**Emily’s embarrassing problems**

by Vanessa Evans

When I was about 3, my mother took me to see our doctor because I kept getting a red rash all over my body and I was fainting a lot. He fobbed my mother off with all sorts of remedies; none of which worked. After about 6 months he admitted defeat and sent us to see a specialist. By the time we eventually managed to see the specialist, the red rash had just about stopped, but the burning pains and fainting were still there.

After months of tests, the specialist told my mother that I’d got something called Miliaria Profunda (google it). He said that I probably still had the rash, but because nothing had been done about it, it had developed into a flesh coloured rash - Miliaria Profunda instead of Miliaria Rubra. He told my mother that the only known treatment was for her to keep me cool and for me to stop wearing clothes tight to my skin; that all of my skin must have free flowing air against it every time that I felt quite hot. He told her that it may just disappear over time, but to be prepared for it to stay for the rest of my life.

Apparently, my mother was quite shocked when he told her the list of clothes that I shouldn’t wear to avoid having an attack. I should not wear anything that could make me sweat, no man-made fibres; these usually cause the body of someone with this condition to overheat. If I did then I could easily suffer from heat exhaustion, unconsciousness, or worse. The list included knickers, bras, shorts, trousers; and anything that came into close contact with my skin. She was advised to dress me in loose cotton dresses all the time. I even had to have a special bed that was more like a net hammock than a proper bed.

My early years at home were quite normal. I have two older brothers, and playing at home in a dress and no knickers never bothered me. Even horse-playing with my dad and /or brothers where my dress ended up above my waist seemed normal. I often caught all three of them looking at my pussy, but at that age I didn’t think anything of it.

The doctor had told my mother that if I got hot and started to feel faint, the best way to stop things from getting worse was to take my dress off and blow cool air at me. My parents went and bought a big fan.

As I was growing up, like any other kid, I would mess about with my brothers and father; and occasionally would feel faint. One of my parents would stop things, remove my dress and stand me in front of the fan; often with the rest of the family watching. As a kid this never bothered me, especially as I always felt better after it.

At junior school the teachers knew about my problem, and frequently annoyed me by not letting me take part in most of the physical activities. I didn’t realise it at the time, but they were trying to protect my modesty. On the odd occasion that I did start feeling bad, I would tell the nearest teacher and she would quickly get me to the staff room and cool me down with a fan that was in there. Most of the teachers were women, but there were a couple of men teachers, and I remember one day when I got over-heated and was stood naked in front of the fan in the staff room when one of the male teachers came in. I just didn’t understand why the women teachers ushered him out telling him to come back later.

In my last year at junior school I often saw some of the boys looking up my dress whenever they could, but I didn’t see anything wrong with that; after all, my brothers often saw me naked.

My problems really started when I went up a school. I was the only person in that school not wearing the school uniform. At least my mum got dresses in the school uniform colours for me to wear. Everyone wanted to know why I wasn’t in school uniform. Trying to explain that I had something wrong with my skin that they couldn’t see was difficult.

Rumours got round that I didn’t wear underwear and as my age group were starting to reach puberty, the boys wanted to know if the rumours were true. Other girls were being careful to cross their legs, but I couldn’t, in case my crotch got too hot.

I got embarrassed each time that I caught boys trying to look up my dresses. Heavens only knows how many saw my butt or pussy without me realising. I guess my knickerless state became more noticeable when my pubic hair started growing. Fortunately, my school dresses were a dark colour, but out of school I usually wore light coloured ones and I could make out the shape of my new dark pubes sometimes. I hoped that no one else would notice.

Then my breasts started growing and my nipples started getting hard at times. Of course the boys talked about my nipples a lot, and the embarrassment got me close to hot flushes quite a few times. I had big problems with boys trying to look down my loose tops. Fortunately, my breasts never grew big; somewhere between an ‘A’ and a ‘B’ cup.

All this time some of the other girls were sympathetic; but others didn’t believe I had anything wrong with me. They called me a slut and other such names.

PE was a problem; baggy T-shirt and loose fitting shorts so that air can circulate. It was a good job that the boys and girls had separate PE lessons. Sometimes when both boys and girls were on separate sides of the same playing field the boy’s lesson would stop because some of the nasty girls would gang up on me and pull my T-shirt over my head, or pull my loose fitting shorts down. They always made sure that the boys got a look at me.

At home, my older brothers and my father started taking more notice of me. When I was relaxing on the sofa I had never been as careful as I perhaps should have been and I frequently caught one of them looking at my pussy. They were family, and had seen me naked many times, so I wasn’t that bothered. Even when my breasts started developing and my nipples poked little bumps in my tops, I was never bothered – at home. My nipples got quite a bit of attention. Occasionally one of my brothers would squeeze one of them. All I would do was tell him it hurt and think nothing of it. After all, he was my brother.

At school it was different; I walked just about everywhere with my books covering my breasts.

Fortunately, I didn’t get any heat attacks in the first couple of years at my new school, but I did at home. I started to get embarrassed when I had to stand naked in front of the fan with the rest of the family watching. After all, I was changing into a woman and had breasts and pubic hair.

In the warmer months between year 9 and 10 I had quite a few attacks. I had to suffer the embarrassment of standing naked in front of the fan. The thing was that those attacks were different. They happened when I wasn’t running around getting hot.

After the third attack within a week I started to think that they were nothing to do with my Miliaria Profunda; they were more like orgasms. I’d experimented in bed, rubbing my pussy and clit and using the handle of my hairbrush. I’d been terrified when I first made myself cum, but I just had to do it again, and again. It felt good.

When I had my next attack and was stood naked in front of the fan with all my family watching, things got worse, and better. I started thinking that I was sure that I’d just had an orgasm; but why? I hadn’t been playing with my pussy; all I’d been doing was leaning against the washing machine talking to my dad.

Thinking about playing with my pussy and standing there, naked in front of my dad and brothers brought on another orgasm. I started shaking and really struggled to keep quiet.

I experimented and discovered that if I think about sex, press my backside or pubes against anything that vibrates or shakes, or press anything against my genitals or little breasts, then I have an orgasm. Masturbation became a doddle; all I had (have) to do is touch my clit and I cum.

In those weeks I had lots of orgasms experimenting to work out what else brought them on. Each time I had one my family would strip me and stand me in front of the fan, thinking that if I didn’t cool down I would suffer from heat exhaustion, or worse.

Having to stand naked in front of 2 teenage brothers and my father made things more embarrassing; but better. I started to like the idea of being naked in front of them. One time I faked an ‘attack’ and my father pulled my dress off and turned the fan on. As I stood there watching them watch me, a real orgasm hit me, and hard. My legs nearly gave way. I had to grab hold of the table to stay upright. I was getting off just by being naked in front of my brothers and father.

I wanted to explore these new found feelings more, and one hot day when I was at the shopping centre with just my dad, I faked another attack while we were in the electrical part of a department store.

