**I’m a bit of an unusual girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02**

**The Full Brazilian**

One evening when we were sat eating in a cafe, a girl in a bikini came round handing out leaflets about a new bar that was opening on the outskirts of the town. At first we all had a laugh at the name of the bar, ‘The Full Brazilian’. Then there was the drawing, quite realistic actually, of a naked girl complete with curved lines and big dots for tits and a line representing the girl’s slit. The leaflet promised cheap drinks and sexy games.

“You do realize that it will be some sort of sex show don’t you guys?” Ryan said.

Everyone’s enthusiasm was still high.

“And that by the look of that list of games the show will involve audience participation?” Ryan added.

Everyone was still enthusiastic but probably no more than me. My pussy was creaming at the thought. So the following Friday evening we went. We all piled into 3 taxis and were soon at the place. The posters outside were similar to the leaflet but instead of a drawing of a naked girl there was an actual photograph of a naked girl showing her tits and pussy, complete with her clit sticking out.

Alongside was a statement saying that guests would be invited to participate in a number of adult games.

Now we really were all keen on going inside.

There was one other thing on the posters and that was a menu. I had a quick look down it and saw only 2 Brazilian foods, Picanha and Feijoada. There was also a list of cocktails with Caipirinha at the top. I smiled as I thought that those 3 items must be their attempt to convince people that it was a Brazilian establishment and not what we had assumed and were about to prove correct.

At the bottom of the poster was details of the admission cost, men and women separate with a line of text saying that any woman who was prepared to prove that she’d had a Full Brazilian would be admitted for free.

That made us girls laugh and we all lifted our skirts as we walked in. The guys weren’t too happy about the entrance fee but the list of games won them over and soon we were all drinking Caipirinha cocktails.

The place soon filled up then a female DJ started the evening proper. The first game was quite tame really, couples had to get on the stage and simulate having sex. Six couples, including Ryan and me, went up onto the stage all at once and on command we all started simulating having sex and I think that we all chose different positions.

Ryan wanted me on my back with my legs up and spread wide. Wearing only a skirt and bikini top, I was exposed from the waist down and I’d lay down in such a position that when Ryan wasn’t hiding my pussy it was on display for all the audience to see.

I wasn’t the only girl revealing that she had no knickers on, in fact 4 of the 6 girls were wearing skirts and all 4 had their pussies on display.

For the first time ever, I faked having an orgasm, as did the other 5 girls.

The game was judged on the loudest applause and it was Eve and Tom that won, a bottle of cheap champagne being the prize.

The next game was the Pussy Buffet. I sort of guessed what it was, and I was right. Six tables were brought onto the stage and 6 girl volunteers were asked for, Rosie and I managed to get chosen and soon we were on our backs on the tables with our legs spread wide and our pussies on display for all to see. Six eager male volunteers were selected by the woman DJ and they all lined up in front of one of the 6 pussies.

“Right boys,” the woman DJ said, “30 seconds on each pussy, a bell will ring and you will move to the pussy on your right. Guess where the last guy on the right goes. Girls, the winner is the girl who cums first, there is no prize in this round so there’s no point in faking, okay girls and boys, get set, go.”

A mouth suddenly started to try to swallow my pussy. I’d been super aroused all day and the fucking from Ryan before we left the hotel had made me cum but not diminished my lust so that mouth was a godsend at that time.

Three rings of the bell later and I was cumming like a steam train. The 4 mouths and the fact that there was an audience watching had finally got the better of me. The problem was, well it wasn’t really a problem, quite the opposite actually, another girl orgasmed at the same time and the contest was declared a draw.

The ‘not really a problem’ part was that the DJ decided to have a knockout competition between us 2 winners, only this time it was to see who could NOT cum for the longest time. She got 8 guys from the audience and lined up 4 between each of our legs. The 30 second bell rang and my pussy got sucked into a mouth.

Oh I tried to not cum, I really tried, but just after the bell rang for the fifth time that steam train arrived again. I’d lost, and won, both at the same time. About a minute later I walked back to the gang with my skirt still up around my waist.

