**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02 - Post University Days**

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Ryan invited me to go and stay with his parents with him for a few weeks while we waited for our results and planned what we were going to do for the rest of our lives. I’d already decided that if Ryan asked me, then I’d go with him to where ever he got a job, and then look for one myself.

I discussed knickers with Ryan. I said that I thought that I should get some and wear them at his parent’s house. I told him that I didn’t want to upset his parents or brother if I accidentally gave them a flash of my butt or pussy.

I told him that if I accidentally flashed my knickers to my parents or any guests, I’d get a sermon from my mother. She would go on and on about girls having to be more careful. She said that only harlots showed their knickers and that they’d brought me up better than that.

Ryan laughed saying that no one in his family would be upset. His family are quite broadminded and would just treat it as an accident.

Ryan’s parents are really nice; they welcomed me as if I was their own daughter. They were even happy for me to share Ryan’s old room with him.

Ryan’s parents both work so we were at their home on our own quite a lot; his younger brother – Tom was in his last year at school.

After the first few days of fucking all over the house we decided that we needed to get out a bit. One of the ideas we had was for Ryan to show me around the neighbourhood by cycling. Ryan had his old bike and he said that I could borrow his father’s (his mother didn’t own one).

Obviously it was a man’s bike with a cross bar, and it was way too big for me, I could manage to ride it, and I did, but it certainly was an interesting experience.

I was still (still am) not wearing underwear, and always wearing short skirts. I had to wait until no one was looking before getting on the bike, and when on it I couldn’t touch the ground when sat on the saddle. To be able to touch the ground I had to slide forward off the saddle. The cold metal crossbar pressed on my bare pussy. Ryan took great delight in rolling the bike back and forwards when I was standing like that.

To ride the bike I had to slide my butt from side to side as I peddled. It wasn’t only my legs that got a workout. I had trouble concentrating of where I was going quite a bit of the time; I think that I would have seen more of the place if I’d walked.

Ryan wasn’t a lot of help; all he’d do was ride behind me and watch my butt as the wind blew my skirt up.

Another place that we went to was the local leisure centre. Ryan used to play squash and I wanted him to teach me. Before he could we had to go into town to get me some trainers and a white top and skirt.

The tops that Ryan chose were all tight fitting and very thin material. I wanted one with thicker material, with two layers, but Ryan persuaded me that his choice was best. The top that we final bought has a lace band around the top. When I wear it normally the lace band is above my breasts, but if I pull it down as far as the straps will allow, the lace is over most of my breasts. When my nipples get hard they poke through the little holes in the lace. Needless to say that Ryan pulls it down every time that I wear it, and I pull it back up when he’s not looking.

The tennis skirt was also made of very thin silky material. It was slightly pleated, and flared; and so short that it barely covered my butt. It was so light that I hardly knew that I had it on.

Of course Ryan wanted to see me try them on in the shop. He kept pulling the curtain back and I’m sure that at least 3 people saw me without any clothes on.

When I put my new clothes on at the leisure centre I looked positively indecent. My nipples poked out and I’m sure that anyone following me when I walked would be able to see my butt. I was glad when we got on to the squash court.

When Ryan showed me how to swing the racquet he would stand behind me and press against me. He must have found it difficult as he always had a hard-on that pressed into my butt.

When it came to running to get the ball I frequently tripped and ended-up flat-out on the floor.

The second time that we went I had a wardrobe malfunction when putting the skirt on. The one waist button came off. I walked out to Ryan holding the skirt up with one hand. I told Ryan what had happened and that we’d have to cancel.

Ryan was having nothing of it. He took me to the squash court and asked me how many people were watching us. Then he asked me where anyone could watch us from. I couldn’t see anyone and couldn’t see anywhere that people could watch from and I told him so.

“Right, now that it’s impossible for anyone to see you, drop the skirt and we’ll play with you bottomless.” Ryan said.

I was stunned. I’d never even considered that. I started to protest, then realised that he was right; no one would be able to see me, other than Ryan; so I took off the skirt.

Okay, the skirt was so light that I hardly knew I had it on, but I certainly knew when I didn’t have it on. It was a weird, but nice feeling.

Being bottomless didn’t make me a better squash player and I still ended up on the floor quite a bit.

Towards the end of the lesson I was on my back one time and I looked up, towards the back of the court.

Blankety, Blank! There were 3 men looking down on us. I quickly got up and ran to the back of the court where they wouldn’t be able to see me. I called Ryan over and asked,

“How did they get there? How long have they been there?”

“Relax TT, They’ve only just got there; and they couldn’t have seen much of you anyway.” Ryan said.

“Well I don’t like it.” I said, “Can we go now please?”

“No TT, we can’t. You’ve got to master that backhand swing.”

Reluctantly, we continued the lesson. I kept looking up to see if the men had gone. They hadn’t; they stayed there until our time was up.

We also went to the swimming pool at the leisure centre. Before we could do that we had to go and buy me a bikini. I wanted a proper bikini, but in the end Ryan bought me a semi see-though bra to go with the only thong that I owned.

I told Ryan that I wasn’t happy wearing such a brief, see-though outfit in such a public place, but he assured me that I wouldn’t feel out of place once I got there.

It was late July and Ryan and I had got ready to go to the pool. As we walked downstairs Ryan saw Tom watching television. Ryan asked Tom if he wanted to come with us. I wasn’t too happy that Tom would be able to see me virtually naked, but I didn’t say anything.

Tom said that he didn’t want to come if he’d be intruding on anything. Ryan laughed and told Tom that we weren’t going there to have sex on the diving board.

We waited while Tom went and got ready.

When I put the ‘bikini’ on in the changing room I looked in a mirror and thought,

“Shit, I’m virtually naked; everyone is going to see everything.”

I looked around at the other girls there. Most were wearing conventional bikinis and two had bottoms that were cut high so that a fair amount of butt cheek was showing. I saw one thong bikini bottoms. At least I wasn’t going to be the only one wearing a thong, even if mine was an underwear thong.

I took a deep breath and walked out.

Ryan and Tom were waiting for me.

Ryan smiled and Tom wolf-whistled. I blushed.

We jumped into the pool and swam a couple of lengths before deciding to go and have a go on the 2 slides that were there. We got out of the pool and joined the queue. I checked that my thong was still covering my pussy. It was, but I could see the front of my slit through the material. I could also see my dark areolas and every little bump on my little tits. I held my hands below my chin to cover my tits and hoped that no one could see my bits.

As we climbed the steps I could feel the eyes of a couple of youths, below and behind me, burning my butt. I kept my legs tightly closed. At the top the lifeguard looked me up and down and smiled.

At the bottom of both of the slides I quickly checked the thong. Each time I had a front wedgie and had to pull the thong out of my pussy. I think that I managed to do it without anyone noticing.

The slides weren’t that good so we went back into the pool. Ryan had his arm round my waist as we went back.

We started messing about in the pool because there were too many people there to do lengths safely.

We played silly games like ‘tag’ and see which of us could stay under for the longest. Tom had a bit of an advantage as he had a face mask with him.

We ended up in the shallow end diving between each other’s legs and doing handstands and somersaults.

I surfaced in front of Ryan and leaned forward to kiss him. He put his hand on my hips.

“Don’t you go unfastening my thong.” I said.

“Don’t you worry about that, I won’t.” Ryan said.

Not fully trusting him because of his previous track record, I put my hands to my hips to check that the sides were still tied properly. I panicked, I couldn’t find the thong. It had gone.

I told Ryan. He told me that he already knew. I’d lost it soon after we’d got back into the pool.

“You mean I’ve been swimming bottomless all this time and you didn’t tell me. You 2 have been diving between my legs and I’ve being doing handstands. My butt must have been way out of the water; and what’s more, Tom’s got that face mask on. That’s why he swam between my legs face up. He must have had a good look at me; and how many other people will have seem my pussy?”

Ryan smiled and I thumped him.

“You’ve got to find it for me; I can’t get out like this.” I said.

We were stood in the shallow end. I looked down at my front. At least my bra was still there, even if everyone could see my hard nipples and areolas. I ducked down so that my chest was covered.

Ryan and Tom went off in search of my thong while I stayed neck deep against the side of the pool looking at everyone around me to see if they were staring at me.

About 5 minutes later Ryan and Tom came back to me and told me that they couldn’t find the thong.

I had a quick panic attack. I knew that I was going to have to go back to the changing room bottomless.

Ryan told me to relax, and held me against him. I could feel his hard dick pressing against my stomach. He was enjoying my predicament.

I asked Ryan and Tom if they would walk in front and behind me. They agreed and we swam as close to the changing room entrance as we would. Ryan got out first while Tom hung back waiting for me to get out. I pulled myself up on my arms then swung a leg up onto the pool side. I suddenly realised that Tom would be getting a great view of my open pussy. There was nothing that I could do.

I was struggling to pull myself up and asked Ryan to pull me up. I knew that Tom was looking at my pussy, but there was nothing that I could do.

Ryan pulled me up then Tom jumped out. I wished that I could get out that easily.

The 3 of us started walking and got in line. Why was Ryan walking so slowly? One woman and 2 boys saw me (that I knew of), and I heard a wolf whistle; but no one said anything.

As we got to the changing room entrance and I turned in, a female lifeguard was coming out. She saw me and stopped me. She wanted to know where my bottoms were. She asked me if I’d gone into the pool like that. I blushed and told her that I did have some on, but they’d come off and I couldn’t find them.

As she told me to leave my name and address with reception and if they turned up they would contact me. As she was telling this to me I looked back towards the pool and saw a couple of boys staring at me.

I was glad to get round the corner to where there were only girls. I showered and got dressed. Ryan and Tom were waiting for me in reception.

