**Amy the Exhibitionist**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the previous part. It will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 26 – Second year at university**

As soon as I got back to uni I started phoning the others to arrange a meeting. When I got hold of Ella she asked me if I’d read my emails, or looked at the notice boards. She wouldn’t tell me why, saying that it was best if I read it myself.

When I logged-on to my email there was a message to ‘All Academic Staff and Students.’ It read -

*Due to the desire of certain parts of society, a certain police chief and a certain judge, to have women go back to the 19th century and dress as they did in those days, the Dean has been approached by Professor Jones and Professor Gould (from Whittle University) with a proposal to introduce a ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course at each University.*

*The proposal was that these Professors would run a course that encourages young women to stand-up for their rights and not to succumb to the oppressive ideas that are starting to infiltrate our society. Female students will learn how to become comfortable with their sexuality, how to deal with situations where people are trying to supress their freedom of choice to wear whatever they like, and how to compete with such men on a level playing field.*

*The Deans of both Universities have discussed this proposal with their respective Board of Governors and funds have been made available for these courses.*

*Part of the syllabus requires female students to be partially, or totally naked for a minimum of 3 days a week. Both the above Professors and the Deans of both Universities have approached the city’s Police Authority; and the Police Chief Constable has agreed that female University students can go about their normal business partially, or totally naked, on campus and within the city boundaries without the risk of being arrested; providing that: -*

1. *They are carrying their Student I.D. cards and present them if requested to do so by an officer of the law.*
2. *They are not taking part in any sexual activities.*

*These courses will be open to all female students and will not be subject to any additional fees.*

*Female students wishing to enrol for this course are requested to contact the University Administrative Centre as soon as possible as there is a limit to the number of students that can be accommodated on the course.*

I read the email twice as the first time I just couldn’t take it in. I was overjoyed. Getting on that course was my number one priority. I phoned admin straight away and was told that I was only the third person to apply; so I was on the course.

My next thoughts were for the other NEWPS members. I dashed straight next door to see if Katie was back. I went bursting in asking her if she’d seen the email even before I’d got the door open. I never finished the sentence because Katie was there, bouncing up and down on Ben’s cock.

I went and sat next to them as Katie continued to ride my brother. As they kept fucking Katie asked me what I was talking about. I told her, and just about finished when she moaned loudly and shouted that she was cumming. I could see from Ben’s face that he was about to fill her pussy with his seed.

I watched them start to relax then Katie asked me to tell her again. As what I was saying started to sink in, Katie jumped off Ben and said, “Fucking brilliant, have you told the others?”

Katie picked up her phone and called admin while I started calling the others. While I was waiting for Kailene to answer her phone, I got hold of Ben’s now soft dick and told him that I’d missed him. “Me too sis.” He said.

By lunchtime the next day, all 8 NEWPS members were signed up for the courses, and we’d arranged a Sorority meeting so that we could discuss the implications; and to catch-up with everyone’s news.

I’d been thinking about Prof Jones and Prof Gibbons blackmailing us, and how the new ruling would affect that.

Three days later I got a phone call from Prof Jones. She welcomed me back then told me that she was pleased that I’d signed-up for the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. She then told me that our ‘little arrangement’ would be continuing; and that it would include more cheerleading performances. She informed me that she’d made a regular booking of the same room in the gym just the same as the last term. She also told me that there was another ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition coming up soon. Last years had been a big success and her friend was planning a bigger one.

As I lay in bed that night, on my own, I thought about Dan and the webcam. I’d switched it off when I left for the holidays and not thought about it until then. I wondered if Dan had his PC set-up to record when it got switched on. The next morning straight after I got out of bed, I switched it on, stood naked in front of it and mouthed the words ‘phone me’ and pointed to my mobile.

**NEWPS meeting**

A meeting was arranged in the uni bar the following evening. We were all excited as hell; we all wanted to talk about everything at once. After about 5 minutes of everything and nothing, I called the meeting to order and the first subject to talk about was what we were going to talk about first. The summer break won.

