**A Date To Remember**

by xxxkittenxxx Â©

I moved away from my parent’s house into the city after the summer. I got myself a little flat and a job as a barmaid in quite a cool bar. I was really enjoying the freedom, and, for the first time, I felt completely free to be who I wanted to be, do what I wanted to do...

There was no uniform at work, and I had got the job wearing quite a skimpy top, so I took it to mean they wouldn't mind if I showed a bit of flesh off. I tended to wear short skirts and either shirts that were open low so you could see my bra (if I wore a bra!) or tops that showed my midriff, and when I reached above the bar to get a glass, the top would stretch and show the bottom of my bare breasts. I was so used to wearing small clothes now, that when I went shopping I automatically got tops a couple of sizes too small, so my round breasts would be heaving to be released, often pushed up by the tight material.

Working behind a bar I got a lot of people staring at me, and quite a few people would try and pick me up, but I usually said no. Then one night this really gorgeous bloke began to chat me up. He had the most captivating eyes, and he stayed behind the bar, chatting to me all night. By the time I was closing up he had persuaded me to go on a date with him.

'I really like your top, by the way.' He looked at it. That night I was wearing a black corset type top which laced up at the front, only because it was too small the gap at the front was really wide, and it only just hid my nipples.

'I'm glad you approve.' I purred.

'So I'll see you Saturday night then?' He asked as he stood to leave.

'Yeah, here's my address.' I handed him a bit of paper with my address scribbled on.

'Great, I can't wait to see what you're wearing, or should I say what you're not wearing!' With that he walked out of the door.

I went shopping especially on Saturday, I couldn't disappoint the poor man! I got ready and looked at myself in front of the mirror.

I was wearing a short black dress, it did actually cover my ass, until I decided to undo the two zips at each side, that happened to run all the way up the sides. For now I pulled the zips down. That would be for later. The top of the dress has spaghetti straps which widened into the dress just above my nipples, and the neck hung low, revealing a rather large proportion of my breasts. I leant forward and I could see my nipples were clearly visible, pushing my arms together they completely popped out. I carefully placed the straps in the right place and reached for my handbag as the doorbell rang. I felt quite sick as I made my way to the door, I had never done anything like this before, I almost went to change my dress, but changed my mind and answered the door.

He saw me and his mouth dropped, he hadn't been expecting me to wear something this revealing, it was having exactly the effect I was looking for.

'I'll just grab my jacket,' I said, turning to get it.

'No,' he grabbed my arm, 'I think it's quite warm out tonight.' It wasn't, I knew it was quite cold, but I played along.

'Oh really? Great.' As we walked down the street I had so many people staring at me, I looked down and could see that my nipples were hidden, but my aureoles were clearly visible. My nipples were hard and long underneath the thin straps. It must have been the cool night air...

We reached the restaurant, and were seated in the centre of the restaurant. The table was clear glass! It couldn't have been more perfect. We were sat opposite each other, and as the waiter took out order I slipped my shoe off and ran my slender foot up his thigh. He desperately tried to look normal as he stuttered his order, with my foot rubbing his crotch. I could feel him growing underneath the pressure of my foot. As soon as the waiter had gone he reached down to open his fly. I replaced my foot and found his cock, no underwear, I noticed. I nimbly took it in my foot, rubbing up and down, circling the tip with my toe.

'I've,' he was breathing fast, 'I've never done this before.' He threw his head back and I felt the tip moisten. I pulled my foot away.

'Don't worry,' I said, 'there will be plenty of time, later.' My breathing was getting faster as I realised what I was about to do. I reached for the bottom of the skirt and found the first zip, undoing it to waist height, then repeated this action with the second. The only thing that was stopping my naked ass from being revealed was the fact that I was sitting on the bottom half. I lifted myself off the seat and quickly pulled the bottom half from under me, placing my bare ass on the cool leather seat. Now anyone who looked, and plenty would, would be able to see my ass cheeks, and the only thing hiding my now very wet pussy was a thin piece of material that was gathering between my legs.

'Is it just me,' I whispered, 'or is it hot in here?'

He was intently looking between my legs, shocked at how I was behaving. He didn't even notice that his cock was still jutting out of his trousers, visible to the whole restaurant. I was gradually opening my legs, the material of my skirt falling between them, hiding my pussy. My legs were now really wide apart, the dress revealing my ass cheeks even more. I reached into my handbag and retrieved a small vibrator. I placed it on my clit and turned it on. I closed my legs again and enjoyed the waves of intense joy wash over me as the little vibrator worked its magic. I couldn't control myself and was thrusting now, working my way to a fast climax. I leaned against the table as I tried to control my moans, and as my orgasm ended I leaned back against my chair, looking around I didn't think anyone had noticed.

I looked over at Greg, my date, and smiled as he started open mouthed at me. 'You're amazing,' he said. 'Unbelievable.'

I laughed and popped the vibrator back in my bag. 'It sure is hot though, huh?'

'You're telling me.' He wiped his forehead.

The waiter arrived with our food and we both began to eat. Greg had put his cock away, but I could still see it straining against his trousers, I couldn't believe it was still hard, he must have been really turned on. After we had eaten I leant back, I ran my hands up my thighs and began edging my zips higher. I stopped when they got to waist height and looked at Greg. He was watching my every move, torn between ripping my clothes off right there and then, and fear of me being caught in this busy room. I continued lifting the zips, and as they neared the top I stopped just before the dress split into two completely. Any chance of being covered up then was gone. Now it was hanging loosely. The front half was bunching towards the middle, revealing the smooth curves of the outside of my breasts. From the side it must have looked like I was naked! As I shifted in my seat the zips split completely and my nipples broke free as the dress bunched into the middle, hanging down the centre, hiding nothing. I laughed as I saw people in the restaurant notice me. A lot of men were staring at me and women shaking their heads, although there were some very hot women staring at me too! I looked and saw the waiter coming over to our table now, I was too turned on to even care, but he wasn't looking very happy.

'Excuse me sir, madam,' he kept his voice low, 'but if you would just come through to the back with me?'

Greg stood immediately, I noticed him smiling and wondered what was happening. As I stood to follow the dress bunched at the back too, showing my butt off. I walked and the dress swung from side to side, showing off my shaved pussy to a few lucky people.

As we walked into the back I began to feel ill, what was I doing? How stupid had I been? And now they were going to call the police or something. After feeling powerful all night I suddenly felt like the little girl I had been just a few months ago, the shy girl who had never had sex, let alone show herself off in public. I tried to cover myself up as we walked past the kitchen, but as I covered my pussy my tits fell lose, so I held the material there, only to find my pussy free again. I began to panic, asking where we were going. No-one answered, but as we headed towards what looked like the back exit I realised we must just be getting thrown out. As we headed outside I realised it was raining, real ran, the type than drenched you in thirty seconds.

