**Georgia goes to University**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 08 – Things start to get a bit routine except for -**

When I say that, the Sunday morning was the first time ever that I have been woken up by a man fucking me. I’d thought that it would be an amazing experience and I was right. I invited Matt to do the same anytime that he wanted to.

We fucked again in the shower then I went back to my apartment thinking that I was very lucky to have a good friend with excellent benefits.

My head wasn’t quite as clear as it could have been and I had a little nap before waking in the afternoon when Roxy was knocking on my door. She asked me if she could borrow my Wi-Fi camera and when I reviewed that footage on the Monday morning I was please to see that she too masturbates in her sleep, although only the once. I wondered who I could talk to to find out if it’s normal or if us 3 are freaks or if the building is somehow influencing us to do it. Was Charles putting something in the air conditioning that was making us all horny?

Roxy was quite surprised when I played the video. Then she asked me for a copy.

Around early evening I was feeling energetic enough to go and have a workout, so I did, but not before I put my remote controlled vibrator in my vagina and switched it on to low vibrations.

None of the others were in the workout room so I did my whole routine on my own. That didn’t stop me cumming on the exercise cycle, or cumming again in the pool using the water jet. The sauna was very relaxing.

Monday was university again, 2 sessions, 1 in the morning and the other in the afternoon. As is the norm now, I flashed my pussy at the man teaching us. I also stopped at the coffee shop and had a snack and a cappuccino while doing some of my homework and flashing anyone out on the street who cared to look.

Later that evening Riley came to see me to ask what time we had to leave in the morning to get there on time. I told her that Charles had booked a taxi for 08:50 for us and that she had to wear a dress not a skirt and top.

“Why, it will be a woman who gets rid of my unwanted hair and they are all below my waist.”

“Riley, please do as I ask, you never know what opportunities may arise.”

“Be prepared and all that.”

“That’s it Riley.”

After we’d got rid of all our unwanted hair, we left the shop and I steered Riley to walk down the road.

“Where are we going, shall I get a taxi?” Riley asked.

“No, we’re going to another shop, one that Charles has recommended.”

“Oh yes, what does it sell?”

“Holes.”

“What, I don’t understand.”

Thirty seconds later we stopped outside a little shop.

“We’re here.”

“This, this shop does piercing; are we?”

“Yes Riley, we’re getting our nipples pierced.”

“Oh, okay then.”

We went in and were met by a middle-aged man who has lots of tattoos that he obviously liked to show because he was wearing a string vest. When I told him that Charles had sent us he smiled, probably realising that he’d be able to sell us his most expensive nipple rings or whatever.

We spent a good 5 minutes discussing the options for ‘things’ to put in the holes that he was going to make in sensitive areas and in the end we both decided on titanium barbells.

“Is it going to hurt?” Riley asked.

“Only a little and just for less than a second, no more than a pin prick, but if you like I can give your nipple a quick squirt with an anaesthetic spray that will numb it.”

“Yes please.” Riley replied.

Everything sorted we went to the back of the shop, behind a curtained-off area.

“Right, who’s first?” The man asked.

Riley looked at me but said nothing.

“Okay,” I said, “I’ll go first.”

“I’m going to need you up on the table with access to your breasts.”

“No problem.” I replied as I pulled my dress off leaving me naked, and I climbed up onto the padded table.

The man never said anything about me being naked but he certainly looked, and I watched him as he got his equipment ready and put on a mouth mask and latex gloves. Then he turned and studied my breasts.

“Your nipples are perfect for piercing Georgia.” He said.

They were rock hard, I was half expecting to be a bit nervous but I wasn’t. If anything I was aroused, thinking more about a strange man paying so much attention to my tiny breasts.

I watched as he got a little spray can and gave my right nipple a quick squirt that felt cold and made it feel like it was going harder. Seconds later I watched as the man used a sort of tweezers with a hole in the end to squeeze my nipple and then quickly push a needle through the tweezers and my nipple. I expected some pain, as the needle went through my right nipple first, but I didn’t feel a thing. I guess that the anaesthetic was doing its job.

Next, the titanium barbell was pushed through then the tweezers were removed. Finally he screwed the end of the barbell on.

“First one done. Is that okay?”

“Perfect.” I replied as I looked at it and saw just a little blood leaking out.

He repeated the procedure with my left breast and within 5 minutes he was finished.