We went round the table and everyone told everyone else what they’d been up to.

Ella told us all about her month in Spain looking after her sick Uncle. After that she’d gone back to her parent’s house and managed to get a job for a few weeks working in an office.

She’d continued being naked at home all the time, even though her brother Toby had brought a constant stream of his friends round.

Katie had spent most of her break with my brother Ben. I wasn’t jealous; in fact I was pleased for both of them. Ben was back at uni for his last year and I wanted it to be a happy one for him.

Kailene told everyone about our break in Tenerife; how we’d worked in a club and lived naked in a villa with four men (see part 25).

Sarah told us that she’d spent a lazy summer break doing nothing. Except for when she had to look after her little sister. Her sister had noticed that she didn’t wear knickers and asked her why. Sarah had managed to get her sister to go out a few times in short skirts and no knickers. She’d promised to do it at least once a week while Sarah was at university.

Brooklyn had worked for most of her break. Her father had got her a job, and she needed the money.

Leah’s break was spent at her parent’s holiday home. She’d managed to get quite an all-over tan.

Zoe had spent most of her break with her girlfriend. They’d gone on holiday together and Zoe had managed to get her girlfriend to wear some of her revealing clothes, and go to a nude beach with her.

The next item on the unwritten agenda was the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. Everyone was so excited about being able to go round town naked without fear of getting arrested.

Brooklyn said that she thought that being naked around uni wouldn’t be as exciting if there were lots of naked girls all over the place. I reminded her that there were only 30 girls in the class and that there are well over a thousand students at St. Damian’s. I said that knowing that there were 30 naked girls around the campus would probably make them more observant. If they knew that we were there they’d be looking for us. If they weren’t expecting us then they wouldn’t be looking for us.

Leah asked if anyone knew anything about the syllabus. No one did.

Kailene volunteered to be the first girl to go into town naked. The first lesson was the following Monday and she needed to go into town sometime that week, so she’d go on the Monday afternoon. Zoe said that she’d go with her.

Sarah said that she’d read a story about a fictional human sexuality course where all the students were given sexual things to do between classes. If they didn’t do them then they were kicked out.

“What sort of things?” Brooklyn asked.

Sarah told her about 2 things that involved supermarkets. One was that a girl had to walk into a supermarket naked, walk to the fruit and veg stall, pick up cucumber and fuck herself with it, right there in the store. The other was that a girl had to walk into a supermarket naked, find a male assistant and drag him into the men’s toilet. She then had to give him a blowjob and get him to shoot his load all over her face. She then had to walk all round the supermarket with his cum on her face.

“Brilliant!” Leah said, “I hope that we have to do something like that.”

After a few more similar ideas we were getting nowhere so I suggested that we just wait until Monday and see.

The last item on the agenda was the blackmail and cheerleading. I told everyone that Prof Jones had been in touch and that she was planning a few more performances for us. Katie told us that her and Sarah would review the routine and see about getting us naked earlier on in the show. Now that nudity wasn’t a problem we may as well do it as soon as we could, but not right from the start. We needed to keep the ‘tease factor’ in there.

I then told everyone what Prof Jones had told me about the ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition. After a few “Oow goodies,” everyone said that they wanted to take part.

The meeting was adjourned.

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

The following Monday at 10 o’clock, thirty girls were all nervously waiting for the Professor to arrive in the room. All were wondering what the syllabus was, and wanting to know more about this ‘being naked for 3 days each week’ was all about.

We didn’t have to wait long. Prof Jones walked in and welcomed everyone. The next thing that she said made seven (Ella had to go to the Whittle course) of us smile and most of the others gasp in amazement. Prof Jones told us all to stand up and strip naked – right there and then.

The seven of us were naked in seconds, and had a bit of a laugh as the others slowly peeled off their layers of clothing. It was a good job for the citizens of this fair city that none of the girls were more than slightly over-weight.