My dad panicked a bit because my mother is usually close at hand at home, but this time he was on his own. I started shaking a bit and told my dad that I was feeling very hot. Dad swore, and then looked round. He almost ran over to one of the shop assistants and told him that I was sick and needed air blowing over me immediately. The male shop assistant was good; he told my dad to get me to where the air conditioning was blowing out.

My dad started wafting me with a bit of card that was on one of the shelves. I told him that it wasn’t working. He told me that he’d have to take my dress of and that he was sorry that we weren’t somewhere more private. I told him that it was okay, so he lifted my dress right off me.

I was naked in a department store with my dad and a male shop assistant looking at me. My breasts and pubic hair were there for everyone to see. My nipples were rock hard and I could feel my pussy swelling and getting wet.

I said that I was still hot. I was, but it was nothing to do with my Miliaria Profunda. When another male shop assistant came over to see what was going on, an orgasm hit me; then another. I had trouble staying on my feet. All 3 men just stood and watched me.

When I calmed down I told my father that I was feeling better, and asked if I could have my dress back. He gave me it and I quickly slipped it on.

We apologised to the men, thanked them for their help and left quickly.

Right, I’d now definitely established that it wasn’t Miliaria Profunda attacks; that it was orgasms that I was having; and what caused them. I thought for a few days, deciding if I should tell my mother what I’d discovered. I knew that she’d be shocked and that she’d take me to the doctors. In the end I decided that I just had to tell her.

It was embarrassing and difficult; and I didn’t tell her everything. I missed out the bit about getting an orgasm just by being naked in front of people; and that I enjoyed it. Of course she was shocked by what I did tell her; what parent wouldn’t be? After a couple of days thinking about it, and one more ‘attack’; we went to see the doctor.

It was embarrassing for me (never mind my mother) having to tell the doctor everything (nearly). As my mother was telling him I tried to think about anything boring, just to take my mind off the subject. The last thing I wanted was to have an orgasm while I was sat in front of the doctor.

Then I heard the words, “I’d better give Emily an internal examination just to make sure that everything is developing normally.” I went bright red; I just knew what was going to happen. But at the same time I wanted it to happen, I wanted the doctor to see me naked, to see me cum.

I was told to take my dress off and get on the table; then put my feet in the stirrups. My pussy swelled even more and opened up; and my clit got hard (so did my nipples).

As soon as the doctor touched me I exploded.

“Yes, I can see that it is a problem.” Then after a few seconds he said, “Sorry Emily but I really do need to do an internal examination. I know that this is going to be difficult but it is necessary. Please try not to be embarrassed, lots of women have had involuntary orgasms on that table. I’ve seen it all before.”

Try not to be embarrassed! Seen it all before! Well not with me, I thought; but what could I do?

As that doctor opened me and probed everywhere that he could I was horrified; and elated. I wanted him to do that to me.

I had 3 more orgasms before it was over.

The doctor finished the examination and told me that I could get dressed. He gave me a tissue to dry myself. He sat at his desk and told us that he just had to check on something.

A few minutes later he looked up at my mother and said, “Physically Emily is quite normal, but she does appear to have contracted something called ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’ (PGAD). It was originally called Persistent Sexual Arousal Syndrome (PSAS). It may be that the Miliaria Profunda has developed into PGAD; or it may be in addition to the Miliaria Profunda. At this stage there is no way to tell. I suggest that you react on the side of caution and treat every episode in the same way that you have been doing. Only time will tell. More research needs to be done to discover where PGAD comes from; but it does appear to be more prevalent in younger women; and women rather than men. Also, it can disappear just as quickly as it has appeared; and there are a number of recorded cases where it has disappeared when puberty ends.

As for treatment, well, there are drugs, but they have never been proven and they are not available on the NHS. Surgery is another option, but that involves the removal of the clitoris; and it’s way too early to consider that.

So, I suggest that Emily does her best to avoid getting into a position that she knows will trigger an orgasm. I know that it will be difficult, especially with Emily being such a beautiful young lady. In a perverse way, it will be less embarrassing for Emily having already got Miliaria Profunda. At least she will be able to pretend that it is a Miliaria Profunda attack.”

And that was it; the doctor could do nothing more for me, I just had to ‘suck it up’. On the way home I begged my mother not to tell my brothers that I was having orgasms, that it was just the same old problem. Fortunately she agreed, but she said that she would have to tell my father.

Although my mother seemed to have a lot of sympathy for me, I got the impression that she wasn’t too happy; especially when she told me to stop thinking about sex. How the hell does a teenage girl not think about sex?

The next time that I had an ‘attack’, my father looked at me differently. From then on he always had a big bulge in the front of his trousers when he was taking my dress off or watching me in front of the fan.

Apart from what I’ve just described, that summer was different from others. As I’d been having fewer ‘attacks’ earlier in the year my parents decided that the family should have their first holiday abroad. They picked a hotel on the Mediterranean that could guarantee that I could have a room with air conditioning and that had air conditioning in all the public rooms. The thinking was that the air conditioning would keep me cool and outside I could easily jump in the swimming pool, or the sea.

My mother and father talked about cancelling the holiday when they found out about my new ‘problem’ and we had a family conference. I told the other that it wasn’t fair on them to cancel and that the air conditioning, pool and sea should keep me cool. I’d done a bit of research on the internet, and talked to some of my friends and found out that most of the shops where we were going had air conditioning as well.

In the end we all agreed that we should go, and we went out and bought me a few new sun dresses and a string bikini that I could tie loosely. All the new sun dresses that we bought and some of my old ones were light coloured. When I tried them on again at home my mother said that I had a problem. In most of them she could see my pubic hair through the material.

At first I said that we’d have to take them back and swap them for darker ones. My mother said, “Maybe not” then asked me what I thought about shaving off my pubic hair. She told me that a lot of women shaved theirs. My first reaction was, “No way,” then I thought about it. I’d heard girls at school talking about shaving their pussies but didn’t know any that did. There were quite a few girls that had bald pubis but I always assumed that their hair hadn’t started growing. Maybe they shaved theirs?

I told my mum that I’d think about it.

An hour later I went back to her and told her that I liked the new dresses and that I’d do it. The next time that she went to the supermarket she got me some more blades for the razor that I use for my armpits.

The next morning in the shower I shaved all my pubic hair off. It took ages. The big problem was that I had to touch my pussy to do it; and that made me cum. I had 3 orgasms before I’d finished.

Back in my bedroom I looked at my bald pussy in the mirror. It was just like a bigger version of what it was like when I was a little kid except for my little clit poking out a bit. I wondered if I could hide my clit with a band aid. I liked what I saw.

I put one of my new white sun dresses on and went down to breakfast. My mother looked at me and told me that I looked much better. My brothers were confused.

The holiday

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What I hadn’t thought of was the plane. Okay, it was cool, but the whole damn thing vibrated as it few through the air. After about 15 minutes I could feel an orgasm coming on. I gritted my teeth and pretended to read my magazine. My mother looked over at me and asked if I was okay. I lied and said that I was.

