**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 20 – Ryan continues to find ways to expose me**

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**The Charity Shop**

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Between the Bus Station and main shopping area in town is a new charity shop. They took over a food shop that went bust. The shop sells clothes (mainly women’s and kids), CDs, electronic games and a few other things.

One day as we were walking from the bus to the shopping area Ryan dragged me in. I couldn’t imagine why because I couldn’t see anything that we would want but in we went. Ryan went for a wander round leaving me to look at the CDs. When he came back to me he told me that he’d been talking to one of the sales assistants and found out that the shop was staffed by volunteers from one of the local colleges who had to do umpteen hours charity work to get some award that would look good on their CVs.

That explained the young staff because these places are usually staffed by elderly women looking for a good cause to volunteer for.

Anyway, the shop used to be used for food sales so it didn’t have any changing rooms. Charities being charities they didn’t have any money to spend on decent changing rooms so they’d just knocked-up a couple of cubicles with curtain fronts. I guessed that they didn’t expect many people to use them.

These cubicles were right next to the sales tills.

I hadn’t really noticed this when we first went in; but Ryan obviously had because when he came back to me that first time he was carrying a skirt and a top; and he wanted me to try them on.

I looked at them and didn’t like them; but Ryan was insistent. Not wanting and argument I agreed, took them off him and went over to the changing cubicles.

Guess what? Yes, the curtains weren’t big enough. I looked at Ryan and gave him that ‘you knew that didn’t you?’ look. He just shrugged his shoulders.

Looking round and seeing no one except Ryan I thought,

“Okay, you want me to get naked and flash you in this shop then I will.”

I closed the curtain as far as it would go and turned and stripped off my skirt and top. When I was naked I peeked out of the gap and saw only Ryan so I pulled the curtain wide open letting Ryan see my naked front.

As we stood there staring at each other and grinning I looked next to Ryan and saw a big mirror on a pillar in the middle of the room. I froze when I realised that I could see this young man and young woman behind the sales counter in the mirror; what’s more, they were both looking at the mirror and could see the naked me.

The grin disappeared from my face before I suddenly grabbed the curtain and pulled it closed – well as far as it would go.

Ryan came over and asked me what was wrong. When I told him he did what he usually does, laugh and tell me that I’d enjoyed it – which of course I hadn’t.

When he’d got to the cubicle he’s opened the curtain. I was still naked but he’s a lot bigger than me so I couldn’t see the mirror, so the staff couldn’t see me.

I started to put the clothes on that Ryan had got for me and when they were on Ryan backed away and told me to go and look at myself in the mirror. I did and told him that I didn’t like them. I went back into the cubicle to get changed back into my own clothes. I closed the curtain but Ryan opened it again to talk to me. He was blocking the view so I wasn’t worried as I stripped off.

When I was naked again I turned to give him the clothes that I didn’t want and found that he’d moved to one side. I looked to the mirror and saw that I was being watched again. I went to close the curtain but Ryan stopped me saying that it was pointless as they’d already seen everything that I’d got.

I glared at Ryan and put my own skirt and top on. When I was ready I looked at the mirror again and saw that I still had my little audience.

As we walked out Ryan said,

“They’ll know that you don’t wear underwear now.”

“Thanks Ryan.” I said.

“Who cares?” Ryan said.

After that day Ryan always managed to talk me into calling in there either on the way into town; or on the way home. Each time he picked what he wanted me to try on and they got smaller and smaller each time. It wasn’t long before it was little girl’s clothes that he picked. There were 2 skirts that he chose that had to stretch so far that they were more like belts.

Of course he got me to go and stand in front of the mirror each time; even if the ‘belts’ didn’t completely cover my butt or pussy.

The college kids kept changing, sometimes 2 girls, sometime 2 youths and sometimes 1 of each.

One time when we walked in I overheard 1 college youth say to another,

“Show time!”

Ryan must have heard him because when he got me out in front of the mirror wearing an obscenely short skirt he had the nerve to call the youths over and ask them if they thought that the skirt and top that I had on suited me.

Not only was my butt and pussy showing but Ryan had picked a semi see through top and I could see my nipples and chains. When I realised that I could see my nipple chains I looked further down and I could see the chain hanging from my clit hood.

When I said that I couldn’t possibly go out wearing that outfit, one of the youths said that I could go out with him like that anytime.

I just ignored him.

By that time a middle-aged couple had come in and were looking round. The woman walked right passed us as if we weren’t there, but the man stopped and stared at me. He was going nowhere.

Another thing was that a young man who had been looking through the CDs had decided that he wanted to buy one and was stood at the counter waiting to pay. He too was staring at me.

I was getting a little pissed off so I turned and walked back to the cubicle. I knew that the bottom half of my butt was on display but I was pissed with Ryan. When he opened the curtain as I was getting those horrible clothes off I thought,

“Sod it; if Ryan wants to show me off then I’ll make sure that he does just that.”

When I was completely naked I barged passed Ryan and went to the rack where the girl’s clothes were and picked out a short pleated wrap skirt. It was way too small for me but it was a wrap skirt so I knew that I could get it round me.

All the male eyes followed me as I went back to the mirror, held up the skirt and said,

“How about this one? Is it small enough for you?”

One of the youths said,

“Nice.” And another said,

“Fucking hell.”

When I looked at Ryan he was just grinning so I turned to face him, took the skirt off, threw it at him and walked back to the cubicle to get dressed.

Ryan followed me out of the shop and into town. It took a good 10 minutes for me to stop being mad at him. I kissed him and said,

“Please don’t do that again.”

He said that he wouldn’t but I just knew that he’d find other ways to get me naked in public.

**Human Sexuality Class**

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Well that’s not what Ryan told me it was. What happened was that Ryan went and told me that he’d agreed for me to pose in another of Dan’s art classes. We had an argument about it because I’ve told Ryan lots of times that I didn’t want to do it again. We don’t need the money and I certainly don’t need the embarrassment and humiliation.