Quite a number of the girls were reluctant to let their breasts hang free, and covered them with their arms. Only 2 or 3 had masses of pubic hair; most were bald like us.

Prof Jones soon stopped the breasts being covered and 60 nipples proudly pointed to front of the room; albeit some to the floor at the front of the room.

She then told us that every one of the lessons would be conducted with us all in the nude.

One girl asked if being naked for 3 days a week was optional, and if it wasn’t, then which days did it have to be. Prof Jones told us that it definitely wasn’t optional and that we could choose whichever days that we wanted; and that a day was 24 hours long.

At the start of each lesson each girl would have to stand up and tell everyone which days, and what they did on those days. She then clarified the ‘partially naked’ part by telling us that it meant that either our breasts or our pubic area had to be uncovered and easy for anyone to see.

Prof Jones told us that she would be keeping records and if she thought that anyone was avoiding doing things when they were naked then they would have to be naked 24 x 7.

Prof Jones then told us that over the next few months we would briefly explore women’s clothing over the centuries and men’s attitudes to that clothing. We would also explore what we thought was wrong in today’s society and what we could do to improve things. She also told us that mixed in with what she had just told us we would be discussing and demonstrating female sexuality and how we can give ourselves more confidence in our bodies.

That last part interested me.

The lesson ended with Prof Jones reminding us to pick our 3 days. If anyone already had, and today was one of them, then they could remain naked. The rest could get dressed.

Guess which 7 opted to remain naked. So did 2 others. They sheepishly left the room, trying to blend in with the surroundings.

The 7 of us nearly danced out of that building. There was a gathering of boys who had read the notice or email and had thought that they were going to see lots of female flesh. They were right.

We went to the uni café to get a bite to eat and a drink. On the way there we got quite a few people looking at us. Some smiled and one young man grinned and said, “I like our Dean.” Another asked us what the hell we were doing. Zoe just told him to read his emails.

None of us had actually been totally naked in the café before and it felt a bit strange, but nice. When we were getting served Ella heard one of the older women who works there saying that it was disgusting and that naked girls should be banned. When Ella told us, Katie and Zoe went over to her and asked if she had a problem. She said not.

Without even discussing it, we had all decided that we would remain naked all of the time. At each ‘Females in the 21st Century’ lesson we would just report on 3 of the days that we’d been naked. We wouldn’t mention the other 4 days each week.

We split up and went our own way.

The following week I got there a couple of minutes late and was greeted by 29 naked young women.

The first thing that we did was to go round everyone and listen to which days they had been naked and what they had done on those days.

One girl told the class how she’d put off starting her 3 days of nudity until the Friday morning, so she had to be naked for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. What she’d forgotten was that she’d arranged for her father to drive down with some belongings that she hadn’t managed to bring on their first trip. Her father had phoned her on the Saturday to confirm that he’d be arriving at 11 o’clock on the Sunday morning, and that he’d take her out for lunch. She hadn’t had the courage to tell her father about the course.

The poor girl had been mortified. It had been hard enough having to face all the other students on the Friday, and the Saturday hadn’t been much better. She’d been terrified when she’d had to go down to the dorm’s entrance to meet her father.

Apparently he’d been quite shocked and had demanded to know what she thought she was doing. It had taken her quite a while for her to convince him that her being naked was legitimate. It was only when another naked girl walked passed them that he started to accept it.

Then came the second really embarrassing part for her; her father had wanted to call off the going out for lunch part, but the girl had told him that she’d get into trouble if they changed their plans; so off they went to a pub for their Sunday Lunch.

The girl told the class that she didn’t know who was more embarrassed, her or her father. On top of that, the staff in the pub had asked to see her student I.D. card. Fortunately, she’d remembered to take it.

Another girl told the class how she’d had to go to the dentists on one of her 3 days. She giggled a bit as she told the class that the male dentist had found it hard (that as well), to concentrate with a naked girl lying on the reclined chair in front of him.

