**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 07 - House Sitting – Week 3+ part 1**

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**DAY 15**

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I spent most of the morning naked on the sun lounger missing Ryan and thinking about what we’d done and what Ryan had said about me being an exhibitionist. Could he be right? I didn’t think so, but maybe he is; he isn’t usually wrong.

Perhaps I should do some experiments to see how I react to certain situations? But what could I do? Could I even do anything at all? It’s one thing for someone to accidentally see my pussy or to get naked because I lost a bet or a dare; but to blatantly open my legs and let someone stare at it was something else. I just didn’t know if I could do it. When I exposed myself at the hotel in London I’d had a couple of stiff drinks so that didn’t count. Perhaps I should try it with and without some alcohol to see what happens.

Even if I did it and did get aroused, what’s to say that just about every woman in the world wouldn’t have got aroused in the same situation? If they did it would mean that nearly all the women in the world were exhibitionists too.

Or maybe I’m just a nudist? After all, I like being naked when it’s warm enough; and I like getting an all-over tan; but that doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.

I was confused. I needed a plan. I decided that I should look for a situation where I could expose myself and see if I could go through with it and then take it from there.

I decided that a few walks were called for, each one getting more and more daring, to see how far I could go towards walking around naked. Okay, I’d walked back from the beach naked, but that was with Ryan by my side. For these walks I wouldn’t have the security of him being at my side.

For my first ‘self-challenge’ I decided that I’d go for a walk along the beach and back through town wearing my swimming skirt and white top – the one with the lace band round the top. I’d take my nipple piercings out and pull my nipples through the holes in the lace. The swimming skirt is light material and ‘A’ shape and there would be a big chance that the warm breeze would cause a few ‘accidents’; nothing that I could be blamed for.

I went and got ready then decided if I wanted a drink before I went. I decided on water.

I was quite nervous as I left the villa. My nipples were hard but my pussy was quite normal. Yes, the warm, gentle breeze on my lower lips was nice but I wasn’t aroused.

A couple of times on the way to the beach I felt the skirt go up but I ignored it and kept walking.

The closer that I got to the beach the more people I saw. They all seemed to ignore me, which made me relax a bit. After all, I was just a girl who probably looked like a kid walking to the beach. As I passed a café I felt the skirt go up, and I saw a man looking at me with a smile on his face, but he could just have been smiling at the little girl walking by.

The beach was much the same. Everyone was in their own little world and taking no notice of the little girl walking along the water’s edge.

Walking back through the town was much the same and I didn’t feel aroused even once.

For my next walk I decided to be a bit more daring. I decided to wear my bikini top with the bikini bottoms that cover part of my butt. That would be very much the same as a lot of girls on the beach would be wearing, but I would wear my piercing jewellery. The shape of the barbells and stirrups would be clearly visible.

I got ready and set off. All the walk did for me was to give me some exercise and help with my tan; no one took a blind bit of notice of me. I may as well have been invisible.

That was enough for one day; I needed time to work out what my next outfits would be.

That evening I skyped Ryan and we had a mutual masturbation session. It was nice, but a bit weird. Afterwards I told him all about my confusion and the walks. He thought that the walks were a great idea and told me that I should also experiment when I went out for a meal each evening. He told me that I should put on my shortest skirts and wear the underwear thong. I was to have an alcoholic drink and when I ordered my food I was to flash the thong to the waiter. Sometime during my meal I was to undo the side-ties of the thong, slip it off and leave it on the table, on top of my bag. Then when the waiter came to clear away I was to flash my pussy to him; and do the same again when I paid the bill.

I told Ryan that I didn’t think that I had the courage to do that, but he got me to promise to try.

Ryan also told me to wear just his vest when I went to the local shop for bread and water. I’d done that just after we arrived there, the young man serving had seen me and got all flustered and I’d thought it was a bit of a laugh so I agreed to do it again.

When I went out to eat later I put on my tube top skirt and a halter top – and the thong. Flashing the thong was easy. With that skirt being so short all I would have to do was to sit carelessly. When I got there I sat on the front of the chair with my knees slightly apart; which meant that the thong was on display to anyone that looked.

When the middle-aged waiter approached I watched his eyes. He definitely saw the thong, but didn’t show any reaction.

He saw the thong again when he brought me my beer; and again when he brought me my food, and my second beer. I was nervous about what I was going to do and needed a bit of courage.

Half way through my food I looked round to see if anyone was watching me. There was, and I chickened-out of taking the thong off there. I didn’t want to disappoint Ryan so I went to the toilet and took it off there. I walked back to my table with my thong balled-up in my hand.

I put my bag on the table and the thong on top of it.

As I sat down I automatically sat like a lady is taught to – well back in the chair and legs crossed.

As I finished my food I started thinking about what Ryan had asked me to do. I had to go through with it and shuffled down the char; my bare butt sliding over the plastic chair. I un-crossed my legs and opened my knees a few inches. My pussy was there for all to see.

“Come on waiter; come and get my plate before I chicken-out again.” I thought to myself.

It wasn’t long before I saw the waiter heading my way. I opened my legs a bit more as he got close. I saw that he’d seen my pussy and I got a wet rush. I was enjoying seeing him looking at my pussy.

As I got a wet rush, my first thought was that Ryan was right, I was an exhibitionist. Then I remembered that I’d had a couple of drinks.

“Ha!” I thought, “That wasn’t my fault; that was the alcohol talking to my body; so that doesn’t count Ryan.”

I smugly flashed the waiter again when he brought me my change.

As I walked back to the villa I let the skirt ride up so that my pussy and was exposed. It was dark and no one would be able to tell, but the warm breeze felt sooo good.

When I got back to the villa I heard kids and splashing. Going to investigate I saw a girl about 13 and a boy about 12, in the pool in the villa next door. I had some neighbours.

Leaving them to it I went to bed and held the business part of the remote vibe against my clit until I had a satisfying orgasm before going to sleep.

**DAY 16**

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I woke early and went and lay on the sun lounger to catch some morning rays.

I dozed a bit and was woken by the kids next door splashing in their pool. I decided to get some bread and make some coffee.

Putting a skirt and top on I started to leave then remembered what Ryan had said. I went back to the bedroom, stripped naked and put just Ryan’s blue string vest on. Picking up my purse I left, checking that no one was watching as I walked down the road.

In the shop the young man wasn’t there; instead there was a young girl. I got my baguette then had a naughty thought. I went to the fruit and veg area and found a cucumber. They had some thick ones and some thin ones. I chose a thin one, but still big compared to all the cocks that I’ve seen.

At the till the girl stared at me, or should I say my jewellery, as she served me, but she didn’t say anything.

Back at the villa I took the vest off and took my jewellery out – I was considering spending most of the day by the pool and I didn’t want the sun to heat the metal and burn me. I got my breakfast ready and went out to the sun lounger.

I had just finished my breakfast when I heard a woman’s voice saying ‘hello’.

I looked round and saw a 30 something woman looking at me over the wall between the 2 villas. I got up and put my hands in the classic cover-up position.

“I do hope that my kids don’t disturb you, they can be a bit boisterous.” She said, “Are you here with your parents?”

“Well, err.” Stalling while I thought, “I’m here with my dad but he goes out early each morning to play golf. I’m on my own most of the time.”

The woman wasn’t at all upset by me being naked as she introduced herself then called the kids over and introduced them. Then she told me that we could all play together anytime that I wanted.

She finished by saying,

“Don’t worry about not having any clothes on, we often don’t bother with them at times; I’m surprised that these 2 have got some on at the moment.”

And off she went.

I told the kids that I’d see them later and went back to the sun lounger thinking,

“Great, that’s all I need, more people who think that I’m 12 instead of 21.”

I lay on the sun lounger, listening to my mp3 player and hoping that my neighbours would go out for the day.

While I was listening to my music I was daydreaming and started thinking about some of the porno videos that Ryan and I had watched. In one of them a girl was at a villa a bit like the one I was at. She was sat on some steps and was pushing a running hose pipe up her pussy.

When I was watching it I thought that I would like to try it but there was no chance of trying it in England because I didn’t have anywhere where I could do it, and the water in hose pipes in England is way too cold.

I remembered the hose pipe that the pool man had used and decided that I was going to try it. I went and found the hose and took the end off. Then I turned it on. Yes, the water was slightly warm.

I took the hose pipe over to the sun lounger and lay down then I gently eased the end of the hose pipe into my hole. Wow! I realised that the girl in the video wasn’t faking enjoying it. I soon felt full and bloated, but the pressure wasn’t enough to hurt me. When I was ‘full’, the water seeped out round the sides of the hose pipe. The pressure felt nice, and the constant flow of water felt good as well.

I played about a bit and had fun filling myself then squirting it out. I managed to squirt it about 10 feet. I was proud of myself.

I lay back on the sun lounger and relaxed. Unfortunately I relaxed too much and the hose pipe slipped out and splashed all over my stomach and legs. I needed something to keep the hose-pipe in place.

I saw a small rock (about the size of a brick) and carried it over to the sun lounger.

I got back on the sun lounger and pushed the hose pipe back inside me then placed the rock on the hose pipe near my feet.

It worked!

I lay back and relaxed again. The hose pipe stayed in place and I slowly dozed off. I was fast asleep with water running into my pussy.

I don’t know how long I was asleep, but I woke up with a very nice feeling in my pussy. I heard a noise and decided that it wouldn’t be a good idea to be caught with a hose pipe stuck up my pussy so I pulled it out and put the hose pipe away thinking that I’d do that again.

I relaxed in the sun again, kept listening to my music and decided that I wanted to do at least one walk that day and that it would be late morning when there were quite a few people around; but what should I wear?

I went through lots of options and finally settled on what I’d worn the previous night; Ryan’s vest and the underwear thong.

That settled I relaxed and dozed off. When I woke up everything was quiet; the family next door must have gone out. My thoughts drifted to Ryan’s cock, then the cucumber. My pussy started getting wet, then wetter, then soaking. I decided to christen the cucumber. I went and got it and went back to the sun lounger. It was going to get christened outside in the sun.

I got a bit vocal as the cucumber went in and out and I started to cum. It was only as the waves of pleasure started to recede that I noticed 2 faces staring at me over the wall between the villas.

“Shit, that’s all I need.” I thought; and got up and went inside.

It was a bit earlier than I had planned, but I put my jewellery in then Ryan’s blue string vest and the yellow underwear thong on and looked in the mirror. The yellow thong stood out quite well under the blue string vest. I turned and looked at my back and saw the yellow strings quite clearly. Perhaps the contrast of colours would attract attention.

They didn’t. As I walked down the street and onto the beach no one took any notice of me. At the end of the beach where I normally turn off and head into town I decided to be a bit adventurous. Instead of heading to the town I turned and walked back along the beach; but before starting walking back I took the vest off, leaving me wearing only the see-through underwear thong.

Okay, wearing only a thong on that beach was nothing new, a lot of girls do it; but I felt exposed, totally naked in a place where others were not naked. Perhaps it was because I thought that my visible jewellery would attract attention to me, or perhaps it was because my slit was visible to anyone who cared to look.

As I walked along the water’s edge I started to think that I was invisible. I’d expected a virtually naked girl to attract some attention, but I didn’t. I certainly wasn’t aroused.

When I got to the point where I usually turn inland I stopped and sat down looking out to sea. The warm sand felt good on my bare butt.

