**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04 - Life gets back to normal**

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And it did. It took a week or so and the first week back was not good. I felt so ashamed of my behaviour in London. So much so that I even wore clothes in our apartment. Ryan slowly pulled me round and it wasn’t that long before I was bouncing round our apartment totally naked.

A couple of weeks later we looked for a place to get my nipples and clit hood pierced. We managed to find one that looked clean and hygienic and was a member of the British Body Piercing Association. We made an appointment for the next Saturday afternoon. I was hoping that it would be a woman, but it wasn’t. It was a big man with tattoos all over. He was quite nice actually, and very professional. I suspected that my nipples would be painful so I took a soft cotton top.

The man talked to me before hand and explained what he was going to do. After asking if I still wanted to go through with it he told me to undress and lay on the couch. I was nervous and embarrassed as hell when I was naked and getting onto the couch. Ryan was stood beside me holding my hand.

The man then told me that he’d have to inspect my nipples and clitoris to make sure that I was suitable for piercing. As he closely looked at my nipples and clit, and pulled them in all directions, I have to admit that was getting turned on. When he pulled my clit hood all over the place I could feel that I was quite wet.

Satisfied with what he saw, he again asked me to confirm that I wanted to go ahead. He then got some cotton wool and rubbed my nipples and all around my clit with some alcohol, then local anaesthetic. By the time he was ready to do it I couldn’t feel a thing.

He told me that I might like to close my eyes. I did. Within a couple of minutes he told me that I could open my eyes. He was just fitting the little barbells in my nipples. I was just about to say something when he said,

“I know. The barbells with stirrups are in a little bag over there. I strongly suggest that you just wear just these little barbells until there is no pain then swap them over.”

Without waiting for me to answer he moved straight to my pussy and pierced my clit hood. My eyes were open by then and I cringed as I heard the machine go through my flesh. It didn’t hurt.

The barbell went in quickly then he said,

“That’s it, all finished.”

He gave me a tissue then looked at Ryan and said,

“Be gentle around those areas for a few days and remember to gently wash them at least twice a day. It’s best if they aren’t tightly covered with anything until they’re properly healed.”

I was surprised that there was very little bleeding, especially as those areas have a lot of blood flowing through them at times.

I got dressed while Ryan got the barbells with stirrups and paid the man.

We had a slow walk home and that night was one of only a few nights that we didn’t have sex.

The wounds healed quite quickly really, and after a week or so Ryan replaced the barbells with barbells and stirrups. It was another month or so before Ryan could lead me around the room by the Stirrups without any pain.

One thing that we did start doing every Sunday was going to the big leisure centre in town. Thankfully, and much to Ryan’s disappointment, swimming costumes are compulsory everywhere. When Ryan first suggested it I told him that I’d need to get a proper swimming costume, preferably an old fashioned one piece. Ryan laughed and said that there was no way that he’d let me wear one of those. His girlfriend would wear a fashionable bikini. By fashionable he meant one like the yellow one that he’d got me for Christmas – with the bottoms that his parents and brother had seen.

I was nervous as hell when we first went, I was sure that my bikini would be classed as ‘inappropriate’ and that I’d get thrown out. The changing rooms were cubicles in one big room, ladies at one end, family in the middle and gents at the other end. We went in a family cubicle.

Once we’d got changed we walked out to the swimming area. There were hundreds of people there. We looked round and saw quite a few girls in bikinis that were just as skimpy as mine so I relaxed a bit.

We got in the water and joined in the fun on all the rides and waves. I kept checking the top with my hands to see that my nipples were still covered and only occasionally had to make adjustments.

After a while Ryan wanted a drink so we went to our locker, got some money and went to the little café. Sitting at a table I leaned back in the chair and realised that Ryan was looking at my pussy. I looked down and remembered how see-through the thin material was and how much it moulded to the shape of my vulva and clitoris. I quickly clamped my legs together.

Ryan laughed.

I told Ryan that I’d forgotten about that and that we’d have to leave. Ryan asked me how many people I’d seen staring at me and how many complaints I’d had. I had do confess that the answer to both questions was none.

“Right then, “he said. “What’s the problem?”

“But it’s indecent.” I said.

“That’s not the word that I’d use but it’s only ‘indecent’ if it’s not covered, and your pussy is covered.”

He made some good points and I dropped it.

The big slides did give me a wedgie, front and back, but the pools at the bottom are big enough for me to be able to straighten up without anyone knowing.

