**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 4**

**Intro**

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I’ve now left school (I’m 18 now) and am getting used to the adult world. I enjoyed an amazing holiday with my really good friend Sara before going off to a fantastic university; both of which I will tell you all about later.

What do I look like? If you’ve read the earlier parts of my story you will know that I’m short and slim with little 32A breasts. Like most young women these days, I shave my pubes and have no hair below my neck. My pussy is just a little slit with just a hint of my clit poking out most of the time. The skin around my pussy is the same colour as the rest of my body. All in all, I’m proud that my pussy looks just like it did when I was a little girl.

I have two (maybe) medical conditions that affect my life quite a bit. I was diagnosed with Miliaria Profunda (google it) at an early age. Because of this I had to dress in loose clothing; anything tight fitting like knickers, tights, trousers and bras were banned.

As I developed into a woman, the Miliaria Profunda seemed to fade, but I developed a condition called Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder (PGAD) (again, google it). It was sooo embarrassing having to tell my mother, and then having to explain it all again to my (male) doctor. He wasn’t much help; the only ***possible*** cure that he could suggest was to have my clitoris amputated. Not a cat in hell’s chance of my mother or me letting that happen.

After experimentation I discovered that the PGAD orgasms are brought on by vibrations and contact with my genitals. Later on I discovered that being seen naked by men, and sometimes women, also brings on these involuntary orgasms.

School was embarrassing and humiliating, but we won’t go into that here (see the earlier parts of my story), other than to say that the teachers weren’t any help and I learned to live with my problems. I even managed to get good grades.

In spite of the sexual nature of my medical conditions, I’d waited until I was over the legal age of consent before losing my virginity.

**Sara – my BFF**

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

Sara is nearly a year older than me and was in the same year as me, but at a different school. I’ve never got round to asking her why that was, I’ve always assumed that it was to do with the month that our birthdays fall. Before going off to the same university we had an amazing holiday with her parents. I say ‘with her parents’, her mother had to leave (work) after a few days, and her father let us do what we wanted.

Sara’s body is virtually the same as mine, same height, same figure, same shoe size, and roughly the same colour and length of hair. The only real difference is our faces and Sara has a little mole on her left inner thigh just below her pussy.

Sara’s parents are quite well off, and workaholics. They insisted that they paid for me to go on holiday with them saying that they were so grateful that Sara had found a friend like me. I’ve spent a lot of time at Sara’s house and only actually met her mother and father a couple of times. Okay, I’ve met them both over Skype, but it’s not the same.

Sara has a very open relationship with her father. She tells him EVERYTHING that she and I get up to and he even encourages her a bit.

Anyway, both Sara’s mother and father managed to free themselves up to go on holiday. Well it started that way. They’d rented a villa on the island of Ibiza and we all flew out early one morning. Sara and I were both wearing only shoes and very short summer dresses, and Sara spent lots of time bending over to check that she’d got everything in her case and carry-on. I caught her father looking at her exposed butt a few times. I deliberately didn’t bend over, I didn’t want to have an orgasm in the airport; well not when Sara’s mother was there.

The first few days there were a little tense at times. Okay, Sara and I sunbathed and swam naked at the villa but whenever her mother was around I felt a little uncomfortable, and Sara obviously wasn’t totally relaxed. When the 3 of us women went to the shops or a restaurant Sara was very ‘ladylike’, even though she wasn’t wearing underwear.

It was on the third day that Sara’s mother took a phone call and then told us that she had to leave and fly to America. Things improved from that day.

We spent most mornings sunbathing by the pool or swimming (sometimes waiting for the hang-over to go), afternoons shopping or at the beach; and evenings out on the town.

Sara’s dad always managed to get up before us. We’d wander out to the pool and find him reading a book or having a swim. Breakfast was always there waiting for us. Sara and I slept naked in the same bed and we didn’t bother to put any clothes on until we left the villa around lunchtime. Sara’s father always wore swimming shorts around the villa.

After breakfast it was into the shower then some serious sun tanning. We’d lay on the sunbeds with our feet either side (we didn’t want to have white inner thighs). Sara’s father would usually stay round the pool tanning while reading; sometimes a book and sometimes some business documents.

Sara and I put lotion on each other about 4 times each morning. I usually lay with my eyes closed so that I couldn’t see Sara’s father looking at me.

On the second morning (after Sara’s mother had left) Sara started lingering around my little pink slit as she put the lotion on. She’d flick my clit or slip a finger inside me. Of course I had an orgasm. At first I tried to hide them from Sara’s father. He soon realised what Sara was doing to me and he watched me closely every time Sara came near me. It wasn’t long before he told us that there was nothing more wonderful than watching a woman mid orgasm. After that I stopped trying to hold back and let myself go. I’d be moaning loudly and jerking and twitching.

On the third morning whenever Sara came near me I would plead with her not to make me cum saying that I wasn’t comfortable cumming in front of her father. Of course she took no notice of me.

