**I never did like long skirts.**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 1**

My mum always used to make me wear skirts that were knee length or longer and they were always made from a fabric that was thick and heavy. I always felt like I had weights hanging from my waist and I was forever pushing the heavyweight fabric out of the way so that I could do something. Even going to the toilet was like doing weightlifting exercises.

Jeans and trousers were a big no, no to my mother as well, her saying,

“Women should dress like women not men,” she always said that whenever I approached the subject of getting some jeans.

The only freedom that I got was when I was at PE lessons at school, the knickers that I had to wear all the time were of industrial strength unlike the other girls who all wore flimsy knickers, thongs or G-strings under their shorts.

At this point it may be a good idea to mention that at our school the girls gym changing rooms were rows of individual changing and shower cubicles. Most of the girls usually closed the doors but sometimes they left them open and it was those times when I realised that my body wasn’t developing as quickly as all the other girls. No one else seemed to notice this, probably because of the big, baggy, heavy tops and skirts that I had to wear.

After a few comments about me wearing 2 pairs of shorts, yes, my horrible knickers were slightly bigger than my shorts, I stopped wearing my knickers under my shorts and just did PE in my thin, nylon shorts and found the experience so natural, so free.

The bras that I had to wear from the first day that my mother noticed that my breasts were starting to grow were also of industrial strength and the straps continually compressed my chest so much that I had to get used to taking shallow breaths all the time. I hated wearing those bras

Finally, I left school, got a job and found a place to live. I wasn’t living on my own, I shared a house with another girl and 2 boys but I was free of my mother and her ideas of what I should wear.

I’d only been in my new accommodation for a couple of hours when I decided that it was time to start breaking free from my mother’s idea of what I should wear. I didn’t have any spare money to buy new clothes so I started by discarding my granny style, industrial strength knickers and bras.

Fortunately my breasts have never grown more than an ‘AA’ cup so with my ultra thick blouses and jumpers no one would ever realise that I was braless, and with the long, heavy skirts no one would ever realise that I was knickerless as well. All my underwear went into the trash can that same day.

I guess that a lot of girls would feel naked or embarrassed not wearing underwear but all I felt was partial freedom. I couldn’t wait to have some money to buy some decent clothes.

Over the next couple of days I quickly got used to not wearing underwear and stopped even thinking about buying some skimpy knickers.

It didn’t take long for me to decide that my housemates were all great people. Elise works at a supermarket, Tom is an apprentice electrician and Leo is an apprentice plumber. I was working at a different supermarket.

We got on like a house on fire and spent many evenings talking or watching movies or playing games. Sometimes one of the others would bring some booze home and we’d share it and get quite happy. Occasionally one of the others wouldn’t make to their room to go to bed and would end up sleeping on the sofa.

It was one of the boozy evenings that we got around to talking about boyfriends and girlfriends and I admitted that I had never had a boyfriend.

“Does that mean that you are still a virgin?” Elise asked me.

I admitted that I was.

It was early spring when I had moved into the house and as the weather warmed up it became common practice for the guys to wander around the house in just their boxer shorts and sometimes a T-shirt, and Elise to wear just knickers and a tank top. Her nipples often made little tents in her top but the guys didn’t make a big deal of it. In fact no one even commented on the brief attire.

Me, however, had stopped wearing knickers so I wandered around wearing just a long T-shirt, one of my dads old ones that I pinched for wearing to bed. Elise commenting that I must be a lot cooler than when I was wearing the heavy clothes that I normally wore. I also often had not so little tents in the T-shirt.

One hot evening when we were all sat around playing cards dressed as above, Elise mentioned my heavy weight clothes and said that I should buy some light weight, fashionable summer dresses. When I told her that I didn’t have any money she offered to lend me her sewing machine and teach me how to use it. The next day that we were both not working we got busy and after some practise, with Elise supervising, I managed to alter one of my most hated skirts.

“Put it on and see what you look like in it.” Elise said as I held it up feeling proud of myself.

Without thinking, I stepped into it and pulled it up. As I did so I must have given Elise a flash of my pubic hair because she said,

“No knickers Cassie?”

“No, the ones that my mother bought me were industrial strength granny pants, same with the bras so now that I’m not living with my parents I don’t have to wear any of them. I wanted to buy some nice girly underwear but I didn’t have any money and besides, with my horrible clothes no one is going to see anything. What’s more I’m getting used to not wearing any, so undies are not at the top of my shopping list any more.”

“And you don’t shave down there either Cassie?” Elise asked.

“Shave what?” I asked.

“Your pussy?”

“Oh that, no, never really thought about shaving there, I know that most of the girls at school did but my mother wouldn’t let me have a swimsuit where hair sticking out the sides would be a problem, besides, I don’t have a boyfriend and not much hair there anyway, look.”

I pulled the front of my now shortened skirt up and showed Elise my pussy.

“Wow, Cassie, that’s an amazing pussy that you have there, how old are you?”

“Nineteen, why?“

“That’s much like what mine looked like when I started puberty, none of that fatty flesh that most women have, and your clit is sticking out, it must be the size of the end of my little finger. Are you turned on right now, it’s beautiful?”

“No. it’s like that all the time, do you really think that it’s beautiful?””

“I know so, when you get a boyfriend he’ll love it, especially when you shave that little bush off.”

“Nothing more was said about my pussy but I couldn’t stop thinking about how my pussy looked.”

Maybe now would a good time to describe the rest of me. I’m 152 cm tall and rather skinny with light brown, shoulder length hair. That’s the girl that I saw in the mirror then I said to Elise,

“This skirt is much better (mid thigh) but it’s still way too heavy. I suppose it will have to do until I can afford a new wardrobe.”

“You do look a lot more ‘modern’, for want of a better word, Cassie.”

“I feel a lot more ‘modern’, as you call it. I think that I’ll shorten all my other skirts and dresses. Any suggestions about what I could do with all my tops Elise?”

“Hmm, I suppose that you could cut the sleeves off some of them, and cut a ‘V’ into the front of some of them.”

“My little tits will never give me a cleavage.”

“No, but there will be less fabric and you’ll feel the air more.”

“True, okay, thanks for showing me how to use this machine, if you want you can leave me to it and I’ll shout if I need any help.”

“Okay, I’m not going out so I’ll be around if you need me, I might do a little sunbathing, first chance that I’ve had this year.”

Elise left me and I got on with my task. I didn’t have many clothes and it only took me about 3 hours to modify the lot. After I’d modified each garment I’d try it on and look at myself in the mirror. Being a total amateur at sowing I’m sorry to say that I got a few things wrong and I ended up with a couple of skirts that were quite a bit shorter than I intended and a couple of tops with a ‘V’ neck a lot lower than I intended, but everything did feel a lot less restrictive than before.

All done, I put on what was now my shortest skirt and the top with the deepest ‘V’ front and went looking for Elise to tell her that I was finished and to ask her if she thought I had made the skirt and top un-wearable.

I found Elise out in the back garden sunbathing on a lounger and wearing the tiniest bikini bottoms that I had ever seen. They just about covered her slit.

When she saw me approaching her she sat up, grabbed her bikini top and said,

“Leo and Tom aren’t home are they?”

“No, relax Elise, I don’t think that they’ll be home for another couple of hours, if you want to sunbathe naked it’s okay with me.”

“You should try it Cassie, the sun feels great, besides I’m not naked, I’ve got these bottoms on.”

“Just.” I replied, “Anyway, I just came out to ask if you think that I’ve been too severe with cutting back these, I got a bit carried away.”

Elise looked me up and down, asked me to do a 360 turn then replied,

“You look one hell of a lot better than before but you really need some decent summer clothes.”

“I know, but I’ve got no money.”

“Sit on that chair over there Cassie.”

I did and after a few seconds Elise got up and came and walked round me. When she was stood beside me she said,

“Lean forwards a little.”

