**Emily’s Second Solo Holiday**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 07**

Aryn woke me early in his usual way then did the same to Wren. By 8 o’clock the yacht was making its way along the coast with Wren and I on the sunbathing deck enjoying the morning sun and waving to any other boats that we saw.

It was late morning when we turned into the bay and Aryn dropped the anchor. Neither Wren nor I had anything to do to get ready as we’d already put sunblock on and packed a bag with a few essentials, that didn’t include any clothes for either of us. My only difference to the last time we were there was that I was taking some flip flops and that Aryn had told me to put the vibrator with the pink flexible antenna into my pussy and Wren to put her balloon dildo in hers, minus the detachable slit cover. That last bit pleasing Wren as she said that she was hoping to display all of her pussy.

It was the same young man that looked after the jet-ski for us and Wren and I stood right in front of him so that he got a good look at us although I doubt that he’d recognise our faces again.

Just as we started walking, both vibrators burst into life causing both of us to stop and gasp a little. Both Wren and I looked at Aryn who was grinning, and he said,

“Those are fully charged batteries and I intend to run them flat inside you before we get back on that jet-ski.”

It was our turn to smile. Both vibrators were on low speed but neither of us expected them to stay that way all day.

We sauntered passed the clothed people then found a place where Aryn thought a lot of people would walk passed then settled down for some serious sunbathing, but before that Aryn dug a couple of big holes and Wren’s and my towels covered the piles and the holes. Laying on our stomachs our butts were a lot higher and I saw that Wren was spreading her legs as much as she could.

Shortly after we were on our stomachs Aryn switched both vibrators up to full and both Wren and I let out a slight moan.

Two vibrating and spread pussies were on display for the world to see, and a few people did see. I heard 4 men say something to their mates about us, and that didn’t include the men walking on their own.

There’s something about having an orgasm whist your butt is stuck up in the air, your legs are spread wide, and there’s an unknown number of unknown men looking down on your pussy that just makes my orgasms much more intense. And that makes the spectacle better for the men watching.

Again, after a couple of hours, we packed up and headed up through the car park to the village, passing a few tourists on the way and some of them staring at the 2 naked girls but saying nothing. I wondered if they saw my pink antenna and the bottom end of Wren’s vibrating dildo. She’d told me on the beach that Aryn had inflated the balloon so there was no chance of the dildo sliding out of her, so she didn’t have that to worry about.

I was feeling good and getting close to my next orgasm as we entered the village, and I was pretty sure that Wren was as well.

This time, Wren wanted to go into the souvenir shop to get some ice creams. When she was in there Aryn turned her vibrator up and took her over the edge. When she came out the first thing that she said was,

“That was awesome Aryn, you’ve got to do that to me again.”

“Oh I intend to; in lots of different places and situations, places where you are trying to be all prim and proper.”

“You naughty man, I’ll look forward to that. Oh, I couldn’t fall into the freezer like Emily did because it has been re-stocked.”

“Oh, so I can’t fall into it on the way back then.” I stated. “I was looking forward to that again.”

A couple of coach drivers must have told their passengers that they were early for the market and that they should have a wander around the village for a while before going to the market because there were dozens of tourists wandering around, most of them staring at the 2 naked girls eating ice creams.

Needless to say that both Wren and I liked the attention, and the orgasms that Aryn gave us when we were near a large group of people.

It took us twice as long as the previous time to get to the cafe where we managed to get the last vacant table, thankfully on the outside of all the tables.

After we’d ordered some cold drinks Wren and I looked at the small glasses that were beside our soft drinks.

“What are these?” Wren asked.

“Down them in one girls and I’ll tell you.” Aryn replied.

We did, and both of us nearly choked. As we were coughing and sputtering Aryn said,

“That was Ouzo, good isn’t it.”

“I’ll tell you when my throat lining grows back.” Wren replied.

I’d had Ouzo before and sworn never to have it again.

“That should get rid of any final inhibitions.” Aryn said.

“I didn’t think that I had any left. I’ve just been spread on the beach with tons of strangers watching me have an orgasm, how less inhibited can I be?”

“You, my gorgeous wife, are going to ride my cock on that beach when we get back from the market, and I’m not talking about in the water.” Aryn said.

Well I’m sure that Wren’s pussy just got as wet as mine did, in the hope that Aryn would fuck me on the beach as well.

“Are you serious lover?”

“Yes, Emily’s last full day is going to go with a bang.”

“A gang-bang I hope.” I added.

Aryn looked at me and grinned.

Five minute later both Wren and I were cumming as Aryn turned up the vibrations on both of us.

“Well that’s the first time I’ve cum in a cafe.” Wren said,

“And you are naked in that cafe Wren.” Aryn added. “Now, finish up, I’m going to make both of you cum in that market.”

As we sat there Wren commented on the fact that there seemed to be a lot more tourists, and Greek people walking about. When Aryn paid the bill he asked the waiter why there were so many people walking by and although Aryn couldn’t understand most of what the waiter was saying he’s got the impression that there was some sort of carnival or festival going on that day.

My immediate thought was that there would be more people around to see Wren and me.

We got up and were soon joining the throngs of people going into the market. Most were tourists and we got a few looks from people, only a couple being looks of disgust which we didn’t care about.