After she caused my first orgasm on the fourth morning I decided that it was time for some payback. I went inside saying that I needed to pee. I went to our room and got the remote vibrating egg. I covered it with a towel and carried it back outside.

The next time that Sara asked me to lotion her I did to her what she had been doing to me. She was wet even before I started on her pussy. I told her to close her eyes and relax.

Seconds later Sara let out a loud gasp as I pushed the egg inside her. I continued with the lotion then whispered for her relax and enjoy that full feeling.

I went back to my sunbed and lay there for about 10 minutes without touching the remote.

Sara’s father came over and asked us if we’d like a drink. Just as he was about to ask Sara I turned the remote up to full and then down. Sara screamed, jumped up then fell back down with a long sigh. She shuddered a bit then got that satisfied smile on her face.

Sara’s father asked her if she was okay. When she said that she was, her father turned to me to ask me what I wanted to drink.

I held the remote control up so that her father knew what was going on. He smiled then held out his hand. He wanted the control.

After he got us our drinks he went and sat down where he could watch us. He then proceeded to tease his daughter something rotten with that control. He brought her up to close to her peak then switched it off. Then he’d do it again; and again.

I was watching her the whole time. Her little nipples were rock hard and her pussy lips were swollen. Her clit was the biggest I have ever seen it. Her feet were on the floor either side of the sunbed before the egg got switched on. By the time her father switched it off they were as wide as was possible and I could see her pussy convulsing. It was like she was trying to suck something in.

I wondered if my pussy did the same.

After that session, Sara openly masturbated in front of her father each morning. He loved every second, and I enjoyed watching her too.

Early each afternoon Sara’s father would either go and play golf somewhere, or go inside and work on his laptop. He had an internet connection and could do quite a bit of his work from there.

Meanwhile Sara and I would shower then get a taxi to Ibiza town or San Antonio most days. We had a great time wandering round the shops. We bought quite a few skirts and tops that we wore when we went out at night.

Some of the clothes were:-

A tube top where the top half is a cotton band that covers the breasts; and the bottom half is made out of mesh – with holes about half an inch. When Sara or I wore it when we went out at night we wore it upside down with our nipples poking through the holes. That one went down well with the guys in the bars.

Sara wanted a small wrap bikini bottom cover-up. One that wasn’t long enough to go right round her. We eventually found one in a kids shop. When we wear it, it only just covers our butt and pussy. It’s obvious that we have nothing underneath.

An 8 inch mesh skirt. The holes are about a quarter inch and anyone who looks will be able to see everything that is, or isn’t, underneath. We both wore it a couple of times when we went out at night. Sara’s father liked that one.

A 7 inch pleated, flared hip skirt. This also only just covers our butt and pussy. The guys in the bars liked lifting the front or back of this one.

A couple of net triangles big enough to tie round my waist. I don’t know what they call them, my gran used to have something that size and shape and used to call it her shawl. I’ll call them shawls for want of a better name. Anyway, the idea Sara had was to wear them as bikini bottom cover-ups; only we didn’t have any bikini bottoms.

It was getting later one afternoon when we were wandering round the shops in Ibiza town when we discovered a sex toys shop. As soon as Sara saw it she was straight in.

They have an amazing collection of toys. One thing that Sara spotted looked a bit strange at first. It took a few seconds for us to realise what it was. It was a bit like one of those ‘C’ strings (a bit like a thong but without the straps). The ‘C’ strings that we’d seen before were a bit like a ‘U’ shaped spring, and held in place by the pressure of the 2 uprights.

The ‘C’ strings in this shop were different. They are more ‘L’ shaped with a small dildo on the bit that covers your vagina. What keeps them in place is your pussy keeping the dildo in.

Sara loved that idea and bought 2. She also bought another remote controlled vibrating egg.

Every day that we went shopping we would stop for a drink and sometimes an ice cream. We always sat outside facing the people walking by; and always kept our knees open. We usually got at least 1 person each day that realised what they could see. Some of the waiters got an eyeful too.

We went to 3 different beaches. The first was quite near the villa, we could walk there. It’s quite popular with teenagers. Sara decided that we’d pretend to be a LOT younger than our 18+ years. We put our hair in pigtails and wore those kids swimming skirts that we’d used at the leisure centre in London; and the see-through bikini tops. When Sara’s father saw us he said,

“Bloody hell Sara, what are you 2 wearing? You look like you did when you were 10 or 11. Are you going to gate crash a kid’s party at McDonalds?”

We both laughed and Sara said,

“No, Burger King actually.”

A soon as we got near the beach we took the tops off leaving just the silly swimming skirts. Sara was a little disappointed when she realised that no-one was taking much notice of us.

When we went for a swim we dumped the skirts and let them float off to wherever; and walked out of the sea naked. Again, no one took much notice of us and Sara was even more disappointed. I guess that we looked too much like little girls.