There was a short break and the guys got a round of beers then the DJ announced that the next game was for the girls only, a stripping contest. Suddenly all my energy came back, if I couldn’t win this game there was no hope for me.

Seven girls entered and we were each given 2 tracks to strip naked. As she was saying that my mind went back to my first strip at the club when I was only wearing 2 items of clothing. But this time I was only wearing a skirt, it was going to be a challenge to make it sexy. I needed it to be very sexy.

The first 4 girls had their turns and all struggled, all looking as though they had never taken their clothes off before. Then it was my turn. I started by caressing my tits and abusing my nipples before turning my back to the audience and teasing them by bending over a bit so that they could see my pussy, then I straightening up. I did that a couple of times, the second time running a finger slowly along my slit.

Then I stood and face the audience and unfasten the skirt. As it hit the floor I spread my legs and leaned back so far that my hands went on the floor behind me. My right hand came up, went to my pussy and I frigged for England. I orgasmed just as the second song ended.

“Wow,” the DJ said, “That looked like you’d done that before, join the others at the back of the stage please.”

I did, getting my breath back as I walked.

The remaining 2 girls were just as amateurish as the first few and then as each girl was applauded it was obvious that I had won. I got a bottle of champagne.

Next it was one for the boys, the DJ saying that the girls had performed so it was now the boys turn. They were invited to get on the stage, face the audience, drop their shorts and wank. The winner being the guy who shot his load first.

Most of the girls there were disappointed that only 4 guys got on the stage. All 4 cocks were hard before the DJ told them to start. It took a while but the guy who looked like he’d been on the booze for the longest finally shot his load out towards the audience. He got a bottle of champagne to help him drink to oblivion.

The next game got everyone laughing, it was musical chairs, the difference being that the guys sat on the chairs had to have their cocks out and when the music stopped a girl had to impale herself on the nearest cock.

Both the girls and the boys were disappointed as one guy was removed before the music started again.

The game started with 12 guys sat with their cocks pointing to the ceiling and 12 knickerless girls, most, like Rosie and me, with no skirts on.

Two by 2, everyone was eliminated except for Rosie and an unknown guy. Rosie sat on his cock for ages after they had been declared the winners and she later told us that he held her there as he shot his load inside her. To prove it she showed us all his cum running down the insides of her thighs.

We opened another bottle of cheap champagne.

The penultimate game was for 6 guys to stand on the stage with their shorts around their ankles and a blindfold on so that they couldn’t see what was going on. The DJ then asked for 6 girl volunteers to give them blowjobs. One by one the girls went back to their seats after their guy had cum. Then the guys had to go and find the girl who had just blown him.

One girl was found because she didn’t swallow, instead letting the cum splatter all over her face and it was still there when the guys went looking. She was found but none of the guys knew if it was their cum on her face or someone else’.

That game went down so well that it was repeated 3 times with different guys and girls. All the girls in our group, including me, volunteered and received a late night snack.

The Grand Finale was basically an orgy, well that’s what it ended up as. Six couples were invited to go onto the stage on the pretexts of simulating having sex again, but when they got up there, me and Ryan included, we were told that the simulation part was optional and that we could do the real thing if we wanted.

I looked at Ryan and we both smiled. His shorts hit the floor and I jumped up onto him and lowered myself onto his cock. The other couples followed and when I looked later half the audience were having sex on tables and chairs and even the floor.

I never did find my skirt or bikini top and was happy that the taxi driver has happy to have a naked girl in his cab.

Well that was my holiday evenings entertainment and each night was followed by one of the guys spending the night in my bed and fucking my brains out.

**My Clitoris**

I woke one morning to the feeling of Joe eating my pussy, and after a very satisfying orgasm Joe was knelt between my legs looking down at my pussy.

“Have you ever thought of putting a ring on that?” Joe asked before even saying good morning.

“I’m never getting married Joe.”