The market part was much the same as the previous time that we’d been there and I was a little disappointed when Wren climbed on Aryn’s shoulders, her butt and pussy being on display for anyone behind her to look up at. I would have preferred to be up there myself with my butt and pussy being on display but I couldn’t have everything so I settled for fingering Wren and flicking her clit occasionally. I didn’t care who was watching when I did it.

When we got to the end of the market we found the carnival or festival, or whatever it was called. There was stands with all sorts on them, displays, an open area with young people dancing Greek traditional dancing and people going in and out of the little church. What’s more, all the Greek looking people were smartly dressed in Greek traditional outfits. Everything appeared to have a traditional Greek theme.

One area that caught Aryn’s attention was a what appeared to be based on the ancient Greeks way of punishing people, Aryn had done some studying of ancient Greece and he told us that they had some horrific ways of punishing people.

“Like what?” Wren asked.

“Stretching them on a Rack until their limbs came off, or boiling them to death, or tying them to stakes flat on their backs and getting an elephant to stand on their head, or putting them into a huge model of an animal then lighting a fire under it.”

“Well I’m happy that they don’t do that anymore.” Wren said.

“How do you know that they don’t do that anymore, there’s a Rack and some Stocks over there, and there’s a naked girl in the stocks.” Aryn replied. “Although I don’t remember reading anything about Stocks, maybe they decided that killing people wasn’t a good idea anymore and they turned to humiliating them instead.”

We started looking around, no one showing any interest in the 2 naked girls. That was until a Greek man came up to us and started talking to Aryn who got out his phone and used a translator on it to understand the man.

When the man left Aryn turned to us and said,

“That man assumed that you 2 were here to get punished.”

“I’m not getting in that Rack thing.” Wren said.

“Relax honey, they only use the Stocks these days, and only for an hour, like that girl that we saw a few minutes ago.”

I turned to look over to the girl in the Stocks and saw some young men standing right next to her exposed butt.

“So what did you tell him Aryn?” Wren asked.

“I told him that you were here to be punished, but it’s only for an hour each.”

My heart was racing and my pussy was dripping with the anticipation.

“You really want me to go and get in those Stocks and have my backside stuck out like that?” Wren asked.

“You’re not going to tell me that you’ve gone back to being your old self are you Wren?”

“No, but you do realise that those young men are at least fingering that girl don’t you?”

“And is that a problem for you Wren?” Aryn asked.

“When is it my turn?” Wren asked.

“That’s my girl. Do you want to go before Emily, or after her?”

“Before her, I think.”

“Good girl. Let’s head over there, the man said that the girl only has 10 minutes to go, and you both need to get those vibrators out before you have your go.”

We walked over and as soon as we saw the girl’s face it was obvious that she was enjoying whatever the young men behind her were doing to her. They weren’t fucking her, unless they had 50 centimetre long cocks, but their hands were all over her, one was even reaching round and playing with her tits, another occasionally giving her butt a loud swat.

I just hoped that those young men would still be around when it was my turn.

Both Wren and I then went round a corner to where no one was, then took our vibrators out and walked back with them in our hands before putting them in Wren’s bag that Aryn was holding.

That 10 minutes until the girl’s time was up seemed like an eternity then finally 2 men came over and released her. As she stood up she looked happy. Then the man that Aryn had spoken to came over to us and Aryn put his hand on Wren’s back and eased her forward. She got the message and went and stood where the Greek girl had been. Within seconds she was bent over and her wrists and neck were getting locked into place. I noticed that she stood with her feet wider apart than the Greek girl had and I wondered if that was accidental or deliberate.

Wren’s tits are not huge, but they are considerably larger than mine and they hung there inviting anyone to grab hold of them and play with them. The same young men were still there waiting to be able to get their hand on a non-Greek girl’s ass.

And they did get their hands on the American ass. Wren looked like she was enjoying every one of the 3,600 seconds that she was there, including the orgasm that she had about three quarters of the way through it.

Then it was my turn, and more young men had arrived. I had kept asking Aryn how much longer Wren had left, not because I wanted her to get out of there as quick as she could, but because I wanted to get in there as quick as I could. As the minutes count went down my pussy got wetter and wetter and I half expected to cum just as soon as one of the young men touched my clit.

I didn’t, but not far off it. If that’s how the Greeks punish their girls I wanted to move to Greece and be a really naughty girl. Based on the amount of pulling, twisting, flicking, tweaking and everything else that they did to my little tits, I would say that Greek young men like small tits just as much, if not more, than bigger tits. Mine got a bit sore during that hour. So did my clit, that got rubbed, pulled, twisted and flicked more than Jack ever did and those young men brought me to 3 orgasms during that hour, and I was building up for a fourth when the 2 men told the young men to back-off to let them free me.

Okay, I was getting a little sore but I didn’t want it to end.

Finally it was over and I was released. I stood up and looked over to Aryn then walked over to them.

“Jeez Emily,” Wren said, “I thought that my pussy was dripping a lot but look at you, all the insides of your legs are wet, even in this sun. Aryn, this girl needs a drink.”

As we walked away I saw another girl getting stripped by 2 Greek men. She was only wearing a peasant dress but she struggled as if she didn’t want to be there.

“Stupid girl.” I thought, “you’ll enjoy it.”

The 2 men got her naked then carried her over to the Stocks. I noticed that one of the men was holding her up by holding one of her tits which was much bigger than my 2 put together.

We walked over to a stall selling refreshments and Aryn bought us some cold drinks. We sat on some steps to drink and rest but doing that was a little painful because my butt had been spanked quite a bit, and the step was hot.

