**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 27**

**Part-Time Job**

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So there I was one Saturday (naked as usual), putting a few clothes on one of the racks, and half watching Rosaline doing her job as a human mannequin and wearing just a broad belt; when these 2 couples come in. The girls go and start looking at clothes while the young men stand around looking like spare parts. One of the young men decides to go and have a closer look at the nearly naked mannequin (Rosaline). As he stands there his mate goes and joins him. I can see that they are talking and occasionally one of them touches Rosaline. The touching started with her stomach. When one of them touches one of her nipples I decide to go over and make sure that she’s okay.

“Are you one of those university girls then?” one of them asks me.

“Yeah,” I say, “Do you like these new hi-tech mannequins then? They cost a fortune, but they certainly attract a lot of attention.

The 2 young men couldn’t decide who to look at, Rosaline or me. Their eyes kept going from Rosaline’s breasts and bald pussy, to my breasts, bald pussy, and occasionally to my face.

“The texture of the fake skin is so life-like isn’t it? It’s even warm like mine.” I say to them as I poke Rosaline’s left breast; then my left breast.

“Yeah, they wobble just like yours as well.” The one who had watched me walk over says as he pokes Rosaline’s breast. He turned to me and just managed to stop himself from poking one of my tits.

“Check out the other parts of the dummy.” I said, “Technology has brought some interesting developments in lubrication, the heaters and the gels are very realistic. There isn’t even a socket to charge the batteries, all we have to do is to remember to stand it on a charging pad each night and it’s ready to go next morning, a bit like charging an electric toothbrush. The rubber for the internal muscles is good too, put a finger in the holes; I bet it feels just like your girlfriend.”

A male hand moved forward then hesitated.

“Are you sure, I don’t want to damage anything.” He said.

“Go ahead.” I said. “If you probe around in the front hole you’ll find the switch to turn off the heaters. Oh, if you go in the back hole you’ll find that the gel they use is coloured brown.”

The hand hesitated again then went for Rosaline’s pussy. Rosaline managed to not move as the man groped her pussy.

“Bloody hell James, it just feels like Cindy’s pussy, the muscles squeeze you finger too. Try it James.” The man said as he pulled his finger out. He lifted his finger to his face and sniffed.

“Smells like real pussy too. Oh, I couldn’t find the switch.” He said.

I pushed one of my fingers into my pussy then lifted it to his face.

”Taste mine then the dummies, I bet that you can’t tell the difference.” I said.

And he did.

Just then the 2 girlfriends came over and told their boyfriends that they were done. The second man pulled his finger out of Rosaline’s pussy and held it to his nose.

“I hope you haven’t had that up that girl’s cunt.” She said, looking at me.

“No. No! It was the dummy.” He said.

The girl grabbed his hand, sucked his finger, then said,

“Tastes like a real girl to me.” She said as they walked off.

I turned to Rosaline and told her that they’d gone.

“Brown gel! Where did that one come from Amy?” Rosaline said.

“I thought that you’d prefer his finger up your pussy rather than your butt.

Later, at break time, Rosaline told me that she was no longer that excited at being a human mannequin. Since I had got her a fake student ID card she got more excitement when she wandered around town naked. She wasn’t going to quit because she needed the money.

Rosaline told me about a little ‘incident’ a few days ago. She’d been walking, naked, through one of the shopping centres, and not paying much attention to the people around her when she heard her name being called out. She looked round and saw one of her brothers and one of his mates. She’d then had to explain everything to them while they ogled her nude body.

If you remember, Rosaline had talked to her parents about going to St. Damian University when she was old enough, but they’d not been impressed with her. They didn’t know what her Saturday job really was and since she’d got the student ID card she’d been leaving home and stripping as soon as she could then wandering round town naked. None of her family knew about her naked exploits – until she’s bumped into her brother.

She’d managed to persuade him to not tell her parents about what he’d discovered, but she’d had to promise to let him know whenever she was going for a nude walk.

What she hadn’t managed to get him to promise to do was to not tell anyone at school. She had visions of her brother and a few of his mates following her around town. That didn’t bother her too much, but she was worried that any of her class mates would find out. She wasn’t ready for that yet.

As she walked away from her brother she realised that the ‘incident’ had been quite a turn-on for her.

Isabelle had a word with me a few weeks ago. She’s always thinking up ideas to get more customers in and she had another one. This one is a competition for members of the public. The idea is that I get some girls to act as human mannequins and that competitors will dress them with any clothes that they can find in the shop.

She would find 2 men who, along with her, would be the judges. People could enter the competition in advance; or just walk-in and enter on the day.

The shop window is in 2 parts, either side of the doors. Each part would have 1 human mannequin in, leaving enough space to have someone moving around them. We were to take it in turns to be the mannequin.

Isabelle wanted to run the competition just before Christmas to try to maximise her Christmas sales.

I discussed it with the rest of the NEWPS girls at the next cheerleading practice and all were game for it; except Kailene. It was then that she told us that she was planning to go back to America for Christmas. Brooklyn asked me if ‘that girl that works there’ would be willing to take part. I phoned Rosaline later and she was up for it.

On the assigned Saturday just before Christmas, 7 naked girls caught the bus into town and walked into the shop. We all joined Rosaline in Isabelle’s office where Isabelle told us what we had to do. We flipped a coin to see which 2 went first.

The competition started quite seriously with women putting clothes on us. I have to say that some people have some funny ideas of what would look good on us. Zoe had a smile on her face when 1 girl took her time making sure that the skirt she’d put on her was fastened right.

We had a little audience of men watching us from outside the shop for most of the morning.

By lunchtime the number of contestants was running low and we managed to have a few long breaks. Isabelle came and told us that she was opening the competition to men as well. She had one of the staff handing out leaflets inviting boyfriends to enter while their girlfriends browsed round the shop.

That change made it more interesting for us. It can be fun having a man put clothes on you instead of trying to rip them off. Most of them were hopeless with some of the fastening; and why did they all pick the skimpiest outfits?

I had one man knelt down in front of me while trying to fasten a button down mini-skirt. The poor man went bright red when he slipped and touched my pussy; and I moaned a bit. The thing was; his girlfriend was stood close by laughing at his pathetic attempt.

I asked Isabelle when she was taking her shop out on the road again. She told me that she’d shelved that idea until the economy improved.

**‘Females in the 21st Century’ course**

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This is going well. However, a few weeks before Christmas we noticed that the original 30 girls were down to 25. Someone asked Prof Jones and we were told that 2 had decided that the course wasn’t for them, and the other 3 had quit university.

Two weeks later 2 new girls appeared. When they walked in they just stood there for a few seconds and watched the girls who weren’t on their 3 days a week nudity strip off. They obviously realised that they were expected to strip, and they did. I watched them and was pleased to see that neither of them wore any underwear or hair below their necks.

Prof Jones welcomed then to the course, told them to stay back at the end, and then told them to introduce themselves. They were both first year students called Emily and Sara. The one called Emily appeared to have a bit of a problem as she kept getting all flushed and was gritting her teeth. Prof Jones noticed this as well and towards the end of the lesson she asked Emily if she was alright.

Emily’s reply was, “Yes and No.” This reply got Prof Jones to get her to explain herself.

Apparently Emily suffers from 2 medical conditions. One means that she cannot wear tight clothes, and the other causes her to have involuntary orgasms; anything from 10 to 50 each day. That fact caused a few envious comments from the other girls.

Prof Jones asked Emily what medication she was under. When Emily said that the only possible cure that her doctor had suggested was to have her clitoris amputated every girl in the class cringed.

Half way through the class I suddenly remembered where I’d seen those 2 girls before. They were at the rugby match; or more to the point, in the men’s shower afterwards. They were getting fucked along with the rest of the NEWPS girls.

