**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

**Emily’s embarrassing problems - Part 3**

***Author’s Note:***

*I strongly recommend that you read the earlier parts of this story as they tell you how Emily has coped with her medical conditions so far.*

**School**

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That amazing week long sleep-over at Sara’s changed my life, and my outlook on life. I finally realised that because most of the girls, and lots of the boys, at school thought I was a slut and a whore then I may as well act like one. Sara had introduced me to the wonderful world of blow-jobs and I wanted more.

The next time that one of the girl bullies started giving me some verbal abuse I turned to one of the older boys that was watching and told him to meet me in the park after school.

I was nervous as hell during that 5 minute walk to the park. When I got there I was surprised to see 3 guys and 2 girls. As soon as I got close to them the 2 girls started taunting me.

“Going to get naked and cum for the boys are you slut?” was just one of the nicer comments.

After a couple of minutes of insults, I turned to the nearest boy, dropped my bag and knelt in front of him. I reached over to his trousers and, as they all went quiet, I unzipped him and pulled his hard cock out. I wanked him a couple of times then opened my mouth. I turned to look at the girls with my mouth wide open and a grin on my face. Both girls looked gob-struck as I turned back and just managed to get the tip of the boy’s cock to touch the back of my throat as my first orgasm hit me.

Now I like (no, love) giving head, and I love cumming; but I find doing both at the same time quite difficult. The orgasm makes it difficult to give a good BJ.

I needn’t have worried because it only took seconds for the boy to shoot his load inside my mouth. I kept as much as I could in my mouth the turned to the girls and opened my mouth showing them most of his cum.

I smiled, then swallowed; then opened my mouth again. The girls just stared.

I repeated the exercise with the 2 other boys, getting 2 more orgasms as I did so.

When I finished, I stood up and turned to the girls,

“Your turn now girls! Get those skirts up and knickers down. Oops sorry, I bet that you’re not wearing any.” I taunted them.

Neither girl knew what to say or do. They both just stood there. I went over to between them and lifted their skirts. Neither was wearing knickers. One was shaved bald and the other trimmed her pubes to a heart shaped stubble.

“Cute little heart Kate. I see that you’re not a natural blond then. Oh, and you call ME a slut because I never wear knickers!” I said, “Here boys, look at these two cunts.”

I turned my head and saw that the boys were already looking.

One of the girls got over the shock of me turning on them and pushed my hand away letting her skirt drop. The other girl did the same. They both turned and walked away, shouting insults at me as they went.

I turned to face the boys and said,

“That was fun, same time tomorrow boys.”

I left them staring at me as I walked away.

I didn’t have too much trouble from the bullies after that, but I did give lots of BJs. There were usually a couple of boys waiting for me in the park on the way home and I’ve lost count of the number of different boys that I’ve given BJs to.

I won’t bore you with all the mundane details of my last year at school, suffice to say that in-spite of my problems I did quite well and managed to get results good enough to get me into the university of my choice.

**Dexter**

**====**

My brother Dexter still keeps taking me up on my promise to let him see me naked anytime that he wants. I’ve lost count of the number of his mates that he’s brought round to be there when I strip. It’s always good for an orgasm, and sometimes 2, especially if they let me give them a blowjob.

**Sara – my BFF**

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

One weekend Sara invited me for a Saturday night sleepover. It started out quite quietly because both her parents were there. Sara and I both kept our clothes on because Sara’s mother isn’t too happy about her being naked around the house.

Anyway, Sara’s mother had to leave just after breakfast on the Sunday morning. All 3 of us (Sara, her father and I) were in the lounge when her mother left; and no sooner than she was out of the door Sara removed the T-shirt that was the only thing that she was wearing. We’d put the T-shirts on when we got out of bed. Her father grinned and looked her up and down.

“My gorgeous little princess,” he said. “You’re getting more beautiful every day.”

Sara turned to face him and thanked him for the complement; then turned to me and told me to take my T-shirt off.