We didn’t go the weekend that I had my piercings done. We didn’t know what the chlorine would do to the wounds.

The following Sunday we went again. I only had the little barbells in. I could see the shape of them through the bikini material but only just. Ryan said that if you didn’t know they were there then you wouldn’t know.

The week after it was different, the barbells and stirrups were clearly visible; well the shape was. The clit hood one was the worst. It stuck out like I had a dildo sticking out of me. The bikini top wasn’t that bad although once when I’d gone down one of the big slide and straightened my bottoms at the bottom, I hadn’t realised that one nipple had escaped and the bikini hadn’t slipped back into place because it was caught under the Stirrup.

I was so embarrassed by the whole thing that I persuaded Ryan to take me home early, even though no one had stared at me.

Ryan solved that problem for me by getting a new bikini bottom for me from the same place that the bikini came from. I was wondering what could possibly cover something like that. The only thing that I could think of was a panty liner but there was no way that I was going to wear one of those.

Ryan’s solution arrived the day before we were due to go swimming again. It was a swimming skirt. My first reaction was ‘No Way’, but Ryan persuaded me to try it. It’s only 10 inches long but it sits low on my hips and flares out. When I tried it at home it felt very much like my tennis skirt. Ryan persuaded me to try it at the leisure centre the next day. We left the bikini bottoms at home.

I felt quite decent walking out to the pool. When we jumped in and swam around it felt good to have the water rushing passed my bare pussy. When it came to get out of the water for the first time the skirt fell into place quickly and didn’t cling to my skin. I felt good.

I did of course realise that it would be easy for someone to look up my skirt and see my bare pussy; I just had to be careful.

What I hadn’t thought about was the slides. As soon as I started going down the first one the skirt flew up leaving all my pussy exposed. The water pounding my bare pussy felt good as well. The slide that I was on wasn’t a really scary one so I could hold it down with my hands. When I told Ryan at the bottom he just told me to hold it down. Sometimes I’ve come off the bottom of a slide with my swimming skirt up round my waist, and had to put it straight before I’ve got out of the water. I don’t think that anyone’s noticed.

Whenever we went to the café for a drink I had to be careful whenever I sat down. Unlike the other girls who just flopped down leaving their legs open, I had to remember to cross mine or keep my hand strategically placed. Sometimes I forgot and gave someone a look at my jewellery. Whenever I saw someone looking and I realised I would get all embarrassed.

At the end of that first Sunday in my swimming skirt I decided that I preferred the skirt to the bikini bottoms. I was less embarrassed. I’ve worn that skirt every time that I’ve gone swimming in England since.

Ryan liked to fuck me in the changing cubicles there. He said that it gave him a kick knowing that strangers were just the other side of a thin wall and that I had to stifle my moans. He kept telling me to ‘let it all out’ but he knew that I’d try to be quiet.

The leisure centre does have a sauna, steam room and a jacuzzi, but costumes are compulsory and everyone just sits there; do we don’t go there.

One evening when I was about to get us some food ready, Ryan suggested that we get a pizza delivered and that I stayed naked to take the delivery. He dared me to do it. I wasn’t that happy, but I like dares and agreed.

It was just like all the stories that you read on the internet; amused delivery guy, me having to go and get the money, dropping the money, and bending over facing away from the delivery guy to pick it up. Ryan fingered me straight after I shut the door and challenged me to tell him that I hadn’t enjoyed it.

I couldn’t and we ended up eating cold pizza.

Another delivery that Ryan set-up without telling me was our new bed; we’d visited a couple of bed shops and Ryan had got me to try them, like we had in Ikea, (much to my embarrassment), and Ryan had arranged the delivery for early one evening. Ryan assured me that he’d be back from work before it arrived.

Round about the time that Ryan normally gets home I heard a knock on the door. Assuming that Ryan had forgotten his key – again, I flung the door open intending to surprise him with my naked body. Imagine my surprise when it wasn’t Ryan but the delivery men who were early.

Just as I was about to slam the door shut Ryan stepped in front in the delivery men and said hello.

Ryan stepped in, got hold of my hand and invited the men in. Pulling me to the side, Ryan put his arm round me and held me there while these men carried the bed in – getting a good look at me as they did. Because Ryan had his arm round my shoulder so at least I could cover my bits with my hands.

Even if Ryan hadn’t been holding me I couldn’t have run off to the bedroom because that was where the men were taking the bed. I had to stand there while the men took the bed in and carried the old bed out.