“No, I mean your clit, it’s big enough and you can get these vibrating clit rings these days. I’m told that they are better than a vibrator.”

“I find that hard to believe but a vibrating clit ring does sound nice. I’m going to think about that, thanks for the idea Joe, now can you stick that cock of yours inside me and make me cum again.”

He did, and over the rest of the holiday I kept coming back to the idea of a clit ring and I did a bit of research using my phone and the hotel’s Wi-Fi. After a few days of a lot of searching I actually ordered one that would hopefully be waiting for me when I got home.

It was, but I’ll tell you about that later.

**Holiday Days**

The day times were different. I wanted the solitude that I was used to, not that there was anything wrong with the company of my new friends, that was totally awesome, we were doing things that I had always wanted to.

The first morning that I was there, after telling Joe to go back to his room, then having some breakfast in the hotel’s cafe, me wearing just an ultra short skirt, I had a chat with the guy on reception and asked him where the best beaches were that allowed nude sunbathing, and how I could get to them.

I was pleased to hear that all the beaches allowed nude sunbathing (I’d googled them and was expecting what he told me) but on the ones at the towns the nudists were expected to stay at the ends of the beach.

That didn’t bother me as I was intending to push a few limits anyway. I was pleased to hear that there were buses to the most popular beaches and that I could catch them from just up the road. I was also told that some of the beaches had boats going to them from the towns harbour which also wasn’t far away.

I went back to my room and got ready for a day out at a beach. I’d previously decided to wear one of my bikinis under one of the swimsuit cover-ups that I’d made. All 3 cover-ups are just long enough to cover my butt and pussy and all 3 are made out of sheer, coloured, patterned diaphanous fabric, the fronts being just 1 layer meaning that anyone who had more than a cursory glance would be able to see my bikini. But after my first day’s experiences the bikini was consigned to my bag and I looked forwards to watching people look at my naked form.

After putting on a layer of sunblock I gathered my things and set off to the bus station.

I felt naked and happy as the cover-up fluttered about as I walked. I only saw a handful of people doing a double take and I thought,

“You silly men, have a really good look at me, if you ask me I’ll pose naked for you.”

It was the same at the bus station, I bought the ticket through a little window that was at my shoulders height so the woman couldn’t even see my chest.

As I joined the queue waiting for the bus, 2 young men joined the queue behind me. Through my sunglasses I could see that they’d discovered that my cover-up was see-through and that I had nothing on under it. They were both staring at me and whispering in a language that I didn’t understand.

Wanting to give them as good a show as possible I turned at different angles to them, pretending to be looking at different things all around and parting my legs a bit to let them see my clit sticking out from my pussy. I could see the shape of the front of their shorts changing.

The bus driver checking the tickets never even looked further than my hand holding the ticket.

On the bus it was different, there were a lot of people and I had to stand in the aisle between people sat on the seats. The journey only took about 30 minutes but there was 2 things that I noticed. Firstly my little A cup breasts were wobbling a bit as the bus found all the potholes, and secondly, the men sat either side of me spent most of the journey with their heads looking my way, and I was stood sideways with my feet apart to get better balance.

About half way I turned to face the other way so that both men had a long look at both my front and my butt through their sunglasses and my see-through cover-up. My sunglasses didn’t make the diaphanous fabric of my cover-up less transparent so I guessed that theirs didn’t as well.

When we arrived I followed some of the bus passengers towards the sea and I instantly saw why there were all those people on the bus, it was gorgeous, lots of fine, white sand gently sloping down into a calm sea. The only problem was that I couldn’t see any naked people.

Well it wasn’t really a problem, I was going to get naked regardless, and I was going to show my body to everyone on that beach whether they wanted to see it or not. And before I lost me nerve, I stopped, put my bag down, kicked off my sandals and took my cover-up off, put them in my bag, stretched my arms up in the air and thought how wonderful it was to be alive.

I was totally naked on a beach with lots of people and not another naked person in sight.