I did.

Elise stood there for a few seconds then went and sat back on the lounger.

“Honest opinion Cassie?” Elise asked.

“Yes please.”

“Okay, the skirt, if it were made with a more fashionable, lightweight fabric it would be great, it’s nice and short so that when someone looks at you, especially from down here, they can see your bush. You really need to shave that off. Remember, if someone sees up your skirt and sees flesh then they don’t know if it’s your pussy, your stomach or your thighs that they are seeing, but you have a bigger than average clit and from what I’ve seen so far it never hides away. You’ll have to be careful about that, that is if it bothers you.”

“I’ve never noticed men trying to look up my skirt but why should it bother me, if they do look and see something they like they might ask me out.”

“All due respect but are you really surprised that men don’t try to look up your skirts with you wearing skirts like you used to. You really do look much better wearing short skirts Cassie and yes, flashing lots of forbidden flesh is a good way of catching a guy.”

“Thanks, I feel much better. What about my top?”

“Same issues, although it’s looking **down** your tops, if you’ve changed all of them like that one you’ll either need to start wearing a bra or keep up straight all the time. That’s if you don’t want people to see your tits. I could see all of both of you tits, and I wish that I had nipples like yours Cassie. I’d seen the pokies that they make in that T-shirt that you wear but those nipps are as big as the last section of your little finger, your boyfriend will love them, when you get one, which won’t be long if you go around like that.”

“Are you saying that my top is okay Elise?”

“Hell yes, you may have tiny tits but your nipples more than make up for that and the guys will love seeing them when they think that you don’t know that you have them on display.”

“So do you like what I’ve done Elise. It’s not too short or low cut?”

“Apart from the fabric it’s perfect. Hey, now that you can use a sowing machine how about making your own clothes, you can get patterns to follow. My mum used to make her own clothes so it can’t be that difficult.”

“Hmm, I’ll think about that, fabric has got to be a lot cheaper than the finished product. I might just be able to afford some.”

I left Elise to continue her sunbathing and went inside to clear-up the mess that I had made and put away my modified clothes. As I was doing so I was quite proud of myself and was looking forward to going to work and showing the other girls that I wasn’t a total old-fashioned girl even though we have a uniform to wear whilst working.

After that I checked my finances and set myself a budget for buying what I thought that I would need.

When Tom, then Leo got home they both made comments about how different I looked and that my new look was a big improvement. Later on that evening we were all watching a movie, sitting in our usual seats which for me was almost opposite Tom and Leo. It was only after I noticed that both guys kept looking over to me that I remembered how short my skirt was. I’d never bothered getting into the habit of crossing my legs because of my long skirts and I was sat with my knees next to each other but not touching,

I remembered my conversation with Elise that afternoon and wondered if the guys were trying to look up my skirt. That sort of attention was new to me and I realised that I was enjoying it, in fact, for the first time in goodness knows how long, my pussy was feeling wet.

“Wow,” I thought, “no wonder girls talk about sex all the time. especially those who wear short skirts and skimpy tops.”

I realised that I was a bit jealous of other girls and annoyed with my mother for making me wear such horrible clothes. I also felt more determined to make some new clothes for myself and to explore the sexual side of life.

Instead of closing my knees or crossing my legs I found myself slowly opening my knees a bit further and from the reflection on the TV screen I could see that both Leo and Tom were spending more time looking at my legs than at the TV. I also felt my pussy get wetter and it was sort of tingling.

At first that tingling feeling felt rather strange, but also nice. I vaguely remembered getting those feeling years ago before my mother threatened me with going to hell if I touched my pussy other than to wipe it after going to the toilet or touching it when I had to insert a tampon.

But this was different. Two guys were trying to see my pussy and that tingling was making me feel good and free. I had a long overdue, renewed interest in my pussy and sex. What’s more, there were 2 guys trying to see my pussy and it would be so easy to let them. So I did. I spread my knees some more until I was sure that they could see right up my skirt.

Then I remembered what Elise had said about pubic hair and I remembered seeing the girls at school who looked much better when they didn’t have any, and I got a little embarrassed about me still having some, so I closed my knees and swore that I would shave mine off when I went to the bathroom later.

My interest in sex diminished but was not gone, and when the movie was finished I asked if any one wanted a drink. Everyone did so I volunteered to go to the kitchen and make them. As I was doing that I had a naughty thought as I remembered what Elise had said about guys looking down my top. In the privacy of the kitchen I bent over and looked down my front and was surprised at just how much I could see, all of my tits and right down to the top of my skirt.

“Wow,” I thought as I smiled to myself.

When I took the drinks in I made sure that I bent over in front of both Tom and then Leo and I lingered as long as I dare so as not make it too obvious. I was sure that both of them saw my tits with their large nipples and small, darker areolae. The tingling got stronger.

Then I took Elise her drink and bent to hand it to her. As I did so she waved for me to put my head in front of hers and she whispered,

“You do know that the guys can see your bare butt and pussy when you bend over like that?”

I stood up straight quickly with a shocked expression on my face, but that expression quickly replaced with a smile and I felt my pussy tingle some more. I looked down to Elise and smiled again before turning and going to my seat.

We all sat and talked before finally going to bed. As we climbed the stairs Tom was behind me and I wondered if he could see up my skirt. It was quite a bit later before I went to sleep because I waited until I thought that the others had all used the bathroom then I went and shaved off all my pubic hair. Since that day I have shaved that part of my body every day. After my first pubis shave, and back in my room, I went onto the internet to read up on making clothes, and I watched a few videos.

After that night I kept noticing that both Tom and Leo spent more time around me. I guessed why and I didn’t make any effort to not show my ‘assets’, as Elise called them. I didn’t even get into the habit of crossing my legs when sitting down and I’m pretty sure that I frequently gave the men on the buses going to and from work a pleasant surprise. Well I hope that it was pleasant for them, I know that when I noticed them looking my pussy it tingled for a while.

I will always remember walking to the bus stop the next morning. There was a cool breeze and it was blowing up my newly shortened skirt and tickling my bald pussy and clit. It was an amazing and stimulating feeling that I’d never experienced before. I actually remember standing at the bus stop with my feet well apart so that I could experience that feeling for as long as possible.

I did go into town and found a shop that sold everything that I would need to make my own clothes. I bought a few patterns and a few different fabrics, all nice and thin and suitable for summer clothes. I told Elise, Leo and Tom what I was going to do and they kindly let me use the table in the dining room to work on, and on my next day off I got started. The skirt looked the easiest to make and I soon got some confidence and by the time Elise got home just after lunch I had a skater type skirt just about finished.

Elise made us both a drink and came to talk to me. She sat watching me as we talked and when the skirt was finished I decided to try it on to show her. I’d never changed from my sleeping T-shirt so I just whipped it off and stepped into the skirt.

It felt good and Elise told me that it looked good as well. It was so light that I felt like I had nothing on. I did a few twirls and Elise told me that when I did them she could see that I had nothing on under it.

“I don’t care, this is the best skirt that I have ever had.” I replied.

She also told me that my pussy looked so much better without any hair and I told her that I’d taken her advice and had started shaving it every morning.

I was so happy that I immediately got started on the first dress that I wanted to make, without changing back into the T-shirt or putting a top on. I knew that my little tits wouldn’t get in the way and I had a quick thought of sympathy for the women with huge breasts, they must be such a burden for them.

Elise left me to it and I quickly spread out the fabric and pinned the pattern pieces to it. Once I’d cut all the sections I started pinning them together and when I was done I wanted to carefully try it on to see how it looked on me.

After I took the skirt off leaving me totally naked I quickly discovered that trying on a pinned dress is much harder than a pinned skirt so I called for Elise to help me. I had my back to the door and was still trying to hold the dress up so that I could slide it down from my head when I heard the door open.

“Can you hold it up and slowly lower it please Elise?” I asked.