As I stared at a ship in the distance I wondered if I should just pull the strings of the thong and get naked. I didn’t have the courage so I settled for a couple of flicks of my clit under the thong. That felt good, but didn’t give me any courage.

I stood up, put the vest on and headed back to the villa. As I walked I wondered if I would have the courage to be naked on the beach if I looked more like a young kid. Okay, my body looked like a 12 year old girl’s, but how many 12 year old girls have nipple and clit jewellery?

I decided that if I stood any chance of getting away with it I would have to remove my jewellery and carry something that a kid would have. On impulse I went into one of those sell everything junk shops. I looked round and found a Barbie towel and a pink bucket and spade. Okay, perhaps the bucket and spade were a bit young for a 12 year old, but they’d certainly make me look young.

I walked back to the villa, stripped, removed my jewellery, put my hair up in pigtails and went for a swim to relax before my first naked walk, on my own, in broad daylight.

I’d just done a few laps of the short pool when I surfaced and saw the 2 kids from next door. The boy had a little swimming costume on and the girl had just some bikini bottoms. I looked at her chest and saw that her little tits were bigger than mine. They were about an ‘A’ cup and she wasn’t bothered about them not being covered. ‘Good for her’ I thought.

I said hello the got out of the pool. The girl said,

“My dad thought that you might like to hang out with us for a while.”

“Well, please thank your father for thinking about me but I was just about to go and spend a couple of hours on the beach; maybe some other time.” I said, hoping to get rid of them.

“Great,” the boy (Jake) said, “we haven’t been to the beach yet; is it far?

“We’ll just go and ask if we can come with you,” the girl said as they both ran off.

Bloody hell, the last thing I was thinking of was babysitting a couple of brats.

Then I thought that having a couple of brats with me would add to my cover of being a kid going to play on the beach.

I gathered my things together and started to put them in a big bag then changed my mind and just put the smaller items in a small bag. I wanted the towel and bucket and spade to be visible.

I was just locking up when the kids appeared with a bag. I was pleased to see that the girls still only had her bikini bottoms on.

“Are you going like that?” The girl (Kate) asked.

“Yes; why?” I asked.

“You haven’t got anything on.” Kate said.

“You’ve haven’t got a top on.” I said.

“Okay, how far is it?” Kate asked.

“It’ll only take about 10 minutes.” I said, and off we walked.

Three kids, albeit one girl being naked; didn’t attract any attention and we made it to the beach okay.

As we walked through all those people on the beach I felt nervous and proud of myself. I didn’t feel at all aroused.

We dumped our things, ran into the sea and splashed each other.

After a while we got out and started digging holes in the sand. At one point I was sat with my legs wide apart and digging a hole in front of me. In a way I was enjoying myself. It took me back to my trips to the coast with my parents; except that in those days I always had a thick one-piece swimsuit on; and the weather was never that good.

Anyway, as I was digging away I saw a man standing watching me. He only watched me for a couple of minute (I guess that he didn’t want to risk being called a paedophile), but it was long enough for my pussy to react and start getting swollen and wet.

Kate was sat next to me digging her own hole in the sand and said,

“Tanya, aren’t you embarrassed being naked?”

I responded by asking her if she was embarrassed by being topless. When she said no because lots of other girls were topless, I said,

“I’m not embarrassed either.” I lied. “It doesn’t bother me, and I don’t care what people think; besides, it feels so good in the water, no wet bikini to worry about.”

“Yeah, my mum and dad let us go around without clothes on sometimes, but not so often these days now that I’ve grown these (pointing to her little tits) and I’ve got a few hairs down here (pointing to her pussy) now. You’ll get some soon I guess.” Kate said.

I laughed a bit and said, “Yeah, I suppose I will. You want to try swimming without any clothes, it feels sooo good.”

“Tanya, did that hurt when you put that cucumber in your thingy this morning? It sounded as if it hurt.” Kate asked.

“Well yeah, it did hurt a bit, but it was a sort of nice hurt. Hey, let’s go for another swim.” I said trying to change the subject. I didn’t want to talk to a 13 year old about sex.

We swam and splashed some more before Jake decided that he was hungry and wanted to go back.

We got a few more people looking at us (me probably, but maybe Kate’s cute little tits) as we walked back to the villa.

I was well pleased with myself for doing the naked walk, and I frigged to a nice orgasm before getting a shower and waiting for the time to skype Ryan.

I fucked myself with the cucumber as I told Ryan all about my day. He told me that I needed to do it again, on my own. He also told me that I needed to go and get something to eat that evening with one of the remote vibes pleasuring me. I wasn’t sure about that, I told him that I didn’t fancy cumming right when a waiter was serving me, or taking my order.

Ryan laughed and told me that I’d be just fine.

So after I switched the PC off I went and showered and decided what to wear. I was still feeling a bit randy and chose the tube top skirt and a loose fitting crop top. I also wanted to wear the nipple and clit clamps to keep me horny.

I put the clamps on then the top. When it came to putting the skirt on it was so tight and short that it pulled on the chain and the clit clamp hurt me. Then I had a brainwave. I took the clit clamp off, put the ’skirt’ on then put the clamp back on with the chain outside the skirt. I tightened the clit clamp until it made my clit throb a bit. Then I looked in the mirror.

Wow, I looked good, but did I look too slutty? It was obvious those 2 chains were hanging from my nipples and that they joined the one that was attached to my clit. Everyone who looked for more than a second would know. Could I really go out like that? I needed a drink.

As I downed a large vodka I remembered that Ryan had said that I should wear one of the vibrators as well. I chose the one that is on all the time – set on medium.

Taking one last look in the mirror and thinking that I really did look like a slut, I went out.

As I walked down to town I wondered if I’d get any comments about my outfit, and how long it would be before I had an orgasm; not long by the way I was feeling at that moment.

I actually made it to a café and had just ordered a drink when I succumbed to my first orgasm. I was still up there when my drink arrived. The waiter had stared at my chains, right down to my uncrossed (but squeezed together) legs, when I ordered my drink, and he had another good look as he put the drink on my table. I wasn’t really in a fit state to thank him for bringing my drink.

When he came back a few minutes later to get my food order I had relaxed a bit and was lying back in my chair. As I ordered he got a good look at what the chain was attached to.

It was a good job that I didn’t order much as I found it difficult to concentrate and eat with the vibe simmering away in my pussy. I really did wish that I’d brought the remote control with me, or at least set it on low before I left.

I made it to the end of my meal and started walking down the street. I’d got about 50 feet when I had to find something to lean against as another orgasm arrived.

As I leaned there with a contorted face and one foot off the ground as I squeezed my pussy muscles, a couple walking passed asked me if I was okay. I couldn’t get anything out of my mouth (if I’d opened it I would probably have screamed), so I just nodded and off they went.

It was too much for me and I went back to the villa; having another orgasm half way there.

As soon as I got through the door I squat down and squeezed the vibe out before having a shower and going to bed to make myself cum again before going to sleep.

**DAY 17**

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I went for bread and another (larger) cucumber wearing just the vest again. The girl was there again but she didn’t get to see my clit jewellery because I hadn’t got round to putting it in that morning. As the girl held the cucumber I blushed as I wondered if she knew I was going to use it for.

When I got back to the villa I moved one of the sun loungers out of the sight of the kids next door. They aren’t bad kids, and I’d enjoyed using them as cover for my nude trip to the beach, but that was it. There was no way that I wanted to spend more time with them; after all, they are 8 and 9 years younger than me.

After breakfast I went and lie on the sun lounger, put my sun glasses on and dozed off. I still had a bit of a hang-over to sleep off.

I woke up feeling horny and decided to do something about it. I started by going and putting my nipple and clit jewellery. The feeling of handling my nipples and clit to put them in always makes me feel good. Then I went and got the new cucumber, my sunglasses and my mp3 player. I set myself up to have a long slow session fucking myself with the cucumber on the sun lounger.

About 10 minutes into my session I was well on the way to relieving the tension when I opened my eyes and saw the pool man. Him and yet another assistant had walked right passed me without me knowing.

What’s more, they were watching me fucking myself with the larger cucumber.

I had 2 choices; I could panic and run inside, or I could ignore them and keep going. I was so horny and close to cumming that I chose the second option. The 2 men watching me just heightened my pleasure and within a minute I was cumming; hard and noisy.

As I calmed down I kept moving the cucumber in and out. I wanted to cum again. It took me about 5 minutes but I was definitely getting there. All the time I was watching the 2 men watching me. One of them was slowly moving the net, to collect floating rubbish, round and round in the same little circle.

After I’d cum for the second time I left the cucumber deep inside me and relaxed as if I was going to have a satisfied snooze. After about a minute the 2 men stopped staring and got on with their job, but they kept looking over to me.

Eventually they finished whatever they were doing – if it ever needed doing in the first place, and left. To get out they had to walk right passed me and get a close-up of my pussy with the cucumber sticking out of it. How it managed to stay in me for all that time I will never know. My pussy was producing so much juice that it could have floated out.

That took me to early afternoon and I was still felling horny. I searched my brain for something to do that would let men be able to see my pussy. I wanted to get in a position whereby I would cum just by being looked at; but how.

I went and washed the cucumber then got myself a drink. I figured that a bit of alcohol might give me some ideas – and courage.

The alcohol got working and I decided that I would go for a walk, totally naked, on my own and see how far I got. I took my nipple and clit jewellery out because I wanted to look as much like a 12 year old as I could and put my hair up in pigtails. I had one more drink as I covered myself with sun tan lotion then set off.

I wanted to saunter along looking like a bored kid - like I did when I was a kid going home from school and in no rush because I knew that my mother would be a real pain in the ass when I got there.

As I got near the beach a car pulled up beside me and I got ready to run. All of a sudden I heard a woman shouting my name. I turned to look and see who it was and saw Jenny, the woman from the villa next door. In the back of the car were Kate and Jake.

“Hi Tanya, what are you doing down here without any clothes on?” Jenny asked.

“I err….. I went for a short walk and ended up here.” I said.

“You shouldn’t really be out on the street like that on your own Tanya. Tell you what, we’re on our way to the Water Park, do you want to come with us?” Jenny asked.

“Er... I can’t, I haven’t got my swimsuit, towel or any money with me.”

“Oh don’t worry about any of those things, your father can pay me back later and as for a swimsuit, I’m sure that they won’t mind you being like that. If it makes you feel more comfortable, Kate and Jake can take their swimsuits off and all 3 of you can go in naked.”

“MUM!” Kate said, “I can’t go in there naked, people will see me.”

“It’s no big deal Kate; you’ve been swimming without clothes on lots of times.”

“But mum, I’m getting big now.”

“Kate, there’ll be lots of topless girls and women there, and it isn’t as if you have any pubic hair anymore, it was you that wanted to shave it all off last night, remember? You’ll look just the same as Tanya here.”

“But mum, I’m older than Tanya.”

“Kate, everything will be fine; trust me. Tanya, come on, get in the car.”

This was a crazy idea, but what did I have to lose? What was the worst that could happen? This woman had assumed responsibility for another kid – me. If anyone was going to get into trouble then it would be her, not me. The alcohol was dumbing my embarrassment and making me braver. I opened the car door and got in.

Kate glared at me as if to say, “This is all your fault;” and in a way she was right; but I thought that it would be a great chance to be seen naked by lots of people, and to find out if I would get aroused by it.