I’d never been naked in front of him before (not counting Skype), and I just knew what was going to happen. My pussy was getting hot and wet even before my hands reached the hem of the T-shirt.

As soon as the T-shirt was off I looked at Sara then her father. He started to say that I had a beautiful body too, but I didn’t catch what he said after that; a big orgasm hit me. Sara came over to me and put her arm round me while her father watched and smiled.

“Dad, stop staring at Emily; can’t you see what you’re doing to her?” Sara said.

“And a truly amazing and beautiful sight it is too.” He replied. He turned to me and said,

“Sorry Emily. I know it must be hard for you, but it’s hard for the men who see you like this; such a beautiful body is bound to get the men staring.”

“That’s okay, I understand. Besides, I like men looking at my body.” I said.

We spend the rest of the day naked with Sara’s father trying to concentrate on the work that he had to do. I had real trouble eating my lunch as the 3 of us sat at the table eating. I had 2 small orgasms as Sara’s father looked at my little breasts and hard nipples.

Sara was her usual mischievous self; whenever we were in the same room as her father she touched my clit, or slipped a finger into my wet pussy.

Sara’s father is getting used to seeing me have orgasms, and I love it when he watches me have them.

By mid-afternoon I’d decided that it was time for payback. We were in Sara’s room and I said that it was unfair that I was having lots of orgasms and that she was having none. I persuaded her to let me put her vibrating egg inside her. While we were still in her room I used the remote control to make her cum twice. After that I left her alone.

About 30 minutes later Sara’s father called for her to go and look at something. Sara went straight away, either forgetting that she still had the egg inside her, or expecting to be back soon. Anyway, I followed her, grabbing the remote as I went.

When I caught up with her she was stood beside her father looking at something on his laptop. I switched the remote onto full and Sara jumped a little then continued talking to her father about what was on the screen.

I went and stood behind Sara and put my hand on her butt, letting it creep down the crack to her soaking pussy. Sara automatically opened her legs a bit and I found her clit.

I could feel Sara getting hotter, and wetter, and her speech became a bit erratic. Within 2 minutes she stopped talking and moaned. Her father looked at her, smiled, and watched her have a very strong orgasm.

When the waves of pleasure passed, and I’d turned the remote down, her father told her that it had been a wonderful experience for both her and him, and that she should do it more often.

After a long silence, Sara said,

“Yes dad, I will;” then started talking about whatever it was on the screen.

One other time when both Sara’s parents had been at home (I wasn’t there) Sara had been complaining that she wasn’t getting enough exercise and that she was putting weight on. Now Sara is as skinny as me and her parents managed to convince her that she didn’t have a weight problem, but as a compromise they’d agreed the get her fitness assessed by a personal trainer. Her father agreed to organise it. Before he could do anything, Sara had had a word with him without her mother being around. She’d got him to agree that the trainer must be a cute young man.

Sara’s father immediately knew why she had asked him for that, and said that he would only agree to it if one of her friends were there as well. Both him and Sara’s mother are usually out of town (and often the country) most weekends. He was a little worried about his young daughter’s safety, knowing that she would probably tease the poor man for every second that he was there.

Anyway, Sara phoned me and told me to get myself over there the next Saturday afternoon. When I asked her what she was planning, she told me about the trainer. I asked her what I should take to wear, and she told me that I would have all that I needed when I got there. I assumed that she would be lending me the clothes that I needed.

Sara opened the door naked as usual, and I stripped as soon as we got to her room. When I asked when the trainer was due to arrive she told me 10 minutes. I asked her what we were going to wear and she reminded me that she’s said that I’d have everything that I needed.

“And?” I said.

“And you’re wearing it silly! Your skin.” Sara replied.

I should have known better, Sara was going to have us exercise in the nude, with a man trainer.

My pussy warmed up and the doorbell rang.

Sara went and opened the front door while I stood back and watched. The poor man was shocked at first. For the first few seconds he just stood there with his mouth wide open; then he smiled and said,

“Would you be Sara?”

