the session was a bit of a surprise; Prof Jones talked about masturbation and then shocked everyone (nearly) by telling us to sit on our desks and masturbate.

Prof Jones took a few notes then told us that we’d discuss our methods the following week.

Oh, the 3 girls that had had masses of pubic hair had shaved it all off sometime during the week. There were 30 bald pubes in that lesson.

**Prof Gibbons**

Sarah and I went to our first lecture with Prof Gibbon during the second week. We were the only 2 naked girls there. We’d decided to sit on the front row so that we could tease him. We didn’t care if the cameras were working or not. As the others filed in, most stared at us. One of the girls asked if we were naked because of ‘that course.’ We said that we were. She just said that she thought that we were so brave, and walked off to her seat.

When Prof Gibbon walked in he looked as Sarah and me and smiled. He spent quite a bit of time during the lecture in front of either Sarah or me. Of course we obliged him by keeping our knees well apart.

At the end he asked Sarah and I to stay back, then told us that he was pleased to see that we had signed-up for the course, and that he expected us to be wearing the same clothes as we were at that moment, and to sit in the same seats for each lecture. He then told us that he had a couple of events lined-up for us to perform at. He’d give us the details later.

**Pole Dancing**

Both Kailene and I started doing this on Saturday nights in the same club again. We needed the money. After all the practice that we got in Tenerife we both thought that the other had improved their routine. The club that we dance at is a bit more ‘up-market’; and we’d both missed the suggestive comments from the half-drunk customers in Tenerife. Also, we missed not being able to tease the men as we lap-danced.

**Part-Time Job**

About a week after I got back to university I telephoned Isabelle to see if / when she wanted me back at work. After the usual greetings I asked her if she’d heard about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. “Is that the course where girls can walk around town naked?” she asked. When I told her that it was she said, “And you’ve signed-up for it haven’t you?”

“Of course,” I said, “the thing is, if you still want me to work for you, would you mind if I came in and worked naked?”

Isabelle laughed and said, “I just knew that was coming. Of course I want you here, and of course I want you naked. Think of all those husbands and boyfriends that will bring their wives and girlfriend in just so that they can have a look at you. I’m thinking of putting a sign in the window saying that a naked university student will be here every Saturday.”

My turn to laugh.

There was so much going on at uni that the Saturday after the first ‘Females in the 21st Century’ class was the first chance that I’d had to go into town. It was amazing being able to catch the bus into town and wander around wearing only shoes and carrying my bag. My nipps were rock hard all the time and my puss was dripping. My clit was getting used to being out, out in the open craving attention all the time.

The stares, the way that people seemed to make a way for me to walk through the crowds; it was amazing. Even the older women, who obviously knew that they couldn’t do anything about it, stared at me. Okay, they had that evil look in their eyes, but they could do nothing.

As I walked into the shop, Isabelle and a couple of the other girls clapped me in.

The first job of the day was to tell Isabelle all about my summer break, and the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. After that I had to get on with my normal tasks. I’d only been on the shop floor for a minute when I noticed that there was a naked mannequin near the door; and it didn’t look quite right. I walked over to it and started grinning.

It was Rosaline. The little exhibitionist had talked Isabelle into giving her a job as a mannequin; and Isabelle hadn’t mentioned it.

I stood in front of the perfectly still mannequin and ran my finger over her slit.

“What have we here,” I asked, “A new, high tech mannequin? I wonder if it has all the body functions of a real human.” I pulled one of Rosaline’s nipples. Her eyes opened wide.

Next I put my hand on her pussy and slipped a finger inside her.

“Ooow! Body fluids as well.” I said.

“I wonder if it’s got an asshole that I can push this coat hanger up.” I said.

“Okay, okay, that’s enough. It’s good to see you too Amy.” Rosaline said.

“I’ll let you get back to your little dream job, and we’ll talk at break time.” I said, and left her standing there.

While I was near the door I quickly scanned the front windows to see there was a sign about a naked girl working there. There wasn’t.

We did seem to be busier than before the holidays, and there did seen to be more couples in than before.

At break I had a long chat with Rosaline. She told me that she’d been there most Saturday’s for the last couple of months. She was really getting used to standing perfectly still for long periods of time. We didn’t have much time then, but she promised to tell me all about the times that she’d been groped, and the couple of times that Isabelle had had to go and rescue her.

Rosaline told me that it was real turn-on for her and that she’d loved every minute; especially the ones where boys had come up to her and given her a really close inspection. She also told me that she was little disappointed now that there would be someone else naked in the shop.

I told her not to worry; there were enough men around to satisfy both our needs.

I also told her that I might just be able to get her a fake student I.D. card if she wanted one. That way she could get away with walking all round town naked.

Rosaline was really excited about that idea, but asked me if I’d go with her the first time because she would be so nervous, and turned-on.

I told her that I couldn’t promise that I could get her a fake I.D. but if I did it would be my pleasure to go for a walk with her.

At lunch break I took Rosaline to one of those photo booths and got some passport style photos, just like the student I.D. cards. Rosaline was a little disappointed that she had to put some clothes on to go out of the shop. She had been hoping to spend the whole day naked.

I told her that if I did manage to get her a fake I.D. card she’d be able to wander around everywhere naked.

“Not at home.” Rosaline told me. She told me that her parents didn’t approve of nudity. Apparently the subject of new university course had come up in conversation at home. Rosaline told her family that she wanted to go to St. Damian University so that she could go on the course. Her brothers were keen on the idea, but her parents weren’t.

I told Rosaline all about how I, and the other members on NEWPS, had talked their parents into letting them be naked at home. She was interested and said that she’d work on it.

I told her that if I did manage to get her an I.D. card then she’d be able to undress soon after she left home to come into town; but she’d have to find somewhere to leave her clothes. Another thing for her to work on.

The rest of the day was quite boring, except for the men that kept coming to stare at me.

The bus back to uni was quite full, and I had to sit next to this old man. He got off the stop before me and when he asked me to let him out, he thanked me for making his day.

“You’re so welcome.” I said.

As soon as I got back I went to see Ben. He told me that there was quite a market for fake student I.D. cards and that he knew someone on the Technology department who could help me. He phoned him (Pete) and arranged a meeting for me later that night.

I met Pete and he was surprised to see that I was naked. The meeting was in the uni bar and Pete was sat down when I arrived. Ben had told me what Pete looked like, but he hadn’t told Pete that I would be naked.

Pete asked me if I would stand in front of him while we talked.

A bit strange I thought, maybe he was one of those nerdy geeks who never got to see a girl naked. Anyway, I wanted something from him so I was happy to oblige.

It turned out that Pete was a nice guy. He just wanted to take advantage of a naked girl who wanted something from him. When he told me I just laughed. I couldn’t blame him for that. He was quite cute looking really and I promised to go to his dorm room to collect Rosaline’s I.D. card.

Yes. I did let him fuck me. It was a pleasant way of paying for the card.

When I gave the card to Rosaline the next Saturday she was over the moon. At lunch break we went for a walk up and down the shopping centre and up and down the escalators. Rosaline told me that she was sooo close to having an orgasm.

**Naked in town**

When Kailene and Zoe got back from town that first Monday they told us that it had been fun. Okay, lots of people had stared at them, and a few had asked them if they were university students; but they’d had no problems. The scariest part was when they got on that first bus. The driver had looked quite scary, but as soon as they got to buy their ticket the driver had smiled at them and said to them, “You’re from the university aren’t you?”

The assistants in the shops that they’d been in treated them just the same as everyone else. Yes they’d got a few teenage boys following them up the escalators but no more than when they’d been wearing micro skirts.

That Friday evening all 8 of us went out on the town; eight naked girls walking into bars. You can guess the reaction from the men. There was only 1 bar where we had a problem with the staff. They didn’t believe that it was okay for us to be naked. They called the police. As a matter of principle, and the fact that were had had quite a bit to drink, we waited for the cops.

A male sergeant and a stroppy woman cuntstable arrived. While the sergeant put the bar staff straight, the cuntstable checked our I.D.s. While she was doing that she made it clear that she wasn’t happy with the chief constable’s decision.

We didn’t stay at that bar in the end.

As we walked to the next bar Zoe said that the cuntstable was only jealous; after all she was way over-weight and ugly. The rest of us agreed.

Before we had set off that night we’d all agreed that we would stick together and that none of us would go off on their own. I’m sure that you can imagine the number of offers that we had; and it was a shame because some of them looked as if we could have had a good time with them.

We all ended up sleeping in Katie’s and my room that night.

Katie, Ella and I decided that we wanted to explore the boundaries of what we could get away with in town. We sat down one night and decided on a few places that we wanted to go to in town to see what reaction we would get.

The city library was the first place that we went to. We weren’t expecting much there, and we didn’t get it. A couple of old biddies that worked there gave us some snooty looks and we totally interrupted one man’s concentration on something that looked quite complicated; but apart from that it was quite uneventful.

The city’s main swimming pool was the next place that we decided to honour with our presence. For this one I asked Katie and Ella if they minded if Rosaline joined us. Of course they didn’t mind, and it was a chance for them to meet the mannequin that I had told them about.

Rosaline was VERY happy when I asked her. Nude swimming was something that she had wanted to do for years. It was a school day and Rosaline had to dash there straight from school. We were waiting outside the swimming pool for her. When she got there she was wearing her school uniform.

After introductions and Rosaline apologising for wearing clothes, she asked if we could go round a corner to somewhere less public. As soon as we got round the corner, Rosaline stepped behind a parked car and took her school blouse and skirt off. Apart from shoes, she was naked. Katie asked her when the last time was that she’d worn underwear at school. Rosaline told us that she couldn’t exactly remember, but that it was more than 2 years.

We went into the swimming pool’s reception and up to the window. The woman there looked a bit surprised, then asked to see our student I.D. cards.

“Here we go!” I said to Ella, but the woman surprised us by telling us that by being students we got a discount.

We were in the changing room for less than a minute. Rosaline was a bit nervous, but wasn’t going to chicken out.

Quite a few people in the pool stopped and stared at the 4 naked girls that walked out of the changing room. None of the lifeguards or other staff challenged us. The only interesting parts were when we climbed up the steps to go on the slides. We always seemed to have some boys or men following us.

Oh! Sorry, one more thing. One teenage girl in a white bikini disappeared into the changing room and came back out a few minutes later wearing a white thong instead of her bikini bottoms. I guess that she thought that if we could go naked then she could get away with showing her butt. We didn’t see anyone challenge her.

Rosaline loved the whole experience and wanted more. We promised to contact her if / when we were doing anything else that she could join in.

**The Dares**

The most interesting place that we went was to a barber shop. Brooklyn had dared me to go to a barber shop to get my pubes shaved. The problem was that I usually shave them every morning.

The hard part was not shaving and getting stubble. I’d forgotten how horrible pubic hair is.

I got a few comments about my growth, not least from Prof Jones who said that she hoped that it would not be there at our first performance of the academic year. I assured her that it wouldn’t.

The barber shop day came and Brooklyn and I went looking for a barber’s shop. We wanted an old-fashioned place, not one of the modern hairdressers. We were surprised how hard it was to find one. Even when we found one, they didn’t do shaving. You should have seen the face of the middle-aged man when we asked him if he shaved women’s pubes.

We were lucky with the second one that we found; although the elderly man there looked at us in a very strange way. He looked as if he didn’t believe what we were asking him to do.

We finally convinced him that we were serious and he told us that we’d have to wait until he finished cutting a man’s hair. We sat alongside another man and waited. All the time all 3 men kept looking at us.

When the barber had finished cutting the man’s hair, the man got off the chair, paid the barber and then sat on the other side of us. I guessed that he was going to stay and watch.

The barber then asked us to excuse him for a minute. He said that it was a while since he’d used his shaving equipment and that he’d have to go and get it. In the mean-time he pointed to a chair and asked me to get on it.

The chair was one of those swivel, reclining chairs next to a sink. As I got on it and leaned back, the back went backwards and I was in a reclined position. Brooklyn laughed.

When the barber came back we watched him wet one of those shaving brushes and then use some sort of soap to get the brush covered in a soapy lather. He turned to me and told me to sit on the front edge of the chair and lean back. As I did that he got a little towel and soaked it in hot water.

“Open your legs as wide as you can please.” The barber said. I did, and within seconds the towel was covering my pubes and pussy. It caught me a bit by surprise and I gasped.

As my skin softened I watched the barber get out one of those cut-throat razors and sharpen it on what looked like a strip of leather. FIH I thought, what if he slips and cuts my clit off?

I was nervous; but Brooklyn had a big grin on her face. I looked at the little audience; they were all mesmerized.

The barber asked me if I was ready. I nearly said, “No,” instead I just nodded.

The barber turned the chair so I was facing him, the little audience, and the front of the shop. Anyone passing who cared to look would be able to see everything.

The towel was lifted away and the barber started brushing lather all over my pubes and pussy. It felt good, very good, especially when that brush tickled my clit.

My head went back and I relaxed and almost forgot what I was there for.

I opened my eyes and saw that vicious looking razor hovering over my pussy. I tensed up.

The barber must have realised as he told me to relax. Relax! FIH, how the fuck am I supposed to relax with the possibility that my clit is about to be cut off in seconds?

The razor did one pass, scrape or whatever you want to call it. All I felt was a little, almost tickle; then another. I could feel the stubble going, and it didn’t feel bad; in fact it felt nice.

I did start to relax. This man knew what he was doing.

Maybe I relaxed too much. I started to get excited, and wet. It got worse (better) when he did my labia. My breathing was getting heavier.

The barber stopped and stepped back to admire his work. So did the audience.

After a few seconds that brush came out again and tickled me as he covered my pubes and pussy again. As that brush touched my clit I had a little orgasm.

The barber sharpened his razor again and did a second pass. How he managed to not touch my clit I will never know.

The hot towel was brought out again and laid over the newly shaved area. I felt fresh, clean and relaxed. When the barber removed the towel he asked me if I wanted some aftershave. Never having seen aftershave before I thought, “What the hell,” and said that I did. He picked up a bottle with a little hole at the top and shook some of the liquid onto my pubes. FIH; I wished that I’d said no. It stung like hell.

The barber stood back and asked me if I wanted him to shave my rear. I looked at him wondering what the hell he was talking about. Brooklyn knew, she said, “Yes please.”

The barber told me to get up; turn round, and kneel on the chair. As soon as he said that I realised what Brooklyn had let me in for.

I was knelt on a reclining chair with my backside up in the air and my knees spread as far as they could. Everyone could see everything; a wet everything.

