**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 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