Of course Ryan won the argument and I set off to the college not at all looking forward to seeing Dan and his adult students again.

When I got there Dan sprung the surprise on me. He met me outside the room and explained that it wasn’t an art class, but a sort of human sexuality class that I was there for.

I asked Dan what he meant by ‘a sort of human sexuality’ class he explained that it was a class of young adults who were doing the evening classes to get extra credits for their grades.

“So what has that got to do with me?” I asked.

“Well, they need a model to explain and demonstrate parts of the adult female anatomy.” Dan replied.

I told Dan that by 18 or 19 they would already have found out on their own.

“Most of it,” Dan told me, “but you know how young people get the wrong idea about things. This course is to increase their factual knowledge about human anatomy.”

“I’m not sure that I understand that,” I replied; “and besides, I’m not a teacher.”

“Yes, I know, they’ll have a teacher with them; a male teacher and he’s not in a position to demonstrate the female anatomy is he? With your experience as an art model you’re the ideal woman for the job; and Ryan told me that you’d be happy to help us out.”

At that moment I wanted to kill Ryan. He’d dropped me in it again, expecting me to get naked in front of a lot of strangers, and this time not only letting them stare at my body but goodness knows what else. This time I was determined that I was going to refuse and tell Dan to go and find some exhibitionist that wanted to get naked in front of strangers; not the normal, respectable girl that I am.

“Of course I’ll help you out Dan.” I heard my mouth say. “Whatever you want Dan.”

What the hell was wrong with me? Why did my mouth say something that certainly wasn’t true?

I followed Dan down the corridor and into a large classroom. In there were about 20 young people, about half female, and a middle-aged man who Dan introduced as Fred.

“Thank you so much for helping us out Tanya;” Fred said, “these people think that they know it all but, with your help, they’re going to find out a lot more tonight.”

“I…. I….. I don’t know what to say;” I said, “I never expected this, well I still don’t know what to expect. What do you want from me?”

“Don’t worry Tanya, all you need to do is answer a few questions and show them how to do a few things. I’m sure that none of this will be new to you. Just relax and let me get things started.” Fred said.

Fred turned to the class and said,

“Right class, Tanya here has volunteered to help us with your course work. As we discussed earlier we’ll start by you asking her some simple questions then we’ll move on to the more physical aspects of the female anatomy.”

As Fred was talking he led me to the front of the class and to a seat next to a big wooden table. I was a little concerned to see a couple of things that looked like they’d been borrowed from a hospital.

I sat down and joined my hands on my lap. This is the way that I normally sit when I don’t have a bag with me. It’s the only way that I can stop my bare pubes being visible to anyone who looks and I wanted to delay showing them to the students in this class for as long as I could.

“Tanya, are you ready to begin?”

“No, no, no, someone get me out of here.” I thought then I said, “Yes, of course.”

“Okay,” Fred said, “put your hand up if you have a question for Tanya.”

I looked round the room and saw that there were only 2 people who didn’t have a hand in the air, Fred and Dan.

“Rose, what would you like to ask Tanya?” Fred said.

*“How old are you Tanya?” Rose asked.*

I smiled and relaxed a bit before answering. I must have answered that one a million times.

“I’m 24 and I know that I don’t look like that age. If you like I can get my passport out of my bag and prove it.”

After that the questions got a bit (a lot) more personal. Some were not interesting but some were: -

*“How come you have no tits?”*

I repeated everything that the doctors had told me then told them that the condition was a lot more common than most people realise; that most women with the condition either have implants or always wear padded bras.

*“How often do you have sex?”*

“Daily.”

*“How many orgasms have you had in one day?”*

I got a few gasps when I told them that it must have been somewhere in the region of 70 or 80. Someone else asked me to give details so I briefly told them about our day on the beach in Playa d'en Bossa.

*“How often do you masturbate?”*

“Daily.”

*“Do you masturbate in front of your boyfriend?”*

“Yes.”

*“Do you give your boyfriend blow jobs?”*

“Yes.”

*“Do you let him cum in your mouth?”*

“Yes.”

“Do you swallow?”

“Yes.”

*“Have you ever taken part in a bukkake?”*

That question caused a few of the students to ask what a bukkake was. For some strange reason I felt comfortable enough to explain what it was, and to admit that I had.

*“What’s the largest object you’ve put in your pussy, sorry, vagina?”*

Dan got some funny looks when I told them that it was the baseball bat in an art class at that college.

*“What unusual places have you had an orgasm?”*

The list was long and I got a few gasps and laughs as I reeled them off.

*“What’s the most unusual place that you’ve been naked in?”*

I told them about the hotel in London when I got presented (in front of a room full of car salesmen) with a gift for saving the daughter of a Japanese business man’s daughter from drowning.

*“What’s the longest period of time that you’ve been naked for?”*

I had to think a bit but then told them that it must have been our last holiday in Ibiza where I’d been naked for most of the fortnight.

*“Are your nipples pierced?”*

My reaction was to look down at my chest. My nipps were hard and the outline of my jewellery was visible.

Fred interjected at that point and asked that I remove my top and let them all see. I’d relaxed a bit, but I still hesitated when Fred told me to take my top off; and my face went bright red as my nipples and their jewellery came into the sight of all those young people.

*“Did it hurt?”*

“A little; but not for long.”

Things quickly got worse for me as the next question asked me if I had any other piercings. I couldn’t lie; what’s more I knew that I would end up naked sooner or later so I admitted that I did. That prompted Fred to ask me to take my skirt off.

Apart from my shoes I was now naked in front of 20 or so young adults. My face was bright red with embarrassment and I have to admit that my pussy was tingling and getting wet. Why does my body always betray me like that?

*“Why aren’t you wearing any knickers?”*

“I never do.”

*“What’s that dangling between your legs?”*

When I answered that, Fred ‘suggested’ that I get up on the table and show them.