When that brush started on me again, it was just too much for me. I moaned, shuddered and had a beautiful orgasm.

As it subsided I looked through my spread legs and saw a lot of smiles. Not least the barber. His grin was definitely the biggest.

The barber got to work again. It probably took no more than 2 or 3 minutes for him to finish. Then came the hot towel again. After a couple of minutes he put more aftershave on. Again I winced as it stung

The barber stood back and admired his work while the other men admired my holes. I was enjoying them staring at me.

After a couple of minutes the barber told me that He’d finished and that I could get up.

Brooklyn asked him how much we owed him; but he refused to take any money saying that we had just made an old man very happy

Now I have to think of something to dare Brooklyn to do.

**Dan – The Thesis on Voyeurism**

It took Dan about 2 weeks to contact me. He thanked me for switching the webcam on. I asked him if he still wanted our arrangement to continue. “Hell yes!” he said, “The fact that there are 30 naked young ladies around campus doesn’t change anything. It’s what naked girls do when they are alone or just with other girls that’s relevant to my thesis.”

Dan asked me about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course so I told him everything that I knew. I also told him about the cheerleading and the ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition that Prof Jones was ‘forcing’ us to do. Dan asked that give him the details as soon as I knew them. He said that he would be at each one.

I’m pretty sure that Dan is the only one watching and recording what the webcam sees; but maybe not. Maybe he’s given the webcam address to lots of his friends, maybe he’s selling the address; maybe he’s sold the address to millions of men on the internet. Who knows, and who cares; I don’t.

**Blackmail**

At 7 p.m. on the Thursday of the second week back we were all in the gym practicing our cheerleading routine. As with the previous sessions, we were all naked. Katie and Sarah had worked in a way that we can strip each other about 90 seconds into the routine. We are going to have to take our cheerleading outfits to the practices to practice that bit, and to make sure that we can strip each other easily.

I didn’t take the webcam along that first time, but I’ve taken it each week since I spoke to Dan.

That’s it for now; I’ll try and find some time to continue this soon.

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 27**

**Part-Time Job**

**==========**

So there I was one Saturday (naked as usual), putting a few clothes on one of the racks, and half watching Rosaline doing her job as a human mannequin and wearing just a broad belt; when these 2 couples come in. The girls go and start looking at clothes while the young men stand around looking like spare parts. One of the young men decides to go and have a closer look at the nearly naked mannequin (Rosaline). As he stands there his mate goes and joins him. I can see that they are talking and occasionally one of them touches Rosaline. The touching started with her stomach. When one of them touches one of her nipples I decide to go over and make sure that she’s okay.

“Are you one of those university girls then?” one of them asks me.

“Yeah,” I say, “Do you like these new hi-tech mannequins then? They cost a fortune, but they certainly attract a lot of attention.

The 2 young men couldn’t decide who to look at, Rosaline or me. Their eyes kept going from Rosaline’s breasts and bald pussy, to my breasts, bald pussy, and occasionally to my face.

“The texture of the fake skin is so life-like isn’t it? It’s even warm like mine.” I say to them as I poke Rosaline’s left breast; then my left breast.

“Yeah, they wobble just like yours as well.” The one who had watched me walk over says as he pokes Rosaline’s breast. He turned to me and just managed to stop himself from poking one of my tits.

“Check out the other parts of the dummy.” I said, “Technology has brought some interesting developments in lubrication, the heaters and the gels are very realistic. There isn’t even a socket to charge the batteries, all we have to do is to remember to stand it on a charging pad each night and it’s ready to go next morning, a bit like charging an electric toothbrush. The rubber for the internal muscles is good too, put a finger in the holes; I bet it feels just like your girlfriend.”

A male hand moved forward then hesitated.

“Are you sure, I don’t want to damage anything.” He said.

“Go ahead.” I said. “If you probe around in the front hole you’ll find the switch to turn off the heaters. Oh, if you go in the back hole you’ll find that the gel they use is coloured brown.”

The hand hesitated again then went for Rosaline’s pussy. Rosaline managed to not move as the man groped her pussy.

“Bloody hell James, it just feels like Cindy’s pussy, the muscles squeeze you finger too. Try it James.” The man said as he pulled his finger out. He lifted his finger to his face and sniffed.

“Smells like real pussy too. Oh, I couldn’t find the switch.” He said.

I pushed one of my fingers into my pussy then lifted it to his face.

”Taste mine then the dummies, I bet that you can’t tell the difference.” I said.

And he did.

Just then the 2 girlfriends came over and told their boyfriends that they were done. The second man pulled his finger out of Rosaline’s pussy and held it to his nose.

“I hope you haven’t had that up that girl’s cunt.” She said, looking at me.

“No. No! It was the dummy.” He said.

The girl grabbed his hand, sucked his finger, then said,

“Tastes like a real girl to me.” She said as they walked off.

I turned to Rosaline and told her that they’d gone.

“Brown gel! Where did that one come from Amy?” Rosaline said.

“I thought that you’d prefer his finger up your pussy rather than your butt.

Later, at break time, Rosaline told me that she was no longer that excited at being a human mannequin. Since I had got her a fake student ID card she got more excitement when she wandered around town naked. She wasn’t going to quit because she needed the money.

Rosaline told me about a little ‘incident’ a few days ago. She’d been walking, naked, through one of the shopping centres, and not paying much attention to the people around her when she heard her name being called out. She looked round and saw one of her brothers and one of his mates. She’d then had to explain everything to them while they ogled her nude body.

If you remember, Rosaline had talked to her parents about going to St. Damian University when she was old enough, but they’d not been impressed with her. They didn’t know what her Saturday job really was and since she’d got the student ID card she’d been leaving home and stripping as soon as she could then wandering round town naked. None of her family knew about her naked exploits – until she’s bumped into her brother.

She’d managed to persuade him to not tell her parents about what he’d discovered, but she’d had to promise to let him know whenever she was going for a nude walk.

What she hadn’t managed to get him to promise to do was to not tell anyone at school. She had visions of her brother and a few of his mates following her around town. That didn’t bother her too much, but she was worried that any of her class mates would find out. She wasn’t ready for that yet.

As she walked away from her brother she realised that the ‘incident’ had been quite a turn-on for her.

Isabelle had a word with me a few weeks ago. She’s always thinking up ideas to get more customers in and she had another one. This one is a competition for members of the public. The idea is that I get some girls to act as human mannequins and that competitors will dress them with any clothes that they can find in the shop.

She would find 2 men who, along with her, would be the judges. People could enter the competition in advance; or just walk-in and enter on the day.

The shop window is in 2 parts, either side of the doors. Each part would have 1 human mannequin in, leaving enough space to have someone moving around them. We were to take it in turns to be the mannequin.

Isabelle wanted to run the competition just before Christmas to try to maximise her Christmas sales.

I discussed it with the rest of the NEWPS girls at the next cheerleading practice and all were game for it; except Kailene. It was then that she told us that she was planning to go back to America for Christmas. Brooklyn asked me if ‘that girl that works there’ would be willing to take part. I phoned Rosaline later and she was up for it.

On the assigned Saturday just before Christmas, 7 naked girls caught the bus into town and walked into the shop. We all joined Rosaline in Isabelle’s office where Isabelle told us what we had to do. We flipped a coin to see which 2 went first.

The competition started quite seriously with women putting clothes on us. I have to say that some people have some funny ideas of what would look good on us. Zoe had a smile on her face when 1 girl took her time making sure that the skirt she’d put on her was fastened right.

We had a little audience of men watching us from outside the shop for most of the morning.

By lunchtime the number of contestants was running low and we managed to have a few long breaks. Isabelle came and told us that she was opening the competition to men as well. She had one of the staff handing out leaflets inviting boyfriends to enter while their girlfriends browsed round the shop.

That change made it more interesting for us. It can be fun having a man put clothes on you instead of trying to rip them off. Most of them were hopeless with some of the fastening; and why did they all pick the skimpiest outfits?

I had one man knelt down in front of me while trying to fasten a button down mini-skirt. The poor man went bright red when he slipped and touched my pussy; and I moaned a bit. The thing was; his girlfriend was stood close by laughing at his pathetic attempt.

I asked Isabelle when she was taking her shop out on the road again. She told me that she’d shelved that idea until the economy improved.

**‘Females in the 21st Century’ course**

**=========================**

This is going well. However, a few weeks before Christmas we noticed that the original 30 girls were down to 25. Someone asked Prof Jones and we were told that 2 had decided that the course wasn’t for them, and the other 3 had quit university.

Two weeks later 2 new girls appeared. When they walked in they just stood there for a few seconds and watched the girls who weren’t on their 3 days a week nudity strip off. They obviously realised that they were expected to strip, and they did. I watched them and was pleased to see that neither of them wore any underwear or hair below their necks.

Prof Jones welcomed then to the course, told them to stay back at the end, and then told them to introduce themselves. They were both first year students called Emily and Sara. The one called Emily appeared to have a bit of a problem as she kept getting all flushed and was gritting her teeth. Prof Jones noticed this as well and towards the end of the lesson she asked Emily if she was alright.

Emily’s reply was, “Yes and No.” This reply got Prof Jones to get her to explain herself.

Apparently Emily suffers from 2 medical conditions. One means that she cannot wear tight clothes, and the other causes her to have involuntary orgasms; anything from 10 to 50 each day. That fact caused a few envious comments from the other girls.

Prof Jones asked Emily what medication she was under. When Emily said that the only possible cure that her doctor had suggested was to have her clitoris amputated every girl in the class cringed.

Half way through the class I suddenly remembered where I’d seen those 2 girls before. They were at the rugby match; or more to the point, in the men’s shower afterwards. They were getting fucked along with the rest of the NEWPS girls.

I decided that I liked these 2 girls; they had bottle and looked comfortable being naked. What’s more, I wanted to know more about Emily’s medical condition, it sounded fun.

We seem to be spending a lot of each lesson discussing how women can be more motivated in male dominated areas, and how they can even become the dominant one.

Oh, one more thing, Prof Jones has relaxed the rule about total nudity for 3 days a week. Because of the crap English weather we are allowed to wear shoes or boots and just a cloak when we are outside. Once we got inside we were told that the cloak has to come off.

Now this wasn’t just any cloak, we had to buy them from just 1 shop in town and they weren’t cheap; but they are good. They are heavy duty woollen ones that nearly touch the ground.

At first we thought that Prof Jones was crazy and must be getting a good pay-off from the shop, but we changed our minds when we tried them on. They’re lovely and warm, and we can play with our pussies standing anywhere and no one knows what we are doing. What’s more, they have slits for our hands to come out; or for someone else’s hands to come in and play with our pussies.

Sarah says that we look like a group of Daleks floating down the street.

Not all of the girls can afford them so we let the others borrow them if we don’t need them.

Brooklyn’s got some thigh length boots and she does look good when we go into a shop or something and she takes her cloak off.

**Pole Dancing – plus**

**==============**

Kailene and I are still doing this one night a week. It’s a good little earner for us.

One evening in early December I got a phone call from the agency that organises the pole dancing for Kailene and I. They wanted to know Kailene and my availability over the Christmas and New Year period. I told them that I was only going home on Christmas Eve for a couple of days and that Kailene was flying back to America for 3 weeks.

The woman at the agency then asked me if I would consider doing a couple of extra jobs for her just before Christmas. The tone of her voice made me think that there was something different about these jobs, so I asked her what they were. I was a little taken back when she told me that one was an escort job, and the other was a stag party.

My brain immediately went into overdrive, and my pussy got warm and wet. Trying not to sound too enthusiastic, I asked her for more details, and how much they paid.

After a little false reluctance I finally agreed to do the jobs.

The escort job came first. I was given the opportunity to back-out right up to 48 hours beforehand. The agency gave me lots of details about the guy, and answered a few questions that I had. I was told that the job was for dinner only; anything extra was negotiable between me and the client at the time. I was under no obligation to provide any ‘extras’.

I was told that the guy was married with 2 teenage daughters and that he was a reasonably wealthy business man who liked the company of scantily clad young women. When the agency told me that part I nearly laughed. The thought of me walking into a posh restaurant totally naked flashed through my mind.

I spent a lot more time getting ready for that ‘date’ than for any other date in my life. I’d been wondering what to wear for days. In the end I dashed into town, to the shop where I work part-time, and borrowed this full length, backless gown. The halter top is low-scooped and reveals most of my breasts when I lean forward, and it has a split up one side, right up to my thigh. The material is quite thin as well.

I was just about ready when my phone rang to say that there was a taxi waiting for me downstairs. One last quick look in the mirror and I slipped my 5 inch heels and a coat on, picked-up my purse and I was off.

The taxi driver checked who I was and then told me to relax. He told me that I was going to a posh restaurant on the other side of town, and that he’d be waiting outside for me for as long as it took. He gave me his card and I put his number into my phone.

As I walked into the restaurant a young girl came to me and took my coat. As soon as my coat was gone a gentleman appeared and asked who I was meeting. I have to admit that I was nervous and excited as the man led me through the tables to where Peter was sat. As we approached, Peter stood up and smiled at me.

“You must be Amy, I’m Peter, and I have to say that it really is my pleasure to meet such an attractive young lady.”

We shook hands and he pulled a chair out for me to sit on. Peter had just sat down when a waiter appeared and started pouring me a glass of champagne.

“I do hope that you don’t think that I’m a bit presumptuous but I took the liberty of ordering champagne for us.” Peter asked.

I like champagne, and told him so.

Peter had correctly assumed that I would like him to do most of the talking to start off with, and he told me all about his wife, teenage daughters and his home life. While he was doing that I started to relax and decided that Peter was quite a nice man. He seemed to be a genuine ‘mister nice guy’.

He saw that I was relaxing, and asked about me and my life. I told him that I was a student and that I’d decided to do the escort job to help pay my living costs. When I told him that this was my first escort job he laughed and told me that I was the result of the first time that he’d used an agency.

I declined a dessert, and excused myself and went to the ladies room. As I walked back to our table Peter watched my every step. Over coffee he complimented me on my choice of dress and said that I looked ‘exquisite’. He said that he particularly liked the lack of lines made by my underwear.

I was a little surprised by that, but replied saying,

“Perhaps I’m not wearing any.”

Peter smiled then told me that he used to go out with his wife with her wearing nothing under her dress, but since the girls came along she’d refused to indulge him.

Peter surprised me again by telling me that he’d heard that one of the local universities had done a deal with the local police and that university girls could walk around town completely naked.

“Yes, I’ve heard that as well.” I said.

