**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 14 – More embarrassing experiences**

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**Ryan’s younger brother Tom**

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Toms come to stay with us for a few days while he checks-out the city as a potential university city for himself. On his first night with us Ryan undressed me in front of Tom and finger-fucked me until I had an orgasm. I wasn’t too happy about that but I have to admit that when Ryan took me to bed he really did fuck me hard. My second and third orgasms of the evening were wonderful. I suspect that Tom would have heard us, but at that point in time I didn’t care if the whole world heard us.

I woke up the next morning to Ryan spooning me with his cock inside me. It’s a wonderful way to wake up.

Forgetting that we had a visitor I went to put the coffee on without putting any clothes on. As I walked onto the lounge I saw Tom looking at me from the sofa, I quickly covered my bits and apologised to Tom.

“That’s okay Tanya; it isn’t as if I haven’t seen you without clothes on before.”

I blushed and quickly got to the kitchen.

Having started the coffee I quickly walked back to the bedroom, not even looking at Tom.

“You could have reminded me that we had a visitor.” I said to Ryan.

“Why? He’s seen you starkers before.”

“Yes I know, but those times were all your fault. I don’t want him to think that I’m some sort of exhibitionist.”

“You are!”

“No I’m not.”

Ryan pulled me to the bed and fingered my pussy.

“You must have enjoyed him seeing you.” Ryan said as he held his shinny finger up for me to see. Putting it into my mouth he continued,

“Told you.”

I wanted to say that his finger was wet from the fucking that he’d given me earlier but instead I just sucked his finger.

Ryan and I went to work that day leaving Tom to go and see whatever he wanted. When we were all watching television and drinking beer that evening, Ryan started getting a bit passionate with me. He started to undress me in front of Tom.

I whispered for him to stop but Ryan just reminded me of what he’d said that morning. It was a good job that I’d had a couple of beers because before long I was totally naked. Tom was pretending to be cool about it but his eyes kept going from the TV to me.

It wasn’t long before Ryan was finger fucking me in front of Tom again. He made me cum while Tom watched. Ryan wasn’t satisfied with that and he shuffled me around on his lap and before I knew it I was sat with my back to Ryan, legs wide open and I was bouncing up and down on Ryan’s cock. Somehow Ryan had got us fucking in front of his brother with my whole front exposed.

The next day was Saturday and we’d decided to show Tom a few places that he hadn’t found yet. It was a bit of a windy day and I put on a tight miniskirt but Ryan ‘persuaded’ me to change it to a thin, ‘A’ shaped cotton, shorter one. I just knew that I’d have a day of holding my skirt down.

I was right, just as soon as we went outside my little skirt started blowing up.

We walked to the bus stop and I leaned against the shelter with my hands on my thighs. When the bus came Ryan got on first and paid for us. Then we followed him up the stairs with me sandwiched between them. While we’d been waiting for the bus I’d decided that if I could keep getting between Ryan and Tom there was less chance of other people seeing me if my skirt blew up. What I’d forgotten was the stairs to the top deck of the bus. Tom must have had a great view of my bare butt as we went up those stairs.

Tom and Ryan were talking to each other when it got time to get off the bus and as we went down the stairs Tom kept turning back to say something to Ryan. I tried to ignore the fact that Tom’s face was at about my knee height and when he looked up to say something to Ryan he must have seen my pussy.

The day went well from Tom’s and Ryan’s point of view. In a way I was pleased as well, but I wasn’t happy about my skirt and my constant blushing whenever it blew up. I have no idea how many people saw something that I didn’t want them to.

We decided to have a pizza before heading home and I was relieved to get out of the wind. Ryan led us to a table at the raised part of the seating area. I sat next to Tom with Ryan opposite me.

Half way through the pizza I felt Ryan’s feet opening my legs. It was under the table so I wasn’t bothered. That was until I looked town at the tables below and saw a couple of teenage girls with an older man; all looking up at my legs. By that time Ryan had worked them wide apart. The 3 of them must have been able to see my pussy. I tried closing my legs and tugging my skirt down but Ryan just prized my legs apart again. He must have known that the girls and the man were looking at me.

On the bus back Ryan manoeuvred himself so that Tom followed me up the stairs again. At least they weren’t talking when we got off.

That evening the boys found a movie that they wanted to watch and we settled with some snacks and a few bottles of beer. About half way through the film Ryan pulled me onto his lap. I thought about the previous night and hoped that Ryan wouldn’t do that to me again. Even though I’d had a couple of beers I still blushed at the memory.

Ryan shuffled me round on him so that I was sat with my back to his chest and my legs, together, on top of his. After a while I felt him get hard and his right hand started wandering up my top.

“Please don’t strip me in front of Tom again.” I thought; as Ryan’s hand started working on my little tits and nipples.

Before long both Ryan’s hands were pulling and tweaking my exposed nipples and my top was round my neck.

I did and I didn’t want Ryan to keep going and as his right hand slid down my bare stomach to my skirt buttons I just knew that he was putting on another show for Tom.

I stupidly lifted my butt for Ryan to easy my skirt off.

“Please don’t.” I whispered to Ryan; but I just knew that he would.

Ryan’s right hand went to my pussy and as soon as he touched my clit I felt my legs opening and falling either side of his.

He played with my clit and finger fucked me for a couple of minutes before moving his hand in between our bodies. Why did I lift myself up so that Ryan could free his cock? What was I thinking?

Tom had given up on the film and was staring at my spread, very wet pussy.

It did feel good when I lowered myself and felt Ryan’s hard-on pressing on my butt.

Ryan’s right hand went back to my pussy while his left hand left hand continued teasing my nipples.

I tried to forget that Tom was watching as Ryan whispered for me to sit up. As I did so his hard-on pressed against my pussy. I couldn’t stop myself; I lifted up and held his cock so that it went inside me as I lowered myself down.

I bottomed out with a long sigh. It really did feel good.

Human instinct took over and Ryan and I fucked hard while Tom sat and watched. When we’d both cum I just sat there getting my breath back. After a while I looked at Tom and my face went bright red.

“Why the hell had I just let Ryan do that to me in front of his brother? What was wrong with me?” I thought. “How could I get out of there quickly?”

“I’m going to bed.” I said as I quickly got up and walked out.

I was asleep when Ryan came to bed.

The next morning I blushed when I saw Tom.

“What must he think of me?” I thought. I was glad that I’d remembered to put some clothes on before leaving our bedroom.

I busied myself getting breakfast ready.

I had a shower after breakfast and Ryan was in the bedroom when I got back there. He was in a playful mood and kept grabbing me, tweaking my nipples and fingering me. I said that we needed to be quiet so that Tom wouldn’t hear us. His response was to get a gag out of our ‘toys’ drawer and put it on me. That started his brain going in sexy play mood and before I knew it I was naked, spread-eagled on the bed with my wrists and ankles secured to each corner.

I tried to remind him that Tom was in the next room but the words were all muffled. Ryan got a blindfold out and put it on me. Then it was my mp3 player.

I was secured, naked, blind and deaf. Now let me tell you that is a strange feeling. I felt so helpless. I knew that Ryan would never let anything happen to me but never-the-less I was a bit scared.

For ages nothing happened; I was waiting for Ryan to jump on top of me and fuck me silly but it never happened. After forever, one of my ear-buds was removed and I heard Ryan say that he and Tom were going to the pub. I tried to ask Ryan to release me but it was all garbled.

The ear-bud was returned to my ear and I was all alone in my little world again.

There was nothing for what seemed hours. To start off with I had visions of burglars coming in and raping me. Fear of the place catching fire. You name it; every bad scenario went through my head.

Eventually I calmed down and before I knew it I was fast asleep.

The next thing I knew was a hand was sliding up my leg. I tried to shout to Ryan to tell him to stop teasing me and fuck me. The hand slid all over my body, except for my tits and pussy, for ages. I started getting hot and wet.

Then it stopped and there was nothing for ages.

Then it started again. This time my tits and pussy weren’t ignored. The hand teased and squeezed and flicked and rubbed and poked. My AF was close to a 10.

The hand kept going and took me over the edge. I felt my back and butt lift off the bed as tha spasms took control of me.

Just as I was starting to calm down the hand started again. It worked its magic and I was getting close again. But this time it stopped just before I was about to cum and then I felt the bed move and the insides of my thighs felt someone’s bare legs.

