**Laura & Emma go on holiday**

**Diary Day 2**  
Oh my god! where was I? My head was hurting and I didn't recognise the bedroom at all! I was lying naked on the bed, duvet on the floor.... Then it started coming back to me - holiday - Zennor - Laura - cottage - Tinners Arms last night - lots of cider........ OMG! How had I got back to the cottage? Couldn't remember anything after being in the pub beer garden drinking with Laura and some local lads as well as some holiday makers staying at the backpackers. I remember I was wearing my short thin summer dress, one or two buttons more undone than was decent, the skirt riding up, my legs apart, showing my knickerless state......   
  
I heard a noise downstairs, dragged myself out of bed, looked round for my dress, but couldn't see it anywhere. Nothing for it but to go downstairs naked.   
Laura was making breakfast. She heard me coming down and rushed over to hug me.   
'Morning sleepyhead! You had a skinfull last night, didn't you!'   
Told her I couldn't remember anything after the beer garden, didn't know how I got home - had she carried me?   
'Carry you? - are you kidding? I'd had a few too many drinks as well, that Burrow Hill stuff is strong! Some of the boys carried you for me, put you to bed....'   
'Please tell me you didn't let them undress me!'   
'Well, it seemed the least I could do after they carried you all that way, and they'd seen or felt eveything already when they were carrying you'   
'You actually let a bunch of stangers strip me naked in the bedroom'   
'And take you to the toilet'   
'Take me to the toilet?'   
'After they put you on the bed you insisted you needed to pee, so they carried you to the toilet and held you on the seat while you went - even dried you afterwards....'   
OMG! How bad could it get? I'd got semi concious in the beer garden, been carried back semi naked, stripped in my bedroom, then carried naked to the toilet and been watched while I did my business! They'd even wiped my pussy! Complete strangers! I wouldn't even know them if I bumped into them today! - they'd sure know me though.....   
  
Laura was just laughing at the look on my face. She told me she'd be sure to point out to me the guys who had seen me naked, if we ran into them again! I wasn't sure I wanted to know.   
'How many', I asked quietly.   
'Only five of them' giggled Laura.   
FIVE OF THEM! I just groaned. What a start to the day....   
  
We had a very quiet day, recovering from our hangovers. In the afternoon we went for a walk (avoiding any groups of guys!) up to the church. Learned all about the legend of the chorister, Matthew Trewhella, who was lured into the sea at Pendour Cove by the mermaid who came into the church to hear his beautiful singing. Saw the carved mermaid chair, then went down to the cove and reinacted the legend, with me naked in the sea as the tempting mermaid!   
An early night for us both, no cider, plenty of cuddles and not much sleep....   
  
**Diary Day 3**  
Felt much better today. Laura had a treat arranged for us this evening, tickets for a show at the open air Minack Theatre - located at Porthcurno, near Lands End, and cut into the cliffs overlooking the sea. It was for an evening performance of 'The Lion in Winter' - the only problem being that evening performances could get quite cold, and all I had to wear was two light summer dresses and a short skirt and bra top - really not suitable!   
  
Laura informed me we were going shopping in Penzance for someting more appropriate! She had that strange gleam in her eyes when she told me it would be best to wear the skirt and crop top when we went shopping.....   
  
What an humiliating experience! She dragged me round nearly every single clothes shop in Penzance getting me to try on clothes in every one of them. She took a perverse pleasure in making me try on clothes that were far too small and far to young for a 27 year old woman, and making me parade round the shop in them, and discussing how tarty/slutty I looked with the staff and other customers. One small charity shop had no changing facilities, so she asked a highly amused sales girl if I could change in the corner of the shop - the girl agreed, but was rather shocked to find I really did have nothing on under the top and skirt! She even started talking to Laura as if I wasn't there   
'Doesn't she care people can see her naked? They've only got to glance in through the window and she's completely on display - hasn't she got any shame?'   
  
That was the problem - I was ashamed - not just for stripping naked in a shop window, but for being made to do it and actually enjoying it. For getting wet at the idea that this young girl thought I was a cheap slut, and that just anybody passing could stare at my naked body. It was as much as I could do not to touch myself! I didn't rush changing - I asked for more outfits to try on, there in the shop window - what a complete and utter slut! We only left when Laura thought the crowd I was attracting on the street outside was getting a bit big...... OMG! an audience!   
  