A girl called Fiona told the class that she too had decided that her days would be Friday, Saturday and Sunday. She’d planned on an intimate weekend with her boyfriend who lived off-campus, sharing a house with 3 other young men. She’d hoped that they would spend most of the weekend in his room. However, her boyfriend had other ideas.

After spending a very passionate (her word) Friday evening and night; her boyfriend wanted to spend the rest of the weekend going everywhere that his housemates went. They went to a football match on the Saturday afternoon and the pub on the Saturday evening; and then again on the Sunday lunchtime.

She felt that he’d put her on display for half the town’s male population to see. She said that she’d felt good and bad about it. On the one hand she’s been pleased that he’d been proud enough to want to display her; and that she’d got sexually excited quite a few times when lots of men had looked at her in the confined spaces and passed comments about her body. On the other hand she’d felt a bit like a piece of meat on the counter in a butcher’s shop.

Prof Jones told us that it was typical of men’s attitudes towards women; that there were good things and bad things about his actions. She said that she’d be covering men’s attitude towards women’s bodies in a later session.

While Fiona was telling the class about being naked in front of all those men, I was getting a bit turned-on. I quite fancied the idea.

On the subject of sport, one girl was in the university badminton club and they had met on one evening of her 3 days. She’d had quite an audience as her breasts had bounced about. They’d distracted her male opponents and she’d won more games than usual.

Another girl told the class that she had a part-time job working in a bar in town. She’d picked 3 days when she wasn’t working; but on one of them she’d had a phone call asking her to cover for someone who was sick. She’d had to go into town naked and work behind a bar all night. After she’d explained her state of dress to the landlord he’d asked her to make sure that her 3 days each week coincided with her working days. She was good for trade.

After telling everyone about her 3 days, one girl told Prof Jones that in a few weeks she was going on a week’s teacher training experience to teach 14 and 15 year old kids. She wanted to know if she was expected to be naked whilst there. Prof Jones told her that if the school was within the city boundary, then “yes,” otherwise “no.”

The girl next to her groaned. Prof Jones asked her what the problem was. She told the class that she too had a week’s teacher training experience coming up, and that the school that she’d been allocated to definitely was within the city boundary. Prof Jones asked the girl to give her the details after the lesson and she would contact the school’s head teacher to clear it with him or her.

A driving lesson was the most unexpected thing that one if the girls had done on one of her naked days.

After that Prof Jones told us all about women’s clothing in the 19th century. I wasn’t surprised to hear that they didn’t wear bras or knickers in those times.

The rest of the session was a bit of a surprise; Prof Jones talked about masturbation and then shocked everyone (nearly) by telling us to sit on our desks and masturbate.

Prof Jones took a few notes then told us that we’d discuss our methods the following week.

Oh, the 3 girls that had had masses of pubic hair had shaved it all off sometime during the week. There were 30 bald pubis in that lesson.

**Prof Gibbons**

Sarah and I went to our first lecture with Prof Gibbon during the second week. We were the only 2 naked girls there. We’d decided to sit on the front row so that we could tease him. We didn’t care if the cameras were working or not. As the others filed in, most stared at us. One of the girls asked if we were naked because of ‘that course.’ We said that we were. She just said that she thought that we were so brave, and walked off to her seat.

When Prof Gibbon walked in he looked as Sarah and me and smiled. He spent quite a bit of time during the lecture in front of either Sarah or me. Of course we obliged him by keeping our knees well apart.

At the end he asked Sarah and I to stay back, then told us that he was pleased to see that we had signed-up for the course, and that he expected us to be wearing the same clothes as we were at that moment, and to sit in the same seats for each lecture. He then told us that he had a couple of events lined-up for us to perform at. He’d give us the details later.