I decided that I liked these 2 girls; they had bottle and looked comfortable being naked. What’s more, I wanted to know more about Emily’s medical condition, it sounded fun.

We seem to be spending a lot of each lesson discussing how women can be more motivated in male dominated areas, and how they can even become the dominant one.

Oh, one more thing, Prof Jones has relaxed the rule about total nudity for 3 days a week. Because of the crap English weather we are allowed to wear shoes or boots and just a cloak when we are outside. Once we got inside we were told that the cloak has to come off.

Now this wasn’t just any cloak, we had to buy them from just 1 shop in town and they weren’t cheap; but they are good. They are heavy duty woollen ones that nearly touch the ground.

At first we thought that Prof Jones was crazy and must be getting a good pay-off from the shop, but we changed our minds when we tried them on. They’re lovely and warm, and we can play with our pussies standing anywhere and no one knows what we are doing. What’s more, they have slits for our hands to come out; or for someone else’s hands to come in and play with our pussies.

Sarah says that we look like a group of Daleks floating down the street.

Not all of the girls can afford them so we let the others borrow them if we don’t need them.

Brooklyn’s got some thigh length boots and she does look good when we go into a shop or something and she takes her cloak off.

**Pole Dancing – plus**

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Kailene and I are still doing this one night a week. It’s a good little earner for us.

One evening in early December I got a phone call from the agency that organises the pole dancing for Kailene and I. They wanted to know Kailene and my availability over the Christmas and New Year period. I told them that I was only going home on Christmas Eve for a couple of days and that Kailene was flying back to America for 3 weeks.

The woman at the agency then asked me if I would consider doing a couple of extra jobs for her just before Christmas. The tone of her voice made me think that there was something different about these jobs, so I asked her what they were. I was a little taken back when she told me that one was an escort job, and the other was a stag party.

My brain immediately went into overdrive, and my pussy got warm and wet. Trying not to sound too enthusiastic, I asked her for more details, and how much they paid.

After a little false reluctance I finally agreed to do the jobs.

The escort job came first. I was given the opportunity to back-out right up to 48 hours beforehand. The agency gave me lots of details about the guy, and answered a few questions that I had. I was told that the job was for dinner only; anything extra was negotiable between me and the client at the time. I was under no obligation to provide any ‘extras’.

I was told that the guy was married with 2 teenage daughters and that he was a reasonably wealthy business man who liked the company of scantily clad young women. When the agency told me that part I nearly laughed. The thought of me walking into a posh restaurant totally naked flashed through my mind.

I spent a lot more time getting ready for that ‘date’ than for any other date in my life. I’d been wondering what to wear for days. In the end I dashed into town, to the shop where I work part-time, and borrowed this full length, backless gown. The halter top is low-scooped and reveals most of my breasts when I lean forward, and it has a split up one side, right up to my thigh. The material is quite thin as well.

I was just about ready when my phone rang to say that there was a taxi waiting for me downstairs. One last quick look in the mirror and I slipped my 5 inch heels and a coat on, picked-up my purse and I was off.

The taxi driver checked who I was and then told me to relax. He told me that I was going to a posh restaurant on the other side of town, and that he’d be waiting outside for me for as long as it took. He gave me his card and I put his number into my phone.

As I walked into the restaurant a young girl came to me and took my coat. As soon as my coat was gone a gentleman appeared and asked who I was meeting. I have to admit that I was nervous and excited as the man led me through the tables to where Peter was sat. As we approached, Peter stood up and smiled at me.

“You must be Amy, I’m Peter, and I have to say that it really is my pleasure to meet such an attractive young lady.”

We shook hands and he pulled a chair out for me to sit on. Peter had just sat down when a waiter appeared and started pouring me a glass of champagne.

“I do hope that you don’t think that I’m a bit presumptuous but I took the liberty of ordering champagne for us.” Peter asked.

I like champagne, and told him so.

Peter had correctly assumed that I would like him to do most of the talking to start off with, and he told me all about his wife, teenage daughters and his home life. While he was doing that I started to relax and decided that Peter was quite a nice man. He seemed to be a genuine ‘mister nice guy’.

He saw that I was relaxing, and asked about me and my life. I told him that I was a student and that I’d decided to do the escort job to help pay my living costs. When I told him that this was my first escort job he laughed and told me that I was the result of the first time that he’d used an agency.

I declined a dessert, and excused myself and went to the ladies room. As I walked back to our table Peter watched my every step. Over coffee he complimented me on my choice of dress and said that I looked ‘exquisite’. He said that he particularly liked the lack of lines made by my underwear.

I was a little surprised by that, but replied saying,

“Perhaps I’m not wearing any.”

Peter smiled then told me that he used to go out with his wife with her wearing nothing under her dress, but since the girls came along she’d refused to indulge him.

Peter surprised me again by telling me that he’d heard that one of the local universities had done a deal with the local police and that university girls could walk around town completely naked.

“Yes, I’ve heard that as well.” I said.

“Well I didn’t see any of them today, and I’m leaving town tomorrow.” Peter replied.

“Maybe next time.” I said.

“I certainly hope so.”

Peter looked genuinely disappointed.

“You like looking at naked girls then Peter?” I asked.

“Most heterosexual men do, and don’t you believe them if they say they don’t.” He said.

“Well Peter, if you play your cards right, you may just get to see me naked later.” I said.

Peter’s eyes lit-up. He moved one hand over to me, covered my hand and said,

“Amy, I know that the deal is for dinner only, but I will pay you 300 pounds if you’ll let me see you naked later, perhaps in my hotel room.”

“For 500 pounds I’ll get naked right here and now.” I said.

Peter looked a bit shocked, and after a little pause he said,

“You can’t, you’ll get arrested then I’ll miss the pleasure of being with you.”

“Let me worry about that,” I said, “will you pay me to get naked right now?”

“Yes, yes, of course I will.

I stood up and looked down to Peter. The anticipation in his face was quite a sight.

“You’re sure?” I asked.

Peter nodded, I think he was speechless. I reached round the back of my neck and released the fastener. I held the halter in place with one arm. Peter was almost drooling.

I smiled and then moved my arm out. The dress slid to the floor leaving me naked apart from my heels.

“Magnificent!” was all Peter could say as he stared at every inch of me that was above table height.

It didn’t take long for the manager to appear and ask me to get dressed.

“I don’t think so.” I said.

The manager’s response was to threaten to call the police.

I smiled at him and told him that he was welcome to. I picked up my purse and got out my student ID card. Sticking it under his nose I told him that I was legally entitled to be naked anywhere in the city. That shut him up.

“Please keep the noise down.” He said as he walked away.

I looked round and saw that we had an audience. I smiled at them then sat down.

“Is there any more champagne please?”

Peter laughed and said “Wonderful” before calling a waiter over to pour us some more champagne.

Just as the waiter was about to leave, I picked up my dress, handed it to the waiter and said,

“Have someone hang that with my coat please.”

“Certainly madam.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were one of those naked university students Amy?” Peter asked.

“I wanted to save the surprise for later, besides, when you first mentioned it I wasn’t sure how you would react.”

We talked some more, with Peter struggling to look at my face rather than my breasts and hard nipples. Peter wanted me to tell him what it was like being able to go everywhere naked. I think he wanted to be able to do it as well.

We finished the coffee and then Peter asked me if I’d like to join him in his hotel room for a drink. He told me that his hotel was just down the street.

“I’d love to Peter. Anyway, you’ve promised me 500 pounds and I want to make sure that you get your money’s worth.” I said.

We got up to leave and most of the people in the room watched us walk out with me hanging onto Peter’s arm like he was my sugar daddy.

Peter carried my coat and dress as we walked out onto the street.

When Peter pointed out his hotel I said,

“Don’t you want us to walk around town a bit so that you can show me off?” I asked.