“You may climb down now Georgia, I’ll let you put the lint pad and the surgical tape on each one, just to catch any blood and save getting it on your dress.”

“Before I climb down, I’m considering a clit piercing as well but I’ve heard that some girls aren’t suitable, please can you have a quick look and tell me if mine is suitable? No point in thinking about it if mine isn’t suitable.”

“Okay,”

He looked down towards my pussy and I spread my legs as wide as I could.

“Hmm, you have a youthful vulva and whole genitals area Georgia, I know that you already told me that your are over 18 but I need to ask again, are you sure that you are 18?”

“No, I’m not 18; I’m 19, I’m a university student.”

“Fair enough, but I am legally obliged to ask.”

“Okay.” I replied, not really being surprised.

His gloved fingers started probing my very wet clitoral area and I could feel his fingers sliding about, and it felt nice, very nice. I felt him pull my hood back revealing even more of my clit that was already sticking out.

I was just thinking,

“If he does anything else to me I’m, going to cum.”

When his fingers moved away.

I felt disappointed as he told me that I was suitable. Then he explained that he usually pierced the clitoris hood and not the clitoris itself,

“Once fully healed the ring or whatever is inserted, can then be pulled back to reveal more of the clitoris itself.”

“Well I don’t really have a problem because, as you can see, mine comes out quite a lot. Maybe a ring pulled back would make me more sensitive.”

“Maybe, all girls are different but a few have told me that it had increased their pleasure, so do you want it doing?”

“Err no, not at the moment, I still haven’t made my mind up but it’s nice to know that it is possible, thank you.”

I wanted to move my right hand to my pussy and finish what his finger had started, but instead I closed my legs then swung them round and slid off the edge of the table.

“They look good Georgia, well apart from the blood.” Riley said.

“Right Riley, your turn, if you could get ready please?” The man asked.

I looked at his face as Riley pulled her dress off revealing her naked body. I saw a slight smile and just knew that he liked what he saw.

The man completed the same procedure on Riley as I put one of the cone shaped lint pads on each nipple and taped them in place with the surgical tape. By the time I was finished, that man was finished and I heard Riley ask him to check her clit then tell him if she was suitable for a piercing.

I watched as Riley spread her legs and the man had a quick probe around her clit which from where I was stood, looked very shiny and wet.

Unsurprisingly, Riley was given the all clear to get her hood pierced and she too declined the offer to pierce her right there and then.

I slowly lowered my dress over my head and down to its intended place then helped Riley put the lint pads and tape on her breasts as the man tidied up. When we were all ready he led us to the front of the shop then gave us the leaflets about how to keep your piercings clean and infection clear.

He then told us that it was very important to follow what it says on the leaflet telling us that the healing process varies from girl to girl but we should feel a lot more comfortable by the end of the week but to keep rough contact to a minimum until all pain had gone.

“Common sense.” I thought, “but there again, a lot of girls are a bit short of that these days.”

The man took plastic and we paid him and left. While we were waiting for the taxi Riley told me that she was glad that I’d surprised her with that because if I hadn’t she might not have got them done.

“So what are you going to hang on those barbells when you’re all healed?” I asked.

“No idea, haven’t really thought about it; you?”

“I’ve seen some little ‘D’ rings that you can hang all sorts from, I might get some of those and maybe a little gold chain that goes from 1 nipple to the other. A sort of ‘grab rope’ for anyone who wants to pull me by my nipples.”

“That sounds painful.”

“I’m certainly sure that it would be if I put then on now, but we’ll see when they’re fully healed. A month that man said, but I’m hoping that it will be sooner, whenever I cut myself when I was little it always healed quite quickly. Daddy said that I had magic skin.”

“How are we going to keep the guys from pulling on our nipples or barbells Georgia?”

“Just tell them straight, tell them to leave them alone and play with your pussy instead.”

“I’ll do that.”

Just then our taxi arrived and took us to the university. As I walked in I realised that the anaesthetic spray had work off and that my nipples were throbbing a little. Also, the lint pads were stopping my nipples from making little bulges in my dress.

“Oh well,” I thought, “Can’t have everything, but when those pads come off the bulges will be a different shape and people will stare even more to try to work out what’s causing the shape.”

The rest of the day was okay, so far the work is easy and the pussy flashing is rewarding. I spent the evening in my apartment doing homework and browsing the internet for nipple jewellery. I ordered some, including some breast cones. They come in various sizes for different breast sizes and they even had some for my little titties.