With a smile on my face I almost skipped along looking for somewhere to spread my towel. I didn’t look but I hoped that people were looking at me, I wanted them to see my naked body and see how happy I was displaying it for all of them to see.

I walked in and out of the people sat and laying taking in the sun until I found a space just in front of a beach bar. I didn’t think about people sat in the bar being able to sit and eat and drink whilst looking at me until my towel was spread out. Not that I would have done anything different if I had thought about it, although I might just have setup a little closer.

As I covered myself in sunblock I looked around hoping that a handsome man would come and offer to do the job for me and maybe make me cum like Ryan had the day before but alas, no one came. When my hand moved to rub some sunblock on my pussy I gasped when I touched my clit. I became aware that my clit wanted some attention but that would have to wait for a while. I wanted to feel the sun on every bit of my front and hear the waves gently crashing on the sand.

I also noticed quite a few people, mainly men, walking up and down the water’s edge and I didn’t know if they were just getting a little exercise or they were out people watching.

“Well this is one girl that you can watch as much as you like guys.” I thought.

I lay on my back, spread my arms and legs wide and let out a long sigh. It was yet another wonderful experience that I was having in the last 24 hours.

“Could life get any better?” I thought.

I lay there enjoying the peace and tranquility until I realised that the heat in my nipples was greater than the rest of my tits. I touched one of my barbells and realised that the sun had heated the metal to a temperature that was almost burning me. I quickly turned over and soon realised that my bare pubis pressing on the towel covered sand was getting me aroused.

Without even thinking about it, my right hand slid under me and to my pussy where my fingers started toying with my clit.

Life did get a bit better as my arousal increased and increased until the orgasm rolled over me like the waves of the ocean. I moaned, I gasped, my body stiffened then relaxed and then started jerking in time to the convulsions in my pussy.

“Now there’s no way that life can get any better after that.” I thought as my body relaxed and my fingers idly toyed with my clit again.

After my back started to feel quite warm I got to my feet and walked into the sea. It was warm, unlike the last time my parents took me to the seaside and the sea was freezing.

I kept walking, gasping as the water hit my clit, until I couldn’t touch the seabed with my feet, then I swam. Swimming in the warm sea totally naked is so different to in a swimming pool with a bikini on, or even naked, it’s so sensual and the water tickles my nipples and my pussy making them tingle.

I swam and floated with people all around me until I finally decided to go back to my towel. When I started walking out of the water I realised that I had drifted quite a way. I could see the beach bar and started strolling towards it, this time looking to see who was looking at me.

I saw a few people looking at me and smiled at them. The man in the hotel reception had told me that I wasn’t doing anything illegal so I was just exercising my legal rights even if etiquette had decreed that nudist would keep to one end of the beach. No one said anything to me and I made it back to my towel in a few minutes.

I lay back, propped up on my elbows and let the sun dry my body as I watched the walkers look over to me. I had again lay there with my legs wide apart letting the sun tan the insides of my thighs. Then I decided that I wanted a drink, ignoring the small bottle of water in my bag I took my purse and went to the beach bar. Again no one said anything about my total lack of clothes and I got a cola and sat, man-spreading, at a table where I could look out to sea.

Watching a couple of ships slowly cross the horizon, in my peripheral vision, I saw 2 young men standing near my towel and looking my way. I had my sunglasses on so I watched them looking under the table between my legs. I watched them watching me for ages as I pretended to look out to sea.

After a couple of minutes my right hand went to my clit and gave it a little scratch like you do when you have an itch, then my hand went back to the bottle of cola and I had another sip.

If they were happy to keep looking I was happy to keep showing and it seemed like an eternity before they finally turned and walked away.

I took another few minutes watching the ships before I finished my drink, got up and went back to my towel.

After more sunbathing I decided to go for a walk to investigate where some of the people who got off the bus went when they headed in a different direction. Leaving everything but my sunglasses and my purse buried in the sand under my towel, I wandered back to the bus stop, through all the clothed people, then in the direction that I’d seen the people go.

