**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 23 – My third term at University**

**Blackmail - Professor Lesley Jones**

All 8 NEWPS members got back to university well before lectures started. We had to get our cheerleading routine finalised. We also had to have it flexible just in case we had to perform to an audience with kids in it.

On the first official day of the new term I got a phone call from Prof Jones. She welcomed me back, then immediately told me that our cheerleading debut was on the following Friday afternoon. She told me that we had to be at the universities sports field at 14:00.

I immediately phoned the others and gave them the news. When I phoned Ben he told me that it was the annual inter-university Rugby match between St. Damian’s and Whittle that afternoon. That must be it.

When I told the other about this at the practice that night, they all jumped with joy. The thought of 26+ strong Rugby types had their thighs all wet. I reminded them that Prof Jones hadn’t said that it was the Rugby game.

We had one more practice session before the big day. I have to say that I thought we looked good. We were still practicing in the nude but we had to wear the uniforms, that Prof Jones sent me, for the live performance. I took them to that last practice and handed them out. They were all ‘one size fits all’, but I told the others that if they had any problems with them, then to come and see me. I had my sewing machine in my room.

Just as a reminder, the uniforms are: -

Skirts - Wrap variety, made of a lightweight silky material with Velcro fasteners. They are only 10 inches long and are purple and yellow trim.

Tops – Made of the same material and the same colour scheme. They are like a sleeveless blouse that ties at the front just below the breasts. They go down to about half way between our breasts and belly button.

Pompoms – In the same colour scheme.

That last practice went badly. We’d decided that we should wear the uniforms, a sort of dress rehearsal. The problem was that the material was slippery and we had problems with holding on to each other. Sarah came very close to breaking some bones one time when we were trying to catch her. Kailene suggested that we arrange the fastenings on our skirts so that they could easily be pulled undone and ‘accidentally’ pulled off. Leah added that we could loosen the knots on our tops so that they too ‘accidentally’ came undone. We all liked those ideas and did another practice of the routine working out the best time for the ‘accidents’.

We all met up in the university bar at 12:00 on the Friday in our normal clothes, carrying a bag with our uniforms in and Katie carrying the music machine. We were all nervous as hell and we all had a couple of strong drinks before setting off to the sports field.

We saw Prof Jones and went over to her. She confirmed that it was the Rugby game that we were there for. It was our job to support the St. Damian’s team and make sure that they won. She told us that the only rule was that we couldn’t touch any of the Whittle team members. She also told us that we had to entertain the crowd (about 50 adults – thankfully) before the start (in 15 minutes), whenever St. Damian’s were doing well; and during the interval.

Katie and Sarah had anticipated something like this and our routine was already in 2 parts. One with us in a straight line; and the other with us in a group.

The only problem left was, where to get changed. Katie asked Prof Jones and she told us that we could change near her car, and leave our clothes in it.

“No privacy then!” Zoe said.

“With what you all are about to do I’m surprised that you even mention that word,” the Prof replied.

Within 3 minutes we’d all removed our tops, skirts and shoes and put on the cheer skirts and tops. We fastened these as we walked across to the field.

In those 3 minutes we saw the Dean of St. Damian’s drive in. He looked at us and saw us in various states of undress.

We stood at the end of the stand waiting for the teams to come onto the pitch. As soon as they started appearing we marched along the side of the pitch and spread out from the centre line facing the crowd. Sarah was near the middle and was carrying the music machine.

The pitch side line is only 2 yards from the start of the stand so we were quite close to the front of the crowd.

As I stood there waiting for Sarah to switch the music on I became aware of 2 things. Firstly, the Dean of St Damian’s was sat between Prof Jones and Prof Gibbons. They WERE working together. Secondly, one of the teams was wearing the same colours as our uniforms. They must be the St. Damian’s team. Why hadn’t any of us realised that before?

The music started and so did the NEWPS cheerleading team. We stared with the pompoms on the floor beside us and did a back flip, then a star jump, then a cartwheel back to where we started. Over the music I heard some gasps and saw a few hands go over a few mouths. Also, some of the men had grins on their faces. The crowd now knew that we had no knickers on.

It’s pointless writing details of our every move but they included cartwheels, handstands, somersaults, splits, crab position, bending at the waist with straight legs (backs to the crowd), splits standing on one foot and holding the other leg with our arms up in the air and star jumps; all mixed in with waving those damn pompoms.

Needless to say, all 8 pussies were on display quite a lot; but never for more than the 3 seconds that we had decided was best for teasing the crowd.

The routine ended with much applause from the crowd. I glanced behind us and saw both teams and the referee staring at us; most with grins on their faces.

I looked to my left and saw that Zoe’s top had come un-fastened and her boobs were on display.

The referee got himself organised first and blew his whistle. We all turned and watched as the teams took their positions.

A couple of times our team looked like they were getting the better of Whittle, so we started our routine again. Each time we got as much applause as the players did.

At half-time the teams went off and we took our positions to start our other routine. As pre-arranged, as we did this we loosened the knots fastening our tops and re-positioned the velcro fastening of our skirts.

The routine included many of the moves that we’d seen in videos that Sarah and Katie had downloaded from YouTube. The difference being that the crowd would not be getting glimpses of shorts or knickers.

About a third of the way through we got together in twos and held each other round our waists. As we pressed our breasts together we sneakily pulled the other’s tops knot open. Then we bent over backwards so our tops slid to our sides and our little puppies saw the daylight – much to the delight of the crowd. Ignoring the applause and cheers we pressed our breasts together again. This time we pulled the fastening on the other’s skirt.

As we parted, our skirts slid to the ground.

Totally ignoring our exposure we carried on with our routine.