It was only after I’d been sat for a few minutes that I realised that with my feet being on the step below my butt, my pussy would have been easily seen. I couldn’t be bothered to look around to see if anyone was looking.

Bottle of cola empty, I leant back onto my elbows on a higher step and looked around. I was pleased to see a handful of people looking our way so I opened my knees then closed them, over and over, each time that they went wide they went a little wider.

Aryn put a stop to things by telling us that we had to put our vibrators back in. I was feeling confident and shameless and pushed the pink bulb into my vagina with a couple of tourists watching me. Both doing that, and the feeling of it going in felt so good.

I turned to look at Wren and saw the end of her dildo / vibrator just sticking out of her vagina. I didn’t ask how she’d done it.

Continuing our tour of the attractions we soon came across some dancers dancing between some long, thick bamboo poles that 2 men were bouncing and moving on the ground. Two girls in Greek dress were dancing in and out of the poles without getting their ankles hit by the poles as they moved. Aryn told us that it was a Philippines dance called the Tinikling but maybe the Greeks called it something else.

“That could get painful.” Wren said.

She was right. As we watched, I saw one of the men operating the poles look our way and smile. When the dance ended the girls walked to one side and the man who’d seen us came over and, presumably, asked Wren and me to have a go. After a bit of persuasion Wren was stood next to me in between the poles.

The poles started moving and bouncing slowly. Two of the original girls had come to show us what to do and we started. I think that all members of the audience were more interested in watching what Wren’s tits were doing rather than her feet. I wasn’t at all jealous that all my tits were doing was very slightly wobbling.

Both Wren and I were doing quite well to start off with, but the tempo built up and we had to move our feet faster and faster. Wren’s tits bounced quicker and quicker until she lost it and collapsed onto the floor holding her right ankle.

I stepped out of the line of fire and went to Wren, who by that time was getting to her feet telling me that me that she was okay.

The man running the show indicated to me to have another go so I looked over to Aryn who nodded.

It started out real slow again, then got faster and faster. One of the ‘professional’ girls joined in to give me some moral support and I managed to complete the whole dance. I’d done this crazy bamboo pole dance, totally naked apart from a pink antenna sticking out of my vagina, and in front of 20 or 30 people who were applauding me. I was gobsmacked.

Aryn said that it was time that we were going, and just to help us on our way he turned both vibrators on. I made it as far as the cafe outside the market before I had an orgasm and Wren made it to half way through the almost deserted village before hers hit her.

When we arrived at the beach I was a little surprised to see that it wasn’t as busy as it had been in the morning and we easily found a place towards one end for our towels. Aryn dug a big hole with his feet again so that Wren’s and my butt’s would be higher than the rest of us whilst Wren and I topped up our sunblock. But it was difficult as Aryn kept playing with the vibrator’s speed.

Wren chose to lay on her stomach so that her spread butt was on full display but I chose to lay on my back so that the pink antenna was sticking up like a thin cock.

I must have dozed off because the next thing that I knew was Aryn telling us to take our vibrators out, which of course we did.

I looked around and saw that more people had left as Aryn told Wren to straddle him and ride his cock. She looked around then climbed on, impaling herself with a loud sigh.

I again looked around and didn’t see anyone looking at us but there were a couple of men walking our way along the water’s edge. Both were engrossed in a conversation but that stopped when they got close and realised what Wren and Aryn were doing. They stood and watched, occasionally saying something to the other one.

As I saw some younger people, men and girls approaching us, Wren orgasmed. It hadn’t taken long and I guess that it was a combination of her anticipating what Aryn had said he would do, the vibrator, and the fact that that was the first time that she had fucked in public.

She just sat there as her body shook until the waves had retreated, then she climbed off Aryn telling me to get on him. I was impaling myself, reverse cowboy, before Wren even had time to sit down.

I rode Aryn for ages as I watched the people watching us. I rode right through the shaking and swearing of my first orgasm and kept going until I felt Aryn shoot his load deep inside me which triggered another orgasm in me.

I opened my eyes and saw going on for a dozen people watching us and I felt proud of myself as I climbed off Aryn and lay in between him and Wren.

After a short rest, Aryn got up, pulled his shorts back on then told us to get up. He took us to the little beach cafe and we managed to get some food and drinks. It was a good job that the seats were of the wicker variety so that Aryn’s cum could leak out of me and drip through the seat onto the floor below.

When we left there the numbers on the beach had dwindled some more so we slowly walked back to the jet-ski, the young man getting a last look at the 2 naked girls before we sped off back to the yacht.

When we got there, Wren and I jumped into the sea to wash the sand and remaining sunblock off us. Aryn joined us, bringing a plastic football with him. We played about for a while then went back onboard and had a proper shower.

It was a sad evening for me as we talked about the fun we’d had over the past 3 weeks, but the beer and the sex stopped me from getting too sad and we collapsed on the bed not too late.

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Aryn woke me early by easing his huge cock inside me for the last time then he went and raised the anchor and we set off on the way to Athens whilst Wren and I showered and got breakfast ready. We ate as we continued our journey then Aryn left me to steer the yacht whilst he went and showered.

By 09 hundred hours (Aryn got me telling the time that way), we were pulling into Athens harbour. As soon as we’d docked Aryn phoned for a taxi while Wren gave me one of her handbags that was big enough for my little bag, the dildo / vibrator that Aryn had bought me and my summer dress.

