**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