I thought that I’d just perch on the edge and open my legs a bit but Fred and Dan came forward and picked-up the metal objects that I’d seen as I’d walked to the front of the room. I was horrified when I realised that they were gynaecologist’s leg rests and Dan and Fred were clamping them to the corners of the table either side of me.

“Lie back on your elbows Tanya so that you can still see the students then lift your legs up.”

Like the idiot that I am I did as I was told and was horrified when I felt clamps going down on my shins meaning that I was immobilised with my legs spread very wide apart. I’m sure that it would have hurt if I hadn’t been so flexible.

*“What’s that other shinny thing that I can see?”*

Asked a young man from the back of the room.

I went on to explain the difference between a clit hood ring and a true clit ring.

*“How did you get it on there?”*

There were a few pained facial expressions as I told them about the ice.

*“So what does it do for you – apart from look good?”*

“It heightens the sensitivity of my clitoris, and when it vibrates it keeps me feeling very good.”

I then got bombarded with questions about where I got it from, how much it cost and how it got charged up. As the questions slowed, one young man asked,

*“Is it going to make you cum here, right now?”*

“I doubt it, the battery’s flat.”

*“Can you show us how you masturbate?”*

“No.”

*“How do you keep yourself fit looking?”*

I didn’t know if he was giving me a compliment or trying to come on to me. I decided not to think about that and said,

“I go to a gym with my boyfriend about once a week. It’s quite a popular one and girls get to go for free.”

As soon as I’d said that last part I regretted it. I just knew what was coming next.

*“How come girls get to go for free? Isn’t that sexual discrimination?”*

“Yes it is, but I doubt very much that anyone will complain because for the girls to get in for free they have to work-out in the nude.”

There was a bit of banter amongst the students then Fred said,

“Okay class, back to the course subject; I know that some of you want to know what happens to a girl’s genitals when she has an orgasm. One of the reasons why Dan asked for Tanya to be our model for tonight is that she and her boyfriend have ‘conditioned’ Tanya to have an orgasm every time that she hears a word that doesn’t crop up in most people’s daily conversations.

My eyes closed as I thought,

“No, no, no; please don’t do this to me.”

“It’s a form of hypnotism,” Fred continued, “and apparently it works well with Tanya. One by one I want you to go and stand between Tanya’s legs and say the word ‘Treadmill’; then watch what her genitals do.

Of course, the mention of that word set me off and I felt myself lose control and start cumming.

One by one, the 20+ students came and stared at my pussy as they said that word. My arms gave out and I lay flat on my back as my body jerked about and my pussy convulsed. At one point I heard someone say,

*“Bloody hell; she’s squirting at me.”*

Finally, I stopped hearing that word and I started coming down from my highs. I was covered in sweat and absolutely knackered.

When I was just about back to normal I heard someone ask,

*“Would you describe yourself as an exhibitionist?”*

Getting back up on my elbows so that I could see who asked me that, I said,

“No, definitely not.”

*“But you don’t wear underwear and you do wear short skirts; and, that chain dangling between your legs attracts people’s eyes to it. You’ve also admitted that people seeing your pussy turns you on and that you’ve had loads of orgasms in public; so how can you say that you’re not an exhibitionist?”*

“Just because I wear short skirts and no underwear doesn’t mean that I’m an exhibitionist. How many of you girls have gone out in a skirt with no knickers on?”

As I looked round the room 5 or 6 girls faces went red but only 2 hands went up.

“Besides,” I continued, “ask any doctor and they will tell you that it’s healthier to have air circulating round your genitals. As for my jewellery, nearly all my skirts are long enough so that you can’t see it, and if I’m wearing a skirt that is shorter it’s because my boyfriend has asked me to wear it and even then, people would have to be looking at my crotch area to see it. Anyway, it’s only a chain. It could be attached to my skirt for all they know. Of course I get turned-on when I know that someone is seeing my naked pussy. Can any girl here convince me that she wouldn’t get turned-on?”

As I again looked round the room just about all the girls were looking a little embarrassed.

*“Okay, so you say that you’re not an exhibitionist, but here you are, stark naked with your legs spread wide for all to see; and your pussy looks like you’re enjoying it and you’ve just cum a couple of dozen times. How can you not be an exhibitionist?”*

“I’m comfortable with my body and not ashamed of it. If I was ashamed of my body I’d have had breast enlargements to make me look more ‘normal’ and I certainly wouldn’t be here. I’m here because I was asked to help out with your education. As for being turned-on, I think that I’ve explained that already. I had all those orgasms because you people made me have them by saying that word. How many of you girls would like to swap places with me right now?”

As I looked around I saw 2 girls that were definitely feeling uncomfortable right then. I wondered if they really did want to swap places but were too embarrassed to admit it.

There were a few pointless questions then Fred decided to wind things up. After he’d released my legs he handed me a towel saying that he thought that I might need it. At least he’d got something right.

As I was wiping the sweat and my juices off me, 2 of the girls came over to me and asked about the gym. I repeated what I’d said then asked them if they wanted to join. They looked at each other then, in stereo, said that they did.

I asked them for their mobile numbers then what part of town they lived in. Fortunately, both of them lived not far from Ryan and I so I told them that I’d phone them when we were next going and that we’d be happy to give them a lift.

As I was getting dressed Fred came over and gave me an envelope with my money in it. He thanked me for my time and honesty and then said that he hoped that he could call on my services again.

“Don’t be so stupid man; do you really think that I’d ever humiliate myself like that again.”

But when my mouth opened, out came,

“Yes, sure Fred, anytime, Dan knows how to contact me.”

What the hell is wrong with me?

**The Gym**

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We hadn’t been to the gym for a couple of weeks because Darren had told us that it was closing for a couple of weeks for refurbishment. When we decided to go again Ryan phoned and checked that it was back in business. Ryan was on the phone for ages and he kept saying ‘great’, ‘wonderful’ and other such words. When I asked him what he was on about all he would tell me was that I’d love the new setup.