I wasn’t surprised when 2 naked (apart from sandals) girls followed Aryn to the taxi, the driver smiling as Wren and I climbed into the back.

At Departures at the airport we all got out and I gave each of them a big hug before putting my dress on and walking inside.

I was quite subdued waiting at the airport and then during the flight. I tried to cheer myself up by flashing my pussy to a few men but my heart just wasn’t in it. It was only as we were coming in to land at Gatwick that I managed cheer myself up with the knowledge that I’d be hitting the London underground at rush hour and it was a Friday. That was always a good day to get groped as I stood reaching up for the hand holds.

True to form, I got groped, by 2 hands, one of the owners whispering that I had a nice tan and hoped that it was all over. I didn’t turn to see who it was, or answer him, I just enjoyed his administrations.

As I was walking from the underground station to the apartment, Two things happened, firstly I noticed how much colder England was to Greece, and secondly, Noah, a single guy who lives in the same block caught up with me.

“Hi Emily, not seen you for a while but I see that you have a great tan and that you are finding it colder here, did you have a good holiday?”

Noah was referring to my nipples that were reacting to the colder temperature and making little tents in my top.

“Yes thanks Noah, I’m just getting back now and looking forward to a good nights sleep.”

“Where’s Jack, you didn’t go on holiday on your own again did you, and where’s your luggage?”

“Yes Noah, we decided to go on separate holidays, Jack gets back on Sunday and this bag is all I took on holiday.”

“To a nudist camp?”

“No, I’ve been on a yacht with an American couple. I’m sure that Jack will have me tell everything at the next party.”

By then we were reaching the apartments. Noah opened the door and let me go in first. As always, the first thing that I did once inside, was to strip naked which didn’t take long because of how little I was wearing, and Noah stood there watching me.

I collected put mail the as I headed for the stairs Noah said,

“Hang on Emily, a box arrived for you the other day, would you like me to carry it up for you?”

“How big is it?” I asked.

“I’ll get it.”

I stood and watched Noah get the box and was pleased that he’d offered to carry it for me. I led the way up the stairs knowing that Noah would be staring at my butt and pussy but I wasn’t at all worried because Noah has seen me naked dozens of times and he has fingered and eaten my pussy quite a few times as well.

Noah put the box down just inside Jack’s apartment, I kissed his cheek as I thanked him, then he left. I flopped down on the sofa and relaxed. I still had a day before I had to go back to Gatwick to meet Jack and his mates. I wanted to see Jack just as soon as was possible and spend as much time with him as possible before I went back to work on the Monday.

After a few minutes doing absolutely nothing, I looked at the box that had been delivered for me. I wasn’t expecting anything so imagine my surprise when I pulled out a sybian and some thigh restraints. Images came into my mind of me riding it at the next party that Jack threw. Maybe he’d invite his mates round and I could perform for them.

Those images and thoughts killed off the slight depression that I had and I just had to plug the sybian in and ride it.

Two orgasms later I was happy but a little tired. I looked in the fridge then went to the freezer and got out a pizza. Whilst that was cooking I opened the couple of letter that were addressed to me then went round the apartment checking to see if Jack had left any mess for me to clean up. He hadn’t so I treated myself to one more orgasm on the sybian then went to bed.

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As I lay in bed toying with my clit after I’d woken up, I decided that I was going into central London to do some shopping and maybe a bit of ‘accidental’ flashing. I got out the skirt that I wear to go to the gym with jack. It’s a lightweight, pleated, white greyhound skirt. When I wear it I feel like the only thing that I’m wearing below my ribs is a belt. With it I chose a sleeveless blouse that is short, has no buttons and ties at the bottom of my ribs. I like that top because it’s baggy around my tits meaning that people can easily see down and into it and see my little tits and hard nipples. It helps that I am shorter than most people. With it being so short there’s a big ring of flesh visible between the skirt and the top.

Together with some wedge sandals and my purse, I carried them downstairs to the entrance then put them on.

One thing that Jack does let me wear in the building is vibrators, and I decoded that I’d were my own Lovense vibrator with the pink antenna sticking out of my vagina. That antenna sticks down just to the bottom hem of the skirt that I was about to put on and I was sure that some people would would get to see that antenna that day.

I set the remote control to random timed blasts and of a random intensity, then I put my phone into my purse

As I was about to put my clothes on the lift arrived and out got a young couple from the top floor. They too had seen me naked dozens of times and been to Jack’s parties so no embarrassment there. I stood chatting for a couple of minutes, still naked, then in walked the postman. What’s more it wasn’t our usual postman who’d seen me naked before.

He looked a little surprised, then smiled, said hello, then got on with posting letters into some of the boxes.

I started getting dressed then walked down the street with the couple before they turned to go to the local high street and I went to the underground station. The breeze up the escalators felt nice and started to get me aroused. I’m sure that my skirt was blowing up at least a little bit, but I made no attempt to hold it down, I didn’t even look down at it or around to see if anyone was looking at me.

Waiting for the train was quite draughty as the trains forced the air along the tunnels and therefore the platforms, and this time I did see my skirt flying up. I saw a middle-aged man staring at me and gave him a pained expression but I didn’t attempt to hold the skirt down.