They’re flesh coloured and have the pointy bit cut off so that your nipple sticks through. The web page said that they go great with nipple rings, take your ring off, put the cone in place, pull your nipple through then put the ring back on you nipple.

It said that the pressure of the little hole on the nipple would keep it erect and feeling sexy, but the addition of the jewellery would eliminate the chance of the nipple shrinking and the cone falling off.

That sounded interesting to me so I ordered the smallest pair that they had and hoped that they would be small enough.

During my bathroom routine before going to bed I took the tape and pads off and was please to see that my nipples were at least looking better. I made up the saline solution that the leaflet recommended and held a cup full of it over each tit to allow it to soak all the dried blood off and in around the barbells.

The throbbing had stopped when I went and lay on my bed to go to sleep.

I woke up a couple of times during the night to find my right hand on my pussy and my left hand below my right tit. I guessed that I’d been masturbating and my left hand had gone to my right tit and the pain of it touching my nipple had woken me.

I wondered if I should cuff my wrists together and use some rope to tie my wrists to one ankle before going to bed the next night.

The Wednesday morning saw me bathing my nipples in the solution after my shower where I didn’t soap my tits for the first time since they’d sprouted.

It was a loose fitting, silky top and skirt that I wore to go to the hairdressers. I didn’t want any sort of pressure on my nipples, even though they had just about stopped hurting.

Yes, the hairdressers, I still didn’t know exactly what I style I wanted, just that I wanted it short. After looking at some photos and some discussion with a couple of the younger hairdressers I decided on a sort of side swept pixie look. The photo that they had of that style was on a girl who looked to be about 9 or 10 but everyone agreed that it would look good on me.

Wow, if I looked young before but this new hair style made me look even younger. I was feeling quite pleased with myself in the taxi going to the university for my afternoon session. I even got some complements from a couple of the girls in my class, and my tutor. That was even before he saw up my skirt to my bare pussy.

The Wednesday evening was Harry’s first yoga class. Four naked girls were stood at the end of the swimming pool talking about the 4 newly pierced nipples when Harry finally walking in carrying 4, rolled up, exercise mats. A little gift for us for being his guinea pigs. With Harry was Oliver, who had come to video the event. He just assumed that we wouldn’t object and no one did.

Well, Harry had learnt a little from his first attempt at teaching us, and he’s obviously been doing some research, but he still had a long way to go. His students were teaching him things and suggesting that he included gymnastics and aerobics stretching exercises as well.

It didn’t help him that his eyes were glued to our spread pussies for half the lesson.

At the end he thanked us and asked if we were okay for the following Wednesday. Roxy told him to find a girl and give her a good fucking just before the next lesson. I wasn’t sure that he understood Roxy’s point but none of us pointed it out to him.

I suggested that he offer the lessons to other girls at the university say that another 3 or 4 would be a good number.

The next, outside what has become the norm, event was Orgasm Club. I hadn’t told Riley when the meeting was and at 7 pm on the appropriate Friday evening I went to her apartment and told her to take a quick shower then put on just a dress and shoes.

She wanted to know why but I just told her that it was a surprise that she would definitely like. At 7:30 we walked down the stairs and to the taxi that I had previously asked Charles to arrange. When I asked the driver to take us to the Red Lion pub, and even when we walked up the stairs to the function room Riley still had no idea what she was about to do.

There was a large man stood outside the door to the function room and he asked us where we were going.

“Mark told us to be here at 8 pm.” I replied; and he stepped aside.

There was only 2 naked girls there, standing talking to half a dozen men. One man came over to us and introduced himself as Mark.

“One of you gorgeous young ladies must be Georgia and the other Riley. Have I got that right?

“Correct,” I replied, “I’m Georgia and this is my friend Riley.”

“Good, it’s always good to welcome new members to the club.”

“Members to what, what sort of club is this?”

“Didn’t Georgia explain Riley, this is the Orgasm Club.”

“Yes I did explain to her,” I said, “it’s just that I didn’t tell her that that was where we were going when we set off.”

“Ah, a surprise. Well Riley, I can guarantee that you will have a very satisfying evening. Georgia, I know that you passed my security questions okay, and that you say that you are attending the university but you look so young, do you have any photo ID on y…...”