“Well I didn’t see any of them today, and I’m leaving town tomorrow.” Peter replied.

“Maybe next time.” I said.

“I certainly hope so.”

Peter looked genuinely disappointed.

“You like looking at naked girls then Peter?” I asked.

“Most heterosexual men do, and don’t you believe them if they say they don’t.” He said.

“Well Peter, if you play your cards right, you may just get to see me naked later.” I said.

Peter’s eyes lit-up. He moved one hand over to me, covered my hand and said,

“Amy, I know that the deal is for dinner only, but I will pay you 300 pounds if you’ll let me see you naked later, perhaps in my hotel room.”

“For 500 pounds I’ll get naked right here and now.” I said.

Peter looked a bit shocked, and after a little pause he said,

“You can’t, you’ll get arrested then I’ll miss the pleasure of being with you.”

“Let me worry about that,” I said, “will you pay me to get naked right now?”

“Yes, yes, of course I will.

I stood up and looked down to Peter. The anticipation in his face was quite a sight.

“You’re sure?” I asked.

Peter nodded, I think he was speechless. I reached round the back of my neck and released the fastener. I held the halter in place with one arm. Peter was almost drooling.

I smiled and then moved my arm out. The dress slid to the floor leaving me naked apart from my heels.

“Magnificent!” was all Peter could say as he stared at every inch of me that was above table height.

It didn’t take long for the manager to appear and ask me to get dressed.

“I don’t think so.” I said.

The manager’s response was to threaten to call the police.

I smiled at him and told him that he was welcome to. I picked up my purse and got out my student ID card. Sticking it under his nose I told him that I was legally entitled to be naked anywhere in the city. That shut him up.

“Please keep the noise down.” He said as he walked away.

I looked round and saw that we had an audience. I smiled at them then sat down.

“Is there any more champagne please?”

Peter laughed and said “Wonderful” before calling a waiter over to pour us some more champagne.

Just as the waiter was about to leave, I picked up my dress, handed it to the waiter and said,

“Have someone hang that with my coat please.”

“Certainly madam.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were one of those naked university students Amy?” Peter asked.

“I wanted to save the surprise for later, besides, when you first mentioned it I wasn’t sure how you would react.”

We talked some more, with Peter struggling to look at my face rather than my breasts and hard nipples. Peter wanted me to tell him what it was like being able to go everywhere naked. I think he wanted to be able to do it as well.

We finished the coffee and then Peter asked me if I’d like to join him in his hotel room for a drink. He told me that his hotel was just down the street.

“I’d love to Peter. Anyway, you’ve promised me 500 pounds and I want to make sure that you get your money’s worth.” I said.

We got up to leave and most of the people in the room watched us walk out with me hanging onto Peter’s arm like he was my sugar daddy.

Peter carried my coat and dress as we walked out onto the street.

When Peter pointed out his hotel I said,

“Don’t you want us to walk around town a bit so that you can show me off?” I asked.

“That’s a nice idea, but it’s a bit cold, dark and it’s late. I think I’d prefer just to go back to my hotel.” Peter said.

Back in his plush room, Peter poured us a drink while I went to freshen-up. I needed to dry my inner thighs.

When I walked back to Peter I saw a bulging envelope on top of my dress. It turned out that I was right to trust Peter and not check it there and then.

We sat on the bed and talked for a while with Peter’s eyes looking up and down my body all the time. In the end I lay back on the bed and told him that I was his to do with as he pleased.

Peter stood up and looked down at me.

“You do remind me of my courting days,” he said, “if only I could go back to those days.”

“You can Peter. Well for tonight anyway,” I said, “take your clothes off and show me what you used to do.”

For a middle-aged man, Peter was quite a stud. I don’t know if he’d taken any Viagra, but he certainly stayed hard for a long time. We fucked in lots of positions for hours. He even took me from behind with me pressed against the window (curtains open). Not that I was worried, but I think that we were too high up for anyone to see us.

Eventually, Peter shot his load into me and we lay back recovering. After a while I asked him if he used to satisfy his wife like that. I was going to tell him that she was a fool for losing interest, but Peter had fallen asleep.

I took a shower then got dressed (the easiest way to carry a long dress and a coat) and left. As I was walking down the hotel corridor I phoned the taxi driver. He was outside the main entrance when I walked out. We rode back to the university in silence.

The stag party was obviously going to be ‘different’. I was given details about the location and expected number of ‘guests’. I was also told that I was being paid to dance and strip. If I wanted to go further it was up to me to negotiate the terms with the client at the time. The client had been told that and that ‘extras’ were extra, and not obligatory.

I took days to decide what to wear. I had been told that the groom and some of his mates were teachers so I decided that I’d dress as a schoolgirl. I even went out and bought some horrible schoolgirl knickers and a plain bra that was 2 cups sizes too small. I intended to be a sexy slut of a naughty schoolgirl.

I put on my most boring dress and a coat, double checked that I had everything I needed in my bag, and waited for the taxi.

It took me to a big detached house in an expensive area of the city. Again, the taxi driver gave me a card with his phone number and told me that he’d be waiting just round the corner.

The door was answered by a cute guy called Matt. He told me that he was the best man and organiser of the party. He led me to a bedroom where I could change. As we went up the stairs I could hear that the party was in full swing.

I took my coat off and put it on the bed then turned back to Matt. He told me that I was younger than he’d expected and that he was looking forward to seeing me without the dress.

“You do realise that I’ve been booked to dance and strip and nothing else, don’t you?” I said.

“Yeah I do, but we can come to some other arrangement can’t we?” Matt said.

Now my pussy had got wet as soon as he’d opened the door and I’d seen him; but as soon as he said that I got that familiar tingling. In the few seconds before I answered him I had a vision of being gang-banged by 8 or 10 cute guys like Matt.

“Okay,” I said, “for another 20 pounds a person I’ll give you all a blowjob. Make it 50 pounds per person and you can all fuck me. How does that sound?”

Matt looked me up and down then said,

“Let me see what’s under that dress and I’ll give you a decision.”

I smiled at him and while keeping eye contact, I reached down to the hem of my dress and lifted it right off. He took in the sight of my naked body for a few seconds then said,

“I’m 100% sure that the guys will pay 50 quid for some of that.”

“I was going to offer you a free sample to help you decide, but I don’t think that I need to do that now…….. What the hell.” I said and knelt down in front of him.

His bulge was straining the front of his trousers and as soon as I unzipped him this magnificent cock sprang out.

The next few minutes were spent with that big cock going in and out of my mouth and throat. Matt’s load went straight down my throat and I licked his cock clean.

I asked Matt to tell me a few things about James (the bridegroom). James and his bride-to-be (Cathy) owned the house and she was away for the weekend on her hen do. James, Cathy and Matt are all teachers at the same school.

I asked Matt if there were any girls at the school that fancied themselves and were a bit of a cock tease. Matt laughed and told me that there were a few. I asked if there was anyone in particular who threw herself at James. There was, Vicky Peterson in 11VBS and she is always trying to tease the men teachers, especially James.

“Right,” I said, “you go back down stairs, collect my money and bring it back up here in 20 minutes. I’ll be getting ready to be Vicky Peterson for the night.”

Matt grinned and went down stairs.

It didn’t take me long to put that horrible Bra and schoolgirl knickers on, then the short plaid school skirt, white blouse and tie. Next it was the knee length white virgin socks and flats. To round off the schoolgirl look I put my hair into pigtails.

I soon got bored waiting and decided to have a quick look round. I went out onto the landing and then into what must be the master bedroom. On the dressing table I saw some bright red lipstick. I don’t usually bother with lippy, but I wondered if James would recognise Cathy’s colour. I put some on.

I’d just got back onto the landing when Matt appeared with a fat envelop in his hand. I put it in my bag and followed Matt downstairs.

Matt went into the party room and I followed about 10 seconds later.

I saw 8 guys, all looking to be in their twenties and sat round a long coffee table that had lots of drinks on it. No one had seen me slowly walk in so in my best little girl voice I said,

“Excuse me Sirs…………. I’m Vicky Peterson from 11VBS and the headmaster has sent me here to be punished.”

As soon as I’d started talking everyone went silent and turned towards me.

“What have you been doing that warrants you being punished young lady?” Matt said.

“I’ve been sitting in the front row and opening my legs so that the teacher can see my knickers and leaving the top buttons of my blouse open so that the teacher can see down it when he walks round the classroom. Sometimes I forget to put a bra or knickers on Sir.” I said.

“And which teacher have you been doing this to Vicky?” Matt replied.

I looked at Matt who was pointing to a really cute guy at the end of the table.

“That one sir. Mr James.” I said as I pointed to the same guy that Matt was.

Everyone (except James) cheered. James went a little red; perhaps Vicky Peterson HAD been flashing her goodies at him.

Matt then asked me if I’d been punished before.

“Not at school Sir, but at home my daddy and big brother punish me about once a week Sir.” I said.

“And how do they punish you Vicky Peterson?” Matt asked.

“When my daddy punishes me he puts me over his knees and spanks my bottom Sir.” I said.

“Do you think that we should do that to you Vicky?” Matt said.

I looked down to the floor, and after a few seconds I quietly said,

“Yes Sir.”

“So do I young Vicky Peterson; and I think that James should be the first one to spank you.” Matt replied.

First one! I thought; I hadn’t expected to be spanked by all of them. I walked over to James and said,

“My father usually gives me 5 swats to start off with Sir.” I said.

James put his glass down, sat up straight and pointed to his knees. I knelt down then lay over his knees. The back of my skirt rode up to show everyone the horrible knickers that I had on. I could feel his hard cock pressing against the side of my stomach.

Poor James wasn’t confident and gave me 5 quick, gentle swats to my backside. None of them hurt. Matt then told me to do the same with each of the others, with him being last. None of them spanked me hard, but all had hard-ons. As I went round them I moved higher up and by the time I got to Matt the middle of my stomach was right over his hard cock. I remembered how it felt in my mouth earlier. My pussy was wet and I wondered if any of them had spotted the wet patch on my knickers.

Matt was a bit more confident and his hand came down harder, but it still didn’t hurt. When he’d finished I stood up and looked down at the floor.

“Vicky, that wasn’t much of a punishment, was it. Is that all that your father does to punish you?”

“No Sir, after spanking me on my knickers he takes them off and does it again.”

“Okay Vicky, you’d better go over to James and let him take your knickers off.”

“Yes Sir.”

I walked over to James, stood in front of him and looked down at the bulge in his trousers. He looked up at my face, grinned then put his hands up my skirt to the top of my knickers. He paused with his fingers touching my flesh. I felt a warm and tingle in my pussy, then my knickers went down. Free at last I thought.

James pushed my knickers right to my feet and told me to step out of them, then lay over his lap. As I got down I felt the air on my pussy, I automatically opened my legs a bit and heard a few comments from the others. James’s bulge felt good on my stomach.

So did all the others as I went round them all again. By the time Matt had spanked my bare bottom it was just a little warm, and probably a little red; but it didn’t really hurt. My pussy however, was quite wet. Each time that I lay over a lap, the others would have been able to see it sparkling in the lights. I felt good.

“So Vicky, is that it, or does your father do more to you?” Matt said.

“Well Sir, if I still haven’t said sorry, he takes the rest of my clothes off and spanks me again, but this time he unzips his trousers, gets his cock out and gets me to lay over it. I have to hold it as he spanks me and he holds one of my tits and he spanks me. Oh, I nearly forgot, this time he spanks me harder.” I said.

“Well Vicky. I guess that we’ll have to do the same. Go over to James and ask him to take your clothes off. ”

I walked over to James looking down to the floor as I went. James looked up at me; the anticipation on his face was amazing. He was drooling just thinking about what he was about to do.

“Please Sir; will you take my clothes off me? I asked.

James stood up, adjusting his trousers as he did so. I stifled a smile. He was either a bit nervous, or he wasn’t very experienced at undressing women, because he fumbled as he undid the buttons on my blouse. He eventually succeeded and moved on to my bra. Again he fumbled unfastening it. When it was finally off he stared at my hard nipples for a few seconds before moving to my skirt. That was easy for him; it had a Velcro fastener.

At last I was free of that horrible underwear. I decided that it was going to be a long, long time before I put any on again.

As my skirt dropped I heard the others showing their appreciation at the sight of my tight butt. I clenched my butt muscles and then relaxed them.

As James sat down I opened my legs enough for him to get a better look at my bald, wet pussy. He looked straight at it as he unzipped and got his cock out again. This time I saw some pre-cum on the end and it slid across my stomach as I lay across his lap. I lifted my stomach and slid my hand onto his cock. It jerked when I touched it.

As I put my weight on my stomach I opened my legs wide. Jamess hand found my tit and squeezed it. I relaxed and felt good. Then Jamess other hand slapped my butt. This time it stung. I flinched and squeezed Jamess cock.

The next 4 swats also hurt a bit. With each swat Jamess cock got another squeeze. So did my tit.

After the 5 swats James rubbed my butt as if he wanted to make it better. As he did so his fingers lightly touched my pussy. I got a wet rush.

By the time Matt had had his turn my butt was burning and my pussy was burning in a different way. My tits and nipples had been squeezed so much that they needed a rest. One of them had slipped a finger inside me. I was close to cumming.

I let go of Matt’s cock and stood up.

“Well Vicky, have you learnt your lesson yet?” Matt said.

I didn’t answer.

“In that case you had better tell us what you father does next.”

“Well Sir, he calls for my brother and sends him to get one of our neighbours. When they get back I have to suck them all off Sir.”

“Hang on a minute.” James said, “I can’t let Vicky, or whatever her name is, give me a blowjob, I promised Cathy that I’d be good tonight. She trusts me. I just can’t.”

“James, James,” Matt said, “It’s only a BJ; it’s not like you’re going to fuck her. It’s not proper sex.”

“But….” James said.

“James, Cathy’s in Amsterdam with her mates and I know that they’re got a stripper for her. It’s Amsterdam; the sex capital of Europe. They don’t do strippers that don’t fuck the star of the party. I bet that she’s getting screwed right now. Besides, Matt said,

“What happens on a Stag Night stays on the Stag Night. She’ll never know. Isn’t that right lads?” Matt said.

His mates all cheered and agreed with Matt.

James didn’t say anything. After a few seconds I went over to him and knelt down in front of him. I unzipped him and got his cock out. The room was silent as the others just watched.

Instead of putting my mouth over James’s cock I stood up and moved my legs either side of his. My pussy was over his cock and my tits were in his face. I held his head back, looked down to him and said,

“James, your girlfriend, your fiance, is probably naked and getting screwed right now. This is your last few nights of being single; probably your last chance to fuck a young girl. All you have to do is just sit there.”