I had 2 more orgasms before the 2 hour flight was over. Then came the coach transfer to the hotel. Two more orgasms.

I was knackered and glad when I got to my room. I switched the air conditioning on, opened the curtains, took off my dress off and lay on the bed.

Just so that you know, we had 3 rooms, mum and dad had one, my brothers shared one, and I had one on my own. My father had booked all 3 to be next to each other, but there was a cock-up and we were spread all over the 6 storey, 3 building hotel.

I must have dozed off because I woke up to hear some young men talking loudly. I looked out onto the balcony and saw one on them looking over the partition wall at me. I pretended that I hadn’t seen him and slowly opened my legs.

I put one hand on my pussy, and promptly had an orgasm. My body was shaking and I thrust my hips up as my fingers went inside me.

As I started to calm down I looked in the mirror on the opposite wall. I could see the young man was still watching.

I relaxed for a few minutes; then got up. The man had gone.

I opened the big glass door and went, naked, on to the balcony.

Unfortunately, because of the mix-up with rooms, I ended up with a room that overlooked a building site.

It was mid-afternoon and I couldn’t see, or hear, anyone else. It felt really good standing out there totally naked. There was a slight breeze and it felt good on my skin.

The next evening when we got back to our hotel I was stood on the balcony again when I heard funny noises. They sounded like someone moaning. I peeked over the dividing walls but couldn’t see anything. Then I looked over the railing to see if I could see anything below. I could, and I could see right onto the balcony of the room below me. What I saw shocked me a bit at first. A naked man lay on a towel and a naked woman was bouncing up and down on his hips.

They were having sex. It was the first time that I’d seen anyone have sex. I looked again, felt my pussy get wet; then had an orgasm.

I managed to move back into my room until it subsided, then I went for another look. They were still at it. They did it every evening just before dinner; and I watched most evenings; each time I gripped on to the railings as I orgasmed.

They did it in different positions and one day the girls got on her hands and knees and he fucked her from behind.

It was the first time that I’d seen a man with an erection. I didn’t know their cocks could get so big. The thought of a cock that size inside me both scared and excited me.

The woman didn’t have any pubic hair either.

The young man in the room next door that had spied on me on the bed must have told his mate because I spotted them both watching me a few times.

I’d decided to sleep naked while on holiday, and because I wanted to wake-up to see beautiful sunny mornings, I left the curtains open each night. Early one morning I got woken up the noise from next door. I think that the men must had been out all night and just got back. I decided to go and sit on the balcony and watch the sun come up to a bright sunny day for the first time in my life.

Apart from the noise from next door, it was an amazing happening; so peaceful and still.

I sat there, naked, until the sun was totally visible. I was just about to go back inside and see if I could get some more sleep when I heard one on of the men say, “Well hi there young lady, what’s your name?” I’d been caught outside naked, and didn’t know what to do. I froze.

“It’s okay, we’re not going to hurt you; we just want to talk.” The voice said.

I stood up and slowly turned to face the voice and saw 2 faces looking at me. My plan was to say ‘Hi” then quickly go back into the room.

“Hi,” I said, “I’m Emily.”

I felt my pussy tingle, get wet, then it hit me. I collapsed back down onto the chair and moaned and grunted. I could feel myself jerking and my pussy pouring out my juices.

The 2 young men just watched in amazement. As I calmed down one of them said, “That looked just like you were cumming.” I stayed silent.

A couple of seconds later the other man said, “You did just cum didn’t you?”

Very quietly I said, “Yes.”

“That’s a cool trick, how the fuck did you do that? I never saw you playing with yourself.”

I bottled it and mumbled something about having to go, and went inside.

After that, every time that I was in my room and I had some spare time, I went and sat out there. I saw the young men watching me a few times and had to go inside. Twice they caught me and tried to talk to me. Each time I excused myself and managed to get inside before the orgasm hit me.

Later on in the holiday I was determined that I was going to talk to them. Before I went out on to the balcony I touched my clit and had an orgasm. I did it again and had a second one. My plan was that I’d run myself dry of orgasms, then go outside and talk to them.

After my third one I opened the door and walked out. They saw me straight away and both said, “Hi Emily.”

They’d remembered my name. I was happy. I said, “Hi,” and we started talking small talk. Neither of them said anything about me being naked. I looked at them and saw that they were looking at my breasts and pussy. I felt an orgasm building, but I was determined not to chicken out. I WAS going to talk to them.

It hit me and I started shaking and let out a couple of moans. One of them said, “You’ve done it again, haven’t you? How the fuck do you do that? I have trouble getting girls to cum and you can do it just standing there.”

I relaxed a bit and started to tell them about my PGAD. Before I’d finished I’d cum again.

“Fucking hell,” one of the said, “I wish I had a girlfriend like you.”

We chatted for another couple of minutes then I excused myself. I couldn’t take anymore.

Other interesting parts of the holiday –

Well, one time when we were walking down a street there was a group of youths walking towards us; all were topless. I was drooling over their six-packs when an orgasm hit me. I stopped walking and my legs went weak. My dad grabbed me and pulled me into a shop where it subsided.

Another time I was going to a shop to buy some bottled water with my eldest brother. We were walking down a road with no shops in sight. I decided to fake an attack just to see what my brother would do. Just as 2 young couples were coming the other way I stopped and said that I felt faint and hot. My brother looked round, said “Shit,” and bent down a little and grabbed the hem of my dress.

Within 2 seconds I was naked in the street. The 2 couples stopped and stared as my brother used my dress to waft air at me. As expected, I felt an orgasm building and then hitting me. One of the girls from the 2 couples came over to me and put her arm around me. I didn’t understand what she was saying, but I told her that I would be okay in a minute. She held on to me as it subsided.

I put my hand out for my brother to give me my dress back then thanked the girl. She asked me if I was okay. I told her that I was, and thanked her again.

As we walked on, my brother told me that it was embarrassing for him when I got these attacks. I snapped back, “What do you think it’s like for me having to get naked with everyone looking at me?” “Sorry,” he said, “I wasn’t thinking.” After a short pause he continued, “but you do look good naked. I like it when your breasts wobble when you’re shaking; Oh, and I like the new look down there, when did you do that?”

I thumped his arm, blushed a bit and smiled as I thought that I liked it when he was looking at me naked. I told him that our mother suggested getting rid of the hair so that my dark hair didn’t show through my light dresses. I told him that it was a pain having to shave it every morning.

“Well I like it,” my brother said; “and I like being able to see your hard nipples.” I looked down and I could clearly see my areolas and nipples. I had never noticed that before. I wondered how many of my other sundresses were like that; and why my mother hadn’t told me.

I blushed again.

Once when we were all in a café I was sat at the side of a table and I saw another customer looking up my dress. My legs were open a bit (as always), so I opened them some more. I felt the gentle breeze on my bald pussy and had another orgasm. I nearly dropped my cola.