As soon as he started on about the security questions I knew what was about to come and I quickly opened my clutch bag, got my passport out and passed it to him.

“Sorry about this Georgia, but all members are supposed to be over 18 and you have to admit that you do look nowhere near that age.”

“That’s okay Mark, I get challenged quite a bit, hence the passport in my bag. It’s a bit of a long story but as you can see I’m definitely over 18.”

“I certainly can, I guess that looking the way you do has it’s good points as well it’s bad points. Now, it’s a little early so there aren’t many members here yet, but if you take all your clothes off and come over to us I will introduce you to the others and Leo will get you a drink.”

Mark turned and walked back to the small group of people and Riley said,

“We have to strip naked right now?”

“Yes Riley, there’s some men to appreciate the sight of your body.”

“I know, I saw them, that’s why I got all wet as soon as he said to take our clothes off.”

We walked over to the group and Mark started introducing us with Leo interrupting to ask what we’d like to drink. It was nice, arousing and exhilarating talking to those clothed men knowing that before long they would be watching us masturbate for them, and more men. We both got compliments about out piercings and I couldn’t help noticing 1 of the other girls had a little chain hanging down from her clit hood piercing.

As we were talking more people arrived. By the time they stopped arriving and Mark called for silence I had counted 11 naked girls (all looked to be in their late teens or early twenties and I wondered how many of them went to our university), 6 clothed girls and 15 men. I was sure that Riley’s pussy was tingling as much as mine was, and that she was as wet as I was.

A couple of the naked girl’s faces looked vaguely familiar but that was it.

After greetings and welcoming the new members, 4 of us, he came to each naked girl and used a marker pen to write a number on our stomach’s. Both guys randomly going all over the room. Mark then explained the rules then asked for numbers 1 through 4 to step forward and lay on their backs on 1 on the 4 tables that were there.

Riley was number 3 and I could see that she was both nervous and excited as she climbed onto the table and spread her legs wide.

Mark and Leo then put a heart rate monitor on each girls wrist then Mark went to different table that had a laptop and a kitchen timer on it.

When Mark shouted “GO”, 2 things happened, firstly 4 girls started masturbating, and secondly, nearly all the men and about half of the clothed girls moved in and surrounded the tables. They’d had strict instructions not to touch any of the girls but I could imagine what it would be like for Riley when she opened her eyes and saw all the strange men looking down on her naked body.

I smiled and realised that my right hand had moved down to my pussy and was idly rubbing my clit. When I realised this I smiled and realised that I was getting a head start on the other girls. I looked around but couldn’t see any other naked girls fingering themselves.

That 15 minutes went surprisingly quick. I couldn’t see much of the girls on the tables, nor any moans of pleasure over the encouragement that the audience were giving them, but after about 5 minutes Mark shouted,

“Number 3 first orgasm.”

Mark had to shout because the people surrounding the girls were cheering on the girls like the girls at school at an inter-schools netball game.

“Well done Riley.” I thought.

Each of the other girls, apparently, reached their climax as I heard Mark shout out their numbers, then I heard,

“Number 3 second orgasm.”

And so it went on until Mark announced that the 15 minutes was up and that Riley was the winner with 4 orgasm. The audience moved back to the sides of the room leaving 4 happy looking girls on the tables, I noted that all 4 still had their legs wide open and number 2 was finishing off an orgasm that had arrived just a little too late to be counted.

Everyone waited until all the 4 girls had finished what they were doing and sat up then Mark went over to Riley, congratulated her and held her arm up in the air.

The heart rate monitors were removed and the 4 girls went to the side of the room to join anyone who had come with them and Leo got them a drink.

As Riley walked over to me she looked happy with herself and I congratulated her and asked if she’d enjoyed herself.

“Of course, I’m a good girl letting men see me naked. All of those men looking down at my naked body and watching me make myself cum, how could I not be happy?”

Shortly after that Mark called for girls numbers 5 through 8 to go and get on a table. I had a black number 7 on my stomach so I stepped forward, climbed on a table and spread my legs so that my feet were hanging off the sides.

As Mark put the heart rate monitor on my wrist he quietly asked me if I was okay. I nodded and looked up to his eyes to see that his eyes were looking further down my body. I took some deep breaths, relaxed and waited for the start.