She also had me try a wetsuit on, naked of course, and too small of course. She 'had' to call the male assistant to help take it off me, and I got told off for trying it on without any underwear on, despite him getting to study, and touch, my body as he removed the wetsuit with great difficulty.   
  
Laura finally chose my outfit for the evening. One item. A thick fishermans jumper, that reached just past the top of my thighs. Nothing else, just that.   
  
She was right though. It kept me warm throughout the performance, even when it got dark and the wind picked up. It also did the other thing she wanted. it showed off my shaved pussy to anyone sitting in front of us who happened to turn and look up. I was instucted to keep my legs spread as far as the stretchy wool jumper would allow (a long way) or face the consequence of being made to change into my skirt and crop top in the interval. I kept my legs spread W-I-D-E. Many people seemed to turn and look. I don't think some of the guys saw much of the performance, and I'm sure at one point my bare pussy was responsible for making one of the actors forget his lines.....   
  
I'm sure if I'd touched myself just once, even lightly, I'd have come loudly and embarrassingly! Been thrown out for sure! It was the thought of all those eyes - staring eyes - on my bare glistening wet slit that had me teetering on the edge of a massive orgasm. I was torn between slamming my legs together and risking Laura's revenge, or plunging my fingers in as far as they would go, and not caring who was watching! And Laura knew it, gently stroking my buttocks, nibbling my ear, driving me ever closer.......   
  
I was so glad when the play ended and we could go back to the car! Couldn't hang on till we got back to the cottage though, had to bring myself off - parked in the car park at Lands End, Atlantic ocean and the Scilly Isles in the distance, Longships lighthouse flashing, while Laura went down on me and oh so gently made me come. And come. And come.

**Diary Day 4**  
Trip day! Laura decided I needed a rest from driving today (I was happy to drive, but she can be quite bossy!), and thought it would be a nice idea to visit Lands End on the bus. Though Zennor is very isolated, in the summer the local bus company run open top double deckers every two hours in a circuit from Penzance - St Ives - Zennor - St Just - Lands End - Penzance. They run it in both directions, so you can go to Lands End from Zennor and back again without going via Penzance. It's a vey scenic run, all along the coast, and I quite liked the idea. I should have had my doubts when I saw the poster on the side of the bus - 'Go topless this summer'......   
  
We caught the morning bus in the Lands End direction, Laura in her cute T shirt and cut offs, me in her favourite outfit, the white bra top and short white skirt. Laura let me go upstairs first, all the better to get a completely unobstructed view of my bare backside.......   
We sat at the front, it was a great view, and it wasn't even that breezy. Loved the run, especially the steep run down to Sennen Cove. We had a great time at Lands End, did all the 'tourist' things, had our picture by the signpost showing how many miles it was to America, went in all the exhibitions. Best bit though, was sitting on the cliffs, high above the waves, watching them crashing against the cliffs, knowing there was nothing but water between us and America. We caught the open top back to Sennen Cove, managed to find a quiet stretch of beach where I could swim nude while shy Laura watched from the beach and threatened to run off with my clothes......   
  
We had a bar snack in the pub, and a glass of cider, before catching the bus back to Zennor. Big mistake! We were both a little tipsy when we boarded the bus, so much so that Laura went upstairs first, allowing a complete stranger to follow me upstairs and enjoy the view that she had experienced earlier!   
It was busy at the front upstairs, so we went right to the back of the bus, where it was very quiet. I soon found out that Laura hadn't been too tipsy to read the 'Go topless this summer' notice on the side of the bus! She started trying to persuade me to remove my little top, even before we had left Sennen - and she can be pretty persuasive when she puts her mind to it! The more she talked about it, the more turned on I got - it would be so utterly bad to flash my boobs upstairs on the back of a bus. Anyone who turned would see me, as would anyone by the side of the road. Laura knew she had me, she knew I'd do it, just wouldn't be able to resist shaming myself. She was right, though I did manage to resist until only a few people were left at the front upstairs.   
  