The first time that we were on the beach I genuinely felt hot. I made a passing comment that it was hot, and before I knew it my mother told my brothers to take me into the sea. They lifted me up and carried me to the water and threw me in. As they were carrying me I felt the loose bikini top let one of my little breasts escape; and when I surfaced both breasts and my butt were on display.

We messed about in the water ducking and splashing each other. It felt good. My bikini spent lots of time round my neck and knees. It was getting in the way so I took it off and asked one of my brothers to take it back to our towels.

For the next 30 minutes or so we messed about in the cool water with a naked me having fun. I must have been the only naked person on that beach who was more than 5 years old. It felt great.

When we got out I just walked up the beach to my parents and put my bikini back on.

That was the first time that my dad had seen my new-look pubis. He didn’t say anything, but I saw his eyebrows go up as he looked. I’m sure that I would have had an orgasm if I hadn’t been so cold from being in the sea.

After that, I wanted to go to the beach most days. Each time I told my mother that my bikini wouldn’t stay on and she let me take it off before going into the sea. By about the third time we were there I got more confidence, and swam parallel to the beach about 100 yards then walked along the water’s edge back to my parents, still naked. A few people looked at me, and once I had to go back into the water to cool down, and it was nothing to do with the heat from the sun.

It was fun.

One day we went to a water park. By the time I got to the bottom of all the slides my bikini was either round my knees or neck. A couple of times I had to go quickly to one of the swimming areas so that I could have an orgasm in the water.

Another day we went to an animal park. One area had some sort of monkeys wandering round in among the visitors. There were signs up telling everyone to keep tight hold of cameras and all bags fastened; but there wasn’t a sign warning you that they might put their hands up your skirt. One did and touched my pussy. Guess what happened?

One night when I went to my room to go to bed I suddenly had the urge to walk around the hotel naked. Taking my key I walked to the lift. I was bricking it as the lift got close. Was there anyone in it? There wasn’t. As the lift went up to the top floor I kept thinking what I’d do if it stopped and someone got in. I could feel my inner thighs getting wet. No one got in and I got out at the top floor.

In the block that my room was in there were stairs at either end so I decided to walk along the floor and down the stairs at the other end. Then do the same on that floor until I got down to my floor.

As I was doing that I passed my parents room. I prayed that they wouldn’t come out. They didn’t, but on the floor below a couple came out of their room right in front of me. With a big grin on his face, the man asked me if I’d lost a bet. I just managed to say, “Something like that,” before I orgasmed.

I made it back to my room in one piece.

I did that twice more before we went home. Once when I got in the lift I accidentally (I think) pressed the ground floor button. When the door opened a middle-aged couple got in. They stared at me then turned and faced the door. The lift went up in silence.

Towards the end of or holiday, at breakfast one morning, my mother told us that her and my father wanted to go out for the day on their own, but were worried about me. My eldest brother jumped straight in and said that he’d look after me. My mother turned to me and I told her that I’d be okay. After all, I did have 2 men looking after me.

The next day, after breakfast, my parents left to go on one of these trips that included a show and dinner that night. We wouldn’t see them until the next morning. At breakfast I’d told my brothers to come up to my room when they were ready. When they knocked on my door I opened the door while I was still naked. They both just stood there and stared at me. My pussy tingled and got wet. I told them to come in and that I was nearly ready. I went into the bathroom and exploded.

I walked out into the room and picked up a dress. It was one of my shorter ones, with spaghetti straps. It was also very baggy on me. Slipping it on I asked them what we were going to do that day. One brother wanted to go to the beach and the other wanted to stay by the hotel pool.

“Right,” I said, “we’ll decide in a minute; before we go out there’s something that I have to tell you. I have to apologise to you and thank you.”

Mt brothers both gave me a puzzled look.

“These last 14 years you have had to put up with my Miliaria Profunda. You’ve helped me so many times and missed out on all sorts of things because of me. For that I will always be very grateful. You may also have noticed that in the few months before the school holidays started I didn’t have lots of attacks; then since the holidays started I have had even more. The thing is that these latest attacks haven’t been Miliaria Profunda. That appears to have gone away. What I’ve started having is orgasms.”

I stopped there and waited for a reaction. My younger, older brother (Dexter) said, “Say that again; I thought you said orgasms.”

“I did.” I said.

“Fucking hell,” my older, older brother (Tom) said, “do our parents know about this?”

I explained that I’d told my mother and we’d been to the doctor’s and that I’d been diagnosed with PGAD. I explained what it was, and some of what was triggering them. I told them that the Miliaria Profunda may have been replaced by the PGAD or that it may just be hiding, waiting for the PGAD to go. Because of the later, the doctor had told my mother that she should still treat each attack of orgasms as they did for the Miliaria Profunda. Hence the fans and the panic to cool me down. Mother has told father, but he is finding it hard to understand it all, but he has agreed to still respond to my ‘attacks’ as he always has.

I then told them that what I’d told them triggered the orgasms wasn’t the only things; that they came on if I saw someone looking at my tits or pussy. I also told them that I really enjoy it when someone saw me naked.

Tom said, “Are saying that each time you flash you tits or cunt, you cum? Does that apply to Dexter and me as well?” “Err, yes,” I said, “when I opened the door to let you in. I went straight into the bathroom because I was about to cum.”

“I don’t believe you Em.” Dexter said.

“Okay, I’ll prove it.” I said. I stood up and took my dress off. They stared at my naked body as I felt the tingling and wet rush. Then I came. I trembled and shuddered and had to lean against the wall to stop me falling over.

“You faked that.” Dexter said.

“If I faked it, why is my pussy all swollen and wet?” I asked.

As they both took a close look at my wet cunt and clit another orgasm hit me.

Tom said, “That’s fucking awesome Em.” Dexter just stared.

“Can you stop looking at me please?” I asked.

I put my dress back on then asked them if they’d promise not to tell anyone.

Dexter then said, “It’ll cost you.”

“What?” I asked.

“I won’t tell anyone if you let me look at your cunt anytime that I want.”

“Dexter, you’ve been looking at my pussy for the last 14 years; but if that’s what it takes, then yes, you can look at my pussy anytime that you want.” I said.

“Okay, I promise.” Dexter said.

“Yes,” Tom said, Em has a hard enough time at school as it is, if anyone finds out that she’s cumming each time she feels faint then the sluts will make life hell for her.”

“Okay, okay, I get the message, “Dexter said.

“Oh and please don’t tell mum and dad that you know; they’ll go ape shit and keep you away from me if they find out.” I said.

They both nodded.

“Oh, one more thing, if you want to watch a couple having sex we have to be back here by 7 o’clock. The couple in the room below have it on the balcony every night before they go to dinner. And she goes to dinner with no knickers on. I’ve watched them in the restaurant.” I told Tom and Dexter.