We sunbathed naked on our towels for a couple of hours. Okay, a few men looked at us for a few seconds, but no one took much notice of us.

As we’d dumped the only clothes that we had to cover our lower halves we had to walk back to the villa naked. I suppose that we could have wrapped our towels round us, but that would have spoilt the fun.

One of the other beaches involved a boat ride from San Antonio harbour. The boat was only about 30 foot long and quite narrow. Most of the deck was taken-up with 4 long bench seats – lengthways; two down the middle (back to back) and the other 2 down the sides of the boat. Each row was facing another. We sat opposite some young men and took pleasure (literally – I came twice) in sitting with our knees apart.

Getting off the boat was fun too. We had to climb up steep steps. We waited until so we could be in front of some other guys.

The beach wasn’t that big, but it had plenty of sand. At one end people sunbathed and swam naked. Guess which end we went to.

Sara wanted to walk along the water’s edge. I was nervous about there being so many people with swimming costumes and I didn’t want to go because we didn’t have any bikini bottoms with us. Sara had an answer to that; she’d got the ‘C’ strings in her bag (I didn’t know she had them with her). We hadn’t tried them since getting them in the sex shop.

One man looked at us as we stood up holding them, the little dildos on show. You should have seen his face as we pushed the dildos into us and settled the ‘C’s into place.

It felt strange walking in amongst all those people with a dildo in. We had to stop twice for me to have orgasms. The pressure on my pussy was too much.

We even went back to our things to get some money so that we could get some ice creams.

Okay, we got a couple of funny looks in the shop, after all, the only parts of us that were covered was our pubic bones and pussies.

A bit later we got a bit more daring and went up onto the coastal path and walked for about half a mile. The only clothes that we took with us were our flip-flops. I had an orgasm when 2 men came the other way and stopped and watch us walk by. Sara had to hold my hand and help me walk. They were the only 2 people that we saw.

Another afternoon Sara’s father didn’t want to use the hire car so Sara and I decided to go for a drive. Sara was a bit nervous at first because it wasn’t long since she passed her test; and it was the first time that she’d driven on the ‘wrong’ side of the road. Anyway, we ended up on the part of the island near the airport where they extract the salt from the sea. We’d just started to think that there was nothing of any interest down there when we saw a beach with quite a few people on it. We found the car park and decided to go for a walk.

Sara was wearing only the ultra-short hip skirt and a see-through bikini top. And I was wearing only the too small bikini bottom cover-up and a see-through bikini top.

The car park was quite quiet, and just as Sara was locking the car I had this crazy idea. I said to Sara,

“Let’s leave all our things in the car.”

“You mean EVERYTHING!” Sara asked.

“Yeah, let’s try and surprise a few people.” I said.

Standing beside the car we took off what little clothes we had on and covered ourselves with suntan lotion. Then, wearing only flip-flops, we set off. We walked out of the car park on the same path that we saw others use. It went through a few trees and bushes then arrived at the beach right next to a beach bar.

We turned onto the beach and saw a young woman selling clothes under a big umbrella. They were mainly sarongs and bikinis. As we walked passed her she invited us to have a closer look. She had some really nice things.

Neither Sara nor I had worn a sarong before and the woman offered to show us the different ways that we could wear them. It seemed a bit weird having this woman dressing us while we were both naked, and on a public beach.

Some of the bikinis were more like squares of material held together with bits of string. Anyway, Sara liked some of what she saw and promised to go back later and buy some.

That evening Sara’s father told us a bit about Ibiza’s history, about the hippies that lived there in the 60s and 70s.

We walked through the clothed part of the beach and on to an area where about 50 people were all naked. Sara commented on how friendly the people on the naked part were compared to the clothed part.

We walked on, occasionally seeing couples on little sandy areas in amongst the rocks. We saw some couples engaging in various sex acts. None seemed bothered that people were walking passed.

Further along the path we came to a part with sand dunes. That part had more men there. Some were obviously gay. Between 2 dunes we saw something that neither of us had seen before; 2 men having sex. Sara and I stopped and watched for a few seconds before moving on. As we walked we talked about gay men. Neither of us can understand why a man could fancy another man when there are so many beautiful women around. We came to the conclusion that neither of us could understand it; but we respect their wishes. Live and let live.

We came to the end of the beach and decided to follow a path through the trees that looked like it ran parallel to the beach. It did, and about 15 minutes later we arrived back at the other side of the car park.

We got some money and towels out of the car and went back to the beach.

Before going to buy some clothes we went to the beach bar to get an ice cream. It was only after we’d been served and sat at a table to eat the ice creams; that we realised that we were the only people there that were naked. A little orgasm hit me.

Sara bought 2 see-through sarongs and we went and sunbathed for a bit before going for a swim.

It was an amazing feeling swimming naked in the warm sea; we wanted to stay there forever. When we eventually came out we realised that we had drifted right along to the other side of the clothed area.