**Pole Dancing**

Both Kailene and I started doing this on Saturday nights in the same club again. We needed the money. After all the practice that we got in Tenerife we both thought that the other had improved their routine. The club that we dance at is a bit more ‘up-market’; and we’d both missed the suggestive comments from the half-drunk customers in Tenerife. Also, we missed not being able to tease the men as we lap-danced.

**Part-Time Job**

About a week after I got back to university I telephoned Isabelle to see if / when she wanted me back at work. After the usual greetings I asked her if she’d heard about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. “Is that the course where girls can walk around town naked?” she asked. When I told her that it was she said, “And you’ve signed-up for it haven’t you?”

“Of course,” I said, “the thing is, if you still want me to work for you, would you mind if I came in and worked naked?”

Isabelle laughed and said, “I just knew that was coming. Of course I want you here, and of course I want you naked. Think of all those husbands and boyfriends that will bring their wives and girlfriend in just so that they can have a look at you. I’m thinking of putting a sign in the window saying that a naked university student will be here every Saturday.”

My turn to laugh.

There was so much going on at uni that the Saturday after the first ‘Females in the 21st Century’ class was the first chance that I’d had to go into town. It was amazing being able to catch the bus into town and wander around wearing only shoes and carrying my bag. My nipps were rock hard all the time and my puss was dripping. My clit was getting used to being out, out in the open craving attention all the time.

The stares, the way that people seemed to make a way for me to walk through the crowds; it was amazing. Even the older women, who obviously knew that they couldn’t do anything about it, stared at me. Okay, they had that evil look in their eyes, but they could do nothing.

As I walked into the shop, Isabelle and a couple of the other girls clapped me in.

The first job of the day was to tell Isabelle all about my summer break, and the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course. After that I had to get on with my normal tasks. I’d only been on the shop floor for a minute when I noticed that there was a naked mannequin near the door; and it didn’t look quite right. I walked over to it and started grinning.

It was Rosaline. The little exhibitionist had talked Isabelle into giving her a job as a mannequin; and Isabelle hadn’t mentioned it.

I stood in front of the perfectly still mannequin and ran my finger over her slit.

“What have we here,” I asked, “A new, high tech mannequin? I wonder if it has all the body functions of a real human.” I pulled one of Rosaline’s nipples. Her eyes opened wide.

Next I put my hand on her pussy and slipped a finger inside her.

“Ooow! Body fluids as well.” I said.

“I wonder if it’s got an asshole that I can push this coat hanger up.” I said.

“Okay, okay, that’s enough. It’s good to see you too Amy.” Rosaline said.

“I’ll let you get back to your little dream job, and we’ll talk at break time.” I said, and left her standing there.

While I was near the door I quickly scanned the front windows to see there was a sign about a naked girl working there. There wasn’t.

We did seem to be busier than before the holidays, and there did seen to be more couples in than before.

At break I had a long chat with Rosaline. She told me that she’d been there most Saturday’s for the last couple of months. She was really getting used to standing perfectly still for long periods of time. We didn’t have much time then, but she promised to tell me all about the times that she’d been groped, and the couple of times that Isabelle had had to go and rescue her.

Rosaline told me that it was real turn-on for her and that she’d loved every minute; especially the ones where boys had come up to her and given her a really close inspection. She also told me that she was little disappointed now that there would be someone else naked in the shop.

I told her not to worry; there were enough men around to satisfy both our needs.

I also told her that I might just be able to get her a fake student I.D. card if she wanted one. That way she could get away with walking all round town naked.

Rosaline was really excited about that idea, but asked me if I’d go with her the first time because she would be so nervous, and turned-on.

I told her that I couldn’t promise that I could get her a fake I.D. but if I did it would be my pleasure to go for a walk with her.

At lunch break I took Rosaline to one of those photo booths and got some passport style photos, just like the student I.D. cards. Rosaline was a little disappointed that she had to put some clothes on to go out of the shop. She had been hoping to spend the whole day naked.

I told her that if I did manage to get her a fake I.D. card she’d be able to wander around everywhere naked.