When I’d got back from the ‘human sexuality’ class, and calmed down; I’d told Ryan about the 2 girls (Isla and Ella) wanting to go to the gym with us. Ryan asked me if they knew that they’d have to get naked. When I said that they did, he calmly said ‘okay’ and changed the subject.

I phoned Ella and Isla and made the arrangement to pick them up.

At the appointed time we set off with me in what has become my normal state of dress for going to the gym – naked. When we arrived at Isla’s house Ryan had to go to the door to get them. I watched as they suspiciously looked at Ryan as he told them who he was. I waved at them when they looked over to the car and I could see them relax then wave back

When they got to the car they both stopped dead when they saw that I was naked.

“Fucking hell Tanya; you didn’t say anything about travelling there naked.”

“Don’t worry about Tanya girls; I have trouble trying to get her to wear clothes.” Ryan said.

“RYAN; stop telling lies. Ignore him girls, he’s only jealous.” I replied.

We 3 girls talked while Ryan drove. They told me that they were nervous because they’d never taken their clothes off in public before. I think that I managed to reassure them, and it must have worked because when we went in they were eager to get stripped and get out on display, sorry, exercise.

Ryan and I were a little slow going in because everything was different. It was one hell of a make-over that the place had had. Darren told us that business was so good that he’d managed to pull together enough money to expand the place into the warehouse next door and they were currently refurbishing the old part so when it was finished it would be a lot bigger than what we could see. There were new everything, even the changing rooms. What’s more he’d added a swimming pool; only about 20 meters long, but really nice.

The whole place was now on 2 levels. The changing rooms were still on the ground level near reception so after Ella and Isla completed the membership forms we 3 girls went in. Ryan had already gone ahead, telling us that he’d meet us in the workout room.

Both Ella and Isla were quick to get naked, but a little hesitant to leave the changing room. After they saw, and got introduced to the naked Abby, Piper and Liz; both newbies decided that they were ready and followed me out.

When we went into the workout room the first thing that we saw was Liz on a leg spreader. Her legs were wide open, so was her hole. Piper was spot checking a man with her pussy only inches above his nose, and Abbey was on a running machine; her little tits wobbling up and down. I stared for a couple of seconds as I realised that she’d had her nipples pierced. When I looked back at Piper, she too had been pierced.

“Fucking hell!” Ella said, “I can see that I’m going to have lots of fun here; I’m dripping already.”

“Me too.” Isla said.

I smiled and said.

“Go get ’em girls.”

The new workout room has lots of space and quite a few new machines, including a third leg spreader. The funny thing was that the new one was facing the mirrored wall. When I mentioned it to Ryan he told me that it was for the shy girls who wanted a bit of privacy. That sounded good to me so I said that I was going to use it.

Okay, the men could still see my pussy in the mirrors but not as clear so I was a lot more relaxed and took my time. I even played with my clit a little when I thought that no one was looking at me.

I moved to the exercise cycles leaving Ella and Isla waiting to have a go one of the leg spreader facing into the room, and Ryan lifting weights. Abby was on the next cycle and I had a long chat with her. She told me that the men’s changing room is on the other side of the wall where the leg spreaders are and that the mirrors are two way. Anyone in the men’s changing room can get a great view of the girls on the new machine spreading their legs. What’s more, have you looked at that TV screen? Abby nodded towards a big flat-screen monitor. On it was a close-up of one of the girls on one of the leg spreaders facing into the room. The picture was so good that I could even see the droplets of her juices on her lips. The entrance to her hole was twitching a bit. It looked like she was cumming.

At first I was annoyed but that soon wore off. I also thought about telling Ella and Isla but whichever machine they used they would have men staring at their bald pussies; but didn’t because by the look of them they were enjoying themselves.

I told Abby and she did a Ryan, laughed, and said that she was pretending not to know and playing with herself when her legs were wide open.

“Got to give the men their money’s worth.” She said.

I laughed and regretted touching my clit when I was on that machine.

We pedalled in silence for a few minutes and I thought about being so exposed in there. I also watched the TV monitor and after a while I realised that the picture was cycling round all the cameras and if the system detected movement it would stay on that camera for a good minute or so before moving on to the next camera. I also saw that there was camera in the ladies changing and shower rooms.

Looking around I saw 6 naked girls all enjoying themselves as they let the men look at their tits and wet pussies. I wasn’t really enjoying it; if it wasn’t for Ryan there was no way that I would be there. But was it me that had got it wrong? Was I not enjoying these ‘events’ because I was feeling guilty. Should I be feeling guilty? Other girls enjoy these things without feeling guilty so why should I?

For the next few minutes I tried to think of reasons why I should feel guilty and the only thing that I could think of was my mother. She was the one who always tried to force her crazy religious ideas on me. The fact that my mother and her religious morals even came into my mind was enough for me to change my mind. From now on, if Ryan or anything else got me aroused I was not going to feel guilty; I was going to go with the flow and have fun.

I decided that Ryan DID know me better than I did.

Then I thought about Ryan calling me an exhibitionist but my logic of if a girl is sexually aroused then it’s not her fault that she exposes herself, it’s just human female nature; she has no control over herself. No, I definitely am not an exhibitionist.

We pedalled on and after a while I looked to my right. When I originally went into that room I’d thought that the wall to my right was painted blue but as I looked then I could see a naked girl swimming.

“Blood hell! Another surprise; that Darren certainly does know how to show-off the girls.” I said to Abby.

“Yeah,” Abby said; “I’ve already cum twice and I’ve only been here 30 minutes.”

I had previously thought that I was lucky having made it for nearly 30 minutes without even one public orgasm. Then I decided that I wanted to have one; and cum while a man was looking at my pussy. How could I arrange that?