“That’s a nice idea, but it’s a bit cold, dark and it’s late. I think I’d prefer just to go back to my hotel.” Peter said.

Back in his plush room, Peter poured us a drink while I went to freshen-up. I needed to dry my inner thighs.

When I walked back to Peter I saw a bulging envelope on top of my dress. It turned out that I was right to trust Peter and not check it there and then.

We sat on the bed and talked for a while with Peter’s eyes looking up and down my body all the time. In the end I lay back on the bed and told him that I was his to do with as he pleased.

Peter stood up and looked down at me.

“You do remind me of my courting days,” he said, “if only I could go back to those days.”

“You can Peter. Well for tonight anyway,” I said, “take your clothes off and show me what you used to do.”

For a middle-aged man, Peter was quite a stud. I don’t know if he’d taken any Viagra, but he certainly stayed hard for a long time. We fucked in lots of positions for hours. He even took me from behind with me pressed against the window (curtains open). Not that I was worried, but I think that we were too high up for anyone to see us.

Eventually, Peter shot his load into me and we lay back recovering. After a while I asked him if he used to satisfy his wife like that. I was going to tell him that she was a fool for losing interest, but Peter had fallen asleep.

I took a shower then got dressed (the easiest way to carry a long dress and a coat) and left. As I was walking down the hotel corridor I phoned the taxi driver. He was outside the main entrance when I walked out. We rode back to the university in silence.

The stag party was obviously going to be ‘different’. I was given details about the location and expected number of ‘guests’. I was also told that I was being paid to dance and strip. If I wanted to go further it was up to me to negotiate the terms with the client at the time. The client had been told that and that ‘extras’ were extra, and not obligatory.

I took days to decide what to wear. I had been told that the groom and some of his mates were teachers so I decided that I’d dress as a schoolgirl. I even went out and bought some horrible schoolgirl knickers and a plain bra that was 2 cups sizes too small. I intended to be a sexy slut of a naughty schoolgirl.

I put on my most boring dress and a coat, double checked that I had everything I needed in my bag, and waited for the taxi.

It took me to a big detached house in an expensive area of the city. Again, the taxi driver gave me a card with his phone number and told me that he’d be waiting just round the corner.

The door was answered by a cute guy called Matt. He told me that he was the best man and organiser of the party. He led me to a bedroom where I could change. As we went up the stairs I could hear that the party was in full swing.

I took my coat off and put it on the bed then turned back to Matt. He told me that I was younger than he’d expected and that he was looking forward to seeing me without the dress.

“You do realise that I’ve been booked to dance and strip and nothing else, don’t you?” I said.

“Yeah I do, but we can come to some other arrangement can’t we?” Matt said.

Now my pussy had got wet as soon as he’d opened the door and I’d seen him; but as soon as he said that I got that familiar tingling. In the few seconds before I answered him I had a vision of being gang-banged by 8 or 10 cute guys like Matt.

“Okay,” I said, “for another 20 pounds a person I’ll give you all a blowjob. Make it 50 pounds per person and you can all fuck me. How does that sound?”

Matt looked me up and down then said,

“Let me see what’s under that dress and I’ll give you a decision.”

I smiled at him and while keeping eye contact, I reached down to the hem of my dress and lifted it right off. He took in the sight of my naked body for a few seconds then said,

“I’m 100% sure that the guys will pay 50 quid for some of that.”

“I was going to offer you a free sample to help you decide, but I don’t think that I need to do that now…….. What the hell.” I said and knelt down in front of him.

His bulge was straining the front of his trousers and as soon as I unzipped him this magnificent cock sprang out.

The next few minutes were spent with that big cock going in and out of my mouth and throat. Matt’s load went straight down my throat and I licked his cock clean.

I asked Matt to tell me a few things about James (the bridegroom). James and his bride-to-be (Cathy) owned the house and she was away for the weekend on her hen do. James, Cathy and Matt are all teachers at the same school.

I asked Matt if there were any girls at the school that fancied themselves and were a bit of a cock tease. Matt laughed and told me that there were a few. I asked if there was anyone in particular who threw herself at James. There was, Vicky Peterson in 11VBS and she is always trying to tease the men teachers, especially James.

“Right,” I said, “you go back down stairs, collect my money and bring it back up here in 20 minutes. I’ll be getting ready to be Vicky Peterson for the night.”

Matt grinned and went down stairs.

It didn’t take me long to put that horrible Bra and schoolgirl knickers on, then the short plaid school skirt, white blouse and tie. Next it was the knee length white virgin socks and flats. To round off the schoolgirl look I put my hair into pigtails.

I soon got bored waiting and decided to have a quick look round. I went out onto the landing and then into what must be the master bedroom. On the dressing table I saw some bright red lipstick. I don’t usually bother with lippy, but I wondered if James would recognise Cathy’s colour. I put some on.

I’d just got back onto the landing when Matt appeared with a fat envelop in his hand. I put it in my bag and followed Matt downstairs.

Matt went into the party room and I followed about 10 seconds later.

I saw 8 guys, all looking to be in their twenties and sat round a long coffee table that had lots of drinks on it. No one had seen me slowly walk in so in my best little girl voice I said,

“Excuse me Sirs…………. I’m Vicky Peterson from 11VBS and the headmaster has sent me here to be punished.”

As soon as I’d started talking everyone went silent and turned towards me.

“What have you been doing that warrants you being punished young lady?” Matt said.

“I’ve been sitting in the front row and opening my legs so that the teacher can see my knickers and leaving the top buttons of my blouse open so that the teacher can see down it when he walks round the classroom. Sometimes I forget to put a bra or knickers on Sir.” I said.

“And which teacher have you been doing this to Vicky?” Matt replied.

I looked at Matt who was pointing to a really cute guy at the end of the table.

“That one sir. Mr James.” I said as I pointed to the same guy that Matt was.

Everyone (except James) cheered. James went a little red; perhaps Vicky Peterson HAD been flashing her goodies at him.

Matt then asked me if I’d been punished before.

“Not at school Sir, but at home my daddy and big brother punish me about once a week Sir.” I said.

“And how do they punish you Vicky Peterson?” Matt asked.

“When my daddy punishes me he puts me over his knees and spanks my bottom Sir.” I said.

“Do you think that we should do that to you Vicky?” Matt said.

I looked down to the floor, and after a few seconds I quietly said,

“Yes Sir.”

“So do I young Vicky Peterson; and I think that James should be the first one to spank you.” Matt replied.

First one! I thought; I hadn’t expected to be spanked by all of them. I walked over to James and said,

“My father usually gives me 5 swats to start off with Sir.” I said.

James put his glass down, sat up straight and pointed to his knees. I knelt down then lay over his knees. The back of my skirt rode up to show everyone the horrible knickers that I had on. I could feel his hard cock pressing against the side of my stomach.

Poor James wasn’t confident and gave me 5 quick, gentle swats to my backside. None of them hurt. Matt then told me to do the same with each of the others, with him being last. None of them spanked me hard, but all had hard-ons. As I went round them I moved higher up and by the time I got to Matt the middle of my stomach was right over his hard cock. I remembered how it felt in my mouth earlier. My pussy was wet and I wondered if any of them had spotted the wet patch on my knickers.

Matt was a bit more confident and his hand came down harder, but it still didn’t hurt. When he’d finished I stood up and looked down at the floor.

“Vicky, that wasn’t much of a punishment, was it. Is that all that your father does to punish you?”

“No Sir, after spanking me on my knickers he takes them off and does it again.”

“Okay Vicky, you’d better go over to James and let him take your knickers off.”

“Yes Sir.”

I walked over to James, stood in front of him and looked down at the bulge in his trousers. He looked up at my face, grinned then put his hands up my skirt to the top of my knickers. He paused with his fingers touching my flesh. I felt a warm and tingle in my pussy, then my knickers went down. Free at last I thought.

