**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

All characters in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 2A**

Okay, a quick recap; I reached the legal age of consent a few months ago and have suffered from Miliaria Profunda since I was very small. As a result I have never worn tight clothes; no underwear, trousers or shorts. The only clothes that I could wear were loose fitting dresses. This was never a problem until I reached puberty (which was late for me).

Puberty brought quite a few problems for me. When I went up a school most of the kids didn’t like me because I was different. The boys were always trying to look up my dresses and the girls bullied me. They thought that it was fun to pull my dress off in the playground. The first time that it happened I was mortified. I really did find out all about embarrassment and humiliation quickly. The teachers didn’t understand my medical condition and were no help.

Puberty brought another big medical problem (or was it) for me; I developed Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD). I started having lots of orgasms every day. After experimentation I discovered that they were /are brought on by thinking about sex, pressing my backside or pubes against anything that vibrates or shakes, or pressing anything against my genitals or little breasts (32A).

My mother took me to see the doctor, but he was no real help. He suggested that it would go away as I got older. The alternative didn’t bear thinking about (amputate my clit). Because I still had occasional attacks of Miliaria Profunda, the doctor suggested that my parents treat all hot flushes the same way as for the Miliaria Profunda. i.e. take my dress off and fan me with cool air. That’s when I discovered that I have an orgasm if I’m naked in front of men; even my dad and brothers.

When we went on our first family holiday abroad my mother bought me some beautiful sundresses. The only problem was that they were slightly see-through. My mother’s answer to that problem was to shave my pubes (that was a surprise). I quickly discovered that I like the bald look and feel, and have shaved ever since. On that holiday I also discovered that I love being naked in front of strangers. I walked along the beach naked with my brothers (me naked, not them), and faked attacks to that I would get stripped naked in front of strangers on the streets and in shops. All this exhibitionism brought on more orgasms. It was heaven.

Up until that holiday I’d had a ‘special’, horrible bed that kept me cool at night. I’d used a proper bed on holiday and my dad decided that I could have a proper bed at home. I usually wear just a big T-shirt for bed. When the weather is warm I just lay on top of the bed with no covers on me. Because it was so hot on holiday I slept on top of the bed in the nude. Since we got back home I’ve continued doing that. Fortunately, everyone in our house knocks before going into someone’s bedroom.

One more thing; I’m still a virgin; well a cock virgin. I’ve done the usual hair brush and other objects masturbation; and my new friend Sara has fingered me in a nice way as well; but no cocks in my pussy. Sara has taught me how to give blowjobs; which I like - a lot. The main school girl bully has also fingered me. I’ll tell you about that in a bit.

**School**

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School is still hell. Thank god that it isn’t long before I can leave. I’m doing okay academically but the rest of the time that I’m there I’m a target for the girl bullies. Once they discovered that I usually have an orgasm when boys see me naked, they take great delight in stripping me whenever they can. I have a reputation for being the school’s biggest slut and whore. It’s a shame that they don’t understand the truth; and that I’m still a virgin.

One time just after school had started again the girl bullies waited outside the school at the end of the day. I usually hang back hoping to miss them, but this one day they were there just as I left. There were about 6 or 7 boys with them. They followed me shouting cruel names.

To get home from school I have to walk through a park. As I got near the swings and climbing frame they pounced; within seconds I was naked. They got the boys to lend them their school ties and they tied me to the climbing frame with my legs wide open.

It wasn’t long before I had my first orgasm, and that was before any of them touched my tits or pussy.

The phone cameras came out and photos of my naked body must have been captured on about 15 phones. At the time I was horrified, knowing that those photos would be sent to most of the kids in school within days.

The girls slapped my little breasts and bald pussy. They took great delight in squeezing and pulling my nipples. Of course this treatment was just what it took to give me more orgasms. I can’t remember much of what they said to me because I was almost permanently on a high.

One thing that I do remember was that bitch pushing her fingers into my pussy and roughly finger fucking me. I remember seeing her hold her soaking finger in front of my face and saying something about me being a bitch slut who loved getting it rough.

When she pushed her soaking finger into my mouth I remember sucking it and loving the taste of my pussy.

All this while I was cumming again and again and again.

Eventually they got bored and left me still tied to that climbing frame naked. It took me a few minutes to calm down and I got scared in case someone found me and called the police. I started crying.

After about 10 minutes someone did find me; an old man walking his dog. I saw him walking towards me and had another orgasm while I was still crying.

He was really nice; he untied me and went and found my dress and bag. It was a good job that he was one of these oldies that don’t carry a mobile phone because he would have called the police there and then. As it was I managed to talk him out of going looking for a phone by telling him that it was just some of my friends playing a practical joke on me.

Over the next few weeks I got quite a few kids sniggering and looking at their phones when I was around. Some of the times I would cum just thinking about when they were taken.

After that amazing holiday when I discovered what I really like, I longed for one of the boys to ask me to pose for him. I had almost given up, but about a month after school started again, one cute boy came up to me and asked me if I was the girl in the photo that was going round. I blushed and nodded. He asked me if he could have some more photos of me. When I didn’t say anything he told me that he would be in a specific place in the park at 5 o’clock that night; and that he would be on his own. He said that he wanted me to be there and that he wanted me to strip for him. I didn’t say anything and just stared at him.

The rest of the afternoon was a blur for me. I couldn’t stop thinking about stripping in front of him. Of course that brought on a few orgasms and very wet inner thighs. By the time school ended I’d found the courage to go.

As I walked to the park, anticipation (and 2 orgasms) meant that I had to walk slowly. When I finally got there, the boy (Brent) was waiting.

I asked him if he was alone. When he said that he was, I told him that I wasn’t going to have sex with him. He said that all he wanted was photographs.

I looked around and saw no one else. Brent got an expensive looking camera out of his bag and told me where to stand. I got a bit disappointed when he started talking photos of me with my dress still on.

He must have taken about 20 photos of me in different poses before he asked me to lift my dress up. I started to lift it right off when he stopped me and said,

“Just up to your waist please?”

More disappointment, but then I started to think that maybe he was into photography, and he genuinely wanted a model. His camera was a quality one; and he certainly didn’t look like he wanted to rape me.

I relaxed a bit, but I was naked from the waist down and there was a boy in front of me. I started getting wet. I tried to think about some of the homework I had to do, just to occupy my mind.

Eventually, Brent asked me to take my dress right off. I was naked in front of him.

As I had my first orgasm there (about my 20th that day), Brent took loads of photos of my face and top half of me.

As I calmed down, Brent said,

“So it’s true then; you do cum just by getting naked.”

I was starting to think that Brent wasn’t like the rest; he seemed to be genuinely interested in me. I told him that I had a rare medical condition and that I just couldn’t help it.

I had 2 more orgasms as Brent got me to pose in some very sexy ways. I’m sure that if he’d had a video recorder he would have been able to capture my pussy contracting and relaxing. It was dripping.

Brent filled his memory card and passed me my dress to put back on.

As we walked out of the park, Brent told me that photography was his hobby and that no one else would see my photographs. I told him that as long as it wasn’t anyone at school I didn’t mind.

We parted with me thinking that Brent wasn’t such a bad guy.

**Dexter - 1**

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While we were on holiday abroad, I made the mistake (or was it), of telling my older brother Dexter that he could see me naked any time that he wanted. Well, he keeps taking me up on that. About every 2 weeks when both our parents are out he reminds me of that promise. It’s usually when one of his mates is round at our house that he knocks on my bedroom door and reminds me.

I have to take off anything that I’m wearing and lay down so that they can get a good look at my cunt. Of course I have an orgasm and they stand there and watch me shake and moan. A couple of his mates have commented on how my pussy opens up, gets very wet and spasms as I cum.