Jake had a bit of a grin on his face.

Jenny drove off, and about 15 minutes later we arrived at the Water Park.

“Right, Jenny said, “Kate, Jake, take your clothes off, we don’t want our guest feeling the odd one out, do we?”

Kate glared at me then slowly took her bikini off. Jake took his trunks off revealing a little cock that looked a bit hard.

Jenny was right, Kate’s pubes were bald; her pussy looked just about the same as mine except that my clit was sticking out a bit.

“Right Kids, let’s go.” Jenny said and we all walked towards the entrance.

At the kiosk the woman inside looked at us and then said something to Jenny. Jenny laughed, said something back in Spanish then we were let in.

“I told you that it wouldn’t be a problem.” Jenny said to Kate; “and stop drawing attention to yourself Kate, put your hands down.”

I looked at Kate; her hands were in the classic ENF positions.

Jenny led us all to the Kid’s Waterland and found a place on the grass for Jenny to put everything down.

“Right you 3,” Jenny said, “off you go and have some fun, but remember, stay together.”

As we walked away, Kate said that her mum was right; no one was taking any notice of us. What’s more, we saw 2 or 3 other kids that were naked, albeit, all looked under 10.

Kate started to get used to being naked and it wasn’t long before we were going down the first slide.

Over the next 2 hours we managed to go on quite a few slides and rides, but most of the time was spent queuing. In those queues a few men looked at us and when we climbed up the steps some men behind us must have had a great view of our pussies. I don’t think that Kate realised what they could see because she never turned away or tried to get in front of Jake.

Two or three times I wondered why I wasn’t aroused. Even when it was obvious that a man was looking at my pussy I never felt that familiar tingling or wet rush.

That changed when we went on the Wild River, a so called rapids ride. We were laid back on the rubber rings with our legs slightly open on the other side of the ring. We got to a part where the water was calm and the rings needed someone to push them on to the next part. There were about 3 young staff men doing that and when one of them came to me he turned my rubber ring so that he was at my feet. He was holding on to my ring for ages, and when I looked at him he was staring at my pussy.

My heart rate increased and my pussy started to tingle. My AF increased a few numbers.

I glanced over to Kate. Another man was holding her rubber ring by her feet as well; but Kate didn’t look like she realised what the man was looking at. Jake had already gone through.

I felt my vulva and clit swell as I stared at his expanding shorts; then all of a sudden I was moving away from him.

At the bottom we went and had another go on the Mega Slide and the Big Hole. The queues were long and it took ages to get started. Jake screamed as we went down the Big Hole.

After that we went and found Jenny. She gave us a drink and some snacks before taking us to watch the Divers Show.

When that finished Jenny asked us if we wanted to go back to the villa; neither Kate nor I were bothered either way but Jake wanted to go back; so we did.

I expected Kate to rush to put her bikini on when we got to the car, but she didn’t, even when we got back to the villa she walked in carrying it in her hand. Jenny asked me if I wanted to join them for some food, but I declined – and thanked her for a wonderful time.

In a way I did have a great time, but not one that I cared to repeat. I’d been looked at by dozens of men and only once got aroused; and that was when a man stared directly at my pussy from only a couple of feet away. What woman wouldn’t have got aroused in that situation? I was happy that I had reinforced my belief that I am not an exhibitionist.

That evening when I skyped Ryan and told him all about my day he tried to convince me that I was wrong, but I was having none of it.

Ryan changed the subject and told me to go and get the cucumber. Guess what I did next?

When we talked about what I was going to do the next day I told Ryan that I fancied going horse riding, I’d seen it advertised in a couple of these ticket shops but I told him that I thought that it cost too much. Ryan told me to get one of the flyers and phone the place direct. It would probably be cheaper; he also asked me if I was planning to do a Lady Godiva. I laughed as told him that there was no chance, but I would have to wear a skirt and that I had no plans to wear anything underneath it. I told him that I fancied bouncing up and down with my legs spread wide, my bare pussy against the leather saddle.

Ryan also told me that I had to wear a tube top as a skirt if I went horse riding, and one to go out for my meal that evening. The thing was he told me to wear the tube top that I normally wear as a tube TOP. It’s only 6 inches long and when I tried it on it was impossible to cover my butt AND my pussy. I needed to top-up my alcohol level to go out wearing that as a skirt.

And that’s what I did. I also decided that I needed to feel horny to be able to do it so I inserted the constant vibe, set on low, my piercing jewellery and the little chains that hang from the stirrups. I felt good. I put on a little top that ties in the front, said goodbye to Ryan (he likes watching me get dressed), and left.

As I walked into town the skirt rode up front and back. Since it was dark and no one was around I left it up round my waist until I got to the lively part. I stopped just before I got there and was pulling the skirt down to cover my butt and pussy when a couple walked passed me from behind. I have no idea how long they’d been following me or what they’d seen, but they never said anything.

I wandered around, in amongst the hundreds of happy young people, until I found a ticket shop and got a horse riding leaflet. The shop was down a few steps and the ‘skirt’ rode up as I climbed down and then back up. I’m sure that the man in there had a great view of my pussy, butt and dangling chain.

I found a café that I fancied and went to a table. As I sat down the skirt went up to my waist. I sat upright and crossed my legs so that the waiter and anyone else who was passing wouldn’t be able to see my pussy. The metal of the chair felt cool on my bare butt.

While I was drinking and waiting for my food my thought drifted to the vibe purring away inside me. My AF crept up and I uncrossed my legs. When the waiter brought my food he had a good look at my bald pubes but he wouldn’t have been able to see any more.

After I’d finished my food I ordered another beer and sat watching the world go by and thinking about my hot pussy.

My AF reached the highest possible level and I started to cum. My quiet moans would have been drowned out by the ambient noise but anyone who looked at me would have seen my contorted face and my pussy and my knees drifted apart.

When the waves died down I called the waiter and paid – after closing my legs.

I adjusted my ‘skirt’ to make me decent before standing up and walking off down the street.

I wandered around, constantly pulling the ‘skirt’ down, and came across the bar that has the mechanical bull. I decided to go in and watch the fun.

I got another beer and found a good place to watch.

I watched 6 people show (or not) their skills at staying on. Only 2 of them were men. The 4 women were all a bit tipsy – like me, and all were wearing skirts and tops.

The man controlling the bull was brilliant at teasing the riders. Whenever the girls looked like they were going to fall off he’d stop it and let them get properly back on before starting it again. Whenever their knickers (or lack of) were on display he’d keep going so that they didn’t have a chance to pull their skirts down. Whenever their tits were in danger of popping out he’d wobble bull so that they did pop out, and he’d keep on going so that they’d bounce all over the place. When every one of then finally fell off they ended up on their backs with legs spread and tits still on display. Two of them stayed like that for ages before finally getting up and correcting their wardrobe malfunctions.

Needless to say that the mainly male audience loved every second of it.

By the time that I’d finished my large beer I’d decided that I wanted a go. I went to the toilet to empty my bladder so that I couldn’t have an accident, and went to see the man controlling the bull. He looked me up and down then told me to stand behind another girl who was also waiting her turn.

When I finally got my chance one of the staff had to help me get on. As my leg went over the bull my ‘skirt’ went up round my waist. I was exposed even before I’d started - much to the delight of the cheering audience. I was embarrassed, but I didn’t care.

I wrapped the rope round my hand, put my other arm up in the air and waited. As I sat there I could feel the slippery leather saddle on my bare butt. I wondered if I was sat on the other girl’s pussy juices.

The bull started slowly and I relaxed a bit. It was easy to stay on so far. Then the pace increased and the movements got more erratic.

As I got thrown all over the place I realised that the knot holding my loose fitting top together had come undone. I caught glimpses of my nipple chains as they bounced about.

The controller leaned the bull right back. I was horizontal with my top wide open and my ‘skirt’ round my waist. Camera flashes were going off everywhere. I was held me there for ages, presumably to let all the guys in the audience have a good look at me and get lots of photographs. My AF increased.

I remembered the vibe and was grateful that it hadn’t slipped out, after all, my pussy was wet enough for it to float out.

The controller then leaned the bull right forward and my naked butt up went up in the air. The people behind me would have had a great view of my spread butt and pussy. What’s more, my unfastened top slid up over my head and off my free arm. It was just round my arm that was hanging on to the rope for all I was worth.

The controller held me there for ages and I could hear the audience cheering and make rude comment to the virtually naked girl on the bull. Eventually the controller slowly raised the bull’s head and I managed to get sat on it properly. When it started jerking again I could feel the nipple chains bouncing against my chest.

All of a sudden I realised that I was about to cum, right there with dozens of horny young men staring at me and lots of them taking photographs, and maybe videos. As it hit me my concentration to stay on the bull disappeared and I got thrown off. I was left spread eagle on the mats with everything exposed, and jerking away as I now rode the waves of my orgasm.

It was a good job that the audience were cheering and shouting all sorts of comments because it was a loud orgasm.

When I started to calm down I looked up and saw one of the staff men standing above me. He asked me if I was okay, then put his hand out to help me get up. As he pulled me up I tried desperately to get my top back on. When I was firmly on my feet I managed to get decent then went to get my bag.

As I walked over to the bar, and when I was at the bar I had a constant stream of men trying to hit on me. They’d seen me naked and assumed that I was up for a bit of fun. I kept telling them to go away and eventually the stream stopped.

The barman gave me a free drink and complimented me on my show. Even half-drunk as I was I still blushed.

I watched 2 more girls have a go on the bull. It must have been no knickers night because both of them let the audience see that they weren’t wearing any. One of them had ginormous breasts and they nearly gave her a black eye as they escaped and bounced free. I heard a lot of people laughing at her. It made me feel grateful that I will never have that problem.

As I walked back to the villa my ‘skirt’ rode up and exposed me front and back. I couldn’t be bothered to pull it down and no one stared at me or said anything.

**DAY 18**

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I was late getting up and probably still a little drunk because I put on just the see-through underwear thong to go to the shop for some bread. I bought another cucumber as well. The young girl was on the checkout and I saw her eyes open wide when she realised that she could see my slit and jewellery; but she didn’t say anything.

A couple of hours later, when I felt better, I went next door to give Jenny the money for the water park. I hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on (but I had taken my jewellery out before having a shower) because Jenny and her kids had seen me naked the previous day. I got embarrassed when Jenny’s husband answered the door. He told me that Jenny wasn’t there so I gave the money to him telling him that my dad had some important golf games, but he’d come and see them in a couple of days to thank them.

He told me that they’d had trouble getting Kate and Jake to wear any clothes since we’d got back from the water park. All the time that he was telling me this his eyes were going up and down my naked body. Did he know my real age?

I looked out the back and saw Kate and Jake running round the pool. Both were naked. I excused myself and left.

I decided to have another hour relaxing by the pool to get back to normal. Thankfully the kids didn’t bother me and the pool man didn’t come.

I got something to eat then decided that it was time for another naked walk. Although this time I was going to keep away from the road that my neighbours might use.

I covered myself in sun tan lotion, put my hair up in pigtails and set off. I planned to get out of the area around the villa and then start sauntering along like a bored kid.

All went well and the few people that did see me just ignored me. Then I had a problem; I got lost. I thought that I knew where I was and how to get back to the villa or down to the town and beach, but every time that I turned a corner I didn’t recognise anything.