As soon as the door shut I expected for us just to leave, but the waiter was still with us.

'What's going on?' I asked, rain dripping of my face onto my still bare breasts.

'Mae,' said Greg, 'meet Brian,' he pointed at the waiter, 'a friend of mine. I told him you might be good fun.' With that Greg pushed my back against the nearest wall and began mauling at my breasts. He completely removed my dress and threw it to the floor.

'You've been teasing us all night,' he whispered, 'now it's time for the fun part.' I was too shocked to say anything. I just stood there numbly as he bit and sucked my breasts. Before long I felt two mouths on my breasts, and I looked down to see two grown men sucking on my tits. It felt so erotic I melted and began to enjoy the scene. not only was it sex outdoors, but it was sex with two people! I looked around to scan the area, it was all pretty deserted, the back of shops and maybe a few flats.

'Mae, suck Brian's cock, now!' I looked down as this man unzipped his fly and I eagerly went to work, falling to my knees and licking up and down the shaft circling the tip. Then I put my mouth around his wide shaft and began bouncing my head up and down his cock, in and out, in and out. I felt some hands on my ass, then another cock rubbing up and down my pussy from behind. I was dripping wet, and when he slammed his cock into me I accepted easily, enjoying the feeling of being fucked by two men at once. They both pumped faster and faster, and I wondered who was going to come first.

Brian did, and as I prepared to swallow, he pulled his cock out of my face and began spraying his hot come all over me, beginning on my face and hair, working his way down to my breasts which were hanging below me, swinging and wet, now covered in his white come. Soon after Greg came and began to come inside me, then he pulled out, I fell to the floor without his support, and he began spraying his hot cum on me, covering my breasts. I lay there for what felt like ages, letting the cool rain wash my body, I heard the two men leave. I was still feeling so hot I began working on my own clit now, lying there on my own, and before long I was bringing my self to another hot orgasm.

After I recovered I stood and looked for my dress, finding it crumpled in a corner. I stretched the drenched item over my head and attempted to cover myself with it, but the straps kept slipping and in the end I gave in, walking home the long route, enjoying the feeling of the water bouncing off my bare breasts. I decided that I was going to have to do something really extreme to top that little adventure...

After my first adventure I wanted to plan a way of showing myself off, in public this time. A couple of weeks later I found out that my parents were going on holiday in summer, and they invited me to go with them. I accepted, who would refuse an offer of a week in the sun?

That night, whilst I lay in bed, I realised what a perfect opportunity this would be to explore my new hobby, leaving my small own for a country where nobody knew me.

The next day I got to work designing 'clothes' to wear on holiday. I got a low neck vest top and cut a large hole in the front so my big tits would show through, then covered the hole in a see-through material. At first glance I looked dressed, but with another glance you could see my naked breasts, my huge brown aureoles showing through like beacons.

With another vest top I cut the bottom off, so it rested just below my nipples, showing the curves of my breasts, I cut the neck too, so the material was only about 4 cms wide. I dug out tiny skirts I could just about squeeze into from when I was younger, most barely covered my ass.

To complete my collection I got out some too small bikinis, my breasts literally poured out of the top, and my nipples were barely hidden. I figured I was ready for my holiday.

The next month we arrived in the south of France. The weather was amazing and I couldn't wait to develop my tan. Leaving my parents to do what they wanted to, I went to my suitcase to decide what to wear to the beach.

It was quite a walk to the beach, so I thought I would wear something more respectable until I got their. In the end I decided on a very short green skirt that I had to pull down to cover my tight ass, no knickers, and a tiny white bikini top that was see-through, even when dry. I shook my chest and my tits popped straight out, already hard just from looking at myself. I covered myself in a white shirt that only just fitted, and pushed my chest up as it was so tight. I grabbed a towel and headed for the beach.

I really enjoyed walking to the beach, the gentle breeze kept lifting my skirt up, showing my clean pussy to the odd passer by. As the time passed I kept undoing my shirt buttons, one at a time. Men and women kept staring at my chest, glistening from the oil I had applied. I looked down, the bikini top was just about containing me, but with every step I felt it slipping. By the time I had got to the beach my nipples had almost edged out, and the friction of my top had made them as hard as rocks.

I chose a central spot on the beach, surrounded by some very nice looking men. I lay my towel down and sat on it, giving a few unsuspecting people view of my bare pussy lips. I pulled my shirt of, and as my arms stretched back to do this, my tits strained at the material. Tiring of waiting any longer I whipped my top off, revealing my glorious round breasts to the beach. I heard a few whistles, and settled down to enjoy the afternoon sun. As I lay back I pushed my ass down, my skirt caught and my bare ass was on the towel, the front of my skirt just hiding my pussy.

I couldn't believe it, I was virtually naked in front of all these people. I began to feel very wet, and as a breeze caught my pussy I wanted to touch myself there and then. I told myself to wait, I had all day.

I was lying with my eyes closed, and when I felt someone blocking my sun, I opened my eyes. It was an attractive man, blond hair, but a bit skinny. I sat up.

'Can I help you?' I sweetly asked.

'Yes,' he sat down next to me, 'and, well I saw that you were burning, and that you might need some cream.' He couldn't take his eyes away from his chest.

'Oh really?' I looked down, 'I think you're right. Could you put some on my back?' I turned to lie on the ground as I passed him the bottle.

He began rubbing the cream in, only he didn't stick to my back, his hands kept wandering to my full breasts, I raised myself off the ground to give him full access, he straddled above me and began pulling at my nipples, holding their weight in his large hands. He moved down my body and began rubbing the top of my legs, caressing my ass cheeks, occasionally catching on my pussy. I breathed in sharply. He leant down to say something:

'Do you want to go for a swim,' he said seductively.

I couldn't believe what I was doing, but I said yes anyway. I stood, still virtually naked, and headed down to the sea with him, as soon as we got knee deep in the water he began to kiss me, heavily kneading my breasts, we were simultaneously walking deeper into the water, until we were above waist height, my skirt had floated up around my waist, and the water was rippling against me, it felt amazing. I pulled his shorts down and took hid cock in my hand, slowly rubbing up and down under the water, he wasn't going to last long, and neither was I. He took charge and turned me around, he was going to take me from behind. This was exactly what I needed, my tits were on display to everyone. Without any warning he impaled me in one go, and began thrusting in and out, I began to meet his thrusts and my breasts were bouncing up and down, up and down.