I didn’t leave my name and address with reception.

Back at Ryan’s home I took our wet things to the laundry basket. As I unrolled Ryan’s towel my thong fell out. Ryan had done it again.

Another thing that we did to get out and pass the time was 10-pin bowling. It was only when I saw that a group of men had gathered around our lane that I realised that they must be watching me bend over each time that I bowled.

You see, when we started the game Ryan and I were the only ones near our lane and I wasn’t worried about Ryan seeing up my short skirt. Besides, Ryan had told me that he couldn’t see my pussy when I first bowled.

I’d got so into the game that I hadn’t noticed the men. From then on I tried to keep upright but it ruined my game. I lost.

There was another really embarrassing incident that happened while I was at Ryan’s parent’s house. Ryan and I had been late up one morning, and it was a sunny day for change so we decided to go out the back and lay on the sun loungers. Ryan’s parents were both at work, and his brother Tom was at school.

Ryan said that I should top-up my all-over tan so I took my skirt and top off and lay back to enjoy the warm sum on my body.

I dozed and vaguely remembered him saying something about going inside for something. A few minutes later I heard a sound close by. I started to open my eyes to see what Ryan was doing, but as soon as they opened just a little bit, the sun blinded me so I closed them again. I was sure that I’d seen the silhouette of Ryan at my feet so I said,

“Hey babe, can you rub some sun tan lotion on me please?”

A few seconds later I heard the sun tan lotion bottle being opened, then felt it dripping onto my legs and arms. I relaxed even more as my legs then arms had the lotion rubbed on them.

“Don’t forget to do the rest of my front please.” I said.

I felt lotion dripping onto my shoulders then my belly; then it being spread over me.

“Don’t forget my little girls.” I said.

A few seconds later my tits were massaged.

“That’s nice.” I said, still keeping my eyes shut.

I felt lotion dripping onto my stomach then hands rubbing it all over.

“Don’t forget my puss; we don’t want that to get burnt do we?” I said.

His hands stopped for a few seconds then a hand landed on my pussy.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I said and opened my legs wide.

“Are your fingers going to work their magic on me again?” I asked.

The fingers gently probed my lips then my clit. I moaned.

“Inside please.” I said.

The fingers started fucking me and I moaned again. I started getting close to cumming when I heard Ryan say,

“Would you like a drink TT?”

“That’s a stupid time to ask about a drink” I thought. Then, hang on a minute, his voice was coming from near the back door.

“Whose fingers were in my pussy?”

I brought my hand to shield my eyes from the sun and opened my eyes.

OMG! It was Tom finger fucking me.

Tom jumped back. I jumped up and covered my pussy and tits. Both of us started apologising to the other.

Tom was saying that he thought that I knew it was him, and I did ask him to do it; and I was saying that I thought that he was Ryan.

Ryan called for us to shut up then said,

“Okay, lots of misunderstandings and everyone’s sorry. You’re both still alive and neither has been hurt. Let’s just put it down to a misunderstanding and move on; okay?”

I was still stood there naked, covering my bits; my heart was pounding and my face was red, and it was nothing to do with the sun.

Both Tom and I agreed, and after a few seconds I asked Tom why he wasn’t at school. He told us that he had free periods that afternoon so he’d decided to come home.

Tom went inside and I sat down and picked up my top. Ryan said that we wouldn’t see Tom for ages. He was too embarrassed to show his face for a few hours so I should relax and enjoy the sun.

I tried to relax, but I just couldn’t. I asked Ryan if he was upset that his brother had fingered me. He replied saying,

“You looked like you were enjoying it, were you?”

“Well yes, but I thought that it was you.” I said.

“If you enjoyed it then I’m not upset. After all, Tom’s my brother, it’s not like it was some stranger.”

I let it go at that, but I did wonder how long Ryan had been watching.

A short while later I got dressed and we went inside.

Talking of Tom, he caught us having sex one time. School had finished and just the 3 of us were at home. It was mid-morning and Ryan and I hadn’t got up yet. We hadn’t been awake long and I was on top of Ryan with my knees either side of him, facing him. I had been riding him and had cum before him.

I’d leant back and put my arms behind me to support me so that he could see his cock buried deep in my pussy. That always makes him cum quicker.

Anyway, I’d just felt him cum fill me up when the door to his bedroom flew open.

At this point I should explain that the door is next to the head of the bed, so anyone stood in the doorway can see all of the bed from beside the head of the bed.

So, the door flew open and in walked Tom. As soon as he saw us he froze, so did I. Ryan had no choice, I was on top of him. Tom stared at us, and my pussy with Ryan’s cock still inside it.

A few seconds later Tom said,

“Sorry, I’ve just got up and I thought that you’d gone out. I wanted to borrow that DVD that we talked about.”

“It’s on the table.” Ryan said as I felt his cock get harder and jerk inside me.

Tom got the DVD and left, looking at me as he went.

Ryan went on to shoot another load inside me. I guess that his brother seeing me spread wide like that had really turned him on.

I caught Tom looking up my skirt a few times; his father as well. After I’d been there about a week I realised that every time that I went upstairs one of them would follow me up. At first I just thought that it was a coincidence, but I also spotted them staring at my legs while we were watching television.

One time Ryan and I were sat on the sofa watching television and Ryan’s father was sat opposite. Ryan’s father kept talking to Ryan about stupid things. Of course when his father spoke to him he would look over at us.

It didn’t help that Ryan had uncrossed my legs so that he could put his hand on my thigh. He’d been pulling my leg nearer to him so my legs were a bit apart. I guess that Ryan’s father would have been able to see my bald pubes and maybe a bit of my pussy.

We also went jogging a few times. Ryan said that I’d be okay wearing the tennis skirt and a top. Apart from cross-country running at school I’d never been running before. Ryan planned a route and we set off.

When I started running I felt like I was bottom less, the little skirt bounced about and I could feel the air rushing passed my pussy. It felt good. I got Ryan to run behind me for a while to see if anyone could see my butt. He said not, but I wasn’t sure.

We only jogged about 3 miles the first time, out towards the countryside, through a park and back. I enjoyed it actually. I could have a good look around and think a few things through.

Of course Ryan wanted to stop while we were going through the park; he had me up against a tree before we set off back. That tree got a bit popular as Ryan fucked me against it each time we went that way.

Ryan started getting job interview in some of the surrounding cities and went off on his own each time, leaving me at home. He said that it was better that I stayed back so that he could concentrate on the interview and not worry about me waiting in some strange city on my own.

The first time that he went I was home alone. It was the first time that we’d been apart for weeks. It wasn’t a sunny day so I couldn’t sunbathe. After a couple hours of boredom I decided that I could go for a jog on my own. I knew the route that we took so I wasn’t worried about getting lost.

I was just fastening my trainers when I decided that I knew what I could do to remind me of our love making that morning. I got out the remote controlled vibrator and slid the business part into my vagina. I gave myself a quick buzz then switched it off while I finished getting ready. Just to spice things up a little more I put on the top with the lace band at the top and pulled it down so that my nipples poked through the holes. I looked forward to the cool air rushing passed my nipples and pussy.

Just before leaving the house I switched the vibe on low and put the control back in the drawer then set off jogging.

I thought of Ryan’s cock as I jogged along the street with my little skirt bouncing up and down. I ignored the rude comments from a couple of builders working on a house and continued towards the park.

By the time I got there it felt like someone had upped the speed of the vibrator. I was getting quite worked up. My pussy was tingling and my inner thighs were wet. I started to regret putting the vibe in.

When I got to our fucking tree I remembered the times that Ryan had fucked me against it and started to cum. I stopped running, bent forward and held my knees for support.

I wasn’t thinking about the skirt riding up my backside revealing my naked butt to the world. That was until a man on a bike suddenly flew passed me from behind. As he passed me he shouted,

“Nice buns!”

For once I didn’t care; I had my orgasm to worry about.

Eventually the orgasm passed and I was able to stand up; but the vibe was still purring away inside me.

I started running again, albeit a bit slower.

I got out of the park and started going through a housing estate. There were people around and some youth were heading my way. I could feel another orgasm building.

As I got close to the youths the comments started.

“Fucking hell, her skirts short.”

“She hasn’t got a bra on.”

“Doesn’t look like she’s got knickers on either, I’m sure I just got a flash of her cunt.”

“Look at those nipples!”

 As I passed them they must have turned to watch me.

“What a fucking ass. I’d like to get my hands on that.”

“Fuck, she definitely hasn’t got any knickers on.”

All those comments moved my pending orgasm closer.

I turned another corner and saw some men working in a hole in the road. I’d have to pass them to get back to Ryan’s house. As I got closer one of the men saw me and the comments started again.

“Flash your pussy for us.”

“Show us your tits.”

One man grabbed his balls and shouted,

“Want some of this meat luv?”

I was getting close to cumming and wasn’t concentrating enough on the path. Just as I passed the workman’s van another man got out of the side door. We went for the same piece of footpath at the same second and I ran into him.

He was about twice my size so I came off the worst. I bounced off him and went flying onto someone’s front lawn.

Winded and shocked, I just lay there trying to work out what had happened. The vibrator was still running and my pussy was still throbbing.

The next thing that I knew I was looking up at 5 burly workmen in their mud covered clothes. I realised that my skirt was up round my waist and moved a hand to pull it down.

“Don’t move luv,” one of the men said, “Dave here is a first-aider; you’d better let him check you out before you move.”

I put my hand back on the ground as the orgasm hit me. I started shaking and moaning. I could feel my pussy muscles convulsing.

“Fucking hell, she looks like she’s cumming.” I heard one of the men say.

“No, it’ll be the shock from running into that fat bastard.” Another said.