There were a few more people around and one or two of them stared at me. But that was all.

When I turned one corner I was confronted by a group of English men and women about my age.

“Hey kid, haven’t you forgotten something?” one of the men said.

I ignored him.

“Leave her alone. Are you okay luv?” One of the women said.

“Excusar.” I said.

“Are you lost? Are you looking for your parents, err padre?” Another of the women said.

“Si, La Playa por favor.” I said.

“Oh, you’re trying to get to the beach?” another said.

“Si, playa err betch” I replied.

“You’d better come with us.” Another said.

Blankety blank! What was I getting myself in to?

I started walking with the group of 5 English young men and women. They thought that I was just a naked Spanish kid. I wonder what they would have thought, and said, if they knew that I was the same age as them.

“It’s a bloody good job this is Spain,” one of them said. “If we’d been back at home we’d all of got arrested for being paedophiles.”

“If this had happened in England I’d have crossed the road and ignored her,” another of the men said, “you can get arrested just for looking at a kid that age, never mind a naked one.”

Within minutes we were on the beach. Why couldn’t I have worked that out? I looked around and realised where I was.

“Can you see your parents anywhere?” One of the women asked.

“Gracias damar.” I said and ran off.

There I was, on my own, on the beach surrounded by hundreds of young people, completely naked. This was different from when I was there with the neighbouring kids. I was on my own instead of being with real kids that gave me cover. I was nervous and scared, and really wanted to cover my bits; but if I did it would attract attention. A little kid wouldn’t be embarrassed and trying to cover up.

I took a deep breath and started walking. After a couple of minutes with no one saying anything or really staring at me, I started to relax a bit; and even enjoy it. It felt good being naked amongst all those people wearing something, even if some of the girls were wearing just skimpy thongs. It wasn’t really sexually exciting, just good. I’d go so far as saying that just walking in amongst the people my AF was only a 1 or 2.

I wandered quite a distance, sometimes going for a swim in the sea before walking some more. My AF did increase one time after I’d just come out of the water; I was sat on the sand about 10 feet from the water’s edge with my knees up and open wide letting the sun tan my pussy when I saw a man lying on his stomach half in and half out of the water. He was pretending to look down the beach but I could tell that he was staring at my pussy. I left my legs open and quickly realised that I was getting wet. I have to admit that I was enjoying him watching me.

Does that mean that I am an exhibitionist?

Anyway, after a couple of minutes I decided that enough was enough and I stood up and walked on.

As I got close to the point where I needed to turn inland I stopped and again sat down looking out to sea. I hadn’t realised when I sat down, but I’d sat close to 2 English girls about my age. After a couple of minutes one of them said hello. I said hello back and she then said that I was brave being naked.

I said, “I’m only a kid and nobody cares.”

“I think that you’re older than you look.” She said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, the way that you were walking and then how you sat down, to me you act like someone much older than you look.” She said.

“What are you on about Clara?” the other girl said.

“How old do you think I am?” I asked.

“The way that you’re talking as well, I reckon that you’re about 20 or 21. Am I right?” Clara said. “What do you think Emma?”

“Now that you mention it, I see what you mean.” Emma said.

“Okay, busted.” I said. “I am 21, so what?”

“Hey, don’t get pissed, I’m just curious as to what you’re up to.” Clara said.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound upset, it’s just that I’m a bit surprised that you can tell. I’m just so used to people treating me like a 12 year old that I thought that I’d pretend to be one for a while.” I said.

“But why naked?” Emma asked.

“It started with me losing a bet with my boyfriend and having to strip off on the beach and walk back to where we’re staying. I decided that I’d enjoyed it and wanted to do it again. My boyfriend has had to go back to England and I just decided to see if I could do it on my own.”

“So you’re an exhibitionist then.” Emma asked.

“That’s what my boyfriend says, but I don’t think that I am. I just like being naked. It feels so free and natural.”

“I think that you’re incredibly brave.” Clara said.

We got talking about all sorts of things and before long I had forgotten that I was naked. Both Clara and Emma were topless, Emma wearing only and ‘normal’ bikini bottom and Clara only a side tie thong.

We even went for a swim together and had a good time messing about in the water, me not even remembering that I was totally naked.

After a couple of hours, Emma decided that she needed a drink and both of them decided to pack-up and got to a café. As they started to put their bikini tops on I asked them,

“Why don’t you leave the tops in your bag and go like that?”

Clara though for a minute then said,

“Tell you what Tanya we’ll go like this if you come with us.”

“Clara!” Emma said.

“I haven’t got any money with me.” I said.

“Don’t worry about that Tanya, it’ll be our treat. Besides I want to see you sat in a café dressed like that.”

Emma giggled.

Clara and Emma gathered their things together and we set off. Nobody took any notice of us as we left the beach and walked to a café. As we sat down Emma tried to cover her boobs, but Clara told her act normally.

Clara has the sort of breasts that I would like to have if I had proper breasts; ‘B’ cup, solid, shaped like cones, sat high and proud on her chest with small brown areolas, cute big nipples and not a hint of sag anywhere. Emma’s breasts are a ‘C’ cup and do sag just a little bit.

The waiter was obviously looking at their boobs when he took our order, and when he brought our drinks (alcoholic).

We stayed there for about an hour (and 3 drinks) before Clara and Emma (still topless) headed off back to their hotel and I set off back to the villa. We agreed to meet at 10pm that night in a particular bar.

As I walked back I didn’t try to hide, or look like a kid, I walked quite normally without anyone saying anything.

Back at the villa I showered, had a quick nap then skyped Ryan. As we slowly masturbated I told him all about my day and Clara and Emma. Ryan told me that I should invite them back to the villa to go skinny dipping. I asked him if he wanted me to skype him when they were there so that he could watch 2 more naked girls. Ryan laughed then said that he did.

After we’d both cum we talked about what I should wear when I went out to meet Clara and Emma that night. Ryan told me to wear one of the remote vibes. At first he said just the random zap remote controlled vibrator and nothing else, but in the end we agreed on the vibe, a tube top skirt, a sheer front tie top and my piercing jewellery with the chains hanging from the stirrups.

Ryan watched me as I got dressed. The last thing that I did before blowing Ryan a kiss, and switching the PC, off was to slide the vibe into my pussy and switch it on.

I got the first zap as I locked the villa before setting off to get some food.

As I walked down the street I could see and feel the chains dangling from my nipples and feel the chain attached to my clit hood banging against my thighs. I couldn’t see it, but the chain was dangling about 2 inches below the hem of my ‘skirt’. I felt good.

By the time I got to a café to get some food I was feeling quite horny but managed to eat without any incidents or embarrassment.

After that I went to the bar that I’d arranged to meet Clara and Emma. I got myself a drink and searched for them. I asked a guy what time it was and discovered that I was early so I climbed up onto a stool at the end of the bar to wait. As I climbed up my ‘skirt’ rode up and I was happy that it was quite dark in there as the ‘skirt’ was up round my hips. I shuffled it down a bit when I got on the stool but I was pleased that I was facing the bar as I couldn’t cover my bald pubes because crossing my legs would have made my display worse (for me that is).

A couple of guys tried to hit on me and I got another drink bought for me before Clara and Emma arrived. Clara was wearing a nice flowered, wrap micro skirt and a loose fitting tie-front top that left a big gap between her ‘B’s. Emma was wearing a tight fitting denim micro skirt and a loose fitting, short tube top that has elastic round the top to stop it falling down; with little tents showing where her nipples were hard.

As they got close to me Clara said that she was surprised to see that I had some clothes on, then she saw my nipple jewellery and the chains hanging from them and grinned,

“I want to get a closer look at those later.” She said.

I’d swivelled a bit on the stool to face them and Emma said,

“That makes 3 of us that are going commando tonight. Hey, what’s that down there?”

I pointed to my left nipple and said,

“I’ve got one of these hanging from my clit as well.”

Clara put her hands on my thighs and eased them apart. I didn’t resist and my whole pussy soon became visible to both of them.

“Nice!” Clara said, “And it looks like it’s making you horny as well.”

She put a finger to my pussy and slid it the full length of my slit and said,

“Definitely getting horny.” And she licked her finger.

It was the first time that a woman had done that to me and I was a bit shocked at first, then just as I was thinking that I got zapped by the vibe again. My face screwed-up for a second and I shivered.

“Sorry,” Clara said, “I didn’t think that you’d mind me doing that.”

“No, no, I quite liked it, it wasn’t you that made me jump; it’s this damn vibrator inside me that zapped me.”

“What!” Emma said.

I got off the stool, pulled my ‘skirt’ down to cover my butt and pussy and said,

“Let’s get a drink and find somewhere a bit quieter so that we can talk properly.”

We got the drinks and went and sat at a table outside, away from the speakers. As I sat down my ‘skirt’ rode up but I didn’t pull it down or cross my legs, leaving my bare pubes on display. Both Clara and Emma crossed their legs.

“Come on Tanya, spill, what’s this about a vibrator zapping you?” Clara asked.

I told them all about both vibrators that I’ve got, and some of the fun that I’ve had with them. They both loved it when I told them about my fun in the hotel in London.

By that time we’d had another couple of drinks and we were all ‘happy’. Emma wanted to move on so we left and walked down the road. We came to the bar that has the mechanical bull and I suggested that we go in and have a laugh at the people trying to ride it.

We got a drink and went and stood near the barrier watching. We had a good laugh when a man wearing running shorts with nothing underneath got thrown about and his cock came out of the bottom of his shorts. It started getting hard as it bounced about and the man looked as if he didn’t even know. He certainly looked shocked (or pretended to be) when he got thrown off and saw what was sticking up.

When a girl’s tits fell out of her top and she let everyone know that she too was going commando, Clara decided that she wanted to have a go. She also persuaded Emma and me to have a go as well. I didn’t tell her that I’d had a go a couple of days before.

We went and joined the queue to have a go and I saw that it was a different man operating the bull so there was no chance of the operator remembering me.

While we were waiting we saw 3 other girls ‘accidentally’ exposing themselves, only one of them was wearing knickers.

Emma went first. She looked quite scared as she was helped on and wrapped the rope round her hand. Her tight denim micro rode up so her bare butt was sat on the saddle and we could all see that she shaves her pubic hair off.

This bull operator was just as good as the one when I was there a couple of days before. It didn’t take him long to get her top up above her tits and her skirt up round her waist. Her ‘C’s really did wobble and bounce about quite nicely, much to the delight of the crowd. When he tipped the bull’s head right down there was a lot of cheering as that side of the room got a great view of her shinny butt and pussy.

When she got thrown off she quickly got to her feet and got herself decent again.

It was Clara’s turn next, and as she lifted her leg to use the man’s hands to help her on I got a glimpse of her bald pussy. So did a lot of other people.

I turned to Emma and said,

“This is going to be good.”

“I hope so; Clara loves to have an excuse to flash her goodies.” Emma replied.

Clara had her right hand wrapped in the rope to hold her on and was using her left arm for balance. Shortly after the bull started I saw Clara’s left hand go to her right hip and quickly do something to the fastener on her skirt. He left arm went back up in the air and nothing changed. A few seconds later her arm came down again and when it went up again her skirt fell undone. The next time her butt lifted up her skirt fell right off and on to the floor.

The cheers went up and the camera flashes seemed to be non-stop. The bull started going faster and more erratic. Emma turned to me and said,

“I just knew that she’d do something like that.”