Hearing no reply or the dress not moving. I turned around whilst trying to lift the front a little so that I could see what was taking Elise so long. Only it wasn’t Elise stood there it was Tom, and after him being able to see all my naked back for a few seconds he could now see all my naked front. What’s more I didn’t know what to do to cover myself because if I moved wrongly I’d probably get pins stabbing me from all directions.

We both stood in silence for what seemed like hours but was probably no more than 5 seconds when Tom said,

“I, I, I was just coming to see how you were getting on, see if there was anything that I could help you with Cassie.”

“There is.” Elise said as she appeared behind him, “you can stop staring at Cassie. Haven’t you seen a naked girl before?”

“Of course I have, it’s just that well, Cassie’s so …..”

“Get out Tom,” Elise said, “leave us girls to do what we do.”

Tom turned and left, Elise looked at me and saw what my problem was, and I realised that my nipples had gone very hard and tingly, my clit had done the same and my pussy had got quite wet. Once my partially made, new dress got lowered down my body Elise said,

“You enjoyed that didn’t you Cassie?”

“No I didn’t, it was embarrassing, I was blushing.”

“Your body is telling me a different story Cassie, it looks like you like showing your naked body to men.”

“No I ……. well it did turn me on.”

“I noticed, don’t be ashamed, it’s a perfectly normal reaction for most girls, I’d probably be gushing if it had been me.”

“So it’s normal for girls to get aroused when men see them naked?”

“Yes it is Cassie, now, let’s see where we need to move some pins. I see that you’ve cut the length so that it will be quite short on you, you’ll really turn the guys heads but don’t twirl around like you did in your new skirt or you’ll really be showing your bald charms.”

“I don’t care. I’m going to feel amazing in this dress and I don’t care what people say or see.”

Elise helped me with the re-pinning then getting it off without ripping any pins out or stabbing me. This time I put the T-shirt on.

A couple of hours later Leo knocked on the door and when I told him to come in he said,

“Oh, you’ve got some clothes on, I thought that all dressmakers worked naked.”

“Very funny Leo, I’m assuming that Tom has told you that he saw me naked?”

“Yes, and he said that you have an amazing body.”

“That will always be a matter of opinion mate.”

“I’ll make up my own mind when I see more of it.” Leo replied.

“You should be so lucky, so what can I do for you?”

“Oh yes, I just came to tell you that we’ve knocked some food together. Have you eaten anything today?”

“Not since breakfast.”

“Which probably explains why you are so slim Cassie, come on, time to eat.”

I went with Leo and found that there were plates of spaghetti blog on the coffee table in the lounge so I picked one up and took it to my chair. It was only when I sat down that the cold seat on my bare butt reminded me that I was still wearing my sleeping T-shirt which is quite short.

As I was eating I thought about what Leo had said, ‘when I see more of it’. What did he mean by that? Had he seen me partially naked somewhere? Maybe he just meant that he’d seen up my skirt? I decided to ask him when I got the chance.

That chance came sooner than I expected because when I took Tom’s and my plate into the kitchen to start on the washing-up, Leo followed me.

“Leo, what did you mean when you said ‘when I see more of it’?”

“Oh that Cassie, did you realise that on a morning when you come down for breakfast wearing that T-shirt and you bend over to get the cereals out of the cupboard, the T-shirt rides up your butt and we can see your bare butt and pussy. It looks much nicer now that you’ve started shaving it.”

“Oh my gawd, I’ve been flashing my butt and pussy to you and Tom all this time and neither of you said anything? Oh my gawd, how could you not tell me? Has Elise seen my pussy as well?”

“Relax Cassie, it’s no big deal, things like that are bound to happen in a shared house where the housemates wander around in what they sleep in, and I have no idea about Elise, she’s never said anything, and besides, her knickers are often so small that they disappear into her slit, haven’t you noticed?”

“No, I’m not a lesbian.”

“Good to hear that. I’m looking forward to seeing you in your new creations Cassie.”

“Yes, I’ve finished a skirt and it feels amazing wearing it, a different world to my old, heavy clothes.”

“You’ll have to give us a little fashion show when you’ve finished Cassie.”

“Actually, that’s a good idea, I’d appreciate a man’s honest opinion.”

“Then it a date, well not an actual date but you know what I mean.”

“Yes Leo, I do.”

When we had finished the washing-up we went back to our seats and I saw that Elise had a movie cued-up ready to start. As I sat down I felt the fabric of the seat on the backs of my legs and my bare butt again. I knew that the T-shirt would ride up at the back but when I looked down at my thighs I saw that the T-shirt had ridden up the front as well, it was just about around my waist but I couldn’t see my bare pubis. I glanced over to Tom and Leo and saw that neither of them were watching the TV so they probably could see my bald pussy.

I was temped to cross my legs but that was something I had never needed to do before and I didn’t particularly want to start doing because it looks uncomfortable. So I didn’t and I started to concentrate on the movie after thinking,

“Well it would appear that they have both seen my pussy lots of times before so one more time isn’t going to make any difference. Don’t let it bother you Cassie.”

The movie was gripping and I just couldn’t stop watching it. I also kept moving around on my chair not even thinking about what I was wearing. It was only when it ended and my concentration ended that I looked over to the others. Elise was just getting to her feet and she looked at me and said,

“Do you realise what you are showing Cassie?”

I looked down and saw that I was laid-back in the chair, my knees were at least shoulder width apart and the T-shirt was definitely around my waist.

“Oops, thanks Elise.”

I said as I closed my knees and pulled the T-shirt as far down my thighs as it would go, which wasn’t very far and when I let go of it it settled right at the top of my thighs. Then I looked over to Tom and Leo, both heads turning away when they saw me looking at them.

By then that familiar tingling had started in my pussy and my nipples and when I glanced at my chest I saw 2 rather large pokies. I know that I should have been embarrassed but I wasn’t, I was actually feeling a sort of proud. My 2 male housemates had obviously been looking at my pussy and from what Leo had said it was nothing new, yet they had obviously been staring at it again.

The tingling got stronger and my pussy got wetter.

Soon after that Elise said that she was going to bed and I said that I was too, adding that it had been a tiring day.

For the first time ever, I climbed into bed totally naked and for the first time in way too many years I masturbated before falling into a deep sleep.

It was nearly a week before I could get back to my dressmaking but I was as eager as ever to get that dress finished and to start wearing it to go out, out anywhere, I just wanted to feel what it was like to walk around outside in clothes that didn’t weigh a tonne.

I’d gone out and to work in my cut down old clothes and that felt much better and when I’d gone out in my new skirt I just wanted to dance around and shout that I was free from the burden of heavy clothes.

My housemates had complimented me on my new look and even some of the girls at work had said the same. I was a happier girl bit I wasn’t finished yet.

I nearly forgot to put on my ex-sleeping T-shirt before going down for breakfast and I didn’t care what I was showing as I bent to retrieve the box of cereals, although I did glance at Tom and Leo and see their usual smiles of appreciation.

I was home alone when I finished the dress and when I put it on I danced around the house because I was so happy with it. Instead of my nipples rubbing on hard, thick fabric they rubbed on soft, thin cotton. The fabric has a floral pattern and somehow the parts that went over my tits and my pussy were plain white but I never even thought about what it would be like out in the bright sunlight, or if it got wet, but I did register that if I did a twirl I’d have the same results that I got when I was wearing my new skirt.

I finally took the dress off, hung it up and did a quick inventory of the fabric that I had left. I had enough to make a couple of skirts of the wrap-over variety. Although the fabric wasn’t quite as wide as the pattern dictated I decided that I could make do, and have enough for a couple of light weight, feel good, short skirts.