Dexter said, “Yeah, I’ve noticed that too.”

Tom said, “Okay, what are we going to do today then? Are we going to go out and keep stripping Em to see if we can go for the world record of number of orgasms in a day; or what?” After a pause he said, “Em, we could go out with you wearing something see through so that people will be able to see you naked body.”

“That would be good,” I said, “but I haven’t got anything.”

“Perhaps I can help you there, Tom said, “You know that green vest that I’ve got, the one made of some sort of mesh; well you could wear that.”

I thought for a minute then told Tom that I thought that it would be too big.

“One way to find out.” Tom said.

We went up to my brother’s room and Tom got the green vest out. I held it against my front and said that it might be okay.

“Try it on then.” Dexter said.

I put the vest down and took my dress off. I was naked in front of my brothers again. I was too busy thinking about the vest to think about sex.

The vest was big. It went down to about 4 inches below my butt, the arm holes were ginormous and the v-shaped neckline went down nearly to my belly button, front and back. I gently knocked the left shoulder strap and it fell off my shoulder down to my wrist. My little left breast was on display.

I asked Tom if he’d got a belt that I could borrow. He got one of Dexter’s and I fastened it round my waist. I pulled the material up a bit to make it look better, then realised that the hemline was half way up my pussy. I put my hand on my butt and I could feel my cheeks. I left it where it was.

I went to the full length mirror and saw just how see through it was. Not only could I see my areolas and nipples, but I could clearly see my slit. I turned round and looked at my butt in the mirror. I could clearly see my butt crack.

I looked at Tom and Dexter and started to tell them that I was ready to go out. They were both staring at me, and their pants told me that they liked what they saw.

I had an instant orgasm.

When it had passed I finished telling them, picked up my bag, and went to the door.

Dexter asked me if I really going out dressed like that.

“Come on, let’s go.” I said. I wanted to get outside before I chickened out.

No one took any notice of me as we walked through reception and out onto the street.

As we walked down the street I was a bit disappointed because everyone ignored me.

We got to the main part of town and headed towards the beach. The only people that seemed to take any notice of me were other tourists. I guess that the locals had seen it all before.

I got thirsty and asked Tom if we could stop for a drink. We stopped at a roadside café and sat at a table right next to the footpath. Tom and Dexter sat with their backs to the café and I sat parallel to the footpath so that I could see the people walking by. It was only as one passer by looked at me that I realised that anyone walking by would be able to see me as well.

Just then a waiter arrived and Tom asked me what I wanted. I was concentrating of the people walking by and Tom talking made me jump a bit. As I turned to face Tom my left shoulder strap slipped off and slid down my arm; and by left breast got uncovered.

I realised, but did nothing as the waiter looked at me as I ordered a drink. I suddenly decided that I wanted an ice cream as well. I went to pick up the menu to see what they had and saw Dexter looking at my chest. I looked at Tom and the waiter. Six eyes were looking at my left tit. I shuddered and felt another orgasm hit me as I slowly adjusted the vest.

I pretended to look at the menu as I bit my lip to supress a moan. It took me a good minute to order that ice cream.

As the waiter walked away I looked at Dexter. He was grinning so I said, “What?”

“Your nipples are hard.” Dexter said.

“So!” I replied.

“Your right nipple is sticking through a hole in the mesh.” Dexter said.

“Good.” I said, and turned back to see if anyone interesting was walking by.

I looked down at the top of my legs and realised that I could see my pussy. As I always do. I was sitting with my knees a few inches apart and I hadn’t sat upright in the chair. I’d sat on the front edge and leaned back. I could see my pussy so anyone walking passed, that looked, would be able to it as well.

I felt good.

The drinks came quite quickly and the waiter came and stood near my legs as he put the drinks down. I’m sure that I saw him look at my pussy. It tingled and I got a wet rush.

A couple passed by and the man looked at me. I saw him smile.

A bit later, 2 girls about my age walked towards me. One was looking towards me. When they were about 10 feet away, the one that was looking at me turned to her friend and said something. The friend turned and looked at me and her jaw dropped. They both giggled as the passed me. About 3 minutes later they walked towards me again; very slowly this time. When they were about 10 feet away they stopped and one turned to the other and started saying something to the other while she stared at my pussy.

I was a little surprised that a girl would want to look at my pussy at first, but then thought that maybe they were lesbos. I thought ‘okay then’ and opened my knees a bit more. If they wanted to look then let them have a good look.

After a couple of minutes they changed places and the other girl stared at my pussy. I felt myself get wetter, but no orgasm. In a way I was a bit disappointed.

After another couple of minutes they started walking passed me. Both of them looked at me. I smiled at them.

The ice creams arrived with a different waiter. He looked at my pussy and I had another orgasm. If I went on that that rate I would be knackered before lunchtime.

We started eating the ice creams and after a minute Tom looked at me and said, “You’re unbelievable Em. You’re sat there with everything on display, you’ve just cum god knows how many times, and you’re eating ice cream as if you did that sort of thing every day.”

“I want every day for the rest of my life to be the same as today.” I said.

Tom laughed and said, “Amazing!”

Two separate young men looked at my pussy as they walked by. One of them bumped into someone going the other way. It was difficult to laugh as I had yet another orgasm.

Tom paid and we left. As I stood up I felt the vest and had to pull it down just a bit because just a bit too much of my pussy was showing.

Both Tom and Dexter kept coming up to me and pushing one of my shoulder straps off my shoulder which meant that it dropped below my breast. Dexter did it just as 2 young men were getting near to us. They saw and I had to stop walking as an orgasm hit me. One of the young men came out with a comment, but I didn’t hear enough of it to know what he said.

The other times that they did it was when cars were passing. No one crashed.

We walked to the beach and along the water’s edge. As we got to the edge of the town, and the end of the main part of the beach, there were fewer and fewer people.

I stopped and told Tom and Dexter that I was going to take the vest off. Dexter said that I would get arrested; but I still did it.

About half a mile further on after we’d passed all the houses, we came to some sand dunes and decided to go for a swim. The gentle breeze had kept me cool and I hadn’t been thinking about sex.

We spread the towels and I lay down with my legs apart. What I hadn’t expected was that Dexter would put his towel at my feet then stare right up my legs to my open pussy. After my next orgasm subsided I told Dexter to get between my knees and have a really good look. He did. I asked him if he knew what all the bits were called. He shook his head sideways so I sat up, opened my pussy and gave him a quick anatomy lesson. It had to be quick because I could feel another one coming on.

After about only 5 minutes I couldn’t take any more and went into the sea to cool down.

When I came out I told my brothers that I was going for a walk, and I walked into the dunes. I was a bit surprised to find a few naked people sunbathing there.

I wandered around having a good look at some of the cocks. There were all sorts of shapes and sizes. I’d learned that they were all different but to see such a variety was quite an education.

I turned one corner and came across a couple having sex. I wanted to watch, but I knew what would happen if I did, so I backed out and went a different way.