James was silent and I was sure that I felt my pussy dripping onto him.

I’d done waiting to be fucked. I lowered one hand between us and found his cock. It jerked as I touched it. I held it up straight and lowered myself down onto it. James gasped a bit as contact was made, but he didn’t object.

All the others there cheered as I kept going and bottomed out. It felt good. After a few seconds I started going up and down.

After all the teasing I came quite quickly, closely followed by James.

All pretence of being a schoolgirl was now gone. After I got off James the others cleared the coffee table and I lay back on it while they all fucked me. At one point I had one cock in my pussy, one in my mouth and one in each hand. That was one of the best gangbangs that I’ve ever had; even better than the cheerleading orgies. I lost count of the number of orgasms I had. Even James had another go at me.

I have no idea how long it lasted, but I was knackered and covered in cum. The guys that I’d wanked had covered my face and body with their cum. They’d even rubbed it into my tits as they grabbed and squeezed them.

After a while of just lying there with my legs spread wide; I looked round. All the guys were sat in their chairs looking half dead.

James was the first to move. He stood up and said that he was going for a shower.

A couple of minutes after James left I stood up. At first I struggled to walk, but I managed to force myself to walk upstairs and found where James was showering. I opened the curtain and walked in. He started to object, but I stopped him by kissing him.

James relaxed and we showered together. When we got out we wrapped towels round ourselves and I led James to his bedroom. As we got near the bed James hesitated. I guess that he was thinking about Cathy, the woman who he was marrying in a few days, the woman who he shared that bed with. I kissed him again and un-wrapped my towel then his. We fell back onto the bed and had a long slow fuck.

When I woke up it was still dark and James was still asleep. I decided that it was time to leave and went and found my clothes. I put my coat on, pocketed the money and phoned the taxi man.

Leaving my dress in the bedroom I went downstairs. In the party room I saw all the guys who had gangbanged me sprawled out in chairs and on the floor. I found my skirt (I didn’t care about the rest of my clothes) and left the house. The taxi was right there waiting for me.

Neither the driver nor I said anything on the way back to my dorm.

**Blackmail**

**=======**

Things have changed quite a bit since Professor Jones caught Katie and I naked in the uni library and threatened to get us thrown out of the university. After the first few timed that Prof Jones made us do humiliating things, we realised that Prof Jones was only playing with us and it was all so that she could get some weird sexual gratification out of humiliating us.

We were having fun as well so we pretended to be humiliated and shocked by the things that she told us to do. As we went through our first year at university the things that she ‘forced’ us to do got wilder and more bizarre. The threats to get us thrown out became less frequent and we dropped our pretence at being humiliated.

We knew that she knew that we knew what was going on but nothing has ever been said between us. We look forward to her phone calls knowing that we would end-up doing something that we probably had never done before, and that we would enjoy every minute of it.

It started out with just Katie and I doing all those crazy things, but as soon as we got NEWPS started, the demands started to need more girls to take part. Of course Katie and I explained everything to the other 6 NEWPS girls, and they too soon ended-up taking part.

Somehow Prof Jones knows about NEWPS even though we have never discussed it with her.

**The Trade Fair**

It was no real surprise when Prof Jones phoned me one evening. Apart from the cheerleading, things had been too quiet for too long.

Prof Jones told me that I had to find 9 other girls and that we had to free ourselves for 3 days; she gave me the dates but wouldn’t give me any other details – she never does.

I immediately got on the phone and rounded-up the rest of the NEWPS girls. We met in the uni café to decide what we were going to do. There were a few ideas about what the Prof was lining us up for, all of them involving sex. There was no doubt that we were going to do it, we’d all enjoyed our previous blackmail penalties, and looked forward to whatever it was we were going to be ‘forced’ to do.

I think that it’s fair to say that there were 8 wet pussies in that café.

The dates that the Prof had given me presented a few little problems for us, but nothing that we couldn’t resolve. The big problem was the extra 2 girls.

I asked if anyone had any ideas as to who we could recruit. Brooklyn asked if any of us knew anyone in the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ class who might be suitable.

Leah asked what we thought of the 2 girls that gate-crashed the orgy after the rugby match.

“Yeah, who were they?” Kailene asked.

Leah told everyone that they were the 2 new girls on the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. She continued and told everyone everything that she knew about Emily and Sara.

The general consensus was that Emily and Sara sounded okay and we all wanted to formally meet them. Leah volunteered to get in touch with them and ask them to meet us, same time, same place, but the next day.

All 8 of us were there the next evening when these 2 girls sheepishly walked in. They were both wearing skirts and tops.

Leah went and got them and introduced them to us all. We made space for 2 more chairs and they sat down almost opposite me. I noticed that neither of them crossed their legs, and both their short skirts rode up showing me that neither was wearing knickers.

“Emily, Sara.” I said, “We have a proposition to put to you. That little stunt that you pulled at the rugby game was quite something. It tells us that you have balls (a little giggle came from Zoe) and are prepared to have some uninhibited fun, sex fun.

Emily, when you started cumming right there in that classroom, I got really interested in you. Is that PGAD thing for real? Or are you just putting it on to get attention? Whichever way, I’m jealous. And that Miliaria Pro…. whatever thing, was that real as well? I sure would like to have had that when I was a kid; although my brother and father did get to see me naked quite a lot as it was (long story). Spill the beans young Emily.”

Everyone looked at Emily. She was a bit red in the face. Sara reached for her hand and held it.

“It’s all true,” Emily said, “I’ve got letters from my doctor in my dorm room, I can go and get them if you like.”

“So what brings on these orgasms then?” I asked.

“It’s like I told Professor Jones after the class, leaning on something that shakes or vibrates, pressure on my pussy, sometimes even just my nipples; and the one thing that is just about guaranteed to make me cum is for a man to stare at me when I’m naked.”

The rest of the NEWPS girls were as impressed as I was. Most were saying that they were jealous, but Zoe didn’t sound convinced.

“Tell you what,” Zoe said, “I’ll get those 2 guys over there to come over here. You stand in front of them and strip naked and let’s see what happens.”

“Okay.” Emily said.

Zoe went over to the 2 guys and asked them to join us. It couldn’t have been difficult because they were with us in seconds.

Zoe got us to stand up and we made a big circle round Emily and the 2 guys so that the café staff couldn’t see what was going on.

“Right Emily,” Zoe said, “Get naked, sit down and spread those legs. I want these 2 to see every bit of you.”

And Emily did just that. Within seconds of sitting down she was moaning and shuddering. Zoe went over to her and checked her pulse. Next she put her hand on Emily’s left breast. After a few seconds Zoe gave Emily the finger test. Emily gasped and shuddered again. Zoe pulled her finger out, put it in her (Zoe’s) mouth and licked it clean.

“Okay Emily, Zoe said, “No woman can fake it like that. I believe you.”

Zoe turned to the guys, thanked them then told them to get lost. Two slightly bemused guys walked away with a problem in their pants, while the rest of us sat down.

Zoe turned back to Emily and said,

“Sorry about that Emily, I believed you before; I just wanted to see you in action.”

“That’s okay,” Emily said, “I’ve got used to that happening.”

Sara had obviously been feeling a bit left out because she said,

“Hey, what about me? I’m the only one here with clothes on.”

“We can soon fix that girl, “Zoe said, “Stand up young Sara.”

Both Sara and Sarah stood up. The others laughed a bit while Zoe stripped Sara.

“That’s better,” Sara said, “Now what’s this proposition then?”

“Before I tell you, I think that we’ve got a bit of a problem with names. Our tit-less beauty over there is known to us all as Sarah. You’ve come along and are called Sara. How about we all call you Young Sara? Okay, Sarah looks about 12, but is actually 19, but you haven’t been on this planet as long as she has….. Can you live with your new name Young Sara?”

“Yeah, I don’t see why not.” Young Sara said, then followed with,

“The proposition?”

I gave Emily and Young Sara a very brief history of the blackmail then told them that we had to find 2 more girls to join us for the 3 days. Emily asked what they’d be doing. I told them that we had no idea, but if it was like the previous penalties then there would be lots of sex involved.

I think that the sex word persuaded them because Emily and Young Sara looked at each other, then at me, and in stereo they both said,

“We’re in.”

We stayed there and talked for about another hour before deciding to call it a night. Most of us had some work to catch up on.

The day before the big day, I got another phone call saying that all 10 of us had to be outside the admin block at 10 o’clock the next morning. We had to be wearing 3 or 4 inch heels and nothing else. We were not to take anything else with us; everything that we needed would be provided for us.

Just before 10 o’clock the next morning, 10 excited, naked girls walked over to the admin block. As we got closer we saw a minibus. When the driver saw us he got out and walked up to us.

Checking that one of us was called Amy, he told us all to get in the back. When he got into the driver’s seat I asked him where we were going, and what was in the box that was in the back.

All he would say was that the box contained clothes that we were only to put on if we got stopped by the police and that the journey would take about an hour.

The windows on the back doors of the minibus were blacked-out but that didn’t stop the driver looking in the rear view mirror a lot. I guess that he liked what he saw.

During the journey we all had a guess about where we were going, and what we would be doing. There were a few quite crazy ones including a sex slave market. All of the ideas included a lot of sex. Emily and Young Sara were a bit nervous, but both said that they were looking forward to whatever it was.

We passed through a couple of towns and went along the motorway. A couple of lorry drivers looked down on us as we passed them and Kailene and Brooklyn both mooned them.

We arrived at a big exhibition centre, but none of the signs on the way in gave us any clue as to what we’d be doing there. The driver drove around the back of one of the big halls and kept looking at the numbers painted on the doors. He pulled up next to one door then told us that we had to go in that door. As I was getting out he told me that he’d be waiting there when the exhibition finished.

We opened the door and went into a short corridor. We heard talking in one of the rooms so we went in. There were 2 girls about our age in there, both were naked. One of them said,

“You lot must be the university girls. I see that you’ve arrived dressed ready for.”

Before she could finish an older woman came in and announced that she was called Wendy, and that she was our co-ordinator for the Fair. She told us that 8 companies had hired her agency to provide girls for the 3 days. She put a piece of paper and a pen on a table and told us that it was divided into 2 hour time slots for each company with a 15 minute break between each session. We had to put our names against each time slot for each company. The 2 girls that weren’t listed in a column had a 2 hour break and could wander around or do whatever they wanted.

She told us where the toilets and showers were, and where we could get some food. If we arrived there dressed like we were then we would get free food and drink.

She asked us if we had any questions. Before anyone could ask anything she told us that we had 25 minutes to get ready and be at our first companies stall. She put a map on the table and left.

We all crowded around the table and saw that the company names were: -

Acme Pharmaceutical

Latex Wear

Ropes-R-Us

Party Wear

XXX Magazine

Clover Massage

Toys-4-Us

Pink Pleasure

Kailene was first to see the list and said,

“Fucking hell, what sort of show is this?”

The girl who’d spoken to us before said,

“What were you expecting, a bloody car show? No love, this is a Sex Trade Fair.”

The 8 of us looked at each other in silence; then half of us started talking all at the same time.

Blankety, blank! The Professor had excelled herself this time.

We had a quick chat and decided that because we had no idea what would be expected of us by any of the companies, we may as well just put our names against any time slot and take it as it comes. Kailene sniggered as I realised what I’d just said.

The pen was quite busy for the next few minutes. Each company had 4 slots for each day so none of us would get round all in one day.

When we’d finished we decided that we’d better go out there as see what was what. Ten naked, nervous and wet girls walked down the corridor and out into the main hall.

The place was buzzing; people were carrying boxes everywhere. No one appeared to take any notice of the group of naked girls walking around. Every so often one of us would recognise the name of the company that we’d volunteered for.

Everything that you could think of that could be used during sex was there. Someone spotted a clock and we decided that it was time to get to our first assignment.

**Day 1**

**XXX Magazine**

My name had gone against this one first. I walked up to their stall and was met by a man who explained that part of their display was to demonstrate how they could take an ordinary girl off the street and turn her into a glamour, erotic model. He told me that the first day was ‘Trade only’ and he was expecting it to be slow. That first day was a sort of rehearsal for the second and third days and they were expecting members of the public to watch and hopefully get interested.

Great! I thought. I have to put plain, ordinary clothes on then slowly take them off while some guy takes photographs of me. It was going to be a long 2 hours.

It was long; and what’s more I had to put a bra and knickers on. Things improved once I’d got everything off. The wanted me to pose with my legs open and me playing with myself with my fingers, then a dildo.

Sod it! I thought, although they’d told me that I could fake it. I decided that I was going for broke. Once my fingers got to work I just kept going until I had an orgasm. As I came down from my high I looked at the magazine people. The only one that wasn’t staring at me was the photographer; he was clicking away.

I had to do it all again one hour later, but this time using the dildo. Needless to say that the dildo got a good workout.

After the 2 hours I rushed round trying to find the others to find out how they’d got on. I managed to find Emily, she’d done the Party Wear and had enjoyed herself dressing up and walking around in lots of nice clothes. I found Kailene too. She’d been to Acme Pharmaceuticals but she wouldn’t tell me what it had been like. She did tell me that she’d just had a quick shower which got me a bit intrigued.

**Ropes-R-Us**

This one sounded more promising. On the way to it I met Zoe. She was just leaving there, and grinning from ear to ear.

“You’re going to love this one,” was all that she’d say.

When I got there I was met by a display of all sorts of ropes, pulleys, spreaders, handcuffs and other restriction devices. A woman met me and told me that the staff would be restraining me and putting me on display. If I came back on either of the next 2 days, members of the public would be doing it.

I didn’t know if it would be more exciting being restrained by the professionals, or by the public.

One thing that I hadn’t expected was that they were going to put a ball gag on me. For the next 2 hours I couldn’t say a word. Even if I’d wanted to complain, I couldn’t.

Those 2 hours were spent with the staff trying out lots of their products on me. I was roped, spread and suspended in various ways. They worked quickly, and as soon as they were satisfied with the way I looked, they undid everything, except the ball gag.

There were 2 things that they did to me that I was surprised by; one was when they put this rope between my legs and tied it tight. It felt like it was cutting me in half; and the pressure on my clit was wonderful. When they did that I started to think that maybe there was something in this bondage lark after all.

The other thing that they did to me was to tie ropes round my breasts. That really did make them look bigger than they actually are. The problem was that they started to go a bit blue.

