**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 09 - Back home to Ryan**

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**Leggings**

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I was right about the see-through leggings. Ryan did have me going round the shops looking for some. After just about running out of shops that I knew I found some on a market stall. They were for a 10 year old. The first time that I put them on they were so tight and felt so restrictive.

Ryan took me to the pub that night and he sat opposite me staring at my pussy all the time. The worst thing about them is when Ryan takes me shopping round town on a weekend and takes me up the escalators. He always times it so that a man is right behind me going up. Those men are able to see my bare backside just as well as if I was naked.

Ryan came home from work one night with a pair of black tights that he’d bought for me. I opened them and found that they were very thin and had been made with no seams, gusset, or thicker pants part.

I put them on and quickly realised that they were even more see-through than the leggings. What’s more you could see from a distance that they were see-through. I was pleased when Ryan admitted that I couldn’t go out in public wearing those as leggings without a top long enough to cover at least part of my butt. Needless to say that Ryan looked through my clothes and found a top that just about covers my butt and we’ve gone for a couple of walks with me dressed like that. All it takes is for me to bend over even slightly and my virtually naked butt and pussy become visible.

I don’t like wearing the leggings or tights. They just feel so restrictive. I much prefer the freedom of being knickerless under skirts.

**Slave Girl**

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After I’d told Ryan more about my evening as a slave in Magaluf he asked me to wear the dog collar sometimes. He also bought some proper handcuffs and a proper ball gag. One night after we’d eaten he got me to wear my full Magaluf slave girl outfit, with his extras. It certainly brought good memories back for me, and made Ryan as horny as hell.

We’ve certainly had some good sex when I’ve worn it round the apartment. One evening just before Ryan was due home I put the full outfit on and was stood there when the door opened. It was late when we ate that evening.

Ryan’s told me that if we get invited to a fancy dress party then he was going to take me dressed like that.

I thought that I’d try and kill that idea and told him that we’d (well me) would get arrested because the police in England aren’t as tolerant as they are in Spain. His answer was for me to wear something over the top of it until we got to where the party was.

Another idea that Ryan had for me for a fancy dress party was for me to go as that slave girl Leia out of the star wars movie. That doesn’t sound as embarrassing, although I don’t know how we’ll get round the problem of my lack of tits.

That problem was closer than I imagined. One month later Ryan’s boss had his annual barbeque at his big house and it was a fancy dress one. Fortunately Ryan thought that a naked slave girl was a little too much for his boss so he resorted to plan B – Leia.

I had to trawl round all the fancy dress hire shops for a Leia costume, and a storm trooper costume for him. The fifth fancy dress hire shop had a sci-fi section and I managed to find both costumes. I hired the Leia costume there and then, but had to go back with Ryan to get the storm trooper one.

The Leia costume was designed for a size 10 or 12 girl with ‘B’ or ‘C’ cup breasts, way too big for me, but looking at it I thought that I could adapt it to fit. The bra part wasn’t as difficult to modify as I thought, but the big problem was the cups. They were made of spiralling plastic bars in a cone shape with a cap inside the tip to cover the nipples and areolas. There was a gap in between the spiral that had a pink lining. Ryan got me to take that out. If I’d been a ‘B’ cup a spiral of flesh would have been visible, but my tiny tits were totally lost in those cone shaped spirals. In fact anyone who looked closely could see straight in to my nipples. The straps of the top were made of springy plastic so they just ‘hung’ on me.

The bottoms presented another problem. The material was way too long and there was no way that I was going to cut it. What I did instead was to find a couple of purple scarfs in the local market. They were only 10 inches wide and a little see through, as they would be bunched up a bit I didn’t think that I’d have a problem. The sides of the bottoms were also made of springy plastic that just went round me, the springy part holding them in place. The thing about them was that because I am so small they sat very low on me. The front part only just covered the top of my slit.

If anyone had just gently pulled the top or the bottoms they would have come right off me.

As I’m sure you will know, the Leia bottoms are designed to be worn with nothing underneath and Ryan said that I wasn’t going to be an exception. He also told me to cut the scarf that was going to be on the front down to just 5 inches. I told him that I thought that 5 inches would mean that my pubes would be showing a lot but Ryan said that because I shave it wouldn’t matter.

I felt sooo naked when we went to that party. Most of Ryan’s colleagues stared at my nipples through the bra, and I caught a few of them standing beside me trying to look under the material at the front. Perhaps some of them did see my pussy. None of them said that they did, but there again what man would admit to it if they had.

Oh, Ryan looked good, and stupid as a storm trooper. He kept complaining that he was too hot whereas I was almost naked and not very warm.

**The other Parties**

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Talking of parties, some of Ryan’s work mates seem to be taking it in turns to have a party. We’ve been to 2 so far, and we’ve had one at our place as well. Fortunately they’re not fancy dress parties but that didn’t mean that I wore lots of ‘decent’ clothes. Ryan has this ability to persuade me to go out wearing next to nothing. If he wants me to wear something that could easily get me arrested he teases me to get me so sexually frustrated that I will agree to anything in the hope that he’ll let me cum quite soon.

**First Party**

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Before the first one Ryan woke me up in the nicest possible way and continued to fuck me until I’d cum 3 times. Then he had me wear one of the remote control vibes all day with just a micro skirt and halter top. He teased me continually while we were at home and out shopping but he wouldn’t let me cum. If he’d told me to drop my skirt and rip my top off in the supermarket and fuck the nearest man then I would have done, I was sooo desperate for a cock to fuck me and make me cum.

We finally got to the party with me still desperate for his cock. I was clinging to him as we chatted to people and he kept calling me his ‘horny little slut’. Technically he was right about the first part, the second part is correct; but the third part was wrong, I only wanted him.

Ryan had let me take the vibe out just before we got there, but he’d got me to wear my 3 barbells, stirrups and chains. The ones in my nipples were slightly visible through my top, and whenever I bent forwards anyone in front of me could see them.

The chain hanging from my clit hood was showing below my skirt and whenever anyone mentioned it Ryan got me to lift the front of my skirt to show whoever the whole thing. I was that horny that I just lifted up my skirt up. I suppose the alcohol helped as well.

Ryan left me talking to some girls while he got talking about a work problem with some of his mates. We girls got talking about clothes and short skirts. One of the girls (Karen) couldn’t understand how I could wear a skirt so short without any knickers.

My response was to bet Karen that I could get her to be bottomless or perhaps even totally naked, in that room, within 1 hour. All she had to agree to do was to put a little dildo in her pussy and pretend that it wasn’t there.

One of the other girls there (Emma) knew that I meant a remote controlled vibrator and backed me up with the bet. Karen looked confident and I agreed when she said that both Emma and I had to get naked if we lost.

I went and got the vibe out of Ryan’s pocket and Karen, Emma and I went to the toilet. After we’d all had a pee, I gave Karen the ‘dildo’ and challenged her again.

“Easy,” she said, “that’s not much of a dildo; I won’t even feel that little thing.”

As she started to pull her thong back up Emma told her to put it in her bag instead.

“No problem,” Karen said, “I’m looking forward to seeing you 2 completely naked with all those men looking at you.”

We went back to the main room and split up with me going back to Ryan. I whispered to him telling him what was going on and his hand went into his pocket to the control.

Karen was talking to a man that she and Ryan work with when the vibe started. You should have seen her jump. Her face was a picture of shock, amazement, pleasure and pain. It took a couple of seconds for her to realise what had happened, and what was still happening.

Now Ryan has had lots of practice taking me to the edge then backing off, and he used all those skills on Karen. The poor girl got redder and redder. The man near her just couldn’t understand what was going on.

Shortly after Ryan started working on Karen, I went and stood next to Emma. Whenever she looked at us we just put our hands in the air to show her that we were doing nothing – and smiled.

Karen was so consumed with what was happening to her that she ignored the concern from the man next to her. Emma went over, pulled him to one side and explained what was happening. With a big grin on his face he stood back and watched Karen.

Ryan was on top form and after about 30 minutes of torture Karen looked desperate to cum. She kept looking at the crotch of every man in the room.

Emma went over to Karen and whispered,

“Get naked and you can cum.”

“Noooooo.” Karen said.

“Okay then.” Emma said and walked back to me.

Ten minutes later Karen’s hand went to the zip on her skirt. Her hand was shaking as she tried to unfasten the hook and zip. All the time she was moving her weight from one leg to another.