After the men had gone Ryan gave me a big kiss and put a finger in my pussy. When he removed it he held it to my face and told me that I must have enjoyed the experience. Then he put my finger in my mouth for me to suck.

One day Ryan brought a TENS machine home from work. One of his colleagues lent it to him. I have no idea what reason Ryan gave the man for wanting it because he must have known that I wasn’t pregnant. When Ryan showed it to me I hadn’t a clue why Ryan would borrow such thing. Later that evening I found out.

Ryan got the machine and the box of band aids and taped the little pads to my nipples. I was scared at first as I knew that a TENS machine gives you electric shocks. I told him that I was expecting a shock something like a cattle prod. Ryan reminded me that there was no way that you could buy a machine that would give pregnant women a serious electric shock. I was also scared that my nipple jewellery might have some adverse effect on me.

I was still a little apprehensive when Ryan switched it on; and a little disappointed when I only felt a mild tingling.

“Give it time.” Ryan said.

Okay, I gave it time and I suppose it did make me a little excited, but Ryan’s hands and mouth do a better job.

Because of the mild tingling that it had given my nipples I wasn’t worried when Ryan taped one of the pads to my clit and pushed the other up my hole.

That was more ‘interesting’. But nothing compared to what I first imagined.

**Job Hunting**

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My job hunting wasn’t going well; no one seemed to be taking on new staff.

I did get a couple of short-term jobs through the agency. One was in an accountancy firm’s office. It was for an admin assistant for 2 weeks. When I was talking to Ryan about what to wear I told him that I thought that maybe I should buy some knickers to wear. Ryan asked me if I was worried that someone may see up my skirt and see my bare pussy.

When I told him that I was he went and got his solution to my problem. It was a band aid. He pulled the backing off one and stuck it over my slit; it completely covered it.

“Very good, but what happens when I need to go for a pee?” I asked.

His answer was to give me the box of band aids telling me that I’d just have to remove the original one and put a new one on after I’d had a pee.

I ended up having to be very careful to make sure that no one saw up my miniskirts. I also had to wear a tube top under my lose blouses so that the shape of the barbells and stirrups wasn’t visible. One day Ryan told me to take them out and not wear the tube top. I think that he wanted people to look down the top of my lose blouse and see my nipples. I don’t think that anyone did see my nipples.

After the first week we had to go out and buy me some more miniskirts and blouses. Ryan wouldn’t let me get any skirts longer than mid-thigh.

Apart from my wardrobe issues things went well. I quite enjoyed working there.

Oh! I never did use those band aids.

The agency got me another temporary office job. It was a really boring job and I was glad that it only lasted a couple of weeks. One of the bad things about it was that the desk that I had to use didn’t have a modesty board and a couple of men that worked there could see my legs all the time. I tried to remember to cross my legs all the time but I’m sure that I must have accidentally let them look up my skirt a few times. When I went home that first night Ryan offered me the band aids again.

**Art College Model**

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Just after that Easter Ryan got a phone call from Dan, the Art School teacher. He‘d been let down by a model and wondered if I would be prepared to stand-in at the last moment. Without even asking me he said that I would and then got all the details.

I had a bit of a go at Ryan for not asking me, but he knew that I knew that I’d do it.

The job was a full day on the next Sunday. The theme was ‘erotic bondage’. When Ryan told me that part I had horrible visions of me being put on a rack and stretched in 4 different directions. Ryan laughed and told me that I wouldn’t get hurt. We (yes, Ryan was coming along too) had to meet Dan at the college at 8 o’clock on the Sunday morning providing that the weather was dry. I didn’t understand that last bit.

What Ryan hadn’t told me was that we’d be travelling in a minibus to some local woods and that they’d be tying me to some trees – naked.

I was nervous, and comforted by Ryan being there, as we climbed into the minibus. There were 8 artists, Dan, Ryan and I.

Everyone in the minibus was quite friendly and I soon relaxed. When I asked them what sort of poses I would have to do I got told that there was nothing difficult and that I’d be hanging around quite a bit.

We got to the woods and unloaded the minibus. As well as the artists easels there were a few large bags that seemed to be quite heavy. We all walked about half a mile along a path between a fence and the woods until we got to a bit of a clearing that Dan said would be just fine for what he had in mind.