I went through a car park where people arriving and leaving looked at the totally naked girl, and into a Mediterranean forest of Pine type trees and bushes on a sandy ground. Apart from what I thought was thousands of Crickets in the trees making unfamiliar noises everything was so peaceful and natural, even I had nothing man made on me.

I walked for maybe half a mile without seeing a soul before the track emerged on a coast path with a few people walking each way. On my left I could see a lighthouse on the rocky terrain. On my right I could see the beach where I started and I started walking that way. People walking the opposite way to me look at me and one middle-aged couple even smiled at me but most of them looked at me and looked away when I looked back and smiled at them. That made me laugh a little thinking that they were even more insecure than my other personality was. I mean, who could miss out on the opportunity to look at a reasonably attractive, naked young woman?

Back at my towel I soaked up the sun some more and went for another swim before finally thinking that maybe I should head back to the hotel, but I wasn’t done with being naked in public yet. I decided to leave my cover-up off until the I was about to get on the bus and walked back to the bus stop still naked. I mingled with the waiting people wondering if they thought that I was going to get on the bus still naked. I people watched and was surprised at the number of people who immediately turned away when they saw me.

“What’s wrong with these people?” I thought, “it’s only a naked body, we’ve all got one.”

It was only when I saw the bus approaching that I got my cover-up out of my bag and put it on.

I held back as queuing went out of the window and most of the people tried to get on at the same time. It reminded me of the underground trains back home and I wondered if I would have got groped if I’d got in the middle of the impatient people.

I again had to stand in the aisle and I again stood sideways. This time it was a man on one side of me and a girl about my age on the other. Through my sunglasses I watched the man, then the girl stare at me. The girl was sat with a man but that didn’t stop her staring at my pussy as she talked to him about their plans for the night.

I wondered if her seeing my slit and clit would get her horny and she’d jump on her man as soon as they got back to their hotel. I know that I was hoping that Ryan or Joe would be in their room when I got back to mine. It was Ryan’s turn to fuck me but if he wasn’t there I’d quite happily have Joe for the second time that day.

As I walked into the hotel I saw Rosie, who was naked, talking to a girl that I didn’t recognize. Rosie introduced Tammy who Rosie knew from back home and who had just arrived.

“So where have you been dressed like that Roxy?” the topless Tammy asked as she realised that my cover-up was see-through and that I wore nothing under it.

I told both Tammy and Rosie where I’d been and how wonderful it had been and I asked the if they would like to go to that beach with me. Both said that they would. Then Rosie asked me if I was going to the pool with them.

I thought for a second, realizing that I’d potentially miss out on a good fuck with Ryan or Joe, then said that I would go with them.

We went to the pool and I got naked. Tammy removed her bikini bottoms and we all jumped into the pool and joined the others playing games and messing about.

I quickly realized that Ryan was there and I swam over to him. After telling him where I’d been I reminded him that it was his turn to fuck me and that I was looking forward to getting back to my room with him.

“Why wait?” Ryan asked.

“You want us to fuck down here?” I asked.

Ryan unfastened his shorts under the water then lifted me up and lowered me onto his hard cock.

As Ryan lifted me up and down I buried my head in his neck and enjoyed the new experience.

It didn’t take long for the people around us to realize what we were doing and they gathered around to watch and cheer us on.

The only thing that stopped it from being a perfect experience was that those people couldn’t see Ryan’s cock going in and out of me.

The people closer to Ryan and me were able to hear my moans and running commentary when I got close to and actually orgasmed and Ryan’s commentary as he did the same.

I wasn’t at all embarrassed as Ryan finally lifted me off him and everyone around cheered and applauded our performance.

It didn’t take long for people to get back to what they were doing and I swam back over to Rosie, Eve and Tammy where they congratulated me on my performance.

“I needed that.” I replied, “I’ve been on a nude beach all day and only got myself off once.”

That wasn’t the only time that I got fucked in the hotel swimming pool and I wasn’t the only girl either. It seemed be a regular occurrence if someone had been out for the day and was feeling horny when they got back to the hotel pool and found a suitable guy already there.