Eventually, Karen’s skirt hit the floor leaving her bottomless and anyone in the room who hadn’t noticed her suffering was now staring at her.

“Pleeeeease!” Karen mouthed at Emma and I.

Emma shook her head sideways and pretended to take her top off to tell Karen to take hers off.

After the next quick blast from Ryan, Karen took her top off. She wasn’t wearing a bra so she was now naked apart from her shoes. She was stood there, shaking, tits wobbling and with juices running down the insides of her legs as her audience cheered her on.

“Pleeeeease!” Karen shouted this time.

I looked over to Ryan and nodded my head.

The vibe obviously went up to full and stayed there because Karen went,

“Arrrrrgh, fuck, shit, oooooow, aaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!”

He body was covered in sweat and her juices and she was having convulsions. Ryan kept her on a high for ages and at one point I thought that she might collapse or have an epileptic type fit.

Her audience was mesmerised.

Eventually Ryan must have decided that she’d had enough and switched the vibe off. As she calmed down Emma and I went and held an arm each and led her to the sofa. Telling a couple of men to get up, we sat Karen down so that she could relax. She sat with her legs wide open, not caring who could see what.

Someone brought her a drink of water and about 5 minutes later she looked up at Emma and I and said,

“You fucking bastards, you fucking, wonderful, bastards.”

After another 5 minutes she told us that she needed a shower and asked us to help her up.

Karen went off to get a shower, forgetting to collect her clothes as she went.

Ryan came over to Emma and I and I reminded him that he still hadn’t made me cum and that watching Karen had made me more desperate.

“Okay, Ryan said, “get naked and I’ll make you cum.”

“What, here, in front of all these people.” I asked.

“Yeah why not? Karen’s just stripped and came in front of everyone so you can as well.”

I just stood there not knowing what to do. I really didn’t want to take my clothes off right there, but at the same time I did need to cum. Ryan had kept me on the brink for most of the day.

In the end I didn’t need to make a decision, Ryan made it for me; he undid my top and let it drop to the floor. The couple stood close to us just stared as my minute tits and jewellery became visible for all to see. I just stood there as Ryan unfastened my skirt and let that drop too.

I sort of came to my senses and put one arm across my nipples and the other hand to my bald pubes.

“Don’t be shy TT.” Ryan said; “put your hands down and act normally.”

“Please Ryan,” I said, “Please make me cum so that I can get dressed again.”

“All in good time my love.” Ryan said.

The bugger then started talking to the couple next to us leaving me just standing there with the man, and goodness knows how many others, staring at me.

I felt my nipples get harder and my pussy get even wetter as all those men (and a few women) were staring at me. I didn’t know whether to run or finger myself right there. While I was making up my mind Emma said,

“I like the jewellery Tanya.”

“Err, thank you Emma.” I replied.

“Hey, relax Tanya. Unless your man is going to fuck you right here and now you’ve nothing to worry about.” Emma said.

“He might just do that. It’s not the first time he’s fucked me in public.” I said.

“Wow! Lucky you! Emma said.

Emma started telling me about the time when she got fucked with a dildo by Karen on a bench in a shopping centre when Karen came back into the room. She was still naked and had a big rosy grin on her face. She came over to us and held out her open hand with the vibe on it.

“That was a cruel trick you pulled on me, but I’m glad that you did it, where did you get that thing from, and how did you control it?”

By that time Ryan had turned to get a better look at his work colleague’s naked body. His hand went into his pocket and he pulled out the remote control. With a big grin on his face he said,

“Do you want to get your revenge?” Ryan asked.

Karen’s naked smile got bigger and her hand closed.

“Turn round and bend over TT.” Ryan said.

I looked at Karen, then at Ryan and said,

“No. I can’t!”

“Yes you can Tanya,” Ryan said, “Do it!”

I resigned myself to a similar fate to Karen and turned and bent at the waist.

“Open those legs girl.” Karen said.

When I did, Karen let me stay like that for ages and I was getting more and more embarrassed as I thought about all those people looking at my spread, very wet pussy with the chain dangling from it.

All those eyes were burning my pussy and it was lubricating more and more to put out that fire.

Eventually I felt Karen’s fingers probe my pussy and then the vibe sliding in.

Someone’s hand was on my back keeping me bent over. Finally the hand lifted and I stood up just as Ryan passed the remote control to Karen. She switched it on and even though I watched her do it I was still shocked when it started up. I gasped and shook all over. I felt my nipple chains bounce.

Karen turned the vibe up to full blast and within seconds I had convulsions and completely lost it. My legs gave way and down I went. The thing was, I was stood near a sofa with people on it and I collapsed onto them. Lying along their laps I was shaking and moaning as I had one orgasm after another after another. My whole day’s sexual frustration was coming out of me in one mind-blowing session

When the orgasmic waves started to recede I managed to open my eyes and see the faces of the people (2 men and 2 women) I was lying on. All had smiles on their faces. As soon as I was capable I said that I was sorry to them all, but one man said,

“The pleasure was all mine.”

“I really don’t think so.” I said as I rolled off them onto the floor.

I stood up and looked round the room for Ryan. Just about everyone was looking at me. I got sooo embarrassed again. When I saw Ryan he was just grinning. Our eyes met and he put out his hand for me. He pulled me to him and gave me a big hug and a long passionate kiss. I forgot my embarrassment.

“Worth the wait was it?” Ryan asked.

“Yes and no.” I replied. “Yes because I had REALLY good orgasms, but no because there was so many people watching me. It’s embarrassing and humiliating.”

“Yes, but that’s what makes it so good.” Ryan said.

What could I say; I knew that he was right.

“Can I get dressed now please?” I asked Ryan.

“Not yet my darling; I want people to see that you’re proud of yourself.” Ryan said.

“I’m not.” I said, “I’m embarrassed. It’s so humiliating cumming in front of strangers.”

“But it makes your orgasms so much better.” Ryan said.

Ryan wouldn’t let me get dressed for about an hour. What’s more, he introduced me to all the people that we hadn’t got round to talking to by then. I had to stand there naked making small talk as they stared at me. Just about all of them wanted to talk about my jewellery and I got fed-up with telling people why I’d had the piercings and what it was like having the chains bouncing about. One cheeky man even got hold of the chain hanging from my right nipple and gave it a couple of gentle tugs. If they hadn’t already been rock hard those tugs would have made them hard.

About half way through that hour Ryan switched the vibe onto low and my AF started to rise. By the time Ryan let me get dressed I wanted Ryan to fuck me. I had to wait until we were on the bus going home.

On the way home from the party Ryan confirmed what I’d guessed about Karen, she’s a lesbian. Emma is Karen’s live-in girlfriend and an orthopaedic nurse. She works for an agency and is called in as and when needed.

**Second Party**

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The second party wasn’t so ‘pleasurable’, although I did end up naked again. It started off quite quietly with people just drinking, talking and dancing. Then someone suggested playing some party games. Quite a few of us had met up in a pub before going to the party and most of us were quite happy.

I was wearing a mini dress that night and in the pub I’d caught a couple of the guys looking up my dress. I’d told Ryan about it and he’d told me to ignore it. He told me that it was ‘natural instinct’ for men to try to look up girls skirts, particularly if they were on cute young women. He said that I was in that category so I should be happy.

I was, not because of the 2 guys, because of Ryan’s complements.

Anyway, at the party the games started with the boring ones, passing something from chin to chin and the likes. The games got a bit embarrassing when balloons had to be passed between peoples legs. Needless to say that the guys had to help the girls pull their skirts up a bit (any excuse).

I just knew what would happen when someone produced a Twister board. I told Ryan that I didn’t want to play but he told me not to be a prude and to get on with it.

The inevitable happened and I ended up with my dress up around my chest, letting everyone see that I wasn’t wearing any knickers. In a way I didn’t feel too bad because 2 other girls were going commando as well.

Somehow all 3 of us commando girls got through to the next round and only lost in the final. By that time our bald pussies had been seen by everyone there.

After that game we split into teams of girls vs. boys and we all had a series of team challenges. Most were boring, but handstands and headstands were some of the challenges. All the girls that were wearing knickers showed them to everyone as they attempted to stand on their hands and heads. There were big cheers as the other 2 commando girls did their headstands and handstands. One of the commando girls spread her legs wide and got lots of cheers and applause.