The skirts in question were wrap skirts and easy to make so I quickly cut the fabric for both skirts then started sowing. I had expected the wrap over part to be slightly smaller than the pattern had suggested but when I tried the first one on the wrap over part was way less than recommended. In fact all I had to do was put one leg in front of the other and a lot more thigh was showing. Both skirts were a few centimetres shorter than the dress I had just made as well.

My first reaction was that I had just wasted my time and the fabric but as I walked around the dining room I was starting to get used them and thought that just maybe I could keep them and wear them.

I hadn’t bothered to put my T-shirt on after trying on the dress so I was still topless when I took one of the skirts off and put the other one on. I was just fastening the waist when Leo walked in.

We both stopped dead and stared at each other for a couple of seconds before my hands went and covered my tits, my nipples and clit rapidly got hard and started tingling, and I said,

“Shit Leo, when did you get home, you’ve got to stop creeping up on me like that.”

“Sorry Cassie but it was all quiet, the door wasn’t shut and I didn’t think that anyone was here.”

My hands adequately covered my tiny tits so I decided to get his opinion on my new skirt.

“So what do you think Leo?” I asked.

“Amazing, Tom was right, you are beautiful under those old clothes.”

I blushed a little and replied.

“No, the skirt silly.”

“Walk around a little.” Leo said.

I did, still holding my tits.

“Sit down.”

I did, and as usual I didn’t cross my legs.

“Wow Cassie, it’s opened up and I can see your bald pussy. Is it supposed to be like that?”

“No, I didn’t have enough fabric to follow the pattern exactly, is it that bad?”

“No, it’s that good, you’ll be very popular with the guys when you wear that.”

“Thanks Leo.”

“I’ll go and leave you to it Cassie.”

I just sat there even after Leo had shut the door behind him. My tingling nipples felt like pebbles pressing into the palms of my hands and my tingling pussy was feeling decidedly wet.

“Had I made a big mistake with making 2 skirts out of the fabric that I’d had left? If I’d made just one I could have made it to the pattern and it wouldn’t have been so short nor given Leo a good look at my bald pussy.” I thought.

I pondered my dilemma for a few seconds then thought,

“Sod it, it looks good on me when I’m standing up and it feels so much better than my heavyweight skirts. I’ll just have to be careful when I’m moving around or sitting down, I can hold my bag on my lap.”

I decided to leave the skirt on and put on the T-shirt as well. Both came down to about the same place on my thighs so I pulled the hem of the T-shirt up to my waist and tied a knot in it so that it didn’t cover the skirt. Then I set about tidying up a bit before going to the kitchen to make some food.

As I did so I mentally reviewed my finances and decided that I could afford to go and buy some more fabric and patterns, but this time for tops. I still wasn’t happy with my cut- down, old, heavy weight ones.

When Tom got home he looked at me and said,

“Like the skirt Cassie, you’re really having a change of wardrobe aren’t you?”

“Yes, summer is coming and I’ve had enough of wearing old-fashioned, heavy clothes.”

“Well you look great Cass.”

“Thanks Tom.”

Elise walked in seconds later and her first words were.

“Wow Cassie, you are getting daring.”

“Thanks,” I replied, “I tried to be clever and make 2 skirts out if the fabric that I had left and maybe I should have just made one. It’s not too short is it?”

“Hey girl, there’s no such thing as a too short skirt as far as the guys are concerned, it’s what you are comfortable with and I can see when you move around that the guys will be watching you all the time. I bet that you are happy that you started shaving down there.”

“I am, I feel much fresher and natural.”

“Yeah, less chance of catching thrush and other unpleasant things as well.”

That evening we played cards and some board games and I was sure that Tom and Leo were watching my crotch a lot of the time because Elise and I beat them hands down.

Two days later I got home with a bag full of different fabrics and patterns for tops. One piece of fabric was very stretchy because I’d decided to make myself a tight-fitting tank top. The other fabrics were thin cotton like men’s shirts and I was going to make some sleeveless blouses, ones without collars because I didn’t feel confident enough to attempt collars yet.

I made the blouses baggy at the front and with largish arm holes. The weather was getting warmer and I wanted to exploit my new found freedom and feel the air on as much of my skin as possible..

One weekday when it was sunny, Elise and I were at home on our own and Elise decided to do some sunbathing. She put on her miniscule bikini and went and lay out at the back. After a while I took a drink out to her and after she’d thanked me she started trying to persuade me to sunbathe. After a couple of useless excuses I told her that I didn’t have a swimsuit. Elise laughed and said,

“We can soon put that right, come on.”

With that she got to her feet, and not bothering to put her bikini top back on she took my hand and pulled me into the house and to the dining room. My dressmaking things were tidy in one corner and Elise said,

“Let’s see what fabric leftovers you have got Cassie.”

I got them out and she selected some yellow, thin cotton that I’d made a blouse out of.

“Set up the sowing machine whilst I go up to my room and get something.”

Two minutes later we were making a bikini bottoms for me. The triangle for the front started out quite modest but by the time it was ready to be sewed it looked smaller than the teeny one that Elise was wearing. What’s more the sides didn’t narrow gradually, they started looking okay then suddenly narrowed to just a 2 centimetre strip.

“I can’t wear that, it probably wont even cover my slit, just where my hair used to be.”

“That’s the idea Cassie, it’s not like you are going to be wearing it anywhere where someone will see you, just the back garden. Come on, get this cord attached to the bottom of the triangle then put it on, see what it’s like.”

I did and it didn’t cover much more than my clit, and that was in severe danger of sliding out of one side. I looked in the mirror, first at my crotch, then at Elise’s, then back to mine. There must have been twice as much fabric in Elise’s than in mine. What’s more, there was a very distinct bulge where my clit was.

“Perfect Cassie,” Elise said, “you look amazing.”

“But it hardly covers anything.” I protested.

“That’s the whole point Cassie, no one can accuse you of being naked.”

“I sure as hell feel like I am, and who’s going to see me in this, other than you?”

“Exactly, stop thinking about it and let’s make one the same for me.”

Twenty minutes we were both walking outside in VERY tiny bikini bottoms and nothing else. What’s more Elise had managed to talk me into making hers even smaller, the fabric ended at the start of her slit and the chord had disappeared between her lips, and mine felt like it was about to do the same. At least my clit was keeping the fabric from disappearing at the front of my slit.

Anyway, it was only us girls and the sun felt great on my exposed skin, even the parts that had never seen the sun before and as I thought about my exposure I started to get horny, especially when Elise was talking about the many boyfriends that she’d had.

“We’ve got to get you a man Cassie,” Elise said, “you do want to loose you’re virginity don’t you?”

“I do, my mum wouldn’t let me get anywhere near boys so I’ve got a lot of ground to make up.”

“We’ve got to get you on the pill or some other form of contraceptive as well, I’m assuming that getting pregnant isn’t an option at the moment?”

“Hell no, I need to have a lot of fun before I even start thinking about kids, maybe in 40 or 50 years time. Now that I’ve got some decent clothes I’m going to start looking.”

“What about Tom or Leo?” Elise asked.

“I thought we had a verbal agreement that none of us would start a relationship with another housemate.”

“True, I forgot that for a second, but they are cute aren’t they?” Elise replied.

“Yes they are.”

“I know,” Elise said, “lets have a party and get Tom and Leo to invite some of their friends, there many be one or two hunks there.”

“I don’t have any money for booze or party food.”

“Don’t you worry about that Cassie, leave everything to me.

Nothing more was said about a party nor contraception but we talked a lot and I got to know Elise better than I had before. The opposite was probably true as well.

We talked for ages and before I knew it I had dozed off. When I woke up both Tom and Leo were stood over us and Elise looked like she was just waking up too,

“Good nap girls?” Leo asked

Elise grunted.

“Hell of amazing bikini bottoms that you are both nearly wearing girls. Wicked Weasel are they?” Tom asked.

“What would you know about Wicked Weasel Tom, have you been perving at photos on the internet?” Elise replied.