“At last, Ryan’s going to fuck me.” I thought.

And get fucked I was, that cock pounded in and out of me for ages before it emptied its load into me. That hot feeling of a cock cumming inside me made me cum as well.

Ryan collapsed on top of me and we lay there for ages before he rolled off me and got off the bed.

Ryan had not said a word all that time. I wondered if he wanted me to think that it had been a burglar.

My mp3 player kept playing and I eventually dozed off into a satisfied sleep.

The next thing that I knew was Ryan taking the blindfold off me and asking if I’d had a good nap.

“Two actually;” I said, “and the second was so nice after you’d finally fucked me.”

“What are you talking about? I’ve only just got back from the pub with Tom.” Ryan said as he continued releasing me. “I thought that we could go into town and get something to eat.”

“Ryan stop messing, you just fucked me a while back.”

“No I didn’t, but I will now if you want.”

“You did.” I said as I put my hand to my very wet pussy. “Look I’m all wet.”

“Are you sure that you didn’t have another wet dream TT?”

“No……. Well I don’t think so, it seemed so real.”

“Well, do you want me to fuck you now?” Ryan asked.

“No, I think I need another shower.” I said and dashed to the bathroom.

When I got back Ryan asked me to wear the remote controlled egg and my clit and nipple jewellery under a tank top and skirt. The tank top that he chose for me is a bit thin so Ryan and Tom would be able to see the shape of my nipple barbells and chains. When I mentioned it to Ryan he dismissed my concerns saying that nobody would be looking. I wasn’t so sure but I still put it on.

We went and joined Tom and talked for an hour or so. Thankfully Ryan left the remote control in the bedroom.

Ryan got a little hungry and we decided to go for a Chinese and then a drink. As I climbed up the stairs on the bus I heard Tom say

“Nice chains TT.”

I’d forgotten about the chains and wondered if that was all that he could see.

In the Chinese we ordered our food and while I was taking a sip of my drink I saw the control for the egg on the table and blushed as I realised that I was probably going to be in for a bit of a rough time.

Ryan picked up the control and asked Tom what he thought it was, saying that he’d found it the other day. Tom took it, looked at it then turned it on.

I was watching them but I still jumped a bit and gasped.

“You okay TT?” Tom asked.

“Yeah, yeah, I just got a cold shiver.” I lied.

Tom played with the control for a minute or so then our food started to arrive. Tom put the control down but it was still switched to low. I started to think that maybe I wasn’t going to eat much.

After a couple of minutes I reached for the control and managed to switch it off without Ryan complaining or stopping me.

After the meal we walked to a pub that we like and had a pleasant evening; except for the fact that Ryan had brought the remote control with him and started playing with it. Tom gave me some funny looks but he didn’t look like he knew what it was. After our second drink Ryan gave the control to Tom and asked him if he could play with it and see if he could work out what it did.

Tom didn’t know it but he was driving me crazy. At one point I just wished that he’d put it on full and put the damn thing down. I really did need to cum and I was so desperate that didn’t care if I was in a crowded pub.

The egg was defeating me and I didn’t want to cum sat at the table so just as I was getting to the edge I mumbled something about going to the toilet and got up and walked out. I just made it into a stall when it hit me. Boy was I glad that I was alone; that egg was still on full and I came 3 times.

The egg was still torturing me when I got back and I was glad that the control was in front of where I was sitting. I quickly switched it off and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Are you okay TT?” Ryan asked.

“Yeah, I feel much better now; thank you.”

I looked at Ryan’s face; it had a big grin on it. I put the control in my bag.

Both Ryan and I had to go to work the next morning and Tom was heading back home. The boys decided that they both needed a pee before we left and off they went leaving me on my own.

Tom had left his phone on the table and feeling a bit naughty and nosey I picked it up and started looking through the photos he’d taken. Imagine my surprise when I saw 3 photos of me, naked, spread-eagled on our bed with a blindfold and gag on. One was a real close-up of my pussy.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ryan and Tom coming back. I quickly put Tom’s phone back how I’d found it.

I didn’t know what to do. On the one hand I was embarrassed and humiliated that the 2 of them had tricked me like that; but on the other hand, Ryan had obviously been the ring-leader and he could probably have talked me into posing for Tom anyway.

Then it hit me. Had it been a wet dream; or had one of them actually fucked me? If so which one? Had Ryan let his brother fuck me? I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

I didn’t get the chance to do either as soon afterwards Ryan decided that it was time to head back because we all had to get up early.

There was no TV that night so Ryan wouldn’t be stripping me or fucking me in front of his brother. I was relieved; but Ryan did fuck me in bed before going to sleep.

The next morning Ryan was up first and went for a shower. I put one of Ryan’s shirts on and went and got breakfast ready. When Ryan emerged I went to our bedroom, took Ryan’s shirt off and went for a shower.

When I opened the door I got a shock. Tom was in the shower with the curtain open and was wanking away.

Tom didn’t see me at first; I guess that he had other things on his mind. I just stood and stared. When Tom did see me he grabbed the shower curtain and pulled it closed saying that he was sorry.

I told him that it was okay, that he’d seen me naked before so it was only fair that I see him naked. Tom didn’t say anything so I turned and went back to our bedroom. When I heard the bathroom door open and close I went and had a shower and then got dressed for work.

We parted at the bus stop with Ryan kissing me on the lips and Tom kissing me on the cheek.

**Cum on Command**

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One night just after we’d fucked on the sofa, just after Tom had gone back home Ryan told me that he’d been doing some research about girls Cumming on Command. He told me that a lot of people, girls included, had said that it was quite easy to achieve. Ryan told me that the most popular way to achieve this was for the girl to say the same word over and over again, whilst she was cumming. It didn’t matter what the word was just so long as it was said over and over whilst she was cumming. The theory was that the girl’s brain would associate that word with cumming and start an orgasm every time that she heard the word.

I was a little sceptical but was willing to give it a go. Ryan said that he had no idea how long it would take and guessed that it depended on how often the girl had orgasms.

I laughed and said,

“Two days then.”

We both laughed then chose a word. That’s not as easy as it sounds because it had to be a word that wasn’t used in everyday conversation. I didn’t want to suddenly find myself cumming during a meeting at work.

After a lot of debate we decided on the word ‘treadmill’. As neither of us ever intended joining a gym we thought that it would be a good word.

From then on every time that I had an orgasm I’d say the word ‘treadmill’. If I forgot Ryan would slap my butt and remind me.

After a couple of weeks, at breakfast one morning, Ryan suddenly said ‘treadmill’. It didn’t make me cum but I certainly got wet. We decided that we needed to practice some more; not that we needed an excuse to fuck.

We kept on practicing.

**The Massage Guy**

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I don’t know what was causing it but I started getting bad neck ache. It went on for a couple of weeks. Ryan was talking about it to his mates at work and one of them recommended someone and Ryan decided to treat me to a neck massage.

When we got there I wasn’t at all sure about it. The place was a small house and didn’t look at all inviting. Ryan assured me that it would be okay so in we went.

The man who came to the door wasn’t much older than us and was dressed in white trousers and white T-shirt.

We were taken into the front room where we saw a doctor’s style table covered in a white sheet and all sorts of bottles on a little table next to it.

The man asked us what he could do for us and Ryan told him about my neck. The man then went on to tell us how neck ache could be caused by problems as far away as the feet and recommended that I have a full body massage to see if he could pinpoint the problem.

It didn’t sound very feasible to me but Ryan said that it sounded like a good idea and agreed to pay the man.

The man then told me to take my clothes off and climb onto the table. I was a bit shocked, and not too happy, and looked at Ryan. He nodded at me so I slowly took my top then skirt off. Kicking my shoes off I climbed up and lay on my stomach wondering what I had let myself in for.

I felt some oil being dripped on my neck and shoulders then the man’s hands got to work.

Oh, it did feel good. Within seconds I was relaxed and enjoying those hands. I gasped a bit as the man’s hands worked on my neck.

“I thought so; you’ve got quite a knot in there. Don’t worry I’ll soon take care of that.” The man said.

And he did. It felt sooo good. After about 10 minutes the man asked me how it felt. I lifted my head and turned it from side to side.

“That’s much better, thank you.” I said and started to get up.

“No, no, that’s just the start. I need to see if I can find the cause, lay down again and I’ll finish the job.”

I looked at Ryan who nodded, so I lay back down on my stomach.