Dave (presumably) knelt down beside me and said,

“Relax luv, just stay where you are, you’ll be okay in a minute. I’ll soon get you checked out and you can get on your way.

If only he knew.

I stopped shaking as the orgasm subsided. I wanted, I needed, to pull my skirt down. My knees were apart, my pussy was open and dripping; and 5 men were looking at it. I could feel my face burning.

Dave reached out for my arm and ran his hands up it.

“Nothing obvious, can you move you hand please?”

I made a fist.

Dave did the same with my other arm.

I made another fist.

Dave’s hand went to my shoulders and searched for any anomalies on my shoulders, neck and head.

“Good,” he said, “everything seems to be normal there.”

I started to sit up but Dave pressed down on my shoulder.

“Not yet, you could have damaged something lower down.” He said.

Dave put his hand either side of my waist on my up-turned skirt and gently pressed.

“Does that hurt?” he said, then, “something’s shaking in there, are you sure you feel okay?”

“Yes.” I said as I went a brighter shade of red.

Dave stood up, went to my feet and knelt down again. He was at my feet and looking straight up to my open hole. I got that feeling in my guts and another rush in my pussy.

One of my legs was reasonable straight, but the other was bent at the knee with the foot close to my other knee.

Dave started on my straight leg and gently ran both hands up either side. He stopped about an inch from my throbbing pussy.

“It feels okay to me!” Dave said.

Dave’s hands went to the foot of my other leg and gently lifted it up. He looked me straight in my eyes as he gently straightened my leg and put it down close to my other leg. At least my pussy was no longer open.

Dave’s hands started sliding up that leg. Just as he got close to my pussy I came again. As the waves of ecstasy flooded over me I started moaning and shake – again. I looked up and saw 10 eyes still staring down at me.

“What’s happening Dave?” One of the men asked. “What’s wrong with her?”

Dave had a puzzled look on his face.

“Are you……” Dave started to say then he smiled and said, “You are aren’t you?”

I was starting to feel more in control so I jumped up and ran like hell. My skirt was taking it’s time falling back to its proper place, but I just kept going.

I was still on an adrenaline high when I got back to Ryan’s house. I ran upstairs to our room and grabbed the remote control. The strange thing was, instead of turning it off, I turned it up to full. I lay on the bed and had yet another orgasm, one of the most intensive ever.

What was wrong with me? Why had that horrible experience got me so aroused? Did I actually like men seeing me naked? No, no, that wasn’t possible. I’m not that type of girl. My naked body is for me and Ryan to see, no one else.

I managed to put my confusion to one side for a while and dozed off. When I woke up I stripped and went and had a shower.

Feeling much better I put a dress on and went downstairs. Tom was there watching television. I got a bite to eat and joined him. The programme was boring, I started thinking, searching for answers. The suddenly I remembered the vibe. It was still inside me.

“Shit, I’m even getting used to having that thing inside me. What’s wrong with me?”

A few minutes later Ryan came in, I jumped up and ran to hug him. We went upstairs and as soon as we got in our room I unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor.

“Take me!” I said. Then I remembered the vibe, “but before you do there’s a little thing inside me that you’ll have to remove.”

Ryan grinned,

“Wow TT your turning into a right sexaholic. Have you had it in all day?”

“Please!” I said, “Get it out and fuck me then I’ll tell you everything.”

He did, we did, and I did. Then I told him all about my concerns about myself.

Ryan smiled, kissed me then told me that I sounded quite normal to him. Okay, getting knocked to the ground isn’t normal, but all my feelings where normal.

I felt a little better, but I wasn’t totally convinced. It just didn’t seem right.

The crazy thing was, each time that Ryan went for an interview I put the same clothes on, the vibe inside me (switched on) and went jogging. Okay, I had orgasms at different places and I didn’t get knocked over; and I didn’t deliberately flash anyone; but I did have a fantastic time.

Eventually Ryan got offered a job in a city about 30 miles away. We had about a week to find somewhere to live. Fortunately his new employer had given him a list of estate agents and suggested areas of the city to live in.

For the next 3 days we got an early train to the city and spent the entire day looking for somewhere to rent. On the third day we found somewhere. It’s a one bedroom apartment in a small block. It’s quite modern, but has very little furniture.

The deposit that we had to put on the apartment took nearly everything that we had left from out student loans. Ryan wouldn’t get paid until the end of the following month so we were going to have to be very careful with money for a few weeks.

Ryan’s father drove us there the day before Ryan’s first big day working for a living. His father was really good; he helped us do all the things that you should do when moving into a house so that you can’t get ripped-off.

We had a car full of bags and boxes that we had to carry up to the apartment on the third floor. On each trip it was always,

“Ladies first,”

And Ryan’s father went up behind me. He must have had a few good looks up my short skirt, especially as I had to bend over to put bags down, to open doors etc. For once I didn’t care, I was so happy getting a place of our own, and after all, he’s nearly family.

We were both really grateful and I gave Ryan’s dad a big hug and kiss on his cheek before he left us.

**Our first apartment**

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It was great having a place of our own. We celebrated that night with a take-away and a good fucking.

The third floor apartment had no curtains or blinds and there were other apartment blocks out the front. When it got dark we could see into some of the other apartments; so I guess that they would be able to see into ours.

Ryan told me to ignore that fact; no one would bother looking at us. I wasn’t that sure, but I was so happy that when Ryan undressed me in the living room I didn’t object.

We got up early the next morning so that Ryan had plenty of time to get to his first day of work. The plan was that I would spend the first day cleaning the place, then get out, find out what was where, and start looking for a job.

A few minutes after starting the cleaning I realised that I was going to get all sweaty and dirty. I thought for a minute; no one else was in the apartment and I wasn’t expecting anyone to call so I decided that if I did all the cleaning without any clothes on I could have a shower just before Ryan got home and I would still have a clean skirt and top.

So I did.

Late afternoon I had just about finished when I got a phone call from Ryan telling me that he would be home in about half an hour. He sounded happy so I decided that I’d give him a nice surprise as soon as he got home. I put the cleaning stuff away and went and had a shower.

I heard the doorbell ring (we only had one key at that stage) so I ran to the door still naked. I flung the door open and shouted,

“Surprise……. Oh shit!” I slammed the door shut then opened it enough to put my head round.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“We’re your new neighbours; we’ve come to welcome you and give you these.”

The woman held out a bunch of flowers while the man smiled at me.

Just then Ryan appeared on the Landing.

“TT, don’t be rude, invite our new neighbours in.” He said as he pushed the door open.

I made a run for the bedroom. Our new neighbours had seen me full frontal when I opened the door, and they were now watching my butt as I run away from them.

I heard Ryan say,

“Sorry about that, my girlfriend’s a bit shy.”

“That’s okay; we shouldn’t have come without warning. Here, you’ve obviously got a lot to do, we’ll leave you to get on with it. If there’s anything that you want to know about the area please come and see us; we’re at number 37 over the landing. By the way we’re John and Sandra.”

I heard Ryan tell them our names, then they left.

I came out to Ryan and apologised to him. He told me that it was okay, and that we must get a spy hole put in the door, and another key cut.

I then asked him if we could start again.

Ryan went out onto the landing and shut the door. A few seconds later he knocked on the door and I opened it,

“Surprise!”

We had a pleasant evening.

The next morning after Ryan left for work I got my laptop out and started looking for jobs.

By lunchtime I’d given up and decided to go for a walk to get to know the place a bit better.

Then I had an idea, why don’t I go for a jog? I could cover a lot more ground and get some exercise on the way. I got changed into my white tennis skirt and the same top that I’d worn on that horrible day when I’d collided with a road worker.

As I checked myself out in the mirror my body took control over my brain again. I’d sworn to myself that I would never go out jogging again with the vibrator inside me, but there I was pushing the damn thing up my pussy.

What was I doing? Sex was starting to control my life. I switched it on low, shivered a bit as it burst into life, and pulled my top down a bit so that my now hard nipples were poking through the lace holes.

I got the key and let myself out, hid the key and started down the stairs.

I’d got down 2 flights of stairs when I met our neighbours coming up. Thinking about what happened the previous evening I wanted to ignore them and keep going, but I couldn’t; they were our neighbours, and probably nice people.

“Hi!” I said, “Look, I want to apologise for last night, it was very rude of me to slam the door like that and then to run off. I shouldn’t have done it and I’m sorry.”

“That’s okay,” Sandra said. ”I used to surprise John like that when we first got together. We’ll have to get together for a coffee sometime.”

As Sandra was talking I looked at John and smiled. He was looking me up and down. That got me embarrassed and more aware that my nipples were poking through my top and the vibe was purring away in my pussy.

“I’m just off out for a run, I’ll come over sometime and we can get to know each other better.” I said.

“Okay, have a good run.” Sandra said and we all got on our way.

The fresh air hit me as soon as I got outside and started running. I felt my nipples harden even more and the air rush passed my naked pussy.

Off I went down the road, not sure where I was going. I didn’t intend going too far, I didn’t want to get lost. I was happy that there weren’t many people around.

I jogged round a few streets and passed a park and came to a busy shopping street. I didn’t want to run down there with a flushed face, throbbing pussy and my nipples poking out of my top. I wasn’t ready to have an orgasm with so many people around.

WASN’T READY!

WTF was I thinking, Of course I wasn’t ready. I’d NEVER be ready for that. I just couldn’t do anything like that. Shit, was that my body trying for control my mind again?

I turned round and headed back home. I was 2 streets from home when I felt the orgasm building. I wasn’t sure that I could make it home so I looked round and, seeing no one, I ducked behind a parked car.

I leaned against a wall and bent forward putting my hands on my knees.

A few seconds later it arrived.

“Aaaarrrgggghhh.” I uttered and started shaking.