As I felt him shoot his hot cum into me I felt ripples of pleasure wash over me, and I began to shake with my orgasm, I rubbed my clit to make it last as long as possible, then I leant back against him, as I felt him go soft inside me. Finally he pulled out. I turned round to face him.

'Thank you,' I said, 'I guess might see you around.' With that I walked out of the sea. As I stood out of the shallow waters my skirt had become weighed down with water, and was pulling so low on my hips the top of my slit was showing. As it was wet it silhouetted my lips perfectly as it clung to me. I walked back and picked up all my stuff, then headed off for the walk back to the caravan.

Half way back I put my little bikini top back on, after all I didn't want to give anyone a shock! I was still wet and the water soaked right through it, making it so see-through I may as well have been wearing nothing.

That holiday was fun, but I still didn't feel satisfied, after all loads of women take of their tops on beaches, I wanted to do something a lot more daring..

Before I went to University I was really shy but the friends I made there were a really lively and rowdy crowd. We often went out drinking and I found myself doing things I would never dream of whilst at school. One game we often played at our house was “Dare.” It started pretty tamely, we would take it in turns to pick dares out of a hat, they were along the lines of shouting things out in the street, or maybe flashing out of the window. Each time we played the dares would become more and more outrageous. One evening we each wrote a dare on a piece of paper to put in the hat. It was always difficult to decide how bad to make the dare, after all there was always a chance of getting your own. That evening though we had all been drinking quite a bit and I felt the atmosphere in the room, I could see everyone else was really going for it by the grins on their faces. On my piece of paper I wrote that the person had to follow the instructions of the group and do exactly what the group said for the whole of the next day. This was worse than any dares I had ever seen in the game before but I thought the chance that I would get it was small enough to risk it, and it would be so much fun to control another person for an entire day!

Matt was the first to pick out his dare; he had to strip for us. Marie had to give someone oral sex, she picked her boyfriend, Dave. Things were really getting hot now; all the blokes were hard and had there hands in their pants, playing with themselves. Sal had to spend the rest of the night naked and Jesse had to go to the off license for more alcohol wearing only her coat.

It came to my turn. I felt sick. There were only 3 pieces of paper left and I didn’t want mine. I downed a shot of vodka before picking out the piece of paper.

I opened the piece of paper. It was my piece of paper. The next day I was going to have to do whatever they told me to.

I woke the next morning to a knock on the door. It was Matt; he didn’t say anything, just handed me a small bag and waved goodbye. He had a huge grin on his face.

I opened the bag. Inside was a note and some very skimpy items of clothing. The note told me to wear the clothes with my black knee high boots and that they would send me instructions by phone as and when needed. My first instruction was to go to my lecture as normal. It was a warm day, which was lucky; I wasn’t allowed to wear my coat...

Inside the bag was a tiny denim skirt. It was so short it didn’t cover all of my ass, my cheeks were visible below the hem. At the front it hung really low on my hips. I was going to be torn between pulling it down to cover my ass, or up to cover my pussy.

The top I was given was a tiny black cropped cardigan. I pulled it on over my 32E breast and laughed at the fabric, which hardly covered anything! It was so high that below the bottom of the flimsy fabric a large portion of my breasts was visible, my nipples only just hidden. The neck had been adjusted into a very low v-neck revealing the smooth curves of my breasts. It was held together by only one button.

I pulled on my knee-high boots, grabbed my phone and left the house.

As I walked I had to concentrate so that the top kept me covered as much as possible. I struggled to hold the skirt in place but judging by the looks I got, more than one person got a good look at either my ass or my pussy!

As soon as I got to the lecture I sat in the corner by the door so I didn’t have to walk in front of everyone. As soon as I sat I heard my phone bleep and read the message:

“Walk across the front of the lecture hall, up the isle and leave by the back door. Do not touch your clothes.”

I was beginning to feel really nervous but I stood anyway and began to walk in front of the 150 or so people waiting for the maths lecture. As I walked I felt my chest bouncing up and down, heaving to be released from the top. As I turned the corner to walk up the isle between the rows of seats I walked past Marie, she was grinning at the sight of me. I sneaked her a small smile to let her know I was OK with that was happening so far. I wasn’t happy but I could handle it. Out of nowhere her hand shot out and pulled on the fabric of my tiny top. I saw the button pop off and the fabric sprang to my sides, revealing my huge breast to the whole of the room. I desperately wanted to cover myself, but knew that it was my own fault, I had written the dare, I had no choice but to go along with it.

I continued to climb the steps. People were all looking at me now; some open mouthed, some shouting and whistling. My ass was clearly on show for all those that were now behind me. I saw Matt and Dave on either side of the isle ahead of me. Matt reached from one side and grabbed my ass, whilst Dave squeezed a tit. Before I knew what was happening people had taken my lack of reaction to Matt and Dave touching me as the all clear. From all directions people were touching my ass, my pussy, I even felt someone lick my nipple. By the time I reached the door my skirt was bunched up way above my hips and my cardigan had been removed! I was trembling as I opened the door. Part of me had never felt so violated, but at the same time I was unbelievably exhilarated. When I saw Sal on the other side of the door waiting for me with a large coat I was almost disappointed to have to cover up!

Sal gave me the next note and another bag of clothes. I was instructed to go to the toilets and change.

My next outfit was less revealing. I was given a red bra with a black vest top that had a low neckline, revealing a large proportion of red lace. This time I was given a red thong and the outfit was finished with a short black leather skirt. My boots stayed on.

My phone beeped and I was given my next instructions. I was to continue as if in a normal day until lunch.

I did just that. I went to my lectures as normal. I got a lot of grateful stares and even pulled my top down really low so that my bra was completely on show.

Lunch came around quickly and I received a message saying I should go and meet the group on the hill outside the university building. When I arrived they were all waiting. They signaled for me to sit down. I did. I looked around, the place was busy, lots of people were sitting on the grass in the sun, and because we were on top of the small hill, everyone could see us. I was about to ask what I should do when I felt hand behind me lift my top. Someone’s hands found my tits under my bra and started to massage them, pinching my nipples then squeezing and pulling on by breasts hard. I moaned and leaned back, realising it was into the arms of Marie. Before I knew what was happening Dave had removed my boots, skirt and thong. He began to unbuckle his belt. Marie removed my bra. I felt completely liberated. I was completely naked in public, and everyone else was dressed! Dave put his hands on my hips and turned my over so that my ass was facing him, I had been wet all day, there was no need for foreplay, he pulled hiss cock out and rammed it into my pussy from behind. I gasped and began to let out a moan of pleasure, but before I could Matt had his cock in my mouth. As I was sucking and licking his cock with all my energy, his hand reached under and played with my tits. All three of us were rocking back and forth and Dave’s movement got quicker and quicker, he was coming and I wasn’t far behind. As his pace quickened I sucked harder on Matt’s cock, I began to tremble as my orgasm washed over me, before I knew it both men had withdrawn from me, I was turned over onto my back and they both started coming one me, in my face, spurting onto my breasts. I lay back in bliss. Someone covered me in a blanket and they all stayed around me as I began to doze in the afternoon sun.