It was a Saturday so the train wasn’t anywhere near as crowded and I had no chance of being cramped between handsy men unfortunately, and I even managed to get a seat sitting opposite a young couple holding hands.

“How cute.” I thought as I sat down in a very un-ladylike way, knowing that the couple would, if they took their eyes off each other, be able to see my pussy.

It was a good 5 minutes before the young man looked my way then did a double take to confirm his first thought about what he had seen. I continued catching up with my social media on my phone at the same time as glancing over the top of my phone with an expressionless smile on my face.

I watched the young man whisper something to the girl who then looked at me, then all around. Then she surprised me by uncrossing her legs and letting her knees drift apart. She was wearing a miniskirt and her bald pussy came into my sight.

My eyes went up to hers, made contact, and we both smiled.

I still had my phone in my hands and I tapped on the camera app, turned the flash and the sound off, then took a couple of photos just by slightly altering the angle that I was holding my phone.

“Something for Jack to look at.” I said to myself.

The girl kept her knees apart as she and the young man whispered to each other until the train stopped in the next station and a man walked in between us. He was looking down but by then the girl had crossed her legs but I hadn’t and I think that he caught a glimpse of my pussy and the pink antenna as he passed.

The couple continued to stare at my pussy until the train got to my station and as I got off I realised that the couple were getting off as well. They followed my up the escalator and must have had a great view of my butt and pussy. At the top I turned one way and our eyes didn’t meet and I never saw them again.

I headed to a shop that I’d been to many time, with and without Jack. They always have a good stock of skirts and dresses for girls that like to wear them short. I was going to spend some of the money that I’d saved on my holiday by Aryn paying for absolutely everything, including my flights.

The shop had it’s usual, older teen / young twenties customers, some with their partners. The staff were the same and I said hello to a couple of the girls that I’d spoken to before, and whoo had seen me naked before because I never close the curtains on the changing cubicles that are in the back of the store, but in the store and not in some back room. Quite a number of customers had seen me naked as well and the staff weren’t at all bothered by my nudity. I got the impression that quite few girls got naked whilst changing and let their partners see them naked as they tried on clothes. I know that I’d seen a few naked girls with their partners looking at them as they did what I always do, get naked to try just a skirt on.

I found a couple of skirts that I liked and just knew that Jack would like them too, then I found a rack with even shorter skirts, ones that were even shorter than greyhound skirts or the one that I was currently wearing. I just had to have at least one of them knowing that it wouldn’t cover all of my butt, nor my pussy, my slit would be visible all the time.

I went to the changing cubicles and stripped naked. I turned to look out and saw that I was being watched by a couple of teenage girls and the young man that was with them. I smiled at them then started trying on the skirts. When I’d got each one on I went out to where the full length mirror was, which just happened to be near where the 2 girls and 1 boy was standing, and looked at myself, front and back.

Then I turned my back to the mirror and bent right over. Looking through my legs I could see all of my butt and pussy in the mirror, those 3 teenagers and one of the staff. All were looking at my butt and pussy. When I tried the shortest skirt on, which was more like a broad belt, and I was standing up straight I turned to the little audience and said,

“Do you think this is too short, does it show too much of me?”

The 2 teenage girls giggled then one of them said,

“No, not at all, you look great in it.”

The staff girl said,

“It suits you, you’ll look great going clubbing in it.”

“Do you think that it’s too much for Saturday shopping?”

The teenage boy swore, probably imagining me walking down the street with half of my butt and my slit on show, and the staff girl said,

“You look really good in that madam, it really draws attention to your protruding clit and that pink thing sticking out of you.”

It didn’t really surprise me that she was so forthright because I’d had similar comments from the staff in there before. It’s like they know when a girl is an exhibitionist and know when to say things that will encourage them, but she was right, it wasn’t suitable for walking down a street in London in broad daylight even though I had done that a few times in Ibiza wearing skirts that didn’t cover as much as the one that I had on right then.

When I was going back to the changing cubicle another young woman came over to try something on and went into the cubicle next to me. Her man came with her and he stood just outside the cubicles watching both his girl and me get changed.

Of course I lingered whilst I was naked and let him get a good look at me.

I bought the 3 shortest skirts.

Next I went looking for a peasant blouse and dress. I’d liked the way it was so easy for the restaurant owner in that Greek restaurant to strip his daughters.

They took some finding and I had to go into about 5 different shops before I finally found a shop that had some. I didn’t even think about the escalators and stairs that I had to go up and down, walking around with no knickers and a skirt that only just covers my butt and slit is the norm for me these days, apart from going to work that is, and that feels like I’m in a straight-jacket; and I don’t feel daring or exposed. It’s just normal. Although I did keep seeing this one young man and wondered if he was following me up the stairs and escalators.

Anyway, I found some and took a couple of tops and a couple of dresses to the changing room. It was a ladies only changing room, none of this gender neutral fun for that store. I stripped and tried the tops first. They were elasticated round the top but not tight, in fact they were quite loose. I tried to simulate Jack pulling on the sides at the top of my arms. It was impossible for me to do but it was easy to tell that he would be able to easily pull them down revealing my breasts.

Then it was the dresses. Both were way too long but I could take care of the problem, having enough material left to make a flared, micro skirt. The waists were elasticated like the top, but again they were a very loose fit and, with my hands on the tops of my legs I could grip the material and pull it down. Okay I could only do it a bit at a time but the whole dress started to come down and after the third pull the whole dress came down. If it had been Jack pulling it the dress would have easily pooled round my feet after one of his gentle tugs.