So far only 3 of his mates have been there when I’ve stripped for him, but I’m expecting (and hoping for), quite a few more as the weeks go on.

**Sara, my best friend**

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Sara is my best friend. I met her in an unusual way and we instantly took to each other. I just love her uninhibited ways. She loves to flash her body and tease men; and what’s more, she wears as little as me. She’s always shocking me by doing something crazy like pulling her skirt up while we’re walking down the street. Once she pulled my dress up when 2 men were walking towards us. Of course I orgasmed right in front of them. All Sara did was laugh and then kiss me.

I’ve spent a few weekends at Sara’s house and also the whole of the school half term holiday week. What a week that was. Both Sara’s parents were working abroad that week so we had the place to ourselves. By the end of that week I was a knackered, different person.

Sara told me that she’d been planning that week ever since her parent told her that they would be out of the country. She had just about every hour filled with plans.

The week started straight after school on the Friday. I went there straight from school. The only things that I had with me were my school dress (which I was wearing), shoes, and a bag with all my school books in it. Sara had told me not to take anything else as she would be lending me the clothes that I would need.

When I rang her doorbell Sara opened the door wide. She was stood there stark naked. She wouldn’t let me in until I took my dress off. Sara lives in a big house that is set back from the road a bit, but anyone who was passing could have easily seen the 2 naked teenagers.

Sara kept me standing outside the door for ages, even after I’d got naked. I was sure that she was hoping that someone would see us.

When we finally went in Sara took me to their Jacuzzi where we relaxed and talked for about an hour. Sara told me that neither of us would be wearing anything while we were in the house, apart from a couple of occasions that she’d got planned. She wouldn’t tell me about any of her plans. She said that she wanted them to be a surprise.

A short while after we’d got out and dried, Sara said that she was hungry. She got on the phone and ordered a pizza to be delivered. I asked her if it was from the same firm that delivered a pizza one of the other times that I was there. She said that it was, and that she was expecting it to be the same man that delivered it.

It was. Sara opened the door to James.

“My friend Emily is here today James.” Sara said, “Come in and say hello to her.”

James came over to me. I was stood there with my arms at my sides.

“Hello Miss Emily, it’s good to see you again. Please can you show me your headstand again?”

I looked a bit surprised, then quickly went to the same bit of wall and got down and did a headstand. I wanted to get upside down before the rapidly approaching orgasm hit me.

My legs were straight up, but as soon as I started cumming they spread wide. I felt the cool air on my throbbing clit.

James was stood in front of me watching my pussy pulsating. Sara came over and said to James,

“Emily wants you to just gently touch her clitoris, don’t you Em?”

We’d never spoken about James, but I couldn’t resist saying, “Yes please James; just gently touch it.”

He did and I nearly fell down in a heap as the waves of pleasure went from my clit right down to my head and up to my toes. I felt myself jerking and heard myself moaning.

“That’s enough James. Now come over here while I get your money.”

From my still upside down position I watched James followed Sara’s cute little butt over to the other side of the room. She got some money out of her purse and was about to give it to James when she stopped and said that she had an idea.

Sara walked over to me with James right behind her. She them rolled up the notes and pushed them into my still spread pussy, leaving about one quarter of an inch sticking out. She turned to James and said,

“There you are James, get your money.”

James looked at my still throbbing pussy, then back to Sara.

“Go on James, you have my permission.”

James put out his shaking hand and got hold of the money. He held his hand there and looked over to Sara. His fingers were so close to my pussy that his shaking hand kept touching me.

I came again.

As I was in the throes of yet another orgasm I vaguely heard her say something, and James pulled his money out.

I came down from my peak and heard Sara say,

“James, you are a naughty boy, look what you just did to Emily. I can see that I’m going to have to punish you. Unzip your trousers and get that big cock of yours out.”

As he was doing that Sara turned to me and told me to get down and onto my knees.

I did, and Sara then told James to stand in front of me.

I had never been so close to a cock before in my life. I stared and marvelled at it. It looked wonderful, but scary. I’d never had anything like it inside me and I wondered what it would be like.

Sara told me to open my mouth, which I did, without realising what was about to happen.

Sara turned to James and said, “Put you cock in Emily’s mouth, like you did with me; do you remember?”

I think that I saw James nod, but I suddenly got distracted as James’s cock entered my mouth.

“Suck it!” Sara said.

I started sucking as if there was no tomorrow. Sara came behind me and pushed my head forward. I started gagging as James’s cock went into my throat.

“Relax Em, you’re not going to choke. Just let it slide in and out. You’ll get plenty of chances to breathe.”

I gagged a little more before relaxing and letting it happen. I could feel my pussy throbbing and realised that I was about to cum again. Just then I felt James’s cock grow inside my mouth and it started jerking. “WTF” I thought; then felt this warm creamy substance come out of James’ cock. Some went down my throat and some stayed in my mouth. James stayed still for a minute then pulled out.

Before I could spit or swallow, Sara told me to open my mouth and show her what was inside.

“Well done James. You’ve just had Emily’s first blow job. Swallow it Em!”

I moved James’s cum round my mouth and tasted it before swallowing it. After a few seconds I said, “I wasn’t expecting that. It tasted very much like what I’d read about. Can I do it again?”

Sara laughed then told me that I would do it again soon; then she told James to leave.

As we ate the pizza I thanked Sara for organising my first blow job.

“That’s just the first of your firsts this week my girl. Welcome to Sara’s world.”

I smiled then kissed her.

When we’d finished, Sara took me up to her room. Spread out on her dressing table was her collection of dildos and vibrators. I was gobsmacked by the number of them, and the size of some of them. Some were huge. They never looked that big on the pictures on the internet.

Pointing to the biggest one, I said, “How the hell do you get something that big inside you?” I asked.

“Slowly!” She replied.

Sara told me that before the week was out I was going to have every one of them inside me.

“Not at the same time I hope.” I joked.

I told Sara that I’d never owned a vibrator, so she selected one and told me to get on the bed. I did, and instinctively opened my legs wide. I knew that I was about to experience another first.

I looked at Sara, slightly in anticipation, and slightly scared. Sara was sucking the vibrator.

She grinned as she lowered it to my pussy. It touched my clit and I screamed. She held it there, and I fainted.

When I came round Sara had moved the vibrator to inside my pussy.

“Fucking hell Sara, what the fuck did you do to me?” I said.

“Your clit is amazing; it’s so much more sensitive than mine. I’m jealous. It looks like I’ve found a way of knocking you out without hurting you.”

“What’s that in my hole?” I asked. “It feels soooo good.”

Sara pulled the vibrator out of me and licked it. Then she put it back in me for a minute before taking it out and holding it in front of my mouth. I sucked it like I sucked James’s cock.

Sara used 4 or 5 of her dildos and vibrators that night. She kept them away from my clit, but I still had 2 more orgasms before we decided that we should get some sleep.

I woke up at about 7 o’clock the next morning feeling Sara sucking one of my nipples.

We’d started kissing each other when we heard the doorbell. Sara jumped up, grabbed my arm and dragged me downstairs to the door. She flung it open and the sight of 2 naked teenage girls greeted the postman. At first he looked shocked; then he smiled and said, “Package for a Sara Bennett.”

“That’s me!” Sara said.

I was starting to feel an orgasm brewing.

The postman handed Sara a little clipboard and asked her to sign it. As she was doing that my orgasm erupted. I gasped and started shaking.

“Are you alright Miss?” the postman asked.

Sara replied for me, “Yes, she’s fine, she’s just cumming.”

The postman looked confused. Sara handed the clipboard back to him and he held out the package. Sara took it then thanked him and closed the door.