“Sod it!” Sara said, and we walked through the clothed area back to our towels. A few people stared at us, but no one said anything.

We sunbathed for about another hour before deciding to leave. When we got back to the car we decided to leave our clothes off and drive naked. As we drove out of the car park we saw a little shop with about 20 people standing outside at a bus stop. Sara decided that she wanted another ice cream and stopped in the little car park next to the shop.

I picked-up one of the sarongs and started to put it on, but Sara stopped me and told me that we were going to go in like we were - naked.

No one took any notice of us as we went in. The old woman serving muttered something in Spanish as she served us, but that was it. It was a bit different outside. We stood at the side of the car eating the ice cream, in full view of everyone at the bus stop. People started staring at us. I had another orgasm and nearly dropped my ice cream.

The nights out were fun. Sometimes we went to Ibiza town, and sometimes to San Antonio. Ibiza town seemed more sophisticated; there were less drunk people there. Having said that, we had a great time; the bars were lively, and the clubs were great. We hardly wore anything and neither did most of the other girls there.

There’s one bar that I remember well, it was crowded, but it seemed the norm for people to grope each other. I saw a young man slide his hand right up a girls skirt first; then we saw others doing it.

It wasn’t long before a young man got a wet hand when it went up my skirt. I had my first orgasm of the evening and nearly squashed his hand between my thighs.

Sara didn’t want to leave, but after my fourth orgasm I managed to persuade her to move on.

The San Antonio bars were a lot noisier; hundreds of drunk young people. There were lots of police everywhere. The thing was, a lot of the trouble makers spoke German until the police got involved. Then they spoke English to the police. I guess that’s part of the reason why young English people get a bad name.

We had a great time there, and didn’t spend much money. Young men always seemed to want to buy us drinks. A lot of them thought that if we let them buy us a drink then they had our permission to grope us. Most of the time we did, it was fun; though it was sometimes funny watching a young man’s face as I orgasmed all over his hand.

In one crowded bar a couple of young men were hitting on us and the conversation got quite sexy. They were doing their best to get us to go back to their hotel. After refusing for about the tenth time I offered to give the one who was hitting on me a blowjob.

He grinned, grabbed my hand and tried to lead me outside. I refused to budge, knelt down and unzipped him. I gave him a blowjob, right there in the middle of that crowded, noisy bar.

In one of the clubs that we went to we somehow managed to lose out tops. One taxi driver refused to take us home because of that. He was muttering something in Spanish and holding the little cross that was round his neck.

He was the only taxi driver that we had a problem with, most were quite happy when the 2 nearly naked girls climbed into the back of their cars. We saw a few of them adjust their interior mirrors so that they could watch us. Whenever Sara was wearing a low cut top she always bent over to pay them through their door window. Once I gave her exposed butt a slap as she paid a driver.

One night in San Antonio we walked along the side of the harbour. There were people selling jewellery and all sorts of other things. One man was doing a caricature drawing of a girl. He gave her enormous tits. Sara had an idea and asked the man if he’d draw both of us. The thing was, she asked him if he’d draw us while we were naked. I tried to tell her that she shouldn’t strip off there but she wouldn’t listen.

When the man was ready she quickly took her top and skirt off leaving her naked. I didn’t have much choice; I stripped too. We stood there naked for about 15 minutes with Sara having an arm round my shoulder and pretending to kiss my cheek.

We gathered a small audience, but fortunately, no police.

The drawing looked good. He’d drawn Sara’s mouth looking like she was about to eat my head, and both our pussies were gaping open. We both had huge breasts that hung down to our stomachs; but you could recognise our faces.

Another night we ended up in a bar that was having a wet T-shirt competition. I’d already told Sara about the wet T-shirt competition that I’d entered in Tenerife, and she wanted me to have the same fun again.

We had a bit of a problem getting the organiser to let us take part; he had some doubts about our age. It didn’t help that he had our hair in pigtails.

We managed to convince him that we were old enough and we joined the other girls in a back room. There were 4 other girls there, all with breasts a lot bigger than ours. Two of the girls were standing around in just their knickers while the other 2 were naked. We stripped while I wondered why no one had a T-shirt on.

I soon realised why, when the organiser came in holding a pile of T-shirts. No one seemed bothered that there was a man in the room with 4 naked girls and 2 wearing just their knickers.

As he handed the T-shirts out he told us that there would be 2 rounds. During the first he told us we had to introduce ourselves, get wet, and then dance for a few minutes. He told us that we had to leave the T-shirts on but we could rip them at the top to show our breasts.

During the seconds round we were told that we could do whatever we wanted.

He then gave us all a number. Sara was 4 and I was 6 (last).

The competition soon started and it wasn’t long before it was Sara’s turn. She came back with her T-shirt ripped down to her waist, her tits on display, and a big grin on her face. She told me that she couldn’t wait for the second round.

When it was my turn, everything went well until I ripped my T-shirt. As soon as my little tits were exposed I had a little orgasm. I managed to hide it and came off the stage quite pleased with myself.