My right hand flew to my pussy as I saw the audience move it around me. As my hand got busy on my already dripping pussy, I looked at the faces of the men above me. I saw expressions of nothing through to pure lust and concentrated on the pure lust ones and tried to imagine what they were thinking, what they wanted to do to my body.

My left hand moved to my pussy as well and started finger fucking myself as the fingers on my right hand massaged my clit.

My first orgasm was confirmed by Mark shouting,

“Number 7 first orgasm.”

The scores were pretty even and when I was the first to achieve 4 I was happy and didn’t expect the others to to manage 4 but I was wrong, number 5 achieved her fourth. My right hand sped up again and when Mark announced 10 seconds to go I thought that it was going to be a tie and that the time would be extended until 1 of us achieved another. Then I heard the word,

 “Priapus”.

I didn’t register if it was a male of female voice at the time but it was definitely that word and it had the effect that it always does. My heart rate shot up as I had a spontaneous orgasm, I didn’t even have time to say that I was cumming.

“Number 7 fifth orgasm.”

Mark announced in a surprised voice (so Riley later told me).

Seconds later it was over and I had won. As I was starting to return to normal I felt Mark take the heart rate monitor off my wrist and say,

“That last one was unexpected Georgia. I’ve never seen one arrive so quick.”

I managed to reply,

“It caught me by surprise as well.”

When I got off the table and went to where I could see Riley she whispered,

“Sorry, but I couldn’t let you loose Georgia.”

I just smiled at her. I didn’t want to win by cheating but I did want to get into the final, and the thought of winning and everyone there making me cum over and over was really a big turn-on for me.

I gave her a naked hug and thanked her.

Leo was handing drinks out and we grabbed a couple just before the last 3 girls climbed on the tables.

Riley is taller than me and she put an arm round my shoulder and caressed 1 of my tits as we watched the girls at work. We’d managed to get to the front and could easily see 2 of the girls as they worked on their pussies. I was interested to see if they were doing anything to themselves that I could learn from, but they weren’t. The other thing about that time was Riley’s caressing wasn’t hurting my nipple at all, although I still suspected that it would hurt if she got rough with it, as would hers if I got rough with hers.

The winning girl only managed 3 orgasms and I was a little unhappy for her because she’s only have about 15 minutes before she had to go again whereas both Riley and I had much more time, and couple of drinks to recover.

Anyway, about 15 minutes later, Riley, the latest winner and myself were called upon to get onto the tables. As we walked over I told Riley not to use ‘that word’ whatever happened, and that the winner would win on the merits of her own sexual whatever at that moment.

A couple of minutes later, all 3 of us were on our backs, legs spread wide, heart rate monitors on our wrists and waiting for Mark to shout go.

He did, and 3 pairs of hands got to work on 3 pussies with lots of people watching them. Well, just being naked with people all around me isn’t as much of a turn-on as it was when I first went to Ibiza, but masturbating with my legs wide open with lots of people looking down on me certainly is and it was only 3 or 4 minutes before I was cumming and I heard Mark shout,

“Number 7 first orgasm.”

I tried to keep up with the other girl’s orgasms but my brain seemed to have a single channel and so did my hands and pussy. I think that I had 4 orgasms but counting wasn’t my priority, when Mark came and told us that time was up. Our audience had backed away when Mark had first shouted for us to stop so I got up on my elbows and saw that Riley had kept going after being told to stop. I smiled to myself knowing what it is like to be soo close and having to stop.

I also smiled again when Mark announced that I was the winner. I swung my legs to the side of the table, slid off whilst the applause was still going on. Both Riley and the other girl came over to congratulate me. As Riley hugged me I whispered to her,

“I hope that you didn’t hold back.”

“No,” she replied, “you won it fair and square.”

To the other girl I whispered,

“Hard luck, I guess that I had longer to recover from my first session.”

“Oh don’t worry about it, after your next session it’s an ‘open house’ and any girl can get on a table and let everyone do whatever they want to us. I’ll get just as much of a reward as you will.”

As soon as Mark had congratulated me again he told me to get back on the table then invited any and everyone who wanted to, to come and fondle and caress every part of my body until I begged them to stop.

“Not much chance of me saying that.” I thought, “I’ll let them keep going until either they get bored or I pass out.”

It was eventually the former. After all those hands and fingers made me cum 3 more times Mark told them to stop then invited any girl who wanted to to get back on a table and submit to the pleasures of the audience.

Mark helped me off the table and Leo put a bottle of water in my hand as soon as I sat down.