“Yes, please come in.” Sara replied.

Sara was stood partially in the door way and she didn’t move. He had to turn sideways to get passed her. As he did so I could see him looking down at Sara’s little breasts. Her nipps were rock hard.

Then he saw me. All of a sudden I could feel my pussy tingling and getting wet. Sara started to introduce me, but I missed part of it as an orgasm hit me. As it subsided a bit I heard Sara apologising for me, she told him (Matt) that I suffered from a medical condition, but it was nothing for him to worry about.

We went and sat at the kitchen table and Matt started talking. He told us that Sara’s father had employed him to do an assessment of our fitness. He wanted a written report on just how fit we were, and what it would take to get us up to an acceptable level. He told us that he didn’t normally do assessments at people homes, but he was glad that he’d decided to make an exception in our case.

Matt’s eyes were going from Sara’s breasts to mine, and I had to grit my teeth as another small one hit me.

Matt then explained that he’d be asking us to do a number of exercises which he would observe. Before and after each one he would check our heart rate. When he asked if we had any medical conditions Sara took delight in telling him that I had a condition whereby I had frequent orgasms; but they would not affect my performance. Matt looked a bit flustered, he obviously didn’t understand and he stopped looking at me.

After a slight pause he asked if there was a room where were could do the exercises.

“Oh! I hadn’t thought about that. I guess that my bedroom won’t be big enough then?” Sara asked. “Perhaps we could do it in the back garden. It’s not that cold outside. Anyway, I suppose you’ll be making us get a sweat on.”

“Is your back garden overlooked then?” Matt asked.

“No,” Sara replied, “we can get up to anything we want out there and no one will ever know.”

Matt sorted out a few papers then we all went out the back.

On the patio, Matt put his papers on the table then looked up at the 2 naked teenage girls in front of him.

He looked us up and down, cleared his throat then told us that he’d check our heart rate before we started, then after each exercise. We’d do some basic exercises to start with and see how it went.

He asked Sara to go up to him and hold her arm out. As Matt checked her pulse at her wrist, Sara looked up at him and smiled. Matt blushed.

My turn next, and I had to grit my teeth and look down to stop me having a full blown orgasm.

Matt wrote the numbers down then said that we both had slightly raised heart rates, but nothing to worry about. I smiled and wondered why that was.

Matt then had us do 20 jumping jacks. All the time he watched our little tits wobble. They’re too small to bounce up and down.

We had to run to the end of the lawn and back 4 times next. I was getting hot, and for once it wasn’t anything to do with my pussy.

Twenty press-ups were next; although neither Sara nor I managed the full 20.

The next exercise wasn’t very nice; Matt had us do 50 sit-ups. To do them we had to lie on the grass. It was cold on my back.

Sara and I then had to stand with our feet about 2 feet apart and our hands as high as we could get them, Matt then told us to bend side-ways as far as we could. Standing like that I looked at Matt; his eyes were definitely looking at our pussies. I had another little orgasm.

Still standing with our feet about 2 feet apart, Matt told us to bend forwards and keep our knees straight. As we were doing this Mat walked round behind us. He must have had a great view. I shuddered again and felt my pussy get warmer.

The next exercise really gave Matt a good look at our goodies, still standing with our feet about 2 feet apart, Matt told us to bend backwards until our hands touched the floor behind us. Matt had us stay like that for ages. My orgasm got stronger and I was amazed that I didn’t collapse onto the floor. My pussy was gushing, I could feel my juices escaping and running down between my butt cheeks.

Sara said something to Matt and he moved from in front of my feet to in front of Sara’s feet.

Sara screamed and collapsed onto the floor saying that her legs hurt like hell. Matt knelt down in front of her and started massaging her right leg. I got back up on my feet and went over to them. Sara said that her left leg hurt as well so I knelt down and started massaging her left leg.