Just as I started to come down I heard something behind me. I stood up straight and turned round.

Shit, there was a big, fat, ugly, caring traffic warden stood behind me. I saw a camera in his hand.

“Are you all right Miss?” he asked.

“Err yes. I was just getting my breath back. I’ll be okay in a minute. Thank you for your concern.

“Are you sure? I can call for an ambulance if you want.” He said.

“No, it’s okay. I’ll be fine in a minute thank you.”

“Right, I’ll be off then.” The man said and he turned and walked away.

Shit! I was bent over; he’ll have been able to see my naked butt and pussy. I hope he wasn’t bright enough to take a photo.

That thought triggered a mini orgasm. I shook myself and started jogging again.

The next afternoon when I went jogging I decided to go into the park. Again, I couldn’t stop myself from pushing the vibe up my pussy and turning it on; this time, up a notch. I think that going into the park was a sub-conscious decision; I must have known that I was going to cum at least once.

The park turned out to be quite big. It had a football pitch, wooded area, a small stream train running through it and a big kids play area.

I jogged round the football pitch and the through the woods. Just as I got to the end of the woods the first orgasm hit me. I stopped and leaned against a tree until I could get going again. Fortunately, the park was really quiet. I’d only seen one old couple walking through.

I ran on, passed the kids play area and came to the other end of the park. There was a little car park (empty) then a main road. As I turned to go back I felt another orgasm building. As I got to the kids play area I had a crazy idea. There was no one there, and no one in sight anywhere.

I went over to the climbing frame and climbed up a bit. I wasn’t sure that I could hold back until I got into the position that I wanted.

I sat on one of the crossbars (it was cold on my butt) then slid back so that my spread knees were over the bar. Then I lowered myself backwards so that I was hanging upside down. Gravity had sent my skirt close to my face and I was total exposed from waist to ankles.

I wanted to experience an orgasm while upside down. I reached up and touched my clit. Within seconds it hit me. It was slightly different – still good. I think that the extra blood in my head caused it. I wondered if having one after being upside down for a lot longer would make it even better. I thought about bringing Ryan there late one night and letting him fuck me while I was upside down. I didn’t work out how we could do that.

As I calmed down I looked round. I saw swings, a see-saw, climbing ropes and a little fort with little slides for the little kids.

The climbing ropes looked interesting. I pulled myself up, climbed down and went over to the ropes. Could I climb up and then slide down with the rope pressing against my pussy?

I looked all around and couldn’t see anyone. I jumped up and grabbed the rope. It was hard work, but I managed to get to the top – only about 15 feet.

Holding onto the top bar with one hand, I adjusted the rope so that it went over my pubic bone and pussy (it pressed on my clit). I wrapped my legs round it and gripped it with my legs. I let go of the top bar and gripped the rope with my hands.

Hoping that I wouldn’t get rope burn on my pussy, I eased my grip and started slowly sliding. I’d only got about a third of the way down when I got hit with a big one. I gripped the rope hard.

“Fuck that was good.” I thought.

As the orgasm subsided I loosened my grip. A couple of feet later another one hit me.

Shit, I’m going to come here every day. I’ve got to bring Ryan so that he can see the effect it has on me.

Another couple of feet lower and I had another one.

My feet reached the ground and I stood there calming down.

Then I heard a voice,

“Hello little girl, where’s your mummy? You shouldn’t really be climbing those ropes without your parents being here.”

I looked round. It was an elderly man with a dog on a long lead.

The dog walked over to me and started sniffing at my pussy. I pushed it away but it came back. I had to push it away again before the man pulled it away.

Putting on my best little girl voice I said,

“My daddy is just over there, he’ll be here in a minute. He lets me climb on these ropes and he knows I’ll be careful.” I said.

The man told me to be careful then walked off.

I decided that I’d had enough for that day and headed back home. As I jogged I felt a bit guilty, thinking,

“What a slut! Why did I do that? What’s wrong with me? I’ve got to stop doing these things; but I just knew that I wouldn’t stop.”

When I told Ryan all about it that night he told me that we were going to go back there one night.

I went back there on a few of my afternoon jogs. Most of the times I couldn’t have any fun because there were people around; but I did manage to have some fun a couple of times.

There was one time when I was hanging upside down on the climbing frame with my legs spread wide, my skirt round my chest, and my right hand bringing me to climax when I saw a man cycling passed. He saw me and nearly ran into the fence round the play area. Knowing that he was looking at me made my orgasm come quicker.

The rope was (still is) my favourite. Sliding down with those rough, nobly bits rubbing against my bare pussy is pure pleasure.

My problem is that I always feel guilty afterwards. Ryan says that I shouldn’t, but I always do.

The first few weekends there we decided to go into town and have a look round. We knew of a few things that we wanted but didn’t have the money. They would have to wait, but there was nothing stopping us looking.

We trawled around a few shops then saw that the city had an Ikea so we decided to get the bus out there.

When it’s a double decker bus Ryan always wants to go upstairs. When we’re going upstairs he wants to go up first; going downstairs he wants me to go first. He says that going up, he wants to see where we’re going to sit; and going downstairs, he says that he wants to be able to grab me if I slip.

I suspect that he wants anyone following me up to be able to see up my short skirt to my bare butt and pussy; and hoping that anyone going down in front of me will turn round and maybe see my pussy.

Anyway, Ikea; we got some great ideas. One thing that we need is a new bed; we’re both not all that keen on sleeping on a second-hand mattress.

Ikea has lots of beds on display, and you can lay on them to try them out. Ryan wanted me to lay on lots of them. He wasn’t at all worried by the fact that I had a very short skirt and no knickers on. He told me to lay on each bed, flat on my back, on my side, and curled up in a ball. In each position I had to tell him if I was comfortable.

The beds were comfortable, but I wasn’t most of the time. I was okay when he was the only person watching me, but a couple of men started following us. They always seemed to be standing at the bottom of the bed that I was trying out. I tried to keep my legs together and my skirt pulled as far down as it would go, but they must have had a great show. Ryan was often stood near them and must have seen what they were seeing. He seemed to be enjoying my exposure; I could see a nice bulge in his trousers.

I started to get that randy tingling in my pussy and I felt my pussy get quite wet. When I got off the last couple of beds that I tried out I could see a little wet line where my exposed pussy had slid across the mattress. I got embarrassed, even more so when Ryan told me that the wet lines had the nickname of ‘snail trails’. Okay, I can understand the comparison, but that name only made my face redder.

We moved on to the market area after my second ‘snails trail’.

**My first Job**

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One evening about 2 weeks after we moved in, Ryan came and told me that he had got me a part-time job for a couple of weeks. He then told me that he’d seen an advert for a model for an art class.

“What sort of model?” I asked.

“A nude model of course; what other type are there?” Ryan said.

“I can’t be a nude model.”

“Why not?”

“Well, for starters” I said. ”I haven’t got the body for it.” Cupping my little tits I continued, “They’ll want someone with bigger tits than these 28AAAA. Then there’s my modesty. I’ve never done anything like that and I just couldn’t. The humiliation and embarrassment would be way too much for me.”

“TT, it’s okay,” Ryan said, “I’ve told them all about how big you are and they aren’t bothered. In fact the teacher that I spoke to told me that it would be good for the students to draw a woman that doesn’t have massive breasts. As for your embarrassment, it’s not as bad as you make out. You even go jogging in a really short skirt on your own; and besides, it’s cash-in-hand and we need the money.

“Ryan,” I said, “it’s one thing running passed someone in a short skirt that covers my puss and butt, but it’s something completely different standing in front of a group of people for 2 hours without any clothes on.”

“Yeah, you’re right, but think of the money, and I want you to do it. Please say yes?”

I looked at Ryan; he looked as if he’d be heartbroken if I refused. What else could I say?

“Okay, I’ll do it, just for you though.”

“Great, I’ll phone the teacher and confirm it. Oh, the first session’s tomorrow night.” Ryan said.

Shit, what had I just let myself in for. My nerves went into overdrive. I just knew that I’d die of embarrassment.

Fortunately Ryan didn’t give me much chance to think about it that night. He had other things on his mind.

The next morning was spent hunting for jobs again. I had a bit more enthusiasm as I just didn’t know what other humiliating job Ryan would find for me.

The afternoon was spent jogging. I didn’t put the vibrator in that time as I didn’t want reminding of what I had to do that evening.

That evening I got a bus to the college where I was going to have to get naked in front of lots of stranger. I had butterflies in my stomach and felt sick. It was something that I really didn’t want to do, but knew that I had to.

As I walked into the college and followed the signs to the art room I did something that I never thought I would do again; I prayed that there would be no one there.

As usual, my prayers weren’t answered. I knocked on the door and was really disappointed when I heard a voice say,

“Come in.”

There were about 2 dozen people in there. Their ages ranged from my age to pensioners and about half of them were men.

A middle-aged man came up to me and said,

“Hi, you must be Tanya. I’m Dan.”

A hand came out for me to shake.

“Thank you so much for volunteering to be our model, it’s so difficult to get people these days. I’m sorry to ask you and I know that your boyfriend said that you’re 20 years old and look a lot younger; but you really do look a lot younger than 20. Do you have anything on you that will confirm your age? I’m sorry but the college governors have demanded that I get proof that all models are over 18.”

In total silence I put my hand in my bag and got out my passport. I opened it at the appropriate page and showed it to Dan.

“Sorry about that Tanya, but I could get in real trouble if I didn’t ask. Now, the way it works here is that students have been selected to put you in a pose, one at a time that is. You will then hold that pose for 20 minutes. After that you will have a 5 minute break then another student will put you in a pose, followed by another 5 minute break. This will go on until we run out of time.