We split in to 2 groups, quite close to each other. In each group 3 of us lifted the fourth up in the air to stand on our up-stretched hands. Sarah and Leah were up and they lifted their foot that was nearest to the other one and touched feet. As I looked up I got an eyeful of Leah’s beautiful, open pussy. The girl was as aroused as I was.

We held that pose for a lot longer than the 3 seconds then lowered and thrust up our hands. Leah and Sarah went flying up. Leah’s top came off one arm as she was caught by the 3 below. As she stood up her top fell off her other arm. She continued as if it were still in its original place.

The routine continued and included the part where 4 of us are in the crab position with the other 4 standing sideways between our legs. We rubbed our pussies up and down the side of the standing legs. I heard some gasps as we did that one.

Our routine finished to standing applause from the crowd. We recovered our skirts, and Leah’s top, and put them back on as someone announced over the tannoy system, that the cheerleaders would be carried off the field at the end of the game by the winners. Brooklyn squealed a bit and looked very happy.

We were quite busy during the second half as St. Damian’s got the better of Whittle.

St. Damian’s won and after going to receive their trophy they came over to us to receive their second trophy.

I remembered that the tannoy had said that we would be carried off the field and wondered what that meant. We soon found out.

Eight of the St. Damian players came and knelt in front of the 8 of us. They held their hands up for us to hold and told us to climb on their shoulders. The thing was that we were facing them. I looked down at the hunk in front of me. He told me to lift my right leg up, put it on his left shoulder and let it take my weight; then lift my left leg onto his right shoulder. I got a little rush as I realised that my pussy would be right in his face.

He stood up and I let go with one hand to pull my skirt up out of his face. His tongue came out and found my pussy. FIH, I was getting eaten out in front of a crowd of Rugby supporters; including the Dean of our university. I looked round and the other 7 girls were getting the same.

Other players guided us off the pitch and into the men’s changing room. By that time I had cum twice, and by the sounds from the others, most of them had cum as well.

The players helped us down, pulled our clothes off, and took us into the showers. Somewhere between 15 and 20 naked hunks joined us and what took place next could only be described as an orgy. We had all our holes filled, often more than one at once. At one point I saw Sarah with her feet on the ceiling. One of the guys was giving her a standing-up 69. Even Zoe was joining in. I guess that she not a total lesbian.

It was amazing and I have no idea how long it went on for. I do know that I was knackered.

The players gradually left, leaving us sat on the floor in the shower looking for some energy.

After quite a while we realised that we were the only ones left in the changing room. We all had a warm shower and went looking for our skirts any tops. We managed to find them all, but only 1 towel (that we shared).

We went outside and discovered that everyone had left; including Prof Jones with our clothes. We had no choice; we had to walk barefoot back to our dorms wearing only those skimpy uniforms. Not that our attire bothered us; even if it was muddy.

On that walk, none of us said much. Just before we got to the first dorm Kailene asked when our second performance was.

Ella slept with me that night; she was too knackered to walk back to Whittle. She wasn’t too tired next morning and we enjoyed each other before she left (she borrowed some clothes).

Later that morning, while I was on my way to work, I got a phone call from Prof Jones congratulating us and telling me that she would be in touch in a few weeks. She told me she appreciated that we would have to be working very hard that term and that she would make it easy on us. She told me that we must keep up our training and that she had booked the Gym every Tuesday evening at the same time.

She also told me that we would find our clothes in the Reception of the main Admin building.

**Blackmail - Professor Thomas Gibbons**

Prof Gibbons wasn’t being nice to us. After our next lecture he asked Sarah and I to stay back. He told us that the Dean was impressed with our performance and that he’d asked that we staff the annual university lecturer’s dinner. Prof Gibbons told us that he would let us have the details later. He also told us that he expected us to continue with our little displays at every lecture.

Three weeks later we had to stay back again, and Prof Jones told us that he expected 6 of us to be at a local historic building at 8 p.m. that Saturday. He told us to bring our cheerleading skirts and high heeled shoes with us.

When I told the others, all of them wanted to go. We decided to use a pack of cards to decide who lost out. Sarah and Katie were the unlucky ones.

In a way, I was disappointed with the do. All we had to do was change into just our cheerleading skirts and heels and serve the lecturers with dinner and drinks. Not one of them put a hand on our flesh. The upside was that we got to flash some skin to people who hadn’t seen it before, and we got better known by all our professors.

Whilst I was topping up the Dean’s glass one time, I heard him tell Prof Jones that he was pleased with the girls that she and Prof Gibbons had found this year. He said that he had no idea how they managed to find us, and probably didn’t want to know.

I smiled and walked away.

As I said, I was a bit disappointed as that was all we had to do.

**Psychology Thesis**

I’d been back about 2 weeks when I got a phone call from Logan. He wanted to know what I’d been up to during the Easter break. We arranged a time when we could meet at the Psychology department’s meeting rooms. He asked if I minded if he brought another student with him, one that was writing a thesis on Voyeurism. I laughed and said, “The more the merrier.” I told him to book the room for 2 hours.

As I walked to the Psychology department I suddenly thought that if the other student is studying voyeurism them I should really give him something to look at. I rushed back to my room and replaced my top with a see-through one, and my skirt with a tight one that rides up if I sit down. Impossible to do without showing the skin on my pubic bone.

When I got there I was pleased to see that the voyeurism student was quite good looking. I made a point of sitting at the end of the table, opposite him, where he could see all of me.

Logan got me to tell him every detail of everything that I had done since I last saw him. It took forever. After about an hour, and before I’d got to the best parts of my Greek holiday (see parts 21 and 22), he asked me if I wanted a coffee; then went to get each of use one.

So far the voyeurism student (Dan) had just been listening and looking at me. I had been too engrossed in telling Logan what I’d been doing to really think much about putting on a show for Dan.