James pushed my knickers right to my feet and told me to step out of them, then lay over his lap. As I got down I felt the air on my pussy, I automatically opened my legs a bit and heard a few comments from the others. James’s bulge felt good on my stomach.

So did all the others as I went round them all again. By the time Matt had spanked my bare bottom it was just a little warm, and probably a little red; but it didn’t really hurt. My pussy however, was quite wet. Each time that I lay over a lap, the others would have been able to see it sparkling in the lights. I felt good.

“So Vicky, is that it, or does your father do more to you?” Matt said.

“Well Sir, if I still haven’t said sorry, he takes the rest of my clothes off and spanks me again, but this time he unzips his trousers, gets his cock out and gets me to lay over it. I have to hold it as he spanks me and he holds one of my tits and he spanks me. Oh, I nearly forgot, this time he spanks me harder.” I said.

“Well Vicky. I guess that we’ll have to do the same. Go over to James and ask him to take your clothes off. ”

I walked over to James looking down to the floor as I went. James looked up at me; the anticipation on his face was amazing. He was drooling just thinking about what he was about to do.

“Please Sir; will you take my clothes off me? I asked.

James stood up, adjusting his trousers as he did so. I stifled a smile. He was either a bit nervous, or he wasn’t very experienced at undressing women, because he fumbled as he undid the buttons on my blouse. He eventually succeeded and moved on to my bra. Again he fumbled unfastening it. When it was finally off he stared at my hard nipples for a few seconds before moving to my skirt. That was easy for him; it had a Velcro fastener.

At last I was free of that horrible underwear. I decided that it was going to be a long, long time before I put any on again.

As my skirt dropped I heard the others showing their appreciation at the sight of my tight butt. I clenched my butt muscles and then relaxed them.

As James sat down I opened my legs enough for him to get a better look at my bald, wet pussy. He looked straight at it as he unzipped and got his cock out again. This time I saw some pre-cum on the end and it slid across my stomach as I lay across his lap. I lifted my stomach and slid my hand onto his cock. It jerked when I touched it.

As I put my weight on my stomach I opened my legs wide. Jamess hand found my tit and squeezed it. I relaxed and felt good. Then Jamess other hand slapped my butt. This time it stung. I flinched and squeezed Jamess cock.

The next 4 swats also hurt a bit. With each swat Jamess cock got another squeeze. So did my tit.

After the 5 swats James rubbed my butt as if he wanted to make it better. As he did so his fingers lightly touched my pussy. I got a wet rush.

By the time Matt had had his turn my butt was burning and my pussy was burning in a different way. My tits and nipples had been squeezed so much that they needed a rest. One of them had slipped a finger inside me. I was close to cumming.

I let go of Matt’s cock and stood up.

“Well Vicky, have you learnt your lesson yet?” Matt said.

I didn’t answer.

“In that case you had better tell us what you father does next.”

“Well Sir, he calls for my brother and sends him to get one of our neighbours. When they get back I have to suck them all off Sir.”

“Hang on a minute.” James said, “I can’t let Vicky, or whatever her name is, give me a blowjob, I promised Cathy that I’d be good tonight. She trusts me. I just can’t.”

“James, James,” Matt said, “It’s only a BJ; it’s not like you’re going to fuck her. It’s not proper sex.”

“But….” James said.

“James, Cathy’s in Amsterdam with her mates and I know that they’re got a stripper for her. It’s Amsterdam; the sex capital of Europe. They don’t do strippers that don’t fuck the star of the party. I bet that she’s getting screwed right now. Besides, Matt said,

“What happens on a Stag Night stays on the Stag Night. She’ll never know. Isn’t that right lads?” Matt said.

His mates all cheered and agreed with Matt.

James didn’t say anything. After a few seconds I went over to him and knelt down in front of him. I unzipped him and got his cock out. The room was silent as the others just watched.

Instead of putting my mouth over James’s cock I stood up and moved my legs either side of his. My pussy was over his cock and my tits were in his face. I held his head back, looked down to him and said,

“James, your girlfriend, your fiance, is probably naked and getting screwed right now. This is your last few nights of being single; probably your last chance to fuck a young girl. All you have to do is just sit there.”

James was silent and I was sure that I felt my pussy dripping onto him.

I’d done waiting to be fucked. I lowered one hand between us and found his cock. It jerked as I touched it. I held it up straight and lowered myself down onto it. James gasped a bit as contact was made, but he didn’t object.

All the others there cheered as I kept going and bottomed out. It felt good. After a few seconds I started going up and down.

After all the teasing I came quite quickly, closely followed by James.

All pretence of being a schoolgirl was now gone. After I got off James the others cleared the coffee table and I lay back on it while they all fucked me. At one point I had one cock in my pussy, one in my mouth and one in each hand. That was one of the best gangbangs that I’ve ever had; even better than the cheerleading orgies. I lost count of the number of orgasms I had. Even James had another go at me.

I have no idea how long it lasted, but I was knackered and covered in cum. The guys that I’d wanked had covered my face and body with their cum. They’d even rubbed it into my tits as they grabbed and squeezed them.

After a while of just lying there with my legs spread wide; I looked round. All the guys were sat in their chairs looking half dead.

James was the first to move. He stood up and said that he was going for a shower.

A couple of minutes after James left I stood up. At first I struggled to walk, but I managed to force myself to walk upstairs and found where James was showering. I opened the curtain and walked in. He started to object, but I stopped him by kissing him.

James relaxed and we showered together. When we got out we wrapped towels round ourselves and I led James to his bedroom. As we got near the bed James hesitated. I guess that he was thinking about Cathy, the woman who he was marrying in a few days, the woman who he shared that bed with. I kissed him again and un-wrapped my towel then his. We fell back onto the bed and had a long slow fuck.

When I woke up it was still dark and James was still asleep. I decided that it was time to leave and went and found my clothes. I put my coat on, pocketed the money and phoned the taxi man.

Leaving my dress in the bedroom I went downstairs. In the party room I saw all the guys who had gangbanged me sprawled out in chairs and on the floor. I found my skirt (I didn’t care about the rest of my clothes) and left the house. The taxi was right there waiting for me.

Neither the driver nor I said anything on the way back to my dorm.

**Blackmail**

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Things have changed quite a bit since Professor Jones caught Katie and I naked in the uni library and threatened to get us thrown out of the university. After the first few timed that Prof Jones made us do humiliating things, we realised that Prof Jones was only playing with us and it was all so that she could get some weird sexual gratification out of humiliating us.

We were having fun as well so we pretended to be humiliated and shocked by the things that she told us to do. As we went through our first year at university the things that she ‘forced’ us to do got wilder and more bizarre. The threats to get us thrown out became less frequent and we dropped our pretence at being humiliated.

We knew that she knew that we knew what was going on but nothing has ever been said between us. We look forward to her phone calls knowing that we would end-up doing something that we probably had never done before, and that we would enjoy every minute of it.

It started out with just Katie and I doing all those crazy things, but as soon as we got NEWPS started, the demands started to need more girls to take part. Of course Katie and I explained everything to the other 6 NEWPS girls, and they too soon ended-up taking part.

Somehow Prof Jones knows about NEWPS even though we have never discussed it with her.

**The Trade Fair**

It was no real surprise when Prof Jones phoned me one evening. Apart from the cheerleading, things had been too quiet for too long.

Prof Jones told me that I had to find 9 other girls and that we had to free ourselves for 3 days; she gave me the dates but wouldn’t give me any other details – she never does.

I immediately got on the phone and rounded-up the rest of the NEWPS girls. We met in the uni café to decide what we were going to do. There were a few ideas about what the Prof was lining us up for, all of them involving sex. There was no doubt that we were going to do it, we’d all enjoyed our previous blackmail penalties, and looked forward to whatever it was we were going to be ‘forced’ to do.