Sara dropped the package and put her arms round me.

“You were fantastic Em, your turn on Monday!” She said as she dragged me back upstairs to her bed. Before I got chance to ask her what she was talking about, she hugged me and kissed me; her tongue exploring my mouth.

When she broke the kiss she sat up, threw the quilt on the floor then lay back alongside me.

“Here’s another first for you lover.” She said as she started kissing my stomach and bald pubes. My legs instinctively opened as her kisses reached my pussy. She stayed away from my clit (thankfully). As she was doing this she lifted one leg over me and lowered her pussy to my face.

Instinct took over and I started doing to her what she was doing to me.

I quickly reached my first orgasm. But she didn’t stop licking, chewing and fucking me with her tongue. As soon as her tongue found my clit I exploded; but she didn’t stop. She kept going for 2 more orgasms before I passed out.

When I woke up I apologised for not giving as good as I got. I told her that if she wanted me to do a good job on her; she’d have to leave my clit alone.

I found out what Sara was on about when she said that it was my turn with the postman on the Monday. We went out each day, and each day (apart from the Sunday), she went into a post office and posted a similar sized package to herself. Each one was sent by recorded delivery so that the postman had to get it signed for.

On the Monday morning when the postman arrived, Sara left me in bed when she went to see who was at the door. After a minute or so, Sara shouted my name and told me to get down there. When I did, the front door was wide open, Sara was stood, naked, in front of the postman, and he was looking over her shoulder at me (also naked) walking towards him. I had to stand in front of him and sign for the package.

The inevitable happened and I started cumming. Sara let him watch me for about a minute then told him that I was cumming, and shut the door.

Poor man!

During that week we had the postman there 6 times, the local supermarket’s home deliveries twice; and the window cleaner once. Oh, and of course James.

The window cleaner was good. He saw us walking around through the ground floor windows, and by the time he got round to cleaning Sara’s bedroom windows she had me tied spread-eagled and blindfolded on her bed. She gave me a running commentary on what he was doing as she fucked me with one of her dildos.

After a couple of minutes she told me that he was looking at me. I felt her fingers on my clit and started cumming. She didn’t stop and neither did my orgasms. I was writhing all over the place (as much as the ropes would let me), and screaming for her to stop.

Eventually she did, and she said that the window cleaner had gone and that I should rest for a while. I did, and nearly dozed off. When Sara came back she took the blindfold off and told me to look out of the window. The man was still there. He must have been there all the time, looking at my naked body. I came again.

A bit later Sara untied me and I went and had a shower.

**Sara – Going to school**

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One morning after we’d let the postman see us naked – again, Sara pulled me towards the bathroom saying,

“Come on Emily, we’ve got to get showered quickly this morning; we’re going to school.”

I gave Sara a puzzled look as she dragged me to the shower.

“No touching this morning babe, we’ve got a busy day ahead of us.” Sara said.

She was done and out of the shower within 2 minutes. When I got back to her bedroom she’d got out our clothes for the day. 2 red plaid skirts, that must have been about 8 or 9 inches long, 2 well worn, white school blouses that must have been Sara’s when she was 11 or 12, white knee socks, 2 school ties and 2 bags that looked as if they’d been her school bags at some time in the past. I looked at Sara and said,

“Are you serious? Where are we going dressed like that; at this time of day? We’ll get arrested.”

“I told you, we’re going to school. Well we’re going to school but we might not make it. I’ll explain as we go.”

I put the clothes on and assessed my outfit. The blouse was a couple of sizes too small and very thin cotton. I could easily see the darker shade of my areolas; and my nipples stood out too. It was so tight that the buttons were in danger of popping off at any time. The skirt only just covered my butt. Now I haven’t worn knickers since I was 3, so being knickerless didn’t worry me. What did worry me was that the skirt was so short that every move that I made would probably let people know what I wasn’t wearing.

I looked at Sara. She was dressed and bending over slightly in front of the mirror. I could see her beautiful, wet slit between her legs.

“Cool!” she said, “just the look that I wanted.”

She got me to bend forward slightly and said that I looked good too.

We left the house and walked to the nearest London Underground station. As we walked along the streets the cool morning breeze was keeping my nipples hard and blowing over my pussy. I felt like I was bottomless.

It wasn’t far and Sara bought 2 day tickets that would let us go anywhere on the underground that day. We then joined dozens of commuters on the platform.

“Great,” I said, “not much chance of us getting a seat then.”

Sara smiled. As it happened, the train stopped with the doors right in front of us. As we rushed on we saw one empty seat. Sara ran for it and sat down. As the others piled on I managed to get hold of one of those ceiling straps. Sara opened her legs so that I could stand between them, facing her; well, it was more a case of the front of my skirt about a foot from her face.

I looked down to her lap, her skirt had ridden up a bit and I could see her slit.

I looked at her chest and I could see the dark circles round her protruding nipples. Her tie was over to one side and the blouse button between her tits had popped. I could see flesh.

I looked at her face and saw that she was happy.

I looked at the man stood to my right. He was looking down as Sara’s pussy.

I looked at the man to my left. He didn’t know what he was missing.

I looked at the man sat next to Sara. He was pretending to read a newspaper, but his eyes were on Sara’s legs. Mine too probably.

The train moved off. At the next station it got more crowded. After the station after that I felt a hand on my bare butt. I looked down at Sara with my mouth and eyes wide open. She grinned and winked at me. She must have known what was going on.

The hand squeezed my butt for about 10 minutes until people started getting off. During that time I had an orgasm. I’m not sure if it was the hand that caused it, or the vibrations of the train. The hand never went near my pussy; it just stayed on my butt.

When most of the people had got off we got off at an intersection with the central line. We went up the escalators; then went back down them to the platform for the central line. While I was travelling up the escalators I felt more naked in public than I had ever before. I was convinced that every person below me on the escalator was looking up at my pussy. It was a nice feeling.

The central line platform was busy and neither of us managed to get a seat when the train arrived. I was squashed against Sara. After a while I felt a hand under my skirt again. I thought it was Sara’s and turned to her and whispered to tell her to stop it or she would make me cum.

Sara looked blankly at me; then her eyes lit up. The hand came round to my front, still under my skirt. It found my pussy and my clit. I orgasmed instantly.

When I calmed down, the hand was gone.

By the time the train had gone all the way round the circle line it was starting to get less crowded. We managed to get a seat alongside of one of the carriages. As first we sat with our bags on our laps, but when a cute looking young man came and sat opposite us Sara put her bag on the floor. The next thing that I realised was that Sara’s knees were about a foot apart.

I looked over at the man and he was looking up her skirt. What’s more, the front of his trousers was changing shape.

He got off a couple of stations later, probably wishing that he had the time to stay on the train for longer.

About 10 minutes later the seats opposite were taken by a young couple. At first they only had eyes for each other, but when we both put our bags on the floor the man started looking up our skirts. I slid down the seat a bit and we both opened our knees.

The man said something to the girl and she too looked at us. For the next 3 stations they both stared at our bare legs and naked pussies.

I bet that they had a good time later.

We eventually got bored as there became less people on the train, and got off. Sara had told me that she wanted to go to a particular station on the northern line, so we looked for a map and worked out how to get there. Of course this involved a few more escalators. This time there weren’t as many people on them and I started to think if any of the people behind us could see up our skirts.

When we got to the Angel station we saw the longest escalator that I have ever seen. There weren’t many people on it, probably because it was mid-morning. Sara had already told me that we were going to go up separately because there isn’t much room and she wanted to get a few men in between us. We waited for the right moment then Sara pushed me forward. I got on and after a few seconds I turned my head and looked down. A man in his twenties was looking up at me. I turned back, leaned forward and parted my feet. I was sure that the bottom half of my butt and my shiny slit was showing.