“Well done Georgia,” Mark said, for a first timer you did well. Most new girls take some time relaxing and getting used to being naked with so many clothe people around.”

“I guess that a year in Ibiza wearing nothing most of the time and now living in an apartment block where the girls are naked most of the time really helps.”

“Wow, I bet that you are enjoying that, and the guys too. It was never like that when I was at university. I think that this is one area where progress is good.”

“It certainly is for me.”

Mark left me to go and check that no girl was getting something that she didn’t want and my mind went back to shortly after I’d left school when James took Charlotte and me to a pub where I had my old school uniform cut off me and I was pleasured by hands (only) until I blacked-out.

I’m sure that that part of the evening took a lot more time than the actual competition because all the girls, including Riley and me, took our turn on the tables and let the hands of the audience pleasure us. Both Riley and I took our turns in helping some of the girls to orgasm and whilst I was rubbing the clit of one of the girls a man behind me was fingering me.

I had another 3 orgasms before we finally left after asking Mark when the next meeting was. He told us that he’s text us with the date.

Just after that night I got myself a new vibrator, one that concentrates on my clit. I wanted one to torture my clit but because I never wear knickers it took me a while to fine one. It’s sort of ‘L’ shaped, a dildo with a big ball (somewhere between a tennis ball and a table tennis ball) on the end that gives my pussy muscles something to grip on, and the bottom of the ‘L’ covers my clit and vibrates. It too is remote controlled with a big battery in the dildo that keeps the vibrations on my clit going for hours. I guess that any unsuspecting person who sees up my skirt might think that it’s a red G-string that they can see, and that’s the only bad thing about it, it stops people from seeing most of my pussy. It’s a real rival to my other remote controlled ones but, unfortunately, it can’t be controlled over the internet.

Both Ben and Matt are coming to my apartment on a morning every few days and waking me up by fucking me. I’ve told them to lock the door when they come in so that if any of the other guys come to do the same they will know that they have been beaten to it by someone else, or that, for some strange reason, I don’t want it to happen.

I’ve also offered morning wake-up fucks to Harry and Oliver but that’s still a work in progress. I’ve also decided that if I wake up real early I’ll go and try each of the guy’s doors and if I find 1 open I’ll sneak in and to their bedrooms to see if they are on their own and have a morning woody. Then I’ll gently climb on and ride them until they cum, either in a wet dream or in the awake world. Whichever it is it will be as nice a surprise for them as it is for me when they do it to me. That’s if they actually wake up. I wondered if they could sleep through me riding them and them cumming. If we’d both cum and I had left before they woke up would they even realise or maybe think that it was just a dream.

I promised myself that I’d experiment when I had a man full-time.

The fortnightly Saturday parties are still going strong and look likely to continue. We are still playing the silly games that leave us 4 girls totally exposed. We also play the flexible doll game and it’s always a laugh watching the guys try to get us girls to laugh or move when we should be keeping perfectly still, even when they finger or fuck us.

Wednesday evenings Harry’s yoga classes are going strong as well and he’s managed to talk another girl from the university to come along. She didn’t seen at all worried when she had to strip in front of all of us, including the guys who come along to watch; nor when Oliver gets his camera out and takes dozens of photos of the ‘interesting’ parts of the now 5 naked girls.

What’s more, Harry is getting better at being an instructor although he does tend to have us doing the positions that involve our legs being wide open more than the other positions.

Halloween came and I got invited to a classmates party. Thankfully I had enough time, or should I say Serena had enough time to make me a costume. I left the design up to her knowing that she would make something very revealing, and she did. It was a Princess Leia costume. The top was the spirals on each tit but Serena made them so that there was to tips to the cone spirals, my nipples and barbells stuck through the cones.

Because of the small size of my tits, there was very little metal in the spirals and 95 percent of my tits were exposed.

Serena had got the belt looking very much like in the pictures that I’d seen but there was a lot less material hanging from the belt, front and back. In fact the front piece was only about 5 cm wide and the rear piece wasn’t much wider.

I was really happy that my slit and most of my tits were on display most of the time and the guys at the party seemed happy as well. The whole time that I was there there was at least 1 guy trying to hit on me.

I was in ‘tease’ mode that night and really did enjoy letting them see my goodies then moving on to another guy. I don’t think that there was a guy there who didn’t want to fuck me, they certainly tried hard enough. My ass and pussy got groped a lot but a cock never went inside me until Ben woke me the next morning by ramming his cock in to me.