I just knew that she was faking it and only wanted Matt to get nearer to her pussy. I winked at her and pulled her left leg far away from her right as I continued massaging it. I looked to her beautiful pussy. Her lips were wide open and swollen. Her juices were seeping out. There was no way that Matt could not have noticed.

After a couple of minutes Matt stood up, said that she’d be alright and held out his hand to help her up.

One final heart rate check and Matt said that he’d collected enough information for his report. He thanked us for being so patient and co-operative and said that he was leaving. On the way to the front door he said that it had been an ‘interesting’ session and that he’d submit his report to Sara’s father.

After Matt had left Sara said that Matt was either gay, or VERY professional.

We went and had a lovely warm shower together. I did my best to get Sara’s orgasm count a lot closer to mine.

A week later Sara phoned me and told me that we wouldn’t be seeing Matt again. His report had told her father that we were both quite fit considering that half the teenagers these days were way too fat.

Another Saturday when I got to Sara’s house she didn’t let me in, instead she grabbed a bag and we walked off to the bus stop. She told me that we were going swimming, but not to the pool that we’d been to before.

On the bus I asked her what she’d brought for us to wear, and were we going to get thrown out or arrested. She laughed and told me not to be so silly, we’d be fine. The problem is that Sara’s version of ‘fine’ is borderline unlawful.

When we arrived (2 minor orgasms later) I saw that the place was a modern leisure centre. It was big and dozens of people were arriving. We joined the queue.

We passed through the turnstiles and looked for the changing rooms. I was a little surprised to find a big room with lockers and a shower area, and then a man’s and separate women’s changing room. Sara wanted us to strip in the locker area, but I refused saying that I wanted to see what she’d brought for us to wear before I stripped off.

Reluctantly, Sara agreed and we went into the women’s changing room. It was one big room with bench seats and coat hooks round the walls.

“Come on then, get naked Em.” Sara said.

Within seconds we were both naked and Sara was delving into the bag. First she pulled out 2 bikini tops. They were the same ones that we’d worn when we’d been swimming before. The triangles don’t even cover all of our little breasts and they’re made out of very thin, see-through material. You can see every little bump of our areolas and dark nipples. We fastened each other’s top and I asked Sara to make sure that mine was tight.

Sara pulled out 2 lumps of material next. She gave one to me and told me to put it on. I held it up and said,

“What’s this?”

“It’s a swimming skirt.” She replied.

I looked at it closer. Yes it was a skirt, a very short skirt, about 7 inches long. It was the same colour as the bikini top but made of different, thin material. It had a thick, elasticated waistband then it flared out. The material was patterned with dolls and ponies. Looking at the inside of the waistband I saw that something had been cut out.

“What the hell’s this? I said.

“It was a little girl’s bikini bottom, but now it’s your swimming skirt.” Sara replied.

I looked at Sara who had hers on. She did look like a little girl. I lifted the front of her skirt up and confirmed that the pants part of hers was missing as well.

“Turn round.” I said.

Her butt was covered so I presumed that she wouldn’t get arrested when she was walking around, but what would it be like in the water I thought?

I put my swimming skirt on, low on my hips; and smoothed my hand down the front and back. My hand didn’t slide onto my pussy or butt so I was legal too.

I was just thinking that I would have to be careful out in the pool when Sara got some hair bands out of the bag and started to put my hair into pigtails. Then she got me to do hers.

I went and looked in the mirror and saw a 10 year-old me. The problem was, my pussy didn’t feel like it did when I was 10 and my breasts were just a little bit bigger. I needed a distraction before I started to cum.

We gathered our things and went to find a locker. No one took any notice of the 2 little girls as we walked to the pool area.

The place was massive; slides, shoots, rapids area, obstacle course with water jets on it, hot tub, and more. It would take hours to get round everything.

We stood beside the first swimming area that we came to and tried to decide what to go on first. After a minute or so I looked down to see 2 teenagers looking up at us, and up our skirts. My bare pussy got hotter and wetter. I had to get into the water – quick so I jumped over the teenagers and bombed into the water.