The bull bounced and jerked about, but Clara’s ‘B’s stayed solid. It wasn’t long before her top came undone and her ‘B’s and rock hard nipples were on display.

That was the operator’s cue to start the bull dipping at the front and back. As the head went right down the same thing happened to Clara as it had to me; her butt went up in the air and her top slid over her head and off her free arm. Clara was now more naked than I had been.

The operator held the bull in that position and slowly turned it a full 360 degrees so that everyone of the audience got a great view of her butt and spread pussy. As her head went passed Emma and I, her face had a big grin on it, but at the same time she looked terrified.

When Clara had done the full 360 the operator raised the head and a very naked Clara was grinning from ear to ear.

The bull started jerking about and Clara’s grin disappeared. Instead she treated everyone to the sight of her very naked ‘B’s.

Just as Clara looked like she was about to fall off the operator raised the bull’s head right up, making Clara lean right back. Her legs went up to help her balance and she slid back on the saddle a bit. She was almost flat on her back with her legs spread and lots of people looking at her. Her only saving grace was that her right arm was partially covering her pubes.

The operator slowly spun her for a full 360 degrees so that everyone got a good look. As her head passed us she had that big grin again.

The operator lowered the bull’s head then jerked the bull so much that Clara went flying. As she flew through the air her top came off her wrist leaving her totally naked on her back on the floor. Of course she made sure that her legs were wide open, giving the boys close by an excellent view, and something to photograph.

The man went and helped Clara up and brought her back to Emma and me.

“My clothes?” Clara said. The man turned and went and found her top and skirt. When he got back Clara got dressed.

That left me, and I got zapped just as I put my foot on the hands of the man who was there to help me up. I stood there shaking with the man looking at my pussy and the chain hanging down.

As I regained my composure I heard someone shout,

“Ride it backwards!”

I looked at the man and asked him what that was. He explained that it meant sit on the bull facing its backside, not its head. I thought for a second and decided that I could do that. I told the man that I wanted to do that and we changed positions so that he could help me up.

I knew that it was a mistake as soon as I got on that bull. My tube top skirt went right up round my waist and looked like a belt. I lay along the bull on my back with my legs together on top of it. I wanted to keep some modesty, but I soon realised that I would have to put my legs down each side. That was it; my wide open pussy was on full display even before the thing even moved.

At least when I was the ‘right’ way round my right hand holding the rope was covering some of my pussy, but this time I was completely exposed.

The man got hold of my right hand and moved it behind me to the rope. He wound the rope round my hand and backed away.

I put my left hand up in the air and while I waited for the bull to start I was thinking that this was going to be the most embarrassing few minutes of my life.

As soon as the bull moved I felt the chains in my nipples bounce against my chest.

Round and round I went and just as was starting to feel dizzy, the bull stopped. Then it started bouncing. I felt my top getting looser and managed to look down and see that knot was coming undone.

“Oh no,” I thought, “not my top as well.”

But I could do nothing about it and as the knot un-tied itself my top opened displaying my nipples and jewellery for everyone to see. All my goodies were now on display.

The camera flashes were bright on my eyes and the cheers were deafening.

At last the bull stopped, but not for long. The bull’s head went right up and I lay there on my back, head high and legs low; virtually naked for everyone to see and hanging on for dear life. Right in the middle of that I got zapped again, that time it was a long, hard one.

The orgasm hit me. I don’t know if the operator realised what was happening or

if he just intended to keep me lying there for everyone to see while I was having my orgasm, and getting my photograph taken, or what; but he kept me like that as wave after wave of orgasm rolled over me.

I was still on the high when the bull moved again went round 360 degrees. It was as if the operator wanted everyone to see me hanging there, legs spread wide, just about totally naked, and having an orgasm.

As soon as the bull started jerking about again I went flying off. I landed right in front of Clara and Emma and was I still cumming as I looked up into their faces. Both their mouths were wide open, probably not believing what they were seeing.

The man came over to help me up, probably believing that my wobbly legs were because I was trying to walk over the inflated mat. He helped me over to Clara and Emma where Clara said,

“I might have known that you’d end-up just about naked Tanya. Your birthday suit seems to be your favourite outfit.”

Clara helped me put my top back on properly while Emma pulled my ‘skirt’ down to its proper place.

As we walked by the operator he told us that there was a free drink waiting for us behind the bar. As we walked there we got hit on a few times and groped quite a bit.

After finishing our drinks we decided to leave. Emma wanted to go for a midnight swim in the sea but Clara told her that there was a good chance that we’d get arrested because it was illegal. She’d seen cops patrolling the beach at night.

I told Clara and Emma that we could swim in the pool at the villa and we headed off there. On the way Clara took her skirt off and was waving it round her head.

“Trying to do a Tanya?” Emma asked.

“No I wasn’t,” Clara said as she took her top off. “Now I am.”

We all laughed and Clara stayed naked until we got to the villa. I let us in and we all went straight out the back. Clara was first in the pool as Emma and I had some clothes to take off. I also had the vibe (with flat battery) to squeeze out.

After a bit of splashing about Clara surfaced in front of Emma and started kissing her. I stared as they started making out. In the still water I could see their hands all over each other.

A couple of minutes later I slipped out of the pool and went inside, leaving them to it. I grabbed a towel and dried myself as I switched the PC on and skyped Ryan. He took a long time to answer and I suddenly remembered that it was the middle of the night and he had to go to work in a couple of hours.

When he answered I was full of apologies but he was really good and listened as I started to tell him all about my night.

I was about half way through when a still naked Clara and Emma walked in.

“There you are Tanya, we got worried about you. Is this the hunky Ryan then?”

Clara said, looking at the screen. Ryan was sat on the sofa with his laptop on the coffee table; just as naked as we were.

I introduced everyone and saw that Ryan was happy to see 2 more naked girls.

“Are you going to play with it?” Clara asked Ryan.

“I will if you will?” Ryan answered.

Clara put her hands over my shoulders and down to my nipples.

“Sorry we neglected you Tanya; please let us make up for it.”

When I said nothing, Clara gently pulled me up by my nipple chains and turned me round. Then she kissed me full on the mouth, and I mean a proper lover’s kiss, tongues and all.

It was the first time that I’d ever been properly kissed by a girl, and I’d enjoyed it. When we broke the kiss I turned to the screen and looked at Ryan. He was grinning and I just knew that he was happy for me.

Clara pulled me over to the bed and as we lay down she told Emma to turn the webcam to face us then to join us. She wanted Ryan to watch the 3 of us making love.

I was nervous at first as I’d never been with a girl before, never mind with 2 girls. It didn’t take long for Clara and Emma to get me relaxed and we were soon enjoying each other’s bodies.

I managed to look over to the screen at one point and saw Ryan wanking as he watched us. I hoped that he was recording the video.

I did a few ‘firsts’ that night; including using the cucumber on another girl (2 actually).

It was nearly dawn when I woke up.

**DAY 19**

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I got up and remembered the PC. The skype call had ended but there was a message telling me to skype Ryan at work. I went and had a pee, cleaned my teeth and put some coffee on.

I went back into the bedroom and saw that Clara and Emma were still asleep so I skyped Ryan. When he answered I saw that he was in his cubicle at work and he had his earphones on so that no one else could hear me.

As he was asking me how I’d enjoyed myself the night before, one of his colleagues walked up to him and started watching me. I was still naked but all he could see was from my neck up as I was close to the webcam. I saw his face light up and looked at the window showing what they could see. I could see Clara had woken up and was sitting on the side of the bed, just as naked as I was, but showing a lot more than I was.

I backed away to let Ryan and his colleague have a better look at Clara and Emma who was just waking up.

“Got an audience again have we?” Clara asked.

“Sorry,” I said, “It was just Ryan but his work mates seem to be gathering round him to have a look. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Hell no, the more the merrier. There can’t be as many as there were last night; and I enjoyed that.” Clara said.

Emma put her arms round Clara and pulled her back flat onto the bed saying that it was too early. That left Clara’s pussy staring at the webcam. She must have known, but obviously didn’t care.

I remembered that only Ryan could hear me so I told him that everything was good and that I’d talk to him later. I then got on the bed and started caressing Clara’s pussy, just as much for mine and Clara’s enjoyment as for the audience.

What followed was almost a repeat of what happened a few hours earlier, except that we couldn’t find the cucumber. About half an hour later I looked at the PC to see that the skype call had ended.

We got up, got some coffee and went and sat by the pool. About an hour later we were all awake enough to think about what we were going to do. Clara and Emma both wanted me to join them in whatever we decided to do.

To help us decide we jumped into the pool for another skinny dipping session. While we were in there I saw the kids next door looking at us. If Jake had been old enough to appreciate what he was looking at he would have been a happy little bunny.

Eventually Clara suggested that we all go on their Hotel Rep’s Pub Crawl; but that wasn’t until that evening. In the meantime, both Clara and Emma wanted to go back to their hotel for the 3 ‘S’s and to clean their teeth. Clara said that we may not get back to the villa until the next day so we should sort out something for me to wear for the pub crawl.

Clara and Emma went to look through my clothes while I emailed Ryan to tell him that I may not be able to skype him that evening.

I had a quick shower then went to see what Clara and Emma were up to. Clara was wearing my material-less thong while Emma was still naked.

“Hey, I like this, can I borrow it please?” Clara said and left it on.

“Sure.” I said, “Have you found anything for me to wear tonight?”

“Yeah!” Emma said holding up Ryan’s blue string vest. “You’ll look good in this, and the guys will like it.”

“Right, what else will we need?” Clara asked.

I went to the drawer with the remote vibes in and held both the business parts up.

“How about these?” I asked.

“If it’s going to be a teasing night then I need to get off without a real cock inside me.” Emma said.

“Right,” I said as I unscrewed them and put new batteries in. “We can fight about who draws the short straw later.”

“Will you wear your jewellery tonight?” Clara asked me.

“If you want me to I will.” I replied.

“Yes please, and I’ll help you take it off for now.” Clara said as she moved in on me and started unscrewing one of my nipple barbells.

When she’d got both my nipples free of jewellery she pushed me back onto the bed and dived at my pussy. My legs automatically opened wide as Clara was unscrewing me she said,

“Every time I look at you pussy from this angle your hole is open and inviting me to dive in. Is it always like that?”

“I’ve noticed that as well.” Emma said.

“Yeah, always has been,” I said, “but the hole gets bigger the more aroused I get; and that’s before anyone touches me.”

“Wow! I wish mine was like that.” Emma said.

“Me too.” Clara said.

When Clara had finished removing my jewellery she flicked my clit (which made me gasp, especially as she’d been rubbing my pussy as she removed the jewellery), and said,

“Put those in your bag along with the vibes. Now, what else have I found?”

Clara went to the drawer and pulled out my chains with clamps on the ends and said,

“Are these what I think they are?”

“Probably.” I said and took them off her. “Shall I demonstrate them on you, me or Emma?”

Clara looked me in the eye then both of us smiled and turned to Emma, and in stereo said,

“Emma.”

“Guys, at least let me put them on.” Poor Emma said.

We pushed Emma back on the bed and held her down because she was struggling a little bit. Clara was at Emma’s head and she managed to get on top of her and pin her arms down with her shins. Clara was facing Emma’s feet with her butt about a foot above her face.