I was given some real clothes for the rest of the day. I had to go to the bathroom to wash the cum off my face, but I looked surprisingly normal.

When I got home there were further instructions waiting for me. I was to put on the clothes in the next bag and go to the Union bar and pull someone. I looked in the bag. This time I had a cropped white shirt that tied at the front and some denim shorts. Although the shorts were short and there was a push-up bra under the top giving me a huge cleavage that was exposed by the very low neck of the shirt, the outfit was virtually a ski-suit compared to the morning’s outfits! I was almost disappointed, and the task sounded boring too.

I arrived at the bar and looked around. There was something odd about it, I realised that everyone else in the bar was female - it was the Lesbian Society night! I suddenly realised what I had to do; I had to find a woman to snog... I had never thought about doing this before, but in the spirit of the day I almost looked forward to it. I pulled my shorts down lower on my hips and undid an extra button on my cropped shirt, pulling it apart so that you could clearly see my white lace bra. I walked towards the bar and felt eyes on me. I went to the quiet end of the bar towards a stunning woman with long blonde hair; a mini skirt and a tight pink cropped jumper on. As I leaned over the bar to get the barman’s attention I pushed my breasts up further using the bar-top as leverage, they were virtually popping out of my top. I saw the woman staring at me and turned to smile at her, she blushed and smiled back. Before I even managed to get my drink she leaned over towards me,

“Do you wanna get out of here?” She could barely take her eyes off my breasts to see me nod in response.

As soon as we were outside she pushed me up against the wall. No one was around to see us, I was almost disappointed. As her tongue forced its way into my mouth I felt a thrill I had never felt before. I woman’s skin on me, a woman’s tongue in my mouth, a woman’s hands taking off my top and bra, sucking my nipples, kissing my neck. I fumbled with her jumper, pulling it over her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra, even though her breasts were as big as mine were. I kissed her hard, squeezing our naked chests together, it was my turn to suck her breasts, bite them, lick them. Our hands found each others asses. She undid my shorts and sat me on a nearby wall, I hooked my legs over her shoulders and her tongue began to explore my pussy. She flicked it over my clit lightly, tasting me; she began to focus more and more on my clit. It wasn't long before I was reaching orgasm as her tongue darted back and forth over me. I ran my hands through her hair, pushing her face further into me. I moaned with delight. As I began to orgasm I began to moan louder and louder, only stifled by her kiss.

It was my turn to go down on her. I pushed her skirt high and began to lick her pussy, lapping up her juices. I pushed my tongue inside her, darting in and out whilst playing with her clit at the same time. As she orgasmed she screamed loudly, I looked around, suddenly remembering we were in a public place. I suddenly wondered where all my friends were. By now my eyes had adjusted to the dark and I could see them on the other side of the road, mouths open, obviously enjoying the show. The day was over, but the fun had only just begun...

In all the stories I've written so far, I've been describing about my own experiences, how I discovered I loved to show myself off, and experiences I've had since then - don't worry there are more of those to come! But these stories are about how my best friend and her now ex-boyfriend discovered she really liked to show herself off. I met her during one of these, and we've had our own fun since (but that's another story, or seven!), anyway she asked me to write about this, so here we go. Dedicated, with all my love, to Anya.

\* \* \* \* \*

'We have to liven up our sex life!' she said.

'Thanks, I didn't realise I was that boring,' Josh moaned as he rolled over to the other side of the bed.

'No, I mean it's nice, but in this magazine,' she waved a page in front of his face, 'it says we should play this game where we act out each others fantasies - it's like three wishes, I guess.'

He suddenly became more interested, 'oh yeah, tell me more..'

'Basically we toss a coin to see who goes first, then whoever wins gets to chose anything they want to do, organise it all - then surprise the other person - or not. You can tell them if you want.' Her nipples were become hard just thinking about this.

'And it can be anything?' Josh raised an eyebrow.

'Yes, and once we start, we can't back out, not until we have done six things.' That was her own rule.

'But like how bad can they be? What if you hate me forever?'

'Oh I wouldn't worry about that hun, yours won't be worse than mine!' This was going to be fun. 'Have you got a coin we could toss? we may as well start now.'

'Um, yeah, here it is. Heads or tails?' He tossed the coin.

'Heads.'

'No, it's tails. That means I get to chose the first fantasy. Hmm, I'll have to put some thought into it, I mean I don't want to use my best first.' He lay back, as if concentrating.

'Oh come on, you already know exactly what you're going to do! Tell me!' She wished she'd added an extra rule - informed consent!

'Nope, it's going to be a surprise. Just make sure you're here on Friday,' he turned out the light, signalling the end of the discussion.

Friday came all too soon for Anya. She arrived at Joshes flat, near the city centre, on time and let herself in. He came up to her with a glass of some alcoholic drink, 'quick drink this, you're going to need some Dutch courage.'

Anya had always worn quite conservative clothes, suits, shirts, jumpers, jeans. Nothing out of the ordinary. The first fantasy was going to be quite hard for her to cope with....

'I've been shopping,' said Josh, handing her a paper bag with some clothes in, 'I hope they fit, don't worry as it's the beginning of the night it's all quite tame.' He had a grin on his face and she began to feel increasingly nervous.

'What, do I have to get changed later?'

'Now that would be telling!'

She slowly walked into the bedroom and pulled the clothes she was to wear out of the bag. She couldn't believe how revealing everything was! She picked up the skimpy clothes, and reluctantly realised she had no choice - she was going to have to go along with this.

She stood in front of the mirror with the outfit on. She had to give him some credit, it did fit nicely...

She was wearing a white corset top with no straps, the top pushed her huge DD breasts up like shelves, and against the white her tanned skin looked delicious. Her eyes moved down her body, her smooth brown stomach just showed beneath her top, and on her hips hung a red leather skirt admittedly shorter than she would ever have worn, but the whole effect wasn't too bad. She admired herself in the mirror and congratulated herself on having a boyfriend who had such good taste in clothes. She slipped on the 4 inch heels, simple black straps embraced her feet, she stood and walked towards the hallway.

'Um, Josh, I'm ready.' She stood in the doorway and he whistled at the sight of his gorgeous girlfriend.

'Oh my God! I'm half tempted just to forget the whole evening - and ravish you here and now!'