I’d deliberately kept to the back of the room hoping that I’d somehow get over-looked, but it wasn’t to be. Someone called my name and I had to go to the front and stand on my head. I’ve always been quite good at it but I’d never done a headstand (or a handstand) at a party before, never when I’d been wearing only a loose fitting dress and never when I was half drunk.

Anyway, I knew that I had to do it, and I knew what would happen; and it did. My dress slid down to round my neck leaving me naked from the neck down (up).

Everyone cheered at my exposure as I just stood there on my head with my legs firmly together. Ryan came over to me and told everyone that I could stay like that for ages and that I could move my legs all around without falling over. Of course everyone wanted me to show them that I could do it.

Ryan got down on the floor and told me to show them; for him. He just knew that I can’t refuse a request from him, so I did. First I lowered my legs forwards. I knew that my pussy would be showing but Ryan wanted me to do it.

Then I spread my legs wide. People probably thought that my red face was because of the blood running to my head but it was partially embarrassment. I knew that my pussy was all wet and that everyone would know that I was aroused. I didn’t want to be but I just couldn’t help it.

After about 5 minutes I’d had enough and I got back onto my feet and my dress fell back into place.

I started to feel better but someone told me that I still had to do a handstand.

“Shit!” I said to Ryan.

“Go on TT, I know that you can do it.” Ryan said.

It wasn’t the handstand that worried me it was that I knew that my dress would end up on the floor round my hands. I didn’t want to be naked again, but I knew that I had to do it.

The inevitable happened and as I moved my hands to keep my balance I walked right out of the dress. What’s more I saw someone pick it up.

“Open your legs!” Someone shouted.

I knew that I’d have to do it sometime so I figured the sooner that I did it the sooner that I’d be back on my feet and back in my dress. I opened my legs wide letting everyone get a closer look at my wet, swollen, open pussy.

The cheers got louder but some of the audience got too close, knocked my leg and I fell over.

Ryan got to me and helped me up, but we couldn’t find my dress. I had to stay naked for ages as Ryan kept telling me that it would turn up.

Ryan and I became more popular and people kept bringing us drinks so that they could get a close look at me. It was a good job that the alcohol was numbing my embarrassment.

As people started to leave I started getting a bit worried about how I was going to get home without any clothes. A woman coming out of the bedroom, where all the coats were, had my dress in her hand and she told me that she found it under her coat.

**Third Party**

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The third party was at our place. When Ryan told me he asked me to be the perfect host. Of course I agreed, but then he told me that the perfect host would be his Magaluf naked slave girl. I froze and my jaw dropped.

After a few seconds I said,

“You mean that you want me to be completely naked all the time.”

“No,” Ryan said, “my slave wears a dog collar and lead. She would wear her handcuffs but you can’t serve drinks wearing those.”

“Are you serious?” I asked.

Ryan nodded and I knew that he meant it. I also knew that I’d do it. I didn’t want to, but I’d do it, for him.

I was nervous as hell as we got everything ready. About an hour before we were expecting the first guests Ryan told me to go and take a shower. I was just about finished when he came in and fucked me hard before telling me to get dried and dressed (ha!).

When the first guests arrived they just stood and stared at me for a few seconds before coming in.

“I didn’t know that it was fancy dress.” The woman said.

“It’s not.” Ryan said, “I just wanted to have the perfect host for us.”

“Well, she’s definitely perfect.” The man said.

That made me feel a little better, but I was still embarrassed and nervous. As I got them a drink I had one myself. By the time 4 couples had arrived I was starting to relax. That was until I opened our door and saw our neighbours, John and Sandra. I just stood there with my mouth open.

“Hi, come in,” Ryan said, “darling, I invited our neighbours. It seemed wrong not to.”

“Of course,” I said, “what can I get you to drink?”

Sandra grabbed my arm and led me to the kitchen. As we were getting the drinks she said,

“Well Tanya, I’ve seen you go out quite a few times wearing risqué outfits, and I’ve followed you up the stairs a few times and seen what you don’t wear under your skirts; but I never expected this. Are you some sort of submissive Tanya?”

“No, no, I love Ryan and I’ll do anything for him. It’s just that he likes to embarrass me by showing me to people. It’s harmless fun. It’s not like he hurts me or anything. He loves me, and the sex afterwards is out of this world. Besides, I enjoy it as well.”

“It’s a good job. I could never live with myself if my neighbour was a wife-beater.” Sandra said.

“Ryan has NEVER hit me and he NEVER would. Well, that’s excluding him spanking my bottom a few times.” I said.

Sandra smiled and said,

“I’m sorry Tanya, but I had to ask. You know, John used to spank me sometimes when I’d been bad, on my bare butt too.”

“That’s okay Sandra, and thank you for caring.”

“The sex after a spanking was great too.” Sandra added.

We finished getting the drinks and went out to the rest of the people. John started telling me how good I looked but I never heard much of it. I was thinking about what I’d just said to Sandra. I’d admitted that I liked Ryan showing my naked body to people. Did that mean that I really am an exhibitionist? No it couldn’t mean that. After all, I only agree to do it for Ryan, not for me.

The doorbell brought me back to earth and I went and let some more people in. It was Karen and Emma.

“Wow Tanya!” Emma said, “Are you trying to upstage us before we even arrive?”

“No, no,” I said, “It’s Ryan, he wanted a naked slave girl to be the host and guess what?”

“Well you certainly play the part well Tanya.” Karen said.

The party got going well with people sitting on the few chairs that we have, and on the floor. I threw myself into getting drinks for people in the hope that I would stop being so embarrassed. It didn’t work. My mouth and pussy had been dry at the start of the party, probably because of my nerves. I’d solved my dry mouth problem with a few drinks but my pussy was getting a bit wet.

After a while of serving drinks Emma (who was sat on the sofa) asked me if I was enjoying being naked in front of all the people. I said that I wasn’t and Emma told me that I was.

“I am not!” I said.

“Your pussy tells me that you are.” Emma said.

I hadn’t thought about it before, but with Emma (and others) being sat on the sofa, their eyes were at my pussies level. I looked down to my pussy and realised that it was quite wet and shiny. What’s more, my vulva was all swollen.

I hurried back to the kitchen. As I stood there I started thinking about my pussy. I was getting horny, my AF was rising. I tried to take my mind off it by taking more drinks out to people, but as I stood in front of the people sat on the floor I got hornier and wetter as I realised that they were actually looking up at my pussy.

Why was my body betraying me? Again! I had to have another drink.

The party went on as most parties do; and there was no sex, well not that I saw; although I couldn’t stop thinking about it. We did play a few party games but my embarrassment was pushed to one side by the alcohol. At one point Ryan had to tell me to ease up on the booze. I do remember Emma being naked at one point. Next day Ryan told me that we’d played truth or dare and that Emma had been dared to get naked. Then Karen had borrowed one of the remote vibes and used it on Emma to make her cum in front of everyone.

Before I knew it the party was over and I was in bed with Ryan pleading for him to fuck me.

The next morning I woke up before Ryan and crawled (still naked and still wearing the dog collar) through to the kitchen to put the coffee on. As I came out of the kitchen to go and have a pee I realised that there were bare legs hanging off both end of the sofa.

WTF I thought and went over to see who it was. I lifted the blanket and saw Karen and Emma. Both were naked, and both had their heads near the other’s pussy. They looked like they’d been eating each other as a late supper and fallen asleep.

I covered them up and went for the pee.

I took a cup of coffee back to bed and drank it before falling back to sleep.

When I woke up again I could smell bacon cooking. I turned over and Ryan wasn’t there. I found him in the kitchen (wearing just his boxers) with a naked Emma, getting us some breakfast.

“I wasn’t dreaming then!” I said.

Karen crept up behind me and made me jump when she said,

“No, Ryan told us that we could crash here last night. I hope you don’t mind. I assume that it was you lifting the blanket earlier and not that perv of a boyfriend of yours.”

“Hey, stop calling me a perv. I wasn’t the one stripping off and trying to get everyone else to strip as well.” Ryan said.

“Did I really do that? Wow! It was a good night.” Karen said.

“Err, are you guys okay being naked with Ryan here?” I asked.

“Yeah, of course, Ryan knows that were not available to him, we’ve joked about it enough at work; besides, he’s crazy about you, you should hear him going on about you at work. He thinks that the sun shines out of your arse; well your pussy. We’re not embarrassed if he’s not. Isn’t that right Emma?” Karen said.

“Yeah Karen; even if his cock is as big as it looks through those boxers, I don’t want it.” Emma replied.