The man then started to massage all my skin that was exposed. I have to admit that it felt good.

When he told me to turn over I was so relaxed that I just did it. It was then that I remembered that I was wearing the barbells in my nipples and clit. I was glad that I’d left the chains at home; but there again, I was so relaxed that I didn’t really care.

The man started on my arms and shoulders. I had my eyes closed but I could feel how hard my nipples were. My clit was feeling good as well. Had some of the massage oil run down from my butt into my pussy or was I getting naturally wet. I decided not to think about it.

My chest was next. It felt sooo good when he massaged my little tits and nipples. The moisture in my pussy was natural and there was getting to be a lot more of it.

I was a little disappointed when the hands left my torso and moved to my feet and legs. I could feel the man’s eyes staring at my pussy as he lifted and spread my legs. I jerked a bit when the side of the man’s hand just touched my pussy as he massaged my thighs.

When he’d massaged both my legs I was wondering if that was the lot. On one hand I wanted him to stop, but on the other hand I needed relief. I wanted Ryan to give me that relief so I was getting ready to get up when I felt some more oil drip on my pubic bone. I guessed what was coming next and opened my eyes and looked over to Ryan. He had a grin on his face and when he saw me looking at him he nodded. He was okay with what I guessed was going to happen.

Those wonderful hands worked all around my pussy. I was close to cumming even before my pussy had been touched.

When his fingers went inside me I started to cum, and cum, and cum.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I shouted.

Those fingers kept on going. I felt my butt rise up off the table as I tried to push my pussy closer to the man.

On and on it went; one orgasm after another. I was totally oblivious to anything else except those orgasms.

I vaguely remember the fingers leaving my pussy but I was still whimpering and shaking and jerking. I’d totally lost all control of my body.

I have no idea how long I kept cumming or shouting ‘treadmill’, without being touched.

When I started to think that I was starting to get some control back I felt something on my pussy. I looked down and saw the man holding a magic wand against my clit.

I totally lost it again as that amazing piece of Japanese technology took me right back up there. The whimpering got mixed with screams and giggles and grunts. For some of the time the only parts of my body that were touching the table were my feet and shoulders.

The magic wand was taken away but I still kept cumming.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I kept shouting.

When I started to calm down a bit the wand was returned to my pussy and I was soon back up there.

I have no idea how long it went on for but when I finally came back to earth I was totally knackered. I looked round and the man was gone. Ryan was stood there still with the grin on his face.

“Are you back in the land of the living?” Ryan asked.

“I think so but I’m totally knackered. What the hell just happened? Where has that man gone? Can you learn how to do that please?”

“Slow down there TT. I take it that you enjoyed that.”

Ryan moved closer and touched my clit (my legs were spread wide); and my body jerked.

“Fuck Ryan, that was unbelievable.”

“Do you think that you can stand-up?”

I slid me legs over the side of the table, slowly sat up and slid off the table. At first my legs gave way and Ryan had to grab me but on the second attempt I managed to stay up.

“I’m knackered.” I said.

“I can see that. Here, let me towel you down then dress you.”

I just stood there and let Ryan do as he’d said. It reminded me of the times when I worked in that dress shop and the dominating parents would change my clothes for me as if I was one of their little kids.

Ryan ‘accidentally’ touched my clit as he put my skirt on me and I jerked again.

“I hope it’s still like that when we get home, I’m looking forward to a good fuck.” Ryan said.

“Me too.” I replied.

Ryan told me that the man had told him to let ourselves out so we left and slowly walked to the bus stop. On the ride home I told Ryan that he had to tell Karen and Emma about the effect that the man’s hands had on me.

My clit wasn’t quite as sensitive when we got home, but that didn’t stop Ryan fucking my brains out.

I slept well that night.

Unfortunately I haven’t had neck ache since.

**My Job**

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This is going well; everyone is so nice and helpful. What’s more I’ve moved to a proper desk and I no longer have to remember to cross my legs every time that I sit down. Apparently, according to one of the other girls, I still accidentally flash my pussy and butt at times (probably going up the stairs). I do wish that Ryan would let me wear longer skirts.

The management must be happy with my performance because they invited me to go on the sections ‘team building’ weekend. It’s a sort of outdoor challenge weekend where success is only possible if the groups work as a team. The also told me that I was going on a training course in London.

It was an amazing weekend where I did things that I’ve never done before and I got to know some of the others that I work with, a lot better. I guess that they got to know me a lot better too. Not only did I end-up telling them some of the things that Ryan and I have done I told them all about me pretending to be a 12 year old girl when we were house sitting in Spain and me being naked for 5 days at Ryan’s uncle’s holiday home by the coast.

Thankfully the weekend’s weather meant that we had to wear waterproofs for most of the time. I didn’t want any of the blokes persuading me to get naked; although after I’d been stupid enough to tell them about my naked exploits I did hope that none of them would try to blackmail me by threatening to tell my boss.

The training course was good. I enjoyed the course, and the posh hotel that I was put up in. I was the only one there from my company so I didn’t know anyone else in the hotel.

When I found out which hotel I was staying in Ryan looked it up on the internet to find out more about it. He was pleased when he found out that it had a leisure centre and he told me to pack my swimming skirt and bikini top. He also got me to promise to wear my barbells and chains for the whole week. What’s more he packed my case for me and when I got there and un-packed my little case I found that he’d only packed very short skirts and baggy blouses; and the random zap remote controlled vibrator.

The train journey down on the Sunday afternoon was uneventful except that I was already missing Ryan. I had to cross London on the underground and I quickly remembered the strong breeze that often blows in them. I had to hold my skirt down as I went down one of the escalators. When the train arrived it was preceded by that breeze and I felt my skirt lift but my hands were holding my case and bag. I just had to hope that it would fall back into place quickly.

On the train I found a seat and sat with my case between my legs and my bag on my lap. I didn’t want the man opposite looking up my short skirt.

I skyped Ryan from my tablet as soon as I arrived in my room and while we had skype sex he got me to promise to wear the random zap vibe all the time that I was in the hotel. I must have been crazy. Why do I agree to these things when I’m aroused?

My first excursion from my room was down to the restaurant. I put the vibe into my vagina and switched it on. Even though I was expecting it I still gasped when it gave me the first zap. I quickly realised that I was in for a tough time.

The second zap came just as I was walking into the restaurant. I don’t think that anyone saw me. It was a posh restaurant and I felt a bit out of place there, even though the staff were very friendly.

After eating I decided to go for a wander to see what was where. I discovered that the hotel has lots of big room that were being used for all sorts of exhibitions and meetings. I found a sign that told everyone what was happening where. I decided to check that board each day to see if there was anything interesting.

I went back up to my room and collected my swimming skirt and bikini top and headed for the leisure centre. Just as I was signing in I got zapped again and I got a funny look from the girl there. Going into the ladies changing room I stripped and when I put the bikini top on I remembered that it was see through and the barbells, chains and my areolas were clearly visible. Too late to do anything, I put the swimming skirt on went out the other end.

I wandered around the place and found everything that Ryan had said was there. I also saw a young woman in the sauna, she was naked and masturbating. She didn’t even stop when I opened the door. ‘Interesting’ I thought.

After looking round the rest of the place I went back to the sauna. The girl was still there but she’d stopped masturbating. She was however sat with one leg up on the bench exposing her bald pussy. I sat at the other end and after a minute or so the girl started talking to me. She was quite nice and friendly.

The chat was all idle chit chat at first but then she said that it was okay to be naked in there; that no one cared. She said that she’d seen my jewellery and suggested that I take my top and skirt off to get a ‘real’ sauna experience. She smiled when she saw that I had nothing on under the skirt.

She (Carrie) complimented me on my nipple jewellery and asked to have a closer look at my clit jewellery. I was so surprised that I just turned to face her and lifted my leg up onto the bench so that she could see my pussy. She got off the bench and came to have a closer look.

As she was looking at my pussy the door opened and a man walked in wearing just a towel. I wanted to close my legs but Carrie was still between them. She smiled at me then went back to where she’d been. For some strange reason I didn’t close my legs.

Carrie put her leg back up on the bench so that her pussy was fully exposed, and promptly started masturbating again.

I was shocked and just stared at her. So did the man. I could see a bulge starting in his towel.