The second round was more fun. The first 3 girls came back completely naked. One looked embarrassed, but the other 2 had grins on their faces. When Sara came back I quickly asked her what she’d done. She told me that she’d quickly ripped the T-shirt right off and then danced naked while playing with her tits and pussy. She said that she’s ended by standing at the front of the stage with her legs wide apart and finger fucking herself.

Wow, I was going to have to be good (or should I say naughty).

I went out and quickly ripped the T-shirt right to the bottom. For a few seconds I teased the audience by covering my tits and pussy with the T-shirt or my hands. I turned round and dropped the T-shirt. Bending at the waist I put a hand on my pussy and picked up the T-shirt.

Turning to face the audience, and to shouts of ‘skin, skin, skin’ I held the T-shirt in front of me for a few seconds then held the top and bottom of it with my hands. I lifted one leg and put it between my hands.

For the next 10 seconds I rubbed the T-shirt backwards and forwards, hard against my pussy. That was when the first orgasm hit me. There was so much noise from the audience that I just let myself go and screamed out loud.

After about 10 seconds I managed to force myself to dance around the stage, swinging the T-shirt round, way above my head.

I realised that the record was getting towards the end so I threw the T-shirt into the audience and dropped down onto my spread wide knees. I leaned back so that my head nearly touched the floor and started frigging myself.

No sooner than I touched my clit another orgasm hit me. I kept my hand going and heard the music stop just before another one hit me. I screamed again and shouted,

“YES, YES!”

As I came down from my high I suddenly realised that everyone as quiet, and staring at me; well my pussy.

I froze.

A man in the audience shouted,

“Fucking hell, that was hot!”

The rest of the audience started cheering and 2 hands lifted me to my feet by my upper arms. The DJ asked for a round of applause for me and I ran off the stage and back to Sara.

She hugged me and asked me if I was okay. I nodded just as the DJ called us all back onto the stage.

One by one the DJ called out our names and asked for a round of applause. The girls with big tits wobbled them with their hands when their names were called. Sara was going to be different; she slid a finger in her pussy then sucked it clean. I did the same, but as I sucked my finger another orgasm hit me.

I bit down on my finger, closed my eyes and shook all over. The DJ looked at me (along with all those randy guys in the audience), and wondered if he really was seeing what he thought he was.

A few seconds later the DJ announced that number 6 (me) had the loudest applause so I had won.

He gave me my prize then told me that I had to dance for the boys. I gave Sara my prize the stepped to the front of the stage. The music started and I danced, gyrating my hips. After a few seconds I thought,

“What the hell?”

And dropped to my knees, opened them wide, and leaned back. Supporting myself with my left hand on the floor, I frigged myself with my right hand.

Another orgasm hit me. I screamed again.

The music stopped and I managed to stand up. Turning my back to the audience I saw Sara and the other 5 girls at the back of the stage. All 6 of us left the stage.

As we were putting our clothes on, one of the other girls asked me how I managed to make myself cum like that. I just told her that it was the effect of all those men seeing me naked.

Another night we tagged along with a group of girls who were being ‘encouraged’ by their 18-30s rep. We followed them from bar to bar as they got louder and louder and drunker and drunker.

About 2 a.m. some of them started passing out in the corner of a bar near the toilets. Their skirts were round their waists (nearly all were knickerless) and their tops were hanging off. None of their friends attempted to cover their pussies or tits. The guys had to pass them to go for a pee. All the guys looked down to the girls. Most just stared at the tits and pussies but one or two leaned down and had a quick grope. That gave Sara an idea. She said,

“I’m going to do that, but not here. Come on Em.”

She grabbed my arm and pulled me outside. We walked to the harbour, to where there are concrete benches alongside the path. It was after 2 in the morning and the only people there had been in the bars like us. Most were drunk or half-drunk. Sara lay down along one of the benches with one foot on the bench and the other on the ground. Her skirt was up round her waist and her pussy was on display for anyone to see. She also pulled her halter top to one side so that one of her little tits was uncovered.

Sara sat back up and told me that she was going to lie like that when some guys came passed. She was going to pretend to be passed out and see what happened.

“Nobody’s going to do anything with me sat next to you.” I said.

“You’re right, that’s why you’re going to be hiding behind those trees over there.” Sara said pointing to some big palm trees.

We didn’t have to wait long. We saw 2 men in the distance, walking our way. Sara lay back and told me to disappear.

From behind a tree I watched them stagger towards Sara. When they got close to her they stopped and stared at her, then walked right up to her.

One of them bent over and nudged her shoulder as if he was trying to wake her. He did it again, but harder. Sara didn’t move.

The man stood up and said something to his mate. He then bent over again and put a hand on Sara’s exposed tit. He massaged it a bit then squeezed her nipple.

He stood up and his mate bent over Sara. Instead of going for her exposed breast, he went for her pussy. He finger fucked her for a few seconds then stood up.