“Not at home.” Rosaline told me. She told me that her parents didn’t approve of nudity. Apparently the subject of new university course had come up in conversation at home. Rosaline told her family that she wanted to go to St. Damian University so that she could go on the course. Her brothers were keen on the idea, but her parents weren’t.

I told Rosaline all about how I, and the other members on NEWPS, had talked their parents into letting them be naked at home. She was interested and said that she’d work on it.

I told her that if I did manage to get her an I.D. card then she’d be able to undress soon after she left home to come into town; but she’d have to find somewhere to leave her clothes. Another thing for her to work on.

The rest of the day was quite boring, except for the men that kept coming to stare at me.

The bus back to uni was quite full, and I had to sit next to this old man. He got off the stop before me and when he asked me to let him out, he thanked me for making his day.

“You’re so welcome.” I said.

As soon as I got back I went to see Ben. He told me that there was quite a market for fake student I.D. cards and that he knew someone on the Technology department who could help me. He phoned him (Pete) and arranged a meeting for me later that night.

I met Pete and he was surprised to see that I was naked. The meeting was in the uni bar and Pete was sat down when I arrived. Ben had told me what Pete looked like, but he hadn’t told Pete that I would be naked.

Pete asked me if I would stand in front of him while we talked.

A bit strange I thought, maybe he was one of those nerdy geeks who never got to see a girl naked. Anyway, I wanted something from him so I was happy to oblige.

It turned out that Pete was a nice guy. He just wanted to take advantage of a naked girl who wanted something from him. When he told me I just laughed. I couldn’t blame him for that. He was quite cute looking really and I promised to go to his dorm room to collect Rosaline’s I.D. card.

Yes. I did let him fuck me. It was a pleasant way of paying for the card.

When I gave the card to Rosaline the next Saturday she was over the moon. At lunch break we went for a walk up and down the shopping centre and up and down the escalators. Rosaline told me that she was sooo close to having an orgasm.

**Naked in town**

When Kailene and Zoe got back from town that first Monday they told us that it had been fun. Okay, lots of people had stared at them, and a few had asked them if they were university students; but they’d had no problems. The scariest part was when they got on that first bus. The driver had looked quite scary, but as soon as they got to buy their ticket the driver had smiled at them and said to them, “You’re from the university aren’t you?”

The assistants in the shops that they’d been in treated them just the same as everyone else. Yes they’d got a few teenage boys following them up the escalators but no more than when they’d been wearing micro skirts.

That Friday evening all 8 of us went out on the town; eight naked girls walking into bars. You can guess the reaction from the men. There was only 1 bar where we had a problem with the staff. They didn’t believe that it was okay for us to be naked. They called the police. As a matter of principle, and the fact that were had had quite a bit to drink, we waited for the cops.

A male sergeant and a stroppy woman cuntstable arrived. While the sergeant put the bar staff straight, the cuntstable checked our I.D.s. While she was doing that she made it clear that she wasn’t happy with the chief constable’s decision.

We didn’t stay at that bar in the end.

As we walked to the next bar Zoe said that the cuntstable was only jealous; after all she was way over-weight and ugly. The rest of us agreed.

Before we had set off that night we’d all agreed that we would stick together and that none of us would go off on their own. I’m sure that you can imagine the number of offers that we had; and it was a shame because some of them looked as if we could have had a good time with them.

We all ended up sleeping in Katie’s and my room that night.

Katie, Ella and I decided that we wanted to explore the boundaries of what we could get away with in town. We sat down one night and decided on a few places that we wanted to go to in town to see what reaction we would get.

The city library was the first place that we went to. We weren’t expecting much there, and we didn’t get it. A couple of old biddies that worked there gave us some snooty looks and we totally interrupted one man’s concentration on something that looked quite complicated; but apart from that it was quite uneventful.

The city’s main swimming pool was the next place that we decided to honour with our presence. For this one I asked Katie and Ella if they minded if Rosaline joined us. Of course they didn’t mind, and it was a chance for them to meet the mannequin that I had told them about.