As we passed Morvah, I couldn't resist any longer. I slipped the top straight over my head and sat in the back seat of that open top bus with the wind blowing my hair, and my breasts bare to the world! And no one noticed, no one turned, nothing happened at all! I was so turned on now - I was travelling topless on a public bus OMG! Laura slid over to me and quietly pointed out it wasn't just my boobs on display - my skirt had ridden up, and my moist pink slit was on full display, though hidden from everyone other than Laura by the seat in front. Laura whispered to me   
'Touch yourself'   
I did as she said, and nearly came there and then. But sneaky Laura had something else in mind........   
  
While I was so distracted, she grabbed my bra top, and dangled it over the side of the bus, threatening to drop it! OMG! She couldn't! If she did I'd be really screwed - topless on the bus, no way off without everyone seeing me....   
the shame, the humiliation..... I could feel the heat burning inside me as I begged her to give it back, it was only a matter of time before another passenger turned and saw me! Laura was laughing so much, that I don't think she meant to drop my top, but drop it she did - I spun round to see it lying by the side of the road, a rapidly dissappearing white spot by the side of the road. I should have been angry, mad even, but the realisation that I was liable to be exposed to eveyone on the bus pushed me over the edge. I was topless, skirt up round my waist, fingers rammed into my pussy when the driver stopped the bus, came upstairs, saw my depraved performance, and ordered me to cover up. I couldn't of course - I had nothing at all - and now everyone had turned and was watching me - saw me with my boobs bare and my pussy exposed - saw me for the slut I was. He said he'd seen me in his mirror, said he'd let it go, but when I started fingering myself.... just too much, lucky he hadn't called the police.....   
  
He made me leave the bus. Made me walk the length of the top deck, and down the stairs in front of everyone. I tried to block out the comments, but tart, slut - I heard all those. He made me leave the vehicle, by the side of the road, out in the country, miles from anywhere, nude apart from my tiny skirt. The doors hissed shut, the driver glared at me, and the bus pulled off. Then it hit me - Laura hadn't got off! She'd stayed on the bus! Stripped me topless, thrown away my top, and abandoned me, nearly naked, in the middle of nowhere! I heard Laura calling as the bus pulled off, saw her laughing as it disappeared into the distance - kept gazing after it, expecting any second for the brake lights to come on, the bus to stop, and Laura to come running back, telling me it was a joke, saying that she wouldn't leave me.....   
  
But it didn't stop. She did leave me. Vulnerable and exposed. I had no idea what to do - walk along the road nearly nude? hide in the bushes? what if she didn't come back for me? go back and try and find my top?   
  
In the end I waited - there by the road - I didn't try to hide - if this was what Laura really wanted, me naked by the roadside, just waiting to be taken advantage of, if this was all I was worth to her, a naked toy to be left for just anyone to play with, then I might as well make it easy for them. If she had really wanted to humiliate me, then she had more than succeeded - and I'm sure she knew how much it turned me on. Every minute I spent there so exposed, I got more and more aroused, more and more desperate for someone, anyone, to stop and screw my brains out....   
  
Laura returned 20 minutes later on the bus. It felt more like two hours! She couldn't believe I was sat by the side of the road, wasn't hiding. She never thought I'd leave myself so vulnerable, put myself at risk. She didn't think her 'joke' was so funny now! She was hugging me, kissing me, apologising - but shocked - shocked at how wet and turned on I was.   
  
We had to wait over an hour for the bus home. Laura took her bra off, and gave it me to wear home - it was more decent than my white top had been! We weren't allowed upstairs on the next bus, the driver had been warned about my behavior   
over the radio, and I was forced to stand at the front of the bus all the way home, forced to listen to all the passengers comments, forced to listen to the driver explaining to the other passengers why I had to stand there...

**Diary Day 5**

A very quiet day. Took us both a little while to get over what Laura had done to me yesterday - me because of realisation that Laura was not all that different to any of my previous boyfriends - happy to use and abuse me when the feeling took her, Laura because she was shocked that she could treat me like that and enjoy it, and by how much it turned me on to be treated like that.   
  
We spent the day sunbathing nude in the cottage garden - beautiful blue sky, sound of the birds, rubbing sun lotion ALL OVER each other, being careful to put plenty on those parts that don't normally see the sun......   
  