When the staff decided to take a break they left me suspended from a frame with my legs wide apart.

One time later when I walked passed Ropes-R-Us I saw Kailene hanging upside exactly the same as I was. She reminded me of our holiday in Tenerife.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

When I got there I was met by a man that told me that they were in the final stages of producing sex enhancing creams for women and that they were at the Fair to demonstrate the creams to the trade and public.

I asked him what I was supposed to do about getting fucked if the cream worked. He told me that they had 2 male porn stars round the back, that they had been checked for sexual diseases earlier that week. If I wanted their services, all I had to do was ask. Next I was told that the doctor’s style couch in the middle of their display area was ready and waiting for me.

I was told to go and lie on the couch and wait while one of their salesmen gave his spiel to the couple of men who had followed me there. The table was raised at the end near the back of their display area so my feet were facing the people watching or passing by.

The gist of his spiel was that they had developed 2 creams; one called Formula Q and the other Formula L.

Formula Q has the nickname ‘Wham, bang, thank you Mam’ and was designed for use when the woman thought that her man was just after a ‘Quickie’; probably leaving the woman unsatisfied. It is designed to rapidly bring the woman to orgasm; thus ensuring that she too has an orgasm.

Formula L has the nickname ‘Long slow fuck’ and was designed for use when the woman thought that her man wanted just what the nickname says. It is designed to bring the woman to a sexually heightened state, but not to an orgasm for quite a time; a bit like Viagra for women.

Both creams were manufactured so that only a small amount rubbed on the clitoris just before sex would have the desired effect.

The salesman was rabbiting on about all sorts of crap and I was getting bored.

Next to the medical couch was a little table with 2 tubes on it, one had a ‘Q’ on it and the other an ‘L’ on it. Both were tubes about 3 inches long and the old metal type, the ones that you squeeze flat and can see how much of the contents is left. Both were about half full.

I picked up the tube marked ‘Q’ and took the top off. It looked just like many of the white facial creams that I’d seen. I squeezed about a 2 inches strip of it onto my right index finger then sniffed it. It smelt a bit like a moisturising cream that I’d once used. I screwed the top back on the tube and put the nearly empty tube back on the table.

Thinking WTF, I rubbed it on my clit. I started feeling good within seconds.

Then I thought, ‘I don’t want a quickie, I want a long fuck.’ So I picked up the tube marked ‘L’ and did the same as I’d done with ‘Q’. Again, that left the tube looking empty.

As I started rubbing it on my clit I really did feel good.

Just then a man with rubber gloves on came over to me and asked me if I was ready to get started. When I told him that I had already got started without him, he looked down at the table and said,

“Oh my God! Where’s it all gone? There was nearly 200 grams in there. You haven’t put all of it on your clitoris have you?”

“Yeah, why?” I asked.

“I’d better get the boss.” He said, and scurried off.

Meanwhile I was starting to want to be fucked. My right hand was frigging me good and proper. I was masturbating in front of a small audience of people that I’d never seen before.

Two men in white coats came out to see me. One looked at the tubes then said something to the other. Then he turned to me and said,

“Well young lady you appear to have started Phase 3 of our research programme 2 months ahead of our plans. Phase 1 was getting the formula to work. This Trade Fair is Phase 2; trialling it on human females in the dosage that we believed safe and suitable. Phase 3 is over-dosing. This is going to be interesting, we’re pretty sure that we know what will happen, but let’s wait and see.

Young lady, I see that you are already sexually excited (I was still frigging myself), I want you to relax and do whatever you want. There are men out the back that will gladly provide sexual satisfaction for you. Would you like me to call them in?”

I nodded, and seconds later 2 well hung men with huge erections came and stood next to me. I reached out with my left hand and grabbed the nearest cock. I had trouble getting my hand right round it.

“Fuck me.” I said.

For the next hour or so, I was fucked by both of them in lots of different positions. I didn’t care who was watching, all I wanted was more cock. I have no idea how many orgasms I had; I lost count after about 5. I just couldn’t get enough; all I wanted was more cock.

One of the men finally said that he was going to cum and asked me if I wanted him to pull-out.

“No, no, keep going.” I said. A couple of minutes later I felt his warm cum shoot into me. The second guy came back to my pussy and resumed fucking me (they’d taken it in turns, I think that they needed a bit of a rest).

About 10 minutes later I again shouted,

“Fuck, I’m cuuuuuuuuuuuuuumming.”

I started shaking and jerking as I had one of the best orgasms that I’d ever had. Half way through I felt the second guy cum inside me.

As my high subsided I realised that I was laying there with my legs wide-open and 2 lots of cum were slowly seeping out of me. I was covered in sweat and absolutely knackered. I just didn’t care about the people that were watching me.

When my breathing got back to near normal one of the guys in a white coat came over to me.

“That was very interesting young lady. Please can you confirm how many orgasm you had?” He asked.

“Not a clue!” I said.

“Well, that was roughly the effect that we expected, but that was only one experiment; we need to do more. I wonder; would you be prepared to go through it again tomorrow and the day after?” He asked.

“Yeah sure,” I said, “but I can’t guarantee that I’ll be here tomorrow; it all depends on who gets to the list first.”

“Don’t you worry about that, I’ll have a word with Wendy and sort it out. Oh, what’s your name?”

When it came time for me to get off that table I had to take my time. My legs were a bit wobbly and I was knackered. I slowly walked to the shower room with cum drying on the inside of my thighs.

**Clover Massage**

I thought that this one would be a good relaxing couple of hours. How wrong could I be? When I got there I was told that a masseur would demonstrate full body massage using their ‘special’ formula massage oil. The man told me that all I had to do was to lie there and relax.

I was feeling good and relaxed, especially when the man told me that it was quite possible that I would have an orgasm at some point during the demonstration.

“Okay!” I said, “I have no problem with that.”

I had delightful flash-backs of that time on the beach in Greece.

The man told me to go and lie on the table, close my eyes and relax. The masseuse would be with me in 5 minutes.

I was just starting to nod-off when I heard a man saw,

“Hello, my name’s Justin; are you ready to begin young lady?”

I opened my eyes and looked and saw a middle-aged man in white trousers and white T-shirt.

Justin told me to turn onto my stomach and relax. As he was dripping some sort of massage oil on my back he told me that he was going to give me a full body massage, and then continue on and give me a full body orgasm.

Now I’d never heard of a full body orgasm before and was a little intrigued as to what was going to happen. I wasn’t worried by what he’d said so I just relaxed and enjoyed the massage.

Justin was quite good. I was very relaxed by the time he asked me to turn over. As he finished my arms, legs and head; I wondered what parts of the front of my torso he was going to do. Was it going to be a bit like it was in Faliraki?

I didn’t have to wonder for long. He started on my breasts and nipples and it felt good. He was definitely trying to get me excited as he worked on my nipples.

He moved down to my waist and stomach; then my pubic area. It felt like he was trying to push his fingers behind my pubic bone. It felt good, whatever he was doing.

Then he started on my pussy. Even I have never probed around inside me like he was doing. As he was fingering me he kept moving my legs all over the place as if he thought that he could find new parts of my insides with my legs at different angles.

Justin just kept going as my first orgasm hit me. He put my legs flat and finger fucked me with his middle 2 fingers while his index and little fingers pressed either side of my labia. As he was doing this the palm of his hand was gripping my pubic bone. The fingers on his other hand were pressing down just above my pubic bone. I was sure that he was trying to feel the fingers of his other hand.

He kept on doing all this, sometimes lifting my butt right off the table.

I felt another orgasm building, but this was different; it was weird, but nice. Something that I’d never felt before. All of a sudden I started cumming. Again, it was different; as well as my whole body jerking and having spasms, waves of pleasure seemed to be going through my brain.

I just couldn’t keep still. I was sitting up, then collapsing down, all while my arms and legs were jerking all over the place. And what’s more, I was giggling, silly little girl giggles. I was totally out of control.

The more Justin did what he was doing to me, the more I threw myself about. Even when Justin stopped, I just kept on giggling and jerking and having spasms. I had totally lost control of my body. It was so weird – but wonderful.

I have no idea how long it went on for. When it eventually started to pass, I started thinking,

“What the fuck just happened to me?”

It was the most wonderful experience that I had ever had. I looked at Justin; all I could think to say was,

“Thank you, thank you so much.”

Justin just smiled at me and said,

“You are so welcome.”

I took a while to be able to get up. When I did I slowly walked to the showers, thanking everyone at Clover Massage as I went.

The journey in the minibus back to the university was over quickly as we all told each other about our experiences and we were back at the admin centre before we knew it.

**Day 2**

During the minibus ride there we were all talking about our experiences the previous day. Both Emily and Young Sara both thanked us for inviting them, they both said that they’d had an amazing time and were really looking forward to the day ahead.

When we arrived at the exhibition hall we went to put our names against the time slots. I saw that both Emily’s and my name were already in the 2 afternoon slots. I wondered about Emily’s name being there and made a mental note to talk to her about it.

**Toys-4-Us**

This was a single girl’s paradise; all those toys and the choice of which ones that we could try were heaven.

They had a small bed in the middle of their area and we were expected to try-out the toys that we selected on that bed, while anyone passing watched us. They had a man standing by to explain anything that we didn’t understand, or to show us how anything worked if it wasn’t that obvious.

They had some of those Magic Wand things. Wow, they really do make making yourself cum easy.

Another good thing about that company was that they told me that if I went back there at the end of day 3 I would get one of their top toys for free.

**Pink Pleasure**

This is a company that makes fucking machines (machines that fuck you). We were there to demonstrate some of them. The designers of some of the machines have an amazing imagination. All the ones that I saw could be categorised into two groups; those that the girl can control, and those that the girl is strapped down and she has no control over what is being done to her.

I have to say that I prefer the latter category. There’s something about not having control that really turns me on. Having said that I did like a couple of the bicycles that they had; one was an exercise bike and the other was a road bike. I can just see myself in a gym peddling away with a dildo going in and out of my pussy; and the thought of peddling a bike round the university or into town while a dildo is coming up and down though the saddle is another dream of mine.

If you remember reading about my babysitting holiday in Greece you will remember the CFM (Cycle Fucking Machine). They had one of those as well. Seeing that brought back some nice memories.

During my time at Pink Pleasure I was strapped to 5 different machines and got fucked to dozens of orgasms, right there in their display area.

There was one time when a machine was rapidly bringing me to about my third orgasm on that machine that I decided that I had to stop. Unfortunately, the man who was looking after me got talking to someone and didn’t hear me asking him to switch it off. I was dripping with sweat (never mind my dripping pussy) and nearly passed out before he finally heard me.

Another machine that I have to mention is the Sybian that they had. I even asked them how much it was because I would just love to have one of those on the floor in my dorm room. It would be amazing just to go to my room, kneel either side of it and turn all the stress of the day into orgasmic pleasure.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

On the second day’s session at Acme Pharmaceuticals I was met by a man in a white coat who asked me if I was ready for another exhausting session. I grinned at him and said,

“Yeah it was good; I hope that you’ve got the same guys round the back.”

“Yes we have, if you’d like to get on the table I’ll get the cream.” He said.

I settled myself on the table ready for the expected marathon session. As I lay there I looked round, the audience to watch me get fucked was much bigger.

The man re-appeared, opened the ‘Q’ tube and squeezed about an inch onto my index finger. I looked up at him and said,

“Is that all? I put three times that much on yesterday.”

“Okay,” he said, and squeezed another 2 inches on. “Rub that on, and as soon as it starts to work hold your hand up and I’ll give you the other cream.”

It didn’t take long for it to start working and I held my hand up. Again he put a 1 inch strip on my finger. I kept my hand up and looked at him. He put 2 more inches on.

I nearly wrote that the second cream stopped me from cumming there and then, but it didn’t, all it did was slow me down for a few seconds. I looked up at the man and told him that he’s better get the studs out there quick.

My first orgasm was just as I saw the 2 huge cocks walking over to me.

They didn’t waste any time. One of them pulled me down the table so that my pussy was right at the edge, and rammed his cock straight into me.

The second 2 hour threesome went quickly, leaving me totally knackered. When the 2 finally finished with me we got a round of applause from the audience.

**Ropes-R-Us**

This went a bit slow. A couple of men and one butch looking woman were chosen to tie me up. They were nowhere near as good as the Ropes-R-Us staff and they thought that they could tie the ropes so tight that it was hard to breathe.

The talking in the minibus didn’t last long, and most of us slept most of the journey back. I did manage to talk to Emily a bit; she explained that she too was taking part in an Acme Pharmaceuticals experiment because of her PGAD.

**Day 3**

I smiled to myself when I saw Emily’s and my name were already in the 2 afternoon slots.

**Latex Wear**

Fortunately I didn’t get to this one until day 3. I had a rough idea what to expect and I wasn’t disappointed. I’d never fancied wearing restrictive rubber clothes so I’d never tried it.

They had all sorts of latex clothing that I had to try on and pose for a photographer. I was surprised by how thin it felt. If it wasn’t for the tightness it would have been like the latex paint that we used in Greece.

The one thing that I did like was a pair of latex knickers. The thing about these knickers was that they had a built-in vibrator. From the outside they just looked like any other pair of rubber knickers but they certainly were different on the inside.

**Party Wear**

This was very much as I expected too. We had to model their clothes. Okay, they had some really nice; and revealing clothes, but they were no use to a girl who now goes to parties and clubbing naked. What I saw was something to put in the back of my mind for when my circumstances change.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

When I got there a man in a white coat was already waiting for me. He ushered me onto the couch and asked me to hold my hand out. As he gave me 4 inches of the cream I asked him if he was trying to get me to have a heart attack while I was getting fucked. He assured me that that wouldn’t happen.

He also told me that they had 3 male porn stars waiting for me.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “if I’m not going to die of a heart attack I’m going to get fucked to death.”

I certainly wasn’t disappointed when the third porno stud came out. His cock was longer and thicker than the other 2. I was in heaven as the 3 of them had their way with me. I was till wanting more after all 3 of them had cum inside me.

As they left me we got a huge round of applause from the audience.

The man in the while coat come over to me and asked me to confirm that I could have gone on for longer. I asked him if he’d got anymore studs out the back. He smiled and said,

“I think that we’ve collected quite a lot of data from you young lady. Thank you very much for taking part in the experiment.”

“It was MY pleasure.” I said as I headed for the showers.

**Clover Massage**

Justin was there to meet me and asked me if I was looking forward to another ‘session’.

“You bet!” I said as we walked to the table.