Emma and Ryan finished cooking the breakfast and the 4 of us (3 naked girls and Ryan wearing only his boxers) sat round the table eating and talking.

Karen and Emma are quite nice people really. When they found out that I didn’t have a full time job Emma told us that she only worked a couple of days a week and that we should get together sometime.

I asked Emma where she worked and she told us that she usually worked in the broken limbs department at the local hospital, plastering people up.

“Do you mean putting broken arms and legs in plaster?” I asked.

“Yes, mostly arms and legs.” Emma said.

“Think what it would be like to break both your arms and both your legs.” Karen said.

“One poor teenage girl did just that the other week. We sent her home wearing nothing but 4 heavy Plaster of Paris lumps. The poor kid would have to have everything done for her for a couple of months; and I mean everything.” Emma said.

“I’d like to try that sometime; just for a few hours.” I said, “Think what it would be like to have someone doing everything for you.”

“Careful what you wish for Tanya, I could easily arrange it for you.” Emma replied. “The nursing school are always looking for volunteers for the new recruits to practice on.”

“Hey, do you guys know that there’s a man with a telescope in that block over there?” Karen suddenly said as she looked out of the window.

“It’s alright, he can’t see anything.” I said.

“I think that he can.” Karen said as she got up and went to the window and waved.

“Look, he’s waving back.” Karen said.

“Ryan, you told me that he couldn’t see us.” I said sounding annoyed.

“Well, it’s too late now. No point in changing our habits, he must have seen us dozens of times by now.” Ryan said.

“But he’s probably watched us fucking all over the place, even on this table.” I replied.

“Yew!” Emma said.

“He couldn’t have been that upset if he’s still looking at us; and we’re still alive so it hasn’t done us any harm, has it.”

“Well no, but that’s not the point. I don’t like people seeing me naked, never mind fucking. We’ll have to get some curtains.” I said.

Karen laughed,

“What do you mean you don’t like people seeing you naked, you were naked all last night with dozens of people getting a close-up of your pussy; and you were certainly enjoying being looked at.”

“No I wasn’t.” I said.

“That’s not what you’re pussy was saying last night girl. You looked like you were going to cream yourself any second.” Karen said.

I blushed as I vaguely remembered realising how wet my pussy was during the party. Why the hell do I get so aroused when I’m naked in public? Why can’t my body listen to my brain?

“Anyway loves young dream, Emma and I have things to do today; any chance of a quick shower before we leave?” Karen asked.

“Yes, of course,” Ryan said, “you know where it is; I’ll get you some fresh towels.”

Karen and Emma went off to the bathroom and a few minutes later I heard them giggling a bit.

“They’re quite nice those 2 aren’t they?” I said to Ryan who sort of grunted. What are we going to do about mister perv, as Karen called him, over the road? I don’t want him watching me while I haven’t got any clothes on.”

“Why not? It hasn’t been a problem for the last umpteen months so why should it be a problem now?” Ryan asked. “Just ignore him like you have been doing.”

“Well okay, but I’ll keep thinking about him and looking to see if he’s looking. When I see him I’ll get embarrassed.” I said.

“You meant that you’ll get turned on knowing that he’s looking.” Ryan said.

“No I won’t.”

“Yes you will.”

“No I won’t.”

“Yes you will. Come on TT admit it; you’ll enjoy it.”

With that Ryan took me over to the window and stood me right in front of it. The man was there looking though his telescope. Ryan stood behind me and put his hands on my little tits. As he squeezed my nipples I got a wet rush. Ryan kissed my neck and hugged me from behind. I tried to turn round to face him but he held me firm. He obviously wanted mister perv to watch my front.

“I bet that you’re getting wet and all tingly aren’t you?”

I didn’t answer him and after a few seconds his right hand slid down my front to my pussy. His index finger parted my lips and slid straight into me.

“Told you. You’re red hot, all swollen and wet enough to drown someone. I’ll have to take care of that when those 2 have gone.”

Ryan left me standing there as he started clearing the table. Half of me was saying run and hide, but the other half was telling me to masturbate for the man, right there in front of the window.

I did neither because Karen and Emma came out of the bathroom just then. Karen asked,

“Has either of you 2 seen our clothes?”

“Look under the sofa.” Ryan shouted.

They got dressed and as they left Karen said,

“Remember to put on a good show for mister perv.”

Ryan had finished clearing the table and he took me over to it and bent me over it.

Guess what he did before we started to clean the place up?

A couple of days later Ryan came home from work and told me that everyone had really enjoyed my party outfit and that they’d all agreed that at the start of each future party there would be a quick splitting of a pack of cards to pick the lucky person who would have to get naked and spend the whole party naked.

My first thought was to hope that it wouldn’t be me again. My second thought was to hope that it would be one of the men. I looked forward to seeing one of the men embarrassed with a hard-on all night. Ryan told me that one of the guys had renamed the parties as the OON Parties. OON being Only One Naked.

There’s another party coming up in a few weeks. I wonder how that will go.

**Ryan invites his friends round**

**-----------------------------------**

After the party at our place Ryan told me that he wanted to invite a couple of his mates round for a few beers, watching football on the television and electronic games. I told him that it was okay with me; in fact it was good that he was making new friends – not that I didn’t want him to myself; but I realise the importance of friends.

That was when Ryan dropped the bombshell. He told me that he wanted me to be the same type of host that I’d been at our party.

“Fucking hell Ryan; you want me to serve the food and drink whist NAKED! You’re kidding me right? It’s one thing being the only one naked when there are lots of people, male and female; but it’s different when there are only 3 or 4 MEN. What if things get out of hand and they want to have sex with me, do you want them to rape me?”

“No, no, it would never get to that. I just thought that it would be quite nice for them to look at your gorgeous body.” Ryan replied.

“But it would be humiliating for me.” I said.

“Hey, you managed okay at the party, in fact you enjoyed it.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Your pussy said otherwise; and you were as horny as hell in bed afterwards.”

“But what if one of then tries to kiss me or touch me up or even fuck me?”

“Do you want them to fuck you?”

“NO! You know that I only want you.”

“But you get so horny when other people see you without your clothes on. Are you sure that you don’t want other men to fuck you?”

“NO, NO! I can’t help what my body does, just like you can’t control when you get a hard-on. Just because my pussy gets wet doesn’t mean that I want someone other than you to fuck me.”

“Wet! You get so wet that I think you might drown me; and you sometimes cum when you’re naked in front of others too; and by the noises you make you are certainly enjoying it.”

“I know, I know. I can’t help it; it just happens. Of course I enjoy cumming; just like you do; but I only want to be fucked by you my love. And by the look of that, you want to fuck me now.”

I went up to Ryan and hugged him; his hard-on pressing against my stomach. I just hoped that he didn’t remind me of Magaluf. I really did want those hunks to fuck me; and Ryan knew it too.

“Hey, I only want what you want TT. If any of them try to do anything that you aren’t happy about, tell me and they’ll be out of the door before you can say ‘Tiny Tits’.

Ryan had done it again, he’d talked me into exposing myself - again.

“Can I think about it?”

“Okay, you’ve got the 3 seconds that it will take for you to bend over the dining table.”

Ryan rammed his hard cock into my pussy from behind. I gasped and said,

“Okay, okay, I’ll do it.”

Ryan leaned over me and put his arms round my chest. He then lifted me up and held my back against his chest, then walked over to the window with my pussy impaled on his cock and my feet dangling in the air.

My face was almost touching the glass when Ryan said,

“Can you see mister perv?”

“What! Shit, is that dirty old bastard looking again? Get me away from here.”

“He’s probably there; let’s give him a good show.”

Ryan held me up with one arm and used his other hand to play with my clit. Neither of us lasted long and we came just about together.

After we’d both cum Ryan said,

“You’ll do it then.”

“When do I ever let you down?”

“That’s my girl, come and sit on my cock while we watch the news on the television.”

That was how I got talked into it. When it came to the first time that they came over I was as nervous as hell. Ryan put the dog collar on me just before they arrived and I was in the kitchen getting the snacks ready when the doorbell went.

Ryan let Pete and Mike in and brought them into the kitchen to say hello. My hands automatically went to cover my pussy and little tits.

I turned and saw them and we just stared at each other. I wanted to run to the bedroom and hide but Ryan came and held my hand and asked me if I remembered them.

“Of course, hi Pete, hi Mike.” I said.