What I hadn’t taken into account was the people walking up the side of those standing still. One woman was carrying a big bag and it brushed my skirt as she passed me. I felt my skirt go even higher. I couldn’t see the man behind me and my pussy was getting warmer and wetter.

I suddenly had an idea. I turned round so I was facing down the escalator. The man was still looking up at me and my now exposed pussy. I had another orgasm. I just managed to calm down enough to turn round as the escalator got to the top.

Sara met me at the top with a big grin on her face. She told me that she’d been facing down the escalator for most of its journey as well. We went down and did the same again; although I didn’t manage to have an orgasm the second time.

When we finally left the underground I asked Sara if she’d travelled on the underground during rush hour before. She told me that rush hour was the best time to have some fun.

We headed for Oxford Street and hit the shops. We didn’t intend to buy anything, just look and perhaps try a few things on.

Now, walking around outside in a skirt with no knickers is something that I’ve done all my life, but wearing no knickers and a skirt that only just covers my butt is something else. It wasn’t toooo bad as we walked from Sara’s house to the tube station because everyone was half asleep and focused on getting to work; but in central London it was different. People had woken-up and were in their place of work or out shopping. Quite a few had time to look around. Lots of the men were probably looking round specifically for scantily clad girls. And then there were the tourists; they were looking at the people as well as the place.

Sometimes I felt embarrassed and tried to pull the hem of my skirt to make it sure that my pussy and butt were covered. Other times I wanted to lift it up and shout,

“Hey everyone! Look at my bald pussy.”

Talk about confusing feelings. I was glad that Sara kept my brain occupied most of the time.

On some of the times that I had an orgasm I had to stop myself from putting my hand up the front of my skirt and touching my clit just to make the orgasm last longer; but at the same time I was embarrassed because people were looking at me.

We went into a big department store and wandered around. We found ourselves in the lingerie department and saw these totally sheer negligees. Sara headed straight for them and picked one up and held it in front of her.

“Just what I’ve been looking for.” She said.

Sara told me that although she sleeps nude, her mother insists that she wears a nightie around the house. She usually wore an over-sized T-shirt, but she wanted something more risqué to tease her dad. The sheer negligee was just what she had in mind.

Sara picked up a pink one and we headed to the fitting room. It was only a few yards away and we were there in seconds. In a cubicle Sara stripped naked and put the negligee on. If I couldn’t see Sara naked; then this was the next best thing, I could see EVERYTHING though it.

Sara said that I should try it on. I said that I could never wear anything like that at home, but she persuaded me that I should seriously think about it. She told me that my dad would love it; and that when I wore it round my brothers I would be able to get them to do anything for me.

I gave in and stripped. Sara took the negligee off and gave it to me. I had to admit that I did like it.

“You should try a white one.” Sara said, “Go and get one and see what it looks like on you. Don’t bother getting changed, go like that”

“I can’t go like this.” I said.

“I sure as hell can’t go like this.” Sara said (she was still naked).

Sara persuaded me to go out into the shop wearing just the negligee.

I stepped out and headed for the other negligees. I did get a couple of funny looks from some women as I went, but I ignored them.

I picked up a white negligee, and a black one; and turned to go back to the fitting room. I was starting to feel another one coming on and I wanted to get back to Sara quickly.

As I turned, I was confronted by a man.

“Very nice sweety, but you’ll look much better in the black one.” He said.

My first reaction was to scream; but I didn’t. My second thought was WTF. My third thought was, “A fucking gay!” My fourth thought was to laugh; but I didn’t. My fifth thought was, “What happened to the orgasm?” It had gone.

I quickly walked back to the fitting room and told Sara what had happened. As we tried on the other negligees we decided that I needed a gay man stood next to me all the time to cure my PGAD.

Sara decided to buy the white negligee for herself, and the black one for me. She made me promise to tell her all about the reactions that I got from wearing it in front of my dad and brothers. I made her promise to tell me all about the reaction she got from her dad.

We wandered round more shops, stopping at a post office to post another package to Sara’s house.

At lunchtime we looked for a fast food place; Sara had a picture in her mind of the layout of the place that she wanted to go, but it took ages to find it.

As we walked up to the place I just knew that it was what Sara had in mind. It had high stools all along the front window with a narrow table to put your food on. I just knew that Sara was expecting me (her as well) to sit on those stools facing the street, with our knees open.

The stools had plastic tops and were cold on my bare bum when I climbed up. The back of my skirt just hung over the back of the stool.

We sat and ate our food and looked out of the window at the people passing by. We had a little game trying to pick out the people who would look at us and our exposed pussies.

Surprisingly, not many did. Most were rushing to get to wherever. Those that did look did a double take to make sure that they’d seen what their brains had registered. Only one young man stopped and stared at us; or should I say our pussies. I don’t think that he ever saw our faces. I was so close to cumming when he walked away and disappointed when the orgasm went away.

After lunch Sara told me that we were going to the library that she knew.

“What for?” I asked. All she would say was,

“School girls study don’t they?”

We arrived at a big library; it was quite nice in there, and we went as far as we could from the staff desk. Sara told me to get a couple of books and go to a table that she pointed to.

I took my time selecting books that I thought might want to read. Sara told me not to worry what they were, I wouldn’t be reading them.

As I walked over to the table I saw Sara sat there facing me, I could see up her skirt to her slit. Something looked different, but I didn’t know what.

Sara pointed to a chair for me to sit on. When I looked at it I saw one of Sara’s dildos stood on it. My brain suddenly knew that Sara’s pussy looked different because I could see the base of the dildo that she’d sat on.

I put my legs either side of the chair and lowered myself onto the dildo. I sighed as my butt reached the chair.

As I opened the books to pretend that I was reading, Sara got a camera out of her bag (I’d wondered why Sara’s bag was so bulky), and passed it to me.

“Take some photos of me please Em.” She asked.

Sara stood up with the dildo still inside her, and walked over to a shelf. I could see the base of the dildo sticking out of her and her skirt. I took a couple of photos. Sara bent over to get a book from the bottom shelf as I kelp clicking away.

I looked round for people; there were none in sight. Sara had picked a good place for what she did next. She told me to put the camera in video mode and then proceeded to do a striptease. She got completely naked (apart from the dildo still sticking out of her pussy).

She smiled at me and licked her lips before slowly pulling the dildo out and putting it in her mouth.

We heard a noise and Sara picked up her clothes and ran to stand behind me as she put her skirt and blouse on. She didn’t fasten the blouse.

No one appeared and the place went quiet. Sara turned her chair to face me and sat on the front edge of it. She lay back with her legs and blouse open and said,

“Fuck me with the dildo Em.”

I looked around to check that we were still on our own; then got hold of the dildo.

I worked the dildo in and out of her soaking wet pussy, getting faster and faster.

Sara was working on het little tits and enjoying every second.

It didn’t take that long for her to cum; she must have been really turned-on by the events of the day. Fortunately she managed to keep reasonably quiet.

Sara came back to the land of the living and sat properly on her chair, keeping the dildo inside her, and tying the bottom of her blouse together. I could see all of her breast bone.

“I hope you got all of that on camera, I want to see how long it will stay on YouTube before it gets taken down as ‘inappropriate’.” she said with a little chuckle.

I had.

“Right Em, it’s your turn to get your kit off.” Sara said.

My jaw dropped. I should have realised that Sara would expect me to strip when she did, but I did think of it. I slowly stood up and pushed the chair out of the way. I had never even been on my feet when I had a dildo in me, never mind walking with one in; and I found it difficult and a bit painful at firstl.