The same will happen at the next 2 sessions that you have volunteered for, but with different students. The next week will be a repeat of this weeks; but with different students putting you in poses.

I’ll bring your money in at the last session.

Is that okay?”

I was shaking and stunned. Something like 60 people were going to see me naked. Not only see me naked, but stare at me for 20 minutes at a time. Ryan, what have you done to me?

I felt like turning and running but I didn’t want to disappoint Ryan.

“Is that okay?” Dan asked again.

I just nodded.

“Right then, you can go and take you clothes off behind that screen, then come out and we’ll get started. Oh, I do hope that you haven’t got any strap marks, we don’t want to spoil things for the students, do we?”

I wanted to laugh at the strap marks comment, but I was too numb. I turned and walked to the screen.

I put my bag down and held my hand out flat. It was shaking. I slowly took off my jacket and top, then my shoes. Finally resigning myself that I had to do it, I unfastened my skirt and dropped it to the floor.

I was naked. I took a deep breath and with a very red face, I stepped out from behind the screen.

I was so tempted to cover my breasts and pubes, but somehow resisted.

Dan was there waiting.

“Good, good Tanya, the students will not be disappointed. It’s so good not to get a girl with ginormous breasts.” Turning to his left Dan continued,

“This is Sheila, she’ll get things started.”

Sheila smiled at me then led me to a table in front of the class.

“Climb up.” Sheila said.

She then told me to stand facing the class with my legs about shoulder width apart, my left hand on my left hip, and my right index finger just touching my lower face lip. She asked me to put a puzzled expression on my face.

As I opened my legs I suddenly realised that my pussy was dripping. My lips were swollen and all wet and shiny. Then I thought about my nipples; they were rock hard. All those people would be able to see that I was aroused.

OMG – why does my body do that? I wanted to die.

After a couple of minor adjustments Sheila has happy and she told me not to move.

Not move! I thought. I was shaking and my face was burning. The woman cannot be serious.

I looked round the room. Yes, about 2 dozen people were staring at me, but none of them had that lustful look to their faces. Well, maybe 1 man.

Somehow I managed to stay reasonably still for the 20 minutes. What’s more my face was burning, my pussy was still swollen and wet and my nipples were still rock hard; for all of that 20 minutes. If anything, my pussy was wetter.

Sheila came over and thanked me; then told me that I could climb down and walk around.

Walk around! I wanted to run and hide.

I stood there for a minute and Dan came over to me. He asked me if I was okay. After I lied and said that I was, he told me that I could walk round and look at the drawings.

I was feeling like a pig at a Jewish wedding so I started to move around. It helped my legs as well.

I walked amongst the students trying to look interested in their drawings of me. Most ignored me, a couple smiled at me and said. “Hi.” Two men and one young woman looked me up and down and I’m sure that they were thinking about sex. The woman even licked her lips.

“Tanya, Vicky, can you both come to the front please?” Dan shouted.

Vicky said “Hi” then asked me to get back up on the table. She then surprised me by asking me if I’d done any yoga. One of my friends at school had taken me along to one of her classes so I said,

“A little.”

“Have you done the Warrior II position?” Vicky asked.

“Is that the one where you spread your legs and then hold your arms out straight?” I asked.

“Basically, yes.” Vicky said, then directed me into the position that she wanted me in.

I wasn’t happy about that pose on 3 counts; firstly it was hard keeping my arms up like that. Secondly, I was naked; and thirdly, my pussy was spread wide and I could feel the cool air inside my hole. If I thought that my pussy was totally exposed on the first pose then this was obscene. What’s more, my body was being nasty to me again; I could feel my juices leaking out of me. I just hoped that they weren’t dripping down onto the table.

Thankfully I managed to last the 20 minutes and was sooo relieved when Vicky told me to climb down.

I wandered around the room again, looking at the drawings. Most of students had drawn my pussy lips as hanging down a bit; a couple of them had even drawn my clit as being more like a little dick.

Did I really look like that down there?

The third student to tell me how to pose was a man. My initial reaction was that he was going to produce a dildo and tell me to stick it half way in my pussy and hold it there for 20 minutes; but thankfully I was wrong. The man just wanted me to lie on my side, propping may head up with one arm. My top leg had to be bent with my foot next to the other knee.

Again, my pussy was spread and my hole was open, but the pose was easy to hold.

At the end, Dan came and thanked me and reminded me when the next session was. He told me that I could go and get dressed.

I was out of there within a minute, and running to the bus stop. I really did hope that none of the students got on the same bus.

The next 2 sessions were very similar to the first one. Okay, the poses were different, but none of them were any more obscene than the first 2 sessions. It was only by the third session that I started to relax just a little bit. I wasn’t shaking as much, but my face was still red with embarrassment for the whole session.

As I was getting ready to leave to go to the fourth session Ryan decided that he needed to spice thing up a bit. When I asked him what he meant, he went and got the remote controlled vibrator.

“No, no, Ryan you can’t possibly expect me to go and pose naked with that thing inside me. Please say that I’ve got it wrong.” I said.

“Why not, you said that the bus trip there and back was boring; this will spice it up a bit.”

“Yes but,” I said, “what about standing on that table with my legs spread wide?”

“You’ve always managed to keep it in before, why would it slide out then?” Ryan asked.

“It’s not it sliding out that I’m worried about,” I replied, “that thing will be purring away in my pussy for over 3 hours. I can’t possibly survive that long without cumming at least once. It’s one thing having an orgasm out on the street with a skirt and top on, where no one is really looking at me, but when I’m stood on that table, naked, with 20 people staring at me all the time it will be something else. What are they going to think of me; and what’s more important, think how humiliating it will be for me.”

“They’ll look at you and see a beautiful woman. It will be a wonderful experience for you. Think how strong those orgasms will be; think about what’s waiting for you as soon as you get back here.”

I wasn’t convinced, but I always end up doing what Ryan wants.

Ryan switched the vibe on to the lowest setting and put the control back in the drawer.

I picked up an extra pack of tissues and walked out of our apartment with that thing vibrating in my pussy, hoping that the battery would run flat pretty quickly. I even considered sitting at the back of the bus and getting the damn thing out of me; but that wouldn’t have been fair on Ryan.

I was already quite wet and aroused when I arrived at the college. When I went behind the screen to take my clothes off I had to wipe my pussy dry before going for the first session.

Dan told me that the second week’s sessions were going to be a bit different. He told me that the theme for that week was ‘erotic art’. The students would be putting me in various yoga poses that could be considered erotic.

I looked a bit puzzled. Did he mean that someone was going to fuck me on that table? They wouldn’t be able to do that because I had the vibe, purring away, inside me.

“Don’t be alarmed Tanya.” Dan said, “We’re not expecting you to climb on that table and masturbate or have sex with anyone. It’s just that the poses will be based on some yoga positions and some people could call them erotic, especially when performed by a naked, beautiful girl.

Pete here will put you in the first pose, you’ll be just fine.”

What was Dan’s version of ‘just fine?’ Pete told me to get on the table and stand facing away from the students. He then told me to spread my legs as wide as I could.

“God, this is going to be embarrassing.” I thought.

Next I had to bend forward until my head rested on the table. Finally I had to move my hands so that they were on my feet. When Pete was satisfied he told me that I was in the ‘wide leg forward bend’ pose. He told me that I shouldn’t have a problem keeping that pose for 20 minutes.

That was true, unless I died from embarrassment. My pussy was spread wide and I could feel the air on the inside of my pussy. The students would be looking right inside me. I saw so worried that the vibe would slide out. What’s more, the vibe was doing what it was designed to do. If Ryan started to eat me out there and then he would probably drown.

The more I thought about what I was displaying and how it was being displayed, the closer I got to an orgasm. I tried to think about other things, but my thoughts always came back to my pussy. That damn vibe was giving me hell.

I was hoping that I could survive the 20 minutes then rush behind the screen and cum with no one looking. In the end I just couldn’t hold out any longer.

I started to cum. I started shaking and had all on not to moan or scream. I opened my eyes and saw everyone looking at me. Were they drawing, or were they staring at me as I had an orgasm?

Then I saw the drips.

OMG my pussy was leaking that much that I was dripping onto the table.

How I didn’t die there and then I will never know.

Finally the 20 minutes was up and Pete came and told me that I’d been great. I bent my knees and collapsed onto the table. After a minute composing myself I got off the table and went and used some tissues to dry myself. As I was doing that I seriously considered squeezing the vibe out, but that would have been letting Ryan down.

I just managed to have a look at a couple of the drawings before Dan introduced me to Mary. Those drawings were so detailed, and so obscene. It was a good job that they’d concentrated on drawing my pussy and not my face.

Mary told me that I was going to do the ‘wheel pose’. My initial reaction was that I’d have to curl up unto a ball. How wrong could I be?

The table was turned length ways and I was told to stand at the front end with my feet slightly more than shoulder width apart. I than had to lean over backwards until my hands were on the table.

At least this was another pose that the students couldn’t draw my face. No doubt that they would be concentrating on my pussy again. So was the vibrator.

The one thing about that pose was that my back hurt. I think that the pain over-rode the pleasure coming from the vibrator, and I didn’t cum during those 20 minutes. I did feel my juices escaping and running down my legs.

I was sooo relieved when the 20 minutes was up. I had to ask Mary to help me to get up.

Fortunately the pain soon went and I was able to go behind the screen and dry myself again.

Again I managed to look at some of the drawings. Is my clit really that big? I must ask Ryan.

Pete introduced me to Kim. She told me that she was going to put me in a slight variation of the ‘king pigeon’ pose. I had to get on the table and kneel facing the students. Then I had to open my knees wide and lean back so that my head touched the table. Finally I had to twist my arms round so that my hands touched my feet.