I think that it’s fair to say that there were 8 wet pussies in that café.

The dates that the Prof had given me presented a few little problems for us, but nothing that we couldn’t resolve. The big problem was the extra 2 girls.

I asked if anyone had any ideas as to who we could recruit. Brooklyn asked if any of us knew anyone in the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ class who might be suitable.

Leah asked what we thought of the 2 girls that gate-crashed the orgy after the rugby match.

“Yeah, who were they?” Kailene asked.

Leah told everyone that they were the 2 new girls on the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. She continued and told everyone everything that she knew about Emily and Sara.

The general consensus was that Emily and Sara sounded okay and we all wanted to formally meet them. Leah volunteered to get in touch with them and ask them to meet us, same time, same place, but the next day.

All 8 of us were there the next evening when these 2 girls sheepishly walked in. They were both wearing skirts and tops.

Leah went and got them and introduced them to us all. We made space for 2 more chairs and they sat down almost opposite me. I noticed that neither of them crossed their legs, and both their short skirts rode up showing me that neither was wearing knickers.

“Emily, Sara.” I said, “We have a proposition to put to you. That little stunt that you pulled at the rugby game was quite something. It tells us that you have balls (a little giggle came from Zoe) and are prepared to have some uninhibited fun, sex fun.

Emily, when you started cumming right there in that classroom, I got really interested in you. Is that PGAD thing for real? Or are you just putting it on to get attention? Whichever way, I’m jealous. And that Miliaria Pro…. whatever thing, was that real as well? I sure would like to have had that when I was a kid; although my brother and father did get to see me naked quite a lot as it was (long story). Spill the beans young Emily.”

Everyone looked at Emily. She was a bit red in the face. Sara reached for her hand and held it.

“It’s all true,” Emily said, “I’ve got letters from my doctor in my dorm room, I can go and get them if you like.”

“So what brings on these orgasms then?” I asked.

“It’s like I told Professor Jones after the class, leaning on something that shakes or vibrates, pressure on my pussy, sometimes even just my nipples; and the one thing that is just about guaranteed to make me cum is for a man to stare at me when I’m naked.”

The rest of the NEWPS girls were as impressed as I was. Most were saying that they were jealous, but Zoe didn’t sound convinced.

“Tell you what,” Zoe said, “I’ll get those 2 guys over there to come over here. You stand in front of them and strip naked and let’s see what happens.”

“Okay.” Emily said.

Zoe went over to the 2 guys and asked them to join us. It couldn’t have been difficult because they were with us in seconds.

Zoe got us to stand up and we made a big circle round Emily and the 2 guys so that the café staff couldn’t see what was going on.

“Right Emily,” Zoe said, “Get naked, sit down and spread those legs. I want these 2 to see every bit of you.”

And Emily did just that. Within seconds of sitting down she was moaning and shuddering. Zoe went over to her and checked her pulse. Next she put her hand on Emily’s left breast. After a few seconds Zoe gave Emily the finger test. Emily gasped and shuddered again. Zoe pulled her finger out, put it in her (Zoe’s) mouth and licked it clean.

“Okay Emily, Zoe said, “No woman can fake it like that. I believe you.”

Zoe turned to the guys, thanked them then told them to get lost. Two slightly bemused guys walked away with a problem in their pants, while the rest of us sat down.

Zoe turned back to Emily and said,

“Sorry about that Emily, I believed you before; I just wanted to see you in action.”

“That’s okay,” Emily said, “I’ve got used to that happening.”

Sara had obviously been feeling a bit left out because she said,

“Hey, what about me? I’m the only one here with clothes on.”

“We can soon fix that girl, “Zoe said, “Stand up young Sara.”

Both Sara and Sarah stood up. The others laughed a bit while Zoe stripped Sara.

“That’s better,” Sara said, “Now what’s this proposition then?”

“Before I tell you, I think that we’ve got a bit of a problem with names. Our tit-less beauty over there is known to us all as Sarah. You’ve come along and are called Sara. How about we all call you Young Sara? Okay, Sarah looks about 12, but is actually 19, but you haven’t been on this planet as long as she has….. Can you live with your new name Young Sara?”

“Yeah, I don’t see why not.” Young Sara said, then followed with,

“The proposition?”

I gave Emily and Young Sara a very brief history of the blackmail then told them that we had to find 2 more girls to join us for the 3 days. Emily asked what they’d be doing. I told them that we had no idea, but if it was like the previous penalties then there would be lots of sex involved.

I think that the sex word persuaded them because Emily and Young Sara looked at each other, then at me, and in stereo they both said,

“We’re in.”

We stayed there and talked for about another hour before deciding to call it a night. Most of us had some work to catch up on.

The day before the big day, I got another phone call saying that all 10 of us had to be outside the admin block at 10 o’clock the next morning. We had to be wearing 3 or 4 inch heels and nothing else. We were not to take anything else with us; everything that we needed would be provided for us.

Just before 10 o’clock the next morning, 10 excited, naked girls walked over to the admin block. As we got closer we saw a minibus. When the driver saw us he got out and walked up to us.

Checking that one of us was called Amy, he told us all to get in the back. When he got into the driver’s seat I asked him where we were going, and what was in the box that was in the back.

All he would say was that the box contained clothes that we were only to put on if we got stopped by the police and that the journey would take about an hour.

The windows on the back doors of the minibus were blacked-out but that didn’t stop the driver looking in the rear view mirror a lot. I guess that he liked what he saw.

During the journey we all had a guess about where we were going, and what we would be doing. There were a few quite crazy ones including a sex slave market. All of the ideas included a lot of sex. Emily and Young Sara were a bit nervous, but both said that they were looking forward to whatever it was.

We passed through a couple of towns and went along the motorway. A couple of lorry drivers looked down on us as we passed them and Kailene and Brooklyn both mooned them.

We arrived at a big exhibition centre, but none of the signs on the way in gave us any clue as to what we’d be doing there. The driver drove around the back of one of the big halls and kept looking at the numbers painted on the doors. He pulled up next to one door then told us that we had to go in that door. As I was getting out he told me that he’d be waiting there when the exhibition finished.

We opened the door and went into a short corridor. We heard talking in one of the rooms so we went in. There were 2 girls about our age in there, both were naked. One of them said,

“You lot must be the university girls. I see that you’ve arrived dressed ready for.”

Before she could finish an older woman came in and announced that she was called Wendy, and that she was our co-ordinator for the Fair. She told us that 8 companies had hired her agency to provide girls for the 3 days. She put a piece of paper and a pen on a table and told us that it was divided into 2 hour time slots for each company with a 15 minute break between each session. We had to put our names against each time slot for each company. The 2 girls that weren’t listed in a column had a 2 hour break and could wander around or do whatever they wanted.

She told us where the toilets and showers were, and where we could get some food. If we arrived there dressed like we were then we would get free food and drink.

She asked us if we had any questions. Before anyone could ask anything she told us that we had 25 minutes to get ready and be at our first companies stall. She put a map on the table and left.

We all crowded around the table and saw that the company names were: -

Acme Pharmaceutical

Latex Wear

Ropes-R-Us

Party Wear

XXX Magazine

Clover Massage

Toys-4-Us

Pink Pleasure

Kailene was first to see the list and said,

“Fucking hell, what sort of show is this?”

The girl who’d spoken to us before said,

“What were you expecting, a bloody car show? No love, this is a Sex Trade Fair.”

The 8 of us looked at each other in silence; then half of us started talking all at the same time.

Blankety, blank! The Professor had excelled herself this time.

We had a quick chat and decided that because we had no idea what would be expected of us by any of the companies, we may as well just put our names against any time slot and take it as it comes. Kailene sniggered as I realised what I’d just said.

The pen was quite busy for the next few minutes. Each company had 4 slots for each day so none of us would get round all in one day.