Emma was still struggling so Clara lowered her butt until Emma’s face was full of her pussy. Emma stopped struggling.

She moaned a bit as I attached the nipple clamps. When I went to attach the clit clamp her clit her pussy was all wet and slippery. I had to go and get a couple of tissues to dry her before stretching her clit to put the clamp on.

All Emma’s struggling was long gone, but when I touched her clit she spread her legs wide and bucked her hips. I could hear muffled moans as I tightened the clamp.

I stood up and looked at them both. Clara was enjoying been eaten by Emma and Emma’s legs were wide open and inviting. I didn’t wait to be asked and got between Emma’s legs and started eating her dripping pussy.

They both orgasmed about the same time and I stood up and watched them jerking and shaking.

When they calmed down I said,

“Right girls, shall we get going?”

Clara rolled off Emma and said,

“I’m ready.”

“Are you planning on going to the hotel like that?” Emma asked Clara.

“Yeah, why not, and Tanya is going in her favourite outfit.”

“No I’m not; I’m going to put something on.” I said,

“Oh no you’re not young lady, you’re going just the way you were yesterday. No little sister of mine is going to wear any clothes.”

“What!” I said.

I started thinking. I’d been naked in public with the kids next door, even gone naked to the water park with them; and been naked in public on my own the previous day. Going naked with 2 adult looking girls would be easy.”

“Okay then, “I said, “but you (Clara) have to go wearing only my material-less thong and you (Emma) have to wear only the thong in that drawer.”

“Right, it’s settled then.” Clara said.

“Right then,” Emma said, getting up off the bed. “But I’m taking these off first. Tell you what; there are 3 of us, 2 vibes, and these clamps. Let’s take it in turns to wear these and the vibes tonight?”

Clara turned to me and said,

“Okay, I’m sure that we’ll be able to clamp these (squeezing and pulling my left nipple) even when they’ve got the other jewellery in.”

Emma finished unclamping herself and went to the drawer to get the thong.

“There’s only 1 thong in here, and it’s totally see-through.” Emma said.

“Yeah I know, I only own 2 pairs of knickers and you 2 will be wearing them.” I said.

While Emma was rummaging through the drawer my pink scarf fell out. Clara held it up and said,

“Can I borrow this too? It’ll make a great skirt.”

I said that she could and we gathered Clara and Emma’s clothes and put them in the bag. Satisfied that we’d got everything that we’d need, we locked-up and set off down the street. Emma was wearing only my see-through thong, Clara only my material-less thong and me totally naked.

As we passed the shop that I’d been getting groceries from, I asked Clara and Emma if they were hungry. When they said that they were I told them that I usually got a baguette for breakfast at that shop. We all stopped and went in.

It was the young girl serving and you should have seen her face when she saw us as we stood in front of her at the checkout. As usual, she just stared and did her job.

We ate the baguette as we walked.

As we got closer to the centre of town I saw a few people looking at us; well Clara and Emma. Why would they want to look at me when Clara and Emma’s tits leading us down the street? I don’t think that I was jealous.

We made it to their hotel and through reception without incident. While we waited for the lift Emma was looking at one of the notice boards and suddenly said,

“Shit, it’s a Fancy Dress Pub Crawl tonight.”

“That’s fucked-up my plans for what to wear.” Clara said.

In the lift were a couple of guys that they knew and they complimented them on their outfits without even taking their eyes off their tits.

As we walked along the corridor to their room Emma said that she was thinking of writing on her chest ‘up here guys’ and drawing an arrow pointing to her face.

In their room we sat on the balcony as they took turns to do what they had to do. As Clara came out after her turn in the bathroom she was rubbing lotion into her pubes and saying,

“That’s better, smooth as my baby sister’s bum.”

We all laughed.

Looking down to the pool area I saw that there were only young people around the pool. I mentioned it to Clara and she told me that there were no kids there. The whole place was full of 18-30s.

“Ah! That’s why no one said anything when we walked through reception virtually naked. That must happen quite often.” I said.

“Yeah!” Clara said, “it’s not the first time that I’ve been naked down there although the other times I was a little drunk.”

When they had both finished in the bathroom we sat there thinking about what we could wear for the Fancy Dress Pub Crawl. Both Clara and Emma wanted me to wear just my jewellery, but what could I be (un)dressed like that. They both wanted to have a turn at wearing the clamps and chains; and they both wanted to have the vibes make them cum in public.

They only way that any of us could think of incorporating all those requirements was for us to go as slaves; but could we all be slaves, or would one of us have to be a female Master.

We were just pondering that point when the 2 young men in the next room came out onto their balcony and started talking to us 3 naked girls. We were all talking as if it was something that everyone did every day. Maybe it was for Clara and Emma, but not for me; I was embarrassed by the 2 men staring at me.

Emma asked one of them (Lewis) if they were going to the Fancy Dress Pub Crawl. Lewis said that he and Dylan were, but they hadn’t sorted out a costume yet.

“How about we 3 go as your slaves?” Clara said.

Lewis and Dylan looked stunned for a minute then both said that they would be happy to. We then talked about what we could all wear. Emma said that we must have the full works, collars, leads and handcuffs. She said that if we were going to do it then we were going to do it properly.

Lewis and Dylan could hardly believe that they were going to lead 3 virtually naked girls around town.

Clara dampened their enthusiasm a bit by saying that we didn’t have any of the equipment that we needed and might have to change our plans.

Lewis and Dylan took the hint and set off to find what they could.

When they were gone Clara said that as long as they could find something like rope we could improvise for the rest. I said that I was a little concerned that we would be naked out in public in an area where there would be quite a few policemen. Emma laughed and said that they’d seen quite a few naked girls around the bars and that as long as we weren’t causing any problems then we’d be okay. We relaxed knowing that everything was sorted.

After a while Emma suggested that we go down to the pool for a while. We agreed and Emma went and got my 2 thongs. She gave the underwear thong to Clara and told her that it was her turn to wear that one.

I asked what I could wear. Clara laughed and told me that I could wear my favourite suit, the one I was already wearing - my birthday suit.

I was apprehensive, but a little excited as we set off down the corridor. We didn’t see anyone until we got out to the pool. There we walked round the pool to where there were 3 sun loungers free. As we walked some of the guys there said hello to Clara and Emma. One guy asked who the kid was. Clara told him that I was her little sister and to keep his hands off.

We lay on the sun loungers and ordered a drink when the waiter came round. None of us crossed our legs and the waiter must have had a good look at our pussies (Clara had pulled the underwear thong up at the front), so must the steady stream of guys that came to chat with us. It turned out that Clara and Emma had spent quite a bit of time by that pool and had become quite popular with the guys. I wondered how many of them they’d screwed.

Most of the guys praised both Emma and Clara on their choice of bikinis.

The constant stream of guys all stared at me, some of them even talking to me. It was quite embarrassing listening to them talking to me and watching their eyes that were glued to my pussy. When one cute guy started talking to me with his eyes on my pussy I felt a wet rush and involuntarily opened my legs a bit so that he could get a better look. After he’d gone Clara told me that she’d seen what I did and that she’d have to keep an eye on me. She didn’t want her little sister getting herself fucked.

Emma laughed and asked me if it was a case of ‘what happens on holiday stays on holiday’.

I told them that it wasn’t and that I wouldn’t do anything without Ryan’s permission; that he’d wanted me to get fucked by the 2 hunks in the erotic dancing club.

“What!” Clara said, “You didn’t tell us anything about that. Come on, tell us all about it.”

So I did.

When I’d finished I had a very wet pussy.

Emma asked me where this club was, saying that she wanted to go. I told her and promised to show her later on.

My pussy was still wet and my clit was more swollen than normal when the next guy came to talk to Clara and Emma. When he sat on the end of my sun lounger to talk to them I realised that my legs were quite wide apart again. What’s more, the guy kept looking at my pussy and open hole. One time that I was watching him watching me (my pussy), my pussy twitched and the guy’s eyes opened wide for a second. I hadn’t planned on doing that, it just happened, but with the reaction that I got I decided to do it again, and again.

The man left shortly afterwards and I saw a big bulge in his shorts.

Clara turned to me and told me to stop teasing. I laughed and said sorry.

“Don’t be.” Said Emma, “It’s fun doing things like that.”

I looked over to her and saw that her knees were about a foot apart as well.

We went for a swim and joined an impromptu game of water polo. It quickly became obvious that it was just an excuse for the guys to grope the girls, but none of us were complaining (there were 3 other girls in there as well as us, all were topless). I wasn’t complaining either, especially when one guy put some fingers in my hole with the palm of his hand on my pubic bone. He lifted me right out of the water with that hand.

After the game descended into more groping than polo, someone suggested that we change the setup so that each of the guys had a girl on their shoulders. I got paired with a cute guy and when he dived to get between my legs I came up out of the water wrong way round on his shoulders. I screamed for help as he started eating my pussy.

I didn’t scream for long, and as everyone else watched he continued to eat me while I pulled at his hair. The bastard made me cum right in front of everyone. Everyone cheered, but as soon as he released his grip on me I dropped off him and swam away from him.

I stood at the side of the pool while the guy promised to play nicely, and properly. When he lifted me onto his shoulders the proper way round we joined in the game.

When people started losing interest we got out and went to the sun loungers. It was then that I noticed that Clara had lost my thong. Someone had untied it and it had floated off.

I told her and she went and walked round the pool, totally naked and looked for it. When she saw it she dived in and retrieved it. She didn’t put it back on.

The sun loungers were the type that have straps stretched across them and when I went to lay on one that time I lay face down. I wanted to work on my back tan. I hadn’t spread a towel over the sun lounger and when I lay down my nipples went through the gap between 2 straps. I quickly realised that there was no pressure on my nipples and looked over to Clara and Emma. Clara was laying the same way. The thing was, one of the straps on her sun lounger was missing and her tits were hanging through the gap. She looked real cute.

Emma was sat up on her sun lounger and after a few minutes she asked me if I ever kept my legs together. Without realising it I had opened my legs and had my feet over the sides of the sun lounger. I turned my head to face Emma and said,

“I don’t like white patches between my thighs; besides, Clara is laying the same way.”

“Same as Tanya.” Clara said.

After a while another guy came to talk to us. I should have closed my legs but I didn’t. Instead I asked myself why I always opened my legs when a guy was around. It’s like my pussy wants to be seen, like I want these men to look into my hole.

I had to smile when I looked at Clara she too had kept her legs open. Emma was sat up, and she too had open legs. Maybe it’s some natural instinct that women have.

The guy got dismissed by Clara, but shortly after that Lewis and Dylan appeared. Both Clara and I turned onto our backs, but again, we both had open legs. The guys told us that they’d got everything sorted, but that it would cost us. When Clara asked what it would cost them Lewis grinned.

Clara knew what he meant and both she and Emma went off with them, leaving me to stay on the sun lounger alone. It wasn’t long before a couple of guys tried to hit on me. It was embarrassing laying there naked with my legs open and these guys standing next to me looking down at my naked body. My brain was telling me to close my legs but they just wouldn’t move.

Each time one of them looked at my pussy I wished that it was Ryan standing there looking at me. One of the guys looked a bit like Ryan, and sounded a bit like him, and I felt myself getting wetter thinking that it was Ryan.

It was the guys that stood at the foot of the sun lounger that embarrassed me the most. I just knew that they were looking right into my hole. Why wouldn’t my legs close and stay closed?