Shit, yet another pose where my pussy was wide open and facing the students. The thing was; this pose was very much like how Ryan and I sometimes fuck. I remembered the time that Ryan’s brother walked into our room and I was riding him like that.

I couldn’t get that moment out of my mind as that damn vibe purred away. I soon got that randy tingling in my pussy again. I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter. My juices trickled down to my butt and I felt the orgasm coming on.

The students must have seen my stomach going up and down with the heavy breathing; and my convulsing pussy.

I was so relieved when the 20 minutes was up. I quickly got up and was off behind the screen to dry and get dressed. I was out of there within 5 minutes.

When I got back to the apartment Ryan was doing a bit of homework. He stopped when I went in and came and hugged me. He just knew that I wasn’t happy.

“Tell me all about it.” He said.

“Ryan, it was horrible; twice I had an orgasm with 20 plus people staring at my swollen, wet, leaking, open pussy. I’ve never been so humiliated in all my life.”

Ryan hugged and kissed me before saying,

“TT, you can’t tell me that you didn’t enjoy it. You’ve just admitted that you had 2 great orgasms. You can’t possibly say that didn’t enjoy them.”

“Okay, okay, I did enjoy it; it’s just that it’s so humiliating.” I said.

“But the embarrassment is part of what really turns you on.” Ryan said.

“No it isn’t, it’s horrible.” I said then thought for a minute.

“Maybe” I said, realising that he was right.

We fucked hard that night.

I was dreading going back to the art class on both of the remaining nights. I anticipated 2 more night of my pussy being on full display; and I wasn’t disappointed. No, disappointed isn’t the right word. Subjected to 3 x 20 minute humiliating torture sessions would be a better way of describing it.

Both nights went similar to the first night that week. They put me in 2 of the poses that they had me hold on the previous night; the one that they replaced was the ‘wheel pose’. They replaced it with the ‘Reclining Angle Pose’.

For that one I had to lie on the table on my back with my head nearest to the students. Then I had to swing my legs up so just my shoulders and head were on the table. Next I had to spread and lower my legs until my toes touched the table where my outstretched hands were.

This left my open hole staring at the students.

With the vibe purring away inside me all evening I couldn’t stop myself from having an orgasm during each pose.

My brain was soo pleased when I finished the last pose. I’m not so sure that my pussy was pleased.

At the end of the last night I got dressed and went and saw Dan. As he gave me my money I told him that the sessions that week seemed to centre on the vagina, my vagina. Was that deliberate, or just coincidental that the students chose those poses?

“Well spotted Tanya, this week’s subject was the vagina. I didn’t want to tell you at the start of the week in case it frightened you off, sorry.”

“That’s okay Dan (I lied – I think). I might just have done a runner if you’d told me.” I said.

“Good, I could see that you were enjoying yourself at times, perhaps I could call on your services again sometime.”

“Yeah, that would be nice.” I said as I left to catch the bus home.

Why the hell did I say that? There was no way that I wanted to go through that humiliating experience again.

On the bus that damn vibe gave me another orgasm.

So did Ryan when he removed the vibe and fucked me later on.

After about 3 weeks we decided that the job market was lousy, and that I’d be better getting some temporary work until something better came up. I went and signed for a ‘temp agency’.

I filled in the application form and this woman asked me lots of questions. One thing that she wanted to know was what work experience I’d had. I started telling her that I’d done a couple of weeks as a nude model at an art school. As I was talking I suddenly thought,

“Why the hell am I telling her this? There’s no way that I would ever do that again.”

But I kept talking about it. I could see the woman looking at my flat chest so I said,

“They knew all about my flat chest before I went there. They said that they’d had way too many models with double Ds and that I was a refreshing change.”

“So would you consider a similar line of work again?” the woman asked.

I was thinking,

“No, never,” but when my mouth opened, out came, “Oh yes, it was fun.”

WTF was I saying? Why would I say such a stupid thing?

The woman then asked me if I had any PPE.

“What’s that I asked?”

“Personal Protective Equipment.” She said.

“Oh, Ryan and I don’t need any of that, I’m on the pill.” I said.

“NO, no, I mean things like shoes with steel toecaps.” The woman said with a grin on her face.

I felt like such an idiot; my face went all red.

A few days later the agency phoned me offering me a job working at a hotel. It was only for 4 weeks and didn’t involve any night work. They were looking for a house-keeper to help out while the owners were on holiday. The agency told me that I’d be expected to wear a black skirt or trousers and a white blouse. Since I don’t own any trousers it would have to be a skirt and both my black skirts are minis, about to mid-thigh. As for the white blouse; I only have one, one of the ones that I wore at school. I tried it on and it still fitted. The only slight problem was that when I wore it at school I wore a bra underneath. Now that I don’t own any bras I could just make out my dark areolas through it.

I talked it over with Ryan. It was only 4 weeks and included weekends, but we needed the money. As for the blouse, he said that it wasn’t really noticeable and that we could go and buy some new blouses at the weekend if I still wanted to. I also asked Ryan if I could wear the only thong that I own. He told me that it wasn’t worth it because I’d have to wash it every night.

The following morning I went and found the hotel for my first day. It’s a small hotel (21 bedrooms) with its own small swimming pool and small workout room. The owners consider it to be up-market.

The owners weren’t there; they’d already left on their holiday. They had left Karen and Henry in charge. Karen and Henry are in their late twenties, and are not a couple, but they are good friends. They have a cook and an elderly lady that look after the breakfasts and evening meals. The only other employee is Jane who is 18 and has worked there since leaving school.

When I arrived Karen took me into the back office and interviewed me. She wanted to know all about me and what I’d been doing since leaving school. When it came to work experience I told her that I’d done a couple of weeks at an art college as a model.

With a surprised look on her face, Karen said,

“Not as a nude model?”

I blushed and was going to say,

“No, just an ordinary model.”

“But what came out of my mouth was,

“Yes.”

Karen looked at my chest and said,

“A bit under qualified aren’t you?”

“No, they knew about my small breasts before they took me on.” I said.

“Did you have to do some embarrassing poses then?” Karen asked.

My face got redder as I said,

“Very!”

Karen then asked me if I had any non-academic qualifications and I told her about my lifesaving certificate.

Karen seemed satisfied and went on to tell me what would be expected of me. Basically it was to clean the rooms and other public areas. Jane normally did these but she was needed to do other tasks while the owners were away. Karen told me that there were rarely any guests there during the day during the week; so I’d be able to get on with my tasks uninterrupted.

Karen then showed me around the place and how to clean the rooms. When it came to making the beds, Karen showed me how; then I had to do it. Karen stood to the side of the room and watched me.

When I’d finished she told me to stay where I was, she said that she was going to get Henry as there was something that she wanted him to see.

I was a little puzzled while I was waiting, and when they both arrived back Karen told me to strip the bed; then make it again.

As I was bending over in front of them I suddenly realised what it probably was that Karen wanted Henry to see. I had to bend over to make the bed and my skirt rose up. I guessed that they were looking at my bare butt and possibly my pussy. I got a move on, stood up and turned my red face to them.

Henry had a smile on his face and a bulge in his trousers.

OMG, he had seen my pussy.

Henry left and Karen continued showing me some of the things that I would be expected to do.

After we finished in the bedrooms and dining room we went down to what they called the leisure centre. Karen showed me what I’d be expected to do and where all the equipment was kept. Then she told me that if I complete all my tasks by mid-afternoon I’d be able to use the leisure centre provided that there were no more than 4 quests there.

I made a mental note to talk to Ryan about getting a proper swimsuit.

I was then given my tasks for the day and left to get on with them.

Everything went well for the next 3 days, although I never managed to get finished in time to consider using the leisure centre.

On the fourth day my last task was to clean the leisure centre changing rooms. I’d done the men’s and went into the ladies and saw some clothes there. Being a bit curious, I went through to the pool and saw Jane in the pool. When she saw me she told me to join her. I said that I couldn’t because I hadn’t got a costume. Jane laughed, telling me that she hadn’t either.

Jane got out of the water and I saw that she was indeed skinny dipping. She told me that she always did. Only once had she seen a guest at that time of day; and he’d been a cute man so she didn’t mind.

I was a bit reluctant, but Jane persuaded me. I took my blouse and skirt off and joined her.

After a bit if swimming Jane came over to talk to me; she told me that the owners of the hotel were on a 4 week holiday at a naturist resort in the Caribbean, which was why they didn’t mind her skinny dipping. I asked Jane if Karen and Henry ever went skinny dipping. Jane told me that she’s never seen either of them in the pool, but she’d seen Henry watching her sometimes.

She then told me that Henry was watching us right then; and that if I turned round and looked up to the little window I’d see for myself.

I did, and there he was. My hands went to my chest and pubes, and Jane laughed at me.

“You’re under water, he can’t see anything.” Jane said; then she did something that really surprised me. She swam to the side of the pool, climbed out and stood facing Henry.

“Come on Tanya, get yourself out and stand next to me.”

I was shocked, but for some strange reason I did what Jane said. What’s more, I stood there with my arms by my sides, just like Jane.

I looked up at the window; Henry was still there, staring at us.

I blushed and felt my pussy tingle.

After a minute or so Jane took hold of my hand and pulled me back into the pool.

“That’s enough for today; I don’t want to give him the wrong idea.” Jane said.

She then told me that Henry often watched her but he wasn’t the one to worry about; she told me that Karen could be really nasty if she wanted to, so she told me to be careful round her.

“I know; Karen saw me bending over making the beds. I didn’t realise I was showing until after she’d called Henry for him to watch me make the bed. It was so embarrassing, and on my first day here as well.”

Jane then changed the subject completely and asked me if I often went without underwear.