I slowly walked over to the shelves, squeezing my pussy muscles to keep the dildo in.

“Bend over.” Sara said.

I did, and Sara pointed the camera at my butt.

Standing up and facing Sara, I started un-fastening my blouse and gyrating my hips. I was getting used to the dildo filling my hole.

I was soon naked and Sara told me to spread my legs and fuck myself with the dildo.

I did, but after a minute Sara told me to stop. She later told me that she could see that I was getting close to cumming and that she wanted to delay it.

Carrying the still rolling camera, Sara came over to me and told me to follow her.

Sara led me round some of the aisles, all the time I was nervous as hell. I was shit scared that someone would see us, but at the same time I was loving it.

The inevitable happened; we turned one corner and were right in front of a young woman in outdoor clothing. We all stopped and stared. I nearly pissed myself.

“Lost a bet.” Sara said.

The woman smiled and said, “Cute! You go for it girl,” and watched us as we walked passed her and back towards our table; and my clothes.

We got decently (LOL) dressed and left.

Sara told me that we were a couple of other photographs that she wanted to take. She told me that we’d have to walk a bit to get there.

We walked through Hyde Park and as we got to a place with a few bushes we saw 2 boys about our age walking towards us. When we got very close, Sara suddenly said,

“Want to see my friend’s pussy for £5?”

There was silence for a few seconds; then one of the boys said,

“Okay,”

Sara reached over to my skirt and pulled it up at the front.

“£10 and she’ll get naked for you.”

“Sara, please don’t.” I said.

Sara didn’t wait for an answer, or give me one. She un-fastened my skirt and let it drop; then she un-fastened my blouse. I was cumming by the time she got me naked.

The boys were just staring at me.

Sara picked up my skirt and gave it to me as she asked the boys for the money.

They ran off and Sara said,

“I thought that they’d do that, get dressed Emily.”

As we walked on I thanked Sara for embarrassing me – again.”

We got to Buckingham Palace and found one of those Guards in the red jacket and silly hat. He was just stood there not responding to anything anyone said.

After a while the tourists moved away and the guard was alone.

“Right Em,” Sara said, “Go and stand next to him, slightly back. When I say ‘say cheese’, lift up the front of your skirt so that I can see your pussy.”

As I walked over to the Guard as Sara got her camera out. I got into position and did what I was told. When she was finished, Sara told me to swap places.

I took a photo of her, also with her pussy showing.

Next it was a couple of shoe shops. Sara picked these new style shoe shops where all the shoes are stacked in their boxes and you’re expected to look for the right size yourself.

We had great fun bending over and sitting on those low stools to try on the shoes in front of men. Of course, when we’d picked the ones that we wanted to try on we’d go over to the men’s shoes area so that there were more men there; although one or two men followed us back to the ladies section for a another look.

It was getting on a bit and Sara wanted to get to the underground during the evening rush hour.

On the way back to Sara’s house we ended-up on more crowded trains. On one we were squashed in at the end of a carriage. I could hardly move. Both Sara and I were squashed against a cute man. All of a sudden I felt a hand lifting the front of my skirt, but it didn’t rest on my stomach or pussy. I realised that it was rubbing the man’s crotch and it was the back of the hand that had raised my skirt.

Then I felt something wet against my stomach. Sara whispered in my ear,

“Give him a BJ Em; I’ve got his cock out for you.” I glared at Sara, smiled and squat down to his cock. It tasted good. I pumped hard; I wanted him to cum, and I didn’t know how long we had before the train stopped.

Within a minute I felt his cock swell and he started cumming. I swallowed most of it, but I managed to keep some in my mouth. I backed off him, stood up and smiled at him. I turned to Sara, leaned over to her and kissed her on the mouth. Her tongue started probing my mouth. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and let the man’s cum slide off my tongue.

I’d kept my eyes open while I kissed Sara, and when her tongue felt what I had left in her mouth, her eyes opened wide. She pulled away from me and said,

“You didn’t; did you?”

I smiled and nodded.

**Sara – Exposed on the internet**

**===================**

One morning after another package had arrived for me, I went back to Sara’s bedroom to find her sat (naked) at her PC. She had Skype fired-up and was talking to a man. It turned out that it was a middle-aged man in America.

He was telling her to do things (which she did) and also watching to see that she did those things. Sara was doing everything that the man told her.

Sara saw me walk into the room and called me over. As I got into the range of the camera the man’s voice said,

“Ah, you must be Emily, Sara told me that you were there, come close and let me have a look at you.”

I looked at Sara. She stood up and pushed her chair away so that we could both stand in the range of the camera.

“Very nice Emily, I’m pleased to see that your breasts are nice and small like Sara’s. Turn round please.” The voice said.

I shuffled round so that the man could see my butt.

“Sara, slap Emily’s bottom please.”

Sara did as she was told.

“Nice and solid buns just like Sara’s. Good. Emily come closer to the camera please, I want to have a closer look at your vagina.”

I walked to the camera and saw my lower abdomen on Sara’s monitor. In the corner of the screen I saw a middle-aged man with one of those old-fashioned black teacher’s gowns on.

“Step back please.”

As I stepped back to stand next to Sara the teacher continued,

“Emily, Sara has told me all about you, and that she hasn’t told you anything about me. My name is Master Charles, and I’m Sara’s online sex education teacher. I know that you’ve covered the basics of female anatomy and sex at your day school; but I cover the areas that are not covered at school. So far we have covered the use of fingers, dildos and vibrators. I believe that Sara has demonstrated the correct use of these on you already. Is that correct?”

I nodded my head. While I was standing there I started to realise what was going on, and to relax.

“Now that we have a second pupil in the class we can progress on to subjects that involve two girls. Today’s lesson will be ‘How to satisfy each other at the same time. Something with the common nickname of the ‘69’.”

Just as Master Charles said ‘69’ I started cumming. Master Charles paused as I stood there shaking and jerking. When I’d calmed down he continued,

“I see that what Sara told me is true; you are blessed with PGAD. You are a very lucky girl. I suspect that your clitoris is a lot more sensitive than most girls.

Emily, spread your legs.

Sara, lightly touch Emily’s clitoris.”

We did what we were told and another orgasm hit me.

“Excellent; Sara, you be careful with Emily’s clitoris, if you treat it too roughly poor Emily will faint.”

Sara put her hand up.

“Yes Sara.”

“Sir, I touch Emily’s clit with a vibrator the other day and she passed out.”

“The correct word is ‘clitoris’ Sara, please use the proper names.”

“Sorry Sir.”

“I hope that Emily was laid on a bed at the time Sara. Yes, this is the negative side of PGAD. I’m sure that Emily will be pleased with the positive sides though.”

I smiled and put my hand up.

“Yes Emily.”

“Sir, one positive that has developed is the desire to expose my naked body to men. Is that normal Sir?”

“Yes Emily, it is; and you should not try to supress this. You should however, be aware that exhibitionism isn’t understood by everyone and that you will need to be careful where you exhibit yourself. You are lucky that you are a woman. Men with this condition frequently suffer because society does not understand; and what society doesn’t understand; it supresses.

We digress a little. Back to today’s lesson; the purpose of the ‘69’ is for both parties to use oral sex to both give and receive pleasure. Everyone likes to receive sexual pleasure. Part of the pleasure of receiving is giving. You’ve probably heard the old saying; ‘Give as good as you get’. This is very true in this case. A successful ‘69’ is where both parties are equally pleasured.

You may have noticed that I haven’t used the words ‘men’ or ‘women’ when describing the ‘69’. This is because the parties involved in a ‘69’ can be any combination of both sexes. I don’t know your feeling on some of the combinations, but today we are dealing with two women; you two.