“No, one of my ex-girlfriends has a couple of them and I saw the name on the little tags.”

It was about then that I remembered what I was wearing and I said,

“Oh my gawd, we were supposed to get changed before you arrived home, are you early?”

“Nope.” Leo replied. “Hey, we don’t mind if you ladies want to sunbathe naked do we Tom?”

“No we don’t, we know that ladies like all-over tans, hell, you can be naked 24 x 7 here if you want to, we won’t get embarrassed.”

By then I was on my feet and pulling Elise up so that we could go inside and get changed. As we left them I heard Leo say,

“Cute butts girls.”

It was as we were going through the back door that I realised that neither of us had tried to hide our tits when we got up. I wondered if we both were some sort of exhibitionists.

I put one of my wrap skirts and one of my new blouses on and went down to see what was happening about some food only to find out that Tom had ordered some pizzas. As we were eating Elise said,

“Guys, you know that Cassie is still a virgin and that she has never had a boyfriend?”

“Yes, she told us that one evening when we’d all had a few.” Leo replied.

By then I was blushing a bit but Elise continued,

“Well I’ve decided that we are all going to do something about that, and before you think that you 2 are going to gang-bang her you’re not, remember the housemates agreement?”

I saw 2 male faces go from looking happy to looking disappointed and my pussy and nipples started tingling as I imagined Tom and Leo fucking me.

“What I was thinking guys was that we could have a little party here and you guys can invite all your unattached mates, see if Cassie fancies any of them.”

“Our mates are going to gang-bang Cassie.” Leo said.

“No Leo,” Elise said, “no gang-banging, well not for Cassie, a gang-bang isn’t a good way for a girl to loose her virginity.”

“You’re not a virgin are you Elise?” Leo asked.

“You know that I’m not,” Elise replied. “And stop thinking about gang-bangs, this conversation is about Cassie, she needs our help.”

“Okay,” Tom said, “I’ll ask around.”

“Me too.” Leo added.

“Good, get some dates and we’ll fix it up.” Elise replied.

Later, when Elise and I were alone she said,

“You’re working earlies on Friday aren’t you Cassie?”

“Yes, why?”

“So am I,” Elise replied, “I’ll see if I can get you an appointment at the doctors down the road, get you some contraception.”

“I registered with them when I first moved in here.”

“Good, that should make it easier.

**I never did like long skirts**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 2**

The following evening Elise told me that I had an appointment on the Friday at 16:00 and that she’d come with me as it was my first time. I admitted that I was a little nervous because I hadn’t been to see a doctor since I was a little girl.

The Friday arrived and Elise and I walked into the doctor’s surgery only to be told that all the doctor’s were only doing zoom appointments.

“All we want is some contraception for my friend here.” Elise said.

“That’s okay then, one of the nurses can take care of that. Take a seat and we’ll call you when you can go in.” We were told by this officious looking old woman.

“I’d hate to cross her.” Elise quietly said when we were seated.

“Is that common with doctors?” I asked.

“You mean the zoom appointments, yes,” Elise replied, “doctors rarely see a patient face-to-face these days, over a hundred grand for sitting behind a computer all day, and I bet that they keep the patients waiting while they google their symptoms, cushy life being a GP these days.”

Just then the dragon called out my name and gave me a room number. I told Elise that I’d be okay and that it shouldn’t take long to fill in a form to get me some pills.

In I went and a middle-aged woman in a nurses uniform started asking me loads of questions and by the nature of them I was glad that it was a woman asking them. Then she shocked me a little when she told me to take my clothes off and climb onto the examination table.

I started to relax a little when she was prodding my little tits and telling me that I should examine them for lumps. I had a silent laugh and thought,

“Well that won’t take long, I’ve only got 2 little lumps on my chest.”

Then she moved down and started prodding my stomach and telling me that she’d seen that I wasn’t wearing any knickers and that it was the healthy option. Again I had a silent laugh and thought,

“I can’t imaging for one second that you are knickerless, I bet that you wear knickers like I used to.”

Prodding and pressing over, the nurse started attaching some metal bits to the end of the table and as she was doing it she told me that she had to give me a quick internal examination and that it wouldn’t hurt me.

I blushed a little when when told me to put my ankles on the stirrups and shortly after that she said in a surprised voice,

“You are still a virgin Cassie, I’m unable to do the full examination, not to worry, I’ll just have a quick look around.”

Less than a minute later she was telling me that I could get dressed as she went back to her computer. Once dressed I sat in front of her and she told me that I had 2 options, either I could take the contraceptive pill, one every day, or she could inject a little capsule into my arm that would have the same effect as taking the pills and it would last for years.

“I like that idea.” I said, “how big I it?

“About the size of a grain of rice.”

My horror thought of having a tennis ball sized object in my arm disappeared and the nurse started to read out loud a list of possible side effects, the only one that attracted my attention was that my periods might stop. I liked that idea so when she finished talking I asked for the implant. I was a little worried that it might hurt all the time but I never felt a thing,

Minutes later I was walking out with Elise knowing that I was ready to loose my virginity.

“Now all we’ve got to do is find you a man that you fancy Cassie.” Elise said as we walked back to the house with our arms linked like 2 best friends.

There was more good news when Tom got home. Not only did he have some dates that we could have the party, he’d got us all an invite to a party the next evening.

Never having been to an adults party before I asked Elise what I should wear.

“Well Cassie, definitely none of your old, cut down clothes. You don’t have a lot of choices do you,? Any of your new skirts would be good, they’re all short and definitely not tight which is good if you want to show off your assets. Tops, well, your new, tight top certainly shows the shape of your tits and nipples but your baggy tops will let the guys see down the front and let their hands slide up the front. Are you going there with the intention of loosing your virginity?”

“If the guys aren’t fat or ugly probably, I’ll have to wait and see.”

When I went to bed that night I was already feeling quite horny thinking about the possibilities, and Tom and Leo looking up my skirt and down my top just made it worse so I rubbed out a quick orgasm then a long, slow one as I imagined what it would be like having a guy’s hands playing with my tits and his cock sliding in and out of me. That second orgasm of the night was a really intense one.

The next day dragged but finally we were heading off to the party. We went by bus as neither Tom nor Leo wanted to drive and neither Elise nor I have a car. The bus was a double-decker and Leo led us up the stairs. Elise followed him, then me, then Tom. When we sat down Tom whispered to me that I really do have a nice butt.

I’d opted for a wrap skirt and a baggy top and I assumed that he’d seen up my skirt to my bare butt and pussy.

“Intending to loose your virginity tonight are you Cassie?” Tom asked.

“If there’s any cute guys there that are interested in me.” I replied, “It’s about time don’t you think?”

“After your upbringing Cassie,” Leo added, “it wouldn’t surprise me if you let all the guys there fuck you. You’ve got to catch up with Elise somehow.”

“Hey!” Elise replied, “are you calling me a slut?”

“I would never say that Elise.” Leo replied, “All I’m saying is that you have a healthy appetite for sex, perfectly normal, and it looks like Cassie is about to join you.”

I giggled a little and thought,

“Yeah, it’s about time that I started enjoying myself, there can’t be many 19 year-old virgin girls around.”

The house that the party was at is shared by 3 guys and by the time we got there there must have been at least a dozen guys and nearly as many girls there. Everyone was drinking and talking in groups and some of the girls were dancing to the loud music. I was nervous and when a drink was put in my hand I drank it down in one go.

“What the hell was that?” I asked Tom who was stood beside me.

He took the glass off me and sniffed it.

“Vodka and little orange. Have you had any spirits before Cassie?”

“No, but it looked like orange juice.”

“You be careful Cassie,” Tom said, “I’ve seen what alcohol does to you.”

“Oh I intend to be careful,” I replied as I pointed to the tiny little mark left on me arm, “this implant will look after me, no unwanted kids for me.”