“So, you like watching girls do you Dan?” I asked, opening my legs a bit and slouching down in my chair. My pubic bone had been on display since I sat down, but as I slouched down and opened my legs, my skirt stayed when it was and some of my pussy slid down and into his view.

“Err, yes I do, I find girl watching to be a fascinating subject. You girls are amazingly complicated people and I’m trying to understand how your brains work.” Dan said. I laughed and told him he would never manage that.

“What parts of us girls do you like watching the best Dan? Is it our breasts?” I said as I pulled my thin, see-through top tights against my now rock hard nipples; “Or is it our bald pussies?” I asked as I opened my legs more, showing him my wet pussy and clit that had decided that she wanted to see what was going on.

Poor Dan went a little red, but his eyes were clearly riveted to by body. I could see his package getting bigger; and probably uncomfortable for him.

I put my hand on my sparkling pussy and started rubbing the end of my now visible clit. I asked, “Do you like watching girls play with their pussies Dan?”

“Yes I do, most men do, but I assure you that I’m here today to do nothing other than get material for my thesis,” Dan said.

“Yeah right, of course you are Dan.” I mocked, just as Logan came back in with a cup holder and 3 coffees.

Logan handed out the coffees as he asked if he’d missed anything. I just said that we’d been helping each other with our ‘needs,’ emphasising the word ‘needs.’

Logan looked a bit puzzled then asked me to continue.

As I said earlier, I was sat at the end of the table where Dan could see all of me, but Logan was sat further along the table and could only see the top half of me. As I continued recalling my wonderful babysitting holiday, my hand kept going down onto my lap and rubbing my pussy a bit.

By the time I got to the part where Dimitri led me around town, naked, hands cuffed and wearing a dog collar and lead; I was getting close to cumming. I had to decide if I wanted to keep talking (and rubbing), or get up, pull my skirt down and cool off. I kept talking; and within seconds I stopped talking, started shaking, and had a wonderful orgasm.

As I started to come down from my high, I looked at Logan and Dan. Both were just sat there staring at me. A few seconds later I said, “Now, where was I? Oh yes, being led through Faliraki,” and continued with my recollection.

I got to the end of my time in Greece and moved on to coming back to uni and the cheerleading.

I’d told Logan about being blackmailed before, but not named the professors. He’d soon realised that it was me that was taking advantage of the professors, so he hadn’t been worried about it. I’d also told him about the cheerleading and naked practising. He’d once told me that he was going to come and watch us practice, but I’d never seen him there.

Anyway, I apologised to him for not telling him about the Rugby match beforehand.

He said that it was a shame because he would have been able to claim some money for me.

“Only joking, I’m a Rugby fan and I was there. I really enjoyed the show, especially the part where you took each other’s skirts off,” Logan said.

I laughed and watched Logan get an envelope out of his pocket and pass it to me.

“Here’s your fee,” he said.

I explained that we’d not worn the uniform while practicing and found the skirts to be slippery. When we found out that the audience was only adults we’d hastily change the routine to get rid of the problem.

Then I thought, if Logan is getting money to pay me, is Dan? So I said to Dan, “Logan is getting some sort of grant that he can give me money out of, are you in a similar position?”

Dan told me that he was, but one meeting was hardly grounds to make a claim. I quickly thought then said, “What about a webcam in a girl’s dorm room?”

Dan looked a little stunned, then after a pause he said, “Yes, that does sound good. It would give me the opportunity to observe someone during their normal daily routine. Tell you what, I’ll discuss it with my professor; if it’s okay with him I’ll contact you and we can set it up. Who’s the girl that you are thinking of?”

When I told him that it would be me his eyes light up. What man would pass on the opportunity to spy on a young girl who spends most of her life naked; and who has quite an active sex life in her room. We exchanged phone numbers and got back to Logan.

Logan asked me where the other 7 girls in the cheerleading squad came from. I’d told Logan about some of my friends before, but I’d never told him about NEWPS. I thought that this was a good time to let him have some more details.

I told Logan and Dan that I was a member of a Sorority that is known as NEWPS and that all 8 girls are members. Logan said that he assumed that NEWPS was an acronym and asked me what the letters meant. I told him that only the members know that.

It seemed to me that the meeting was coming to an end and I relaxed a bit. I looked down at my lap and realised that the fingers on my right hand were still caressing my pussy. I stopped and then saw that Dan’s eyes were glued to my pussy. I smiled at him, but he never saw it.

Logan thanked me for my time and passed me another envelope.

I stood up and pulled my skirt back into place. That brought Dan down to earth and he got up to say goodbye. There was a little wet patch at the top of the bulge in his trousers.

I left with Dan saying that he’d be in touch.

He was, 2 days later. He phoned me and gave me the news that he could pay me a fee for each day that he could observe me 24 x 7. I told him that there was no way that I would stay in my room for 24 hours. He laughed and told me that he expected me to continue as normal and that he would set-up something on his PC that would record only when there was movement in my room.

After getting him to promise that he would use the videos only for his research, and not pass them to anyone else, I agreed and gave him the IP address of the camera that had been in Kailene’s room and asked him to phone me when he had got his PC set-up. I got the camera out of my wardrobe and set it up in a position where he’d be able to see most of my room, including the bed.

I was going to experience the same exposure and feelings that Kailene had.

I suddenly had an idea; I checked the wireless webcam and confirmed that it could run on batteries. What if I took it with me wherever I went and set it up there? I would be able to let Dan spy on (sorry, observe), other girls as well. I phoned Ben who told me that it if I took it outside of the universities wifi network it would need to be reconfigured. He also reminded me that it wouldn’t be right setting it up to spy on people without them agreeing to it.