As I watched I got zapped again and instinctively put my hand to my pussy. Without realising I left my hand there when the vibe stopped and was idly rubbing my clit. By the time that I realised what I was doing it was too late, my AF was rising. The poor man didn’t know which way to look and after a minute or so he grunted and his stomach jerked.

Carrie smiled, she knew that he’d just cum and she started panting and spasming.

The man got up and left.

When he’d gone Carrie laughed and said,

“I just love doing that. Go on, finish yourself off. It’s not fair that only 2 of us have cum.”

What could I say or do other than keep frigging. Shortly after that I orgasmed too.

“Treadmill; treadmill.” I shouted.

“Well, that was fun; but what the hell is ‘treadmill’?”

I felt my pussy jerk again and it suddenly got even wetter. Before I could think of what to tell Carrie she continued,

“Okay Tanya, I’m in here most evenings if you want a repeat session.” And she got up and walked out.

I was stunned at what had just happened. I couldn’t believe it. I was still sat there with one leg up when the door opened again. This time it was 2 men, both wearing towels. I was just about to put my leg down when I got zapped again, this time it was a long one. The 2 men looked at me as my pussy and stomach twitched. They must have thought that I was cumming but I wasn’t. Well not then.

I didn’t dare move and just sat there as the 2 men stared at me. Eventually the heat got too much for me and I picked up my skirt and bikini top and walked out, leaving the 2 men to watch my disappearing bare butt.

I needed to cool down so I had a shower, put my skirt and top back on and went to the pool. I dived in and swam a couple of lengths. I dived down and saw a glass wall and a couple of faces looking in. Where the hell were they? I hadn’t seen that when I was exploring the place. Then I saw some workout machines. It was the workout room. Shit, anyone in the workout room would be able to see that I had nothing on under my swimming skirt. No they wouldn’t, the glass wasn't that clear. I felt relieved but I knew that I’d have to go into the workout room to confirm that.

I swam another couple of lengths them climbed out and went to the steam room. Unsurprisingly the visibility in there wasn’t too good and I didn’t see anyone else in there. Shortly after I went in I got zapped again and decided to make myself cum again.

I was quietly frigging away when I realised that the steam was clearing and a young couple were sitting opposite me and watching me. As soon as I realised I clamped my legs together then got up and left.

I went to the sauna to see if I could get some alone time to finish the job that I’d started. No luck there, there was a man and a woman there, both were naked and they looked to be talking to each other.

I went to the jacuzzi next. There was a man in it but I knew that the bubbles would hide what I wanted to do so I climbed in. At first I sat on a higher ledge but I saw the man looking at my chest and remembered that my top was see through so I slid down onto the lower ledge and put my right hand to my pussy to give it the relief that it needed.

I closed my eyes and let my hand do what was needed. My mind soon disappeared into dreams of Ryan fucking me and it was only when I started to cum that I opened my eyes and realised that the bubbles had stopped and the man was staring at my right hand. My skirt had drifted up and was being held away from my pussy by my arm. The man could see everything.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I said, hoping that he couldn’t hear me.

I couldn’t stop myself cumming and the vibe didn’t help when it zapped me right in the middle of me cumming.

“What the hell does a girl have to do to find somewhere quiet to bring herself off.” I thought as I held my hand over my pussy and shut my eyes. I didn’t want to see the man looking at me.

I waited until the man had got out then I got out and went and got changed. I’d had an interesting and tiring evening. I needed some sleep.

**Monday**

----------

When I went for to the breakfast room I was surprised to see 3 or 4 people were wearing bath robes. I didn’t know if they were on their way back from a morning swim or if they’d just got up.

I had a big English breakfast that tasted great.

To get to the training course I had to take an underground trip. That was no problem except for the crowded trains and the strong breeze blowing up the escalators. With Ryan only packing short skirts for me there was in real danger that they would blow up and expose my naked butt without me even knowing it.

The trains were crowded and I had to squeeze in. I just knew that sometime that week I was going to get groped; especially as I was wearing such short skirts.

I made it to my stop without being groped and went and found the training centre. It’s a nice new building, all open plan; even the stairs up to the second floor where my course was.

I didn’t think anything of it at the time but the room was filled with tables, not desks. There were no modesty boards. About half way through the morning I realised that the instructor was looking at my legs; and probably up my skirt; maybe even seeing my bald pubes.

I tried to ignore it and concentrated on the course material. Later on the instructor started walking round the room while he was talking. He seemed to hover at my left and I wondered if he was trying to look down my top. It was a bit baggy and as I never wear a bra he could probably see my nipples and jewellery.

I told myself that I was imagining it and to stop thinking that he’d even want to look at my body.

At lunchtime I got talking to the only other girl on the course. She seemed a bit ‘prim and proper’ and was wearing a trouser suit. In spite of her looks she’s quite nice really. She asked me if I knew that the instructor was staring at me. I dismissed the idea asking her why he’d even want to look at me. She didn’t answer me.

I made it to the end of the day. It had been hard work but I’d actually enjoyed it and learnt some things.

As I was going down into the underground I felt my skirt blow up to my waist. I looked round to see if anyone had noticed. Happily no one was looking at me.

The tube journey was hectic and I made it back to my hotel without getting groped; but I have no idea if my skirt got blown up and someone saw my bare butt, or worse, my pussy.

I skyped Ryan when I got back to my room and told him all about my day as I held my tablet between my legs with the camera pointing to my pussy as I played with my clit.

Ryan told me that I should flash the course instructor some more to make sure that I got a good grade. He was serious and I thought about ways that I could do that. Ryan also asked me what I could see outside my room window. When I told him that I could only see another hotel across the road he persuaded me to leave the curtains open and to pretend that Mr Perv from across the road from our place was watching. Ryan had long ago got me to ignore Mr Perv and just pretend that he wasn’t there.

When I said that there could be a few Mr Pervs Ryan just laughed and told me to ignore the lot of them. After all, they’d never see me face to face.

I told Ryan about Carrie and that it seemed normal for people to be naked in the sauna. Ryan told me to take my skirt and top off before I went in there. What was okay for others was okay for me he said.

When I told Ryan about the people wearing bath robes at breakfast he persuaded me to wear my robe to breakfast for the rest of the week, telling me that there was no way that I could spill anything on my work clothes if I was wearing my robe. I could see the logic in that.

The thing is; my robe is nothing like one of those hotel robes. Mine is so short that it only just covers my butt, falls open when I sit down and is slightly see-through. If anyone looks close they will see my areolas and jewellery; and the front of my pussy slit. That’s okay for at home, but would I get into trouble at the hotel? I asked Ryan and he told me that it was so unlikely that it wasn’t worth worrying about.

The lunch that was provided at the training centre was quite adequate and I’d filled myself so I decided to skip an evening meal and maybe get something in the bar or through room service later. I decided to head for the leisure centre

Before I left my room I remembered what Ryan had said about the curtains and went and opened them, nets as well. I left the light switched on when I left the room.

I was wearing just my swimming skirt, bikini top and trainers (all that I had with me to wear in the leisure centre) and when I got there I decided to check-out the workout room. As soon as I walked in I saw the big glass wall of the swimming pool. I was surprised at how clearly I could see a couple of people swimming passed the window.

There were 4 men of varying ages in the workout room, all busy getting their exercise.

I decided to get a sweat on by using one of the exercise cycles. Without even realising it I adjusted the seat so that I’d slide from side to side as I pedalled. Before I knew it my AF was rising.

I decided to stop cycling and do some sit-ups. My tummy needed a workout to counter the extra food that I’d be eating that week.

I was making a lousy job of the sit-ups when a young man came over to me and introduced himself as one of the hotel’s personal trainers and asked if I was okay. He followed that by asking if my parents knew I was in there and did I want any help.

“Here we go again.” I thought. My mind went back to the hotel in London when Ryan had been on a training course. There was no way that I was going to end up masturbating in front of some hotel staff and featuring in a hotel video as the naked girl in the leisure centre again.

“Err yes please;” I said, “I don’t seem to be able to keep my legs flat on the floor.”

With that the man knelt down beside me and offered to hold my legs down.

“Please.” I said.

“It helps to open your legs a bit; it’s easier for you to get the balance right.”

I felt my legs open and looked at my skirt. I couldn’t see my pussy so I hoped that he couldn’t see anything either. How stupid was I; of course he could see my pussy; and my jewellery. Never the less I started my first sit up.