It was a bit colder than I expected, but it felt good with nothing to stop the water rushing passed my bare pussy. I put my hands down to my sides and realised that my skirt was flared out, and up a bit. I looked round to see if there was anyone there wearing a face mask. I didn’t see anyone.

I decided to test the skirt a bit and swam and jumped about. I discovered that as long as I was going head first in any direction, my pussy and butt were covered – except when I did the crawl. If I went feet first in any direction, the skirt would go up round my waist and leave me exposed.

I’d been concentrating on what the skirt would do, and ignoring my bikini top. It was only when a teenager stopped in front of me and stared at me that I decided to check that my breasts were still covered. They weren’t. Sara’s ‘tight’ fastenings had come loose and both my little tits were exposed. I quickly covered up and swam to Sara. She laughed at me when I told her what had happened. Neither of us tightened the chord on my top, but Sara did let me loosen hers. I wanted her to have the same fun that I had had.

I’m sure that you can imagine what happened when we went on the rides. Every time that we got to the bottom we pretended to be embarrassed and cover-up.

There was one ride that we went on quite a few times. It’s a steep tube that you go on feet first. At the bottom you go into what I can only describe as a large car tyre. You go round and round, getting slower and slower. Gravity eventually takes over and you drop through the hole in the middle into a pool. The thing is, part of the ‘car tyre’ has a large viewing area so people can watch you going round and round. By the time Sara or I got into it, our bikini tops were round our necks and our skirts round our waists. We got quite an audience of teenagers and men watching us.

After about an hour, Sara decided that she was hungry and wanted to go to the poolside café. We straightened our bikinis and went and got some money out of our locker.

The café staff talked to us like we were little kids, the woman on the till even asked Sara if she wanted any help counting the money.

The café area is raised up a few feet and surrounded by railings. Sara wanted us to sit at a table near the steps up and we managed to find one. Sara moved our chairs so that we could watch the people coming up the steps.

Half way through my burger I realised that anyone coming up the steps would be able to see under our table and up our legs. I looked at Sara; her knees were about a foot apart. I opened mine about 18 inches. Sara looked down at my legs, grinned and said,

“I wondered how long it would take you to realise.”

When we’d finished eating we slid our butts forward on the seats and lay back in the chairs while we finished our drinks. We made sure that the skirts covered our pussies from the way that we were looking, but anyone on the steps would get a great view.

Not many people noticed, but a couple of teenage boys kept coming back again and again. Each time they took their time going up the steps and had a good look. One time I saw them looking I had an instant orgasm. It was wonderful.

A bit later, a man came and stood at the bottom of the steps. He told his young kids to go and play in the water jets while he stayed there and watched them. He kept looking over to us. I bet that he thought that he was looking at 2 10 year-old pussies. I wonder what he would have thought if he knew that they were 17 year-old pussies. I had another little orgasm as he looked.

We went into one of the swimming pools to relax for a while. We were standing at the side of the pool when I noticed a man and a young teenage boy swimming near us. The boy was wearing a face mask but not taking any notice of us. The man kept looking towards us. I looked down and both our skirts seemed to be hanging like a skirt should and my bikini top was covering my nipples, so I ignored him. A bit later I realised that the man was now wearing the face mask and kept swimming passed us. As he got close to us he turned his head towards us.

“What the hell!” I thought, the next time that he passed I pulled my skirt right up and opened my legs as far as I could. When he came up for air he looked at me. I smiled, He blushed and turned away.

We got bored after a while and went to find some more rides. After a few rides and a similar number of accidental (LOL) wardrobe malfunctions, we came across the Jacuzzi. It was big enough for about 15 people and you can sit with your back to the side and lift your feet and float.

We shuffled round as people left, and found the water jets. Wow, that was good. They managed to make Sara cum too.

Eventually, we’d had enough, and returned to the locker room. Sara had told me that there was no way that we were going to use the women’s changing room again.