She could tell he wasn't lying, a little tent was forming in his trousers. 'So, what happens now?'

'We're going out for a drink.' He grabbed his coat, she reached for hers. He stopped her, 'No, I think you'll be fine like that.' He opened the door and they left for the first bar.

Walking down the street she saw many men staring at her amazing young figure. Her tits were so out of proportion with her fragile frame that she had never liked to show them off, but she had to admit she liked the looks she was getting.

As they entered the bar he got them a table in the corner. He sat down, handed her some money and asked for a drink.

'Oh, and Anya, come here a second, she leant towards him, and stood shocked as he popped open a few fasteners at the top of the corset, her nipples were now only just hidden beneath the thin material, 'your first task is to kiss another man here.'

'What?' He mouth fell open, 'you want me to kiss someone else!'

'That's what I said.'

She slowly walked to the bar, feeling her nipples edging out of her top, she lifted it back up and headed to the bar. As soon as she got there she heard a low voice to her right.

'Hi, can a get you a drink?' He was tall and dark, but not really handsome.

She moved her long blond hair behind her shoulder and turned to face him, putting on her biggest smile. 'Oh, yes please! I'm waiting for my friend, but she seems to be late.' She looked at her watch. 'Could I ask you a favour?'

'Hmmm, sure, what is it?'

'Will you kiss me? I mean, I just feel this insane attraction between us, I'm sorry, am I speaking out of line here?' Before she had chance to look back up at him he had pressed his mouth against hers, forcing his tongue into her mouth. She felt thrills run down her spine as she realised what she was doing, but then pulled away.

'Thanks, yeah, oh look, my friends here.' She waved in the direction of the table Josh was sat at and headed back, without saying bye. She sat down next to him, 'was that ok? I mean you wouldn't like me to fuck him or anything?' she said dryly.

'That was just a test, to see if you are willing to play properly. Ok, here's the deal. We're going to four different bars, including this one, and at each one I have left some clothes for you to wear behind the bar, and a task for you to do is written in the bag. So you go to the bar and ask for the bag, go into the toilets, change, then we leave when it's completed. And if you don't do the task then this night doesn't count as one of the three. Ready?'

She nodded her head, as much as she hated to admit it she was quite enjoying it so far. 'So there's a bag behind this bar?'

He nodded his head.

She was in the toilets, locking herself in a small cubicle to inspect the contents of the bag. She first found the bit of paper, it read:

'Ok, hun, ready? Put on this gorgeous ensemble, then meet me outside, there is no more tasks to do in this bar. Just leave what you are wearing now in the toilet, we'll get it later'

She reached in and pulled put the incredibly small amount of clothing she had to put on. She first put on the suspenders, black, and a black lace G-string. Her ass was covered with a very flimsy silk skirt, which did actually cover her ass, she noticed thankfully. But you could still see the flesh above her stocking. On top she put on the tiny top provided. It was black and was like a small cardigan with one tie at he front, only it was far too small for her chest, and it only just covered her nipples, leaving the rest of her chest bare. Her heavy tits bounced as she shook them to test the top, and a nipple popped out. She replaced it behind the flimsy top and headed out through the bar. If she thought she had been stared at before that was nothing, everyone was looking at her, women too , and she felt very turned on.

As she got outside she took Joshes arm and they headed for the next bar. A gust of wind blew her little skirt up, and she reached to put it down, but he told her not too, so she just had to carry on walking showing the world her G-string after a minute or two, she wouldn't have pulled it down, even if she had been let to, she was having too much fun!

They arrived at the next bar, it was smaller than the last, but busier. Leaving Josh to find his seat she headed for the bar, ordering a drink to give her some more courage. She drank it quickly and asked for the bag behind the bar. She noticed that the barman couldn't stop staring at her chest, she thrust it out more, to give him a better view. She took the bag, heading for the toilets, looking forward to her next outfit.

In the toilets she read the note:

'Put these on, then go to the dance floor, let all the man that want to touch you, touch you, encourage them. I will already have been to the dance floor and spread a few rumours...'

She felt a thrill of excitement as she put on the third outfit. Even more revealing than the last it consisted of a red skirt that didn't even reach to cover her ass which had a split up each side, she also had a red lace bra that was just half cups - only just holding in her nipples, she put on the red high heels and inspected herself. The women in the toilets were giving her disgusted looks, but she was so turned on now she didn't even mind that she was virtually naked, she was just thankful though, that she had been given red knickers to match. She had noticed that the outfits were getting more daring and wondered what she would be wearing by the end of the night....

She headed the toilets, feeling her tits rubbing against the too small bra, they looked huge and she felt like they would escape at any minute. Once on the dance floor she began dancing provocatively, rubbing herself up and down a pole near a wall, as she was doing this she felt some hands come round and grab her breasts. The person began kneading them and she worked herself up and down the pole even quicker, she felt like she would explode. Before she knew what had happened the hands had worked under her bra, and she felt some more hands coming from the man standing in front of her rubbing her legs, working up to her ass. They slid under the flimsy skirt feeling her tight asshole.

She gasped in pleasure and tossed her head back as she felt herself coming to a climax, she felt a finger popping into her asshole and gasped in pain, she had never had that before, she began to moan loudly and shook violently with the strength of her orgasm - unbelievable considering all she had were two men rubbing her. She felt so dangerous and sexy, that when Josh came up and said it was time to go, she wanted to stay and fuck the man - but she knew the rules and left quietly.

Walking down the street wearing just a bra certainly was a new experience, and she felt like ripping it off, running down the street with her chest free to bounce up and down. But she knew there was still two more outfits to go and she knew that would be even better than this one.

Again at this bar she went to get a double vodka to make sure she didn't run out of courage. She retrieved the bag and went to the toilets. Again she read the note:

'I want a blow job you little slut. Meet me on the upstairs platform.'

She couldn't believe what he was asking, but after the scene at the last place she wasn't that surprised.

The outfit in this bag consisted of a quarter cup bra, she put it on and her breasts spilled over the edge, virtually hiding the small white lace bra, but they lifted her breasts, making them look even bigger than they were. She put on the white skirt, it was so low on her hips her trimmed pussy hair was visible, and so high on her ass that the bottom of her pussy was visible. It was more like a belt, to add to that is was literally see-through, it was made of lace matching the bra. She put on the white knee high boots an headed out to the stairs, finding her way to the top floor. Not only were people staring at her now, but they were actually touching her breasts as she walked past, and by the time she reached Josh she just wanted to fuck him there and then.