“Hi Tanya,” Mike said. “You always wear the nicest of outfits.”

“I half expected that you were into candaulism Ryan.” Pete said.

“Into what?” Ryan said.

“Candaulism; It’s when a man exposes his wife or partner to other men.”

“I wouldn’t say that, Tanya does it because she wants to, and she enjoys it.” Ryan said.

“Don’t listen to Ryan,” I said, “I’m only doing this because Ryan wants me to. I’m finding the whole experience very embarrassing.” I said.

“Whatever the reason;” Mike said, “I’m enjoying it.”

“And I’m certainly not complaining.” Pete said.

“Can I get anyone a beer?” I said, trying to distract them from staring at me.

I have to say, when Mike and Pete were staring at me I did get a little wet rush; but I guess that any woman would.

The guys went and got on with their electronic games with both Mike and Pete staring at me as much as they could. Ryan seemed to be winning all the games; maybe Ryan wanted me to be naked to distract Mike and Pete. I kept them supplied with drinks and snacks and got a little less uncomfortable, but still embarrassed. Every time that I was stood directly in front of Mike or Pete I could feel my face burning – and my pussy getting wetter.

Anyway, their staring was taking its toll on my pussy. After about an hour I was quite wet, and my AF was rising. I tried going into the kitchen or bedroom to take my mind off their staring, but my mind kept going back to their eyes glued to my pussy.

I was in the bedroom one time when Ryan came in. He’d been for a pee and came in to check on me. He kissed me and thanked me for making him happy. Then he put his hand on my pussy. His middle finger easily slid inside me.

“I don’t know why I’m thanking you; you’re getting more out of this than me.” He said as his finger went further inside me.

“It’s embarrassing.” I said.

“And that’s part of what makes it so pleasurable my love.” Ryan said as he pulled his finger out. “We’re going to watch the match now; can you keep us topped up please?”

As Ryan pulled away from me I put my hand on his crotch. He was hard so I said,

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you?”

“Of course, just you wait until they’ve gone.” Ryan said.

A little later I went and got them more beers and snacks. I couldn’t think of anything else to do in the kitchen or bedroom so I sat on the only available chair and watched the game.

The chair was quite close to the television and I was watching at a funny angle – not that I found the game very interesting. I kept glancing over to the 3 guys. Ryan was fully focused on the game, but both Mike and Pete kept looking at me. Our eyes met a couple of times and we smiled then their eyes went back to the game.

I suddenly realised that I had un-crossed my legs; what’s more my knees were apart. What was wrong with me? How could I do something so stupid? I quickly crossed my legs again, but as I did so I felt my wet inner thighs come together. Blood hell, I was soaking wet.

I had to get out of there so I got up and went to the bathroom to dry myself. After that, instead of going to the bedroom to cool off, I went straight back to the lounge and sat in the same chair, and for some strange reason I didn’t cross my legs.

At least my inner thighs were dry. If (when) Mike of Pete looked they wouldn’t be able to tell that I was aroused. I glanced down to my pussy; shit, my clit was sticking out further than normal. I squeezed my thighs together, but that made it worse, I was getting wet again and my clit was starting to throb.

I thought that if I close my eyes and think of anything but sex then I would calm down; but my mind just kept thinking about Mike and Pete looking at my pussy.

About 5 minutes later I just knew that I was going to cum. I stood up and nearly ran to the bathroom. As soon as I got there my hand went straight to my pussy and within seconds I was cumming; but I did manage to keep reasonably quiet.

When I calmed down I cleaned myself up ready to go back out. My nipples were rock hard, so was my clit, and my lips were swollen. Hoping that none of them would be able to tell that I’d just had an orgasm, I calmly walked back out and asked the boys if they wanted another beer.

I sat down again and didn’t close my legs. It was if I just didn’t care anymore. I put my head back, closed my eyes and relaxed. I started dreaming of the good times I’d had in Magaluf. I remembered the naked bike ride, being naked on the beach when everyone else around me was wearing clothes, the mechanical bull, and those hunks in the erotic dancing club. Oh, oh those cocks! I suddenly realised that I’d been dreaming about the wrong things; I was getting aroused again.

I opened my eyes, and sure enough, Pete’s eyes were glued to my pussy. I had another wet rush.

I had to escape again. Just as I stood up Ryan asked me to get them another beer. Why didn’t I buy bigger bottles? When I was handing the bottles to the boys I had to stand right in front of them. Pete had a big grin on his face and I realised that he must be able to see my wet thighs and protruding, swollen clit.

I had another wet rush.

Mike was just as bad and I quickly moved on to Ryan who put his hand on mine, keeping me from moving away.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you TT?”

I said nothing.

With his other hand Ryan reached out and touched my clit. I gasped then said,

“Stop it Ryan, you’ll embarrass Mike and Pete.”

“No he won’t.” Pete said.

“Well he’ll embarrass me.” I said; hoping that Ryan would leave my pussy alone.

He didn’t. What he did do was to squeeze my clit.

Instinctively I opened my legs a bit to give him better access. Within seconds I was cumming with Mike and Pete sat there watching and listening. Ryan kept playing with my clit and kept me cumming for ages. My whole body was convulsing, and how I stayed on my feet I will never know; but I did.

As the waves subsided I looked at Mike and Pete and felt so humiliated. I wanted to run but Ryan held onto my hand until I stopped trying to pull away. He pulled me down onto his lap and I had to sit there looking at Pete and Mike who still had big grins on their faces.

Thankfully the match ended soon and Mike and Pete said that they had to leave. When we stood up I looked at Ryan’s jeans; they had a big wet patch where my pussy had been.

As Mike and Pete set off down the stairs I heard Mike say,

“FIH, Ryan’s a lucky bastard. I wish that I had a girlfriend who will walk around in the nudie and let me make her cum in front of my friends.”

“Me too.” Pete said.

As I shut the door Ryan grabbed me and fucked me up against the inside of the front door.

A couple of weeks later Ryan told me that he’s invited another 2 of his mates, Dave and James, over for another games night. When he told me I managed to get him to promise that he wouldn’t finger me in front of them. He didn’t say anything about me being naked while they were there so just before they were due to arrive I started to put a dress on.

“What are you doing?” Ryan said.

“Getting ready for Dave and James.” I replied.

“But you’re supposed to be naked again.”

“Oh no, please don’t ask me to do that again. It was soo humiliating when you made me cum with them watching.”

“Relax TT; I’ve already promised not to finger you, in fact I’ll promise not to even touch you.”

“Do I have to?”

“Please Tanya, for me.” Ryan said in his cute pleading voice.

“Oh okay, but keep your hands to yourself.”

“Thank you TT, I’ll make it up to you afterwards.”

“You better had.”

“Oh, can you wear your nipple and clit jewellery instead of the dog collar please?”

I wasn’t keen on that as I knew that they would attract eyes to them, but if it meant that Ryan would keep his hands off me whilst they were there then it was okay with me.

When I heard the doorbell ring Ryan came over to me and said,

“Just a minute TT; there’s one more thing that I have to do before you open that door.”

He gently pushed me down onto the sofa and opened my legs wide. Before I realised it he had pushed one of the remote vibes up my pussy. Thankfully it wasn’t switched on and I rushed to the door.

Opening it and feeling embarrassed, Dave said,

“It’s true then; hi Tanya, you look ravishing. I like the chains.”

James brought one of his hands from behind his back to reveal a big bottle of my favourite wine.

“Just for my favourite nudist.” James said.

A smile came to my face and I thought that perhaps the evening wouldn’t be so bad.

“I’m not a nudist.” I said.

“You certainly look like a beautiful nudist to me.” James said.

I blushed and got embarrassed again.

“Come on in guys.” Ryan said from behind me.

The evening started very much the same as the one with Mike and Pete, except that I was drinking some very nice wine. As the evening settled into a pattern I could have gone into the bathroom and squeezed the vibe out but I didn’t; why I didn’t I will never know because I just knew what Ryan was going to do to me. What was I thinking?

Before long I’d forgotten about my embarrassment; and the dormant vibe in my pussy.

After getting the guys about their fourth beer I suddenly jumped and gasped. Then I giggled as I realised that Ryan had switched the vibe on, on low. Both James and Dave looked over to me for a second before getting back to their game.

I got the guys some more beers and lined them up with the ones that they still had; then sat on the chair opposite them. The wine (and the vibe on low) had relaxed me and I sat lazily on the front edge of the chair without crossing my legs.