In the evening we went to the Tinners for a drink - first time we had been back since I passed out in the beer garden and ended up being carried home semi naked! To my utter embarrassment there was a loud cheer when we walked into the pub. Everyone knew us! If they hadn't been there the other evening, they'd heard all about it! Apparently I was now a local celebrity! The young barmaid was quite happy to fill us in about EXACTLY what I'd been doing before I was carried home!   
  
I'd been dancing on the table in the beer garden - that was bad enough - I can't dance to save my life - and I found out the guys hadn't needed to undress me to put me to bed, I'd done it myself - on the table in the pub beer garden - I'd put on a strip show for everyone in the pub! Even worse, I'd been begging people to screw me, and spreading my legs, showing everything, before passing out. Only then had they carried me back to the cottage, along the main road, naked. Those guys were a model of self restraint...... I'd been there for the taking.....   
  
From how red Laura went I could tell she'd KNOWN! She'd known what I'd done, but didn't want to embarrass me by telling me, hoped I wouldn't find out. No wonder she'd been in no hurry to go back to the pub!   
  
Me? Embarrassed? Humiliated? - Oh yes! Disgusted with myself - most certainly! But so, so hot, so turned on by what I'd done, so wanted to repeat what I'd done, only sober this time. We didn't have to buy a drink all evening - everyone wanted to treat us - but I was careful this time, drank less, and only the less potent Thatchers Gold. By close to closing time I still knew what I was doing. Knew what I was doing when I climbed onto the table in the beer garden, started dancing (of sorts!) and started to unbutton my light summer dress. Thought better of it - just ripped it open, buttons flying everywhere, pulled the tattered remains off, and threw it into the crowd, MY crowd! All eyes on me naked, outdoors on the table - the itching, burning feeling in my groin drove me on, made me dance, made me spread my legs, made me take one of the guys from in the bar round the back of the pub, made me shag him, made me shag him while Laura watched.......   
  
Payback for leaving me nearly naked by the side of the road.......Payback my love....

**Day 6**

The young lad from the bar kept thrusting inside me, there against the wall of the pub, my legs wrapped round him, my naked body crushed against the cold granite wall. I felt him start to come, peaking, thrusting harder, pushing, filling me - I longed to come as well, but he wasn't interested in my satisfaction, only his own. He pulled out, satisfied, leaving me wanting more, wiped his rapidly shrinking c\*\*k in my hair, walked away, leaving me slumped nude and used against the wall, staring up into the eyes of Laura - Laura who had watched it all.   
  
What was I expecting to see in her eyes? Disgust? Pity? Anger? Hatred? Sadness?   
I truly deserved most of them, I'd betrayed her in the most brutal and humiliating way, so publically as well - I'd ruined our relationship.   
What I didn't expect to see was love. I didn't expect her to reach down and gently lift me to my feet, wrap her arms round my body, and hug me so hard that I could hardly breathe, gently kissing me on the lips.   
  
'Oh Emma, what am I going to do with you, you enjoyed that so much didn't you, enjoyed me watching, humiliated you even more didn't it, turned you on even more.'   
  
'I didn't want to hurt you Laura......'   
  
'Shussssh, you didn't hurt me, I know you get a buzz from being humiliated, It's what makes you special - I think I'm beginning to love humiliating you a bit too much though, It's sort of getting me excited as well! - Would you like me to go back to the pub, see if any more of the guys fancy shagging you? I could sort of line them up, be your pimp, watch you try to humiliate yourself enough to actually come, or I could take you home, naked, to the cottage, along the road, without your dress and see if that might just do the trick'.   
  
It did.   
  
No regrets next morning, it felt so good she understood me, accepted what I am. I really believed, probably for the first time, that we truly might have a future together.   
  
We, or rather I, had to go shopping. I only had one summer dress, a thick jumper (far too warm for in the day) and a short white shirt left to wear. The remains of the other dress were in the pub beer garden somewhere, and my white bra top was in the middle of the Zennor - Lands End road! We went into St Ives in the car, I wore my last summer dress - going topless into town wasn't really an option! This time Laura didn't humiliate me by going into all the shops and trying on inappropriate outfits, she knew exactly where she was going, which I found a little frightening.....   
  