He didn't say anything, just sat, opened his fly and waited. She sank between his knees taking his long, thick cock in her mouth, licking the underside of the shaft, moving her tongue in circling motions, moving to the tip, she could feel he wasn't going to last long so took it in her mouth as far as she could go, she began working up and down, increasing the pace, until she had fitted it all in and could feel it touching the back of her throat. She felt him swell and prepared to swallow, and she did. As his hot cum shot into her mouth she gagged at first, but soon began swallowing. After what seemed like minutes he pulled out of her, a small drop of cum dribbled down her mouth and she caught it with her finger, before swallowing that too.

'Right, let's go,' he managed to say.

As she stood and turned she saw that an audience had formed, she didn't know what she was thinking, but she gave them a bow, giving them an even better view of her huge tits, she couldn't believe it but people actually started clapping, and as they headed down the steps to the exit they were all shouting at her to give them a go.

She reddened with embarrassment, she actually wanted to put on some clothes now. As the cool night air hit her naked breasts she began to feel aroused again though, and soon couldn't wait to see her last outfit.

Before they headed into the bar Josh gave me his coat, 'I think you'd better wear this.' She didn't understand but shrugged it on anyway, as they walked in she saw a poster, there was a stripper here tonight.

'Josh, why have you brought me to see s stripper?' He just chuckled as she headed over to the bar to retrieve the bag.

As she headed to the toilet again she noticed that this bag was a lot bigger than the rest. She read the note:

'Surprise, you're the stripper!'

She couldn't believe it! No way did she want to parade in front of all those men. She inspected the outfit when she had it on. She was covered in a black negligee, it came to just below her ass. Underneath she wore a black bra that was like the last, a quarter cup. She also wore crotchless knickers, all had special Velcro attachments, easy to get off. The outfit was completed with black stilettos and nipple tassels. She reached for the last items in the bag, a small drink bottle, it said on it 'I thought you might need a bit of Dutch courage - let as many men fuck you as they want.' She gasped, she couldn't believe the fact that her boyfriend was like this, and she couldn't believe that she was looking forward to it. There was also a small tube, 'you may as well lube up now,' it said. She drank the alcohol then lubed her tight asshole, loving the feeling she was getting from it.

As she headed for the small circular stage surrounded by men, they all turned to see her and cheered. The music began and she started erotically dancing on the stage. There was a pole, and she began rubbing up and down, giving them occasionally glimpses of her knickers. They all began to demand her to strip, so she ripped of the negligee revealing her breasts underneath, she shook her chest, and headed for a nearby man, sticking her breasts in his face, she moved away and began to pole dance again, hooking her leg around it and caressing her breasts.

She stood and in one swift movement removed her bra, a huge cheer went up in the crowd as she shook her tassels. As she moved around people began to reach out and touch her huge tits, she was being mauled by at least five different men at once. Still with her shoes on she whipped her crotchless knickers off and began to massage her clit, sticking two fingers inside her drenched hole. She began to hump her own hand, and wasn't surprised when she saw that most men at the front had got their cocks out, all hard, all getting themselves off. She chose a random man and began to suck him off, before she knew what was happening she felt someone massaging her butt, easing two fingers into her tight hole, once they had briefly loosened her up she felt a cock working its way into her hole, easing gently in, until they pushed hard and she felt a surge of pain as her virgin ass was pierced.

Another few men were surrounding her, one sticking his fingers up her slippery hole, others kneading her breasts. She felt herself quickly come to orgasm, and as she did the man in front of her spurted his hot cum down her throat, she swallowed as quickly as she could but it all spilled over, dripping down her face to her chest. She felt the man in her ass blast his hot cum up her hole, and as he pulled out of her she collapsed on the floor, only to look up and see at least ten cocks being ferociously pumped, all shooting cum on her body, covering her pussy, her breasts, her hair, her face. After everyone had shot her load she lay there. The crowd cleared and she saw Josh standing above her.

'Josh,' she managed a hoarse whisper, 'If that wasn't your best idea, I can't wait for your next ones.'

He laughed as he reached a hand out for me and I pulled myself up. 'You were amazing babe, but you're right, how are we going to top that?' He pulled her close and gave her a long, tender kiss.

This happened a couple of years ago, a week after I became legal. I had developed early and had absolutely massive breasts for my age. I spent most of my life trying to hide them at this point, ashamed I was so different.

One night my brother's friend had come round, but I was the only one in. Mike, my brother, had gone out but I told him he would come back soon, and was welcome to wait.

He accepted, and came in. As I hadn't been planning on seeing anyone I was wearing a cropped T-shirt my breasts were virtually falling out of, and no bra. My denim shorts showed off my slim legs nicely, although they were too short for me to even think about wearing in public.

I saw Greg staring at my breasts, and I reddened. I turned away from him, asking if he wanted a cold drink while he waited. He said yes, and as I reached up to get the glasses from the high shelf, the bottom of my tits became visible, and before I knew what was happening, Greg was standing behind me, his hands slowly working their way up my stomach.

I froze. His hands cupped my breasts, and I heard him groan in my ear.

'My god Mae, you're amazing,' he said, 'why don't you always dress like this?' He was rubbing my nipples, and they had become like rocks.

I let out a small moan, and didn't say anything as he pulled my T-shirt over my head. My breasts sprang free and I saw my top fall to my feet.

I felt a thrill as he turned me around, I had never been so exposed before, I was loving it. He roughly lifted me onto the kitchen surface and pushed me back against the wall. He took one of my breasts in his mouth, and began sucking and biting. I opened my eyes and looked up realising that I was sat opposite the very large window in the front of the house, which looked out onto a busy street. It was usually covered with curtains, but they were being washed so I soon realised I was totally exposed.

I knew people would be watching me, and they were. A group had stopped, and were enjoying the show, but not as much as I was. I couldn't believe all this people were getting turned on by watching me, I had noticed a few men rubbing their crotches.

I was torn away from my pleasure as I heard a loud zip, Greg had undone his zipper and was busy releasing his cock. I had never seen one before, not even in pictures, and as it sprang out, all hard and purple, I began to feel sick. When he roughly pulled me off the counter, I could tell he wanted me to blow him. I panicked, realised what I was doing. It was like waking up from a dream, all of a sudden I felt exposed, vulnerable. I stood and ran out of the room. I think I heard him shouting after me, but I quickly ran up the stairs and locked myself in my room.

The next day we were eating tea as a family downstairs. My parents announced that they were going away for the weekend. They were leaving Mike in charge, with strict instructions to not have parties.

I knew he would have a party, and Greg would come.

I had been thinking about the day before a lot. In fact every time I did I got really wet, and soon realised that I was incredibly turned on, not from Greg, but from all those people outside seeing me. I tried to stop feeling this way, but part of me just wanted to do it again.

But as I knew there would be a party my heart sank, I didn't want it to happen again, especially not with Greg.