I’m sure that Tom was about to reply but a guy walked over to us said hello to Tom and introduced himself to the rest of us as Ethan, one of the guys who lived there. Tom pointed to each of us and gave Ethan our names.

“Ethan is a tall guy who towers above me and he was looking down at me as he said,

“So you are Cassie, Tom has told me all about you, come, let me introduce you to some of the others.”

With that Ethan took my hand and gently pulled me away from my housemates. He led me to 2 groups of people who were talking and at each group he introduced me and at each group I got nice comments about my clothes. There were too many names for me to remember but I did remember one guy in each group because they were Ethan’s housemates, Luke and Harry. Both of them I thought were cute looking.

After the second group Ethan led me to the kitchen where he got us both a drink. I didn’t see what he was getting but the glass that he gave me looked like water with a slice of lemon in it. I didn’t give it a second thought, maybe because I was already feeling quite happy after the first drink, and I took a huge gulp of the drink. Then I coughed.

“What was that Ethan, I thought that it was water?” I said.

“No Cassie, that was a gin and tonic, nice wasn’t it?”

“I guess so.” I replied. “I’m starting to feel a bit warm.”

“Let’s go outside where you can cool off.”

As we walked out I saw that Ethan was looking at my front and I giggled to myself at the thought that he was trying to see my tits or pussy. He led me over to a garden swing that he said had been left by some previous tenants and he backed me onto the seat. I was grateful for that because I was feeling a little light headed.

As I held onto the chains Ethan sat on the grass in front of me and we talked small talk trying to get to know each other. After a while I realised that he was probably that low that he could easily see up my skirt. I looked down at it and saw that one side if it had folded back and that my pussy and part of my pubis and to the side of it was uncovered.

I giggled a little to myself and the alcohol made me not care that I was partially exposed and I looked at Ethan’s face and saw that he was indeed looking at my pussy. Something made him look up to my face and I smiled. I was about to say that it was okay to look because Tom and Leo looked at my pussy all the time but Ethan spoke first.

“I like your clothes Cassie, are they Coco Chanel or Vivienne Westwood?”

I’d read about those fashion designers and had always dreamt of wearing some of their designs and here was a man thinking that some fashion designer had made what I was wearing. I almost laughed.

“No, no, I made these, you won’t find any designer labels on these, do you want to check Ethan?”

Ethan surprised me then by putting his hands between my knees and easing my knees very wide apart. This was possible because I hadn’t sat on the swing seat properly, my bare butt was perched on the front edge.

Ethan’s hands went to the velcro fasteners on the skirt and before I knew he was holding the skirt up between us.

“You’re right Cassie, there are no labels on this.”

He looked into my eyes which were already glued to his and we both just stared at each other for what seemed like hours, then his head moved towards mine and we kissed. That was the first proper kiss that I had ever had and I was in heaven. Ethan’s tongue gently eased my lips apart then started exploring the inside of my mouth.

I realised that my hands had left the chains and my arms were around Ethan’s neck.

As the kiss went on and on, Ethan’s hands went to my bare hips then my legs automatically went around his waist and I felt the front of his jeans press against my bare, and by then, very wet pussy.

I wanted that kiss to never end.

But of course it did and as I stared at Ethan I realised that the spinning in my head wasn’t all induced by the kiss. My body wasn’t used to alcohol and those 2 strong drinks were having an effect on me.

“Fuck me Ethan.” I blurted out without really thinking about it.

“Are you sure Cassie, Tom told us that you are still a virgin.”

“Fuck me please Ethan.”

“Are you sure Cassie?”

“Yes, just fuck me Ethan, now.”

I was still staring at Ethan’s face but I was aware that he was lowering his jeans then I gasped and looked down to see his big cock pointing straight at my pussy.

“Do it Ethan, do it hard.”

I felt the tip of his cock at my entrance and start to go in.

“Oh, ohh, aaaaaaaaaaaaaargh, fuck that hurt.”

“Do you want me to stop Cassie.”

“No, I’ve read that the pain is only the first time and that it gets better after that.”

Ethan pulled out then re-entered me.

“Ooohhh that’s so nice.

Ethan slowly fucked me until I said,

“Faster and harder Ethan.”

And he did, me almost grunting each time that he thrust forwards and I nearly fell backwards off the swing.

“Keep going.” I said as I could feel an orgasm rapidly building.

Then it hit me and exploded inside me like a bomb going off. My head went back and I screamed the loudest that I ever had. Thankfully Ethan didn’t stop and I soon felt him empty his balls inside me.

“Oh my gawd,” I said when I was finally able, “that was amazing, thank you Ethan.”

“It’s me that should be thanking you Cassie, you’re right, that was amazing. So Tom was right, you were a virgin?”

“I was, and I’m so pleased that it was you who took it from me but I wish that it had happened years ago, my mother has a lot to answer for. And that was my first proper kiss as well”

“There’s plenty more when that came from and you can have me inside you anytime that you want.”

“Will you teach me all about sex Ethan?”

“It will be my pleasure Cassie.”

Ethan got to his feet and put out his hand to help me get up but as soon as I was on my feet my legs gave way and Ethan had to catch me.

“I think that I’m a bit drunk.” I said, “I need a drink.”

“Of water.” Ethan said,

“Of water.” I repeated and started to walk towards the back door.

But Ethan stopped me and wrapped my skirt round my waist saying,

“I thing that you dropped something my lady.”

I giggled and replied,

“Oh yes, I shouldn’t go inside without it someone will think that we’ve been fucking.”

Ethan helped me inside and to the kitchen sink.

“Here, give her this.” I heard a guy say.

Ethan handed me the glass that looked like it was full of water so I started drinking it. When it was empty I passed the glass back to Ethan and said,

“The water here doesn’t taste too good.”

Ethan sniffed the glass and said,

“I think that we’d better get you sitting down Cassie.”

Ethan helped me through to the lounge and he sat me on a sofa at one end of it. There was 2 other guys sat on it and the one in the middle looked towards me, at my bare legs and his eyes moved up my body. When Ethan had put me down my skirt had opened up and I’m sure that the guy could see my bald pubis, and he could probably see into my top and see my tits as well, but I didn’t care, I was happy, I’d had my first kiss and my first fuck, life couldn’t be better.

Well that wasn’t quite true, if only my head would stop spinning, I was regretting not asking what those 3 drinks were before I drank them.

I started to feel very strange, I could see, hear and feel, and I was aware of what was going on around me. I tried to lift one hand to straighten my skirt but my arm wouldn’t move. My knees weren’t together and I tried to close them but my legs wouldn’t move but my eyes were wide open and staring straight ahead. It was weird.

Ethan knelt in front of me with one of his knees between my feet and I could hear him asking me if I was okay or I needed to throw-up. He got no response from me so he got up and left me with my knees about shoulder width apart.

The guy next to me looked at me and he too asked me if I was okay. He too got no response. Then I watched as his hand pulled back my skirt at either side displaying my whole pussy to the room but I couldn’t see anyone looking my way.

Shortly after that Ethan came back and put a bucket between my feet and he straightened my skirt. He tried again to ask if I was okay and got no response. Then he put his fingers on my neck and found my carotid pulse. Satisfied that I was alive he got up and left me telling the guy next to me that I needed to ‘sleep it off’.

With Ethan gone the guy pulled the sides of my skirt off my thighs and put my pussy on display again.

I could see all the people in the room talking or dancing but I had no way to communicate with them. Whenever anyone came over to look at me the guy next to me just said that I’d had too much to drink and was ‘sleeping it off’.

I wasn’t surprised that the guys who came over to me left my skirt as it was but I was surprised that the girls just left my skirt as well, that is apart from Elise. She knelt between my feet, straightened my skirt and checked my radial pulse. Then she left me.

Yet again the guy next to me opened my skirt.