“What about the men’s?” I asked.

Sara grinned and said,

“After we’ve showered.”

Sara got the soap and shampoo and we went to the communal show. The 6 or 7 people there still had their costumes on, but that didn’t stop Sara undressing me, then herself.

One of the men there watched us as we shampooed our hair and soaped our bodies. I looked over to him and grinned. He turned away and held his towel in front of his costume as he left.

We took our time, and others came and went. None of them said anything, but some of the men, and young women stared at us for a while. One young man had a hard-on and didn’t mind showing us the bulge in his costume.

As we walked back to the locker naked only a few teenage boys stared at us.

“Okay, Em, your idea, let’s go.” Sara said, and we walked towards the men’s changing room with everything in her hands.

There were a couple of middle-aged men getting dressed in there. One of them turned to the 2 naked little girls and said,

“Shouldn’t you be in the room next door, this is the men’s changing room.”

Sara said,

“It’s okay, we’re waiting for our daddy; we always get changed in here with him.”

The man ignored us and finished getting dressed while we pretended to dry ourselves.

A young man in his twenties came in and looked surprised to see us. He went and put his things opposite us and messed about in his bag until the other 2 men left. That left him and us in there. We were still naked and pretending to dry our hair while watching him. He turned to face us and picked up his towel. He had a hard-on.

He put his towel round his neck and unfastened his shorts. He was still staring at us as he dropped his shorts to the floor; his hard-on proudly pointing to the ceiling.

He stared at us and we stared at him, all of us naked.

The orgasm hit me, hard. Neither of the other 2 moved or said anything as my body twitched and shook. I let out a long moan and moved my hand down my front. I held my pussy and let out a long “Aaaaaargh.” Both the others took that as a cue to start masturbating. The man wanking and Sara frigging herself with one hand while playing with one of her nipples with the other.

I joined the mutual masturbation session and brought myself to another orgasm quickly. Sara was next to cum. She moaned and rammed her fingers into her pussy.

Shortly afterwards the man shot his load across the room towards us. I wished that I’d been close enough to catch some of it; instead it went all over the floor.

We heard the door start to open and all 3 of us quickly turned to face the wall. A man came in and went passed us.

Sara and I looked at each other, both of us realised that it was time to go so we quickly dressed and left. I stood in a blob of cum as we left.

As we walked to the bus stop I thanked Sara for taking us. She giggled and said that we must do it again sometime.

Brent

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After the ‘incident’ with Brent photographing me in the park, then the photography club session, I’d been thinking about him quite a bit (lot). I wanted to lose my penis virginity to him; but I didn’t know how I could do it. What must it be like for a man trying to fuck a woman when she’s having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm? The poor man must feel quite inadequate knowing that he isn’t directly causing it.

Anyway, I bumped into him as I left school one evening and he asked me out.

It was the classic first date – the cinema; and, apart from holding hands and a quick kiss, we saw all of the film. Brent took me to Starbucks afterwards.

I feel so relaxed with Brent, and we talked about his photography, my medical conditions, and Sara. He believed me when I told him that I was still a virgin.

He knew all about my fun in the park after school, and he told me that he’d considered going along a few times. I told him that I was glad that he hadn’t. He looked a little disappointed until I told him that I wanted to give him a special, private blowjob.

I told him how difficult it was to give a BJ when I’m having an orgasm. He said that judging by the school gossip I had nothing to worry about. There were dozens of boys at school talking about my skills; not one of them was complaining.

When we left Starbucks to go home I asked Brent if we could walk home via the park. We walked there hand in hand while continuing to talk about everything and nothing.

In the park I led Brent to the place where he’d photographed me. When we got there we kissed. Brent seemed a little reluctant to let his hands wander so I lowered one of my hands to his butt and pulled him closer to me. I could feel his hard cock pressing against my stomach.

Still Brent was a bit shy so I reached for one of his hands and put it on my butt.