It wasn’t long before I went round a corner and came across a beach bar. I stood outside and watched for a while as a few people arrived and left. I was the only one naked, but none of them gave me more than a passing glance.

When I got back to my brothers they were both in the sea. I joined them and we messed about for quite a while before getting out. This time Dexter lay on his towel beside me and didn’t even look at me.

When we’d had enough we walked back. I stayed naked for as long as I dare before putting the vest and belt back on. Again, I adjusted the length so that the bottom of my butt and pussy wasn’t covered.

As we walked back to the hotel we passed a few bars. There were a few people sat outside drinking and I had another orgasm.

One of the bars had a big sign outside telling the world that it was having a wet T-shirt competition that night. I turned to Tom and told him that I wanted to enter.

“They won’t let you, you’re too young.” He said.

“How are they going to know how old I am if I don’t tell them, or I tell them a lie? My tits are as big as some girls a lot older, and they can’t measure your age by the amount of pubic hair you have these days.“ I replied.

“Well, I suppose that you might get away with it.” Tom said.

“Right then we’re coming back tonight. Mum and dad won’t be back till late and they’ll think that we’re fast asleep in bed.” I said.

We stopped to get something to eat, and for me to tease another waiter; and have another orgasm. I also flashed a few people walking by.

Back at the hotel we went to my room and kept checking over the balcony until the couple finally came out and started getting passionate. They had sex doggy style (as Tom called it). Dexter was amazed and couldn’t take his eyes off them. When the girl turned over and relaxed on her towel Dexter nearly fell over the balcony trying to get a better look.

Tom decided that we’d better go out at about 10 o’clock to make sure that we didn’t bump into mum and dad. I wore one of my sundresses that are slightly see through. I was expecting it to be a bit dark in the bar but I wanted to feel good.

We wandered around a bit before going to the bar. No one challenged us about our ages as we found a table and ordered soft drinks.

In the corner of the bar there was a little dance floor with a small stage. We’d been there about half an hour when the DJ announced the wet T-shirt competition and said that any girl that wanted to enter should go and see him.

Tom looked as if he wanted to ask me to change my mind, but he didn’t say anything as I got up and went over to the DJ. There were 2 other girls with the DJ, both asking about the competition as well.

The DJ looked up and down me and I thought that he was going to say something about my age. I’d already decided that I was going to add 5 years to my age if he asked, but he didn’t. He just pointed to a door and said, “Go through there.”

The girl organising things looked at me, and again I thought that I was going to be asked how old I was. But I wasn’t. She gave me a cheap looking T-shirt and told me to put it on. I looked round to see 4 other girls stripping to their knickers and putting a T-shirt on.

I put my T-shirt over my head, pulled it down and took my dress off under the T-shirt. Then I put my arms through the T-shirt arm holes. The T-shirt was way too big for me. It went down to about 6 inches below my pussy.

I watched as some of the girls used some scissors to cut the edges of their T-shirts. I guessed that they were making it easier to rip off, so I did the same with mine.

Before I knew it, the first girl was called out. I heard a lot of cheering and it wasn’t long before she was back in wearing only her wet knickers and carrying a wet T-shirt.

Another girl went out and came back wearing just a see through thong.

It wasn’t long before my number was called and I nervously walked out. As I climbed onto the stage the cheering started and I seriously considered running back into that room.

The DJ came up to me and asked me my name. I gave a false one. He took me over to the other side of the stage and 2 men tipped buckets of cold water over my. I shrieked and felt my nipples harden.

The DJ called me over and told me to do my stuff. The music started and I started dancing. I guessed that I would only get one track. Fortunately I knew it so I knew how long it was.

As I danced I started to rip the T-shirt at the neck. I continued ripping right down the front. There were lots of cheers as my breasts came into view. I could feel an orgasm building as I reached the bottom of the T-shirt.

My dancing slower right down, I started shaking, and the T-shirt fell to the floor.

I was naked in front of god knows how many people; and they were all looking at me.

I had another very strong orgasm, straight after the first.

When it subsided I realised that the music had stopped and everyone was silent. They knew what I had just had.

I got embarrassed and put one arm over by breasts and the other over my pussy.

Everyone started cheering. I turned and ran off the stage.

I went straight into the changing room, put my dress on and ran out to my brothers. Tom put his arms round me and hugged me.

We went outside and Tom told me that I was okay. I was still shaking. “Okay!” I said, “I’m over the moon. That’s something that I‘ve wanted to do for, for ever; and I just did it. I was naked in front of lots of people, men, and they all watched me cum. fucking brilliant.”

My nipples felt Tom hugging my body to his and caused yet another orgasm.

We walked back to the hotel with me with a very big grin on my face.

Back in my room I kicked my shoes off, took me dress off and went out on the balcony. It was only as I opened the door that I realised that the 2 young men next door were out on their balcony; what’s more they had 2 girls with them. They were engrossed it their talking and didn’t see me as I went any leaned on the railings and

watched the stars.

The next thing that I knew was one of the men was calling my name. I jumped up and looked round. All 4 of them were looking at me. I hadn’t put my outside light on so they wouldn’t have been able to see that much of me.

I said, “Hey!” One of the girls said that they were having a party and invited me round. I said that I didn’t have any clothes on, She told me that she knew that the 2 men had seen me that way a few times and that the only other people there were girls; si it didn’t matter.

I thought for a minute. I was still on a high from the wet T-shirt experience so I said that I’d be right there.

Thirty seconds later I was knocking on their door, still naked.

One of the guys opened the door and welcomed me in. He must have known that I was naked because he didn’t really look at me before turning and walking back to the others.

The other girl said, “Wow, look at you!” I blushed and thought, “Here we go again,” and a mini orgasm hit me.

One of the guys said, “Girls, this is Emily, the one that has that medical condition that I told you about, Emily, this is Becky and Liz; and by the way, I’m Harry and this is Dan.”

All 4 of them were looking at me and I had another one.

Becky knew what she’d just seen and told me to sit down. As the guys got back to their beer, Becky and Liz asked me all about my PGAD.

“So you can cum just by touching your clit?” Liz asked. Liz reached over and touched it. I orgasmed.

Harry and Dan had come back in and Harry asked me how many orgasms I’d had that day. “About 50,” I said, “I’d lose count if I tried to count them.”

“Awesome!” Dan said.

“51,” Harry said as I looked at his bulging shorts and had another.

“What happens when you fuck a guy?” Liz asked.

“I don’t know, I’ve never done it.” I said.

“You mean you are still a virgin.” Dan said.

“Fucking hell!” Harry said.

“Don’t worry,” Becky said, “you’ll still be a virgin when you leave here tonight.”

“But you won’t Becky.” Harry said.

“Fuck off Harry.” Becky said.

“Do girls have the same effect on you Em?”

“I don’t think so, but I’ve never really had the chance to find out.” I said.

“How about it girls, do you think that you can turn this little virgin on and make her cum?” Dan asked.