The artists got their equipment ready then asked me to go with them. We got to a gap between 2 large trees where they put the bags down, opened them and pulled lots of ropes out of them. While 4 of them tied ropes to the trees, 2 others told me that it was time to get started and for me to take my clothes off.

I looked at Ryan and he nodded. He was happy for me to get naked in front of those people. Well, it was Ryan that had signed me up for.

When I was naked the 2 people who were with me proceeded to put some padded ankle and wrist cuffs on me. I was expecting them to hurt but they didn’t. The cuffs were then tied to the other ends of the ropes and I was slowly pulled up in the air. The ropes attached to my wrists were over higher branches so I ended up spread eagled; in the air, hanging by my wrists.

It was then that Dan came over to inspect their work and to give his approval. While he was checking me out Dan saw my 3 barbells and stirrups. He was well pleased with them and told everyone one to make sure that they drew my jewellery as well. Just then Ryan, who had been standing quite close, got a handful of chain out of his pocket. He un-ravelled it and said to Dan,

“Would you like me to put these on Tanya? They’re nipple and clit clamps.”

Dan looked at them then at me then said,

“Can you keep them for the next pose please? I think that the piercings will be enough for now.”

I was left hanging there for an hour. Fortunately Ryan kept coming over to me for a chat. A couple of the times he stood between me and the artists and finger fucked me for a few seconds.

Ryan also got out his phone and took a few photos of me.

By the time I was lowered to the ground my arms ached like hell. The break gave me a chance to get the blood running to my hands again.

The second pose was not so tiring for me. I was tied to a tree with my back to it. My hands were tied together behind the tree. My ankles were also tied behind the tree as far as my feet would go. At least my feet were on the ground. A rope was tied round my waist to help keep me in place.

Just when I thought that they were done. Dan said,

“One last touch; Ryan, can you put the nipple and clit clamps on please?”

Ryan did as asked, taking his time doing the clit one. Why it was necessary to finger fuck me while he did it I don’t know; but I liked it.

About half way through that pose 4 young men walked along the path. As you would expect they stopped to watch the naked girl that was tied to a tree. I think that they must have changed their planned hike route because they walked passed us every 20 minutes or so for the rest of the day. I was glad that they didn’t decide to come over for a closer look.

The break was welcome, and Ryan checked my back to make sure that the tree hadn’t caused any damage to me.

The next pose was difficult for me. I was hauled up in the air by my ankles. I was left hanging upside down with spread legs and a ball gag in my mouth. My wrists were tied behind my back. I could feel my clit being pulled forward by the clamp and my hair was hanging down.

It wasn’t long before I could feel the extra blood in my head and the lack of it in my legs. They hurt like hell. I was really glad when I was lowered down.

I was quite surprised when I was lowered down and untied. Neither Ryan nor I had thought about any lunch and it really nice to be invited to join the little picnic that came out of one of the big bags. We had a really nice chat about how things were going and how they were grateful to me for being their model.

After the break Dan told me that there was only one more pose ant that it was going to be easier, and harder. Before we did anything else Dan asked Ryan to remove the nipple and clit clamps saying that they weren’t needed for the last pose.

He took me over to the fence and told me to sit slightly forward, with my back against one of the uprights. He then told me to hold my arms out along the fence bars. Two people then tied ropes to my wrist cuffs and then the other ends of the ropes to fence uprights further along the fence. It was like being tied on a cross, but sitting down.

I knew what Dan meant about being easier; but then came the harder bit.

Ropes were tied to my ankle cuffs and my legs were pulled apart and up to where my wrists were. Then my wrists and ankles were tied to the fence cross member. I was left with only the bottom of my back touching the ground and my pussy pointing up to the sky; with my butt and pussy spread wide.

Dan came over to me and asked me if I was okay, when I said that I was he told me that he was looking for the ‘tortured look’. I panicked a little, but got excited as well. I wanted to know more.

“Two things, Dan said, “firstly I want some red marks on your butt so that you look like you’ve been whipped. Secondly I want you to look like your pussy has been abused; by that I mean well fucked by a machine. Since we haven’t got any fucking machines out here, a dildo will have to do.

Ryan, do you think that you could cane Tanya’s backside until we see some red wheals; then use a dildo on her until she gets worked up and wet?”

I started to panic a little and looked up at Ryan.

“No, I can’t hurt Tanya, I can’t cane her. The dildo, yes, that part’s easy, but not the cane.” Ryan said.

“Okay,” Dan said, “Tanya, would you object if I caned you?”