Justin didn’t disappoint me. I felt really relaxed and totally knackered after he’d finished with me. It was a wonderful way to end the Sex Trade Fair.

**The End of the Show**

Well, not quite the end it. After a quick shower I joined the other girls as we went to get our free sex toy from Toys-4-Us. We were all too knackered to open them and went to the minibus.

In the minibus on the way back to St. Damian’s we decided to rate each company. Latex Wear, Party Wear and XXX Magazine were all at the bottom of the list, and Acme Pharmaceuticals were at the top with Clover Massage second.

Shortly after that things went quiet and most of us fell asleep.

The next morning I decided to open the free toy. By the size of the box that they’d given us I thought that there may be 2 or 3 toys inside. There wasn’t, only 1, but 1 that has multiple purposes.

The main part is a hollow, ribbed rubbery tube about 8 inches long and 1.5 inches diameter. One end has a sort of fastener to hold one of the other parts in. The other end has a strange type of rubber ball, slightly bigger than the diameter of the tube.

There are 4 inserts for the tube.

The first 2 are vibrators, one remote controlled, and the other a conventional one. I was a little puzzled by the remote control as it has 3 different controls on it. Instead of reading the instructions I decided to assemble the thing and try it inside me.

The first control controls the speed of the vibrator. When I turned the second control a bit I got one hell of shock – literally. The thing gave me a mild electric shock. I turned it up a bit more and the shock was stronger. I experimented and discovered that I could just take the strongest shock without screaming.

The third control gave me another shock – not electric. When I first turned it I felt something happen, but I wasn’t sure what. It took another couple of turns for me to realise that something was growing inside me.

I wanted to know what was happening and tried to pull the thing out of me. My pussy was well lubricated by then so it should have come out easily, but it wouldn’t budge.

I admitted defeat and read the instructions leaflet. That told me that I had to use the third insert to deflate the balloon. It’s a bar about a quarter inch in diameter and the length of the dildo. When you push it inside the dildo it releases a valve and the balloon deflates.

The fourth insert is a bit like a ‘C’ string attachment. It’s a colourful butterfly shape that just about covers my pubic bone like a thong front.

I phoned round some of the others. All were in various stages of discovering what our new toys can do.

**The Dares**

**=======**

We’ve been a bit too busy to do any dares, but we still keep threatening each other. I’m thinking of daring one of the others to go to a supermarket, find a man and take him into the toilets and get him to cum all over her face. After that she’ll have to walk round the isles shopping and then go through the checkout.

I can’t decide who to give this dare to.

**Dan – The Thesis on Voyeurism**

**======================**

I keep forgetting that the webcam is still set-up in my room and running 24 x 7. Last week Dan phoned me to arrange a meet to give me my fee. When we met he told me that he’d got some great footage at the Sex Trade Fair. He wouldn’t tell me how he knew about us being there.

One amusing little incident, I was in the restaurant one day and walked behind a couple of guys looking at a laptop when I overheard one of them say,

“It’s her, I’m sure it is.”

My ears perked up and I looked at the laptop screen; I saw what looked like my dorm room. I let it pass, thinking that I should phone Dan and ask him if he’d given the IP address to anyone.

The 2 were still there when I’d finished eating so I put my tray in the rack and went and stood in front of them. When they looked up I smiled and said,

“I look better in the flesh don’t I?”

They went red in the face as I smiled again, tweaked my nips then walked off.

Later that day I phoned Dan. He promised that he hadn’t given the IP address out, but he told me about an App that he’d come across. Apparently you can enter a range of IP addresses and it will query each address to see if it’s a web cam. It will then access each webcam to see what it is seeing.

I got a bit wet when I realised that the App must be circulating the university. I wondered how many guys had watched me in my room naked, or jilling-off, or having a 69 with one of my girlfriends.

**NEWPS**

**=====**

The only official business was the 2 first year girls. Oh, and of course Rosaline.

We all agreed that Young Sara and Emily are ideal candidates to join NEWPS. They’ve both proved that they are up for almost anything. The subject of Emily’s PGAD was raised. At first everyone said that they wished that they had the same problem, but Kailene said that there were times that it would be embarrassing having an orgasm. She asked us what we’d feel like if we were in the middle of an oral exam and one hit us. Leah giggled and said that she’s love to cum when she’s giving a blowjob.

“Not that kind of oral exam Leah.” Kailene said.

“What would happen if you had an orgasm while you were driving down the motorway at 70 miles per hour?” Kailene added.

“Okay,” I said, “how about we get Emily to tell us about some of her experiences?”

Zoe suggested that I arrange a meeting and ask them if they wanted to apply to join NEWPS, then give them 1 of those application forms to fill in.

“How the hell are we going to haze them?” Brooklyn asked. “They’ve already done just about everything that we had to do.”

Kailene suggested a bukkake session; she didn’t think that we’d have any problem getting a few dozen men to shoot their loads all over Emily and Young Sara.

Ella asked about medical examinations. Everyone agreed that they’d have to submit to one of those. I agreed to find someone to do that.

We all agreed to try to come up with more ideas.

Everyone likes Rosaline, but the problem is that she isn’t a university student and that she’s not old enough. It was agreed that we wouldn’t ask Rosaline to apply, but would happily invite her to take part in anything that we thought appropriate.

Under the A.O.B. Leah told us about what she’s read about the St. Damian’s Netball League and asked us if we would consider entering a team. There were a few jokes about a team of naked girls entering, and Zoe said that it could be interesting if we won the league and were expected to play against teams from other universities.

Kailene asked if there were any men’s teams in the league. Leah didn’t know.

We took a vote and decided to enter a team. Leah would handle all the admin.

Then we had to decide what we would call the team. We settled on ‘The NEWPS Bouncers.”

More to cum later.

Amy.Exhib at Hotmail co UK

**Amy the Exhibitionist - Part 28**

**Part-Time Job**

**==========**

Reluctantly, I have stopped doing this. I’m making enough money doing the Pole Dancing, and I’m having less and less time to spare.

**‘Females in the 21st Century’ course**

**=========================**

This is going well; the Prof is concentrating on how women can use their sexuality to their advantage in the workplace. A couple of students asked about the sexual harassment laws, but the Prof has told us that there are ways and means round those laws and she’s been telling us a few of them. I already knew that she’s a devious old cow because of her blackmail antics, but she’s quite clever as well.

One quite interesting thing that she said was that when women use sex to get a promotion or whatever, the men are always suckers for a tight vagina. It gives them the impression that they are dealing with girl who doesn’t have much sex therefore having sex with them is something special. The Prof said that in a similar way to weight lifting producing strong biceps, exercise the vagina’s muscles is the best way to get a tight vagina. To that end she gave us all a little box.

When we opened it we found a heavy steel ball about the size of a golf ball (like a giant ball bearing). The Prof told us to push it right up our vaginas. As soon as a lot of the girls did that gravity took over and the balls slipped out and clunked onto the floor; much to the amusement of some of the other girls.

The Prof told us that we had to insert our ball into our vaginas for two separate hours each day (while standing up and walking around), and practice using our vagina muscles to keep it in.

I didn’t think that I would have a problem with this but I was wrong. I lost control one time in the café and another time while walking to a lecture. Other NEWPS members had the same problem. It was quite amusing hearing steel balls drop out of vaginas all over the campus then watching the embarrassed girl chasing the ball as it rolled along the floor.

My pussy muscles were not as strong as I thought, and they ached quite a bit the first 5 or 6 times that I wore it. After about the 8th time I got better at holding it in. At the next lecture I was one of only four girls who went to that lecture wearing it.

**Pole Dancing – plus**

**==============**

Kailene and I are still earning quite a bit of money from this.

On the ‘extras’ side; the agency has offered me a couple of escort jobs. One I turned down because the man sounded a bit creepy; but I took the other one. The man sounded okay, the only thing was that he wanted me to dress as a schoolgirl. Okay, I can understand that, I guessed that he had a thing about schoolgirls and I was happy to fuel his fantasy.

I had to go into town and buy a new schoolgirl blouse and little tartan miniskirt, but the money was worth it.

The Friday night ‘date’ started with me bring picked-up by a taxi. I got a few puzzled comments from the other girls in the dorm as they are used to seeing me naked.

The taxi took me to a posh hotel and Ralf met me in the reception area. He sounded okay, but asked if he could call me Julie for the night.

“For £500 pounds you can call me whatever you like.” I thought.

Ralf took me through to the restaurant and we got seated. A waiter asked me what I’d like to drink and I said a glass of white wine would be nice.

Ralf then set the tone for the evening by telling the waiter that his daughter was only joking, that she was too young to drink alcohol. He told the waiter that I’d have a mineral water.

I quickly realised that I was his daughter for the evening so I fell into that role and started calling him ‘daddy’.

Throughout the meal Ralf asked me question about how I was getting on at school and how I was doing in the swim team. I tried to make my answers very vague, and sexy. For example, when he asked me if I had any problems finding my way round my new school, I said,

“Okay, but whenever I have a class on the second or third floor I always seem to have some boys following me up the stairs and I’m sure that they can see my knickers up my short skirts. One day when I’d forgotten to put any knickers on Jimmy Smith followed me up the stairs and told me that he could see my bald pussy. I was sooo embarrassed daddy.”

Ralf asked me about the swim team again, He obviously wanted to hear something sexy so I said,

“They’ve got these new uniforms that we have to wear. They were so embarrassing the first time that we wore them because they are so brief.

I like the boys’ costumes because they’re so tight; you can see the shape of their thingies; and after they’ve been stood near us girls for a while their thingies get so much bigger. At our last practice Jonny Turner was stood next to me looking at my little titties and Emma Jones’ butt when his thingy got big and popped out of the top of his costume. I was staring at it for ages before he pushed it back in.

“What do the girls new uniforms look like?” Ralf asked.

“Well daddy, there’s hardly anything to them; there’s no top so my little titties aren't covered at all. As for the bottoms, they’re about the size of my hand when I was a baby, with no backs or straps at all. Some of the girls had to shave off all their hair down there so that the boys couldn’t see it.” I said.

“Did you have to shave your little pussy Julie?”

“No daddy, I know that you like me looking like a little girl so I shave my pussy every day, just in case you phone me and want to see me.”

“Thank you Julie, I’m glad that you remember. What about the costume, you say that it doesn’t have any straps. How does it stay in place?” Ralf asked.

“Well daddy, it has this balloon thing that I have to push into my pussy, like a tampon; then I have to attach a pump to it and blow it up so that it can’t come out.” I replied.

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“Only if I blow it up too much daddy; when I get it right it makes me feels all warm and nice.”

Ralf thought for a minute then said,

“I bet you can swim fast in that costume.”

“Yes daddy I can, I’m the fastest girl in the team at breast stroke.”

“Wow!” Ralf said, “I’ll have to give you a very special present later.”

“You know that presents cost you a lot of ‘extra’ money, don’t you daddy?” I said, wanting to let him know that ‘extras’ cost extra.

“That’s okay Julie I’ll make sure that you go back to school with lots of money stuffed down your bra.”

“Daddy, you know that I don’t wear a bra, or knickers when I’m with you.”

“So you haven’t got any knickers on now Julie?”

“Of course not daddy, do you want me to show you?”

“Best not Julie, they’re a bit stuffy in here. Tell you what, how about we go down to the hotel leisure centre when we’ve finished here? You can show me your breast stroke as well.”

“That would be nice daddy, but I haven’t got my costume with me.”

“Oh don’t worry about that Julie, it’s late at night, there won’t be many people there.”

We finished the meal then went down to the hotel leisure centre. There was a youngish man there when Ralf took me in to the men’s changing room but Ralf still told me to undress. I pretended to be embarrassed and covered my breasts and pussy as both men watched me.

“Don’t be shy Julie, it’s only me and I’ve seen you with no clothes on lots of times.”

“Yes but…” I said.

“Come on; let’s go through to the pool.” Ralf said.

There was no one there and Ralf got me to swim a couple of lengths before saying,

“Okay Julie; I can see that you are a fast swimmer; let’s get you dried then we can go up to my room to dry your hair.”

Back in the men’s changing room Ralf sat down and insisted on drying me with a towel then putting my skirt and blouse on. I have to say that he was good at fastening the buttons quickly.

In his room, Ralf undressed me and sat me in front of the dressing table while he dried my hair with the dryer.

When he’d finished I said,

“Daddy, you said that you’d give me some more pocket money if I was good to you. Can I have it now please?”

“Of course Julie.”

As he got his money Ralf said,

“And don’t you go spending it all on midnight snacks young lady.”

“No daddy.”

After I put my money with my clothes I turned to ‘daddy’ and started to undress him saying,

“Can I thank you properly now?”

When I’d got him naked (not a bad size either) I mounted him and bounced up and down.

I didn’t expect him to last long, but he did. I think that he must have taken a double dose of Viagra because we fucked in lots of positions before he finally shot his load into my mouth. I swallowed it all.

“That was nice daddy.” I said, “Can I have a shower please?”

“Of course you can Julie.”

When I came out of the shower he was asleep so I dressed, left and phoned my taxi.

**Blackmail**

**=======**

The Prof has been quite quiet on this. The only thing that she’s ‘forced’ us to do recently is a couple of hockey games. As expected, both ended up as orgies in the changing rooms afterwards.

**Dan – The Thesis on Voyeurism**

**======================**

Dan has finished his thesis so he doesn’t need me anymore. I’ve left the webcam switched on in my room (when it’s not needed anywhere else) as I’m sure that there are a few people around the campus watching me. I’d hate to spoil their fun.

I have no idea how many people are watching me, but I do know that there is an App going round that will search for webcams and that I have caught one or two people using it to spy on me.

**NEWPS**

**=====**

About a month after the Trade Fair we held a Sorority meeting to discuss Young Sara and Emily. Everyone agreed that we should invite them to join us – subject to a satisfactory hazing.

I contacted them and they gave me their email addresses so that I could send them the application forms.

They replied within 24 hours. There was nothing unexpected on the forms and I emailed them back saying that they’d been accepted subject to a satisfactory medical examination and survival of a hazing.

Within hours they both emailed me asking when things could start.

I phoned the team and arranged a meeting.

Everyone had been thinking about this and we agreed on the following tasks for Emily and Young Sara’s hazing.

**Webcam**

**---------**

Each of them was to have the webcam in their room for a week. It was to be set-up in a location that had a good view of their bed and main living area. We told them that NEWPS members would be watching them 24x7 and that if we saw them doing anything inappropriate then they would fail. We would tell them that inappropriate didn’t include any sort of sex act.