I noticed that the number of people in the room started dwindling, even the other 2 guys on the sofa disappeared and when there was hardly anyone there Tom, Leo and Elise were stood in front of me looking down on me.

“What are we going to do with Cassie?” Leo asked.

“The taxi driver will never let her in his cab like that, I knew that we should have kept a closer eye on her.” Tom said.

“Yeah,” Elise added, “too late now. She needs to sleep it off. Funny how her eyes are wide open.”

“Yeah, I’ve never noticed her sleeping with her eyes open before.” Leo said.

“When did you see Cassie sleeping Leo? Have you been sneaking into her room at night?” Elise asked.

“No I have not.” Leo replied in an indignant tone, “she dozed off on her chair one evening. I had to wake her to go to bed. On her own I might add.”

Ethan and Luke appeared and Tom explained the dilemma.

“No problem mate, leave her there.” Ethan replied, I’m not working tomorrow so I can give her a lift home in the van. I’ll get a blanket to cover her.”

Ethan went off and the rest of them were talking about me.

“I hope that she had some fun before she passed out.” Elise said.

“I didn’t see her talking to anyone other than Ethan?” Tom asked.

“Neither did I.” The others said all at the same time.

“I was hoping to talk to her,” Luke said, but she passed out before I had the chance, she’s quite cute.”

“You can come to our party Luke,” Tom said, “we haven’t fixed a date yet but it should be soon. She needs to talk to guys a lot more. She’s still a virgin you know,”

“Cheers mate.”

“TOM,” Elise said, “you don’t go around tell guys that. That’s up to Cassie to tell them if she wants to.”

Ethan reappeared with a blanket and said,

“Help me turn her so that she’s lengthways please Elise.”

They did and Ethan put a cushion under my head. In the process of moving me my skirt got pushed up around my waist and I heard one of the velcro fasteners come undone. The blanket was soon spread over me but Elise lifted it off my feet and took my shoes off then covered my feet with the blanket.

Ethan moved the bucket so that all I had to do was roll over and I’d hit it if I wanted to throw-up. I heard a car horn and Tom said,

“That’s us guys, come on, Cassie will be okay. She probably won’t see daylight until lunchtime tomorrow.”

Ethan went to the door with them leaving Luke and Harry looking down on me.

“Shame that she can’t take her booze,” Harry said, “I was hoping to get to know her and take her cherry.”

“Me too.” Luke added.

It was then that I noticed another couple of guys in the room. Both were unrolling sleeping bags and I guessed that they were crashing there for the night. Ethan came back and said that he was going to bed. Luke and Harry agreed but Ethan seemed to hang back and when Luke and Harry had gone Ethan sat on the edge of the sofa and quietly said,

“Sleep tight Cassie. I really liked our bit of fun, shame that I didn’t get to see you naked, maybe some other time.”

Then he kissed me on my forehead and left telling the 2 guys to switch off the light before they crashed.

I looked over to the 2 guys who were crashing and I saw them looking at me.

“What do you think Jason?” One said.

“Yeah, she’s out cold, she’ll never know Andy, come on.”

I hadn’t noticed before, but as Jason and Andy walked over to me I saw that they’d both taken their jeans off, presumably ready to climb into their sleeping bags.

They stood right next to me looking down at me and me looking up at their boxers and their hard cocks bulging out the front.

“So what are we going to do to her?” Andy said as he pulled the blanked off me.

“Strip her for starters, she’s half way there already.” Jason replied.

They lifted me like a rag doll and within seconds I was back on my back totally naked with those 2 guys looking down at me.

“Fucking hell mate she’s got a pussy of a girl half her age, well apart from that clit.” Andy said, “zero padding around her pussy, she’ll be having boney fucks when someone does take her cherry.”

“Yeah, I heard that she’s still a virgin.” Jason said.

“Yeah,” Andy replied, “I heard that too. Better not bust her cherry otherwise she’d know what we did to her. I’m surprised that she’s still a virgin the way that she dresses, no underwear and that skirt. Jeez, talk about eye candy.”

“I had a girlfriend who never wore underwear, she had little tits as well.” Jason.

“Cop a handful of these.” Andy said as he put a hand on one of my tits and started playing with my nipple.

“Before we start playing with her,” Jason said, “let’s take loads of photos of her, I definitely want some of that pussy.”

“Good idea mate.” Andy replied.

I then watched as the both took lots of photographs of my body, including lots of my spread pussy. I wondered if any of them would find their way to the internet.

“Bloody hell, her nipples are hard, never felt one this hard before.” Andy said when they finally put their phones down and started groping me again.

“Yeah,” Jason said, “and their so big. My ex had big nipples, maybe all girls with little tits have big nipples to make up for their tits being small.”

“Do you think that she’s enjoying us playing with her tits?” Andy said.

“She’s out cold, I doubt it.” Jason replied.

“Do you think that girls have wet dreams like us guys do?” Andy asked.

“No idea, maybe we should try to make her cum, have you looked at her pussy? It’s so skinny and that clit, fuck, I’ve got to have a chew of that.” Jason said.

They went quiet but they didn’t stay still, I watched as Andy pulled his boxers down and I would have gasped if my muscles would have let me, his cock looked enormous, and it looked even bigger as it descended to my face. Andy’s hands took hold of my head and turned it to face him then he opened my mouth.

If I had been able I would have screamed. Instead I felt Andy’s cock move around in my mouth then go into my throat. I remembered reading about blowjobs and gagging and I feared that I would gag and choke to death but I didn’t. As he started to fuck my throat I guessed that the alcohol, or whatever, was relaxing my throat muscles and stopping me from gagging.

Meanwhile, Jason’s fingers were busy playing with my pussy. He’d spread my legs wide apart and was sat between my legs with his face so close to my pussy that I could feel him breathing. It felt nice, so did what he was doing to my clit with his fingers.

Then it stopped and I felt him lick all the way up my slit. When he started sucking on my clit I just knew that I was going to cum soon. If I could have wrapped my legs around his head I would have. Oh my gawd, I have never felt anything so pleasurable, well apart from when Ethan fucked me.

Not only was Jason chewing my clit but one of his fingers was circling around the entrance to my vagina and going in just a little bit. It was all driving me crazy.

My orgasm hit me like a train but the only part of my body that moved was my chest as my lungs took lots of quick breaths.

But Jason chewing my clit wasn’t the only pleasurable thing that was happening to me. Andy’s cock was fucking my throat, and it felt sort of weird, but nice, when I felt him shoot his seed down my throat.

I was pleased that he was at least pulling out often enough to let me breathe.

Just when I thought that the assaults of my body were over they swapped places and Andy made me cum with his tongue and fingers, and I got a load of Jason’s seed in my stomach as well.

Then it was more photos before they finally pulled the blanket over me, turned off the light and went to their sleeping bags.

I just lay there staring at the ceiling in the dark. I was trying to decide what my feelings were about what those 2 guys had done to me. I knew that it was sexual assault but how could I prove that I wasn’t consenting to it? I had never objected and I was drunk, or drugged. But at the same time it certainly had been educational, I’d been eaten out for the first, and second time, and there was no way that I could deny enjoying it, and I’d given my first blowjobs, although I’d been unable to participate. At least I now knew what to expect when my boyfriend, if I ever get one, asks me to blow him.

The last thing that I remember from those thoughts was that I had actually enjoyed the experience.

I woke to the sounds of birds and cars. The first thing that I did was try to move my arms as the memories of the previous night started to flood back. My arms moved so I tried my legs. I was really pleased that my body had returned to normal. I started to sit up then fell back as my head started pounding. I groaned and put my right hand on my head and closed my eyes.

I’d had a bit of a hangover before so I guessed what the problem was, only his time it was 10 times worse. Then I heard Ethan’s voice,

“Ah, you’re awake.”

“No I’m not, I’m dead, or at least I wish that I was.” I replied

“That bad eh?”