Brent finally got the message and his other hand came down and he held both of my butt cheeks.

As we went for the world record for the longest kiss, his hands started caressing my butt. My dress wasn’t very long so I pulled it up enough for his hands to be on my bare butt. It felt good and it wasn’t long before I had to break the kiss to have an orgasm.

Brent apologised, saying that it was his fault. When I could, I said that it was his fault, but I wouldn’t have it any other way; that I wanted him to touch my naked skin, and I wanted to have orgasms caused by him.

I stepped back, lifted my dress right off and moved back close to him for another kiss.

His hands found my butt again, and then got more adventurous. I let him caress my back and butt for a while then broke the kiss. I turned and faced away from him and leant back against him. Brent put his arms round my waist and held me.

After a minute or so his hands were still round my waist so I got one of his hands and moved it to my breasts. As he caressed them I had another orgasm.

I wanted to feel Brent’s hands on my pussy. I knew what would happen, but I still wanted it. I held one of his hands and slid it down my front. I stopped for a few seconds on my stomach and then continued to my bald pubes. His fingers found my lips and clit.

I shuddered and shook as I came again. It was wonderful. Brent held my pubic bone firmly as I came all over his hand.

When I’d calmed down, I turned round, gave him a 10 second kiss and then squatted down in front of him. He ran his fingers through my hair as I unzipped him and released his rock hard cock.

I was pleased to find that it was quite big compared to most of the boys at school. I couldn’t see it too well because of the dark, but I could certainly feel it. I kissed the tip and tasted his pre-cum. I was good.

As I sucked on the first couple of inches Brent let out a few moans. I held his balls as I took all of his cock into my mouth and throat. As my nose touching his curly pubic hair I paused for a few seconds before going up and down on his beautiful cock.

It only took about a minute for him to cum and I sucked every drop out of him.

As he started to go soft I kissed his cock and stood up. I kissed him so that he could taste his own cum.

Brent was done for the night, and I was happy. I was still a virgin but I’d had a man’s hand on my pussy. I put my dress back on and Brent walked me home with his arm round me. As he kissed me good night, I whispered to him,

“Brent, next time that we go out, can we try and have sex please. I want to lose my virginity to you.”

As I got ready for bed I cursed pubic hair, I’d got one of Brent’s short and curlies stuck in the back of my mouth.

The next time that Brent asked me out he told me that no one would be in at his house. As I walked there I was determined that I was going to let him fuck me. I didn’t care if I had a hundred orgasms and I passed out; I was going to get his cock in my hole.

I wasn’t disappointed; after about 15 minutes snogging on their sofa, we moved to his bedroom. I was expecting to see a young boy’s bedroom with silly comic strip posters all over the place. Instead the walls were covered with photographs; and good ones too. As I looked round at them I suddenly saw one of me, full frontal naked, in the park.

I thumped Brent’s arm and said that anyone could see it up there. He told me that that particular photograph had nearly won him an award at his photography club. The thought of all those people seeing me naked got me all warm and wet between my legs.

I turned to Brent and kissed him. We fell back onto his bed and continued kissing. After a few minutes of kissing and wandering hands, I stopped and asked Brent if he minded if I turned the light off. I explained that I knew that I’d start having orgasms as soon as he saw me naked and that being in the dark might just delay them a bit.

Brent didn’t mind so I got up and switched the light off. As I went back to the bed I took my dress off and climbed on.

After kissing for a few minutes I got on my knees and started taking Brent’s clothes off. As his rock hard cock sprung free, I bent forward and licked the tip. I held onto his cock as I straddled him and positioned myself over his cock.

The thought of what I was about to do made me cum. As the waves of pleasure subsided I lowered myself so that my pussy just touched the tip of his cock.

I came again.

As I started to come down from my high I decided that the moment had arrived. I quickly lowered myself and impaled myself fully on that wonderful cock. As it went into me another one hit me. As it subsided I was well pleased with myself. I’d done it; I was no longer a cock virgin.