**Bukkake**

**----------**

Just what the name says; Kailene volunteered to organise it.

**Medical**

**---------**

This would be a bit more difficult as the contact that we’d had for the previous hazing had left the university. I phoned Ben, and after a lot of catching-up, he gave me a name of someone (Tom) who might be able to help me.

I phoned Tom that evening and asked him what he knew about some fake medical examinations for sorority girls. He said that he’s heard rumours about them. I guessed that he was playing cagy, probably because he has a career to worry about, so I told him who and what I was, and my role in the fake medicals.

Tom agreed to meet me the following evening in an off-site bar. He wasn’t at all surprised to see a naked girl walk in and get us both a drink.

I explained everything to Tom and he agreed to help. I also told him about Emily’s medical condition. He told me that he’d heard of it, but didn’t know any of the details, He said that he’d read up on it before Emily’s examination.

I also told Tom that I wanted it to be as realistic and feasible as possible, and to do that I asked him if he would give me a medical as well, calling it an annual check-up.

It was Tom’s suggestion that he video the session and have a couple of ‘medical students’ there that were getting some real life experience of female examinations.

I liked that idea and asked if he would mind if we had a webcam there as well. Tom had no problems with that.

I left it with Tom, and a couple of days later he phoned me to tell me that he’d got it all set-up, all he needed was a couple of agreeable dates and times. I told him that I’d get back to him.

**Sold as Slaves**

**----------------**

This was a new one to us. It was Zoe’s idea and she volunteered to take the lead. She said that she’d produce a list of ‘terms and conditions’ that she’d get all bidders to sign as they arrived.

Ella suggested that at each hazing event we could put a big card in sight of the cameras lens that told viewers when the next show would be. She also suggested that we print dozens of small pieces of paper that only have the IP address of the webcam on; and all of us hand them out to every young man that we saw that we thought might enjoy the shows.

Everyone was happy, especially when Ella volunteered to do the printing and cutting.

Leah got a worried look on her face then said,

“This bukkake, what if we get 200 or so hard-ons turning up, all wanting to shoot their loads on the girls?”

“Well,” I said, “I like the idea of 200 guys dumping their load on Emily and Young Sara, but that could easily turn into a riot. We’d have to put a limit on numbers and write that on the signs. How about a max of 40 guys? There are 8 of us; do you think that each of us can control 5 guys?”

“Easy!” Kailene said.

“Five guys all to myself, that sounds nice.” Leah said.

“We need to have a couple of big guys on the door at the bukkake and sex slave sale events. Does anyone know anyone?” Katie asked.

Kailene said that she might do and that she’d talk to them.

“It’s not a sex slave sale.” Zoe said. “Okay, they’ll be naked when they’re sold, but any sex is down to the girls, their decision, and we’ll have to make that clear before the sale.

We all nodded.

It was settled.

**Emily & Young Sara’s hazing**

**==================**

**Webcam**

**----------**

Young Sara had this first. I think that she was determined to show that she is a randy little slut. She had 3 of those dildos with suction pads on the base stuck to the walls and a chair in her room. Whenever I was watching she would be fucking herself on one of them. She even did her studying sat on that chair, impaled on the dildo.

She’d also set-up a spotlight at the bottom of her bed and slept with it switched on; she being naked and without bed covers.

Young Sara loves to masturbate. In the time that I watched she must have frigged herself to a dozen orgasms. Heaven only knows how many she did it when I wasn’t watching. I wondered if she was trying to have the same number of orgasms as Emily does each day. Not much chance of that.

A couple of times (when I was watching), Emily was in her room and they made out on the bed. Poor Emily does have a problem with that PGAD. I’m amazed how well she copes. She must be totally knackered by the end of each day.

When it came to Emily’s turn to have the webcam she showed the viewers that she is quite happy being naked all the time. She was so relaxed – apart from when she was having an orgasm. No dildos for her, she didn’t need them.

Emily asked what the writing on the big card that we told her to display prominently in her room meant. It read:

Come and cum on me

on DD MMM at xx o’clock in room xx, x block.

First 40 guys only.

I told her not to worry about it as it was for something else; but to make sure that the camera could see it.

**Bukkake**

**----------**

Kailene organised this.

We took Emily and Young Sara to the room 15 minutes before the appointed time and found 14 men already waiting; being kept out by Kailene’s bouncers.

Things looked promising.

We moved 2 tables into the middle of the room as Kailene produced ropes to tie the two victims, spread eagle to the tables. Kailene then produced 2 pairs of lab goggles to protect their eyes and Ella wrote the date and time of the next live broadcast on a big card and stuck it where the webcam could see it.

At the appointed time, Kailene checked with the victims that they were okay and that they still wanted to go ahead with it.

“Bring it on!” Young Sara said.

“Can’t wait, I’m about to cum just with the anticipation.” Emily said.

Before she did anything else, Kailene went to her bag and got out her remote controlled bullet. She gently pushed the business part far up Young Sara’s cunt and told us that it wasn’t fair that Emily had an advantage. Kailene switched the vibe on and told everyone that she was going to force Young Sara to have as many orgasms as Emily has.

We all cheered and Young Sara said that she was looking forward to it.

Kailene had brought her laptop and after setting-up the webcam and checking that her laptop could pick-up the webcam stream okay, she asked the rest of the NEWPS girls to move to the sides of the room. We were there to watch and police the event.

Kailene went and opened the door and the bouncers let the first batch of 10 young men walk in. Each one stared at the 2 naked and tied spread eagled girls.

“Right gentlemen, a couple of rules.” Kailene shouted.

“Firstly, there is to be no touching the girls.”

“Secondly, you are here to deposit your seeds on the girls, and to look. It’s up to you as to which part of her body that you squirt on. Don’t expect the girls to swallow any of it.

Right then; let the games begin.”

Both Emily and Young Sara lay there with their mouths open as 5 young men gathered round each of them, all with their meat out and wanking away.

Poor Emily kept cumming and cumming. It was almost a non-stop orgasm for her; much to the delight of her audience. Young Sara wasn’t doing much better either. I think that Kailene must have left the vibe set on maximum. Young Sara was shaking and jumping about as much as Emily was. I was just waiting for one of them to pass out.

Neither did.

It wasn’t long before neither of them could see anything because their heads and bodies were covered with white creamy blobs.

A couple of the young men were taking a long time to cum. When that happened 1 of the NEWPS girls would go over to him and give him a helping hand.

Kailene kept going to the door and talking to the bouncers then letting the next batch of 10 in. The rules were repeated then they took their positions and did the business.

When the last of the 40 guys had made their deposits and left, Kailene said,

“Right Emily and Young Sara, that was part one; for part two we need to get you up and onto your knees.”

Looking a bit puzzled, we untied the victims and got them up. Leah started to clean Emily up, but Kailene told her to stop, saying that it was best if she stayed covered in male cum.

What Kailene never told any of us was that there was an extra session after the bukkake; a blowjob contest. Kailene had lined-up another 30 young men who had to submit to having a BJ by either Young Sara or by Emily, The 2 girls were blindfolded and had to get on their knees and do as many blow jobs as they could in the next hour. When Emily’s orgasms slowed, Kailene turned down the vibe to try to get Young Sara to match the number of orgasms.

When the time was up the score was Emily 12 and Young Sara 11. That left the rest of us girls to take of the ones that Emily and Young Sara couldn’t manage within the hour. Kailene took care of both bouncers.

Both girls had very sore mouths and throats and were totally knackered. As we were cleaning them up and gave them a more conventional drink, Kailene said,

“Well girls I hope you enjoyed that. I don’t know how many faces and cocks you recognised, but I know that you know quite a few of the guys that were here. Next time you talk to, or sit next to a student, just think, there is a reasonable chance that you gave him a blowjob or that he deposited his load somewhere on, or in your body.”

We took the 2 girls for a shower then put them to bed. They both needed some sleep.

**Medical**

**---------**

I delivered the webcam to Tom (the doctor) the day before the first medical, and checked with Tom that everything was set.

At the appointed time I went with Emily to the place that Tom had told me.

I knocked on the door and waited. When the doctor shouted for us to go in I opened the door and saw Tom sat at the desk looking very professional, right down to him keying something into the PC that was on the desk.

The room was in the medical school wing and was an actual examination room that was used for training purposes (Tom told me that last bit when I phoned him later that day to thank him). The room was bigger than any doctor’s room that I have ever been into, probably to accommodate watching students.

“Good morning ladies, you must be Emily and Amy, the 2 NEWPS girls, my name’s Doctor Tom Smith, have a seat, I’ll be with you in a minute.” Tom said.

In true doctor’s style he kept us waiting for that minute or so.

“Right, sorry about that. Amy, you’re here for your annual check-up, and Emily you’re here for the full examination right? As agreed with NEWPS, these examinations are being recorded for training purposes. I assume that both of you are happy with that?”

We both nodded.

“The other thing that NEWPS has agreed to is that the examinations be observed by one of the groups of students that has reached this stage in their studies. Again I assume that both of you are happy with that?”

Before we could answer the doctor got up and went and opened the door and said,

“Ladies and gentlemen, please come in.”

In walked 3 young men and 2 young women; all were wearing white coats and carrying clipboards. 2 of them had stethoscopes round their necks. They went and stood at the side of the room

The doctor turned to the students and said,

“These 2 ladies are here for private medical examinations. Both they and their sponsors have agreed that you be present to observe the procedure. You may ask questions, but keep them to a minimum, and I may ask any of you to help with the examinations.”

The doctor turned to us and said,

“Emily, I’m sure that you’re a little nervous so we’ll do your examination first then you can relax while I examine Amy. Before we get to the physical I have a form on the computer that needs to be completed. I’ll read out the questions if you’ll give me the answers please? Okay?”

Emily nodded and Tom started asking the questions, starting with questions like name, date of birth, age etc. Then the questions got more personal.

“Do you smoke?”

“No.”

“Do you use any sort of illegal drugs?”

“No.”

“Are you a virgin?”

“No.”

“Do you masturbate?”

“Yes.”

“What method do you use, manual stimulation or with objects.”

“Both.”

“What objects do you use?”

“Vibrators and dildos.”

“Anything else?”

“Like what?”

“Vegetables, bottles or other solid domestic objects?”

Emily blushed.

“I use carrots and cucumbers occasionally.”

“When did you last menstruate?”

“Ten days ago.”

“When did you last have vaginal sex with a man?”

“2 days ago.”

“When did you last have oral sex with a man?”

“Yesterday.”

“When did you last have oral sex with a woman?”

“This morning.”

“Are you taking any prescription medication at the moment?”

“No.”

“Do you have, or have had, any medical conditions?”

“Yes, I used to suffer from Miliaria Profunda and currently suffer from Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder.”

Tom turned to the students and briefly told them what the 2 dis-orders are; then told them to read-up on them.

“Your PGAD may make this examination a little difficult for you but I’m sure that by now you have got used to problems like this. When did you last wear clothes?”

“About 2 months ago.”

“Right,” the doctor said, “we’ll move on to a couple of basics.”

The doctor then got Emily’s height and weight.

“Now I need to see how flexible you are and how you respond to doing some basic exercising. Please got and stand in front of the students and turn to face me.” The doctor said.

The doctor then got Emily to do a few exercises which included her bending at the waist with her butt to the students. This exposure triggered her first orgasm of the session and her face was visibly contorted as she tried to suppress the moans and shakes. I watched the student’s faces as it happened, all looked a little surprised and 2 of the men had slight grins on their faces and growing bulges in their trousers.

After giving Emily time to regain her composure the doctor called her over and told her that he was going to check her heart and lungs. With her taking deep breaths the doctor used his stethoscope all over her upper torso. Her little nipples looked as hard as rocks.

“Heart rate a little elevated, but not more that I would expect under the circumstances.” The doctor said, “Sit down and I’ll check your blood pressure.”

When that was done Emily was told to go and lie on the examination couch. This was raised at the head end so that Emily could see what was happening. The bottom of the couch was facing the student doctors and as the doctor was entering something on his PC I saw Emily have another orgasm as the student doctors watched her.

I looked up, saw the webcam and another camera and smiled. Both were over the lower half of the couch.

After a couple of minutes the doctor stood up and walked over to Emily.

“Right Emily, I need to check you over to make sure that you have no irregularities.”

With that he started touching her up (sorry, there must be a medical term for that), starting at her head. He went right down her body but missing out her breasts and pussy. He even got her to turn over and checked her spine.

When he was touching the inside of the thighs Emily had another one. The doctor backed off and patiently waited. As she had that one her legs slid open a bit and stayed open when she was back to normal.

Next the doctor went to her breasts. Just before he started he warned her and told her to try to relax. He prodded, squeezed and pressed, just like my real doctor does when he’s checking my breasts. When he squeezed her erect nipples Emily came again. The doctor apologised and backed off until a very red faced Emily calmed down.

“Emily,” the doctor said, “so far so good, the next part is the pubic, vaginal and rectal areas. I realise that your PGAD will make this very difficult for you. We can proceed in one of two different ways; the first choice is for me to stop every time that you have an orgasm; or I can keep going and only stop when you tell me. Obviously, the first way will prolong the examination.”

“Please just go for it doctor; I’ll let you know if I need you to stop. That’s if I haven’t passed-out, it wouldn’t be the first time. Emily said.

“Well if you do stop breathing Emily, you’re in the best place to get quickly revived.” The doctor said jokingly.

No one laughed.

The doctor told Emily to put her calves on the stirrups while he put some rubber gloves on.

Emily watched him finish, looking over to the students, then back to the doctor. She knew that she was in for a hard time and her face showed it.

As soon as the doctor touched her bald pubic bone Emily started cumming. He quickly completed examining that area then moved on to her vaginal area, opening her outer labia and having a good look; then inspecting and squeezing her clitoris.

He then backed off and stood there waiting for her to regain some sort of composure.

That done, the doctor picked up a speculum and turned to the students and said,

“At this point I would normally use some lubrication, but in this case none is required, the patient had adequate natural lubrication.”

He turned back to Emily and held up the speculum for her to see as he opened it to the maximum, then closed it again. That sight was enough to start Emily again. This time it was a strong one and Emily’s body started shaking.

As soon as the speculum touched her vagina Emily gave a loud gasp, arched her back, and then passed out. The doctor turned to the students and said,

“Would one of you check her vitals please, I need to complete this examination and now would appear to be a good time.”

One on the male students came over and put a finger on the side of her neck then turned to the doctor and nodded.

“Right then, let’s proceed.”