When you participate in a ‘69’ with a new partner you want to ‘give as good as you get’; so the best way is to start by doing to your partner what you want them to do to you. However, what is pleasurable to you may not be pleasurable to them. You have to adapt as you go. When you receive something that pleases you, let them know.

Enough of the theory, let’s get on with the practical. Girls, I’m pleased to see that you are already naked; please get on the bed. Sara, to start with it may be best if you go on top. You have already discovered one thing that causes Emily to faint; if you discover another while she is on top of you we may have a slight problem.”

“Emily, you stand back against the bed, lay back and open your legs wide. Sara, before you get on top of Emily, adjust the zoom on your webcam so that Emily’s genitals fill the screen.”

I watched Sara work on the computer then as she got onto the bed I looked at the screen and saw one window full of my pussy.

“Right girls; you may begin.” Master Charles commanded.

A ‘69’ was something that Sara and I had done quite a few times, even earlier that morning; so we had no problems pleasing each other. However, that didn’t stop Master Charles issuing a few commands.

I don’t know if it was Master Charles getting a screen full of my pussy, or what Sara was doing to my pussy; but I was getting close, very close. Just before my first orgasm I Master Charles said,

“Emily, caress Sara’s breasts.”

I just managed to squeeze Sara’s nipples when the first one hit me.

“Sara, stop pushing your tongue into Emily’s vagina;” Master Charles commanded, “Let her recover then she’ll bring you to an orgasm.”

I calmed down and between caressing Sara’s breasts and chewing her clit, I managed to make her cum quite quickly. As Sara recovered Master Charles said,

“Right Sara; now it’s your turn to chew Emily’s clitoris.”

Sara did as commanded and I started cumming within seconds.

“Keep going Sara.” I heard Master Charles say.

Another orgasm hit me; then another; then another; then I passed out.

When I came round Sara was no longer on top of me, she was shutting down her computer. I asked her what happened to Master Charles.

“He had to go, something he had to take care of; but he promised to contact me soon; and he hoped that you would he here when he did. You were out for over 10 minutes you know. I had to check that you were still breathing.”

I got Sara to explain how she’s met Master Charles - in and online chat room. He’d given her a few lessons in female anatomy, all with her naked. She told me that she loved teasing him and pretending that she knew nothing about sex.

I asked her if she got naked on her webcam for anyone else. She said not, but that she was thinking about it; also, she suspected that Master Charles was recording their sessions and possibly putting them on goodness knows how many web sites.

“You may well be a famous porn star and you don’t know it.” I said.

Sara laughed and said, “I hope so.”

**Sara – Modelling**

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After lunch one day, Sara told me that we were going out. We went to her bedroom and she got out 2 pairs of 3 inch heels and 2 coats. As I put one of the coats on I noticed that it didn’t have any buttons, only a belt, and that it was only mid-thigh long. I looked at Sara, hers was the same.

I asked Sara where we were going, but she wouldn’t tell me. We walked to the tube station then went 2 stops. After walking for 5 minutes we came to a pub. Going in, Sara saw a sign ‘Class Art Photography Club’ and we headed in that direction.

As we went into the room Sara told me that the club wanted 2 nude models for the afternoon and that we were them. I quickly looked round and saw about 15 men and 6 women.

“Sara,” I said, “All these people looking at me will make me cum.”

“I know, and so does the president of the club. I told him all about you when I booked us in for the job. He told me that your facial expressions would make excellent photographs.”

Sara had just finished telling me when a man came over and introduced himself as the president of the club, Jonathan. He thanked us for coming then said that we looked quite young. Sara assured him that we were both over 18 and offered to show him our driving licenses (which we obviously haven’t got).

“That won’t be necessary, I’m happy to take your word for it.” Jonathan said.

He then clapped his hands and announced to the club members that their models had arrived and the session would be starting shortly. He then told them that,

“One of the models suffers from a medical condition that makes her orgasm involuntarily. Being naked in front of people is one of the things that triggers those orgasms; so I’m expecting her to provide an abundance of facial expressions this afternoon. Please try to capture a lot of them as I’m sure that they will make excellent photographs. Please do not ignore the other model; she is a beautiful young lady who will be an excellent subject. Well both of them are beautiful young ladies; but you know what I mean. Please take it in turn to direct them into any pose that you wish.”

He turned to Sara and I, and pointed to a screen and told us that we could get changed behind it.

Sara thanked him then told him that it wouldn’t be necessary. She untied her belt and took her coat off.

“I’m ready to start. Where do you want us?” Sara asked.

I followed Sara’s lead and too my coat off.

Jonathan pointed to one corner of the room that had white screens against the walls. He then selected 2 people to start photographing us first.

Each one of them got us to stand, or sit in a variety of poses. I only managed about 2 minutes into the first session before I started to cum. Jonathan wanted facial expressions so I gave him them. I also gave him moans and quite a few expletives that I often use when Sara is making me cum.

Each person’s session lasted about 5 minutes. I didn’t manage to cum for all of them, but I think that I gave most of them a few good expressions. I also gave them a couple of very wet thighs to photograph. I was a little disappointed that none of them wanted close-ups of my pussy.

I had stopped looking at the people taking the photographs after about the sixth or seventh one; and only listened to their commands. After about the fifteenth person I suddenly though that I recognised the voice. I turned towards the voice and saw Brent, the boy from school. I blushed and said,

“Brent! Shit, what are you doing here?”

“I’ve been a member of this club for about 2 years now. Don’t worry Emily, I won’t tell anyone at school about this. Oh, and your age secret is just that. I won’t tell anyone.”

I smiled and thanked Brent; and I believed him. He seemed to be an honest, nice guy.

Then another one hit me as Brent took his turn photographing me.

I looked over at Sara, she was well into it. She looked to be having fun. I turned back to Brent and asked him to, “Pose me.”

I have no idea how many times I came, but I was knackered by the time I’d finished. Sara finished about the same time. Jonathan came over to us and thanked us for our services. He also gave Sara an envelope; then asked us if we’d like a drink.

“Just a coke for me please, I’m driving.” Sara said.

I nearly choked as I told Jonathan that I’d have the same please.

We sat and drank our cokes, forgetting (LOL) to put our coats on. When we’d finished we ‘remembered’ our coates and got up to leave. As I walked to the door I looked round and saw Brent. He smiled and winked at me; and we left.

“Did you enjoy that Em?” Sara asked.

“Year I did, but I’m knackered.” I replied.

“Who was that bloke you were talking to?”

“Oh you saw that did you? He goes to my school.”

“He fancies you.” Sara said.

“90% of the boys at school fancy me. With a reputation of being the biggest slut in school, and the photos that are going round, there’d be something wrong with them if they didn’t fancy me. But they’re not going to have me.” I said.

“Not even that boy in there?” Sara teased.

“Well, maybe, but he hasn’t asked me out.” I said as we walked towards the tube.

“He will.” Sara said.

As we stood on the underground platform Sara told me to give her my belt. Of course I did, and quickly realised that I had a problem stopping the coat from opening and showing the people in front of me everything that I’ve got. The coat doesn’t have any pockets to I had to put one arm across my front to hold it in place.

We managed to get seats opposite a young couple. The guy stared at our legs, right up to our waists, while pretending to look at his girlfriend. Sara let her coat fall wide open. You should have seen the guy’s face. He didn’t know what to do. He muttered a couple of incoherent answer to his girlfriend. She looked puzzled then looked round. She saw our pussies then turned to her boyfriend and gave him a right gob-full. Poor man.