I knew Ben was right; my enthusiasm had got the better of me for a moment; but I could use it at NEWPS events. The Tuesday evening Gym cheerleading practices would be real wanking material for Dan.

I hadn’t seen much of Ben since I’d got back so I asked him when he was going to come and fuck me. I told him that I’d missed the feeling of his cock inside me.

**Ben**

Ben came over that evening; shortly after Dan phoned me to tell me that his PC was all setup. Everything that anyone did in my room was getting recorded. That excited me a bit.

Ben started taking his clothes off just as soon as he walked in the door. I pointed to the camera, but Ben just said, “So what!”

We had a really satisfying fuck and then lay on my bed bringing each other up to date. I told him all about Greece. Before I’d even got half way through the details, we needed to fuck again. The thought that Dan was watching made me even more randy.

Ben briefly told me about his Easter holidays, his university project and his time at our parents. He told me that he’d taken Katie out a few times when he was there. I told him that Katie had already told me and that I was happy for them. Ben assured me that it wouldn’t affect our times of pleasure; both Katie and Ben didn’t want anything to change with us.

**Part-Time Job**

I’ve started this again. When I went in the first time after the Easter break I spent the first hour tell Isabelle all about my babysitting job. The rest of that day was quite boring with nothing exciting happening.

The second day that I worked had an ‘interesting’ event. Just after lunch a teenage girl came running in. She was naked, crying, and in a bit of a state. She stood in the middle of the store looking very nervous and was looking around the store. I was hanging clothes on a nearby rack. I looked at her, then over to Isabelle who nodded to me, telling me that she wanted me to sort out the problem.

I went over to the girl and put my arm round her. She just said, “Hide me.” I walked her into Isabelle’s office and sat her down. She sat with her knees up a bit and her arms crossed over her chest. She was obviously upset about something.

I told her that she was safe in there and that she could relax. I put the kettle on. The girl asked me to check to see if anyone had followed her into the shop. I reminded her that she was safe there, but she insisted, so I went and looked. I went over to Isabelle and told her that the girl thought that she was followed. Isabelle confirmed that there were no security guards in the store, nor anyone suspicious looking. Isabelle told me to take my time and sort the problem.

I went back to the girl and told her that there were only normal customers there. I asked her what her name was (Rosaline) and told her my name.

Rosaline relaxed a bit and started to tell me that she was in the shopping centre with 2 of her mates. They’d all gone into the toilet and her mates had dared her to strip naked and come out of the cubicle. She’d taken the dare and then her mates had grabbed her clothes, told her that she could have them back in the toilets at the other end of the shopping centre, then they’d run off.

Rosaline had spent about an hour crying and deciding what she could do. I asked Rosaline why her friends had dared her to strip, and why she’d done it. She told me that she’d stripped naked in front of her friends, and some boys, a few times and that she’d enjoyed it. She thought that stripping in the shopping centre would be exciting.

“Sexually?” I asked.

Very quietly she said, “Yes.”

I told her that it was nothing to be ashamed of, I had streaked a couple of times, and discovered that it was a real turn-on; I also told her that I got really turned-on by being naked in places that other people wouldn’t even consider. I told her that I’d even been naked in this shop, standing by the main door.

Rosaline looked at me and I could tell that she was interested.

Rosaline relaxed a bit more and got back to her story. She told me that she’d finally decided that she had to run through the shopping centre to the other toilet. She’d set off, with tears still in her eyes. “And feeling very sexually excited?” I interrupted.

“Yes,” she said, then continued to say that she’d got about half way when she saw a security guard. He’d seen her as well, and started running towards her. She’d run into a shop, expecting it to have 2 entrances. It hadn’t and the security guard had caught her.

He’d marched her to the security office and started grilling her about who she was, and what she was doing. The phone in the office rang and Rosaline took the opportunity to bolt. She got out into the main thoroughfare and ran. She could hear the guard shouting after her then, she saw another one. She’d run into Isabelle’s shop.

I laughed and told her that she was good, very opportunist to get away and to pick a shop where she would be looked after.

By this time Rosaline had relaxed and was holding her teacup. I took my time and had a good look at her. She was quite slim and had breasts that looked to be a ‘B’ cup. She shaved as well.

I told her that I had an idea as to how I could help her but that I would have to clear it with my boss. I told Rosaline to stand up and turn round. She did, so I told her that it could just work. I told her to stay there while I talked to my boss.

I went and had a chat with Isabelle and then went back to Rosaline and sat on the edge of Isabelle’s desk. I was about to start to talk to Rosaline when I saw that her eyes were looking at my skirt. I suddenly realised that my skirt had ridden up when I sat down and Rosaline must be looking at my knickerless pussy. I ignored it and said,

“Okay, my boss says that I can give you some clothes, but you have to earn them.”

“Couldn’t I just borrow some and bring them back later?” Rosaline asked.

“My boss says not, she doesn’t know you and there’s no guarantee that you’d bring them back, besides, we’d have to throw them out if you’d done more than just try them on. Your only option is to earn them.”

“So, what would I have to do to earn them?” Rosaline asked.

“What the boss has in mind is that you become one of our mannequins for a few hours,” I said.

“You mean stand out there perfectly still for a few hours?” That doesn’t sound too bad.

“There’s one interesting catch, you’d have to wear a few different outfits and I would have to change you out there on the shop floor.” I told her.

“WHAT!” Rosaline said.

“It’s not too bad,” I told her, “I’ve done it a few times and it’s a fantastic turn-on.”

After a bit of thought, Rosaline said, “So, it looks like I have 2 options, be this mannequin thing and you’d strip me naked a few times, out there in front of all the shoppers; or I run for it and risk getting caught again, and maybe not find my clothes or friends.”