I chose one top and one dress and went to pay for them. I nearly walked out of the changing cubicle without putting my own clothes on but remembered at the last second.

The next thing that I did was to go to a hairdressers. My hair hadn’t had much attention for over 3 weeks and it needed a trim and some TLC. I had to wait for about 10 minutes but there was a man in the waiting area and I sat opposite him in such a way that he could see my bald pubes, slit, clit and pink antenna, a sight that his face told me he was enjoying.

Hair done, and with no desire or opportunity to flash the girl who did my hair, but she had asked me where I got my tan and I took the opportunity to tell her that I’d spent 3 weeks naked on a yacht around Greece and she quizzed me on how I managed to find a holiday like that. I told her that I’d replied to an advert for a deckhand for an American couple.

I’m pretty sure that she wanted to quiz me for more details but she’d finished my hair so I didn’t get to tell her all about my naked adventures.

By then I was feeling a little hungry and went to the nearby, big chain coffee shop for a drink and a snack. I managed to get a table by the window and sat with my legs open enough for anyone looking from outside the shop, to see my slit, clit and pink antenna. I wasn’t really looking outside to see is anyone was looking at me because I was in London, and the chances of anyone actually looking and realising what they could see were so small that it wasn’t worth bothering.

I did however notice 2 policemen slowly walk passed with their hands inside their stab vests which made me think about talking to Jack about moving to Ibiza, Greece, or some other Mediterranean city where it would be hotter, safer and more open to naked girls wandering around.

The 2 policemen took a quick look my way but kept walking and I thought,

“Not very eagle-eyed for coppers are you?”

It was nice just sitting there, nice coffee, nice pastry, fresh air on my pussy and not a care in the world.

After a waitress came and collected my cup and plate, and possibly looked down and saw my pussy, I decided that it was time to head back home. I’d been lucky and got what I wanted. I went to the phone app and turned the vibrator to random, fast vibrations, gasped, then put my phone away and got to my feet. The journey was going to be a challenge.

And it was, 4 orgasms and around half a dozen instances of seeing men look up my skirt and seeing what was causing the jerks, shudders and shakes.

On the underground I sat hear some doors, where people stood waiting to get off, and I was rewarded with 2 men looking down my top. With it being baggy and tied at the bottom rather than buttoned up, I just knew that they’d be seeing at least one full tit with it’s hard nipple. The vibrator was doing its job and keeping me aroused to the extent that when I saw the second man looking down my top I orgasmed. Life was good, for London.

I had another orgasm as I went up the escalator, I’d timed getting on right so that I was just a little ahead of a group of youths. It didn’t take them long to realise what they could see and the comments that they made triggered the orgasm. It was difficult getting off the top of the escalator and then slowly walking to the exit, especially with the comments and the fact that one of then youths had realised and was telling his mates.

By the time I got outside the youths were gone and so were the waves of pleasure so I continued my journey towards home, but I had to go via the little supermarket that I often go to for the things that we run out of mid week. I needed to get a few essentials to keep us going until Jack drove me to a big supermarket later in the week.

In the little supermarket I saw the young girl that is usually there, and when she saw me she did what she usually does, go to the back and call for her father who comes and watches me as I go around the selves.

The first time that he did that I suspected that he was worried that I might steal something but it soon became apparent that he just wanted to perv on me and I always grant him his wish to see either my tits or my pussy. My pussy is easiest because all I have to do is bend over a few times pretending to look at something on the bottom shelves and this time was no different, although my vagina doesn’t usually have a pink antenna sticking out of it and the other end of it vibrating away and about to make me cum.

The orgasm hit me when I was at the checkout and the girl gave me that knowing look. I smiled back at her.

Back at the apartment I put things away then relaxed. It was still strange being there without Jack so to stop myself thinking about it I took out the vibrator and climbed on the sybian where I rode it to 2 more orgasms before pushing myself up and off it. I wanted Jack to be there to clamp my thighs to it so that I couldn’t get off it and have to just ride through those moments where I think that I just can’t take anymore.

After getting myself something to eat I decided that some exercise would be good for me. I thought about going to the gym but instead I decided to got for a run. I got out my running clothes, put the vibrator back inside me and set it going on another random program before headed downstairs where I got dressed then left the building leaving my phone on the bed leaving me with no way of turning it off.

It had been nearly a month since I’d been jogging and it took a few streets before I was back in the rhythm and starting to think about my skirt bouncing about and the vibrations inside me.

I managed to keep jogging as the first orgasm hit me but I wasn’t really concentrating on where I was going and I turned a corned and collided with a workman who was watching another man dig a hole in the footpath. I bounced off the man but went flying back and luckily landed on the grass verge.

I was more winded than hurt but my orgasm was still in full swing. I lay there as the orgasm finished its cycle then I looked up to see both workmen looking down on me.

“Are you alright miss?” One of the workmen said.

I just looked up at them still trying to workout what had happened. Then I looked down my body and saw that my skirt was up around my waist and my legs were quite wide open, my left leg bent with the ankle under my right knee. I looked up at the men again and saw where there eyes were looking, and it wasn’t my eyes.

“I don’t know,” I replied, “my leg.”

“Shall I call for an ambulance?”

I quickly did a check round my body and decided that I probably didn’t need one.

“Just give me a couple of minutes before I answer that one.” I replied.