When we’d finished we decided that we’d better go out there as see what was what. Ten naked, nervous and wet girls walked down the corridor and out into the main hall.

The place was buzzing; people were carrying boxes everywhere. No one appeared to take any notice of the group of naked girls walking around. Every so often one of us would recognise the name of the company that we’d volunteered for.

Everything that you could think of that could be used during sex was there. Someone spotted a clock and we decided that it was time to get to our first assignment.

**Day 1**

**XXX Magazine**

My name had gone against this one first. I walked up to their stall and was met by a man who explained that part of their display was to demonstrate how they could take an ordinary girl off the street and turn her into a glamour, erotic model. He told me that the first day was ‘Trade only’ and he was expecting it to be slow. That first day was a sort of rehearsal for the second and third days and they were expecting members of the public to watch and hopefully get interested.

Great! I thought. I have to put plain, ordinary clothes on then slowly take them off while some guy takes photographs of me. It was going to be a long 2 hours.

It was long; and what’s more I had to put a bra and knickers on. Things improved once I’d got everything off. The wanted me to pose with my legs open and me playing with myself with my fingers, then a dildo.

Sod it! I thought, although they’d told me that I could fake it. I decided that I was going for broke. Once my fingers got to work I just kept going until I had an orgasm. As I came down from my high I looked at the magazine people. The only one that wasn’t staring at me was the photographer; he was clicking away.

I had to do it all again one hour later, but this time using the dildo. Needless to say that the dildo got a good workout.

After the 2 hours I rushed round trying to find the others to find out how they’d got on. I managed to find Emily, she’d done the Party Wear and had enjoyed herself dressing up and walking around in lots of nice clothes. I found Kailene too. She’d been to Acme Pharmaceuticals but she wouldn’t tell me what it had been like. She did tell me that she’d just had a quick shower which got me a bit intrigued.

**Ropes-R-Us**

This one sounded more promising. On the way to it I met Zoe. She was just leaving there, and grinning from ear to ear.

“You’re going to love this one,” was all that she’d say.

When I got there I was met by a display of all sorts of ropes, pulleys, spreaders, handcuffs and other restriction devices. A woman met me and told me that the staff would be restraining me and putting me on display. If I came back on either of the next 2 days, members of the public would be doing it.

I didn’t know if it would be more exciting being restrained by the professionals, or by the public.

One thing that I hadn’t expected was that they were going to put a ball gag on me. For the next 2 hours I couldn’t say a word. Even if I’d wanted to complain, I couldn’t.

Those 2 hours were spent with the staff trying out lots of their products on me. I was roped, spread and suspended in various ways. They worked quickly, and as soon as they were satisfied with the way I looked, they undid everything, except the ball gag.

There were 2 things that they did to me that I was surprised by; one was when they put this rope between my legs and tied it tight. It felt like it was cutting me in half; and the pressure on my clit was wonderful. When they did that I started to think that maybe there was something in this bondage lark after all.

The other thing that they did to me was to tie ropes round my breasts. That really did make them look bigger than they actually are. The problem was that they started to go a bit blue.

When the staff decided to take a break they left me suspended from a frame with my legs wide apart.

One time later when I walked passed Ropes-R-Us I saw Kailene hanging upside exactly the same as I was. She reminded me of our holiday in Tenerife.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

When I got there I was met by a man that told me that they were in the final stages of producing sex enhancing creams for women and that they were at the Fair to demonstrate the creams to the trade and public.

I asked him what I was supposed to do about getting fucked if the cream worked. He told me that they had 2 male porn stars round the back, that they had been checked for sexual diseases earlier that week. If I wanted their services, all I had to do was ask. Next I was told that the doctor’s style couch in the middle of their display area was ready and waiting for me.

I was told to go and lie on the couch and wait while one of their salesmen gave his spiel to the couple of men who had followed me there. The table was raised at the end near the back of their display area so my feet were facing the people watching or passing by.

The gist of his spiel was that they had developed 2 creams; one called Formula Q and the other Formula L.

Formula Q has the nickname ‘Wham, bang, thank you Mam’ and was designed for use when the woman thought that her man was just after a ‘Quickie’; probably leaving the woman unsatisfied. It is designed to rapidly bring the woman to orgasm; thus ensuring that she too has an orgasm.

Formula L has the nickname ‘Long slow fuck’ and was designed for use when the woman thought that her man wanted just what the nickname says. It is designed to bring the woman to a sexually heightened state, but not to an orgasm for quite a time; a bit like Viagra for women.

Both creams were manufactured so that only a small amount rubbed on the clitoris just before sex would have the desired effect.

The salesman was rabbiting on about all sorts of crap and I was getting bored.

Next to the medical couch was a little table with 2 tubes on it, one had a ‘Q’ on it and the other an ‘L’ on it. Both were tubes about 3 inches long and the old metal type, the ones that you squeeze flat and can see how much of the contents is left. Both were about half full.

I picked up the tube marked ‘Q’ and took the top off. It looked just like many of the white facial creams that I’d seen. I squeezed about a 2 inches strip of it onto my right index finger then sniffed it. It smelt a bit like a moisturising cream that I’d once used. I screwed the top back on the tube and put the nearly empty tube back on the table.

Thinking WTF, I rubbed it on my clit. I started feeling good within seconds.

Then I thought, ‘I don’t want a quickie, I want a long fuck.’ So I picked up the tube marked ‘L’ and did the same as I’d done with ‘Q’. Again, that left the tube looking empty.

As I started rubbing it on my clit I really did feel good.

Just then a man with rubber gloves on came over to me and asked me if I was ready to get started. When I told him that I had already got started without him, he looked down at the table and said,

“Oh my God! Where’s it all gone? There was nearly 200 grams in there. You haven’t put all of it on your clitoris have you?”

“Yeah, why?” I asked.

“I’d better get the boss.” He said, and scurried off.

Meanwhile I was starting to want to be fucked. My right hand was frigging me good and proper. I was masturbating in front of a small audience of people that I’d never seen before.

Two men in white coats came out to see me. One looked at the tubes then said something to the other. Then he turned to me and said,

“Well young lady you appear to have started Phase 3 of our research programme 2 months ahead of our plans. Phase 1 was getting the formula to work. This Trade Fair is Phase 2; trialling it on human females in the dosage that we believed safe and suitable. Phase 3 is over-dosing. This is going to be interesting, we’re pretty sure that we know what will happen, but let’s wait and see.

Young lady, I see that you are already sexually excited (I was still frigging myself), I want you to relax and do whatever you want. There are men out the back that will gladly provide sexual satisfaction for you. Would you like me to call them in?”

I nodded, and seconds later 2 well hung men with huge erections came and stood next to me. I reached out with my left hand and grabbed the nearest cock. I had trouble getting my hand right round it.

“Fuck me.” I said.

For the next hour or so, I was fucked by both of them in lots of different positions. I didn’t care who was watching, all I wanted was more cock. I have no idea how many orgasms I had; I lost count after about 5. I just couldn’t get enough; all I wanted was more cock.

One of the men finally said that he was going to cum and asked me if I wanted him to pull-out.

“No, no, keep going.” I said. A couple of minutes later I felt his warm cum shoot into me. The second guy came back to my pussy and resumed fucking me (they’d taken it in turns, I think that they needed a bit of a rest).

About 10 minutes later I again shouted,

“Fuck, I’m cuuuuuuuuuuuuuumming.”

I started shaking and jerking as I had one of the best orgasms that I’d ever had. Half way through I felt the second guy cum inside me.

As my high subsided I realised that I was laying there with my legs wide-open and 2 lots of cum were slowly seeping out of me. I was covered in sweat and absolutely knackered. I just didn’t care about the people that were watching me.

When my breathing got back to near normal one of the guys in a white coat came over to me.

“That was very interesting young lady. Please can you confirm how many orgasm you had?” He asked.