“Harder isn’t it, but that proves that it’s dong more good. No pain, no gain; as the saying goes;” the man said.

“I’m George.” The man said as I started my second sit up.

“Tanya.” I replied when I could.

“How old are you Tanya? I’d guess at about 12 or 13.”

“Yeah, I suppose that I do look that age.” I said.

“And your parents do know that you’re in the leisure centre on your own?”

“Of course, I’m not a little kid.” I said.

“I can see that.” George said.

I blushed but figured that George would think I was going red from the exercise.

I did 5 more sit ups before the vibe zapped me. I gasped and screwed my face up.

“Are you okay Tanya, do you want to stop?”

“No, no, it’s nothing; just something my father is making me do.” I lied.

I started the sit ups again and did another 5 before telling George that my tummy hurt too much.

“How about exercising your arms a bit?” George asked.

“Okay, come and lay on that bench with your shoulders under the bar.”

“Isn’t that dangerous, I might not be able to lift the bar or it might come crashing down onto my face.”

“Don’t worry about that. I’ll show you how we put safety measures in place. Let me get on the bench first and I’ll get you to do what I’ll do with you to stop accidents happening.”

George got onto the bench and lifted the bar up.

“Okay Tanya, you come and stand at my head with your feet about shoulder width apart and grab hold of the bar.”

I did what George told me without thinking. It was only when I grabbed the bar that I looked down at George and saw that he was looking up my skirt to my pussy and chain. I couldn’t move in case I dropped the bar on George so I had to grin and bare it. Oh, it’s already bare.

Anyway, after a few seconds that seemed like hours, George said,

“Okay Tanya, you try it.”

As George got up I got down. As I was laying back I realised that my legs were open and anyone near my feet would have a great view. Just as I lifted my arms to the bar the vibe zapped me again.

“Are you sure that you’re okay Tanya we can stop if you want.”

“No, I’m okay.”

George moved in close to my head and as I looked up I’m sure that I could see his cock. Was he going commando as well?

Holding the bar up at arm’s length I looked towards my feet and saw a man just coming in through the door. He stopped and stared at me; or should I say my pussy.

“Oh shit!” I thought and looked up at George. He was looking down at my chest and my rock hard nipples were poking up through my transparent bikini top at him.

I lowered the bar and said,

“Sorry George, I don’t want to do this anymore.”

As I got up George said,

“How about exercising your legs a bit Tanya; how about some cycling?”

“I’ve already done some of that.”

“Well how about 10 minutes on a treadmill then?”

All of a sudden I started cumming, right there in the workout room. My legs must have started to buckle because George put his arm round my bare waist and held me up as I started shaking and moaning.

“Treadmill; treadmill.” I said.

“What’s wrong Tanya? I heard George say.

After a long pause, during which I started to calm down, I said,

“I’m okay George, thank you; it’s just something that my father persuaded me to do. I’m not in pain; it’s just inconvenient at times. Really, I’m okay.”

George still had his arm round my bare waist and I slowly felt him release me.

“I think that I’ll go for a slow swim. Thanks again George.”

“Okay, I’m in here just about every evening if you need any more help.” George said as I walked towards the door.

As I was walked I noticed a couple of the men looking at the pool window. I looked too and saw Carrie swimming totally naked; I could clearly see her tits and pussy. I decided not to think about that, or me swimming the previous evening.

I decided to go and sit in the sauna for a while. Following Ryan’s ‘suggestion’ I left my skirt and bikini top in the changing room, wrapped a towel round me and went out to the sauna.

I took the towel off and hung it on one of the pegs and was just gong in when 2 Japanese (I think) girls walked in from the swimming pool. They were both wearing big bikinis and they stopped and stared at the naked me as I disappeared into the sauna.

I sat on the lower bench with my back to the wall and my legs on the bench and bent. I was on my own and I didn’t care if my pussy was on display. I heard the 2 girls talking and giggling but couldn’t understand a word that they were saying.

A couple of minutes later the door opened and the 2 girls walked in. They’d taken their bikinis off but their big black bushes did a good job of hiding their pussies.

I sat there not caring that 2 girls could see my goodies, and my chains. They however, were staring at me and talking. I didn’t know what they were saying but I got the impression that they were talking about my lack of body hair and my jewellery.

After a while I went for a cold shower then went back in. I’d only just closed the door when Carrie walked in. She was as naked as I was and the 2 Japs kept looking at her as well.

Carrie and I started talking and the conversation got round to swimming. I asked Carrie if she knew that the pool had a glass wall and that people in the workout room could see people in the pool.

“I certainly hope so; I’d hate to think that I was wasting my time.”

I smiled and thought about Ryan calling ME an exhibitionist.

Just then the vibe kicked in again. This time it was a long one.

Carrie said,

“Okay Tanya, what’s going on, you were screwing you face up like that last night as well. You look like you’re about to cum. Have you got a vibrator hidden up your cunt?”

“I am getting a bit hot,” I said, “can we get out of here and talk Carrie?”

We both went out and lay on 2 of the sun loungers that were in the reclining position.

In the next 10 minutes I told Carrie loads of stuff about Ryan and I; especially about the vibe inside me and what Ryan had ‘persuaded’ me to do all that week.

As I was telling her all about George and the workout room I saw that her legs had drifted apart and she was playing with her clit. Before I knew it I was doing the same.

“Christ Tanya, I thought that I was a tease, but I’m an amateur compared to you. I suppose that you do have your childish looks on your side.”

“On that subject,” I said, “George guessed that I was 12 or 13 and I didn’t correct him. I do that to try to avoid men hitting on me. Do you think that you could avoid telling him my real age please?”

“Sure, there’s no reason why he should know.” Carrie replied.

“Thank you.”

We were still masturbating as the 2 Jap girls came out of the sauna. While they were staring at us the vibe zapped me again. This time I followed through with an orgasm. As I moaned and my body trembled I shouted,

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.”

I could feel my pussy muscles pulsing as if they were trying to suck something in.

“What’s this ‘Treadmill’ stuff?” Carrie asked as my body spasmed again.

When I could, I explained Ryan’s theory about Cumming on Command. The 2 Japs stopped staring and disappeared into the changing room.

“Wow!” Carrie said. “So every time you hear someone say ‘Treadmill’, you cum.”

I moaned as I had a little orgasm.

“Blood hell, it works. Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” Carrie shouted.

I orgasmed again and squeezed my hand onto my pussy.

“Sorry!” Carrie said. “Come on, let’s go for a swim.”

“I’ll go and get my swimming skirt and bikini top.” I said.

“No you won’t, you don’t need them. Anyway, what’s with the swimming in a skirt thing?”

As we walked out to the pool I explained the freedom of not having my pussy covered and that if you get the right material it falls down each time that you get out of the water and makes you decent.

“I’ll have to try that, but not here; I ain’t going to wear anything here.”

We dived in and swam around for a bit. I stayed away from the window to the workout room, and from the 3 other people that were in the pool. None of them seemed to care that we were naked (if they even realised).

“Come on Tanya, don’t be shy, come over here and tread water near this window. Or should that be Treadmill the water.”

I’d heard her and my pussy started spasming as another orgasm hit me. So did the vibe which prolonged the orgasm. It was a good job that I’m a good swimmer.

We got out of the pool and went back to the sun loungers. Carrie got there first and sat with her knees up and wide apart. I automatically did the same and we continued talking about the things that I’d done. She was amazed by my exploits in Majorca.

While we were talking a man a few years older than us and wearing only a towel, walked through and into the sauna.

Carrie whispered,

“Give it a minute and we’ll follow him in.”

When we did we saw that the man had spread his towel in the middle of the bench and was lying there stark naked. My eyebrows went up as I saw his soft cock.

Carrie steered me in the direction of one end of the bench while she went to the other. She sat with one leg up, displaying her spread pussy. I instinctively did the same. When Carrie started rubbing her clit I did the same.

The man had obviously been sneakily watching us and when our spread pussies went on display his cock started to twitch. Before long he had a full hard-on but he didn’t try to hide it. It looked to get harder and harder.

I was starting to get randy. If it had been Ryan I’d have jumped on him right there and then. I was thinking about Ryan while rubbing my clit when I heard,

“Treadmill.”

I started cumming and my fingers started fucking my hole. Just as I started to calm down I heard,

“Treadmill.”

My fingers worked harder.