Looking around I saw a man that I’d never seen before, standing near the bench for lifting weights. He didn’t look as though he knew what he was doing so I went over to him and asked him if I could spot for him. As I walked to him I tweaked and pulled my already hard nipples.

He looked me up and down, grinned and said,

“Yes please, but I’m not sure how these things work, this is my first time here.”

“Don’t worry, I’ve spotted for quite a few people and I’ve seen what they do.”

I shuffled the bar stands down the bench a bit then told the man to lie on the bench. When he lay with the bar above his chest I told him that he needed to be further up the bench; that it would be more fun for him.

He looked a bit puzzled but when I moved in and stood with my thighs either side of his head he said,

“You were right, it is more fun.”

I smiled to myself and wondered if I could cum with his face so close to my pussy.

“Right,” I said, “lift the bar.”

He did with ease.

“Okay, let me put more weights on the bar.”

I backed off and bent over to pick up another weight. As I did so I looked back at the man. He was looking at my butt and slightly spread legs. I turned and put the weight on one end of the bar. As I was screwing it in place I looked at his shorts. They had developed a tent.

Bending over to pick up the other weight I again looked back and saw the man adjusting his tent.

Weights screwed on I went back to standing over his face. This time I bent forward to put my hands under the bar.

“That chain tastes nice.” The man said.

“Naughty, naughty; you’re not supposed to touch me.” I jokingly said.

“I’m not; just your chain.”

“Okay, you got me there.”

The man lifted the bar 5 times before Ella came over and asked me if I was going to join her on the treadmill.

That man’s breathing had got me real close but that word took me over the top. I moaned and bent my legs slightly. I felt the man’s tongue lick my clit and the orgasm suddenly went up a level.

Eventually I calmed down and stepped back. Looking down I saw the big grin on the man’s wet face. Had I really done that to him?

“Sorry, I’m so sorry, I just lost control; please don’t tell the management.”

“Don’t worry little lady; your secret is safe with me.”

Looking up I saw Ella looking at me and grinning.

Saying sorry to the man again, I grabbed Ella’s arm and pulled her towards the running machines.

“Did you say that word on purpose Ella?” I asked.

“Err yes; you looked like you wanted to cum so I helped you. Was I wrong?

“Hell no, I loved every second; and did you see his shorts?”

We both laughed as the running machines burst into life.

I liked watching Ella’s B’s bouncing up and down, and when I told her that she looked good she told me that she loved seeing my chains bounce around. She asked me if the bouncing around turned me on.

“Not as much as than man licking my pussy.”

We both giggled.

After a few minutes Ryan came and started running on the machine on my other side.

“Glad to see that you’re enjoying yourself.” Ryan said.

“Sorry lover, I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

“Hey TT; if you enjoyed it then it’s okay with me. Do you want to go on the leg spreader again?”

I looked over and saw that 2 of the 3 were free.

“Is there anyone in the men’s changing room?” I asked.

Ryan looked puzzled for a second then grinned.

“I’ll go and check.”

Ryan disappeared for a few seconds then came back.

“Yes, but you’ll have to be quick.”

I pressed the stop button, jumped off and quickly walked over to the leg spreader facing the wall. Sitting down I quickly spread my legs wide, sighed and hoped that I had an invisible audience. After a few seconds I turned my head to look at the big monitor. There was my pussy, chain, hood piercing and clit ring.

I stared at the monitor for ages; I’d never seen my pussy from that angle before and I studied every square millimetre. I watched it get wetter and wetter before deciding that I should really close my legs.

I did, then immediately opened them again.

Ryan was stood beside me and he bent over and whispered,

“Treadmill.”

My head turned to look at the monitor again and I got to see my pussy twitching and trying to suck in a cock that wasn’t there.

As I started to come down I got an attack of shyness. I quickly closed my legs and looked around to see who had witnessed my humiliation.

Three men and 3 girls were still staring at the monitor. I wondered if any of the men in the changing room had seen.

I remembered my new approach and smiled. I looked up at Ryan and said,

“I needed that.”

“And a good one it was too.” Ryan replied.

We repeated the exercise, and the cumming again before Ryan said,

“Hey look, there’s a new exercise cycle being installed.”

We stopped and watched Darren and another man un-wrap it. As they did they slowly got surrounded by most of the people in the workout room. The reason was that the cycle had a dildo sticking up through the saddle.

Darren looked round at his audience and said,

“I got it because I got asked for it lots of times. Apparently you girls like them. Not sure how it works though.”

“Tanya knows,” Ryan said, “she’s got one at home.”

Everyone turned and looked at me and I blushed. Abby broke the silence by saying,

“Good for you Tanya, come on, show us how it works.”

“It’s pretty obvious isn’t it?” I replied.

“Yeah, but come on girl, christen that rubber cock for us.”

I looked at Ryan who winked at me and gently pushed me in the back.

“Okay, okay.” I said, “Let me get near it.”

A couple of people moved to the side and I went up to the bike quickly rolling my nipples between my index fingers and thumbs. I squat down and turned a pedal by hand to see how far up the dildo went. As it got to the top of its cycle Ella said,

“Nice, I’m going to have a go on that – soon.”

Satisfied that I could take all of the dildo I climbed on; but standing on the pedals. I lowered myself until the end of the dildo touched my pussy. I gasped a little then sighed a little as I slowly lowered myself down until I was fully impaled and my butt was on the saddle.

I must have had a satisfied look on my face because Isla said,

“That looks good.”

Ignoring Isla, and a couple of other comments, I slowly started to pedal. Boy was that good. Then I thought,

“Was that really better than the one at home or did I enjoy it more because a dozen or so people were stood around watching me.”

I didn’t know so I stopped thinking about it and enjoyed the being fucked feeling.