Ryan looked over to me, smiled and winked at me. Then his hand went into his pocket and I felt the vibe increase. I giggled and closed my eyes. I was feeling happy. I knew what was going to happen and I didn’t care that Dave and James were there.

My legs opened, my hand found its way to my pussy and a started frigging. My eyes may have been shut but I just knew that all 3 of them were watching me; and I didn’t care. All I wanted was to cum. And I did. Just as I did I felt the vibe increase. Ryan was going to keep me cumming and I wanted him to. I wanted him to fuck me but I knew that wasn’t going to happen so I was happy to settle for lots of orgasms.

My body got active and my mouth got vocal. I was enjoying it and I didn’t care who knew it.

One orgasm melted into another as one after another they hit me. I could feel the sweat all over me.

I lost count of the orgasms, and the time, sometime after the fifth one hit me.

Eventually Ryan must have decided that I’d had enough because the vibe died and I finally started to get back to normal.

When I opened my eyes all 3 guys had stopped their game and were staring at me. I smiled at them and said,

“Fuck, I needed that.”

“That was the most amazing sight that I have ever seen.” James said.

“Amazing!” was all that Dave could say.

“Next time that I tell you that Tanya is going to cum for you’d better believe me?” Ryan said.

Blankety, blank; Ryan just said that he’d told them in advance that I was going to cum in front of them. He’d planned it! I didn’t know whether to be annoyed or happy. Ryan really does know me, possibly better than I know myself.

I settled for enjoying the post orgasm pleasure and just lay there with my legs wide open.

The guys went back to their game and after a few minutes I decided that I needed a shower. I was just about to get up when the vibe kicked-in again – on full.

“Bastard!” I shouted as I squeezed my legs together then sighed. Before long my legs slowly opened as I felt yet another orgasm build.

Things happened the same way as they had a few minutes previous, only quicker; except that this time I kept my eyes open and both hands gripping the chair. Both Dave and James sat there with their mouths wide open while Ryan was grinning from ear to ear. He was enjoying my pleasure.

Ryan eventually switched the vibe off and let nature take its course.

This time as the wave receded I decided to get up and run to the bathroom before Ryan could hit me again.

I made it and sat on the side of the bath for a while before getting into the shower to wash the sweat off me.

Feeling much better, and quite sober, I wrapped a towel round my chest and went back to the guys. The beer bottles were empty so I replaced them with full ones. As I passed Ryan he stood up and kissed me; and un-wrapped the towel. As it fell to the floor Ryan slapped my butt and whispered, “Love you.”

I was still feeling a bit horny as I got another glass of wine and went back to my ‘torture’ chair. I held my wine glass in my right hand and used my left hand to pull the chain attached to my left nipple in all directions. It felt good.

I was still doing that when Dave suddenly said,

“Shit, is that the time? Sorry mate, but we have to be going.” He turned to me and said,

“Tanya, it’s been a real pleasure. You really do make the most perfect, entertaining host. I really do hope that I can meet someone like you one day. I really don’t want to go but I’ll be in dead trouble if I miss that bus.”

James protested a bit, but Dave wasn’t having any of it and they made their excuses and left. As soon as the door was shut I pushed Ryan onto the sofa, made him get that damn vibe out of me, and impaled myself on his cock.

As I slid down onto him I said,

“You really are a bastard aren’t you? You really do know how to manipulate me. No vibrators next time – promise.

As Ryan promised me I realised that I’d just told him that I was willing to be naked the next time that he has some of his mates round. What the hell was I thinking about?

There is going to be a next time, Ryan is planning it but he’s having trouble getting a date that is convenient for all of us. I’m trying to think of ways that Ryan might make me cum in front of his mates so that I can get him to promise to not do whatever it is that I think off.

**Emma**

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Emma phoned me a few days after the big party at our place. She was bored and wondered if I’d like to go for some retail therapy. I told her that I didn’t have much money, but a wander round the shops would be great.

As the weather wasn’t too bad I put on just a dress and jacket and set off to meet her in town. I was pleased to see that she was wearing similar clothes as me.

We had a great time trying on clothes. We usually shared a changing room and sometimes left the curtain open. I never saw any men looking at us, but a couple of women gave us filthy looks – miserable cows.

When we stopped in the food hall for a coffee we talked about the type of clothes that we normally wear. I was pleased to find out that both her and Karen dress in a similar way to me – no trousers or shorts. Between them they only own about 6 pairs of knickers and about 5 bras. Most of the bras belong to Karen as she has to wear one for work.

While we were in the food hall Emma started flashing her pussy at men that were there. She said that she loved teasing them, knowing that there wasn’t a cat in hells chance that they’d get close to it.

Emma got me to do it a couple of times as well. Why I did it I don’t know, but I have to confess that I did get wet.

**Home Alone**

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I’d never thought much about anyone looking into out un-curtained windows before Karen spotted mister perv. Since then I’ve kept looking up towards his window. I know that Ryan has told me to ignore him but I can’t. I hate the thought of him seeing me naked but I just can’t stop going to the window and looking for him.

Every morning after Ryan has left for work I go to the window and look for him. The thing is; I don’t put any clothes on before I go to the window. It’s like I want him to see me naked. Well my body does, every morning I go to get a T-shirt to put on but I never do it.

I get wet when I’m looking for him and when I see him I reach for a nipple and my clit. I haven’t told Ryan yet, but I’ve frigged to orgasm twice when I’ve seen him watching me.

One day when I was coming back from jogging I went into the block where he lives and worked out what number he lives at. I then went up the stairs to the floor above his and waited. After about 45 minutes his door opened and my heart started pounding. I followed him out of the building and down the street.

I wanted to see what his reaction would be if he saw me on the street so I waited until I saw a shortcut that I’d found and ran round it so that I could jog back towards him.

He saw me coming and just stood there staring at me. I didn’t look at him or even smile. I ignored him but I was lucky enough to see his reflection in a car windows. He was watching me run away from him.

Since then I have a more accurate image of the man that is watching me as I walk around my home, and when Ryan is fucking me on the sofa or table or floor.

**Part Time Shop Model**

**--------------------------**

I started doing this again straight after I got back from Magaluf. I’ve had a couple of ‘interesting’ experiences recently. Before I tell you about them I have to tell you that the room that I use has been decorated and big full length mirrors put on the walls.

One of the ‘interesting’ experiences was a man who brought his 15 year old son along with him to help him choose what get for the 13 year old sister. He said that the brother knew more about what his little sister would like than he would. That was probably true, but what 15 year old boy wants to go shopping for clothes for a younger sister?

Anyway, they came into the room with a bundle of clothes and gave me the first outfit to model. I went behind the screen and started putting it on. What I hadn’t realised was that the son was walking around the room and had discovered a mirror that he could look in and see me in all my naked glory. It was only when I stepped out and saw his grin and red face that I realised what he had been looking at. I blushed as well, but got on with the job.

The son had found the place that he wanted to glue his feet to the floor and I had to endure him watching me every time that I got changed. In the end I just gave up and let him watch.

I had another domineering man in one day and before I knew it he had me getting changed right in front of him. Why do I let things like that happen to me?

The thing was, that day I was wearing my barbells and stirrups (no chains). When the man first got me to strip naked in front of him he saw the jewellery and got me to stand in front of him while he had a good look. I felt my nipples harden and pussy get wet as he looked at me. When he told me to open my legs I felt my juices leak out as he stared at my pussy.

“Does your mommy know that you wear those?” the man asked.

“No, my daddy bought them for me and he likes to put them in for me each morning before I go to school.” I lied, just to wind him up a bit.

He got a bit confused for a few seconds then we continued.

One skirt that he’d brought in for me to model was way too small (even for me). When I couldn’t get it on he told me to go and get one the right size.

“I can’t go out there like this!” (I was naked).

“Yes you can, you’ll only be a minute or so and no one will mind.” He said.

Stupid me. Why did I do it? I was looking at the sizes of similar skirts when I came to my senses. I grabbed a handful of the skirts and almost ran back to the changing room. On the way I nearly knocked into a man and a woman. As I continued I heard the woman shout,

“Stupid girl. What’s she doing out here without any clothes on. What on earth is her mother thinking?”

**Temp Jobs**

**------------**

I’ve done another couple of these.

The first was a sales assistant in a jewellers shop, a shop worker. It was for 2 weeks while 2 of the regulars were on holiday. Yeah, one temp replacing 2 full time workers. You explain it.