Rosaline was thinking, so I told her that the mannequin option was the best, it wasn’t like she hadn’t been naked in the shop already.

Rosaline laughed and said, “Okay, I’ll do it.”

I told her to stay there and I went and told Isabelle, who told me that I really had the gift of the gab. She told me that I had to organise everything and that I could stand the girl near the door, where I had stood when I did it.

I decided that Rosaline’s first outfit would be a microskirt and a sting vest. The vest is sold with a blouse to go underneath but I thought I would get Rosaline used to being exposed from the start.

When I went back into the office Rosaline was stood leaning back against the desk. Her legs were slightly apart and her hand was quickly moving up her body. She blushed. I smiled and said, “The thought of what you are about to do getting you horny is it?”

Rosaline’s face went a darker shade of red; she looked down at the floor and quietly said, “Yes.”

I told her that it was okay, and told her that I jilled off before I did it first time. I also told her that I was dripping all the time that I was stood out there and that I nearly had an orgasm when a man came over to me and touched my pussy.

Rosaline looked shocked so I told her that it was okay, it was quiet out there and the chances of her getting fingered was very, very small.

I gave Rosaline the top and skirt and told her to put them on. The skirt went on first then Rosaline picked up the top, looked at it and said, “I can’t wear this, everyone will be able to see my tits.”

“I wouldn’t let that worry you; hundreds of people have already seen them this morning.” I replied.

Rosaline blushed again and put the top on.

As Rosaline was doing that, I told her that once she was out there on the stand, she was not to move a muscle, not a finger, a lip, or anything. I would move them for her. Once I put her into a pose she was to keep that pose perfectly until I came back to her, changed her clothes and put her in another pose. I told her not to worry about muscles aching, I would change her every 20 minutes or so and move her arms and legs to loosen them up.

I led Rosaline out to the mannequin stand that I had vacated earlier and told Rosaline to stand on it. “That’s it,” I said, “from now on, I am in total control. You do not move a muscle; and keep those eyes looking straight ahead.”

I put one of Rosaline’s arms on her hip, and the other bent at the elbow and pointing to the door. Then I lifted one leg and set it down so that her feet were about a foot apart. Next I rearranged her skirt upwards a bit and her top so that one of her nipples was poking out through one of the holes. Then I left her.

About 20 minutes later I selected a nice summer dress in a size that I thought would be way too big for her, and went over to her. She hadn’t moved. I slid one foot nearer to the other then unfastened the skirt. It dropped to the floor. I then slid the other foot out about a foot. I was kneeling in front of Rosaline and could see her very wet pussy and little clit poking out.

I stood up and lifted first one arm straight up in the air, then the other. That action pulled the string vest up a bit and the breast that had a nipple poking out went up with it a bit, then slipped back inside. The breast wobbled a bit. When both arms were straight up I pulled the string vest up and off her. I slipped the summer dress over her arms and let it fall into place. The dress was too big, so I lifted it up and off her. I whispered that I had to go and get a smaller size and walked off leaving her totally naked.

As I walked back to her a young woman walked into the shop, glanced at Rosaline, then stopped and stared at her for a few seconds, then walked on.

Rosaline looked a little flushed. I slipped the dress on her, fastened it, then lowered her arms and put her into another pose then left her.

That pose was too easy and she was well covered so I only left her for 10 minutes. This time I got a sheer blouse and an ultra-short skirt. I stripped her again then put the blouse on her. Again, I had selected a skirt that was too big for her. I lifted her legs one at a time then raised the skirt. I left her with her legs slightly apart and the skirt threatening to fall down.

About 5 minutes later Isabelle called me, then motioned towards Rosaline. The skirt was round her ankles. I smiled at Isabelle and continued with what I was doing.

I left Rosaline like that for another 15 minutes before selecting some more clothes and going over to her. In those 15 minutes I saw a young couple walk into the store and stand in front of Rosaline. They spoke to each other for a minute or so then walked over to a rack of clothes. The young man had a big grin on his face.

As I walked up to Rosaline a couple of teenage girls came in and looked at Rosaline. They stared at her for a few seconds then one of them said, “Very life-like these dummies these days. This one looks just like one of the girls at school, what’s her name, Ros something or other.”

“Yeah, I suppose it does, come on, I want to try that skirt on;” and they walked on.

As I stripped Rosaline I said, “That was close, do you know them?” Through clenched teeth Rosaline told me that they went to her school.

This time I put just a belt on Rosaline. I told her that it was my favourite belt and I wanted to see what it looked like on her. “Won’t be long,” I said, and left her.

I was selecting what I wanted to put on Rosaline next when I saw Kailene walk into the store. She saw me and started to walk over to me. As she passed Rosaline she suddenly stopped and turned to face Rosaline. She went up to her and looked her up and down. Kailene smiled, touched one of Rosaline’s rock hard little nipples then ran her finger down to her pussy. I saw Rosaline’s eyes open wide.

Kailene gave Rosaline the finger test then, holding her wet finger right in front of Rosaline’s face, said, “You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” Then she licked her finger and walked over to where I had moved out of Rosaline’s line of sight.

Poor Rosaline looked like she was about to collapse or explode. She did neither. She just continued standing there.

Kailene’s first words to me where, “Have you found another recruit?” “No,” “she’s in her last year at school.” “That didn’t stop you,” Kailene said.

I told Kailene all about how Rosaline ended-up stood there virtually naked. Kailene told me to get her number, before telling me what she had come in for.

Kailene left without Rosaline seeing the two of us together.