As I ignored; no, enjoyed the stares of the audience around me, I looked up and around the room. One of the monitors was showing a girl on a leg spreader with her wet pussy glistening in the bright lights, but suddenly the picture changed to a different pussy; MY pussy; MY being fucked pussy. Bloody hell; where was the camera? I looked down at the front of the bike and saw a little black box, with a small hole in it, on the frame, right in front of my pussy.

My first reaction was annoyance but it quickly changed to pleasure. I was pleased and proud that my pussy, in glorious high definition, was being beamed to those very large monitors.

I wanted to see more of what my pussy looked like when it was being fucked; albeit by a dildo. As I pedalled I tried to thrust my hips forward so that I could get a better look. I over-did it and the next upward thrust hurt a little. I backed off a little and tried again, this time spreading my legs as much as I could and still pedal.

I don’t know if it was the dildo going in and out of me, or the fact that people were watching me, or the fact that me, and anyone else who could see any of the monitors was getting a close-up of my pussy as I was being fucked, or what; but my AF was rising quickly.

I started pedalling faster and moaning. Through my half-closed eyes I could see my audience smiling and some of the men were drooling. Most of the men had a hand on the front of their shorts.

Ella had her hand on her pussy and I could swear that she was rubbing her clit.

I didn’t last long, my head went back, I got a lot more vocal and my body started shaking; but I kept on pedalling. I guess that that was because when I’ve cum on my bike pedalling around the streets I can’t (daren’t) stop.

The pedalling did slow down as I started to come down from my high.

When I opened my eyes and looked round everyone, except Ella, started clapping; I thing that Ella’s right hand was still a little busy. At first my reaction was sheer embarrassment, but it quickly changed to a sense of achievement. I’d had my first voluntary orgasm in public; and it had been a good one. In a way I felt proud of myself.

I stopped pedalling and accepted the few kind compliments. After about 30 seconds I stood on the pedals and un-impaled myself.

Climbing off I nearly got knocked over by Ella who obviously wanted to be the second girl to use that machine.

I stood in front of Ryan with a grin on my face.

“Well done TT; I’m so proud of you. Shall we go somewhere and relax for a while?”

“Yes please.”

As we walked out of the workout room Darren was walking along the corridor.

“Darren, that camera on the new exercise bike needs to be a little lower and pointed up a little more.” I said.

Darren looked a little puzzled at first then said,

“Thank for that Tanya, I’ll get on to it as soon as you girls give me a chance.”

“How about a sauna?” Ryan asked.

I was surprised how big and how well lit the sauna is. Spotlight everywhere. As soon as I went in I saw that the spotlights were aimed at each bench; ideal for lighting up peoples crotches as they sit there.

There were 2 men and Liz already in there. Liz was sat at one end of a bench with her legs wide open. A spotlight was highlighting her open pussy and open hole. It had 6 men’s eyes glued to it.

I tapped Ryan’s arm to bring him back to earth then sat on the bench below Liz. I too opened my legs wide and was pleased that another spotlight was making my clit jewellery glisten.

My AF was still high and I felt good.

Liz, Ryan and I started talking about the improvements to the gym and while we were talking I was idly rubbing my clit.

Liz joined-in the conversation and said that she loved the new equipment. Ryan laughed and said,

“You just love flashing that gorgeous pussy to the men don’t you?”

“Of course; isn’t that why all of us girls are here?”

“Not me.” I said; “Well it wasn’t, but I’ve recently realised that I do like flashing the men; well I do when I’m turned-on.

“And I love to keep her turned-on as often as I can.” Ryan added.

While we were on the subject of pussies I asked Liz why her pussy was always gaping open. She told me that it always opens up when she gets aroused. She’d been to see her doctor but he couldn’t give her a reason. After she’d told him that it didn’t cause her any discomfort he’d told her to make the most of it.

I said that I didn’t understand why a doctor would say such a thing, or what he meant by it, but Liz said that it was good for getting the guys so she was happy.

Liz asked me about my clit ring and as usual, Ryan told her that she could have a closer look. This time though, I wasn’t feeling at all embarrassed.

As Liz climbed down to the floor I pulled up my hood chain which made the nub of my clit a lot more prominent.

The other 2 men in the sauna got a good look before Liz’s head got in the way.

Liz was so close to my pussy that her breath tickled my pussy.

“Can I touch it?”

“Of course you can;” I said, “just don’t take too long cos you’ll make me cum.”

I could feel my AF rising but after a quick look and quick touch; Liz said,

“It’s so hard.”

As she stood up and went back to where she was sat, she said,

”You’re so lucky Tanya; I wish that I had one of those rings.”

When Liz stood up I should have let go of my chain and let my clit hood cover part of my clit but I didn’t. By then the 2 men were staring at me again; and I liked it; so I pulled a little harder on the chain so my clit was really pushed out. I so wanted to touch it

That got too much for one the men and I heard a groan just before they both got up and left.

“Now look what you’ve done; I can’t take you anywhere can I?” Ryan said.

We all laughed then continued talking.

The heat soon got too much for us and after taking a shower we went to see what the new pool was like. After a swim and treading water in front of the glass wall to the workout room, Liz and I decided to lie on the sun loungers that were at one end of the pool.

The feet end of the sun loungers were right at the edge of the pool and when I lay down with my feet on the floor either side of the sun lounger Ryan swam up to the bottom of the sun lounger as said,

“Nice view TT. How do you do those Kegel exercises?”

I started alternating squeezing then relaxing my pussy muscles and Ryan told me to keep doing that. I knew what he meant; he wanted me to tease any men that went into the pool and looked my way.

Ryan left us to go and have another workout and Liz and I started talking again. The first thing she asked was what the Kegel exercises were. When I told her she opened her legs, put her feet on the floor and started squeezing. After a couple of minutes she stopped, telling me that her pussy was hurting.

I laughed and told her to do them every day.

Shortly after that a man came out of the changing rooms and dove in. After a couple of lengths he stopped at the foot of our sun loungers and looked over to us. As I smiled at him I started squeezing then relaxing my pussy muscles. His eyes opened wide for a second as they moved from my pussy to my face and back.