The doctor inserted the speculum, opened it wide and, with the help of a little torch, had a good look inside Emily. This time though, he was doing a running commentary to the students. He then invited them, one at a time to come and have a look, asking each of them what they were looking for.

The fifth one was just looking inside Emily when she started to come round. She saw him and started to cum again. This time she didn’t pass out.

The doctor eased the speculum out as the student returned to the others.

“Very good Emily, everything is in good working order in there. Normally at this point in a NEWPS sponsored examination I have to stimulate the young lady to check that she is capable of multiple orgasms, but with you Emily I do not need to do that. We’ll move straight on to the rectal examination. When you’re ready, please turn over onto your hands and knees.”

Emily calmed down then got into the required position.

“Spread your knees a little more please Emily.” The doctor said then turned to the students and said,

“Lubrication is always required for this procedure.”

He then dipped his finger into a jar and rubbed what he scooped out round Emily’s anus, slowly sliding his finger inside. Ignoring Emily’s gasp he moved his finger round for about a minute then removed it.

“That’s it Emily, under the circumstances I think that you have done well. It’s interesting to see that anal stimulation didn’t trigger an orgasm. I’ll have to research that fact a little more.

There’s just one more thing that I need you to do, please take one of those jars to the toilet and get me a mid-flow urine sample.”

Emily slowly climbed down, picked up a jar and left the room.

“Right Amy, your turn, the annual check-up is just a physical so please can you climb up onto the couch?”

My examination went in a similar way to Emily’s until the doctor got to my pubic bone. I didn’t cum. I didn’t cum until the doctor squeezed my clitoris.

Just as I was calming down, Emily returned with a jar containing yellow pee. When she put it down on the table the doctor thanked her and told her that she was done and that she did well.

I managed to not cum while the doctor completed his internal examination of me, but when the students came over one by one and practiced inserting a speculum. Then started probing around inside me I just couldn’t hold back any longer; I came quite loudly and the male student had to stand back and wait until I’d calmed down.

After they’d all examined my insides the doctor then told me that I had to prove that I could still have multiple orgasms. To help with that he produced one of those magic wands and asked for one of the students to come and use it on me. All 3 of the male students stepped forward and the doctor had to decide which one went first.

I say first because each one of the 5 students brought me to an orgasm with that wand. I have to say that the female students were the best; they just knew what I needed.

After giving me a couple of minutes rest I had the rectal examination then was sent to fill the jar with a sample of my urine.

As we walked out of the building Emily asked me if the doctor and students had done to her what they did to me. When I told her that they had she was visibly embarrassed.

She then asked if the examination was ‘for real’, or just a set-up. I told her that the video would probably get used by medical students all over the country for years to come.

Leah had volunteered to keep Young Sarah occupied while Emily’s medical was taking place so that she wouldn’t know what to expect. As a reward Leah was to accompany Young Sara for her medical. I saw them walking to the building as we left, but I easily managed to keep them apart.

We went straight to my dorm room, opened up the webcam window and watched Young Sara’s and Leah’s medicals. Both Emily and I noticed that the 5 students were different students. I told Emily that there were obviously more than 5 students on that course.

**Sold as Slaves**

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Zoe had arranged the auction for a Saturday morning (lunch time). She’d done a good job of advertising it (although I never saw any flyers or posters) because about 30 people turned up.

As people entered the room she handed them a copy of the ‘terms and conditions’.

They read: -

All bids must be in multiples of £5.

The girl will become the ‘slave’ of the highest bidder until 18:00 the following day.

The girl has the right to refuse any instruction that would endanger her wellbeing.

The girl has the right to refuse to take part in any sex act.

The girl must not be taken outside the city boundary and must not be instructed to perform any sexual act in public.

The successful bidder is not to share the girl with anyone else without her consent.

Each girl will be accompanied by a naked female chaperone to ensure the safety and wellbeing of the girl; and that the bidder adheres to the ‘terms and conditions’.

The successful bidder will be expected to provide food and drink for his slave and her chaperone.

Failure to adhere to the above will terminate the agreement immediately with no refund of any part of the bid paid.

Zoe then told everyone that if they were not happy with the terms and conditions they were to leave right then. Of course, no one left.

Leah brought the 2 slaves in to the room. Both were naked, had their hands tied behind their backs and were wearing dog collars with leads attached.

Zoe told both slaves to climb onto a table and the bidders were told that they had 5 minutes to inspect the merchandise, but told not to touch. Both slaves were standing with their feet about shoulder width apart and Emily was already cumming.

When the 5 minutes were up Zoe told Emily to climb down and Leah took her to the side of the room.

The bidding for Young Sara started. Amazingly it got to £165 quite quickly and finished at £205. Zoe told Young Sara to climb down and her lead was given to the highest bidder – Jake.

Katie had volunteered to be Young Sara’s chaperone, and the 3 of them left the room with Young Sara having a big grin on her face.

Emily was told to get back up on the table and the bidding started. Emily was sold for £255 to Zak who led her out of the room with Brooklyn.

**This is what Katie later told us about Young Sara’s day and a half as a slave: -**

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Jake led Young Sara back to his dorm room. When we got there the lead was taken off and her wrists were untied. Sara then had to clean Jake’s tip of a room while he watched.

Things weren’t all that bad for Young Sara, once she’d got the place cleaned up Jake phoned his mates and before long Young Sara was the star attraction at an impromptu party. Young Sara was given the honour of keeping everyone supplied with drinks. Everyone appreciated the naked waitress.

I (Katie) kept out of the way in the dorm’s common room and checked with Young Sara every time that she came out for more bottles. She told me that she had been groped a few times, but nothing that she couldn’t handle.

As the guys got more rowdy, Young Sara had to fend off more wandering hands but whenever I checked with her she told me that she was actually enjoying it. She said that she could get the guys to do whatever she asked them.

About midnight Young Sara hadn’t been out for more bottles so I went to check on her. I found her riding Jake’s cock with about half a dozen guys watching. When I caught her eye I mouthed,

“Are you okay?”

She smiled at me and nodded so I went and pinched a blanket out of someone’s empty room and curled up on the sofa in the common room.

When I woke up it was light so I went to check on Young Sara. She was fast asleep, draped over Jake. I shut their door and helped myself to some coffee in the common room.

Jake and Young Sara emerged just before noon and I followed then to the showers. Young Sara certainly looked happy, and by the sounds coming from the shower stall, she was enjoying herself.

It was obvious that Young Sara was in no danger so I checked with her to see if she was okay on her own. She was, so I left them to it and went back to my room.

Young Sara later told me that she’d been fucked by all the guy’s at the party, and loved every minute of it. She also told me that she’d been a little disappointed that the bukkake and blowjob session hadn’t turned into a gangbang as well.

**Brooklyn’s report on Emily’s day and a half as a slave: -**

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Zak led Emily to the uni café where he explained that he was a bit of a photography nerd and he intended to use Emily as his model. I (Brooklyn) was expecting an easy time chaperoning her.

After a quick visit to Zak’s dorm room to collect a couple of cameras I had to follow them all over the university where Zak took dozens of photographs of her, some in some quite erotic poses; with and without the blindfolded, handcuffs, dog collar and lead .

That evening Zak took Emily in to town to show her off to his mates and get some photographs of her with them. Naturally, Emily had to stay naked all the time, apart from her heels, dog collar and lead, blindfold and with her wrists cuffed together behind her back.

Fortunately, Zoe had thought of a situation like this and when I phoned Leah and Amy they got the bus into town straight away and came straight to the pub. Emily was going to be watched-over by the 3 of us.

Poor Emily had to stand in amongst the group of young men, blindfolded, handcuffed and attached to Zak by the dog lead. I told Leah and Amy that I’d had to remind Zak that he was not to share Emily with anyone else without Emily’s consent.

Now one of the things that trigger poor Emily’s orgasms is being naked and being watched by men and that was exactly what was happening; albeit Emily couldn’t see the men. Just hearing them so close and listening to their comments as Zak touched her naked body was enough make her cum and cum and cum. We were expecting her to pass out any minute, but somehow she managed to hang in there.

Zak’s camera must have had a big memory card and Zak must have had spare batteries for it because the flash was going off every minute or so. He was talking photographs of Emily with every one of his mates, and getting them to take photographs of him with her. Every time that Emily looked like she was coming down from her high Zak would touch her pussy and she’d start up again.

About 10pm Zak and a couple of his mates took Emily to a Chinese restaurant. Us 3 chaperones decided to follow and had a meal at the other end of the restaurant from Emily and Zak. Fortunately Zak took Emily’s cuffs and blindfold off and we watched her eat and drank quite a bit.

Zak cuffed Emily when they left the restaurant, but left the blindfold off, and we followed them back to Zak’s dorm room. Zak’s mates didn’t go in, leaving just Zak and Emily on their own.

Emily came out of Zak’s room a little later to go to the toilet and told us that she was going to be okay on her own with Zak so we left with me promising to be back at dawn.

When I got back to Zak’s dorm in the morning there was no sign of life from anyone on the whole floor so I helped myself to some coffee and waited.

It was late morning when Zak emerged and went to the toilet. I quickly went to see Emily and she told me that she was fine and that I wouldn’t be needed for the rest of the day; she was actually enjoying her time with Zak, saying that he reminded her of the guy that took her virginity while she was still at school.

**Afterwards**

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Katie and Brooklyn went and collected Young Sara and Emily and met the rest of us at the uni café where the ‘slaves’ filled in all the details for all of us. Suffice to say that both of them had enjoyed themselves, and had a good fucking as well. Young Sara took great delight in telling us all the details of her gangbang.

“Hmmmm,” Leah said, “perhaps the slave auction wasn’t as humiliating as we had wanted it to be.”

That gave us all a laugh then I said,

“Well Young Sara and Emily, I think that it’s fair to say that you both have sailed through your hazing and that you have proved that you are now worthy members of NEWPS.”

“Thank you, all of you,” Emily said, “I’m sure that I speak for Sara as well when I say that we’re both proud and honoured to be part of such a wonderful organisation; and to be able to call you all ‘our friends’. By the way, is someone now going to tell us that NEWPS stands for?”

When I told them, Young Sara said,

“Well mine certainly is; it’s been like that ever since I started walking around without any clothes on. I’ve had to drink twice as much as I used to, just to keep hydrated.”

**The NEWPS Bouncers**

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Leah had entered a NEWPS team in to the St. Damian’s Netball League. We’d all played netball at school so all we had to do was a little team-building practice. Leah had organised a couple of practice matches so that we could get back into the game, and practice as a team.

At both of the matches the other teams were surprised that their opponents were completely naked and at both games one of the opponents had to say that it was easy to see who was in which team.

We gelled quite well as a team and won the second game; then the league games started.

We had a total of 5 games. We won 3 and lost 2. One of the games that we won was against an all-male team; the only male team in the competition. None of the men’s team was what I call ‘manly men’; possibly due to the fact that most men consider netball to be a ‘girly’ sport.

I think that they must have heard that they were up against a team of naked girls because none of them looked surprised when we walked out. In fact 2 of them had tell-tale bulges in their shorts.

Now netball is not supposed to be a contact sport but we took advantage of our bodies and rubbed up against, or accidentally collided with the men lots of times. Leah even managed to end up on the floor on top of one of the men with her breasts pressing on his face. The poor man was so embarrassed. What we’d learnt in the Females in the 21st Century course was coming into its own and we easily managed to ‘fluster’ the men and win the game.

We easily won that game.

“Men are such a push-over.” Kailene said.

**Pole Fitness**

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A new sport has been introduced to the university – Pole Fitness. When the notice went up all the NEWPS girls were interested. The notice described the sport as ‘Pole dancing but without the erotic nature.’ Naturally, Kailene and I were very interested as we both still do erotic pole dancing just about every weekend.

The notice also said that the classes were open to men as well as women; which intrigued us all.

A couple of the NEWPS girls saw this new sport as the opportunity to learn what Kailene and I were doing, and to be able to earn money like we do. Two others just wanted to be able to tease the men in the classes by flashing their pussies to them. We all agreed that the exercise would be good for us.

As we all walked to the first class we discussed Kailene and my jobs and we all agreed that it would be better if it wasn’t mentioned.

We were met by 2 confused women teachers that the university had brought in. Apparently neither of them had considered that girls from the Females in the 21st Century course would want to attend. One of them asked us if we realised that pole fitness involved spreading our legs wide. When we said that we did, the teacher told us that 4 male students had already signed up for the course.

Both women were surprised that none of us were worried by that fact.

We were taken into one of the gym’s annexe rooms and saw that the uni had installed 10 poles with soft mats all around the bottom of them. Also in the room were the 4 men and 7 other girls, all chatting at one side of the room. When one of the teachers was followed into the room by 10 naked girls everything went quiet and the original 11 turned and stared at us.

One more man turned up before the class started.

The teachers explained to us all what pole fitness was. They then told us that we would be learning new moves each week. We were told that we could use the room to practice any time that we wanted.

We started with the basics and we all sat around watching and listening as the teachers told us how to grip the pole with our hands and legs. I was getting bored. It must have showed because one of the teachers picked on me to help her demonstrate a few things.

Of course I found it easy and the teacher told me that I was a natural. I didn’t tell her that I pole danced in clubs most Saturday nights.

We were then split into pairs and took it in turns to practice those basic moves. While one of the pair was on the pole, the other was there to support them while they got the confidence to hang from the pole.

The teacher who split us into pairs kept the clothed students separate from the naked ones. At the end of that first lesson she called us naked girls together and told us that she’d assumed that each of us would want to be partnered with one of our friends to avoid any embarrassment.

Brooklyn’s tone of voice told us that she was a little annoyed with the woman and told her that we didn’t want treating any differently from the others. If we got partnered with a clothed person, female or male, or if we were selected to demonstrate anything that possibly could be classed as embarrassing; it was okay with us; us being naked was our choice and it was not to affect our lives in any way.

The woman was a bit embarrassed but agreed to our request (demand).

The following lesson most of us did get partnered with clothed people, men as well; although a couple of the men looked a bit uncomfortable supporting a naked girl. When I got partnered with a man I pretended that I needed lots of support so that I could get his hands on me. He was nervous at first, but relaxed when I told him that I wouldn’t bite and that it was okay for him to touch me.

The lessons went well and it wasn’t long before we were all doing some of the moves that Kailene and I do in the clubs to get the men worked up. It seemed a little strange spreading my legs and slowly sliding down the pole with a little audience that weren’t there just to see my tits and pussy. Well, maybe the men were, or even one girl that definitely looks and acts as if she’s gay.

That’s it for now.