We got off the tube and walked back to Sara’s house. On the way, Sara got me to open my coat wide in front of a couple of older men, just so that I could orgasm again.

**Sara – Leggings – Yuk! Or was it?**

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After the postman’s presence had given me another orgasm while I signed for yet another empty package, Sara and I were in the shower when she told me that we were going into central London again.

“Going to school again are we?” I asked.

“No, today is all about pussies. We’re going to show our beautiful little bald slits to as many people as we can, so it’s no skirt for you today my girl. I’ve got another first for you.” She told me.

When we got back into her room Sara got out 2 cute little ‘bomber’ jackets and a couple of little plastic bags with something black in them. She gave one to me. I read the label.

‘Footless, knitted, seamless tights’.

“What? I’ve never worn tights in my life; they’re horrible, restrictive, unhealthy things that cover your pussy and stop the air from getting to it.” I said.

“These are different Em,” Sara said, “please try them on before you refuse to wear them. Oh, we’ll be wearing them as leggings; just like thousands of girls do.”

“Okay, I will, just for you; but don’t expect me to like them.”

Sara put hers on as I did mine. They felt horrible, all woolly and tight. I just knew that they were going to keep my legs hot. I thought about my Miliaria Profunda.

Having had some practice at putting tights on, Sara completed the task first. She stood up and I looked at her. She was wearing nothing but those tights and I had to admit that they looked good on her. They fitted her so tightly that they could easily have been painted on.

Then I looked closer. I could see through them! Then I remembered that the packet said, ‘knitted’. Knitted jumpers stretch and have holes between the threads.

“Turn round Sara.” I said.

Sara turned so that her butt was a couple of feet from me. I could see every detail of the crack of her butt.

“Bend over please.”

The tights stretched more and the holes got bigger. Because she was bent at the waist with her feet apart I could see every detail of her pussy.

“Stand up and turn round please.”

Sara did and I could see the front of her pussy.

“Hmm!” I said, “maybe they aren’t as bad as I thought.”

I stood up and finished pulling mine up then went to the mirror. I could see every part of me that I’d seen of Sara. I sat on the edge of the bed in front of the mirror with my legs open and looked at my crotch and then at the mirror image. I could see every detail; even my little clit.

I walked to the other side of the room and looked at Sara. At first glance she looked like she was wearing the same type of leggings that thousands of girls wear. As I moved closer and looked harder, I started to be able to see through the material.

“Wow! This could be fun.” I said and looked at Sara’s face.

“I thought that you might like these. They took a bit of finding and this size if for a 9 year old. I wanted then to stretch a lot for the best effect.”

“Okay, I admit it. I still think that tights and leggings are a horrible invention, but you do look good in them, and I don’t feel too bad in them. Just so long as I don’t have to wear them for too long.” I said.

“You’re not expecting me to go out wearing only these are you Sara?”

Sara got out some ankle socks and trainers for both of us. The jackets just came down just about to where the tights / leggings ended.

As we picked up our bags to set off I noticed that Sara’s bag was a bit bulky. I wondered what she had in it.

As we walked to the underground station Sara asked me if I remembered the line of dildos and vibrators on her dressing table. How could I forget them, I’d never seen anything like them in my life, and some of them looked very painful. Sara then asked me if I remembered the egg shaped one. Again I told her that I did.

“Well,” she said, “that egg shape vibrator is inside my pussy; and it’s got a remote control.”

Sara put her hand in her bag and gave me this matchbox sized piece of plastic with a knob on it.

“If you turn the knob clockwise it will turn the vibrator on. The more you turn it the faster it will get.”

Instinctively, I turned the knob right the way round. Sara gasped and stopped walking.

“Ooops, sorry,” I said; and turned it back down.

“Right, now that you’ve proved that it works, today I want to experience involuntary orgasms like you do. Every time that you cum I want you to turn the remote control up to full, and leave it there until I cum as well.”

“Okay,” I said, “this could be fun.” I said with a grin on my face.

The tube was busy and we didn’t manage to get a seat. Instead we were stood in between 2 rows of people, facing 2 men that were seated. We had to hold those leather roof straps.

It didn’t take long for me to realise that their faces were only about 2 feet from our stomachs. All they had to do was look slightly down and they’d see our pussies through the leggings. I shuffled my feet apart then looked at Sara. Her feet were apart as well.

Looking back down at the men I saw that they had both lowered their newspapers and were looking straight forward. They’d seen that our leggings were see-through.

I started to feel an orgasm building. Before it hit me I reached into my jacket pocket and turned the vibe on. Sara gave a little gasp then smiled.

I couldn’t watch her anymore because my orgasm was fully occupying me. When it subsided I looked back to Sara. Her hips were gyrating as she squirmed. Finally she came. For once, it was me watching her cum in public. It was a beautiful sight,

We stayed in front of those men even when other seats became vacant. They didn’t look like they were about to complain.

When we got off the underground, Sara confessed that she’d not planned what we were going to do that day, so we headed to the nearest McDonalds to make a plan.

Over a coke Sara told me that the objective was to get as many people as possible looking at our butts and pussies. I told her that it wasn’t going to be easy because we were dressed like hundreds of other girls. We’d have to get close to people for them to realise that out leggings were see-through. The only places that I could think of where people’s heads were close to our butts and pussies were on the underground and places like food halls. We could slowly walk round them and hope that people looked up from their food.

“Hmmm, I may have made a mistake here,” Sara admitted.

I reached over to her and kissed her and told her that it was okay and that I forgave her.

Then Sara said, “I do have a bit of a contingency plan though. I thought that you might get sick of your body being strapped up in those tight leggings so I brought a couple of skirts with me.”

Sara opened her bag and pulled out what looked like 2 headbands. I picked one up and stretched it as far as I could. I had my doubts that it would fit over my butt.

“Okay, let’s go and find somewhere that we can try to get into these.” I said.

“We can’t use the toilets here, they’re way too small. Let’s go to a clothes shop and use their fitting room.” Sara said.

We found one, grabbed a couple of dresses and went to the fitting room. We both went into the same one and took the leggings off. I have to say that my body from the waist down felt much better without the leggings.

I held the headband as open as I could and put my feet in. It was an effort, but I managed to pull it up and get it to cover my butt. Pulling it up and down, I managed to get it to look like a microskirt. It was even tighter round my butt than the leggings were; at least my legs were bare.

I looked at Sara. She’d managed to get to the same stage as me.

“Can we really wear these as skirts?” I asked her.

“Yeah, why not?”

I said that I thought that they would ride up as we walked. I could easily see us with the bottom half of our butts exposed and out pussies saying hello to the world.

Sara laughed and said, “Isn’t that what you want?”

My turn to laugh, then I told her that I was willing to give it a go if she was. Sara nodded. Leaving the dresses untouched and putting the leggings in Sara’s bag, we left.

I hadn’t gone more than 50 yards down the road when I found myself pulling the hem of the skirt down. Sara insisted that we keep going and she told me to look for places with escalators. We found a couple of small ones but didn’t have any luck with men to flash. Sara said that she wanted to back to the Angel underground station.

We headed for the nearest underground station and soon discovered what would happen when we went down stairs in those skirts. By the time I’d got to the bottom of the first small flight of stairs my skirt was up round my hips. What’s more, people were coming up those stairs. We’d accidentally found the best way to flash in a very short, tight skirt.

We both pulled our skirts down to their ‘proper’ place and headed for the second flight of stairs. Just as we got to the bottom a man walked into another man as he stared at my exposed pussy. I felt on orgasm coming on. When I saw another man staring at me, it hit me. I managed to get to the side of the staircase and leaned against the wall. I’d started to calm down when I remembered Sara’s vibrator. I quickly put my hand into my jacket pocket and turned it on full.