Thankfully Carrie didn’t say that word again and I managed to calm down. I looked at Carrie and the man. Carrie’s fingers were busy and the man had blobs of his cum all up his chest. I smiled and thought of Ryan.

Both the man and I watched Carrie make herself cum before the man got up and left.

“You are a naughty girl aren’t you Carrie?” I said.

“I do love doing that.” Carrie said. “That was a good one, most of them try to hide their pricks and that’s only the third one that I’ve seen shoot his load all over himself this month. I guess that I’ve got to thank you for that Tanya. We must do it again, soon”

I laughed a bit then said,

“How about tomorrow night?” I joked.

“It’s a date.”

“Hey, have you been for a massage yet?” Carrie asked.

When I asked her about it she told me that I definitely MUST have one, and that I MUST have a full body massage from a masseur called Manuel; he was the best. I wondered how many massages Carrie had had. I wondered if the full body massage was like the one that I’d had when I had neck ache. In a way I hoped so and I felt a wet rush in my pussy as I thought about it.

I was over-heating so I told Carrie that I had to have a shower. Carrie said that she should go; that she had somewhere that she had to be. We parted promising to meet again the next evening.

I wasn’t quite ready to leave and I decided to go for another swim. When I dived in I went down and looked through the window. I could see 2 men looking at me. I had to surface when I got zapped again. I wondered what it would feel like to cum underwater with them watching me. I dove down again and finger fucked myself until I ran out of breath.

Feeling proud of myself I got out and went back to the sun loungers. I lay flat out with my feet on the floor either side on the lounger. I relaxed and soon dozed off.

I woke up the next time that I got zapped. I looked up and saw George looking down at me. I was flat on my back, legs spread wide with 3 inch chains hanging from my nipples and clit. I felt sooo embarrassed but I was still being zapped. What’s more I started cumming. I couldn’t stop it and my back arched and I was shaking and jerking. When I calmed down I looked at George. He was stood at the foot of the sun lounger looking down and me – and my pussy.

“OMG! I’m so sorry George. I didn’t mean to, it’s not my fault; I was tired and I just lay here for a minute. Please don’t report me.”

“Hey Tanya, relax, it’s alright, you’ve done nothing wrong.” George said as he squat down to get to my height. His face was getting a lot closer to my pussy.

“But…. But.”

“Hey, first things first; are you hurting?”

“No.”

“Is anyone forcing you to be here?”

“No.”

“Is anyone forcing you to do anything you don’t want to do?”

“No.”

“And these chains, why are you wearing them?”

“I like them and daddy says that they make me look more grown-up.”

“Is anyone hurting you Tanya?”

“No but daddy gets me to put this vibrator thing inside me. It makes me get all, you know, horny. He sometimes spanks me but that usually ends up with me having one of those orgasm thingies. You know, where you feel really good.”

“Where’s your daddy right now?”

“He’s at home; I’m here on my own. I’m going to day lessons at this posh school to see if I like it.”

“Wow Tanya, you dad seems like quite a man. So you’ve got a vibrator in your pussy? Is it switched on?”

“Well yes, but it only comes on every so often. Most of the time I forget that it’s there.”

“Wow. And this treadmill thing, what’s that all about?”

I suddenly started cumming.

“Ohhhhh, aaaaargh, treadmill, shiiiiit, treadmill, aaaaaargh.”

My body was shaking and jerking and I could feel my pussy muscles contracting. George’s face was inches from my pussy. He must be seeing my pussy muscle spasms. That thought kept the orgasm going a bit longer.

“Sorry,” I said, “daddy has helped me to learn how to have one of those orgasm things every time that someone says that word. I get to feel good at some very unusual times.”

“I bet you do; so Tanya, no one is forcing you to do anything you don’t want to, no one is hurting you and you’re happy being here like this. Is that right?”

“Well yes, I’m not happy about men looking at me, but it does make me feel good.”

George stood up and came round the side of me before squatting down again.

“So how come you haven’t got any clothes on?”

“It was my new friend Carrie; she told me that I’d like it more in the sauna if I took my clothes off.”

“And do you?”

“Oh yes, and swimming is much nicer too; I feel all free.”

“Carrie is the daughter of the hotel owner; she gets away with doing anything that she wants. But you’re a guest so you can do whatever you want to too.”

“So I’m not in trouble then? And the management don’t mind girls walking around the hotel without any clothes on?”

“No and no; you’re not in any trouble and we’ve had quite a few girls wandering around the hotel without any clothes on. You enjoy yourself while you’re here. Maybe see you in the workout room tomorrow?”

“Probably.” I said as George got up and walked away, taking one last look down at my pussy that was still wide open.

I lay there for a while wondering what I had just done. What had I let myself in for? I just knew that when I told Ryan he’d persuade me to be naked most of the time that I was there.

I’d had enough for one day and decided to go up to my room and switch the vibe off. I needed some sleep.

While I was getting my clothes out of my locker I thought about Ryan telling me to stay naked all the time. I knew that he would so I decided to start straight away. I wrapped my bikini top, skirt and trainers in a towel and went out of the door into the leisure centre’s reception. The girl there looked up at me and stared for a couple of seconds before looking back down to whatever she was doing. I hoped that it was my jewellery, not the fact that I was naked.

When I got back to my room I switched the lights on and, remembering what Ryan had said, I pushed the curtains back as far as they would go. I looked out and thought that I could see a Mr Perv but I wasn’t sure.

I looked at the clock and saw that it wasn’t too late so I skyped Ryan. He must have been working on his laptop because he answered within seconds.

I quickly told Ryan about everything that had happened in the last few hours. He loved every second of my tale and said that he wished that he was with me. He told me that I should take the opportunity and use the gym each evening; he said that the exercise would do me good.

I was right; he did want me to stay naked all the time that I was in the hotel; with one exception. He said that I should wear my robe when I went there.

After some more skype sex I shut the tablet down put it on charge and went to bed. It was warm in there so I lay on top of the bed. I couldn’t be bothered to get up to switch the light off and I was asleep in seconds.

**Tuesday**

----------

When I went for breakfast on the Tuesday no one took any notice of me wearing only my robe; not even the waitress noticed my exposed belly and pubes when she poured my coffee. On the way back up to my room a man got in to the lift before me and then turned to face me. He was staring at me when the vibe zapped me and I started shaking. His eyebrows rose when my shaking caused my loosely tied belt to come undone and the front of my robe fell open. I got so embarrassed and was glad that he got out on the floor below me.

During the underground part of my journey to the training centre I felt a hand on my butt over my thin skirt. Happily the hand didn’t try to go under my skirt.

My day was good, except for the instructor looking up my skirt and down my top. I just tried to ignore it. I stuffed my face at lunch time again.

As I came up the underground’s escalator I was sure that my skirt had blown up and that the youths behind me had got what they were probably hoping for.

When I phoned Ryan I remembered that I hadn’t told him what Carrie said about having a massage. I said that I wasn’t sure that I wanted to go for one because he (Ryan) wasn’t there. Ryan told me that I should go for it because it should be okay, the hotel couldn’t afford for it to be anything other than legitimate.

Ryan told me that he’d thought of a way that he could watch me while I was having a workout. He told me how I could change the settings in skype so that the video feed that he got was from the tablet’s rear camera, not the front one. He then told me to take the tablet with me, turn the volume right down, and prop it against a wall in the workout room where he could see most of the room. He told me to put a towel on the floor in front of it so that the tablet looked to belong to someone in there. I liked the idea of him being able to see me so I agreed.

I’d skyped Ryan as soon as I’d got into my room and while we were talking I’d stripped and put the vibe in me. Just as I switched it on Ryan said,

“Treadmill.”

And I started cumming. Ryan watched me until I was able to talk to him again before telling me,

“Go on my little exhibitionist, you need to exercise and then relax. Don’t forget to call me just before you go into the leisure centre.”

As soon as I’d cut-off the call to Ryan I picked up the hotel phone and booked a massage with Manuel on the Wednesday evening.

I picked up a towel to cover the tablet and opened my door. In a way I was glad that I had the tablet with me because it gave me somewhere to keep my room’s card key, and I could relax on a sun lounger and read some more of Vanessa Evan’s fictional stories. I thought that I’d start her story about Amy the Exhibitionist. Not that I’d be able to relate to it.

When the lift arrived and the doors opened I saw 2 teenage girls staring back at me.