“That depends on how much it will hurt.” I said.

“How about I start and we’ll see how it goes and check for red marks after every stroke?” Dan said.

I thought for a second and looked up at Dan. He looked as scared as I felt.

“Okay” I said, “but you will stop as soon as I ask you to won’t you?”

“Of course I will, I would never want to really hurt you, I may want to use your services again, and besides, you might sue the college.” Dan said.

Dan went and got a cane and a dildo, it was huge; the thought of that going in and out of my pussy both scared and excited me.

Dan got down on his knees and shuffled into a position that he was happy with and let fly with the first stroke.

“Ouch!” I said, and remembered the spanking that I’d endured when I worked at that hotel.

“Are you okay Tanya?” Dan asked.

“Don’t worry; I’ll let you know when I want you to stop.” I said.

I looked up at Ryan. He had his phone in his hand. He was taking more photos of me.

Dan gave me 5 more stokes before stopping and checking first with me, then closely at the red wheals on my butt.

My brain was telling me to tell Dan to stop, but my pussy was craving more. Dan must have been able to see how wet I was.

“It’s coming along nicely, just a few more and you will look perfect.” Dan said.

With that the cane came down onto my butt 5 times more. I was crying, even though the pain wasn’t that bad.

“Beautiful!” Dan said, “The class should be able to capture that quite well. Now the dildo; seen as you are here Ryan would you be so kind as to insert it into Tanya’s vagina. I’d like to have about half of it left visible please.”

Ryan got the dildo from Dan and knelt in front of me. He kissed me and asked me if I was okay. When I told him that I was he kissed me again then put his hand to my pussy.

“Wow,” he said, “You really must be enjoying this. I was expecting to have to tease your clit for ages to be able to get this thing inside you; but I see that I don’t need to.”

“You still can if you want.” I said.

Ryan grinned and teased my clit with his index finger and thumb for a few seconds before easing the dildo into my pussy. Just to tease me a bit more he fucked me with it for a few seconds before standing up and backing away. I looked at the dildo sticking out of me. Six inches of it were pointing straight up to the sky.

“Tanya, I need your face to look as if you’ve been tortured for hours, do you think that you can do that for me please?” Dan said.

I tried to think back to when I was getting caned, and pulled my face into the same expression.

The easy part of that pose was soon forgotten and I was aching after about 5 minutes. The other problem was that the dildo kept starting to slide out of me. Three times Ryan had to come over and push it back in. Each time he told me that he’d got some great photos of me.

If it wasn’t bad enough being in such a humiliating position with those artists staring at me all the time; it got worse when the 4 young men walked by again. They were no more than a couple of feet from me. It was horrible. A youngish couple also walked along the path as well. Ryan told me that when he first noticed them they stopped and stared for a good 5 minutes before walking passed me.

I was quite happy when Dan told me that my time was up and he and Ryan came and untied me. Dan pulled the dildo out and must have had a great look right inside me as my pussy slowly closed.

I was glad to be back on my feet. My butt still hurt and my back ached; but not as bad as I expected. I looked round and everyone was just about packed up and walking back towards the minibus. I asked Ryan for my clothes but he told me that they were in a bag that had already left.

I had to walk that half mile naked; much to the delight of the 4 young men that walked passed us – again. I have to admit that I did get a little wet rush as they walked passed.

When we got to the car park Ryan persuaded me to ride back to the college naked as well. I wasn’t too worried about that thought as everyone there had seen me naked all day; until, Ryan said,

“What if someone crashes into us? We’d have to get lifted out and taken to hospital. At least they wouldn’t have to undress you to treat you.”

A couple of people laughed, but I couldn’t stop thinking about it.

We made it back to the college and Ryan found the bag with my clothes in it. After I’d got dressed we went over to Dan to get my money. We left them with all of them thanking me for such a good day.

On the bus back home Ryan told me that he was looking forward to us having a shower as soon as we got in.

One Saturday afternoon while we were in town, Ryan took me into a sex shop and bought me some little chains that I can hang from the barbells and stirrups. As soon as we got out of the shop he took me down an alley, opened my coat and hooked them on.

When the weather got a little warmer I started my jogging again. I’ve sorted out a route that’s about 3 miles long that I go on. It goes through the park where Ryan and I, and me on my own, have had quite a bit of fun. A few times that I’ve passed the kids play area and there has been no one around I’ve stopped and repeated some of that fun. One time that I climbed up the rope and slid down I forgot that I had my clit jewellery in and I had to abandon my fun because the jewellery was getting snagged on the rope and I nearly did myself a major problem.