She took me to a small clothes shop on the hill leading up to the bus station. A small shop that specialised in clothing - brief clothing - for young people.   
She made ME buy a tiny white mini shirt that only just about covered my ass cheeks, and, if there was a small gust of wind, wouldn't even do that - and the smallest top she could find. There was no back to it at all, just a couple of straps, and the front consisted of just a small scrap of white material that just about covered my boobs, though from the side it covered nothing at all...... Even worse, it had printing on the small piece of material across my chest - two words, in big black letters, 'BANG TIDY' - talk about advertising..   
  
It was bad enough tryng the outfit on in the shop, but Laura wanted me to wear it then - in St Ives - in the crowds. The thought of it made me wet, as she'd known it would. I'm 27, for goodness sake, and parading round town in clothing much better suited to a very fit and trim 16 year old was bound to attract attention. And boy it did! EVERYONE stared at me! Guys WANTED the slight breeze to expose my charms, girls looked like they wanted to kill me! Older people looked just plain shocked that someone my age would dare to walk the streets dresses like a cheap, very cheap, whore. Laura put me through my paces, had us going up steep steps, had me bending over to look at things in shop windows. She knew what she was doing, pushing all my buttons, arousing me more and more as the day went on, having me sit with my legs spread apart while we ate our cream tea at the beach cafe overlooking Porthmeor beach. It wasn't the beach the guys were looking at though, it was at what was clearly visible, very red and very wet, between my legs.   
  
We stayed in town all day - we managed a nude swim in the sea, but had to be careful how we did it as the beaches were very busy. Promised ourselves we would return to the vast open, quiet, beach at Lelant the next day, if the weather was good enough. I'd been very aroused all day, craving release, and on the way back to the car, Laura finally pushed me over the edge.   
  
She told me to lose the dress I'd worn down to town. To throw it away, rip it up, do whatever I liked, but to get rid of it - leaving me with just the outfit I had on, and the spare skirt, to wear during the day for the rest of the holiday. Eveywhere we went I'd look like a slut! A total and utter slut! No question! So I did it, threw the dress in the bin, became a slut for the rest of the week, felt the steady flow of my juices running, no, gushing, down my legs, as I came, standing in the street.   
  
I begged Laura for a tissue, for a tampon, anything to wipe away the evidence of what I had just done, but she just laughed, told me to let them look, let them see, let them know just how much of a slut I was!   
  
And did I get some comments! None nice, none polite, but none of them stopped my juices flowing.... In fact they made it worse!

**Day 7**  
Our last full day in Cornwall! We wanted it to be special, wanted to go back to the best beach we had been on all week, the one near Lelant that Laura had taken me to on the way to the cottage on our first day. Luckily, it was a beautiful day, probably the hottest of a lovely week. Clear blue skies, with the hint of a cooling sea breeze.   
  
Dressing wasn't a problem for me - the only choice I had was which very short white skirt to wear with my tiny 'bang tidy' top.... settled on the new one from yesterday, and prayed there wasn't too much of a sea breeze.....   
  
I drove us down to by the chuch at Lelant, and we walked past it, across the golf course and over the rail track to the dunes above the beach. If anything, the sea was an even deeper blue than the previous week, and the sand even more golden. The beach was certainly much larger - vast even - as the tide was right out. Instead of going down past the lifeguard hut, Laura took a path across the top of the dunes. We walked all along the back of the beach, enjoying the raised view of the sea, with St Ives in the distance. Laura took us through a small wooded area she called the 'nut grove' until finally leading me down a steep path towards the sea, with truly spectacular views of the beach. I soon found out why she had come this longer way. The final part of the path down was a long flight of steep steps cut out of the rock. A couple of groups of people coming up stopped to let us pass - in fact everyone coming up stopped to let us pass. I remarked to Laura how polite everyone was, but she just laughed and told me they were just enjoying the view. I agreed it was pretty spectacular, and Laura just dissolved into a fit of giggles.   
  
'Not the view of the beach, silly, - they're enjoying the view of you!'   
OMG! I hadn't even realised! Going down the steep uneven steps, people coming up looking up - my skirt hid NOTHING from them! My shaven bare pussy was in clear view to anyone who looked up! No wonder they all stopped and watched, waited for us.......   
  
Knowing didn't help, still couldn't cover anything, had to carry on down, grin and bare it!   
  