I suddenly realised that Brent’s hands were on my tits. I had been so engrossed in his cock and my pussy that I’d been numb to everything else. I started to relax and started to enjoy the pleasure that his hands were giving me.

I started raising, then lowering myself; properly fucking him. Another orgasm hit me but I willed myself to keep fucking him.

After yet another orgasm I had to stop. I got off him and asked him if we could try it another way. He asked which way.

I got off the bed, knelt at the side and lay forward onto it.

Brent took the hint and came behind me.

“Do me from there Brent.” I said.

Brent entered me from behind and I came again.

“Don’t stop Brent.” I said as he thrust in and out of me. “Keep going until you cum.”

And he did. I came twice more and thought that I was going to pass out before I felt him cum.

Brent collapsed on top of me and we lay there for ages before getting properly on the bed. I looked at his cock; even with the light off I could see that it was covered in his cum and my juices. As soon as I found the energy I moved and took his cock in my mouth. I licked his cock clean as he started to get hard again.

I didn’t know how much more I could take, but I needed to feel him inside me again. I straddled him and slowly impaled myself on his cock. This time I bottomed out and just sat there without even moving, I came again.

As I was cumming I realised that my pussy was squeezing, then releasing Brent’s cock, over and over again. I wasn’t controlling it, it was just happening.

Brent came again and as I felt him shoot his cum into me as another orgasm hit.

That was the last thing that I remembered until I woke up. I was laying on a bed with a quilt over me. As my senses came more to life I realised that I was still naked and my legs were spread wide; and the light was on.

I opened my eyes and saw Brent smiling down at me.

“Hey! How are you feeling?” He said.

“Happy.” Was all I could think to say.

After a while I asked Brent how long I’d been out. When he told me that I’d been sleeping for about 30 minutes I apologised, but Brent would have none of it. He told me that he’d used the time to take some photographs. He pointed to his computer and I saw myself on his screen.

I got up and went over to his computer and asked him to show them all to me.

Brent scrolled through them.

“Brent, you’ve got to keep those hidden, I look like a well fucked whore. My hair’s a mess, my nipples look massive, and as for my pussy, look at it, it’s all red and swollen. My hole is wide open and there’s your sperm coming out of me.”

“Emily, those are amazing pictures, you should be real proud of yourself. I’m sure that I can win competitions with those.” Brent said as he put his arm round me and squeezed me gently.

I thought about what he’d said, and gradually came round to his way of thinking.

Within 5 minutes I was proud of all of those photographs. So proud that I asked him for a copy of them; I wanted to show them to Sara.

As Brent was copying the photos to a memory stick I suddenly remembered that I was still naked. Brent had got dressed. I was naked in front of a clothed man – again. My pussy started to warm up so I quickly put my dress on and asked Brent if I could have a drink.

Brent made some coffee and we sat and talked. We were so happy. We’d both lost our virginity and had a wonderful experience doing so.

Brent walked me home and gave me a long kiss outside my front door. His hands wandered to my nipples. It felt good, but I told him to stop before he made me cum again.

Before going to bed I emailed one of the photographs to Sara. She must have been up and on her computer because within 2 minutes she mailed me back with a photo of her impaled on a naked man.

I had sex with Brent 3 more times before we finally left school.

The first time I passed out on him again. When I came round Brent had covered me with the quilt again, and he said that he didn’t take any more photographs – not that I would have minded if he had.

The second time I impaled myself on him and just sat there while I had lots of orgasms. I did my best to think about anything but what I was sat on and I think that helped. My pussy muscles contacting made Brent cum and I climbed off him before I passed out.

The third time was with me on my knees beside the bed and my body resting on the bed. I told Brent to keep going even if he thought that I had passed out. Brent told me afterwards that I went quiet for a few minutes but he was a bit busy and didn’t try to talk to me. I can’t remember passing out, but I may have done, and then come round with Brent still pounding in and out of me.

END OF PART 3

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