This time I’d chosen a sexy little slip for Rosaline to wear. I deliberately chose a size too small. It is made of see-through lace and is meant to just cover your bum and puss. When I put it on Rosaline it only just came down to her hips and her breasts were straining to escape from the top. I slid her legs a bit wider than before, and as I was knelt down in front of her I looked up at her pussy. Her little clit was poking out of its hood and was in danger of drowning in all her juices.

I stood up and said, “I’ve had a complaint from one of the customers that one of our mannequins is enjoying herself too much. Would that be you?”

Rosaline’s face went a darker shade of red.

About 5 minutes later 2 young couples came in and as the girls wet off to look at clothes, the boys went and stood in front of Rosaline. As there were 2 of them I decided to intervene. I went and stood next to them. They saw me and stopped talking.

I said, “They really do make the quite life-like these days don’t they?” After a short pause I continued, “Do you want to know how they make them?” Both boys nodded.

“What they do is get a nude model then cover her in Plaster of Paris. Then they cut it up both sides so that the girls can get out. Next they put the 2 halves back together and fill it with silicone. After it has dried they cut it open up the sides again and discard the Plaster of Paris mould. The silicone mannequin then gets painted in exactly the same colours of the model; even the different colours round the areolas and eyes. While someone glues a wig on, someone else drills holes in all the right places. One of the boys laughed a bit when I said that bit. Next they insert a little heating element and batteries; and a little bottle of creamy water that is set to leak out a little bit to give the mannequin a natural, wet touch to the pussy.”

One of the boys turned to me and said, “You’re joking?”

“No, they really do, if you like you can touch the pussy.” I said as I looked at Rosaline’s face. She was starting to sweat.

Rosaline’s eyes opened wide as the boy’s finger touched her pussy. It was only a quick touch and he pulled his hand back saying, “Bloody hell, look at that.” He was holding his finger up.

“Can I touch it?” The second boy asked. I nodded and his finger touched Rosaline’s clit.

Poor Rosaline couldn’t hold back anymore and she started shaking. I could tell from the expression on her face that she was having an orgasm. The boy jumped back.

“Damn!” I said; the bloody thing has gone into vibration mode. I’ll have to go round the back and switch it off.

Just as I said that, one of the boy’s girlfriends called them and they turned and left.

I was behind Rosaline and I put a hand on her inner thigh with my thumb upwards. I slid my hand round and slid my thumb up, into her vagina. “Where is that bloody switch?” I asked as she continued to shake and get even sweatier.

After a few seconds I pulled out and went round to the front of her. I looked her in the face and said, “I guess that it was you having too much fun.” And I walked away.

I let her fight to stay still for a few more minutes then went and told her to relax and follow me.

I led her back to the office and told her to sit down.

I let her relax for a minute then asked her what she was thinking. She said, “That was fucking unbelievable. I’ve never had such a killer orgasm. Is that what you did? Did it have the same effect on you?

“Yes, and yes, I still do it sometimes, but I’ve found other ways to be naked where people normally aren’t naked.”

I was expecting her to ask me what, but she didn’t. She was probably still coming to terms with what had just happened to her. She told me that the second boy who touched her clit was in the year below her at school. She told me that she’d never be able to look at him again.

I told her she’d get over it then I told her that I was going to see my boss and that I would be back in a minute.

While I was talking to Isabelle, Rosaline appeared beside me. She was still wearing just the slip that only covered the top half of her bum and didn’t cover her pussy.

I introduced them then told Rosaline that Isabelle had said she could have any top and any skirt that she wanted. Rosaline then said, “Can I be a bit cheeky?” Isabelle replied, “Go on.” Rosaline continued, “Can I have a job as a mannequin every Saturday please?”

Isabelle and I laughed and Isabelle told Rosaline to give me her number then go and pick what she wanted. She chose a really short skirt and low-cut top. She went almost skipping out of the store.

I’ve still got that number. I’m going to tell all the other NEWPS members all about Rosaline and we’ll take it from there.

**Swimming**

All 8 of us go swimming each Sunday morning. The girls are now out numbering the boys, but that doesn’t stop them, or us, having lots of fun. It’s almost at the stage where not much swimming gets done and we find other ways of occupying ourselves. The water jet is in big demand, and we girls spend a lot of time floating on our backs with a boy in between our legs.

**Pole Dancing**

If you remember, I did a bit of Pole Dancing while I was in Faliraki. I had really enjoyed it and wanted to do more. I talked to Kailene about it and we both wanted to do some. The only thing was that neither of us had had any training or knew any contacts that could get us a job. We’d asked at a club that we sometimes go to and the manager told us that he got all his girls through an agency. We looked for the agency on the internet but couldn’t find them.

Kailene did a bit of research and found a little Pole Dancing school on a little industrial estate on the outskirts of town. One afternoon we went out there to find out more. It was a bit of a dingy dive, but when we knocked on the door it was opened by a woman in her thirties who seemed quite nice. She told us that she could give us a trial lesson, then if she thought that we had potential we could have a few more lessons. She also asked us if we realised that we would have to get topless. Both Kailene and I laughed and told the woman that it wasn’t a problem.

I asked her how much it would cost, and told her that we were broke students looking to offset some of the costs of education. She (Jenny) told us that the first lesson was free then if we had potential she would get paid commission by the clubs that she placed us in.

That was better than we had expected as I had been worried about the cost.

Kailene asked when we could have the free lesson. Jenny asked if we had time, there and then.

We went into the main hall to find that it had 3 poles with rubber Gym mats round the base of each one. There was also a man in there that Jenny introduced as her boyfriend. She told us that they both ran the business.

Jenny explained a few things to us and showed us where to rub that waxy stuff to help us with grip.

The first move that she showed us was how to climb the pole then let go with our legs and swing them wide open.

Kailene tried it first, and when she swung her legs wide open her pussy was on display.