The men then laughed and walked off.

As soon as they were out of sight I ran over to Sara. She was still on her back with her eyes closed. I didn’t say anything; instead I put one hand on her pussy and started to frig her. After a few seconds she said,

“That’s nice Em, don’t stop.”

I finger fucked her to an orgasm.

We sat there thinking about heading back to the villa when we saw another man staggering towards us. Sara told me to go and hide, and she lay back.

From behind a tree I saw that Sara had pulled her skirt up so that her pussy was exposed. She has one leg on the bench and the other foot on the ground again. I imagined her pussy gushing as she lay there anticipating what might happen.

The man nearly missed seeing her. He was nearly passed her when he stopped and turned to look at her. It took almost a minute for him to realise what he was looking at; then he decide to take a closer look. He walked over to her and stood over her looking down.

I got wetter just thinking what Sara would be thinking.

The man nudged Sara twice. When he got no reaction he looked round to see if anyone was looking at him. Satisfied that they were alone, he reached down and touched her pussy. When he got no reaction from Sara he got braver and fingered her.

I don’t know what I was expecting him to do next, but it wasn’t for him to get his cock out and start wanking. It didn’t take him long to cum, and to shoot his load all over Sara.

He zipped up and then gave Sara one last finger fuck before turning and staggering off.

When I got back to Sara she was licking her lips, trying to reach a bit of the man’s cum that was on her cheek.

About the third night after Sara’s mother had left we came back to the villa a little worse for wear. Sara had drunk more than me and I had to help her. After stripping myself, I took what little clothing Sara was wearing off, and then made her cum with my tongue. Unfortunately (or I should I say fortunately) she fell asleep straight afterwards. I was feeling a little thirsty and went to the kitchen for a drink. On the way back I saw that the door to her father’s bedroom was open a bit. I looked in.

Sara’s father was asleep on top of the bed, on his back, and he was naked. Being a bit drunk myself, I sneaked in and stood beside him looking down at his cock. After a few seconds I bent forward and kissed it. It stirred.

I watched it swell and get hard. I kissed it again and it jerked.

Feeling drunkenly brave, I gently climbed on to the bed and straddled him. I held his cock and lowered myself onto him. Fighting the orgasm I managed to lower myself right down on him. As my orgasm got stronger I went up and down on his cock.

I couldn’t stop myself; I let out a loud moan. Loud enough to make him wake up.

Fortunately I hadn’t put the light on, and the moon wasn’t too bright.

I stopped going up and down as Sara’s father said,

“Oh Sara that’s nice, I’ve missed you.”

“Fucking hell, did I hear that right.”

That sort of killed the orgasm I was having.

“Relax daddy.” I whispered then continued raising and lowering myself.

He didn’t last long and as he started to get soft I gently climbed off and went to bed. As I climbed on the bed I looked at Sara and whispered,

“What haven’t you been telling me girl?”

Of course she didn’t hear me, and I soon fell asleep.

The next morning Sara was up before me. Her head hurt so I decided to leave the confrontation until later. Her father didn’t say anything so I guessed that he hadn’t realised that it was me that he’d fucked a few hours earlier.

While we were sunbathing, Sara’s father got a phone call and went inside to take it. I sat up and asked Sara if there was anything that she wanted to tell me about her and her father. Sara quietly looked at me for a few seconds as her brain was working overtime.

“You know don’t you?” She said with the question in her tone.

I told her what had happened and she came clean saying that she wanted to tell me months ago, but something that I had said one time made her think that I wouldn’t approve; and that she didn’t want to risk our friendship.

“Of course I’m not mad,” I told her, “I am a little disappointed though. If I’d known that he would actually have sex with someone our age I might have flirted with him a lot more. He’s quite cute for someone his age.”

“Em, I’m really pleased that it’s out in the open, I’ve been feeling quite guilty about not telling you, and it’s been real difficult since mum left. I’ve wanted him to fuck me every day, but we decided that it was best that we left each other alone while you were here.” Sara said.

“You go for it girl,” I said, “But can I have a bit occasionally please?”

When Sara’s father came back outside Sara said,

“Dad, did you enjoy fucking me last night?”

Sara’s father looked a bit shocked then said, “SARA….. What ARE you talking about?”

I thought that I’d help him relax and said,

“It was me that you fucked last night. Sara was fast asleep and I went for a drink and saw you. One thing led to another and we fucked.” I said.

“I’m so sorry Emily. If I’d realised it was you I wouldn’t have touched you.” Her father said sounding a bit embarrassed.

“It’s okay, I enjoyed it. At least we can now all stop hiding things and fuck each other out in the open.” I said.

“I don’t want to get my butt sunburnt.” He said.

We all laughed and said,

“That’s all right daddy, you can go lay on the sunbed and we’ll do all the work.”

We went back to our sunbathing.