One drunk guy came up to me and squeezed and pulled both my nipples. I started to shout at him as I expected it to hurt, but it didn’t. They have both healed quite nicely so I decided that when I had a minute back at the apartment I’d try fitting the ‘D’ rings that I’d already got.

Anyway, after a few seconds letting him play with my nipples I asked him if he was going to suck them. He was a bit slow realising what I had asked then he let go and brought his mouth down to my right nipple. The girl that I was talking to had a bit of a shocked expression on her face.

Talking about reactions to my costume, the guys was totally predictable and I was expecting some catty comments from the odd girl or 2, but I got none, in fact I got a couple of comments about how brave I was and that they wished that they’d thought of a Leia costume. A couple of the girls in my class look at me as if I’m some sort of slut, which I guess that I am, so I was expecting them to say something derogatory but they didn’t.

Someone had invited one of our professors, a young one that seems to like looking up my bare legs to my bare pussy. He spent ages talking to me and asking about my gap year. I told him about some of the more ‘adventurous’ things that I’d got up to, including about the hypnosis, but I didn’t tell him what the word was, nor give him a clue.

After telling him all those things the poor man must have been close to cumming in his pants. I know that I was close to cumming just telling him those things. When I went for a pee a bit later there was something else that I needed to take care of as well as empty my bladder, and I returned to the party to dance, get hit on some more, tease some more and let my arousal level slowly increase until I had to go to the bathroom again.

As one point, well a few times, I wished that I’d worn one of my vibrators, maybe one that’s controlled from my phone, and let each guy that talked to me control me for a while and see which 1 was going to make me cum right there in the main room with all my classmates watching.

I decided that if I got invited to a similar end of term or Christmas party I’d do just that. That would be a nice Christmas present for most of the people there.

I’d gone to the party wearing a long scarf to protect me from the cold evening. The taxi driver had smiled at my outfit and probably stared at my nearly naked butt as I walked away from him, but when it came time to go back to the apartment I couldn’t find the scarf so the different taxi driver got and even better look at me as I walked up to his car.

I masturbated to 2 orgasms before I finally fell asleep that night.

Talking about cold evenings, I’ve gone through all the clothes that Celeste sent me again and come across some stockings, some hold-up and some not. I also found a couple of suspender belts. I’ve never worn one of those before but, trying one on, I liked the look of my pussy being framed by the white straps. I tried them on with some of my longer, micro skirts and was pleased with the results. They’ll protect my legs from the cold but not my pussy which I have sworn I will never cover again.

I also found a couple of jackets that look warm. I tried them on and discovered that they are about the same length as my micro skirts. When the weather gets colder I’ll use them as coats with nothing underneath.

I’ve got into a routine of going down to the workout room 3 or 4 times a week and going through my routine and adding a couple of more reps to each exercise. Sometimes no one else is there and sometimes one of the others is there and if it’s a guy I make sure that my spread pussy is facing them all the time.

I’m still getting an extra sexual high each time one of the guys watches me and usually when they do the guy, or guys, ends up fucking me, so I get a little more exercise.

One Saturday night (not a party night) during the November, the big glass window in the pool room got smashed by some drunken lout, presumably wondering what was behind the big mirror. Charles locked the door to the pool room and put a note on it telling us that it was closed for a couple of days. When I asked him what it was all about he told me what had happened and that the glass would be replaced on the Tuesday and that by then the pool would have been drained, cleaned and refilled.

I went down there on the Tuesday evening for a workout and swim and yes, Charles was good to his word. I had a good workout then went to the pool for a swim and a pussy massage from the jet of water circulating the water. Riley joined me half way through my workout and then in the pool.

When we got out we relaxed on the loungers, both of us putting our feet on the floor at either side of the loungers, and we both idly played with our pussies as we talked and watched the people going by outside. I did observe that quite a few of the people outside were looking at themselves in the big mirror / window in front of us. I thought no more of it because Charles had told us when we first arrived there that we could see out but the people on the other side only saw a mirror.

I forgot about it and when we got up to go to the sauna 2 naked girls walked passed the new window on our way to the sauna. We were less than 2 metres from the 2 or 3 people who had stopped to look at themselves in the mirrored window, if only they knew.