Jenny said, “Woah there! Our girls usually wear thongs or knickers, or shorts at worst. I’ve never seen anyone do it knickerless.”

That word got her boyfriend interested and he came over to watch.

We explained that we never wear underwear, don’t own any and have no intention of ever wearing any.

Jenny had a quiet word with her boyfriend then told us that it might restrict the number of clubs that we could work at; but that we would be in big demand in some of the other clubs.

We got on with the lesson with her boyfriend watching our every move. At the end Jenny told us that we could continue with the lessons and we arranged the dates and times.

Four lessons later (always with Jenny’s boyfriend watching), Jenny told us that she had a booking for us. We both decided that we would wear short, thin cotton ‘A’ style skirts. We wanted to make sure that they would easily end up round our waists when we were upside down on the poles.

The booking was at a club that we’d never been to before; it looked a bit up-market and cost a fortune to get in, even for the girls. When we got there we were taken to a supervisor who showed us the pole and explained what each of our time slots would be, and where we could change. He also explained that we could mingle with the customers when not dancing.

After asking us our names (we gave false ones), he told us that he’d heard that our act was a little different to the other girls from the agency. Kailene smiled and pulled out the skirt that she would be wearing. She told him that the skirt was all that she would be wearing.

“Why a skirt, what’s so special about that skirt? The other girls usually just wear a thong.” He said, looking a bit puzzled and disappointed.

“No.” Kailene said, “The skirt is the only thing that I’ll be wearing.”

The supervisor suddenly realised what she was saying and said, “You mean that you’ll not be wearing anything underneath it. Sorry for seeming to be a bit thick, but we’ve never had any girls wearing JUST a skirt. That should make for an interesting evening.” He turned to me and said, “You as well?”

I nodded then told him not to worry, when we are upside down on the pole, our inverted skirts are not long enough to cover our breasts. He laughed a little.

We sorted out the music and lighting (we wanted the lights over the pole turned off before we started so that we could remove our tops and wipe the pole clean and dry before we started), then he left us to get used to the place.

It was an hour before the first slot so we went to the changing room and dumped our bags. Then we went for a wander round. The place was quite smart, and the customers were all smartly dressed. Judging by the 50 pound notes that were being handed to waitresses we soon realised why students didn’t go there.

We went back to the changing room and tossed a coin to see which of us would go first. Kailene won. We got changed into our little skirts and skimpy halter tops and carried our little towels that we knew we would need to dry the pole; and went and waited by the bar near the pole.

About 5 minutes later, Kailene’s false name was called and she was on.

Kailene went on the little stage and while the lights were out she used her towel to wipe the pole and took her top off.

The lights came on, so did a couple of bright spotlights. They were so bright that I could see a little mole that Kailene has on the top of one thigh.

We both agree that the routine is a lot sexier with us wearing just a little skirt. When we are stood up we are decent (even if we are topless); but when we are upside down or our legs are spread wide, our pussies are there for the world to see. What we weren’t expecting was for there to be spotlights that highlighted every detail of our pussies. I loved it.

The music started, and so did Kailene.

Kailene kept the audience spellbound and applauding for the next 10 minutes. Some were even throwing money at her. As she ended, the lights dimmed and Kailene collected the money and walked over to me.

About 15 minutes later my false name was called and I went up.

As I said, both our routines are similar and contain lots of the moves that you would expect; but the ones that I enjoy the most are: -

1. I start by doing a headstand against the pole then lowering my legs either side of the pole. I arch my back so that my pussy is right against the pole. I push up onto my hands and bend my knees so that my feet land on the ground. I then walk away from the pole in the crab position.
2. I put one foot on the pole, reach up and grab the pole with both my hands. Then I raise the other leg as high as it will go, effectively doing the sideways splits with both of my feet on the pole, I then spin round the pole. After a few seconds I lower the top leg and bend my knee round the pole and spin, letting go with my hands.
3. Another move that I really like is where I climb the pole; swing one leg up above me, then the other, leaving me upside down with my pubic bone resting against the pole. Next I lower my legs and cross them, gripping the pole with my upper thighs. I then let go of the pole with my hands, pushing myself into a spin, then stretch out so that my body is parallel to the ground. I slowly spin and descend with my pussy pressed against the pole.
4. The move that I thing I enjoy the most is where I climb the pole then rest it my right hip on the pole and spread my legs wide. I then slowly spiral down. I can adjust my descent by applying more or less grip with my hands. Apart for the obvious, I am able to watch the audience starting at me and my wide open pussy. Those lustful expressions gave me wet rushes.
5. I end the routine by crab walking up to the pole and rubbing my pussy up and down on the pole a few times then swinging my legs up into a handstand then on until they are on the ground and I can stand up.

As the lights dimmed I did a little curtsey then collected the money then went over to Kailene.

She hadn’t bothered to put her top back on, I hadn’t as well. We took our money back to the changing room and put it in our purses; then went for a wander round. We didn’t get far before men wanted to talk to us. It was all very polite with none of the groping that I have had when working in topless bars, or even naked in pubs.

A few of the men asked us to pole dance again, but without the skirts. Our reply each time was that we would do it, but not without the management’s approval. We thought no more about it, but an hour later the speakers told us that we were doing a repeat performance.

We both assumed that someone had spoken to the management, and when Kailene went on the stage and the lights went off, then back on, Kailene was totally naked.

She got a lot more applause this time; and more money thrown at her.

She stayed naked when she came back over to me. I got a bit jealous because she was naked and I wasn’t, but it wasn’t long before my false name was called out.

When the light when on I was naked too. It was the first time that I’d done my routine totally naked. When I wear a skirt I’m conscious of it all the time. Being totally naked is much better. I enjoyed that performance best. I could feel my wet pussy a lot more as I spread my legs and when I rubbed it against the pole.