When us girls left the pool to go back to our rooms to get ready for the night’s bar crawl I was pleased to discover that Tammy had been allocated the room on the other side of me. From then on Ryan and Joe’s room was empty just about every night.

Tammy joined us that evening, me and some of the other girls wearing just a skirt and heels. I told everyone about my day at the beach and Rosie, Tammy and Eve joined me going to that beach every other day before the end of our holidays. I tried other beaches but none were as good so I ended up spending my days at that first beach, dressed and undressed as I was on that first visit.

Ryan and Joe also came with us one of the times and although neither of the guys got naked there they did spend a lot of their time in the sea fucking one of us 4 naked girls. We were a little disappointed that they didn’t want to go back another day for some more sun, sea, sand and sex.

Well that’s about all the interesting parts of my first solo holiday.

When I got back home I went back to being the same old shy, reclusive Imogen apart from the nights and weekends that I’ve talked about already.

**Clit Ring**

Yes, my first clit ring was waiting for me when I got back from my first holiday. It was just a basic ring for me to see if I liked it and could keep it on, I didn’t want it dropping off whilst I was walking around at work.

Putting it on was a bit of a both pain and pleasure. The painful part being the tweezers gripping and pulling my clit through the hole in the ring. The pleasurable part being the attention that my clit was getting and I had to stop twice to take care of a pressing need.

Once on I had to wait until I wasn’t aroused then quickly push it further on until It wouldn’t go any further and before my arousal made it swell up.

Finally happy that I couldn’t get it on any further I decided to go out for a walk to see how it felt. I’d deliberately waited until a Saturday morning, just in case.

Out I went, knickerless as usual and wearing only a quite short summer dress. All the time that I was out I was consciously aware of the ring, and of course my clit and as a result I soon became desperate to cum. I took care of that in the rest room of a fast food place then went to the nearest park to top up my golden tan and let a few people look up my dress and hopefully see my new jewellery.

I don’t know if the few men that looked at me and saw my pussy saw the ring as well, I didn’t have the nerve to ask them. What I did know was that I made it back home after about an hours walking with the ring still in place.

The ring was still making me horny when I went to the strip club where I found it to be an asset with lots of people commenting on it and wanting a closer look. That night my tips were the highest that they had ever been.

Life was a little more difficult at work for a few days as the ring was constantly reminding me that it was there. It was the end of the week before I could properly concentrate on anything.

**Clitinis**

When I got back from that first holiday I made myself some more bikinis., Some with deliberate holes in them for my nipples and my clit. I’ve also made some with no material at all, just the strings. I’ve also experimented making bikini bottoms that only have material that covers my clit, Clitinis as Joe called them. I sort of like them but for me I prefer the ones with a hole for my clit or no material at all.

As I was making my new bikinis I wondered how many of my old bikini bottoms had disappeared between my labia whilst I was at the Leisure Centre and I tried to work out how I didn’t notice. But there again the bikinis that I took on holiday did have narrower crotches because I was wanting to show more on holiday.

I also considered Joe’s idea of a Clitini making business but I don’t think that it’s a viable business idea.

Each time that I make a bikini bottoms I have to decide before I start if I want it to disappear between my labia or actually cover my pussy all the time.

**Subsequent holidays**

Since that first amazing holiday I’ve been on 4 more holidays, to similar places and hotels. One was even back to the same hotel. Although each of them were good and Roxy was as exhibitionistic and promiscuous as the first holiday they have never been quite the same standard. I guess that I was just lucky that first time.

**The Pride Parade**

One night at the dance club I ended up back in my apartment with a cute girl who discovered my clit ring, She loved it and spent ages looking at it. She said that I was lucky having a clit big enough to be able to wear one.

During one of our breaks from enjoying each other, I told her about some of the things that I got up to on my first holiday. After some teasing where she threatened to dump me naked at the other side of town so that I had to get home naked, Lizzy told me that she might just have a way of legitimately getting me naked in the middle of the city in the middle of the day. Unsurprisingly I was interested.