Eventually (probably about 30 minutes) Clara and Emma returned looking quite happy. I said that it wasn’t fair that they were paying Lewis and Dylan and I wasn’t doing anything. Clara told me not to worry, they’d enjoyed it, and they’d told Lewis and Dylan about Ryan, but they’d also promised that I’d give them both a blow job later.

I blushed and said that I didn’t know if I could do it.

Emma said,

“Don’t worry about it Tanya, by the time that they want it you’ll be gagging for something to happen.”

Clara giggled.

We stayed there for about another hour before Clara said that we should go and get something to eat before we got ready for the Pub Crawl. She said that we had better go and put some clothes on before going out, so we went up to their room and found something to wear.

Clara used my pink scarf as a skirt (totally see-through) and my bikini top which was so small that it only just covered her areolas. Emma wore my underwear thong and one of her string bikini tops; and I wore Ryan’s string vest.

We went to a café and had a big meal because we knew that we were probably going to drink a lot later.

On the way back to Clara and Emma’s room I stopped at the hotel’s internet PC and emailed Ryan to tell him what I was doing and that I probably wouldn’t get back until very late.

Ryan must have been sat waiting for me to skype him because I got a message back almost straight away telling me to enjoy myself and do whatever I wanted to do.

I emailed him back with love and kisses.

As I went up to Clara and Emma’s room I realised that Ryan was telling me that I could fuck someone if I wanted to. I didn’t think that I wanted to.

When I got to the room both Clara and Emma were in the shower – together. They told me that we had to get ready as Lewis and Dylan would be there in a couple of minutes to get us dressed.

They got out of the shower and I got in. Three minutes later I was drying myself as I walked out of the bathroom to see 2 naked girls stood in front of Dylan and Lewis.

“Come on Tanya, Lewis is about to handcuff us.” Clara said.

“Wait!” I said, “I’ve got to put my jewellery in.”

“I’m sure that Lewis or Dylan will do that for you, won’t you guys?” Emma said.

“Our pleasure.” Lewis and Dylan said in stereo.

I stood next to Clara and put my hands behind my back. The next thing that I felt was Lewis crossing my wrists and putting a big electrical cable tie on them. Thankfully he didn’t fasten it too tight, telling us that he couldn’t get any proper handcuffs, but the cable ties would do. He didn’t fasten them too tight as he didn’t want to hurt us. He said that they were loose enough that we should be able to get out of them if we lubricated our hands and wrists.

When he was putting the cable tie in Emma’s wrists she grabbed his cock through his shorts and said,

“Will this sort of lubrication do?”

Dylan started putting proper dog collars on us. They didn’t look very nice, but they were genuine dog collars. Lewis clipped proper leads on to the collars and let them hang down our fronts.

“Now, what’s this about some jewellery?” Lewis asked. I told him what and where it was, and he went and got it.

“I guess that we’d better do what the lady asks.” Lewis said, giving some of it to Dylan then telling me to lie back on the bed.

They both found the holes in my nipples okay, but they had real trouble finding the hole in my clit hood. Well at first I thought they were having trouble, but as they massaged my clit I decided that they were only playing with me.

Fortunately they ‘found’ the hole before I had an orgasm and screwed the barbell tightly on with the chain on the stirrup.

“Thank you guys,” I said, “can you pull me up so that I can tell you how to get Clara and Emma ready.”

They did then Dylan said,

“I didn’t know that either of you 2 have piercings as well.”

“We haven’t,” Emma said, “Tanya’s got some other goodies that you will have to put in and on us.”

“What, inside you, what the hell have you got Tanya?” Lewis asked.

I told Lewis to go into my bag and get out the two stainless steel bullet shaped things. When he found them I told him that they had to push one of them up each of Clara and Emma’s vaginas.

“I’m going to enjoy this.” Lewis said as he pushed Clara back onto the bed and opened her legs.

“Oww! That’s cold.” Clara shouted. Emma gasped.

“Push them right up as far as you can.” I told them.

Both Lewis and Dylan took the opportunity to play with the girls pussies, but they both stopped once they’d got them worked up.

“So what do they do?” Dylan asked.

“In my bag you’ll also find 2 little black boxes with switches and knobs on them, can you get them please?” I asked.

When Lewis had them I explained what the switches and knobs did then told them to switch them on and set them to low. I got Lewis to set the random zap vibe to constant, just like the other one.

When they burst into life both Clara and Emma gasped in surprise then settled to a smile.

“So both those bullet things are now vibrating inside their pussies?” Dylan asked.

“Yes, and they will keep going until the batteries run out or someone switches them off.” I said then asked Lewis to put the controls back in my bag.

“One more thing Lewis,” I said, “in my bag you’ll find some chain with 3 little clamps on the ends, can you get them out and lay it out on the bed please?”

When he’d done that I explained what it was and then asked them to decide who was going to wear it first.

Lewis and Dylan decided to flip a coin, Emma lost and they moved in on Clara.

“Pull her nipples to get them to their full length first.” I said, and watched as Clara enjoyed hands from 2 different guys on her ‘B’s.

“Oww!” Clara shouted as Dylan tightened his clamp too tight.

He loosened it a bit and asked if Clara was okay.

“Now the clit clamp.” I said.

Lewis and Dylan flipped a coin again and Dylan spread Clara’s legs even wider.

“Make sure that her clit is hard before you put it on. Lewis, can you get Dylan a tissue, Clara’s clit needs to be dry when the clamp goes on.”

“That’s going to be difficult the way her pussy is gushing at the moment.” Lewis said.

“Make her cum then you’ll have a short time to get it on before she starts gushing again.” I said.

“Tanya, if you’re trying to embarrass me you’re failing, I’m really enjoying this.” Clara said.

“I can see that you are.” I said as Lewis got to work on her clit.

Lewis started finger fucking her as well. As Clara started to cum Lewis told us that he could feel the vibrator throbbing away.

Clara started to come down from her high and Lewis quickly dried her clit and put the clamp on.

“Tell me if it’s too tight.”

“Oww! Not so tight please?” Clara asked.

“Okay, were done, will you 2 help us up then go and get ready yourselves?” Emma asked.

We were stood up and the guys disappeared.

“Wow, I can’t believe that were really doing this.” I said as Clara went to the mirror and looked at her self.

“Believe it Babe,” Clara said, “it’s really happening and we’re going to love every minute of it. By the way, where did you get this? I want one.”

A few minutes later Lewis and Dylan arrived back. Both of them had togas, made out of bed sheets, on. They both had belts on to keep them in place, but Lewis hadn’t got his sheet right round him and it was obvious that he wore nothing underneath.

“Right girls, one more thing to stop you screaming and complaining.” Lewis said as he pulled something from behind his back.

He had 3 table tennis balls with string going through them.

Lewis gave one to Dylan and they put a ball into Clara and Emma’s mouth and fastened it in place with the string round their necks as I stood there mesmerised. I’d never even seen one of those, even on the porno movies that Ryan and I had watched on the internet.

When Lewis came to me and told me to open my mouth I just did it without even thinking. When he’d finished I tried to talk but it sounded like garbled rubbish.

I started having visions of lots of guys gangbanging us and us not even being able to scream.

“Relax girls,” Lewis said, “You’re not going to come to any harm. We’ll stop anyone from doing anything that you don’t want. If you want us to stop anyone from doing anything all you have to do is shake your head sideways and we’ll stop them.”

I relaxed a bit as Dylan and Lewis led us out of the room and down the corridor.

We were to meet the rest of the Pub Crawlers in the hotel bar and when we went in the whole place went silent for a second before everyone started cheering. All of a sudden we were the stars of the party. That didn’t stop me from being sooo embarrassed.

I looked round, most of the guys were wearing togas but one was in some speedos with a priest’s collar round his neck. Another guy was in speedos and had the superman logo painted on his chest. Most of the girls were in very skimpy costumes. Two were in suspenders, stockings, thongs and push-up bras. Three more were dressed in schoolgirl outfits, one with a skirt that didn’t even cover her bare butt. One was wearing a sarong as a toga that was see-through and obviously way too small for her as it didn’t cover much at all. I couldn’t see any underwear.

There was another girl across the room wearing tight fitting shorts and a matching top. They looked good but something didn’t look quite right. I didn’t get to work out what it was because someone moved and blocked my view.

Lewis and Dylan got us a drink with a straw and we discovered that they could push the straw alongside the table tennis ball and we could suck the drink. At least we weren’t going to die of thirst.

Some of the single guys came over to us and tried to talk to us. Couldn’t they see that our mouths were a little full?

After a while a holiday rep came in. When she saw us she stared for a few seconds then said,

“Well, that’s a first, you’d better keep a low profile, I don’t want to have to bail you out of jail tomorrow morning.”

I started to get worried as she started to organise us and tell us where we were going. A few minutes later we all set off behind the rep. I was glad that it was dark outside.

As we walked with Dylan and Lewis almost pulling us by the leads, some of the guys were saying rude things to us. One of them grabbed my ass and held it for a few seconds before letting go.

At one point Emma just stopped and jerked her lead free from Dylan. She just stood there and started shaking. She had an orgasm right there in the street with loads of people around.

Dylan, Lewis, Clara and I stopped and waited for Emma to get capable of continuing. Fortunately it didn’t take long and we managed to keep up with the rest of the group.

Clara’s first orgasm hit her just after we got into the first bar. It was crowded and people were brushing up against us. Dylan and Lewis went to get us all a drink leaving us 3 very helpless near a pillar. One guy got in front of Clara facing her and I could see his hand groping her pussy. I don’t know if he was tugging the chain clamped to her clit or not, but all of a sudden Clara’s eyes opened wide and she started shaking and jerking. The guy had a big grin on his face.

Emma looked as if she was getting groped as well. So was I. A guy stood next to me was gently pulling one of my nipple chains. I was trying to tell him to stop but of course he couldn’t hear what I was trying to say.

He did stop, but his hand slid down my front to my pussy. He found my chain and started playing with it, gently tugging it then pushing the end of it into my hole along with his finger. His other hand was on my butt and squeezing me.

It felt good and I was getting wetter, probably an AF of 5; but it wasn’t Ryan. I was happy, but scared and unhappy. I was looking at Emma and guessed that she was cumming again.

Lewis and Dylan got back to us and told the gropers to go away. They had 5 bottles of beer in their hands and soon realised that we couldn’t drink them.

“Sod it!” Lewis said and gave Dylan the 2 bottles that he was holding.

He loosened the knots on our ball gags just enough so that we could push them out and let them hang round our necks. They then held the beer bottles to our mouths so that we could drink the contents.

Dylan seemed to think that I wanted to drink the whole bottle in one go and I had a bit of trouble stopping myself from choking; letting some of the beer spill out of my mouth and run down my body.

When we’d finished the beers Lewis and Dylan put the ball gags back in our mouths. I suppose that we could have pushed them out again, but none of us did. I’d also tried to slide one hand out of the cable tie round my wrists. I got close to succeeding, and thought that I could get free if I tried a bit harder, but instead I pushed my hand back the other way so that I was still tied up.

There was a bit of dancing going on in one corner of the bar and Lewis and Dylan pulled us over there and told us to dance.

Have you ever tried to dance with your hands tied behind your back? We tried, and moved our hips around, but I felt stupid and must have looked stupid as well.