Then his eyes went to Liz’s pussy. He must have seen Liz’s pussy before because his eyes didn’t change.

I almost made myself cum before he turned and swam off. When he’d gone both Liz and I giggled, knowing that we’d given that man a real image to wank over.

By the time that Ryan returned I’d given 2 more men shows of how I can squeeze my pussy muscles and made myself cum as well. Liz had excused herself about half way through and I’d been peacefully relaxing and feeling pleased with myself now that I’d accepted that it didn’t matter what I got up to, just so long as I was sexually aroused when I started doing those things. It wasn’t my fault and it didn’t make me an exhibitionist.

I was lying there, eyes closed, feet still either side of the sun lounger, and pussy very wet and throbbing, when I heard Ryan say,

“Wow TT, you’re getting into this exhibitionism aren’t you? Are you finally going to admit that you’re an exhibitionist?”

“No, I’m not an exhibitionist; once you’ve got me all aroused I lose control and start having some fun. Because I’m all aroused and not in control of myself you can’t count what I do as exhibitionism; just a sexed-up girl doing what comes naturally.”

Ryan laughed then said,

“Oh I see; you’re not in control of yourself. You sure look like you’re in control to me; but whatever, you call it what you like. I just love your new found enthusiasm for exposing your interesting bits.”

We sat together for a while before Ryan said that we should be heading for home. We went and showered then as we were heading out through reception we saw Darren and that other man carrying something else into the workout room. It was a big board about 2 metres by one metre with a box near one end. Being intrigued as to what it was we followed them into the workout room and watched them lay it down and unwrap it. Then they attached bicycle like pedals to bars coming out of each side of the big box.

“It looks like some sort of cycle that you lay on your back to pedal.” I said.

Ryan was way ahead of me.

“Hang on a minute; I think that I just might know what it is.” Ryan said.

“What is it?” Abby, who had also come to look, asked.

“I think that it’s another exercise cycle, but you lay on your back to operate it.” Ryan answered.

We continued watching as Darren un-wrapped the rest of it. Sticking out of the box and pointing towards the other end of the board is a metal bar about half a metre long. As soon as Darren screwed a rubber dildo on the end I knew what it was.

I was still feeling very horny and had wanted to get home so that Ryan could fuck me silly but this new workout machine was just begging for me to christen it.

“Can I?” I said to Darren.

“Hang on a minute girl; there’s one more thing that I have to attach.” Darren said as he got a little black box out of a cardboard box and attached it to the top of the big box and pointed the little hole in the little box towards the other end of the board. As we watched I found my hands drifting to my nipples and rolling and tweaking them.

“There you are young Tanya; all yours.” Darren said as he got up, cleared all the wrappings, and left.

I quickly lay down on the board with my legs open and feet on the pedals. The rubber dildo on the end of the metal bar was resting on my pubic bone. Turning the pedals slowly, I watched the dildo slide back and drop to the floor in front of my pussy.

Adjusting my position a bit, I sat up and lifted the dildo up and rested the end at the entrance to my hole.

Then I pedalled.

The audience that had gathered around me watched as I slowly pedalled and the dildo went in and out of me. Because of my highly aroused state it only took a couple of minutes for me to start cumming again; and cum hard I did. I’m sure that everyone in the workout room had stopped what they were doing and come over to watch me.

As the waves receded and my pedalling slowed I became aware of everyone watching me. Instead of feeling embarrassed, I felt proud of myself.

As soon as I got to my feet Abby got down straight away; it was her turn.

I had to go and have another shower before we left.

A week or so later the whole of the team that I’m in at work were given the afternoon off because we’d completed a big job ahead of schedule. I’d been feeling quite horny all morning because Ryan had persuaded me to wear my random zap vibe that day; and he’d got me to charge up my clit ring overnight. That morning I’d had 4 or 5 little orgasms because of those.

Anyway, when I got told that I could go home just before lunch I had this naughty thought,

“Why don’t I go to the gym on my own?”

It’s not like I needed to go home to collect any gym kit; so I phoned Ryan and told him what I was going to do and instead of getting the bus home I got the bus to the gym.

As I walked in Darren said,

“Oh it’s you Tanya; I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on; and very smart you look too.”

“Old joke Darren, I’ve come here straight from work; I’ve got the afternoon off. Darren,” I continued, “all these cameras that you’ve got around the place, do they record to a disk somewhere?”

“Yes, but I don’t know how it all works; do you know anything about computers?”

“Yes, a bit. What I was wondering was could I have a copy of this afternoons recordings please?”

“Sure, if you can work out how to do it.”

“Thanks Darren, I’ll come and see you when I’m ready to leave, okay?”

With that I went into the ladies changing room and stripped naked. I was so horny that I wanted to frig myself there and then but I resisted. Instead I settled for rolling and flicking my nipples. I wanted to see if I could get them any harder or longer than they already were.

I went to the shower area, looked up at the camera, opened my legs and pushed my hips forward. Holding my hand below my pussy I squeezed the vibe out then rinsed it and put it in my bag. I wondered if anyone had seen me do that.

As I walked to the workout room I was pleased that my AF was already way up. I reasoned that because I was so horny I wasn’t responsible for the fun I was about to have.

Walking into the workout room I saw 2 men. Their eyes lit up when they saw the naked me walk in. I smiled at them and went to the leg spreaders. As I walked passed them I heard one of them say,

“About time, I was starting to think that we’d been conned.”

Sitting on one of the spreaders that faced into the room I spread my legs wide and held them like that for ages before closing them.

One of the men looked up to my face so I smiled at him again.

Well, I certainly had their attention. I continued to open and close my legs, occasionally lifting my clit chain.