“Always,” I said, “I stopped wearing bras for 2 reasons, firstly I’ve got nothing to put in a bra, and secondly, my mother told me that I MUST always wear one.”

Jane laughed.

“As for the knickers,” I continued, “my boyfriend got me to start not wearing any and we had a little ceremonial dumping of all my pairs. I’ve got used to it now and would never go back to wearing any.”

“I bet that you have to be very careful especially as you wear such short skirts?” Jane asked.

“I’ve had a few embarrassing problems,” I said, “but I’ve got over them; besides, it’s much more fun with my boyfriend.”

Jane then told me that we should go; it was getting close to the time when guest often appeared, but before we went, Jane took me to one end of the pool and told me to stand next to the side, right in the middle. I was puzzled, but did as she asked.

As I got close to the side I felt the water pound my pubic region.

“Oow, that’s nice.” I said.

Jane told me that it was where the water jet to fill the pool was and that she often just stood there and let the water pound her pussy.

“Try it the next time you’re here.” She said.

I looked up the window; Henry had gone. We got out, dried and dressed.

On the Monday of the second week I was late getting up and had to leave without breakfast. I got 2 rooms done then came to one where the guest hadn’t eaten his room service breakfast. It was still covered in the stretch-wrap on the tray on the table. Knowing that I was told to put any leftover foods in the rubbish bin I decided to eat the croissants and the apple.

I had eaten the croissants and just taken a bite out of the apple when Karen came in. She looked at the apple, then the breakfast tray and asked me where the apple came from. I confessed that I’d eaten the croissants and the apple because I’d missed my breakfast.

Karen got all mad and accused me of theft. She called down to Henry and when he got there they both started on at me. Henry played the good cop and Karen the bad cop. Karen wanted to call the police but Henry didn’t. All the time I was pleading for them not to call the police. I knew that technically I had stolen the croissants and the apple and I didn’t want to risk getting a criminal record because it would really ruin my chances of a good career. I told them that I’d do anything just so long as they left the police out of it.

In the end, Henry won, providing that I did as I was told.

“Of course.” I said.

“Okay then Tanya. You can start by taking that blouse and skirt off.” Karen said.

“What! You can’t make me do that.” I said.

“Okay Tanya, if that’s how you want to play it, Henry give me your mobile phone.” She said.

“Please don’t make me do that. Anything, but not that.” I pleaded.

“I wouldn’t have thought that a nude art school model would have a problem with getting naked in front of just 2 people.” Karen said.

I was beaten, and I knew it. I slowly started unfastening my blouse. As my rock hard nipples came into sight I saw that Henry was getting a little uncomfortable in the trouser department. When I dropped my skirt and Henry saw my bald pubes the bulge in Henry’s trouser looked painful.

“Right Tanya, now that that minor hurdle is out of the way, you will get on the bed and make yourself cum.” Karen said.

“You can’t make me do that, it’s not right.” I said.

“Henry, the phone.” Karen said as she put her hand out.

Henry got his phone out and gave it to Karen who unlocked it and started to dial.

“Okay, I’ll do it.” I said as I got on the bed and lay flat on my back.

“Open those legs and get rubbing.” Karen said.

So I did. As I started to get turned-on I saw that Karen was using the phone’s camera. She was videoing me.

“Please don’t do that?” I pleaded.

“Oh Tanya, did you really think that we wouldn’t want proof of you stealing from us? Now tell the camera what you did.” Karen said.

“I stole 2 croissants and an apple from this hotel.” I said.

“Very good Tanya. Now get those fingers working and finish what you started.”

What choice did I have, I had to go on.

It took a little longer than it normally does, but I did have an enjoyable orgasm, even if the circumstances were all wrong.

Afterwards, Karen said,

“Right Tanya; we now have your confession on camera alongside with a detailed video of you masturbating. From now on you will perform your duties as we have previously agreed; but you will be naked. You will strip naked in the back office as soon as you get here, and remain naked until just before you go home.

“Nooooooo, please don’t make me do that.” I pleaded.

“If you should happen to bump into any of the guests,” Karen continued, “you will tell them that you are being punished, and why, and tell them that they may also punish you by giving you 10 slaps on you bare butt. Is that understood?”

“Yes Karen.” I meekly said.

Karen and Henry left and I got on with cleaning the rooms. It was a weird feeling walking round the hotel with nothing on. I have to admit that it was a little scary and exciting knowing that a guest could appear at any time.

I finished the rooms and went downstairs to the dining room. Jane was there and looked a bit shocked when I walked in naked. I told her everything that had happened.

“I told you that Karen has a mean streak; at least your shifts finish before the guests usually arrive. You might even get away without seeing any of them before you finish here.” Jane said.

I suppose that that made me feel a little better.

I finished my tasks and hid until my shift was finished. I could have gone for a swim, but I just wanted to hide.

When the time came for me to go home I went to the back office and saw my skirt and blouse on the desk. Henry watched me get dressed in silence. I went and got my jacket and left.

I was glad to be out of there.

On the way home I thought about not telling Ryan anything and not going back the next day; but that wouldn’t be fair on Ryan. In the end I decided that I’d tell Ryan everything.

When I did, he told me that technically I had stolen the breakfast, but the chances of the police doing anything about it were virtually zero.

As for the video of me masturbating, Ryan told me that he’d love to have a copy. He said that when we get some money he’d get a decent camera and make lots of videos of me.

Ryan asked me how wet my pussy got. When I said that it got very wet he said,

“You must have enjoyed it so it couldn’t have been that bad. Besides, you know that you love people seeing you without your clothes in.”

“No I don’t.” I said.

Ryan put his hand up my skirt and slid a finger into my pussy.

“Your pussy says otherwise. It’s dripping.” Ryan said. “Tell you what, go there tomorrow and see how it goes. If it gets too much for you, just go and get dressed and walk out. You don’t have to tell them anything, just walk out.”

After a quick think I said that I would. Ryan put his finger back inside me and we fucked on the sofa.

The next day Henry was in the reception when I walked in. I walked straight passed him and headed for the stairs.

“Forgotten something Tanya?” Henry called after me.

I was hoping that they had; but my luck wasn’t good. I slowly walked to the back office and Henry watched me get undressed.

Luckily I was able to get on with my jobs without seeing anyone other than Jane. In a way I enjoyed the day; I was on a bit of a sexual edge all day; on the one hand I was scared about being seen by a guest; but on the other hand I was excited about being seen by a guest. Explain that if you can because I can’t. What I do know is that my pussy was wet all day.

When I got home that night I tried to explain my feelings to Ryan. He told me that I wanted to get caught. I didn’t believe him.

The next few days went the same then the weather cooled down a bit. I told Ryan that I was going to dig out my old duffle coat to wear to work, but I was worried that I might be too warm. The reason why I kept the duffle coat was that it’s a very warm coat; not too good to look at, but warm.

Ryan suggested that I wear just the coat and shoes to travel to and from work. He said that it was daft wearing a skirt and blouse underneath since I would be taking them off just as soon as I got there. It would cut down on the washing.

I said that I couldn’t do that; it wouldn’t be decent, or right. When he asked me to expand on that I realised that I didn’t have a good argument so I said that it wouldn’t feel right.

His answer to that was for me to strip off and put the coat on. Then we went for a walk round the streets.

It felt weird at first, but after a few minutes I felt okay. We walked for a while and came to the park that I’d jogged through. As we walked in I reminded him about what I’d done at the kids play area there.

He asked me to show him where it was. When we got there he asked me to climb up the frame. I started to climb, but he told me to take the coat off first.

Feeling a bit naughty, I looked round, it was dark and I couldn’t see anyone else around, so I unfastened the toggles and passed the coat to Ryan.

When I leaned back to hang upside down my head was close to Ryan’s cock, and his face was near my open pussy. I reached out and unzipped him while he started eating my pussy.

It didn’t take long for Ryan to cum and I swallowed every drop. I didn’t cum, so Ryan told me to climb up one of the ropes. I knew that sliding down a rope would soon make me cum. I did, and I did – twice.

When I got to the bottom Ryan had to hold me because my legs were feeling weak. We’d only been stood there for a minute when we heard someone approaching so I quickly put the coat on and we headed back home.

On the way we passed a pub and Ryan decided that he wanted a drink. He ignored my complaints that I couldn’t go in dressed in only a coat and shoes and in we went.

It was crowded in there and we had to stand facing each other. After a short while one of Ryan’s hands started playing with the bottom toggle on my coat; the one that’s at pubic area height. The inevitable happened and he undid it and slid his hand inside. As his hand slid round to my bum the front of the coat, below the still fastened 3 toggles, opened. I asked Ryan to stop because my pussy was visible, but he just said that we were too close together for anyone to see anything.

I wasn’t sure and got a bit worried. The annoying thing was that I started to get that tinging feeling in my pussy. My brain didn’t want anyone to see, but my pussy certainly did.

So next morning I left for work wearing just the duffle coat and shoes. Everything was fine until I sat down on the bus. The coat opened right up to the bottom toggle showing my legs right up to my pubic area. I think that I managed to get my bag onto my lap before anyone saw anything.

When I walked into the hotel Henry asked if it was cold outside. I ignored him and went straight to the back office. He followed me in and was surprised when I took the coat off and he saw that I had nothing underneath.

“Wow!” he said, “I’m impressed. What happens if Karen decides to stop your punishment?”

I ignored him and went and got on with my work.

My day was pretty boring and I never saw any guests. I did manage to finish everything in time for a swim and decided to let the water jet pound my pussy for a while. Wow! That was nice; I got so close to cumming.

I didn’t want to have an orgasm there so I got out. Henry was watching me.