A bit later Sara and I agreed to share her father for the rest of the holiday. We’d just see how it went.

Both Sara and I fucked her father at least once a day after that.

**University**

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After that fantastic holiday we had a few weeks before we went off to university. Both Sara and I had managed to get into the same university, although on slightly different courses. Nothing of any interest happened in those few weeks, I think that we were both a bit too nervous about starting our new life.

University life is very different to what we’d both experienced at home and school; different, but nice. Okay, Sara had experienced the independence because of her parent’s jobs, but I hadn’t.

We were both quite quiet and nervous the first few weeks as we started to get used to our new life. One good thing for us was that we’d both managed to get dorm rooms in the same building.

One thing that intrigued us both was that we occasionally saw a naked girl walking around campus. After the second or third time we realised that it was different girls; what’s more, both they and the people around them weren’t taking all that much notice of them. Of course the boys checked them out, but no one (adults as well) said anything to them.

As I said, for the first few weeks we kept ourselves to ourselves, but we gradually felt more at home and started having more than polite little chats with others.

One afternoon we were sat in the uni café when one of these naked girls came in and ordered a coffee. We watched her as the staff served her as if she had every right to be naked. Sara just couldn’t resist going to talk to her. She was really nice, her name is Leah and she is a similar build to us, but her hair is blonde. We couldn’t check if it is natural blonde because her head is the only place that she has hair.

Anyway, the subject got round to her nudity (surprise, surprise) and Leah explained that the nudity was a condition of one of the courses that she’s signed-up for. A course called ‘Females in the 21st Century’.

Both Sara and I were amazed that the university would run such a course, and we told Leah. I asked Leah for more details; not only because I was interested, but because I could see that sparkle in Sara’s eyes. She wanted in.

The bad news was that the course was full, but Leah suggested that we phone university admin and see if there was a waiting list or something.

We asked Leah about any university clubs that she could recommend to us. Leah told us that she was in the cheerleading squad and also went swimming each Sunday morning. Then she remembered that neither of what she’d mentioned was generally available to all students. She told us that we had to be a member of the sorority that she was in.

We asked Leah for more details, but she wouldn’t tell us, she took our names and told us that she’d pass them on to the other members and if and when they were recruiting we would be considered.

We got chatting more and we told Leah about some of the fun and games that we’d got up to in the last couple of years. Leah seemed quite interested.

I asked Leah to tell us more about the cheerleading squad, what sort of uniforms they wore, and when and where they were performing next. Leah told us that the uniforms were a short, purple skirt and that they had to perform at a hockey game the next Saturday and then a rugby game 2 weeks later.

Sara told Leah that we’d probably go and watch her. Leah said that we might get a surprise and maybe even get shocked. That bit got Sara and I more interested.

Leah had a lecture to go to and left us thinking that we may just have been lucky to be in a place where we could have some fun.

When we got back to our room we immediately phone university admin and asked them to put us on the waiting list for the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. They promised to let us know if any of the girls on the course dropped out and the professor would allow late starters.

The next Saturday we went to the university sports field to see the hockey game. It was men’s hockey, our university against some other university’s team. As we walked there we decided that if the cheerleading squad weren’t there we would leave. Both of us had had enough of hockey at school.

The cheerleaders were there, 8 of them all dressed in very short purple skirts with a yellow trim, matching skimpy tops and pom-poms. They were all just standing around talking when we got there, but just before the game was due to start music blared out and the girls started their routine.

They were good. Within seconds their leg kicking and cartwheel revealed that they had nothing on under those skirts. A couple of minutes later they did something that I could hardly believe. They stripped each other completely naked; and then got on with the routine.

Sara said,

“I want into that squad.”

The girls stayed on the pitch throughout the game, doing another long routine at half-time.

Our team won (I think), and the events straight afterwards really amazed both Sara and I. Eight players from our team carried one of the cheerleaders (each), off the pitch and into the changing rooms. They carried them on their shoulders; but the amazing part was that the girls weren’t facing the same way as the guys; they were facing the opposite way. The girl’s pussies were in the guy’s faces. The guys must have been eating the girl’s pussies.

“Now that’s a good incentive for our team to win.” Sara said, “I really do want to be in that squad.

Over the next 2 weeks Sara was planning something but she wouldn’t tell me what. We went to the rugby game, but Sara told me to take nothing with me other than what we were wearing. The thing was that Sara had a plastic bag with her. She wouldn’t tell me what it was for.

The cheerleading went just the same as for the hockey game. Our team obviously had the same incentive; they won. A few minutes before the end of the game Sara dragged me to the changing rooms. We went in and to the ladies room. Sara told me to strip naked and we stuffed our clothes in the plastic bag and hid it behind the rubbish bin.

Sara then told me that as soon as we heard the final whistle we were going to run out and mingle with the cheerleading squad. The plan was that we’d get picked up by some of the team and get eaten out like the other girls.

I said,

“That it sounded great, but what happens when we get back into the changing room?”