That Wednesday evening the naked yoga class continued as usual with 5 (now) naked girls exposing their pussies to the naked Harry who had his back to the window. As usual, both Harry and Oliver got a boner as they look down on us and Oliver goes from girl to girl taking photos. All in all, a regular naked yoga class.

I had had an evil thought just before one Wednesday’s yoga class and charged up my WiFi camera. Then I linked it to the cam-girl’s site. After a quick test I took it down to the yoga class and asked Oliver to record everything to it. I didn’t tell him that it was live streaming to the internet and possibly hundreds of people all around the world.

I also didn’t tell the other girls that their naked bodies were being streamed live all around the world. The only 2 girls that I thought might object were Daniella and Rosie, the recruit to the class that Harry had talked in to coming along. I still haven’t managed to have a chat with her and find out what her objectives are, or if she is just an exhibitionist like me.

When I got back to my apartment I looked at the cam-girl's website and saw that over a thousand people had been watching us. I felt really good. Then I scanned through the recorded copy of what my camera had streamed and I have to admit that Oliver is really good at capturing every detail of spread pussies.

The Thursday evening saw me down there again doing my workout then swim, then sauna before going back to the pool to get my pussy massaged before laying out on the lounger that was nearest the big window. I like laying out there with my legs wide apart imagining that the people outside were seeing my spread pussy and me idly playing with it.

That evening I got aroused even more because more people outside were checking themselves out in the big mirror between us. I imagined the young men caressing my naked body and making me cum. Those thoughts and my fingers, made me cum as I watched the people.

I had to have another shower before going back to my apartment.

It was as I left the apartment block to go to the university on that Friday morning Charles told me that the men coming to put the one-way film on the new window wouldn’t now be arriving until the following Monday. As my mouth was thanking him for letting me know, my brain was was remembering what I had done in front of that window thinking that no one outside could see in.

My pussy was a lot wetter than normal as I walked to the university. My brain was also thinking about the Saturday night party coming up and me going for workouts that evening and on both days over the weekend. If it came to the crunch I could always deny that Charles had told me that the one-way film wasn’t going to be added until the Monday.

I did go for a workout that evening, and rushed my exercising to get out on a lounger near the window. When no one was outside looking in at me I kept jumping into the pool and letting the water jet massage my pussy to more orgasms. I think that by the time I went back to my apartment I’d had 6 orgasms over the 2 hours that I was laying there.

It was the same on the Saturday afternoon but there were more people looking in. I’d also worn my remote controlled vibrator, the one with the purple tail sticking out of my vagina.

I lost count of the number of orgasms that I had laying there watching the strangers watch me. Eventually I had to stop because if I didn’t, I wouldn’t have any energy for the party that night.

The subject of the window never came up at the party and I wasn’t going to say anything as all of us frolicked about stark naked. It was dark outside so I couldn’t tell if anyone was looking in.

I was back having a workout and swimming on the Sunday evening as well. Roxy came down and joined me while I was still in the workout room and when we were on the loungers talking she asked me if I knew that the one-way film hadn’t yet been put on the window. I laughed and said,

“Yes, why do you think I’m here.”

“Me too.”

We laughed again and then she asked me if I thought that people saw us messing about and fucking at the party.

“I hope so.” I replied. “But I’m not sure because we haven’t had a visit from the police yet.”

“Or maybe Charles has fobbed them off with some story or other. He does know what we get up to down here you know, he’s got cameras everywhere.”

“I know.” I replied but didn’t tell her how I knew, or that I had access to what she was getting up to in her bedroom.

The Monday was the last chance for me to expose myself to people passing by, and fortunately, I had a free afternoon at the university so I took my laptop down to the pool room and sat on a lounger with my spread feet close to the window and did my home work and browsed the internet for all sorts of things.

I read a story about a girl who’d had cosmetic surgery on her pussy to get rid of her large labia minora. I don’t have any of those but it gave me the idea of getting some of my clit hood removed so that there was nowhere for my clit to hide when it decided to shrink. I like the idea of it permanently sticking out and being visible to everyone who cared to look, all of the time, not just when I’m aroused.

I decided that I was going to make some enquiries. I had to decide if not being able to touch it for a week or so, and the pain that it would no doubt cause, would be worth it.

I spent most of the afternoon and until it got dark outside, down there. I decided that it wasn’t as much fun if I didn’t know that people were watching me.

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