“That leg doesn’t look too good, shall I check it for you, I’m a first aider?”

“Oh, err, yes please.”

I got up on my elbows and looked down my body. My skirt was up well above my bald pubes and the man was lifting my right leg further away from my bent left leg and my pussy was getting more and more open.

“Oh,” I said, “I’m all exposed.”

“Now is not the time to worry about modesty young lady, just relax and let me check out this leg.”

Well, that was fine by me, both men looked to be in their mid forties and way over weight, but they were men, and both appeared to be interested in my pussy that suddenly started tingling and getting wetter.

“Aargh.” I said as the man took a hold of my left calf.

With each little move of my leg I faked pain and verbally let them know that I was hurting.

“Stop, stop.” I said, “take it slower please, and wait a couple of seconds before moving it again.”

“Okay honey, no rush.”

I looked at both pairs of eyes and guess where they were looking.

Slowly, and with a lot of fake reaction to non-existent pain, my left leg got straightened out and placed in a direct line with my body, but my right leg was still stretched to the side and I wasn’t in a rush to move it close to the left one.

“Just give it a couple of minutes then we’ll see if you can stand on it.” The man said.

“Thanks, sorry that I ran into you, I obviously wasn’t looking where I was running.”

“No, it was our fault, not enough road works signs.”

“Well no harm done, my leg is starting to feel better.” I replied then contracted then relaxed my vaginal muscles a couple of times causing the pink antenna to jump up a bit each time.

“Err excuse me for asking, but what is that thing sticking out of your pussy?”

“Oh that thing,” I said looking down to my pussy, “that’s a vibrator.”

“And is it switched on?”

“It is, that’s probably why I didn’t see you guys, it err had just made me cum when I turned the corner.”

“You were having an orgasm and still running?”

“It’s not easy, but yes, sorry about that.”

“Don’t be, it was our pleasure to help you. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I think so, I’ll tell you when I get to my feet.”

“Before you do, would you mind if we took some selfies with you?”

“Sure, or one of you could take some photos of us together using the other’s phone. Do you want me to get up first?”

“No, stay where you are, we’ll come down to you.”

“Do you want me to open my legs some more?”

“Yes please.”

I did, and they took their photographs before one of them put his hand out to help me get up. I gingerly put some weight onto my ‘damaged’ leg then declared that I was okay.

“Have I got any grass stains on the back of my skirt?” I asked as I pulled the hem out and up for them to have a look at my skirt and what was under it.

“No luv, but you do have a nice ass, and a nice tan.”

“Thank you guys,” I said, “maybe bump into you again some time. Seeya.”

I set off jogging again, the vibrator starting to build another orgasm deep inside me, and me thinking,

“Well that was an unexpected, pleasant surprise.”

I jogged down the streets and into the park. It’s not a big park, more of an open area for parents to take the kids to the play area and then kick a ball about on the grass, but it does have a path going all the way round it and that was where I was going to do a couple of circuits before heading back home.

As I passed the kids play area I saw a couple of young kids with, presumably their father, and a couple of older, teen boys sat on the kids swings talking. They watched me jog passed them and I wondered if the back of my skirt was bouncing up enough for them to see my butt.

I’d just completed one circuit and was near the entrance when the vibrator went onto period, a long period, of very fast vibrations that were just too much for my pussy to ignore and I started having another orgasm, a very intense orgasm.

I stopped jogging then went down onto my knees as my legs felt like jelly. Then my body went backwards until I was on my back on the grass with my knees still bent and my feet nearly under my butt. My knees spread outwards giving my pussy plenty of room to enjoy the orgasm which seemed to go on for ages.

I swear that that vibrator knows when the wearer is cumming and keeps going until it decided that the wearer cant take anymore.

When the vibrations stopped and my orgasm finally decided to lose some of its intensity I opened my eyes and saw 3 young men stood near my feet and looking down at me, or should I say my convulsing, open pussy.

After a long silence during which the waves turned into mere ripples, one of the young men said,

“You okay?”

“I’ve seen you out jogging with some bloke before. I often wondered if you were bare under that skirt or if you wore a G-string, now I know but I’ve never seen that pink thing before, is it a vibrator” Another said.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Is that what made you cum or were you laying there diddling yourself?”

I didn’t answer that one.

By then, all 3 of the young men had got their phones out and there clicking away. I let them for a couple of minutes, actually spreading my knees a bit more, then I swung my legs straight and got up onto my feet.

“Gotta go.” I said and started jogging another circuit.

As I left them I heard,

“Hey don’t go, we can have a bit of fun.”

I said nothing and kept jogging.

I saw those 3 young men later, and when I passed them I heard,

“See, you can see her bare ass.”

“Yes but she could be wearing a thong or a G-string.”

“But we now know that she doesn’t wear anything under it.”

I smiled and kept going, turning at the gate and heading back towards the apartment.

I made it about half way before the vibrator gave me another orgasm and I had to stop and bend over putting my hands on my knees. As the orgasm subsided a couple walked up behind me and as they passed me I heard the man say,

“Very nice. You should take up jogging Angela.”

“You’d like to see me running around in a skirt like that with no knickers on wouldn’t you Tom?”

“Yep, when are you going to do it?”

I didn’t hear the answer.

Back at the apartment I took the vibrator out, cleaned it ready for the next time, then had a shower.