The route also goes along a road that has a few shops on it and there is usually quite a few people walking about. I’ve had a few (mixed) comments about my skirt bouncing about and letting my butt become visible, but nothing that I can’t ignore. Although a couple of times I have REALLY been embarrassed when it was windy.

Let me tell you, going jogging in a very short skirt with no knickers on is a very pleasant experience, but going jogging dressed like that on a blustery day is a VERY embarrassing experience; and the wind tends to blow quite strongly round those shops. There were a couple of times when my skirt was up around my chest with people looking at me. I was so embarrassed as I tried to get myself decent again.

The thing was, after the times that I was really embarrassed I wanted it to happen again. Whenever I was thinking about going out jogging I’d look out to see if it was windy. If it wasn’t I’d put-off going until it was windy. When it was windy I’d put the constant vibe in, set on low, and set off.

By the time I got to the shops I was usually as horny as hell and had was both embarrassed and excited when my skirt went up.

When I told Ryan about my embarrassment all he did was laugh and tell me that

I loved every second of it and that I’m an exhibitionist. How can that be true? It isn’t as if I lifted my skirt up round my chest. It was an accident; an act of nature.

There was one time when I was jogging down this quiet street and 2 policemen were walking towards me when the wind sent my skirt right up. Not only was it embarrassing, but I had visions of me getting locked up for indecent exposure.

As I struggled to pull my skirt down to cover my pussy, the 2 policemen just smiled at me and kept walking. My poor heart nearly stopped.

Another thing that we did was to go Ice Skating. I’d never been before, but Ryan had and he thought that he was quite good at it.

Ryan told me that I should wear my tennis skirt and a warm top so I did, but not before telling him that I didn’t want to be on my backside on the ice lots of times. He assured me that I wouldn’t, and off we went.

After hiring the boots I gingerly walked to the ice with Ryan holding my arm. I think that I made it to the first corner before I was flat on my back with my butt getting very cold rapidly.

I don’t think that I will ever get any good at that sport as I spent most of my time with my bare butt sitting on the ice.

The thing is, Ryan took me back there twice more. It was only on the third time that he admitted that he liked looking at me bare legs and pussy with all those people skating passed me.

We needed a holiday in the sun. We hadn’t had any decent weather for months (years!). The problem was that what little money we did have was needed to get our apartment straight. Someone who works with Ryan suggested that we look for a house sitting job, and gave him a couple of URLs.

We spent a couple of evenings searching the internet and finally found a site that had some villas in Majorca where the owners wanted to go on holiday, but didn’t want to leave their place empty. All we would have to pay for was the flights there and back and our food costs. We selected 3 that looked good and filled in the application forms and waited.

We were just at the point of starting to search again when Ryan got an email telling us that out application had been successful. The dates were good, but the owners were going away for just over 3 weeks not the original 2 weeks. Ryan could only get 2 weeks off work. He checked at work the next day, but no luck.

We’d just about resigned ourselves to losing it when Ryan suggested that we both go for the 2 weeks then he would come back home leaving me to stay for the other week and a half. At first I didn’t want to know; I didn’t want to be there without him.

As usual, Ryan got his way, but I wasn’t looking forward to those extra days.

We got everything planned and waited.

In the meantime I’ve had another temporary job through the agency; and have recently got a part time job as well.

The temp job was 4 weeks with an accountancy firm. They had a lot of work on and needed some help. It was a very old-fashioned firm in an old building and most of the people there were old as well.

Ryan persuaded me to wear mid-thigh length skirts and blouses. He said that I looked quite ‘business like.” Ryan also wanted me to wear my barbells, stirrups and chains. He said that the chains bouncing about under my loose, fitting blouses would remind me of him.

When I got there I was given a table to sit at near the entrance door. It was a table, not a desk, but had boxes pilled in front of it so I wasn’t worried about there not being a modest board. I didn’t have to worry about the old men there looking up my skirt as they came in and out.

I thought that the work I was given to do would be good experience because I want to become an accountant.

It was about the third day that I was there that I noticed one of the men looking down the top of my blouse as he stood next to me explain how to do something.

I didn’t want to upset anyone there so I turned to one side so that his view was gone. When I told Ryan about it that night, he laughed and told me not to be so shy. Firstly I didn’t have a lot for anyone to look at, and secondly, if he liked what he saw he may just give me a full time job.