Becky and Liz were up to the challenge. Liz told Dan that it would probably be more fun that getting in to bed with him.

Both Liz and Becky turned to me and lay me flat on the bed. Becky started kissing me. I was a bit shocked at first. I’d never kissed a girl before. What’s more it quickly developed into tongues as well. It was nice; much better than the boys that I’d kissed.

One of Becky’s hands found one of my breasts and Liz started kissing my stomach. Soon after I felt a hand on the top of my thighs; they were already wet, and as Liz’s hand touched my clit I exploded. Liz kept her hand there and even slid a finger inside me.

As my orgasm subsided Liz and Becky stood up.

“I guess that girls do have the same effect on you.” Liz said.

“Anyone touching my clit sets me off. It doesn’t know if the finger belongs to a man or a woman. Me looking at good looking guys naked sets me off, but I don’t know if seeing naked girls has the same effect.” I said.

“Let’s try an experiment,” Harry said, “get your kit off girls and see that happens to Em.”

“Why not,” Becky said, “why should Emily have all the fun?”

“Sorry Becky, I didn’t mean to spoil anything for you.” I said.

“You haven’t babes; I was just having a dig at those 2.” She replied.

With that, Becky and Liz started taking their clothes off; not that they were wearing much. Neither wore a bra and they both had thongs on that were smaller than I’d ever seen before. There was nothing but straps that got lost in between their pussy lips. Needless to say, there wasn’t a pubic hair in sight.

“Wow!” I said, I like the thongs.” I said.

“So do I!” After a pause, Harry continued. ”Okay Em, does that do as much for you as it does for me?” Both girls smiled and Liz shook her breasts.

“It’s nice, but I haven’t cum yet. Now if you 2 guys were naked in front of me I’d be cumming none stop.” I said as I looked over at Harry and Dan.

Liz got on the bed and spread her legs. She picked up my hand and put it on her pussy. I did what comes naturally and started rubbing.

Before I could get Liz to cum I had another little orgasm. As it subsided I apologised to Liz for not finishing her off. She told me not to worry; there were 2 studs that would be happy to take care of her.

I looked over to Harry and Dan. Both were naked with their big cocks pointing to the ceiling. I watched as they moved in on Liz and Becky.

Another orgasm hit me.

I left the 4 of them enjoying each other and went back to my room.

The rest of the holiday was quite boring in comparison to that day, and it wasn’t long before we were on the coach and plane back home. As expected, the vibrations set me off a few times.

As the start of the new school year approached I managed to reduce the number of orgasms by avoiding some of the triggers.

I knew that school was going to be a nightmare, but what could I do? I walked round school holding my books to my chest, but not too hard just in case my body responded to the pressure.

I learned to suppress the moans and screams, but in the process I drew blood sometimes when I bit my lip. My friends worried about my health (I didn’t tell them about the PGAD) and often wanted to take me to the teachers, but I always refused.

Of course bullying is outlawed in our school, but that didn’t stop it happening. One time when one of the nasty girls pulled my dress off she saw my swollen, wet and bald pussy. She accused me of having an orgasm. I tried to deny it, but my face, and pussy, must have given me away. She laughed and I became the schools biggest slut overnight.

These bullies took great delight in calling me every name that you could think of; and pulling my dress up, and sometimes right off, in the playground. I spent many hours hiding away and thinking about how they’d humiliated and embarrassed me. At times I just wanted to die.

Of course, this sexual embarrassment and humiliation brought on more orgasms; which made things even worse. There was a never ending supply of people laughing at me.

The teachers were no help. Shortly after the word about my orgasms got out, I tried to explain my problem to my form teacher. She just couldn’t, or wouldn’t understand. After that I just lived with it.

It was Dexter’s birthday about a month after school started and he got a digital camera as a present. One day when my brothers and I were home alone he came into my room and said, “Em, do you remember when we were on holiday and you said that I could see your pussy any time that I wanted?”

“Yes I remember.” I replied.

“Well can I take you up on that now?” Dexter said.

“Of course you can. You know that I’ll probably have an orgasm if you stare too much,” I said and got up off my bed and lifted my dress off.

I turned and put my dress on my bed. As I turned back to face Dexter I saw that he had his camera in his hand.

Dexter looked down at his camera and said, “Can I take some photos of you?”

“On two conditions;” I said, “That you make sure that mum and dad never see them, and that no one at school will ever see them.”

“I’ll encrypt them so that if mum or dad search though my computer and find the files they’ll never be able to see them, okay?” Dexter said.

“Okay, what do you want me to do?” I said.

Dexter got me to stand, sit, bend-over; you name it, in lots of different poses. The inevitable happened and I had an orgasm. He even took photos while I was in the middle of cumming.

I was just thinking that he was about done when he asked me if he could take some of me in our back garden. I was a bit reluctant at first, but I gave in and out we went.

After a few poses, Tom came out to see what was going on. Tom got straight into it and suggested that I make the poses look a bit sexier. He picked up some of dads garden tools and gave them to me one at a time. He told me to rub my nipples and pussy with them.

Dexter got more photos of me having an orgasm.

Just after one of those orgasms Tom gave me a little hand-fork to rub the handle against my pussy. I got carried away and pushed the handle inside me. Dexter was there with the camera and I came again.

After that I decided that Dexter had enough photos and we went back inside. Good job too, 5 minutes later mum and dad came home earlier than expected.

When I was about 16 (legal age of consent in this country) I met this girl in a clothes shop in the local shopping centre. I walked into the changing cubicle that she was in because I didn’t think that anyone was in there, and it wasn’t locked. She was naked and not at all embarrassed (unlike me) by the situation. I was lost for words, but she was so calm. She apologised and told me that I shouldn’t be embarrassed; after all, we were both girls. We just stared at each other for ages. She was (is) beautiful.

She looked at the dress that I was going to try on, and told me that she was thinking of getting the same dress.

For some strange reason I handed the dress to her and she tried it on while I was still there in the doorway. Other women were walking passed and must have seen her. There was a man in the waiting area waiting for his wife / partner, but the girl never asked me to leave or close the door. I was fascinated by the whole situation.

She asked me to move so that she could look at herself in the full length mirror that was in the waiting area. She smoothed the dress down her front and did a twirl before turning to me, pulling the dress right over her head and off; and handing it to me telling me to try it on.

She was standing in the waiting area totally naked with the man staring at her.

The girl ushered me into the cubicle and urged me to try it on. She stood in the open doorway, where I had stood. For some reason I just pulled my dress off and put the other one on. I didn’t even think about the man. He was certainly thinking about me, and my naked body. I was soooo close to having an orgasm.

“I’ll buy that. We’ll take it in turns to wear it. Pass me my dress please.” She said. She was wearing a very short summer dress with an ‘A’ shaped skirt. The material was thin and I could see her areolas and nipples.