I consoled myself with the fact that I would just be able to lock myself in my room and watch television.

Saturday night came all too soon, and I was right, Mike's friends all started to arrive. I panicked and tried to leave the house.

'Mae,' Mike saw me trying to leave, 'Where do you think you're going? Mum told me not to let you go out. Stay, join in the party.' I tried to go, but he insisted I stay, and he can be very persuasive.

I gloomily slunk back up to my room, shut the door behind me and tried to lock it, I couldn't believe it - someone had removed the lock. I decided the best thing to do was just to stay dressed and watch TV, as I had planned.

An hour or so later the music downstairs was loud, and it sounded like a lot of people were downstairs. I had settled and decided that the lock had probably just been removed to put on another room, the dining room perhaps, to stop people going in. Just as I had decided everything was OK I heard a knock on my door. I straightened up and walked to the door, opening it slightly. It was Greg, and some other blokes I didn't recognise, and a couple of girls in the background too.

'Hi,' said Greg, 'It's all getting a bit noisy down there, can we come in?'

Something inside made me nod, and I opened the door for them all to come in. Everyone sat on my floor, and Greg invited me to sit next to him.

'I told everyone about how beautiful you are,' he spoke quietly, but everyone was listening. 'And they all wanted to see your breasts too, just to look.'

I could feel the exhibitionist in me surfacing again. 'Just to look though, right?' I looked at everyone.

'Absolutely,' Greg was smiling now.

I numbly lifted my T-shirt over my head. Again I wasn't wearing a bra, and the heavy tits bounced as they sprang free. As I saw everyone looking at me, I began to squeeze my nipples hard, I couldn't help it, I loved the thrill. As I looked round I saw some people were masturbating, trouser and skirts pushed aside. This made me hotter than I had ever felt in my life, and I let Greg suck my tits again, as I rubbed my clit.

Before I knew what had happened I felt a hard cock rub against my back, and another one between my breasts, someone pushed me down and my skirt was pulled off me by a girl I vaguely recognised. I was rubbing myself faster now. I saw everyone gather round, all the boys had their cocks out, rubbing them fast, one was pushed into my mouth, and I tried to swallow as much as possible, then he began pumping in and out, fucking my face.

I heard a loud moan and someone was spurting white stuff on my breasts, covering me in it, more and more people began unloading themselves on me and I felt my body ripple in orgasm as more and more of the stuff fell onto my chest, still with a cock in my mouth. All of a sudden I felt it swell and he began to come too, Greg removed his cock from my mouth and covered my face with his cum, I tried to swallow but he was shooting off in my eyes, my hair, moving to my breasts to finish the job.

I lay back in my post-orgasmic joy, shaking slightly. As I opened my eyes for the first time in a few minutes, I realised everyone had left. I stood and walked to the bathroom, I didn't bother to cover myself up, I had discovered a new thrill, and I couldn't wait to have more of it.

This made me realise how much I loved other people looking at me, it opened my eyes to a whole new experience, and after that I couldn't help but show myself off...

Jack was doing a photography module as part of his course. He had asked Kim to model for his project so they were taking the train to London; they were to be outdoor pictures of Kim at various tourist attractions. When had had asked Kim, she had immediately agreed, she owed him a favour, not to mention that she really fancied him! He had big chocolate brown eyes that made your stomach flutter with every blink of his really long eye lashes, that man was impossible to say no to!

It was really early in the morning; Kim yawned. “Jack, tell me again, what is the general theme for these pictures?”

“I said already, the idea is to take typical tourist snaps, but with an edge.”

“An edge?”

“Yeah, like concentrate on something in the photo you wouldn’t normally, use unusual compositions, different lenses. Look at snap shots from a new... angle.” He pointedly shook his paper to tell her he didn’t want to talk anymore.

“So why do you need me?” She was persistent.

“I need someone to pose. Make them look like holiday snaps.”

“I see, and what’s in the bag?” She pointed to the big bag on the seat next to him.

“Equipment and props.” With that he disappeared behind his paper and Kim was left to read her book.

Half an hour later they stepped off the train in London.

“Let’s go get some breakfast, and you can get changed,” Jack pointed to the bag he was holding, gesturing her clothes were in there.

“Changed? Couldn’t I have just worn them here, save you carrying them round?”

“You’ve got more than one outfit babe,” He was laughing.

“I see.” She didn’t understand what was so funny though....

After they had finished breakfast in a small cafe near Trafalgar Square Jack put a carrier bag on the table. “Your first outfit.”

She looked inside the bag, from what she could see the clothes looked nice. She picked up the bag and went to the toilets to change.

Once in the small room that passed as the cafe’s unisex toilet, she began to pull the clothes out of the bag. Throwing off her own trousers she pulled on the skirt he had given her. It was a short, tight black skirt; similar to something you could wear to an office. She noticed that her had put a bra in the bag, she looked at the label, it was the right size, 34DD, he had done his homework! She put the bra on; it was a really nice one, black and lacy. Judging by her enhanced cleavage it was definitely a push-up bra too! She wondered why he had given her a bra when she was wearing one, but before long this thought had passed out of her mind and she was putting on the pale blue silk shirt that he had given her. She had to admit he had good taste in clothes, the shirt contrasted beautifully with her olive skin. One thing he hadn’t got right was the fit though, the shirt was too small and the couple of buttons around her breasts strained a little. It was passable though. The final items in the bag were a pair of black high strappy sandals. She folded her own clothes and put them in the bag.

He had paid for breakfast and was waiting for her when she came out. They both thanked the waitress and left. Kim noticed she was getting some admiring glances, the outfit obviously made her look pretty hot! She realised the outfit was a long way from her usual wardrobe but she found she was enjoying the extra attention she was getting, it was very flattering.

“Right, I figure we go to Trafalgar Square now then. Are you ready?” He turned to look at her.

“Yeah, let’s do it.” As they walked to the square she was surprised at how busy it was already, but then it was mid-summer - high tourist season, and it was a beautiful day, people were obviously making the most of it. She followed him over to the steps at the other side of the busy square.

“Right, if you stand against this wall here, he gently took her bag of her shoulder and edged her towards the wall, positioning her exactly where he wanted her. “Put one arm on your hip and look towards that building,” he stepped back as she did what he said. “Uh huh, that’s good.” He quickly got his camera out and began snapping shots in her direction. “Right, now let’s go to the statue,” he pointed to the middle of the square. It was very busy but Kim didn’t feel at all nervous or embarrassed, loads of people were having their photo taken next to the statue, she would be unbelievably in place. She followed him over to the statue noticing that he had put her bag inside of his to keep it safe.