“Not a clue!” I said.

“Well, that was roughly the effect that we expected, but that was only one experiment; we need to do more. I wonder; would you be prepared to go through it again tomorrow and the day after?” He asked.

“Yeah sure,” I said, “but I can’t guarantee that I’ll be here tomorrow; it all depends on who gets to the list first.”

“Don’t you worry about that, I’ll have a word with Wendy and sort it out. Oh, what’s your name?”

When it came time for me to get off that table I had to take my time. My legs were a bit wobbly and I was knackered. I slowly walked to the shower room with cum drying on the inside of my thighs.

**Clover Massage**

I thought that this one would be a good relaxing couple of hours. How wrong could I be? When I got there I was told that a masseur would demonstrate full body massage using their ‘special’ formula massage oil. The man told me that all I had to do was to lie there and relax.

I was feeling good and relaxed, especially when the man told me that it was quite possible that I would have an orgasm at some point during the demonstration.

“Okay!” I said, “I have no problem with that.”

I had delightful flash-backs of that time on the beach in Greece.

The man told me to go and lie on the table, close my eyes and relax. The masseuse would be with me in 5 minutes.

I was just starting to nod-off when I heard a man saw,

“Hello, my name’s Justin; are you ready to begin young lady?”

I opened my eyes and looked and saw a middle-aged man in white trousers and white T-shirt.

Justin told me to turn onto my stomach and relax. As he was dripping some sort of massage oil on my back he told me that he was going to give me a full body massage, and then continue on and give me a full body orgasm.

Now I’d never heard of a full body orgasm before and was a little intrigued as to what was going to happen. I wasn’t worried by what he’d said so I just relaxed and enjoyed the massage.

Justin was quite good. I was very relaxed by the time he asked me to turn over. As he finished my arms, legs and head; I wondered what parts of the front of my torso he was going to do. Was it going to be a bit like it was in Faliraki?

I didn’t have to wonder for long. He started on my breasts and nipples and it felt good. He was definitely trying to get me excited as he worked on my nipples.

He moved down to my waist and stomach; then my pubic area. It felt like he was trying to push his fingers behind my pubic bone. It felt good, whatever he was doing.

Then he started on my pussy. Even I have never probed around inside me like he was doing. As he was fingering me he kept moving my legs all over the place as if he thought that he could find new parts of my insides with my legs at different angles.

Justin just kept going as my first orgasm hit me. He put my legs flat and finger fucked me with his middle 2 fingers while his index and little fingers pressed either side of my labia. As he was doing this the palm of his hand was gripping my pubic bone. The fingers on his other hand were pressing down just above my pubic bone. I was sure that he was trying to feel the fingers of his other hand.

He kept on doing all this, sometimes lifting my butt right off the table.

I felt another orgasm building, but this was different; it was weird, but nice. Something that I’d never felt before. All of a sudden I started cumming. Again, it was different; as well as my whole body jerking and having spasms, waves of pleasure seemed to be going through my brain.

I just couldn’t keep still. I was sitting up, then collapsing down, all while my arms and legs were jerking all over the place. And what’s more, I was giggling, silly little girl giggles. I was totally out of control.

The more Justin did what he was doing to me, the more I threw myself about. Even when Justin stopped, I just kept on giggling and jerking and having spasms. I had totally lost control of my body. It was so weird – but wonderful.

I have no idea how long it went on for. When it eventually started to pass, I started thinking,

“What the fuck just happened to me?”

It was the most wonderful experience that I had ever had. I looked at Justin; all I could think to say was,

“Thank you, thank you so much.”

Justin just smiled at me and said,

“You are so welcome.”

I took a while to be able to get up. When I did I slowly walked to the showers, thanking everyone at Clover Massage as I went.

The journey in the minibus back to the university was over quickly as we all told each other about our experiences and we were back at the admin centre before we knew it.

**Day 2**

During the minibus ride there we were all talking about our experiences the previous day. Both Emily and Young Sara both thanked us for inviting them, they both said that they’d had an amazing time and were really looking forward to the day ahead.

When we arrived at the exhibition hall we went to put our names against the time slots. I saw that both Emily’s and my name were already in the 2 afternoon slots. I wondered about Emily’s name being there and made a mental note to talk to her about it.

**Toys-4-Us**

This was a single girl’s paradise; all those toys and the choice of which ones that we could try were heaven.

They had a small bed in the middle of their area and we were expected to try-out the toys that we selected on that bed, while anyone passing watched us. They had a man standing by to explain anything that we didn’t understand, or to show us how anything worked if it wasn’t that obvious.

They had some of those Magic Wand things. Wow, they really do make making yourself cum easy.

Another good thing about that company was that they told me that if I went back there at the end of day 3 I would get one of their top toys for free.

**Pink Pleasure**

This is a company that makes fucking machines (machines that fuck you). We were there to demonstrate some of them. The designers of some of the machines have an amazing imagination. All the ones that I saw could be categorised into two groups; those that the girl can control, and those that the girl is strapped down and she has no control over what is being done to her.

I have to say that I prefer the latter category. There’s something about not having control that really turns me on. Having said that I did like a couple of the bicycles that they had; one was an exercise bike and the other was a road bike. I can just see myself in a gym peddling away with a dildo going in and out of my pussy; and the thought of peddling a bike round the university or into town while a dildo is coming up and down though the saddle is another dream of mine.

If you remember reading about my babysitting holiday in Greece you will remember the CFM (Cycle Fucking Machine). They had one of those as well. Seeing that brought back some nice memories.

During my time at Pink Pleasure I was strapped to 5 different machines and got fucked to dozens of orgasms, right there in their display area.

There was one time when a machine was rapidly bringing me to about my third orgasm on that machine that I decided that I had to stop. Unfortunately, the man who was looking after me got talking to someone and didn’t hear me asking him to switch it off. I was dripping with sweat (never mind my dripping pussy) and nearly passed out before he finally heard me.

Another machine that I have to mention is the Sybian that they had. I even asked them how much it was because I would just love to have one of those on the floor in my dorm room. It would be amazing just to go to my room, kneel either side of it and turn all the stress of the day into orgasmic pleasure.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

On the second day’s session at Acme Pharmaceuticals I was met by a man in a white coat who asked me if I was ready for another exhausting session. I grinned at him and said,

“Yeah it was good; I hope that you’ve got the same guys round the back.”

“Yes we have, if you’d like to get on the table I’ll get the cream.” He said.

I settled myself on the table ready for the expected marathon session. As I lay there I looked round, the audience to watch me get fucked was much bigger.

The man re-appeared, opened the ‘Q’ tube and squeezed about an inch onto my index finger. I looked up at him and said,

“Is that all? I put three times that much on yesterday.”

“Okay,” he said, and squeezed another 2 inches on. “Rub that on, and as soon as it starts to work hold your hand up and I’ll give you the other cream.”

It didn’t take long for it to start working and I held my hand up. Again he put a 1 inch strip on my finger. I kept my hand up and looked at him. He put 2 more inches on.

I nearly wrote that the second cream stopped me from cumming there and then, but it didn’t, all it did was slow me down for a few seconds. I looked up at the man and told him that he’s better get the studs out there quick.

My first orgasm was just as I saw the 2 huge cocks walking over to me.

They didn’t waste any time. One of them pulled me down the table so that my pussy was right at the edge, and rammed his cock straight into me.

The second 2 hour threesome went quickly, leaving me totally knackered. When the 2 finally finished with me we got a round of applause from the audience.

**Ropes-R-Us**

This went a bit slow. A couple of men and one butch looking woman were chosen to tie me up. They were nowhere near as good as the Ropes-R-Us staff and they thought that they could tie the ropes so tight that it was hard to breathe.