Dumbstruck and / or mesmerised, I just picked-up her dress and passed it to her. She put it on and then told me to get changed. When I was naked she patted my pubic bone and said, “I’m pleased that you shave too!”

That was it; I had an orgasm.

The girl stared at me; then started smiling. When it subsided she said, “Did you just cum?” I nodded. “Cool!” she said, “Get dressed; we’ve got a lot to talk about.”

I did, and we left together, stopping for her to pay for the dress.

We walked to the food hall and she told me to sit while she got us a drink. As she came back to me I saw that her eyes were on my legs.

“I hope that you always sit that way, I can see your pussy,” she said as she sat down.

Finally, I got some confidence and introduced myself. Her name is Sara.

We started talking and just couldn’t stop. She told me all about herself, and I told her all about myself; even my medical conditions. She thought that the PGAD was brilliant; she wanted it. Then she leaned over, put her hand between my legs and found my clit. One tweak and I started cumming. “That’s fucking awesome Em!” Sara said.

Sara is a year older than me; lives with her parents, but they are usually not there. She stopped wearing underwear 5 years ago and has roughly the same measurements as me.

After about an hour I told Sara that I felt like we had been best friends for years. She said that she felt the same.

Sara’s pussy is very much like mine, when she’s not aroused, it’s just a nice smooth slit; very baby-like. When aroused it swells up and her clit comes out to see what’s going on. I say very much like mine, but my clit spends most of its time on show because I’m aroused so much.

Two young men came and sat near us; one of them was sat facing me and looking at me, probably up my skirt. Sara saw him and told me to open my legs a bit more. Without even thinking, I did. The man looked at my pussy, I got a wet rush, and orgasmed.

“Fucking awesome Em, I can see that we’re going to have a lot of fun together,” said Sara.

As I calmed down I thought about what Sara was saying. She had already decided that we were going to be best friends and have lots of fun teasing men. The way I felt about her at that moment was that I more than happy to go along with it.

Sara asked me if I could go back to her place. I phoned my mum and told her that I had met a friend and she’d asked me to stay at her place that night. Before my mother could say anything I told her that my friend knew all about my condition and that her parents were okay with it. In actual fact, her parents were out of the country that weekend.

As we walked out of the shopping centre it was a little breezy and Sara’s dress was blowing up. She never made any attempt to hold it down.

We got the bus to her place. It was a double-decker bus and Sara told me to go up the stairs first. It was only when I sat down upstairs that I realised that 2 teenage boys had followed her up the tight, steep stairs.

“Enjoy that did you?” I asked. She grinned and said, “I just don’t know what you are talking about Em.”

We laughed and Sara put her hand on the inside of my thigh for the rest of the journey.

Sara’s parent’s house is fantastic. It has a room with a Jacuzzi and sauna in it as well as a big private garden. As soon as we got to Sara’s room she took her dress and shoes off. I did the same and Sara showed me around the house with both of us naked. We went out into the garden and Sara did some cartwheels on the grass.

There’s a big tree in one corner of the garden with a swing hanging from one of the branches. Sara told me to get on it and she pushed me to get me started. As I got the momentum going she came round and stood in front of me. She told me to open my legs. When I did she held a finger out and told me to go faster so that her finger could touch my pussy.

I don’t know if I went fast enough, or if Sara moved her finger, but we made contact. The next time that I came forward Sara’s finger just went inside me. The time after that her finger pressed on my clit. I exploded and lost my momentum. As I calmed down I saw the big grin on Sara’s face.

She walked forward and between my legs and kissed me full on the mouth. It was a long tongue job and I loved every second of it. I let go of the swing ropes and put my arms around Sara’s neck. He hands were round my back and they slipped down to my butt. She lifted me off the swing and started to walk backwards a bit before we collapsed onto the grass.

We continued kissing for a few minutes before going inside.

Sara decided that she was hungry and phoned for a Pizza delivery. After she gave all the details she asked if James was working that day. Then she said “good!”

When she hung-up I asked her who James was. She grinned and said that he’s someone that she likes to tease. She told me that we were going to have some fun.

When the doorbell rang Sara told me to go and answer the door.

“What, like this (still naked)?” I asked.

“Of course like that!” Sara replied.

Nervously I opened the door. James was stood there with a grin on his face. When he saw me his grin went and he stared at me.

“Come in James.” Sara shouted.

I moved to the side and James walked in.

“James, this is Emily. She’s staying with me for a couple of days.”

I looked over to James and smiled.

Sara continued, “Emily has this amazing talent, watch this.”

Sara walked over to me and touched my clit. I shuddered and started to cum. Sara went behind me, put her arms round me and tweaked my nipples. The orgasm got stronger.

As I calmed down, Sara stayed behind me holding my breasts.

“Cool that, isn’t it James?” Sara said.

James nodded.

“So what do you think of my new friend James?” Sara asked.

“She’s amazing, just like you. Does she cum every time that you touch her cunt?” asked James.

“Only if you touch her clit.” Sara replied.

“Have you been practicing your headstands Sara?” James asked.

“You told me that you wanted me to James, so I have. Do you want me to show you?” Sara asked.

With that, Sara went to the nearest wall, got down on her hands and knees, put her head on the floor and pushed herself up. She rested her feet against the wall and spread her legs wide. Her beautiful, smooth, wet pussy opened wide. I could see inside her hole.

“See James,” Sara said, “I’m getting good at it.”

“Have you been practicing staying like that for a long time Sara?” James asked.

“Yes I have, I’m up to 15 minutes now.” Sara said. After a pause Sara said, “Emily can do it as well, Emily, show James what you can do.”

I looked a bit surprised then saw Sara wink at me. I went over to the wall beside Sara and did the same as her. I felt my pussy open and get even wetter.

“Go over and have a close look at Emily; but remember the rules James, no touching.” Sara said.

James walked to right in front of me then bent over so close that I felt his breath on my pussy. I had my first orgasm while standing on my head – which was pounding.

Somehow I managed to stay in that position until I’d calmed down. Sara had got back on her feet so I did.

“James,” Sara said, “Here’s your money, but before you go, please show Emily that beautiful big cock of yours.”

James put the money in a pocked then unzipped his trousers. He pulled out a big, thick cock that was all wet at the end. I was so close to cumming again as Sara told James to put it away and leave.

As the door closed behind James, Sara put her hand on my pubis.

“I told you we were going to have some fun.” Sara said.

Sara bent her middle finger and it went inside me as I had another one.

I told Sara that if I didn’t take it easy I would soon reach my record of more than 50 orgasms in one day.

“Fucking hell Em, tell me all about it.” Sara said.

So as we ate the pizza I told Sara all about that day on holiday when my parents left us alone.

“Shit Emily, that’s amazing, how many times did your brothers fuck you that day?”

I blushed a bit and told Sara that I was still a virgin. I qualified that by saying that I was a cock virgin. I’d fucked myself with a few different things in bed at night.

“We’ll soon put that right.” She said.

END OF PART 1