The next day when that man stood next to me I didn’t move. I could see that he kept looking and I was surprised that I didn’t get embarrassed. After all, he was an old man; it wasn’t as if he was going to corner me and rape me.

That peeking got to be a regular thing and we both acted as if it wasn’t happening.

During the second week the boxes in front of my table started to disappear. By the end of the week they were all gone. I didn’t think anything of it and continued sitting comfortably – legs not crossed.

It was on the third week that I realised that people could see my bare legs, and possibly more. A delivery guy was stood a few feet in front of my table, waiting for a signature and I noticed him looking at my legs. I blushed and turned sideways in my seat.

I remembered how long it was since the boxes had gone and wondered how many men had had a good look up my skirt without me knowing it.

I made a mental note to sit more carefully whenever anyone was in front of my table. The problem is that I frequently get engrossed in what I’m doing and don’t see what is going on around me. By the time that my time there was up I had no idea how many people had looked up my skirt.

The part time job was as a result of Ryan seeing a notice in the window of a trendy, young person’s clothes shop. The top part of the notice said,

***WANTED – PART TIME MODEL***

*We have a part time vacancy for someone to model clothes for parents who wish to buy clothes for their children as a surprise, but would like to see them on someone before they buy them.*

*Hours are flexible but must include either a Thursday or Friday evening, or all day Saturday or all day Sunday.*

*Apply within.*

Although it was only a couple of weeks before we went away I went to the shop the next day and applied. I saw the manager and told her what I was there for.

She looked so pleased. She told me that she couldn’t put the sex or the build of the person that they wanted on the advert because they could have been accused of discrimination. She told me that I was just what she was looking for. I had to show her my passport (nothing unusual there) then she told me that they had a growing demand for what it said on the advert. They already had 1 part time young girl but there was too much work for her. She said that all modelling sessions were by appointment only and took place in in a room next to her office. She said that it used to be a stock room but they’d cleared it and put a screen up in one corner.

After I told her about my upcoming holiday we agreed on the money and that I would start the next Sunday. I had to agree to give her advance notice of the days or evenings that I could work.

It all sounded great to me, how difficult could it be to put clothes on and stand in front of someone while they imagined their daughter was in front of them.

Ryan was well pleased, but not pleased at the time that we would be apart. He said that he’d have to make an appointment to see me.

I only had 4 appointments on that first Sunday and I was quite nervous when the manager introduced the first customer to me. It was a couple in their thirties buying an outfit for their 14 year old. I changed behind the screen and stepped out for them to see me. Everything went well with no embarrassing moments and I think that they bought the outfit. The manager had been with me that first time, just to make sure that everything went well. She told me that if I had any problems I just had to bang on the wall to her office and she’d be there PDQ.

The second appointment was with a man on his own. I was a little apprehensive knowing that I was going to take my clothes off (albeit behind a screen) in a closed room with an unknown man there; but the only ‘incident’ was when he called me by his daughter’s name.

The third appointment was also with a man on his own. He was looked a little old to have a teenage daughter, but who knows.

This man had selected lots of clothes, including bikinis. At first everything went well with him sitting in the chair that was provided for the customers. Then came an outfit that was a couple of sizes too small for me. I managed to squeeze in to it but it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath. I told the man and asked him to go and get the right size, but he insisted that I show him, saying that it was a party outfit and that his daughter always wore tight clothes.

I was embarrassed as I stepped out from behind the screen but the man said that I looked fantastic. He told me to do a twirl (which I did), then he asked me if I was wearing any underwear. I blushed and said that I wasn’t. He said that if he bought that outfit he would have to tell his daughter to forego underwear as well.

“Wow!” I thought, “a father telling his teenage daughter to go out without underwear.”

The man stood up and walked round me. My nipples went rock hard and the man smiled as he got round to my front.

“Yes, definitely a possibility.” The man said and sat down.

The next outfit was a top and short, flared skirt. I put them on and stepped from behind the screen.

“Nice!” the man said, “can you do a twirl please?”

As I did so I suddenly realised that the skirt would float up. When I stood in front of the man again he had a big grin on his face and I just knew that he’d seen something that I didn’t want him to see.

Next was one of the bikinis. It was a reasonably full bikini and my bits were well covered.