“Yes.”

It was then that I opened my eyes and realised 4 things, firstly that I was totally naked, secondly that the blanket was on the floor, thirdly that my legs were wide open (one foot was on the floor), and fourthly, Ethan was stood next to me looking down on me and he was holding something in one hand and a small bottle of water in the other.

“I hope that that’s proper water.” I said as I tried to pull myself up.

Ethan saw me struggling, put what was in his hands on the coffee table and then put his arms round my chest and pulled me up into the sitting position. They felt nice on my bare flesh.

“Better?” He asked as he put the blanket round my torso and tucked it behind me.

“Yes thanks, sorry about last night, I guess that I’m a booze lightweight.”

“Don’t worry about it Cassie.”

“Did we err, fuck last night Ethan? My memory is a bit vague at the moment.”

“Yes we did Cassie and it was wonderful. You appeared to be enjoying it.”

“Oh good.”

“Take these and drink all of that water then lay back down for a while. I’m sure that you’ll feel a lot better in a couple of hours.”

I did as I was told and then lay over sideways until my head rested on a cushion. Ethan lifted my feet up and I closed my eyes.

Sometime later I woke again and dare not move, my head felt okay but I feared that it would start pounding if I moved.

My brain started trying to remember the previous night. I started from when we arrived at the house and worked forward. When I got to when I was sat on the swing I was pleased that I could remember every detail. Ethan and I had kissed and it was wonderful and then we fucked which was even more wonderful.

As I was remembering his cock sliding in and out of me I felt my pussy get wet and I moved my hand to one of my tits and started playing with my nipple. Things felt so good.

Then I realised that I was naked under the blanket and I started to remember all the other things that had happened. The thing was, the hand playing with my tits kept going and my other hand moved to my pussy and started playing there.

I’d remembered that I had been sexually assaulted by Jason and Andy but I was still trying to make myself cum as I remembered it. I remembered the cocks in my mouth and the mouths eating my pussy. My hands worked faster.

I moaned and my body jerked as the orgasm hit me and as it started to disappear into the past I opened my eyes and saw Ethan grinning down to me.

“Having fun under there Cassie?” Ethan asked, “It’s okay, I often feel horny when my hangovers starts to go. It’s supposed to be a good cure.”

“Will you fuck me again please Ethan?” I asked.

“When you can convince me that your hangover has gone, has it?”

“I don’t know, I haven’t really moved yet, what time is it?”

“Eleven.”

“Oh good, I don’t have to be at work until 2. Oh I’m naked under here, where are my clothes?”

“I don’t know, you were wearing them when I put you there, you must have taken them off. Are those your shoes?” Ethan said as he picked up my shoes.

“Yes, they’re mine, help me get to my feet please.”

He did, and when I got there I put my arms on Ethan’s shoulders and the blanket dropped to the floor leaving me totally naked in front of my first ever fuck partner in an otherwise empty house.

“How’s the head?”

“Okay I think.” I replied as I rolled my head.

“Try walking a little Cassie.”

The totally naked me let go of Ethan and walked to the other side of the room and back.

“Slight headache but otherwise okay. Will you fuck me now please Ethan, I need to prove that last night wasn’t all in my imagination.”

“My gawd you are beautiful Cassie.”

“Thanks but I’m not, my tits are too small.”

“Cassie, you have to stop believing that all women should have big tits and that men only like big tits. Small tits really are beautiful and I’m sure millions, no, billions of other men would agree with me.”

My thoughts went back to the previous night and the 2 guys who had taken lots of photos of me dressed like I was right then. Would those photos find their way to the internet? Maybe millions of men would see my tiny tits. I felt my pussy and nipples start tingling.

“Ethan,” I said, “will you stop looking at me and fuck me?”

Ethan smiled and moved right up to me. He bent his head and our mouths met.

I quickly realised that last nights kiss wasn’t a one-off, my second ever proper kiss was just as good as the first. After goodness knows how long I reached between us and started unfastening Ethan’s jeans. As they fell to the floor I pushed his undies to the floor as well and I moaned as I took hold of his rock hard cock, It felt so wonderful.

Our kiss finally broke and Ethan said,

“Ride me Cassie, you control how you want to be fucked.”

“How?”

Ethan showed me how to ride him cowboy style (he later told me the name) on the lounge floor. After a while he got me to spin round facing away from him and as I went up and down I looked in front of me and saw that I could see out of the lounge window and see the people walking by. I wondered what they would think if they turned their heads and saw us. But I didn’t care, I was having the time of my life.

I orgasmed twice as I rode Ethan and we only stopped after he pulled me down hard onto him just before I felt him shoot his seed into me then I just sat there, savouring every second, even when I started to feel his cock go soft inside me.

He slipped out of me when I leant forward, thanked him then kissed him.

“Thank you Cassie, that was amazing, the best fuck that I have ever had.”

I felt proud of myself as I got to my feet and when Ethan got to his he wrapped his arms around me and we just hugged for ages until he said,

“Coffee?”

“Yes please.”

Ethan took my hand and led me to the kitchen. It was still a bit of a mess from the previous night but Ethan managed to put the coffee on whilst I stood and watched him. I was still totally naked but Ethan was wearing his boxers and a T-shirt.

“Grab a chair.” Ethan said when he turned back to face me.

We sat and talked then drank and talked. Telling each other about ourselves and me including my hatred for the heavyweight and huge clothes that my mother made me wear.

“That explains your skimpy clothes and you sitting there with nothing on.”

“I guess that it does, I just love the feeling of the air on my skin.”

“Going to become a naturist are you Cassie?”

“I never thought of that, maybe I should look into that.”

Coffee finished Ethan asked me if I wanted a shower. The chance of a shower with a naked man was too good to turn down,

“Besides, he might fuck me again.” I thought.

He did, half way through soaping each other we kissed and I felt Ethan’s cock get hard and press against my stomach. His hands reached for my butt and he lifted me up until my head was level with his when he stood up straight. Then he slowly lowered me down until I felt his cock enter me. With my arms round Ethan’s neck we kissed as he raised and lowered my butt over and over, slowly fucking me to another glorious orgasm. This time Ethan orgasmed at virtually the same time as I did.

We parted as the shower water started to get cold then we dried each other.

“I suppose that I should find my clothes and go home.” I finally, and reluctantly said.

“I have no idea where your clothes are Cassie.” Ethan replied.

We finally found my skirt and top stuffed down the back of the sofa and I wondered if I’d put them there or if the 2 guys had.

As Ethan drove me home I asked him,

“Who were the 2 guys that crashed in the lounge last night?”

“Jason ad Andy, Harry’s mates, why, did they disturb you?”

I thought for a couple of seconds then lied,

“No, they didn’t disturb me all night.”

Before I got out of Ethan’s van we exchanged phone numbers and tried to fix up a date but neither of us were sure when it could be. He had to visit his parents and I wasn’t sure of my work schedule. We promised to phone each other in the next couple of days.

The following evening when the 4 of us were all at home, and sat eating, Tom wanted to know if I was still a virgin. I blushed a little and told them that I was not. Of course they all wanted to know who the guy was, although Elise correctly guessed, and they also wanted to know if I was going to see Ethan again. I limited the details that I gave them to just about Ethan, I still wasn’t sure about the 2 guys. Ethan and I still hadn’t fixed up a date so I told the others that I didn’t know if I’d be seeing him again.

The conversation changed to the party at our place and the only date in the near future that was convenient was the coming Saturday. I then told them that Ethan would be away visiting his parents.

“Never mind Cassie,” Leo said, “you can check-out the other guys that will be here or you could just drown your sorrows.”

I thought for a few seconds as I remembered what had happened to me when I’d got drunk, or was it drugged, at the last party. I felt my pussy get a bit wet then I said,

“Can one of you invite Jason and Andy to the party please?”