**Amy the Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the previous part. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**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