We had a great time on the beach, paddling in the surf, building sandcastles with our hands and flip flops(they make useful spades!), before finally deciding to plunge into the inviting clear blue water and the gentle Atlantic rollers. I stripped naked, and waited for Laura to take off her little sundress and strip to her undies. What a surprise! She stripped off the sundress to reveal.... everything! She was naked underneath the dress - it hadn't been just my pussy the people on the steps had been looking at.......   
  
I couldn't believe it! After a week of swimming in her undies Laura was naked in the surf with me! We carefully placed our few items of clothing at the top of the beach and sprinted down to the sea, as naked as the day we were born.   
We lost all track of time, swimming in the sea, sitting on the sand, letting the waves break over our naked bodies, floating on our backs - only our faces, feet and breasts above the surface of the water. People passed along the beach from time to time, but nobody bothered us, we just went in deeper if anyone came near. It was in the deep water that we hugged and kissed, well, did more than hug and kiss......much, much, more....   
  
Reluctantly we left the sea, wandered up the beach to where we left our clothes, realising halfway there that we couldn't see our clothes. GONE! TAKEN! STOLEN! All our clothes had gone! All that was left were our flip flops, sticking up in the sand. Someone had used our flip flops, left us a message in the sand, wrote it with our own flip flops - kept it short and sweet -'HA HA!' written large in the sand. And an arrow pointing, pointing to the cliff. Naked we followed to where the arrow pointed, saw what they had done with our clothes - tossed them as high as they could, into the bracken and blackberry bushes on the steep cliff.   
  
Laura started sobbing, knew we'd never reach our clothes, stranded naked on the beach, like she had threatened to do to me the previous week. She wasn't laughing now. I hadn't given up yet though, knew we'd never reach Laura's dress, far, far, too high - but my things, well, I had a plan. Tried climbing the cliff, but too many prickly bushes and sharp rocks for my naked body, then tried lifting Laura, got her on my shoulders, bare legs wrapped round my neck, stretched and lifted, strained - and she got them! - Got my skirt and top!   
  
Felt so pleased with myself as I dressed, ready for the walk back to the car. Turned me on to see a very naked Laura, so terrified and scared, soon to be humiliated, beyond her wildest dreams. This was what she'd promised me, only a week ago - a long humiliating walk past the lifeguards, across the golf course and along by the church. A fairly busy path, a very busy golf coure - she was guarenteed to be seen - often!   
  
She begged me to let her stay here, hide in the dunes or in the sea, while I went to the car and got her something to wear. Reminded her there was nothing in the car, would have to go all the way to the cottage and back - could take an hour or more, couldn't leave her alone naked and vulnerable on the beach for that long, never forgive myself if anything happened to her......   
  
She knew she had no choice - exposure and humiliation was her only option - what a sudden role reversal, after a week of humiliating me! Tears rolling down her face, she told me she was ready, ready to be seen.....   
  
I don't think I'd ever realised quite how much I loved her, till I saw her standing there, naked, crying, shaking, dreading her long walk of shame. I couldn't let her do it, however much it turned me on, I hated and loved the public exposure and humiliation, but to Laura there was no arousal, no hint of the feelings that I got - I really couldn't let her do it. I hugged her shaking body, kissed her on the lips, took my clothes off and gave them to her. She argued and protested, but was glad to put them on. They were very brief and slutty, but, well at least they covered her.   
  
So it was me that did the walk of shame, the long, long, walk of shame. It was me that got told off by a far from impressed female lifeguard, it was me that all the golfers stopped and gazed at as we walked across the golf course, it was me that had their pussy sniffed by a very lively alsation dog while it's female owner looked at me with pure disgust. It was me that got so very hot, so hot I had to touch, so hot I had to stick my finger in, so hot I nearly came.   
  
Oh and the church - we can't forget the church. Quiet when we parked, very different now. we nearly missed the wedding, I'm sure that the bride wished we had! Got to the church as everyone was pouring out after the service.   
Nowhere to hide, nowhere to go. EVERYONE saw me, most had cameras, most were using them....Don't think the clearly livid bride had ever imagine having her wedding gatecrashed, well, not by a naked me.....   
  
I know I should have ran, rushed back to my car, but all these people were so well dressed, so smart, so immaculate - and I was so much the opposite - bare assed naked amoungst them - such a turn on!   
  
Laura virtually had to drag me over to the car, push me in, make me drive, naked back to the cottage. No prizes for guessing which of us is the slut!