Rosaline was VERY happy when I asked her. Nude swimming was something that she had wanted to do for years. It was a school day and Rosaline had to dash there straight from school. We were waiting outside the swimming pool for her. When she got there she was wearing her school uniform.

After introductions and Rosaline apologising for wearing clothes, she asked if we could go round a corner to somewhere less public. As soon as we got round the corner, Rosaline stepped behind a parked car and took her school blouse and skirt off. Apart from shoes, she was naked. Katie asked her when the last time was that she’d worn underwear at school. Rosaline told us that she couldn’t exactly remember, but that it was more than 2 years.

We went into the swimming pool’s reception and up to the window. The woman there looked a bit surprised, then asked to see our student I.D. cards.

“Here we go!” I said to Ella, but the woman surprised us by telling us that by being students we got a discount.

We were in the changing room for less than a minute. Rosaline was a bit nervous, but wasn’t going to chicken out.

Quite a few people in the pool stopped and stared at the 4 naked girls that walked out of the changing room. None of the lifeguards or other staff challenged us. The only interesting parts were when we climbed up the steps to go on the slides. We always seemed to have some boys or men following us.

Oh! Sorry, one more thing. One teenage girl in a white bikini disappeared into the changing room and came back out a few minutes later wearing a white thong instead of her bikini bottoms. I guess that she thought that if we could go naked then she could get away with showing her butt. We didn’t see anyone challenge her.

Rosaline loved the whole experience and wanted more. We promised to contact her if / when we were doing anything else that she could join in.

**The Dares**

The most interesting place that we went was to a barber shop. Brooklyn had dared me to go to a barber shop to get my pubis shaved. The problem was that I usually shave them every morning.

The hard part was not shaving and getting stubble. I’d forgotten how horrible pubic hair is.

I got a few comments about my growth, not least from Prof Jones who said that she hoped that it would not be there at our first performance of the academic year. I assured her that it wouldn’t.

The barber shop day came and Brooklyn and I went looking for a barber’s shop. We wanted an old-fashioned place, not one of the modern hairdressers. We were surprised how hard it was to find one. Even when we found one, they didn’t do shaving. You should have seen the face of the middle-aged man when we asked him if he shaved women’s pubis.

We were lucky with the second one that we found; although the elderly man there looked at us in a very strange way. He looked as if he didn’t believe what we were asking him to do.

We finally convinced him that we were serious and he told us that we’d have to wait until he finished cutting a man’s hair. We sat alongside another man and waited. All the time all 3 men kept looking at us.

When the barber had finished cutting the man’s hair, the man got off the chair, paid the barber and then sat on the other side of us. I guessed that he was going to stay and watch.

The barber then asked us to excuse him for a minute. He said that it was a while since he’d used his shaving equipment and that he’d have to go and get it. In the mean-time he pointed to a chair and asked me to get on it.

The chair was one of those swivel, reclining chairs next to a sink. As I got on it and leaned back, the back went backwards and I was in a reclined position. Brooklyn laughed.

When the barber came back we watched him wet one of those shaving brushes and then use some sort of soap to get the brush covered in a soapy lather. He turned to me and told me to sit on the front edge of the chair and lean back. As I did that he got a little towel and soaked it in hot water.

“Open your legs as wide as you can please.” The barber said. I did, and within seconds the towel was covering my pubis and pussy. It caught me a bit by surprise and I gasped.

As my skin softened I watched the barber get out one of those cut-throat razors and sharpen it on what looked like a strip of leather. FIH I thought, what if he slips and cuts my clit off?

I was nervous; but Brooklyn had a big grin on her face. I looked at the little audience; they were all mesmerized.

The barber asked me if I was ready. I nearly said, “No,” instead I just nodded.

The barber turned the chair so I was facing him, the little audience, and the front of the shop. Anyone passing who cared to look would be able to see everything.