When I’d finished I went back over to Kailene; and still naked, we went and put our money away, then went back to the main club area.

We had even more men wanting to talk to us and purve at us; but all very politely.

Things started to thin out and the supervisor found us and congratulated us for our superb performances. He gave us an envelope each and left.

We went to the changing room to get ready to leave, and to count our money. We each walked out of there with close to 500 pounds. We were VERY happy.

The next day I phoned Jenny and told her that we were ready for our next performance. She asked us what we had got up to at the club. The managed had phoned her to congratulate her for sending 2 amazing girls. He wanted us again the following week.

We performed at that club 3 more times before our exams started and we had to concentrate on them.

**Exams!**

After all the excitement during the first few weeks of the term we suddenly remembered that we had major exams coming up soon. We decided to concentrate on them so we didn’t have much fun for a while. Having said that, I still have my part-time job, Kailene and I have our pole dancing, and we have our cheerleading practice once a week. I have meetings with Logan and Dan, and Dan is well pleased with the webcam – I take it to the cheerleading practice each week as well.

**NEWPS Sports Day**

After the exams ended, and with the Olympics being in England this year, NEWPS decided to have our own little Sports/Fun Day. After lots of discussions, and the fact that some of us didn’t have any proper sports clothes, we all decided that we would paint some sports clothes on to us. Kailene and I decided to spend some of our hard earned pole dancing money and bought a load of body paint. It wasn’t the same texture as the paint we’d got in Greece, but the shop assistant assured us that it would dry quickly, and stay on for quite a long time if we wanted it to.

We all gathered in the common area of Katie’s and my dorm floor and got started. Some of the other girls that live on my floor thought that we were all crazy.

Brooklyn, Zoe and Leah all have some artistic talent, so they did the painting. It was difficult painting our pussies as we were permanently wet. Both Kailene and Katie had an orgasm as the paint brush tickled their pussies. We went through nearly 2 rolls of paper kitchen towels before we were all done.

We all had painted shorts on, some longer than others; but our tops were all different, ranging from halters to full T-shirts. I chose a halter top.

When we were all done, we walked as a group over to the sports field. We passed quite a few students and a few of them looked at us. Expressions ranged from confused, probably noticing that something looked odd, but not realising what; to amusement when they realised that it was paint that we were wearing.

Just before we set off I went back to my room and looked up at the webcam. On the assumption that Dan was watching me live, I told him that we were all going to the sports field to have a sports day. Shortly after we got there I saw Dan standing at the edge of the field with a video camera in his hand. I hoped that it had a good telephoto lens.

There’s a big oval running track, marked in lanes, on the sports field. Ella took charge and organised us into 2 teams and we had 2 races of once round the track. I could feel my little puppies bouncing up and down. Poor Zoe’s ‘C’s mush have been giving her hell.

After that Katie suggested that we have a hurdles race. The problem was that there were no hurdles. Kailene suggested that we use ourselves as hurdles. In 2 teams of four we stood in a line, about 25 feet apart. We then all bent at the waist in the same direction. The person at the back of each line then leap-frogged over the 3 in front; then ran to 25 feet in front of the person in the front of the line. When she bent over it was the cue for the now person at the back of the line to do the same.

This worked fine until Leah came to leap-frog over Brooklyn. Instead of leap-frogging he, she pushed a finger up into Brooklyn’s pussy. That caught Brooklyn by surprise and she let out a little squeal. The hurdles race tuned into a finger fuck and move on race.

Next, Leah suggested the Pole Vault. Zoe reminded Leah that we didn’t have any sports equipment with us. Leah said, “I’m sure that I could find a pole in Dan’s trousers.”

No one could think of any other sports that we could do out there (without risking damaging our clothes) so we decided to head for the sports halls, hoping that we could get on the badminton courts or something.

Unfortunately, the little old man who looks after the equipment wouldn’t let us borrow any without our student ID cards. We tried to bribe him by sticking our tits in his face, but he still wouldn’t budge.

Instead we decided to go for a walk round the campus.

The students bar is close to the sports filed and as we passed it we saw lots of crates of empty beer bottles and barrels. Brooklyn had an idea and told us to each get an empty bottle. We went back to the sports field and Brooklyn explained our next event. We all lined up with the beer bottles on the floor in front of us. Brooklyn told us where the finishing line was. We then had to get the beer bottle over the finishing line without touching it with our hands or mouths. The only exception being that if it fell over we could stand it back up.

Ella looked a little confused, but as soon as Sarah squat down over the bottle she grinned and squat down over her bottle. There were a few moans of pleasure as we each impaled ourselves on the bottles. Then came the hard part; standing up and walking with the bottle sticking out of our pussies.

None of us made it in one go, but Leah made it in two. My bottle fell out twice. I was just way too wet; my pussy muscles didn’t really stand a chance.

Dan was still lurking nearby with his video camera. I’m sure that he could sell that video for a fortune.

We took the bottles back then went for the walk.

We got a few people staring at us and even had 2 guys following us for a while. We didn’t have any problems with security. I guess that when they saw us on the security cameras we looked like we had clothes on.

We even went off campus, out onto the public streets, without any problems; but soon after it started raining and we got a bit cold; so we headed back to Katie’s and my dorm. We had fun in the showers getting the paint off, well most of it; some didn’t want to budge.

**End of Year Parties**

Straight after our last exam, the end of year parties started. All 8 of us decided that we were going to go to one of them dressed only in the body paint. Each of us decided what costume we wanted paining on, and we had a great time painting each other. That was the best of the parties, even the walking back to our dorms the next morning was fun (apart from the bad heads).

To be continued…….

Amy