“Haven’t you forgotten something?” One of them said.

I looked at the tablet and towel and said,

“No.”

“I like the chains.” The other girl said.

“Thank you.” I replied.

I got zapped a few seconds later and started moaning and shaking. Just as the lift got to the leisure centre level one of the girls asked.

“Are you cumming?”

I didn’t answer, instead I almost ran out of the lift towards the leisure centre. An elderly man was coming the other way and he didn’t even look at me.

Just before I went in I switched the tablet on and skyped Ryan. He reminded me to turn the volume down and keep the screen covered. When I walked in the girl on reception glanced at me then turned away as I signed-in then went straight to the workout room.

George was there and he smiled when I walked in. Two men on machines stopped and stared at the naked girl. George came over to me and said,

“Hi Tanya, have you come for a workout?”

“Yes, but before I start can I apologise for my outburst yesterday.”

“There’s absolutely no need, you haven’t done anything wrong. I see that you’ve decided to do a Carrie.”

I blushed and felt my pussy get a little wet.

“Well thank you George. I’d like to try all of the machines, can you help me please?”

“Of course, but I think that there are too many for one evening. Oh, are we going to get interrupted by that little thing inside you?”

I blushed again, got a little wetter and said,

“Probably, but I’d appreciate it if you didn’t say the ‘T’ word.”

I looked over at the treadmills and George said,

“Ah yes, I’ll try. Okay, where shall we start?”

I looked round and selected a wall to put my towel and tablet against. Deciding that the best one was the wall with the window to the swimming pool I went over and quickly arranged the tablet. As I was doing so I whispered,

“I hope that you’re getting this.”

Going back to George I said,

“Right then, which one’s first?”

No sooner than George had said that I got zapped. Fortunately it was just a quickie and I managed to almost ignore it.

George talked me through using a couple of machines then told me that I needed to work on different parts of my body and suggested doing some sit-ups.

While I was flat on my back, the girl from reception walked in carrying a pile of towels. She smiled at George and walked right by me. She was wearing a very short skirt and I was sure that I caught a glimpse of her bare pussy. Maybe part of the uniform was to go commando.

Next it was an exercise cycle. As we walked over to one George said that the seat height would probably need adjusting.

“That’s okay, I’ve got it.’ I said, and set the seat as high as it had been the previous day. As I climbed on George suggested that the seat maybe a little high for me. I told him that I didn’t think so.

As I started pedalling George said,

“Argh, I see. Shall I leave you alone for a while?”

I nodded and just as George turned away I got zapped again. I slowly pedalled as I shook.

“Treadmill, treadmill.” I quietly said to myself. Getting massaged inside and out was nice. When I was able I looked over to my tablet and smiled. I just hoped that the call was still running and Ryan was getting it all. I wondered if he was wanking.

I kept sliding from side to side as I pedalled. Looking round I saw 3 men on machines. All kept looking towards me. Just having had an orgasm and with another building, I didn’t care.

“You should try going faster Tanya; it’s better for the legs.’ I heard George say.

“That’s not all it’s better for.” I thought; and pedalled faster.

I came again before getting off and telling George that I’d had enough for the day. Collecting my tablet and towel I went into the ladies changing room and locked the tablet in a locker then walked out the other end.

Passing the sun loungers I went to the pool and did a couple of lengths. I stopped near the window for a few seconds and wondered if anyone was looking. It felt naughty doing that but at the same how could it be bad if I couldn’t see anyone looking at me?

Suitably cooled down I headed back to the sauna. Opening the door I saw Carrie and a man. Both were naked, the Man had a hard-on that he was failing to cover with his hands, and Carrie was masturbating with legs wide open.

“Hi Tanya, I wondered if you’d be joining me tonight. Come on in and get started.”

“Hi Carrie.”

I don’t quite know what she was referring to but I went and sat at the other end of the bench and put one leg up on the bench. The poor man didn’t know which way to look; his head going from side to side.

“Tanya, come and sit here; we can talk better and there will be no neck ache.”

Bloody hell, Carrie was inviting the man to look at both our pussies at the same time.

Stupid me, I went and sat on the bench above Carrie and opened my legs wide.

“Go on, get started.”

Wow, this girl is bold.

I couldn’t help myself, my right hand went towards my pussy but the vibe beat me to it. I got zapped and felt my pussy spasm.

“Battery not flat then.” Carrie said.

I blushed as my fingers slowly massaged my clit.

The man didn’t last; he suddenly got up and almost ran out holding his cock.

Carrie laughed, licked her finger and put an imaginary tick on an imaginary board in front of her.

Carrie and I started talking about everything and nothing. A couple of minutes later the door opened and the 2 Japanese girls walked in. Not only were they naked, but their pussies were as bald as the day they were born. They went and sat at the other end and started talking in Japanese (I presumed).

A minute later an old Japanese man came in with a towel wrapped round his waist. The girls parted and the old man sat between them. They both turned to him and all 3 were talking to each other while both of the girls were rubbing their tits on his arms.

“I bet that he’s their sugar daddy.” Carrie whispered.

“I’d assumed that he was their father or grandfather.” I replied

All the time Carrie was idly rubbing her clit. My fingers were doing the same but a lot slower.

“Come on Tanya, let’s go and have a swim.”

I was glad that she said that, I was getting a little hot.

We joined 3 others (one girl and 2 men – all wearing swimming costumes) in the pool. After a couple of lengths Carrie stopped in front of the window. I dived down and swam over to her. While I was underwater I saw that she was playing with herself, facing the window, and I could see a couple of the people in the workout room watching her.

When I surfaced Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

I grabbed the rail along the side with my left hand whilst my right hand went to my pussy. I rubbed my clit while I was cumming.

When I calmed down I remembered that I was facing the window. I wondered how many people had seen me cumming and playing with myself.

“Bitch!” I jokingly said to Carrie.

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist it.”

Carrie came closer and kissed my cheek. While she was doing that one of her hands found my pussy and tugged my chain a little bit.

“You enjoyed it didn’t you?” Carrie said.

“Of course,” I replied; “but everyone in there saw me.”

“That’s what makes it so good.”

I was still a bit embarrassed but I had to agree with what she said; I always cum harder when I know that I’m being watched.

Just then I got zapped again. My body shook.

“I’ve got to get one of those things.” Carrie said. “Imagine being in one of those boring trust meetings and a vibrator inside you burst into life. Wow; that must be really cool.”

“Talking of meetings, have you booked a session with Manuel yet Tanya?”

“Yes, tomorrow evening.” I replied.

“Good, I just know that you’ll have a good time. I’m going to see him now. Will you still be around later?”

“Yeah probably; if you’re off there now I think that I’ll relax for a while.”

“Not with that thing inside you.” Carrie said as she swam to the steps and climbed out.

I sunk down in the water and looked through the window. I could see George and a few other men ignoring me, and 1 man and 1 woman looking at me. I moved my hand from my pussy and swam to the steps.

I went and got my tablet and then sat on one of the sun loungers. I bent my legs and tried holding the tablet between my knees so that I could start reading without bending my neck. It worked and I started reading about that exhibitionist girl who fucks her brother.

A couple of people walked through but I just ignored them and kept reading, only stopping whenever I got zapped. I’d just got to the part where Amy describes how she exposed herself at a waterpark in Torremolinos when Carrie re-appeared. She sat opposite me, immediately spreading her legs and frigging herself.

I thought that my pussy demanded a lot of me, but that girl is insatiable. I wondered if she had a brother and if she was fucking him.

“Oh, that was good,” Carrie said, “I’m still tingling now. You really are going to enjoy yourself tomorrow, but you’d better take that thing out before you go; you don’t want anything in the way of his fingers.”

Bloody hell, it sounds like Manuel is like that neck ache masseur. I made a mental note to check with Ryan before booking a session.

A little while later a man came out of the changing room and went into the sauna. When the door shut Carrie said,

“You ready to tease another poor sod?”

“Hang on a minute.”

I got up and went and put the tablet in my locker and went back. Carrie was stood there tweaking her nipples.

“Got to make them look their best for the man.” She said.

Why did I go and do the same thing as we walked in. I also pulled on the chains to make sure that they were stretched as far as they would.

The man was sat at one end of the bench. He had one leg up and his soft cock was resting on his leg. Carrie climbed up onto the top bench and sat like she always does – pussy spread wide.