The towel was lifted away and the barber started brushing lather all over my pubis and pussy. It felt good, very good, especially when that brush tickled my clit.

My head went back and I relaxed and almost forgot what I was there for.

I opened my eyes and saw that vicious looking razor hovering over my pussy. I tensed up.

The barber must have realised as he told me to relax. Relax! FIH, how the fuck am I supposed to relax with the possibility that my clit is about to be cut off in seconds?

The razor did one pass, scrape or whatever you want to call it. All I felt was a little, almost tickle; then another. I could feel the stubble going, and it didn’t feel bad; in fact it felt nice.

I did start to relax. This man knew what he was doing.

Maybe I relaxed too much. I started to get excited, and wet. It got worse (better) when he did my labia. My breathing was getting heavier.

The barber stopped and stepped back to admire his work. So did the audience.

After a few seconds that brush came out again and tickled me as he covered my pubis and pussy again. As that brush touched my clit I had a little orgasm.

The barber sharpened his razor again and did a second pass. How he managed to not touch my clit I will never know.

The hot towel was brought out again and laid over the newly shaved area. I felt fresh, clean and relaxed. When the barber removed the towel he asked me if I wanted some aftershave. Never having seen aftershave before I thought, “What the hell,” and said that I did. He picked up a bottle with a little hole at the top and shook some of the liquid onto my pubis. FIH; I wished that I’d said no. It stung like hell.

The barber stood back and asked me if I wanted him to shave my rear. I looked at him wondering what the hell he was talking about. Brooklyn knew, she said, “Yes please.”

The barber told me to get up; turn round, and kneel on the chair. As soon as he said that I realised what Brooklyn had let me in for.

I was knelt on a reclining chair with my backside up in the air and my knees spread as far as they could. Everyone could see everything; a wet everything.

When that brush started on me again, it was just too much for me. I moaned, shuddered and had a beautiful orgasm.

As it subsided I looked through my spread legs and saw a lot of smiles. Not least the barber. His grin was definitely the biggest.

The barber got to work again. It probably took no more than 2 or 3 minutes for him to finish. Then came the hot towel again. After a couple of minutes he put more aftershave on. Again I winced as it stung

The barber stood back and admired his work while the other men admired my holes. I was enjoying them staring at me.

After a couple of minutes the barber told me that He’d finished and that I could get up.

Brooklyn asked him how much we owed him; but he refused to take any money saying that we had just made an old man very happy

Now I have to think of something to dare Brooklyn to do.

**Dan – The Thesis on Voyeurism**

It took Dan about 2 weeks to contact me. He thanked me for switching the webcam on. I asked him if he still wanted our arrangement to continue. “Hell yes!” he said, “The fact that there are 30 naked young ladies around campus doesn’t change anything. It’s what naked girls do when they are alone or just with other girls that’s relevant to my thesis.”

Dan asked me about the ‘Females in the 21st Century’ course so I told him everything that I knew. I also told him about the cheerleading and the ‘Erotic Art’ exhibition that Prof Jones was ‘forcing’ us to do. Dan asked that give him the details as soon as I knew them. He said that he would be at each one.

I’m pretty sure that Dan is the only one watching and recording what the webcam sees; but maybe not. Maybe he’s given the webcam address to lots of his friends, maybe he’s selling the address; maybe he’s sold the address to millions of men on the internet. Who knows, and who cares; I don’t.

**Blackmail**

At 7 p.m. on the Thursday of the second week back we were all in the gym practicing our cheerleading routine. As with the previous sessions, we were all naked. Katie and Sarah had worked in a way that we can strip each other about 90 seconds into the routine. We are going to have to take our cheerleading outfits to the practices to practice that bit, and to make sure that we can strip each other easily.

I didn’t take the webcam along that first time, but I’ve taken it each week since I spoke to Dan.

That’s it for now; I’ll try and find some time to continue this soon.

Amy