The second bikini had quite a bit less material to it. In fact it was a thong bikini. I felt terribly exposed when I stepped out from behind the screen. The man just stared at me for ages before finally asking me to turn round. I did so and he stared at my naked butt for ages before thanking me.

The fourth appointment went quickly and quite boringly.

When I told Ryan about my twirl in the short skirt and the bikinis he laughed and told me that I should have let him have a good look and my pussy; that he wanted the whole world to see my pussy.

I thumped him and told him that there was no chance.

I worked the following Friday evening and only had 2 appointments.

The first was a woman in her late thirties. She had lots of outfits for me to try on. About half way through she told me that things would move faster if I stopped going behind the screen and just changed in the main room.

My first reaction was, ‘no way’, but before I said it I changed my mind and said,

“Okay.”

After all, we were both girls.

It felt strange stripping naked in front of her, but it was quicker; especially as she kept changing her mind, frequently when I was only half dressed.

That was my longest appointment and I’d only just got dressed again when the manager brought my other appointment in. It was a man on his own and he was looking for clothes for his 15 year old daughter who was coming to live with him. He too had a mountain of clothes with him and when I saw them I realised that I it was going to take quite a while.

Everything started out okay, but the man started walking around the room whenever I was getting changed. The screen only protected me from view if the customer was sat on the chair and this man kept walking to a place where he could see me changing. Whenever I saw him I turned my back to him. If he was going to see me naked then it was going to be my back.

The outfits got shorter and tighter and the man talked more and more, telling me all about his daughter.

Just when we’d just about got through the pile of clothes he told me to wait there and he went and got some more clothes. When he got back he had an arm full of what looked like bikinis. He gave one to me and asked me to put it on. I went behind the screen, changed and modelled it for him. It didn’t take long for him to decide that he didn’t like it and gave me another one.

I took it behind the screen and took the first bikini off. I stood there naked looking at the new bikini; but it wasn’t a bikini; it was some sort of one piece swimsuit. The problem was that it seemed to be all straps, and they were tangled up.

As I tried to make sense of it the man asked me if there was a problem. When I said that I was just sorting out the straps he said,

“Here, let me help.”

Before I knew it he was stood next to me with his hand out. I was so shocked that I just put the swimsuit in his hand and stood there as he tried to sort it out.

After a couple of minutes he said that he thought that he’d cracked it and held the straps open and told me to step into it. I lifted my leg up but I couldn’t reach so the man got down on his knees. His face was right in front of my pussy. He held the straps open and I lifted a leg and put it through a strap, then my other leg.

Instead of telling me to pull it up he did it for me. I was so embarrassed as he pulled the suit right up to my crotch. He even stopped when the suit was at my waist to adjust the way the small piece of material sat over my pussy.

The stupid thing was that I opened my legs wider so that it was easier for him.

As he stood up he said,

“It’s a good job that you shave; do you think that my daughter does?”

The man then pulled the suit the rest of the way up, even adjusting the small triangles over my minute breasts.

As I stood there letting him decide if he liked the swimsuit I was thinking,

“This man has just dressed me. How did I let that happen? Why did I let it happen?”

I was still in a bit of a trance as the man started to undress me saying that he didn’t think the suit was right for his daughter.

Stupid me just stood there and let him strip me naked; even opening and lifting my legs to make it easy for him.

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me into the main part of the room saying,

“It will be much easier if you come out to the clothes.”

I then stood there and let the man put another bikini on me. This one was a tie-side one and he had to tie and un-tie the sides to get it right.

The last 3 items were knickers. He said that he couldn’t make up his mind which sort to get her. He slid a pair of bikini style knickers up my legs. He’d picked up pair that were way too big and they just hung there looking stupid.

“Never mind, it gives me an idea of how they would look.” He said, then took them off me.

The last item was a pair of thong knickers. They fit me, but he pulled them up high, too high, giving me a front wedgie.

He said that he was worried that his daughter might accidentally expose herself and he wanted to know just how much would show if she sat carelessly. He told me to sit on the customer’s chair and open my legs a bit. As he stood there looking at my exposed lips he said,

“Hmmm, they do show a lot; but teenage girls want to wear knickers like that these days. I guess that I’ll have to tell her to be careful if she goes out wearing those.”

With that he pulled me up and took them off me. Before I knew it he picked up the pile of clothes that we was going to buy and left me standing there naked wondering what the hell had just happened.

When I told Ryan he said that perhaps I should tell all the customers that they had to dress and undress me.