Two weeks later I go a phone call from Lizzy telling me that she’s got it all setup for me. She told me that I was going to ride on a float in the Pride Parade. When I asked for more details Lizzy told me that I’d be in a One Bar Prison and that everyone on the streets would be able to see me. When I asked her what a One Bar Prison was all she would tell me was that I would enjoy it and she gave me the date, time and place that I had to meet her.

When I arrived there I Lizzy took me into a room where I had to strip and have rainbow body paint covering a large diagonal slice of my body, notably leaving my breasts and pussy without paint. I was then taken out and up onto a float. Lizzy then put a blindfold on me telling me that it was only for a few minutes whilst she put me in the One Bar Prison.

Lizzy moved me to another part of the float and I didn’t understand why she was securing my ankles wide apart and my wrists above my head. Then I found out as a dildo was pushed up my vagina and the blindfold was removed. I looked down and saw that the dildo was on a metal pole fixed to the floor and to the height to keep the dildo deep inside me.

“What’s this Lizzy? You can’t possibly expect me to stay here while the float drives around the city.”

“Why not, there will be lots of men and women with rainbow paint on them all around you and on the street.”

“But I’m naked and I’ve got a dildo in my pussy.”

“Well if you can get it out of you you can go home.”

I pulled on my arms and legs to no avail.

I had a moment of panic before I realised that there was no way that I could escape without someone releasing me and Lizzy said that it wasn’t going to happen until the parade was over. I started to accept it and even started to look forward to it, after all, if I got arrested I could easily say that it was all against my will, that I didn’t want any of it to happen.

I looked around and yes there were other people painted in a similar way to me but they had knickers or pants on and the paint was over their underwear. I had neither on my pubes of tits.

“Will some of those people be getting up here and hanging around me?” I asked.

“Yes they will Imogen.”

“So I won’t be totally exposed?”

“No, and some of them have been told to gather close to you if they think that you are at risk.”

“That’s something I guess.”

“We won’t let you get arrested Imogen. Now you just stay there, I have to go and get changed.”

I had to laugh a little, how the hell could I go anywhere? Lizzy left, leaving me alone on the float. Whilst I was waiting a man climbed up and started adjusting a few things. When he saw me he said,

“Wow, you lot don’t hold back do you?”

I could have asked him to release me but even if he had I would have had to either go looking for my clothes and probably bump into Lizzy, or run for it. But where would I go? A naked girl running through the city would attract a lot of attention during the day, even on Pride Day, and I’d probably get arrested, so I just ignored the man.

Lizzy finally came back and she was in just knickers and a bra and covered in rainbow coloured stripes.

“Still here Imogen?” Lizzy asked.

I gave her a sarcastic smile.

“We’ll be moving in a few minutes. Do you like the sign above you?”

“I can’t read it from here.”

“Of course you can’t, it says ‘Imprisoned in our bodies’.”

“Ha, it isn’t my body that I’m imprisoned in is it?”

“No, but you’ll thank me in a couple of hours.”

“It takes that long?”

“Don’t worry Imogen, there will be a little something to help the time go fast.”

“And what would that be?”

“Just hang around for a while, you’ll like it.”

I said nothing and just stood there, not that I could do anything else. After a while some of the people with rainbow paint on them climbed up onto the float, all of them looking at me and some smiling. Then I heard and felt the lorry engine start up.

“Shit,” I thought, “here we go, I really do hope that I don’t get arrested.”

We had only gone a few metre when I discovered that the dildo in me was actually a vibrator, and someone had switched it on. I looked all around and in among the dancing people I saw Lizzy with a little black box in her hand.

“The bitch.” I thought as my pussy started to feel more aroused than it had been.

Before the vibrator started to make me not care about being seen I managed to look to both sides of me and see the people looking at the float. I could see them so they could see me. I was both excited and nervous although the vibrator was slowly removing the nerves problem as I went from Imogen mode to Roxy mode.