I decided that I’d got to the workout room and try to work off my sexual excitement. It didn’t work. They’ve only got 2 machines and 1 is an exercise cycle machine. I got on it and was immediately reminded of the fun I had on Ryan’s father’s bike. I got off it and raised the height of the seat so that I had to slide from side to side as I peddled.

It didn’t take long for me to cum. Just as I was calming down, and still peddling slowly. Jane walked in. With a big grin on her face she said,

“I’ve done that a few times; it’s nice isn’t it? Be careful that you don’t let Henry see you cumming; I did once and it was a week before he stopped asking me to ride him like I rode the exercise cycle. He’s just too creepy for me.”

It was in my third week that I was there that I bumped into a guest. It was the middle of the afternoon and I was making the bed with the door open when I heard a sound behind me. I was bent over so I stood up and turned round.

“I didn’t know they employed child labour in this hotel.” The man said.

“I’m sorry sir, I’ll come back later and finish.” I said as my hands moved to cover my bits.

“That’s okay,” he said, “you can finish up now. Are you old enough to be working here; and why haven’t you got any clothes on?”

I stood there covering my nipples and pussy and said,

“Yes, I am old enough, and I’m being punished.”

“And what did you do to deserve having to work with no clothes on?” He asked.

I told him and then told him what Karen had said about guests being able to spank me. Why I added that part I will never know. I’m sure that I could have got away without telling him that he could spank me.

“Is that right?” the man asked. “And do you think that I should spank you?”

I really was going to try to get out of being punished by saying that I didn’t think that stealing an apple was a spanking offence, but when my mouth opened I said,

“Yes sir,”

“Okay then,” he said and went and sat on the end of the bed. “You’d better lay across my lap then.”

Why didn’t I just walk out of there right then? What’s wrong with me? Do I really want to be spanked?

I walked over to the man and stood next to him.

“You won’t be able to lay comfortably with your hands there.” He said.

I put my hands to my sides, letting him have a clear look at my little tits and pussy. I got that tingling feeling and felt my pussy get wet. As I lay over his lap I could feel his hard-on pressing on my stomach.

I’d just got comfortable and was waiting for it to start when I realised that my knees were a few inches apart. That man must have had a great view of my butt and wet and swollen pussy. I felt horrible and horny all at the same time.

Slap 1 hit my butt without warning.

“Oww!” I shouted as I jumped a bit.

Slap 2

“Ouch!”

That one hurt like hell. I felt my eyes well-up.

Slap 3

“Ugh!”

The tears started and my butt was burning.

Slap 3, 4 and 5 came in quick succession.

The tears were in full flow.

Slap 6

“Please, no more. It hurts too much.” I said

“Only 4 more,” the man said, “I’m sure that you can take it.”

Slap 7

“Ouch!”

Slap 8

I didn’t say anything; in fact, it didn’t hurt anywhere as much.

Slap 9

I just lay there and felt a wet rush in my pussy. Why was I getting so aroused? I could feel the start of an orgasm.

Slap 10

I didn’t move. I’d been counting the slaps and knew that it was over. I was happy and sad. I was really happy that the humiliation was about to end, but my stupid body wanted that bit more so that I’d cum.

“Stand up.” The man said.

I did and stood in front of the man. My pussy was inches from his face.

“Right,” the man said, “you can tell your boss that you’ve had your punishment. Oh, forget finishing the room.”

“Thank you sir.”

I walked out of that room with very mixed feelings. One thing that I really did know was that my butt was hurting like hell.

Fortunately I had only one more room to do before I could go and cool my butt in the pool.

Unfortunately, Karen saw me as I headed to the pool. I knew I had to tell her what had happened, so I did. Karen could hardly stop laughing. She grabbed my butt cheeks and said,

“Wow! They are hot. Does this hurt?”

“Yes, it does.”

Karen walked off laughing.

In the pool I headed for the water jet; I was still feeling horny and the jet pounding on my pussy felt good; so good that I came after a few minutes.

I had to sit down slowly on the bus and my butt still hurt when I got home. Ryan noticed my butt straight away and he gently rubbed cream onto it as I told him what had happened.

“I guess that we’re going to have to explore this pain pleasure thing TT.” Ryan said as he turned me round and bent me over the table. I got what I’d wanted for hours.

Another time that I got caught by a hotel guests was about 30 minutes before I was due to finish one day. I’d decided to have a go on the exercise cycle and had really got into it, sliding my pussy from one side to the other.

I was close to cumming when the door opened and in walked a man in his thirties. I was so close to cumming that I just didn’t care who saw me, and I kept going with my head down.

I think that the man was a bit gob-struck at the sight of a naked girl peddling away, and on the verge of having an orgasm. He just stood there and watched me.

Seeing him watching me brought my orgasm even closer and I started to cum. I tried to stifle the moans, put a couple of them escaped.

As I slowed down I heard the man say,

“Was that as good as it looked?

I didn’t answer him, and as the embarrassment took over from the pleasure, I hurriedly wiped the cycle seat and left.

The rest of my time at that hotel was pretty much uneventful.

Ryan took me to the pub a few times in the next few weeks, and each time I had to wear that duffle coat with nothing underneath. We often went shopping on a weekend with me dressed the same way.

One time when we were stood in a queue in McDonalds Ryan was behind me with his arms round me. I didn’t realise that he’d undone the toggles until he pulled the coat off my shoulders. My whole front was exposed to the ‘extra fries’ guy. I was sooo embarrassed. It wasn’t until I sat down that I realised that I was horny and all wet. I told Ryan and he said,

“I told you that so you are a little exhibitionist.”

I said that I wasn’t, but I had to confess that I’d been turned on by it.

A few weeks later it was December and Ryan was invited to their companies Christmas bash. What’s more, I was going as his ‘plus 1’.

I had nothing to wear so we went into town to see what we could find. After quite a search and a bit of fun in the changing rooms we found this beautiful dress. It’s grey and made of very thin, silky material. It’s so light that I feel naked when I’m wearing it. I was worried that my nipples would stick out too much but Ryan said that I looked great.

Finding some heels to go with it was a lot easier.

The big night came and I felt really proud walking in on his arm wearing just my new dress and new shoes. Lots of his colleagues and his boss wanted to meet me.

They had an official photographer there and I was sure that he was taking a lot of photos of me; the flash was going off all around me for ages. I couldn’t imagine why, I was only the ‘plus 1’ of the most junior person there. There must have been lots of more interesting people there than me.

I found out a couple of days later when I went on the company’s web site. There I was in quite a few photos, and my dress was see-through; you could see my tiny tits and even my pussy slit. In one my legs there slightly apart and you could see the inverted ‘V’ of my pussy and my clit sticking out.

Ryan wasn’t home from work but I still blushed. I went and looked at the dress. I put my hand inside and looked at it. I could see the shape but that was all.

What the hell had the photographer done to the pictures? Had he photo-shopped them? As soon as Ryan got home I opened my laptop to show him.

“Oh! I thought that you knew; the material goes see-through whenever a really bright light shines on it.” Ryan said.

“You’ll have to get another job; I’ll never be able face those people again.” I said.

“Yes you will, everyone said that you were wonderful. When they saw the photos they all wanted to know when they could see you again.” Ryan said.

“You mean see my naked body again.” I said.

Ryan grinned and said,

“Well, you can’t blame them for that, you just so beautiful.”

My anger disappeared and I kissed him.

Christmas was great; we spent a couple of days with Ryan’s parents. One of the things that Ryan got me was a proper bikini. I say a proper bikini, but it wasn’t what I expected. We opened all our presents at his parent’s house on Christmas morning. When I opened the package with the bikini I was so embarrassed. The bikini is just 4 triangle of material fastened with strings. It’s unlined and made of very thin, yellow material. Ryan later told me that he’d bought it over the internet form and Australian company.

When I opened it I held it up to work out what it was. Ryan was saying nothing, but his brother realised straight away and told everyone.

“It’s so small I said.”

“Where is she supposed to wear that?” Ryan’s mother asked.

Ryan told everyone that it’s what all the girls are wearing these days.

Tom – Ryan’s brother asked if I was going to try it on. I said that I wasn’t, but Ryan pleaded with me. In the end I gave in and went and changed in to it.

Now I’m a small girl, but this looked like it would be about the right size for a 5 year-old. Okay, the top just about covered my thimble sized breasts, but I could see the shape of my nipples and all the little bumps on my areolas.

As for the bottoms, half my butt cheeks were exposed. The little triangle at the front was so small that if I’d had pubic hair it wouldn’t have been covered. The thin material moulded itself to the shape of my pussy lips. I had a perfect camel toe.

When I looked in the mirror I realised that I couldn’t go and show it to Ryan’s parents or brother; it was bordering on the obscene.

I was just about to change back into my skirt and top when Ryan came in. He loved it; he said that I looked fantastic; and that everyone would be so disappointed if they couldn’t see me in it.

I pointed out what I described above. But Ryan insisted.

My face was so red when I walked downstairs with Ryan.

Tom and Ryan’s dad loved it and he asked me to do a twirl. Ryan’s mum wasn’t happy. She agreed with me that there was just way too little material. She said that I’d get arrested if I went out in public dressed like that.

All the time that they were talking about me, and looking at me, I was getting more and more embarrassed. But the crazy thing was that I was getting turned-on by it. I had to get changed back into my clothes before the wet patch that was forming became visible to everyone.

I asked Ryan if I could go and get changed, but he told everyone that we should go back to opening the presents. I had to endure another hour of embarrassment as the 3 men there spent most of that hour looking at me; or should I say my breasts and pussy.

When I finally managed to persuade Ryan to let me go and get changed, I stood up and saw a wet patch on the sofa where I had been sat; the other thing was that the bikini had worked itself in between my pussy lips. Both Tom and Ryan’s father really did get a great view. I had been so embarrassed, but my body was loving it. Why?