I was still feeling horny so I got out the sybian and worked out how the thigh restraints worked then mounted it and restrained my thighs so that I couldn’t easily get off it, and switched it on. I intended to stay put for as long as I could before reaching for the control box and switching it off.

And that’s what I did, although as I switched it off I wished that Jack was there and he had the control box. That way he could have pushed me further than I could and we would find out what my body would do. A task for one evening next week I decided.

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The next morning I was all excited when I woke up. I was going to meet Jack at Gatwick and I couldn’t wait for his arms to wrap round me and his cock to enter me. I tried to relive that excitement by spreading my legs and rubbing one out but after it I was still excited.

I tried rubbing another one out after breakfast but it still didn’t calm my nerves.

I looked at all my clothes trying to decide which to wear to please Jack the most. In the end I decided on a skirt that I’d worn in Ibiza, one that is longer at the back than it is at the front. My butt is covered but the only way to cover my slit is with my hands or my bag. I chose a small shoulder bag that I can hold in front of my pussy if I want to appear covered. Very daring for England but I was confident that I could cover my pussy whenever I needed to. After all, most people only see what they expect to see and no one would expect to see my slit, except for Jack that is.

The top that I chose was a thin, cotton tank top that clings to my body showing the bulges of my nipples and every curve of my little tits. It’s also a little sheer and if you look closely you can see the change of colour of my areolae. I felt good when I put them on just before leaving the building.

I kept my shoulder bag at my side for the walk to the underground and only moved it round to cover my slit when I walked into the underground station where security and the odd policeman were standing around.

It was a Sunday and I wasn’t expecting many people on the underground but I got a pleasant surprise when what looked like a Sunday Football League team got in the same carriage as me, one stop after I’d got on. I’d sat on a side seat and hadn’t tried to hide my pussy because there was no one sat opposite me until those young men got on.

As soon as they started walking down the carriage my way, my knees automatically opened a bit and I moved my bag from my stomach to under my arm.

“Hey guys, look at those legs.” I heard one of them say.

“They go all the way up to her, ….. fuck, look at that guys.”

Suddenly, what seemed like all of them were standing in front of me trying to get a look at my legs. I nearly said under my skirt but the front of my skirt wasn’t covering anything below my hips.

I revelled in the rude comments, suggestions, offers and looks, and felt my pussy tingling and getting wet but I just sat there ignoring it all. A couple of them even got their phones out, gave them to a mate asking him to take a photo of them sat next to me.

They were only on the train for 3 stops but that was enough time for my pussy to get very wet.

I changed trains at Victoria and that train was just as quiet as well.

I was back at Gatwick where there were lots of scantily clad girls about to fly to their sunny holiday destinations, and in Arrivals, a lot of scantily clad girls returning from their holidays so I wasn’t worried about the length of my skirt, and most of the time not worried about my slit showing because everyone around was in their own little world rushing to wherever.

The Arrivals hall it was slightly different because there were quite a few people waiting for passengers who’s planes had just landed, just like I was. The problem is, people get bored standing around waiting and look for something interesting to see. And for some of the men, that was me. Well my body between my knees and my waist. I doubt that any of them actually saw my face.

My bag kept moving from my side to my pussy then back again.

As I’d walked into Arrivals I’d looked at the flights board and seen that Jack’s plane had already landed so I wasn’t expecting to wait long.

When I saw Jack I ran to him and jumped up, wrapping my legs around his waist, not caring that the back of my skirt had ridden up revealing my bare butt to anyone who cared to look. After a minute or so of smothering him with kisses, I slid down and he managed to say,

“Hello Emily, I wasn’t really expecting you to be here.”

“How could I not be, we’ve got soo much catching up to do.”

“Hey, rumpy, pumpy for you as soon as you get home Jack.” One of his mates said.

“Oh hi guys,” I said, “I hope that you all had a great time. I see that your tan isn’t as deep as mine.”

“Or go to places where yours goes Emily.” One of them said.

“We spent too much time in girl’s bedrooms.” Another of them said.

“Well I hope that you all got nearly fucked to death like I did.” I said.

“Guys,” Jack said, “do you mind if we get going, I’m starving.”

“I know a nice place near Victoria.” One of the guys said and we started walking to the train station.

On the train we sat on both sides of the carriage and I did nothing to try to hide my pussy from the guys sat opposite, in fact Jack pulled my legs apart so that they could get a better look as we all tried to tell some of the stories that we had.

Pulling my legs apart also gave Jack a better chance to finger my pussy as we went, neither him nor I caring that his mates could see what he was doing to me. In fact he made me cum just before we got to Victoria.

“Been doing that to a lot of girls have you Jack?” I asked as we got off the train.

“A few on the buses and boats.” Jack replied.

We went to the cafe that his mate knew about and yes, the food was good. Some of the group had different trains to catch to go to their homes but before we split up.

Jack invited them all round to our apartment on the Friday evening. I’d told them about the sybian that had been sent to me from either Clint or Aryn whilst we’d been eating, and Jack told them that I was going to perform on it for his mates. I’d been hoping that he would say something like that.

When we split up, Jack and I, and 2 of his mates walked to our platform with me hanging on to Jack’s arm. That gave me more confidence to keep my bag at my side and not care if anyone saw my slit. On the train Jack had his hand between my legs all the way again, gently rubbing my clit. He made me cum before we got to our station.

Guess what we did just as soon as we got to the apartment.