Anyway, I had to be smart so I wore white blouses and black skirts. The blouses are quite baggy and I never fasten them all the way up. It was only after about the 5th time that different men asked me to show them rings from a bottom shelf that I realised that they were looking down the top of my blouse.

When I told Ryan that night he asked me if it had made my nipples hard. I confessed that it had and he told me to start wearing my nipple jewellery for work, chains as well; and to keep letting men look down my blouse. He asked me if I had to bend down at all. I told him that I often had to bend down behind the counter. I knew what he was going to say so I told him that I’d never seen anyone looking at my butt when I bent over.

Another temp job was at an accountancy firm. When the agency told me about it I jumped at it; it was just what I was looking for. I decided that I was going to really throw myself into it and hope that they’d keep me on at the end. I even dressed in my smartest business-like skirts and tops. I wanted to create an impression, but not as a slut.

The 2 weeks went well but there was no offer of a job. What they did do was to take my contact details because they were considering taking on an intern in a few months. I told them that I was very interested. When I discussed it with Ryan that night we decided that we could just afford for me to work for nothing for a few months, providing that I did some part time work on an evening and weekend – if the internship got offered.

The agency phoned me one day and offered me a one night job as a model for a photography club. The pay was good, but I had reservations and told them that I’d think about it and phone them back the next day. I discussed it with Ryan who also had reservations about me doing anything like that with him not there.

I was a bit worried that I’d been asked because I still look like a 12 year old. I had visions of a room full of paedophiles lusting after a little girl’s naked body. Ryan said that he’d had the same thoughts at first but he’d decided that I should do it just so long as he was there. He said that I should treat it like I had the Art College modelling job.

I reminded him that I’d had to expose my wide open pussy to them and that I’d been terribly embarrassed doing that job.

“Think of the money.” Ryan said.

Well yes, we could certainly do with the money, that was for sure; but could I cope with the humiliation and embarrassment again? I wasn’t sure, but Ryan persuaded me that it was worth it for the money. He reminded me the sex afterwards had been really good.

The next day I phoned the agency and told them that I would do it, providing that I could take Ryan along with me.

One evening about a week later, Ryan and I went to this pub about 3 miles from where we live. The photography club hold their meetings in a back room.

We walked into a room full of nerdy looking men of all ages, all talking about their latest camera purchase and showing each other lots of boring photographs. No one took any notice of us for about a minute; then one man came over and introduced himself as Michael.

Michael told us that there was a chair over in one corner where I could sit and pose for them. He told me that all I had to do was sit there and that people would tell me how to pose for their shot. Michael told me that he would make sure that I wasn’t bombarded with requests. I looked over and saw the chair and a handful of lights on tripods facing the chair.

We went over to the corner and I stood by the chair as Michael got every ones attention and introduced me.

I was nervous as hell with all those men looking at me. I wasn’t sure that I could go through with it. I looked over to Ryan who smiled and winked at me. I felt a bit better.

When Michael told everyone that we were about to start, I looked at Ryan then unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. The dress and my shoes were the only things that I was wearing so I was naked from the ankles up.

There were a number of gasps from the room and Michael said,

“Oh! I wasn’t expecting a nude model; it was only supposed to be head and shoulders; but now that you’ve stripped off I’m sure that everyone will be a lot happier. I’m not sure that we can find any more money though. I’ll check with the members and let you know.”

I felt a right fool; an embarrassed fool; I wanted to quickly pull my dress on and run, but that would have been worse; so I just sat down on the chair and looked over to Ryan. He had a big grin.

The gasps died down, but the eyes didn’t stop staring at me. I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me.

“Okay everybody,” Michael said, “Same rules as always, we’ll start at the door and go round everyone in turn. You’ll each have 4 minutes to get Tanya into the pose that you want then we’ll go onto the next person. Peter, you start.”

The bright lights were switched on and I had trouble seeing who was talking to me. The poses were quite tame to start off with, just getting me to pull different faces; but as time went on they started asking me to push my chest out, then one asked me to squeeze my nipples to get them harder.

As soon as I touched my nipples I got this tingling in my lower stomach.

“On no!” I thought as I squeezed; “Please don’t get aroused; I really don’t want to have an orgasm here; not in front of all these geeky, middle-aged men.”

Unfortunately, the cycle had started. Touching my nipples and knowing for definite that the men were staring at the intimate parts of my body started me going. I tried really hard to think about other things but I didn’t stand any chance.

When one of the men asked me to sit on the front edge of the chair and open my legs I just knew that the inevitable would happen.

My AF went to 9.5 when one man asked me to pull my clit to see if it would stick out any more.

Shortly after I pulled on my clit I felt myself start to cum. I sat there gripping the arm rest of the chair to try to stop the convulsions. I couldn’t of course, and I vaguely aware of an increase in people moving in front of me.

As I started to calm down the heat from the lights and my embarrassment was overpowering. I was really pleased when the spotlights went off and Michael came to the front and said,

“Well Tanya, that was a wonderful climax, oops, sorry, no pun intended, to the evening. On behalf of all club members I would like to thank you for going that extra mile to provide us with some excellent material. Thank you.”

There was a round of applause and I got even more embarrassed. The next thing that I knew was Ryan standing in front of me holding out my dress. I quickly stood up and stepped into my dress. As soon as it was zipped Ryan put his arms round me and gave me a big hug.

“Just you wait until we get home.” He whispered.

As we left Michael gave me an envelope saying,

“We had a whip round and this is for you for going further than anyone could ever have expected.”

As we walked down the street I had a look into the envelope and saw that it contained something like 200 pounds.

“Wow!” Ryan said, “You’ll have to do some more sessions like that.”

“You know that I don’t like cumming in front of anyone other than you. Besides, we still don’t know if any of those photos will end up on any paedophile sites.” I replied.

“They’ll have been conned then because you’re certainly no kid.” Ryan said as he put an arm round me and squeezed one of my nipples through my dress.

**Putting things in my Pussy**

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**Golf Balls**

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Ryan came home one evening with a bag of golf balls. I joked with him that he would need some clubs if he was going to take up golf. I was a little puzzled when he told me that the balls were for me.

“What the hell would I want some golf balls for?” I asked.

Ryan looked at the golf balls, then at my pussy, then at the golf balls, then at my pussy.

“You’ve got to be joking!” I said.

“Nope! I want to see how many we can get inside you, and how many you can take and still walk.” Ryan replied.

I have to admit that I was intrigued. I suspected that the answer to each of Ryan’s questions was one, but I was game to find out. After we’d eaten we decided to push one in and see how I felt. I lay over the end of the sofa with my pussy up in the air.

Anticipation had already got my pussy quite wet so we weren’t expecting to have any problems with the first one.

“Take it slow and easy.” I said to Ryan.

He did take it slow, but my pussy didn’t. Ryan held the ball to my pussy and very slowly pushed. Ryan swore and told me that my pussy had almost grabbed the ball from him and swallowed it.

Ryan asked me how I felt and if I was ready for another one. I was so Ryan offered another golf ball to my vagina’s entrance. With just the slightest pressure my pussy pulled the ball in.

Not only was Ryan amazed, but I was as well. I never expected my pussy to react like that. Okay, I’d felt like it had tried to suck Ryan’s cock in before but the way it sucked those golf balls in was amazing.

“Can you take a third one?” Ryan asked.

“There’s only one way to find out.” I replied.

That third ball went in just the same as the second one did.

“How about a fourth one?” Ryan asked.

I told Ryan that I wanted to try moving around with just 3 inside me before we attempted a fourth. Ryan literally picked me up and lowered me onto my feet.

I felt full, like I had an aubergine inside me. I took a step forward and felt okay. I took another step; and another.

“Okay,” I said, “I certainly know that they’re there but I didn’t think that I could go shopping with them inside me.” I said.

As soon as I’d said that I regretted it. I just knew that I’d accidentally given Ryan an idea.

“Can we try for a fourth ball?” Ryan asked.

I walked over to the end of the sofa and lay back so that my pussy was again pointing to the ceiling. Ryan held the fourth golf ball to my pussy and gently pushed. I felt my pussy muscles trying to swallow the ball. I tried to control my muscles but they had a mind of their own.

“It’s in.” Ryan said. “No, wait a minute; it’s coming out on its own.”

“Quick, push it back in.” I said.

Ryan pushed and back in it went.