Sara had moved to my side and hadn’t seen my hand go into my pocket.

“Fuck!” she said and lifted one leg up a few inches. Her expression was amazing; a mixture of shock, pain and pleasure. I watched as she tried to fight it. She lost the fight and started shaking. Her butt was going backwards a bit then forwards a bit; just like I’d seen a girl do when she was fucking a man – in a movie that is.

Sara was doing this in an underground station with her skirt hem so high that people must have been able to see her pussy. I looked round, 99% of the people were ignoring us. The odd one or two people that did look at us just stared for a few seconds them continued down the corridor.

It was then that I saw a heap of clothes just a few feet from us. I looked again, it was a beggar sat on the floor. He’s seen us and was having a good look. My pussy warmed up again. I lifted the front of my skirt and gave him an eyeful; then I came again.

As I calmed down I thought about Sara. “Shit,” I said, I’d left the remote control on full. I turned and looked for Sara. I couldn’t see her. I looked all round again; then down. There she was; she’d slumped down against the wall and was sat with her legs open and her pussy fully exposed.

Again, no one took any notice of her. I turned the vibrator off and went over to her. Her face was covered in sweat and she looked delirious. I squat between her legs, not caring that I could feel the back of my skirt halfway up my butt; and stroked Sara’s hair. She opened her eyes a bit, smiled a bit, then lifted her hand and touched my pussy. I shivered and thought, “here I go;” but it didn’t arrive. I asked Sara if she was okay.

“Fuck yes!” she said, “That was fucking amazing. I want one of those every day.”

I laughed and asked her if she could get up. I stood up and helped her to her feet. We then straightened our skirts and continued down the corridor – slowly.

We found the platform we needed, waited, and got on the next train. We sat with our hands on our laps. We both needed a rest.

After a long period of silence, Sara said,

“You’re a lucky girl Emily. It was so embarrassing so humiliating; but at the same time it was wonderful. I want to have one of those every day.”

“How about 20 smaller ones every day?” I asked.

“Okay, you’ve got me there; I don’t know how you survive.”

“You learn to live with it.” I said.

We looked at the underground map on the wall of the train and realised that we’d missed the intersection station. We got off at the next station and went to look for somewhere to relax and eat. As we went up the escalators and stairs neither of us were thinking about flashing anyone; although neither of us made a great effort to keep our skirts ‘decent’.

We found a shopping centre with a food hall and got something to eat. Without even thinking about it, we sat at a table against the wall where a lot of people walked passed. Neither of us crossed our legs (I never do) and with skirts that tight and short, anyone who looked would have been able to see our pubic hair – if we’d had any.

The food and drink made us feel better and we soon started thinking about what to do next. I looked down at Sara’s legs, her knees had drifted apart nearly as wide as mine had. I looked round, 2 youths were looking at us. I nudged Sara and told her. Her response was to open her legs wider.

I turned the remote control up to full. She jumped and squeezed her legs together.

“Not yet Em, please.” She said.

I turned it down low.

“That’s nice.” She said, and opened her legs as she gave a little sigh.

I told Sara that we were leaving, stood up then pulled her up. We both turned to the youths and straightened our skirts after letting them get one last look.

As we walked out of the food hall with Sara’s egg gently vibrating, and towards the street, Sara saw a bed shop and said,

“I know what we’ll do; we’ll go and lay down for a bit.”

“What!” I asked as she hooked my arm and changed our direction.

We walked into a bed shop and looked round. Sara picked a bed and said that we should see if it’s comfortable. There was a sign above most of the beds inviting people to try them, so we did.

We flopped down side by side; neither of us crossed our legs, in fact, both of us had our feet about a foot apart. I just knew that if anyone walked by the end of the bed they would get the best upskirt view of their lives.

We lay there for ages. So long that one of the male shop assistants came over and asked us if there was anything that he could help us with. I could see a mischievous grin on Sara’s face. I was expecting her to say something like,

“Yeah, just stand at the bottom of the bed and make my friend cum just by looking at her cunt.”

But she didn’t. Instead she thumped the mattress and said,

“It’s a bit too soft for me; have you got anything harder?”

The man was stood at the end of the bed and, with our legs open a bit, he was getting a fantastic upskirt view. That familiar tingle started. I remembered the remote control and went for it. I wanted us both to cum at the same time, with him looking at us. However, Sara was a bit too quick for me. She sat up and swung one leg off the bed. She started to stand-up, but the egg starting to run at ‘full’ got to her and she sat down again.

For some reason, my orgasm was only a little one, so I turned the remote right down. Sara glared at me and I just knew what she was thinking -

“Why did you turn it down? Why are you teasing me?”

Looking at the man’s crotch I said,

“Have you got a hard one then?”

The man stood silent for a couple of seconds then said,

“We have a really hard mattress over here,” he said and started walking over to the bed that he wanted to show us.”

We’d just laid down on the bed when an older man came up to us,

“Girls, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. I’m sure that you have no intention of purchasing anything so I’d appreciate it if you would leave now.”

I’ve never been thrown out of a shop before then, so it was yet another first for me that week.

We decided to go for a ride on the underground for a while to see if there were any opportunities to have some fun. If not, we would head back to Sara’s house.

On the central line we came to a section where it got quite crowded. At one station we got off then got back on, but to a different carriage. We managed to get stood facing a seated man. Sara had only managed to get behind me. I was holding the ceiling leather strap and I could feel my skirt was at the point of my little bald slit being on display to the man. As the train started moving I felt Sara’s hands come round me.

“Hmm, that’s nice.“ I whispered.

Sara’s hands moved. One slid up my front and started unzipping my jacket while the other went to my pussy.

“Sara, what are you doing?” I whispered.

My jacket was open and one hand was massaging one of my little tits. The other hand was rubbing my slit. I looked down and saw that the man and the men either side of him were all looking up at me. I orgasmed.

Sara felt me going over the top and moved her hand from my pussy. She slid it up my body to my other little tit. She pulled on my nipples then spread her arms wide so that the jacked front opened wide, exposing both of my tits to the 3 men. My orgasm reached a new height. How I managed to keep quiet I will never know.

About 2 stations on I had calmed down enough to get decent again. Sara left my goodies alone and I didn’t dare look at the men.

As we got off that train I turned to Sara and said,

“Right Sara; we’re going to get on the next carriage and I’m going to do to you what you just did to me. Come on.”

“Oow goody!” Sara said as we quickly got back on the train.

We shuffled in amongst the other people until we found a place to stand in front of 3 young men. Sara stood in front them and got hold of a ceiling strap. I stood behind her and turned the remote control up to full.

Sara let out a little gasp. I put one arm round her middle and stroked her flesh under the bottom of her jacket. I don’t know if it was the vibrating egg, her partially exposed pussy, the anticipation, or what; but it didn’t take long for me to realise that Sara was getting really turned-on.

I put my other hand round her and un-zipped her jacket. I pulled it open a bit so that the men (who were all watching by that time) could get a glimpse of her little tits.

Next I slid one hand down and over her stomach. As I reached the bottom of her minute skirt I moved my hand under to her slit. It was soaking wet and very hot. I slipped a finger into her hole, then pulled it out and rubbed her clit.

She started cumming so I did just the same as she did i.e. moved my hand back up and held her jacket open for the men to see her little tits and rock hard nipples.

As she started to come down from her high I turned the remote control down then turned her round, kissed her and held her tight. I looked down to the 3 men. All were just staring at us.

The train stopped and we got off with Sara’s jacket still unfastened. We found the connecting train and went back to Sara’s house.

END OF PART 2A

*Feedback and any ideas for further parts greatly appreciated.*

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