The talking in the minibus didn’t last long, and most of us slept most of the journey back. I did manage to talk to Emily a bit; she explained that she too was taking part in an Acme Pharmaceuticals experiment because of her PGAD.

**Day 3**

I smiled to myself when I saw Emily’s and my name were already in the 2 afternoon slots.

**Latex Wear**

Fortunately I didn’t get to this one until day 3. I had a rough idea what to expect and I wasn’t disappointed. I’d never fancied wearing restrictive rubber clothes so I’d never tried it.

They had all sorts of latex clothing that I had to try on and pose for a photographer. I was surprised by how thin it felt. If it wasn’t for the tightness it would have been like the latex paint that we used in Greece.

The one thing that I did like was a pair of latex knickers. The thing about these knickers was that they had a built-in vibrator. From the outside they just looked like any other pair of rubber knickers but they certainly were different on the inside.

**Party Wear**

This was very much as I expected too. We had to model their clothes. Okay, they had some really nice; and revealing clothes, but they were no use to a girl who now goes to parties and clubbing naked. What I saw was something to put in the back of my mind for when my circumstances change.

**Acme Pharmaceuticals**

When I got there a man in a white coat was already waiting for me. He ushered me onto the couch and asked me to hold my hand out. As he gave me 4 inches of the cream I asked him if he was trying to get me to have a heart attack while I was getting fucked. He assured me that that wouldn’t happen.

He also told me that they had 3 male porn stars waiting for me.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “if I’m not going to die of a heart attack I’m going to get fucked to death.”

I certainly wasn’t disappointed when the third porno stud came out. His cock was longer and thicker than the other 2. I was in heaven as the 3 of them had their way with me. I was till wanting more after all 3 of them had cum inside me.

As they left me we got a huge round of applause from the audience.

The man in the while coat come over to me and asked me to confirm that I could have gone on for longer. I asked him if he’d got anymore studs out the back. He smiled and said,

“I think that we’ve collected quite a lot of data from you young lady. Thank you very much for taking part in the experiment.”

“It was MY pleasure.” I said as I headed for the showers.

**Clover Massage**

Justin was there to meet me and asked me if I was looking forward to another ‘session’.

“You bet!” I said as we walked to the table.

Justin didn’t disappoint me. I felt really relaxed and totally knackered after he’d finished with me. It was a wonderful way to end the Sex Trade Fair.

**The End of the Show**

Well, not quite the end it. After a quick shower I joined the other girls as we went to get our free sex toy from Toys-4-Us. We were all too knackered to open them and went to the minibus.

In the minibus on the way back to St. Damian’s we decided to rate each company. Latex Wear, Party Wear and XXX Magazine were all at the bottom of the list, and Acme Pharmaceuticals were at the top with Clover Massage second.

Shortly after that things went quiet and most of us fell asleep.

The next morning I decided to open the free toy. By the size of the box that they’d given us I thought that there may be 2 or 3 toys inside. There wasn’t, only 1, but 1 that has multiple purposes.

The main part is a hollow, ribbed rubbery tube about 8 inches long and 1.5 inches diameter. One end has a sort of fastener to hold one of the other parts in. The other end has a strange type of rubber ball, slightly bigger than the diameter of the tube.

There are 4 inserts for the tube.

The first 2 are vibrators, one remote controlled, and the other a conventional one. I was a little puzzled by the remote control as it has 3 different controls on it. Instead of reading the instructions I decided to assemble the thing and try it inside me.

The first control controls the speed of the vibrator. When I turned the second control a bit I got one hell of shock – literally. The thing gave me a mild electric shock. I turned it up a bit more and the shock was stronger. I experimented and discovered that I could just take the strongest shock without screaming.

The third control gave me another shock – not electric. When I first turned it I felt something happen, but I wasn’t sure what. It took another couple of turns for me to realise that something was growing inside me.

I wanted to know what was happening and tried to pull the thing out of me. My pussy was well lubricated by then so it should have come out easily, but it wouldn’t budge.

I admitted defeat and read the instructions leaflet. That told me that I had to use the third insert to deflate the balloon. It’s a bar about a quarter inch in diameter and the length of the dildo. When you push it inside the dildo it releases a valve and the balloon deflates.

The fourth insert is a bit like a ‘C’ string attachment. It’s a colourful butterfly shape that just about covers my pubic bone like a thong front.

I phoned round some of the others. All were in various stages of discovering what our new toys can do.

**The Dares**

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We’ve been a bit too busy to do any dares, but we still keep threatening each other. I’m thinking of daring one of the others to go to a supermarket, find a man and take him into the toilets and get him to cum all over her face. After that she’ll have to walk round the isles shopping and then go through the checkout.

I can’t decide who to give this dare to.

**Dan – The Thesis on Voyeurism**

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I keep forgetting that the webcam is still set-up in my room and running 24 x 7. Last week Dan phoned me to arrange a meet to give me my fee. When we met he told me that he’d got some great footage at the Sex Trade Fair. He wouldn’t tell me how he knew about us being there.

One amusing little incident, I was in the restaurant one day and walked behind a couple of guys looking at a laptop when I overheard one of them say,

“It’s her, I’m sure it is.”

My ears perked up and I looked at the laptop screen; I saw what looked like my dorm room. I let it pass, thinking that I should phone Dan and ask him if he’d given the IP address to anyone.

The 2 were still there when I’d finished eating so I put my tray in the rack and went and stood in front of them. When they looked up I smiled and said,

“I look better in the flesh don’t I?”

They went red in the face as I smiled again, tweaked my nips then walked off.

Later that day I phoned Dan. He promised that he hadn’t given the IP address out, but he told me about an App that he’d come across. Apparently you can enter a range of IP addresses and it will query each address to see if it’s a web cam. It will then access each webcam to see what it is seeing.

I got a bit wet when I realised that the App must be circulating the university. I wondered how many guys had watched me in my room naked, or jilling-off, or having a 69 with one of my girlfriends.

**NEWPS**

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The only official business was the 2 first year girls. Oh, and of course Rosaline.

We all agreed that Young Sara and Emily are ideal candidates to join NEWPS. They’ve both proved that they are up for almost anything. The subject of Emily’s PGAD was raised. At first everyone said that they wished that they had the same problem, but Kailene said that there were times that it would be embarrassing having an orgasm. She asked us what we’d feel like if we were in the middle of an oral exam and one hit us. Leah giggled and said that she’s love to cum when she’s giving a blowjob.

“Not that kind of oral exam Leah.” Kailene said.

“What would happen if you had an orgasm while you were driving down the motorway at 70 miles per hour?” Kailene added.

“Okay,” I said, “how about we get Emily to tell us about some of her experiences?”

Zoe suggested that I arrange a meeting and ask them if they wanted to apply to join NEWPS, then give them 1 of those application forms to fill in.

“How the hell are we going to haze them?” Brooklyn asked. “They’ve already done just about everything that we had to do.”

Kailene suggested a bukkake session; she didn’t think that we’d have any problem getting a few dozen men to shoot their loads all over Emily and Young Sara.

Ella asked about medical examinations. Everyone agreed that they’d have to submit to one of those. I agreed to find someone to do that.

We all agreed to try to come up with more ideas.

Everyone likes Rosaline, but the problem is that she isn’t a university student and that she’s not old enough. It was agreed that we wouldn’t ask Rosaline to apply, but would happily invite her to take part in anything that we thought appropriate.

Under the A.O.B. Leah told us about what she’s read about the St. Damian’s Netball League and asked us if we would consider entering a team. There were a few jokes about a team of naked girls entering, and Zoe said that it could be interesting if we won the league and were expected to play against teams from other universities.

Kailene asked if there were any men’s teams in the league. Leah didn’t know.

We took a vote and decided to enter a team. Leah would handle all the admin.

Then we had to decide what we would call the team. We settled on ‘The NEWPS Bouncers.”

More to cum later.

Amy