“Push it further in.” I said; then I yelled “STOP!” as Ryan pushed too hard.

When Ryan backed off, the golf ball started to come out again. This time I tried pushing it in. I got it about as far as Ryan had then tried pushing at different angles. Every time I stopped pushing with my finger, my pussy slowly ejected the ball.

“I’ve just got to video this.” Ryan said and he went to get his phone.

As I slowly squeezed all the golf balls out Ryan setup his phone on a stool near my pussy and we started all over again. Ryan kept saying, “Amazing” as my pussy grabbed and swallowed the balls. I was really looking forward to seeing the video.

We gave up on the fourth ball again but Ryan decided that we were going to the pub for a drink with the 3 golf balls still inside me. I said that I wanted to watch the video but Ryan wouldn’t let me until we got back.

It was a slow walk to the pub and back and I could only manage 2 glasses of wine before I just had to slowly walk home.

When we got there I collapsed on the sofa and got my pussy muscles working. It took ages but they slowly came out. I was knackered by the time I’d finished and we went to bed not having sex for the first time since I’d been in Magaluf on my own.

We woke up early the next morning and I loaded the video onto Ryan’s laptop. Taking the laptop to the bedroom I impaled myself on Ryan and we watched the video. I was totally amazed watching my pussy grab those balls. I had absolutely no control over my pussy as it grabbed the balls. It was like childbirth in reverse. My body just did it.

After we’d both cum Ryan put 2 of the golf balls back inside me and told me to keep them in all day.

I was glad that I didn’t have to go out that day; and glad that Ryan hadn’t brought tennis balls home.

I wondered if Ryan was going to show the video to his mates at work.

**Ben Wa Balls**

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A couple of days later Ryan did bring some other balls home to put in my pussy. He told me that they’re called Ben Wa Balls. They’re silver heavy metal balls about half an inch in diameter. They were cold when Ryan pushed them in but they soon warmed up and I could hardly feel them. That was until I started walking and they started bouncing against each other.

Each time that they met a little shock went through my pussy. The more they clanged together the more nice jolts I got. I can compare it to a remote controlled vibe set very low. The difference being that I had control over the Ben Wa Balls. To stop the jolts all I have to do is stop moving, whereas Ryan usually has the control to the remote vibe so I have no control over it.

I explained all this to Ryan, and his reaction was to take me on a walk to the pub. By the time that we got there my AF factor was somewhere near a 7. In some respects I was happy to sit down in the pub; but on the other hand I was enjoying the experience; and my wet pussy testified to that.

Ryan walked me home the long way round and going up the stairs took me over the top. I was leaning against the wall next to our front door have a very enjoyable orgasm. Ryan kept telling me to keep the noise down unless I wanted to disturb our neighbours.

As soon as I was able I squatted down, squeezed the balls out and dragged Ryan to our bed.

A couple of days later I decided to go for a jog. I started jogging again soon after I got back from Magaluf. I want to try to keep in shape and we haven’t got any money to spare on a gym membership. Anyway, too many things happen to me when I go to a gym so I reasoned that I’m better off just jogging round the neighbourhood.

So far I haven’t had any embarrassing experienced but I have had my little tennis skirt blow up a few times. I just try to ignore it and keep going. The skirt is so light that I think that it sometimes blows up without me knowing it.

Anyway, as I was just about to go out of the door I remembered the Ben Wa Balls. If walking to the pub and back made me cum, then what would jogging round the streets do to me?

The only way to find out was to try it, so I went back into the bedroom and pushed them up my vagina.

I felt good as I almost ran down the stairs and out onto the pavement. With every step that I took I felt the balls clunking together inside me; each one drawing my attention to my pussy. Jogging down the street meant that this was happening very frequently and on a regular basis and the effects soon became obvious to me.

I felt my AF rise slow and steady. By the time I’d covered about a quarter of a mile I got that familiar feeling of an aching pussy and wet inner thighs. I knew that I was going to cum soon. I kept running, not even thinking about whether or not my skirt was blowing up in the breeze. Not even being aware of any people around me. I didn’t care.

I’d just turned a corner when the first orgasm hit me. I stopped running and leant against a road sign for support. I was shaking and I wanted to scream out, but managed to keep the noise to quiet moans and gasps.

As soon as I could I started jogging again, but those damn balls, those wonderful balls kept clunking in my pussy. I only managed about another half mile before I had another orgasm. The problem was I was now on a busy street with lots of traffic and a few people walking by. Also, there wasn’t really anything that I could lean on for support to I bent over and put my hands on my knees. I was shaking and I wanted to scream out, but I managed to keep the noise to quiet moans and gasps.

After a few seconds I realised that a group of youths that had been walking towards me had passed me and stopped to look at my butt. My skirt was up above my butt and my knees were about a foot apart. I knew that the youths were looking at me because they started making rude comments about my pussy and what they wanted to do to it.

As soon as I was able I was off, albeit at a slower pace.

I decided that I needed to sit down and recover properly so I headed to the nearby park. I jogged to a quiet part and sat on the grass. My skirt was so short that my butt was on the grass, some of which was tickling my pussy.

I sat there for ages before lying back to fully get my breath back. I knew that I had about the same distance to go to get back home.

The weather was reasonable and before I knew it I had dozed off. I came round to the voices of the same group of youths; they’d followed me there and were stood not far from my feet looking at my pussy. Even if I had crossed my legs they would still have been able to see my pussy, but as it was my knees were apart and they could see what I could feel – my wet, swollen pussy that was aching for Ryan’s cock.

As I came round my eyes didn’t open so I could hear the youths but they didn’t know that I was awake. I don’t know if I was too terrified to move, or if maybe Ryan was right, I wanted them to look. I think that it was because I was terrified.

Anyway, as they looked at my pussy and rock hard nipples tenting my tight, thin top, I started to get aroused again. The youths rude comments made things a lot worse; the things that they said really did make me horny.

The worse the comments, the closer I got to cumming. Even as I started shaking and convulsing the list of things that they’d put in my pussy got longer and wilder.

Lots of the objects that they mentioned just wouldn’t fit, but the idea of even trying kept my orgasm cumming.

In the end I heard one of them say,

“Fuck, it’s a copper!” and things suddenly went quiet.

I sat up and closed my legs; I didn’t want to get arrested.

After the policeman had gone I got up and started jogging back home; going a shorter route. I managed to get thought our front door before another orgasm hit me.

I decided that I liked going jogging wearing my Ben Wa Balls; and I’m going to do it again soon. I’m definitely going to tell Karen and Emma about them.

**Ice Lollies**

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One Saturday when we were out shopping Ryan had this crazy idea. He decided that he wanted to put one of these tubed shaped Ice Lollies up my pussy.

“Bloody hell Ryan, it’ll be freezing. I’ll catch my death of cold.” I complained.

“No you won’t. I’ve heard of others who’ve done it and they said that it was a real turn-on.”

“For the bloke maybe; but what about the poor woman? She must have felt horrible.”

“Come on TT; At least try it. If it’s too much for you I promise that I’ll stop straight away.”

“Well okay then, but you’ve got to pull it out if it gets too much for me.”

After we’d finished the shopping we walked to the nearest park and found a shop near-by where we could get the offensive weapon. Once we’d got it we rushed to a quiet part of the park and to an area of trees and bushes. When we were confident that no one else was around I lay back against a tree, opened my legs wide and held my skirt up.

I was already wet but I gasped and almost screamed when the Ice Lolly touched my pussy.

FIH, it was cold. A shiver went right through my body as Ryan eased in inside me. I started by nearly screaming, but that quickly changed to arousal. I could feel the ice deep inside me and realised that I was going to cum.

I told Ryan just before the orgasm hit me. The cold, the heat and the pleasure; it was slightly different to anything that I’d felt before; even when Ryan had pushed an ice cube up me. But it was nice.

Ryan fucked me with that Ice Lolly until there was just the stick left. By that time I’d managed to pull a few chunks of hair out of Ryan’s head.

As I calmed down I realised that I had a sticky mess down the inside of both my legs. Ryan got down on his knees and licked my pussy clean, causing me to have another orgasm as he did so. I was real glad that I glad a packet of tissues in my bag and I cleaned my sticky thighs as best I could, but I was glad to get home and into the shower.

Ryan declared that the experiment had been a success and promised to do it again, sometime when I’m not expecting it.

The next time we went to the supermarket we bought a box of Ice Lollies.