“Lay down on that bench Tanya.” Carrie said, pointing to the bench that the man was sat on.

She could only mean with my head near her foot and my feet not far from the man. I sat on the bench, twisted round and lay back; making sure that I kept my legs together.

“You really will enjoy your session with Manuel,” Carrie said, “his hands are magic; and he’s got one of those wand things; he’ll keep you high for ages; just like being on a treadmill.”

“No Carrie.”

But it was too late. I started to cum and a second later the vibe zapped me, a long one.

I started moaning and saying,

“Treadmill, treadmill, treadmill.”

I felt my legs open and my butt rise up. My hands went to my little tits and squeezed my nipples.

It was strong one and my back arched and my legs drifted apart. The poor man must have had a great view of my pussy as it tried to suck in a cock that wasn’t there.

When I calmed down I felt something gooey on my feet. I looked towards my feet and confirmed that the man had shot his load and some of it had landed on my feet. I looked at the man; He was making a bad job of hiding his cock behind his hands. After a couple of minutes he got up and left.

“Another success.” Corrie said.

“So how many men have you watch shoot their loads in here then Carrie?”

“Absolutely no idea; I stopped counting months ago; but I still love watching every one. Some of them have amazing looks on their faces, especially if they hold out until they see me cum. They really do like watching you cum.”

“I do wish that you wouldn’t make me cum Carrie; it’s so embarrassing and I don’t like it.”

“Of course you like it. I can tell by the look on your face, you love every second of it. You’re just too shy to admit it. Me making you cum is your secret, hidden desire and I’m making it come true for you.”

I thought about for a minute and realised that maybe she was right; then thought, no, definitely not. If she was right it would mean that I am an exhibitionist, maybe even a closet exhibitionist. But I’m definitely NOT one of those.

Thankfully my thoughts were cut short when Carrie said,

“I really do love that tread wotsit word. How did you get like that again?”

I explained, again, how Ryan had ‘trained’ me to associate that word with an orgasm and eventually hearing that word started triggering one.

I asked her if she was going to try to do the same to herself, then begged her not to use the same word as I did.

“What, you mean you don’t want me to use the word treadmill.”

“Noooooo.”

Carrie moved to the other end of the bench so that she could get a closer look at my pussy as I orgasmed again. Just as I started to calm down I got zapped again. Fortunately I managed to not cum again.

“I wonder if my pussy does that sucking thing that yours does when you cum.” Carrie asked.

“Let me know when you’re cumming again and I’ll have a closer look.” I said.

I know what we’ll do. Let’s have a shower then we’ll go and have a look round that holiday home sales exhibition that going on here.

“I’ll have to go back to my room to get some clothes first.” I said.

“No you won’t. We can go like you are.”

“But I’m naked Carrie.”

“So am I. It’ll be alright. We can tease some of the old fuddy, duddy men.”

“They might complain to the hotel management and I might get thrown out.”

“No you won’t. I won’t let them.” Carrie replied.

I then remembered that Carrie’s father owned the hotel. I must be great to be able to do whatever you want knowing that you can never get into trouble.

“I don’t know Carrie, I won’t feel comfortable.”

“But you will feel excited and turned-on.”

“Well yes, but ………..”

“No buts; were doing this. Come on, get in that shower.”

Suitably showered and dried Carrie led me through the men’s (yes, men’s) changing room and out into the leisure centre’s reception. The girl there smiled at us as we walked out towards the lifts.

There must have been about 50 people there in that big room as Carrie and I walked in, both of us totally naked. A few stopped what they were doing and stared at us. Carrie kept walking as if she owned the place and it was something that she did every day. Oh, wait, she does, and it is probably something that she does every day.

Not me though, and I felt embarrassed. I wanted to cover my bits and I wished that I wasn’t wearing my barbells and chains.

Carrie walked right up to a stall that had lots of big photographs of lovely villas set in glorious, sunny locations.

I meekly followed her.

Carrie pointed at one photo and said,

“So how much is that one, and where is it?”

The poor elderly salesman got all flustered and I started to relax.

Slowly the poor salesman got his act together and went into his sales pitch. I looked all round. There were still people staring at us, but not as many. I saw one woman thump her partner. I smiled and sympathised with the man. It must be terrible to be married to a miserable puritan who thinks that people should never get naked.

Another elderly couple came to the same stall as us and the woman started looked at brochures. The man couldn’t take his eyes off Carrie and me. After a while the woman turned to the man and said,

“Leave them alone Henry; if we move to one of these places you’ll have to get used to seeing lots of girls dressed like that. They’ll be all over the place.”

“You mean WHEN we move; I’m suddenly getting a lot more interested Betty,” the man said.

All the time Carrie was asking the man question. What’s more, they seemed to be sensible questions. I wondered if her family owned one.

Satisfied with that the man told her we moved on to another stall. It too had big photos of villas. Just as Carrie started with all the same questions I got zapped.

I struggled to stay quiet but I did start shaking. Carrie saw me and realised what was happening. She moved to my side and put her arm around me.

“Sorry about my friend here, she’s having an orgasm; please continue.”

The word orgasm attracted a bit more attention to us and I saw one woman turning her nose up and walking off. The man who’d been trying to sell Carrie a villa looked a bit flustered but he managed to continue as I slowly returned to normal.

“Ha!” I thought; “was I really starting to think that it was ‘normal’ to walk around a big hotel naked apart from barbells and chains; and having the odd orgasm here and there? What’s happening to me?”

After the man realised that there was no way that Carrie was seriously interested. Carrie grabbed my arm and we walked round the rest of the exhibition then out of that room.

“Well that was okay, but wait until tomorrow’ there’s a Sales Seminar in there. That means lots of young men. We’ll have a great time,” said Carrie.

I wasn’t so sure. I was tired and I told Carrie that I couldn’t take cumming so often much more and that I’d have to have an early night. We parted and I went back to the leisure centre to collect my tablet before going up to my room.

When I was in the ladies changing room I saw the girl from reception. She’d taken her clothes off and was just getting into the shower. I guessed that it was a perk of the job.

As soon as I got to my room I skyped Ryan; I was feeling horny and I wanted skype sex with him.

He told me to keep the vibe in and start playing with myself; he wanted to see my reaction if I got zapped. Meanwhile Ryan started wanking while I watched. When we’d both cum Ryan told me that he’d enjoyed watching my workout then he asked who the girl was that I’d been talking to on the sun lounger. He told me that he’s seen her making herself cum.

“OMG! Did I forget to shutdown skype?”

“Yes you did, but I’m not complaining. Oh, and can you take the tablet to your massage session please TT. I want to watch you getting off with that massage man.”

“I’m not going to let him fuck me; well not with his cock.”

“Yeah, that Carrie says that he’s good with his fingers.”

“You heard that as well then.”

“Don’t forget to charge the tablet. I don’t want the battery going flat while you’re screaming in ecstasy.”

“Good night lover.”

I shut the tablet down then realised that I was feeling hungry so I phoned room service and ordered a sandwich. I planned to put my robe on to answer the door but it took so long that I fell asleep, on my back on the bed.

The next thing that I knew was that I was hearing a clicking sound. As I started to wake-up I realised that someone was in the room. I didn’t want to panic so I opened my eyes a little to see who it was.

It was a waiter, presumably the one who was bringing my sandwich, and he was taking photos of me with his phone. If I ‘woke up’ I knew that I’d get all embarrassed and there could be an ugly confrontation. If I pretended to still be asleep I could pretend that the whole thing wasn’t happening.

I close the latter and just lay there with my eyes shut.

The camera kept clicking.

For some weird reason I slowly moved my right hand to my pussy while opening my legs even wider.

I started rubbing my clit; then moaning.

Then I got zapped. I definitely wasn’t expecting it and I gasped quite loudly and opened my eyes wide. Then I heard the door shut.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw that I was alone.

Had I dreamt it? I lay there wondering if I had; then I looked over to the table and saw a plate of sandwiches. I hadn’t dreamt it. I guess that the guy had knocked and not got an answer so he’d let himself in and seen me. The cheeky sod had then taken some photos of me while I was asleep. My stirring and rubbing my clit must have scared him off.

I ate the sandwiches, cleaned my teeth, looked out of the window to see if there were any Mr’ Pervs out there – 2 possible ones, squeezed the vibe out; then went and lay on the bed thinking that I must try to work out the heating in the room.

I was asleep within seconds.