I have no idea how long that journey was because Lizzy took me from one orgasm to another, my verbal commentary being ignored because of the music. Lizzy only let me have 3 breaks, during those I tried to see if anyone was looking at me and my pussy tingled when I thought someone had seen me.

The dancers, except for Lizzy, on the float showed no interest in me or my plight, Lizzy coming out with remarks like,

“Having fun Imogen?”

or

“I told you that you’d enjoy yourself,”

or

“Have you just cum again Imogen?”

or

“I hope the batteries don’t run out before we get back.”

The batteries didn’t run out and I was relieved when she finally turned the vibrator off. Not because I didn’t want any more orgasm, I did, but because my body was tired. My legs had given way, forcing the vibrator to go further inside me and it was vibrating against my cervix, and that was really nice. I was actually hanging by my wrists, and my arms were aching.

When Lizzy lowered the metal pole and the dildo came out of me I felt empty, and when she released my arms she had to hold on to me to stop me from collapsing onto the floor.

By that time everyone else was gone and Lizzy helped me off the lorry. Back in the paint room Lizzy got my dress for me and after she too had put some clothes on she helped me walk to the nearest pub where she got us some drinks.

After a couple of minutes of just silence I said,

“Next year can I dance along the streets with the others and with the same paint job?”

“Hmm, I’m not so sure about that, I think we’d probably need to paint a bikini on you, you looked way too naked today.”

“Do you think that a lot of people saw me?”

“I do, I even saw a couple of people pointing to you.”

“Thank you Lizzy, if you think of anything else that I might like please let me know, I’m sure that I can find someway to pay you back.”

“I’ll let you know on both things. Do you need any help getting home?”

“Thanks but no, I’m sure that I’ll be capable quite soon.”

**World Naked Bike Ride**

Yes our city has one of these each year and there is no way that I was going to miss any of them.

For the first time that I went on one I bought myself a folding bike that I can keep in my apartment. Originally I intended only using it once a year but after discovering the fun that I can have on an exercise bike I’ve gone for a few rides when there’s not much traffic about and the weather is good, and yes, I have the saddle set high enough to give me some (a lot actually of) pleasure.

I like riding along the streets looking at people to see if they notice that my dress is floating around and giving flashes of my butt and pussy and if they notice the pleasure on my face as I slide from side to side.

I usually have at least 2 orgasms on those bike rides.

One advantage of a folding bike is the smaller wheels and I have a bag screwed to mine so that I can keep things in it, like a dress.

The first WNBR that I went on was a bit nerve-racking. I wore just a dress as I pedaled to the start and didn’t take it off until I got there. Once other naked people were there I relaxed and had a great time. Just in case anyone from work was out spectating I’d done my hair in pigtails and wore sunglasses.

I pedaled alongside the footpath so that the spectators could easily see me and I really took my time. I was one of the first to start and one of the last to finish.

I’d got quite relaxed whilst I pedaled and at the end I even pedaled back to my apartment. Well not quite, I stopped just down the road and put my dress on. A few people in my apartment block know about my ‘other’ life and I didn’t want to risk the others finding out.

I think that the police had been told not to stop nude cyclists providing that they weren’t doing anything sexual because I passed a couple of coppers and they never said a word.

My second WNBR was better, much better. By that time I’d discovered having the bike seat set too high and I’d had an orgasm before I even got to the start. I’d also taken my dress of just down the road from my apartment. I was really glad that I am a girl because when that saddle got me off it wasn’t apparent to the casual looker that I was having an orgasm. If I’d been a man and was wanking as I pedaled I’m sure that I would have ended up in a police cell.

I also orgasmed as I biked along a busy street during the official part of the ride, going slow so that I didn’t crash into other cyclists or road signs. I again cycled nearly back to my apartment before reluctantly putting my dress back on for the last 50 or so metres.

The third WNBR went much the same as the second. I’ve been looking online for someone to modify my bike so that a dildo goes up and down through the seat as I pedal but so far I’m not having any luck finding anyone.