While we were dancing I saw the girl in funny looking matching shorts and top. She was dancing close to us with a man and as I looked at her I realised what was funny about her outfit. It was paint. She was as naked as we were.

After a few minutes the group started leaving and Dylan and Lewis pulled us out of the bar. As we walked along the street in amongst the crowd Emma had another orgasm, the vibe was working well in her pussy.

Fortunately we were just outside the pub that the group was going in to so we followed when we could. There were 2 bouncers on the door and they both smiled as Lewis and Dylan led us in. I wasn’t as embarrassed as I had been, probably because the alcohol was starting to work.

Lewis and Dylan left us stood in front of a table with just guys sat at it while they went for some drinks. Emma was stood with her back to the table itself while Clara and I had our backs to guys that were sat there. It didn’t take long for them to start grabbing our butts.

When a finger started going down my butt crack to my butt hole and pussy I automatically spread my feet to about shoulder width. My brain told me to clamp my thighs together, but my feet just moved apart. From behind me I heard a man say,

“Fucking hell, the slut wants me to finger her; she’s just spread her legs for me.”

He was right, I had, but I hated myself for doing it.

The man started finger fucking me. He was skilled in doing that and I started cumming.

Some other guys came and stood in front of us and one tugged the chain clamped to Clara’s right tit. She started to cum. The guy couldn’t believe what was happening. He might have if he’d known what she had purring away up her hole.

Lewis and Dylan got back and the guys moved off. The guy that was finger fucking me kept going, probably knowing that Lewis and Dylan couldn’t see him.

This time Lewis and Dylan had got us some shot as well as the beers and when they pulled the ball gags out they fed them to us quite quickly. I nearly choked a couple of times.

We didn’t stay long in that bar and moved on to another one. This one was quite big, and not very busy. Well it wasn’t until we all arrived.

Lewis and Dylan took us to the quiet part of the pub then lifted us up and sat us on the deserted end of the bar.

 “It’s time to move a few things around.” Lewis said and told us to spread our legs wide.

Lewis went in between Clara’s legs and put his finger round her clit clamp. He pulled it and twisted it round as Clara moaned and cringed. Just as she started cumming Lewis took the clamp off.

Clara sounded to be saying,

“Noooo!” as if she wanted him to leave it there.

I looked round and saw that we had an audience of about 10 guys and girls.

Lewis ignored them and removed the clamps from Clara’s nipples. Then he turned to the audience and asked for a volunteer to suck some life back into Clara’s nipples.

A geek looking guy stepped forward and Lewis told him to get on with it.

While the geek was working on Clara’s nipples Lewis took the clamps to Emma and clamped her nipples. When that was done he lifted the front of his toga, wiped Emma’s pussy dry then pulled her clit as far as it would go and put the clamp on it. Emma let out a muffled scream as Lewis tightened the clamp.

Then Lewis told Emma to squeeze the vibe out. Emma struggled and Dylan told her to pretend that she was giving birth. The vibe eventually slid out and Lewis managed to catch it. As it touched his hand he shouted,

“Woah! Blood hell, that’s been doing that inside your pussy since we left the hotel. I’m surprised that you’ve only cum 3 times.”

Lewis turned to the audience and asked for another volunteer. The geek’s geek mate stepped forward and Lewis gave him the vibrator. He nearly dropped it when he realised that it was vibrating.

“Put that inside Tanya.” Lewis said to him.

My eyes opened wide. Lewis had just told a complete stranger, a geek at that, to push a vibrator up my pussy. I really wanted to clamp my thighs together, but they wouldn’t move.

Geek 2 asked which one of us was Tanya then came over to me and gently pushed the vibe into my open hole. It was a good job that my hole was open and visible because Geek 2 looked as if he’d never been near a girl’s pussy before.

Geek 2 gingerly pushed the vibe just inside me then stepped back. It wasn’t far enough in and was in danger of sliding out. I tried to use my pussy muscles to pull it further in but was struggling as Lewis told Geek 2 to push it right in.

Geek 2 stepped forward and slowly slid a finger inside me and pushed it a bit further in.

“No, no, push your whole hand in and get it right up her.” Lewis said.

My eyes opened wide.

Fucking hell, Lewis was telling Geek 2 to fist me. I looked down and was glad to see that Geek 2 had small hands.

Thankfully, Geek 2 didn’t know what he was doing and left his thumb where it normally is. He only got his fingers inside me but his thumb was pressing on my clit. This was enough to make me cum. When I started shaking and jerking Geek 2 jumped back wondering what the hell was going on.

Just about everyone else in the audience knew what was happening and laughed at poor Geek 2.

Lewis pulled Geek 1 away from Clara’s tits telling him that her tits were well and truly alive now. They looked rock hard and very wet with Geek 1’s saliva. I wondered if he’d thought to chew them.

Dylan appeared with a tray of shots and beers and Lewis pulled our ball gags out of our mouths. They stood in between our spread legs and poured the drinks into our mouths. Just before they put our ball gags back in our mouths Emma said that she had to go and pee. Clara and I said that we needed to go as well so Lewis and Dylan lifted us off the bar and led us to the Gents toilet.

I was expecting to have to stand over the toilet bowl and pee, but Lewis told us to stand in front of the urinals, lean back and pee. That was a first for me and at first I found it difficult, but by the time I was about finished I was able to direct my pee where I wanted.

Another first for me was that when I’d finished Lewis got a piece of toilet roll and wiped me. He did the same for Emma and Clara as well.

A guy came in while we were there and just stood there in amazement until we left.

Shortly after we got back to the bar the group moved on to the next bar.

It was another big one but it was busier, and it had a little stage there.

Again, Lewis and Dylan got us some drinks while we were left to get groped. We were there for long enough for us to have 2 rounds of drinks. Just as we were finishing them the holiday rep got on the microphone and announced that they were going to judge the fancy dress outfits.

There must have been about a hundred people gathered around that stage.

The holiday rep got some silence the held up a piece of paper and said that it was a list of people who wanted to enter the fancy dress competition. I hoped that we weren’t on that list.

One by one the people on the list were called up to the stage and 4 reps (2 male, 2 female) looked them over. The girl in the painted shorts and top was called up and she got a lot of cheers, especially as she stood up there with her legs apart. Everyone could see the shape of her labia and clitoris.

When the rep announced that there was only one more entry on the list I started to relax believing that it must be one person. My heart dropped as she read out,

“Lewis and Dylan and their slaves.”

The vibe inside me was getting me close to cumming and the last thing that I needed was to have to go up on the stage for a hundred or so people to have a good look at my naked body; but Lewis and Dylan moved forward pulling us behind them.

The crowd burst into cheers and rude comments as soon as the 3 of us climbed on the stage.

We had to stand there as the rep asked Lewis and Dylan all sorts of stupid questions. It didn’t help when Lewis told everyone that it was our idea for us to be naked and tied up.

What I hadn’t realised when we first went on the stage was that I had stood there with my legs about 2 feet apart. When I realised how I was exposing myself I cursed my body. It was ruling my brain – again. My body was deliberately exposing my pussy; this time to about 100 people. Why are women’s brains so stupid when it comes to being naked in front of men?

Half way through the stupid questions the vibe took me over the top and I closed my eyes and started cumming. If I could have screamed I would have. It would have been a mixture of embarrassment and pleasure. Why does my body crave embarrassment and humiliation?

Anyway, the 4 judges chose us as the winners and gave us 2 bottles of what was probably very cheap champagne.

The holiday rep thanked everyone and told us that the guided Pub Crawl was over and we could do our own thing. She told us that she and the other reps were going to a club and that we could join them if we wanted to.

Before she left the stage, the rep came over to us and asked us if we were going on the Bike Ride in a couple of days. Clara pushed the ball gag out of her mouth and asked,

“What Bike Ride?”

“The WNBR (World Naked Bike Ride) Magaluf leg,” the Rep said.

Emma’s eyes lit up and I turned to make sure that I was hearing right.

“It’s a Bike Ride from one end of Magaluf to the other and all the riders have to be naked. It happens in just about every big city in the world and we’ve decided to have one here as well. We thought that lots of you young people would be up for it. We’ve reserved 50 bikes and places are going fast.”

“When is it?” Clara asked.

The rep told her then Clara turned to me and asked it that was the day before I went home. When I nodded, Cara turned back to the rep and told her that we’d have 3 places and that she’d sort out the money the next day.

I had mixed feelings about riding a bike, naked, through Magaluf. I’d enjoyed my bike rides with Ryan and the exercise bike in the hotel in London, but naked through the main street of Magaluf with hundreds of people watch; I wasn’t sure.

I didn’t have time to dwell on it for long because Lewis and Dylan led us down from the stage and told us to sit on the front edge of the stage. Lewis then told us to lay back. For some strange reason, when we did, all 3 of us opened our legs wide, it was if we wanted everyone to come up and have a close look at our dripping pussies.

I certainly wasn’t expecting what happened next. Lewis opened one on the bottles of champagne. When I saw him do that I expected him to offer us a drink, but he didn’t; he put his thumb over the top and shook the bottle. What he did next really surprised me even more. He held the bottle to my pussy and as he pulled his thumb off he pushed the neck of the bottle into my pussy.

The champagne erupted into my pussy and gave me one of the strangest feelings that I have ever had; strange, but nice.

Lewis then did the same with Emma and Clara. When he did it to Emma she had an orgasm.

The next thing that Lewis did surprised me as well. He shouted for 9 volunteers.

“What the hell is going on?” I thought.

When he had the 9 (6 young men and 3 girls) he split them in to 3 groups of 3. He then told 1 of each 3 to go behind us and hold our backs to their chests. Each one of them held us by our breasts (nipples in my case).

The other 2 with each of us were instructed to stand outside our legs then lift us up to about their waist height. Naturally each pair held our legs wide apart.

He then told them to carry us all round the bar, letting anyone play with our pussies if they wanted to.

Believe it or not, the girls were worse than the guys. The young men just wanted to finger fuck us, but the girls pulled and twisted our clits as well as finger fucking us hard. One slightly drunk girl fucked me with the bottle of beer that she was drinking. I felt it hit the vibrator that was inside me.

The 3 carrying me even took me outside on to the street and told a passing young man that he could finger fuck me.

God, I really did want to be fucked after that. Towards the end of that tour of the bar the vibe and the excitement got the better of me and I had about my fifth orgasm of the night.

Eventually we were taken back to the stage and put back on our feet. I was knackered. Clara and Emma looked knackered as well. Lewis and Dylan must have seen that as well because they decided that it was time for us to head back to their hotel. They weren’t being that nice to us because they left our wrists tied and the ball gags in our mouths until we got back to Clara and Emma’s room.

It was so good to be back there. After they freed us the first thing that I did was to squeeze the vibe out; right there in front of Lewis and Dylan. Clara needed a bit of help getting the vibe out of her pussy, but Emma managed to free her nipples and clit on her own.

Clara and I went for a shower leaving Emma having her nipples and clit sucked back to life by Dylan and Lewis. When we got out of the shower the 3 of them were all asleep on Emma and Clara’s bed.

“Shit,” Clara said, “I was hoping to get fucked tonight.”

“Will I do?” I said.

“Of course you will, but it’s not the same as a real live cock.”

“I know.” I said and we went next door and flopped onto one of the beds.

We started making out, but we never finished because we both fell asleep.