“We’ll probably get gang-banged.” Sara said.

“SARA!”

I said, but didn’t have time to say anything else; the whistle went and Sara dragged me out.

Everyone was looking at the team and no one saw us go and stand behind the cheerleaders. The team went straight for the cheerleaders and us. All naked girls got lifted onto a player’s shoulders. The guy who picked me was a real hunk. As soon as I was in place on his shoulder I started to cum. I grabbed the guy’s hair and pulled his head into my pussy.

It was a good job that it wasn’t far to the changing rooms; I’m sure that I would have passed out.

We ended up in the men’s showers. Ten naked girls and something like 15 naked guys. Needless to say that everyone had sex. It was everything that I imagined an orgy to be. How I managed to not pass out I will never know because I quickly lost count of the number of orgasms and the number of guys that fucked me. Sara was right, we did get gang banged; so did 9 other girls; and none of us were complaining.

At one point my eyes met with Leah’s. She looked a bit surprised to see me, but was soon distracted by another guy.

Things started to slow down and I suddenly saw Sara standing over me.

“Come on Em; it’s time to go.” She said.

We left before anyone could ask who we were.

We went back to the ladies to get our clothes, but the bag had gone. We were left with no choice other than to walk the half mile or so back to our dorm naked.

The thing was, no one stopped us to ask what we were doing. Okay, some guys checked us out for a few seconds, but that was it. Well, not quite it, I had 3 more orgasms on the way when guys stared at us.

Back in the dorm we showered and then collapsed on Sara’s bed. We woke up 3 hours later.

Sara was well pleased with the day, me as well. We decided that we’d find out when there were more hockey and rugby games.

A while later Sara remembered that Leah had seen us and wondered if she’d have a go at us the next time that we bumped in to her.

We needn’t have worried, a few days later we were in the uni café when Leah appeared next to us. She was naked. My first reaction was, ‘Oh shit!’ but I needn’t have worried. Leah talked to us like old friends, asking us how we were getting on, and was there anything that she could help us with.

Then the bombshell dropped.

“It was you 2 at the rugby match wasn’t it?” She said.

“Err, yes,” Sara said, “I hope you’re not mad at us, it’s just that we wanted to see the cheerleading squad in action; and when you were all getting eaten out at the end we wanted some of it as well.”

“No, I’m not mad, neither were the other girls in the squad. We’ve talked about you 2 a bit, and were going to talk about you again the next time that we have a formal meeting.” Leah told us.

“The good and bad thing that happened after the shower fun was that someone stole our clothes, we had to walk back to our dorm naked.” I told Leah.

Leah laughed then told us that we now knew what it was like to walk about naked. Sara told her that we’d done it before and recalled a couple of times to her.

“You know that you can get away with walking around the campus and even town naked all of the time if you want. I know a couple of other girls that aren’t on the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course that spend most of their time naked. If you’re thinking of doing it, remember to take your student ID card with you, you’ll need it if you get challenged.”

“Fucking hell; you mean that we can go into shops, restaurants, swimming, even pubs naked, and we won’t get arrested.” I said.

“Yes, the university has this agreement with the local police. You’re okay so long as you’re not doing anything sexual. If you start frigging on the bus you’ll end up in jail.” Leah said.

“How will I get on when I start having orgasms in the middle of Marks & Spencer?” I asked.

“How good are you and hiding your pleasure?” Leah asked.

“I’ve had lots of practice.” I said.

Both Sara and Leah laughed.

Leah asked if we’d done anything about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. Sara told her that we were on the waiting list.

We parted at that point as we all had lectures to go to.

A few days later Sara decided that we were going to go for a walk round campus naked. With our student ID cards in our purses we set off.

We visited the library and restaurant and, apart from a few young men checking us out, no one seemed to care that we were naked, it was amazing. I was quite surprised that I only had 2 orgasms while we were out.

We did it again a week later. That time we went and had a game of badminton. It felt so weird being able to go straight up to the sports hall reception and borrow the equipment without getting kicked-out, or worse; and even more weird, to be able to play badminton with clothed people all around us.

Two weeks later we both got a phone call from university admin. Some girls had quit university and Professor Jones had agreed to let us on the course. We were quite excited as we walked to our first class.

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

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We walked through the door and saw 20 odd girls either naked or getting undressed. We just stood there for a few seconds before Sara decided that we should strip as well. We did.

Everyone sat down and the Professor welcomed Sara and I. We had to briefly introduce ourselves. While I was talking I suddenly had an orgasm, I tried to hide it as much as I could but the Professor noticed and I had to explain my medical conditions to the class. There were quite a few gasps when I told everyone that my doctor had suggested that my clitoris be amputated.

Anyway, Sara and I had to stay back at the end so that the Professor could briefly bring us up to date.

Neither of us got dressed at the end of the class and as we walked back to our dorm we tried to decide what we should do with our clothes.

END OF PART 4

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