“If you lean against the statue, maybe put your arms up horizontally and rest them against the ledge,” she did as he instructed. She noticed that as she did this it pushed her chest out and the buttons on the soft shirt strained even more, she wasn’t convinced that they would hold.

He began to take photos, getting closer and closer to try different angles. When he reached her he knelt on the floor and took a shot from the ground. She realised this was an unusual pose, her breasts would look huge from that angle, she wasn’t even convinced he could see her face from there!

He let go of the camera and it hung on the strap around his neck. “Look Kim, I know this is going to sound weird, but could you undo the top 3 buttons of your shirt? The two over your chest are really straining and it’ll look really odd from this angle,” he saw her hesitate, “I’ll be really quick, and you won’t even be able to notice from this angle.”

“Well OK, if you’re quick.” Kim nervously looked around then undid the top button of her blouse. The neckline was quite low anyway, and undoing the top button meant that her bra was only just hidden! She looked at him again and he nodded, so she continued with the next two buttons. The shirt was flimsy and as she undid the last button the material fell away revealing a large portion of the area between her breasts, as it was a push-up bra this was quite a view, and quite a lot of her bra was showing too. However she realised that this wouldn’t be visible from the angle on the floor and resumed her pose to have the photos taken quickly. He began snapping away. She wished that he would hurry up, she was starting to feel a little uncomfortable and knew she was getting a few too many glances to her chest.

“This is great, Kim.” Jack carried on clicking away as he stood up; he was only inches from her chest and was still taking photos, of her chest!

“Oih, stop!” She giggled, putting her hand in front of the camera. “I’ll have to have those negatives, and destroy them!

“I’ve got a better idea,” he was still being completely serious, not reciprocating her giggles at all. “No, this is great, exactly what I’m looking for.” She removed her hand and let him carry on. She was so stunned when he reached forward and quickly undid the last two buttons on her blouse that she didn’t think to cover herself. The shirt fell to her sides revealing her glorious chest. Jack carried on taking photos, stepped back to get some of the scene, Kim in a very raunchy bra in the middle of a busy Trafalgar Square! Before long Kim realised what she should do and covered herself up.

“Jack!” she walked towards him, “don’t do that again! Give me that film now, so I can destroy it!” It was her turn to be serious.”

“No, now you listen to me. In my bag I have your train ticket home, your wallet and your phone. Unless you do exactly as I say today I’m going to leave you here, and not only that, I will put copies of these photos in every conceivable place! All over Uni, on the Internet, to your friends, your family, you see? I don’t think you have a choice. Shall we carry on?”

Kim gulped. He had her; there was nothing she could do. “What, erm, what will you do with these photos?”

“No one will see them, you have my word. They will be for my private collection.”

She had no choice to believe him and do as he said; slowly she turned round to resume her pose against the base of the statue. This time she opened her arms to rest them on the high ledge behind her and let the shirt fall to her sides. She remained straight-faced as he clicked away; moving closer to get shots of her breasts. She was so embarrassed; she had never been this naked in public before and didn’t appreciate all the looks she was getting. He was close enough now for her to hear him,

“That’s great, now if you could lever yourself up and sit on the ledge that would be great.”

She turned and hoisted herself up, not in the most dignified way she realised, but flashing a bit of leg was the least of her worries.

He came towards her and hoisted her skirt up around her waist. She felt the cold stone on her ass and, despite herself, felt herself getting hot and wet. He put his hands between her thighs and pushed her legs apart. She didn’t resist as he modeled her so that her knickers were clearly on display. He began to take more photos, close up of her knickers, her bra, “Now lean forward more, putting your arms on either side of your legs, that’s it, now push your arms together.” he did as he asked and he took more photos of her, stepping back to get more of the whole scene, bewildered tourists and all. She looked around and noticed that a lot of people were hanging around, risking glances in her direction, trying to be subtle. Amazingly she found herself being turned on by the whole situation, she knew that the close up photos would definitely show a wet patch on her knickers. Jack had noticed that was turned on too, her nipples were hard and erect though her bra, he knew he could take it to the next stage. He walked towards her, “Take off you knickers.”

“But...,” she tried to protest, but it was no good. She saw by the look in his eyes that he was serious. “Oh OK.” She sighed as she lifted her ass off the stone and pulled them down her legs.

“Stop, leave them there,” they were halfway down her calves, she let go and they dropped to her ankles, “That’s perfect.” He began snapping again, “I want you to pull your skirt higher, bunch it up so it’s completely around your waist.” She did as he asked and felt the cool breeze on her bare pussy. “Now your legs, I want them further apart.” Again she complied, she knew that if there ever had been a point of return, she was way past it now. More people had gathered near her, everyone trying not to notice her, but trying to look at the same time.

“That’s great Kim, now if you just undo the front fastener of you bra,” she breathed in the did as he asked, as she undid the bra it fell to her sides, releasing her heavy round breasts for everyone to see. People weren’t even pretending not to look now, everyone was staring at her erect nipples and glistening pussy and then was nothing she could do. She was totally exposed, totally vulnerable, and totally turned on...

Jack seemed to take photos endlessly, she could see he was really enjoying his power over her by the hard-on that was straining through his trousers.

“Right Kim, now I want you to listen carefully,” he had walked nearer to her to whisper in her ear. “You are going to make yourself come, right here.” He picked up her left hand from her side and placed it on her left breast, pressing her fingers around her hard nipple. “I promise you, do this and you can get dressed again.” he had a satisfied look on his face as he moved her other hand between her skirt, then nodded at her to check he had her agreement. She didn’t need any encouragement. She began pulling on her nipple hard, until it began to hurt. She was really wet, so when she pushed a finger towards her pussy, it slid easily in, she began working it in and out. At first she felt unsure of what she was doing, she was raised slightly above the gathering crowd and she wasn’t sure she could do this in front of so many watching eyes. Many of the tourists had also got their cameras out now, taking photos of her. But before long it began to feel so good she began to hump her hand, raising her hips to meet her fingers. She removed her hand from her breast and began to rub her clit, she knew she was coming soon. She closed her eyes and raised her head towards the sky, despite all the people around her all she could hear was the clicking of cameras before her own orgasmic screams drowned out any sounds.

She opened her eyes and looked around. Everyone was shuffling uncomfortably and walking away from Kim. She giggled to herself, “I take it I can get dressed now?”

“Sure, I think you deserve a break.” Jack couldn’t stop grinning; he couldn’t believe what she had just done!

“A break? There’s more?” Kim was sounding unsure again, as great as it had been she was beginning to feel embarrassed, and was very glad to be buttoning up her shirt and pulling her skirt down.

“Just you wait babe, just you wait...’