About the fourth time that my legs were spread wide my little clit ring zapped me. I shuddered a little and had to force myself to keep my legs open wide. I looked at one of the men and wondered if he thought that I was cumming. By that time both men had given up all pretence of working out and were openly staring at me.

After a few more spreads I went to the exercise cycle with the dildo in the middle of the saddle. As I walked up to it I saw that the dildo was retracted. Going to the other side of it so that the bike was between the men and me I slowly turned the pedal with my hand to make sure that it was working properly.

“Fucking hell!” I heard one of the men say, “I didn’t see that when we came in.”

I looked at the 2 men, smiled and climbed on the bike but standing on the pedals. I watched the men as I did a couple of rotations of the pedals before lowering my pussy to the tip of the dildo.

The expression on the men’s faces was priceless as I impaled myself and just sat there for a few seconds before slowly starting to pedal.

As I started to speed up a little, one of the men’s eyes moved up to mine. I smiled and said,

“Have you looked at the screens lately?”

His eyes turned to the nearest screen in time to see the view of my pussy from the camera on the front of the bike.

“Good resolution isn’t it?” I said.

After a long pause the man said,

“Err yeah.”

“You want to keep checking those screens; you might just be amazed by what you see.” I said.

“More amazed than that?” the other man said.

I smiled and pedalled a little faster, and faster. I soon started making moaning sounds and within 3 or 4 minutes I was cumming like never before.

My pedalling slowed as I started to get control of myself again. I opened my eyes and saw the 2 men still staring at my pussy. Seeing something in my peripheral vision I turned my head and saw another man walk in. I smiled as I thought what he would do if he knew what he had just missed.

The new man looked around, saw me and got onto one of the ‘normal’ exercise cycles; but watching me in the mirrors.

When I stopped pedalling I climbed off and cleaned the dildo before going over to one of the big rubber mats. I’d decided that I wanted to do some floor exercises.

I had a sudden thought and left the room to go to the changing room. It only took seconds for me to insert the vibrator and switch it on. I set it low then quickly went back to the workout room and the mats.

The 3 men were still there and their eyes lit up when they saw me return.

I just lay on my back for a minute or so while I readied myself for a lot of stretching, exposure and orgasms then I started doing a variety of exercises, all of which involved spreading my legs.

When I did the splits I raised and lowered myself a few times, pressing my clit onto the floor; it felt good. My first orgasm on the mats came as I was spread wide with my clit pressed to the floor. When I got up I saw a little puddle of my pussy juices on the floor. I wanted to say,

“Hey guys, look what I just left on the floor.”

But I settled for a little smile.

After another couple of exercises I decided to do some sit-ups. I lay flat on my back, spread my feet about 3 feet apart and locked my fingers behind my head then pulled my upper torso up. As expected my feet rose up too. After a couple of attempts at keeping my feet on the mat I turned to the guys and said,

“Err guys, any chance of one of you holding my ankles down?”

Before I could blink 2 of the men were knelt, one at each of my feet.

“Oh, err, yes, can you just hold my ankles so that my feet don’t rise up?”

I didn’t get an answer and when I looked at their eyes, all 4 of them were glued to my pussy.

Smiling to myself I started the sit-ups again. As my stomach muscles tensed I squeezed my pussy muscles as well. After about the third time I felt a wet rush in my pussy.

This went on for about 25 more sit-ups until my little clit ring decided to zap me when my body was raised up. That was too much for me and I collapsed back onto the floor as I started to cum.

As I started to return to normal I opened my eyes and looked at the 2 men. Both of their jaws had dropped as they continued to stare at my still convulsing pussy.

A minute or so later I decided that I’d done enough sit-ups for one day and thanked the guys who seemed reluctant to let go of my ankles.

I did a few more exercises and had another couple of orgasms. One was while I was in the crab position. How I managed to stay on my hands and feet I shall never know, but I did, even though the convulsions threatened a collapse onto the mat.

I was just getting up onto my feet when Ella walked in, as naked as I was.

“Hi; no lectures this afternoon?” I asked.

“No,” Ella said, “I was feeling a little frisky so I came here hoping to do a bit of teasing – and get some exercise.”

“Well; your lucks in, it’s their first day today so we should have 100% of their attention.” I said nodding my head over to 2 of the guys.

“Not with you around I won’t but the 3 walking along the corridor with that woman behind them should be enough for some fun.”

I looked up and saw the group walking towards us. The woman looked to be a little bit older than me, and she didn’t look too comfortable with being naked.

“Either she’ll get into it soon and have lots of fun or we’ll never see her again.” I thought.

“So Tanya,” Ella asked, “which machine haven’t you had a go on yet?”

“Loads, but that ‘flat on your back cycle’ is begging me to have a go. But before I do I’m going to have another go on a leg spreader.”

“Okay, I’m going to use a leg spreader as well for a bit then I’ll fuck myself on the exercise bike.” Ella said.

Sitting, side by side, Ella and I displayed our pussies as we spread our legs. I watched the nearest big screen and saw both our pussies from time to time. Ella’s still looked quite dry compared to mine that was all shinny and swollen.

I saw another guy come into the room just before I had another orgasm.

“Did you just….” Ella asked.

“Yeap!” I replied.

After another couple of spreads I stopped and got up.

“Just going to the loo.” I said and quickly walked to the changing room where I switched vibe off, squeezed it out, rinsed it and put it in my bag.

Back in the workout room Ella was just getting up before going to the exercise cycle. We smiled at each other as our paths crossed as I went to the ‘flat on your back cycle’.

I lay on the board and lined myself up and slowly started fucking myself. As I pedalled I looked round and saw 6 or 7 men watching us 3 women. The newbie was jogging on a running machine; her ‘C’s (probably) bouncing all over the place; much to the delight of the man watching her.

I relaxed, dreamt about being on the beach in Playa d'en Bossa and slowly fucked myself; for a few minutes not caring if anyone was watching me or not.

When I got close to cumming I opened my eyes and was pleased to see 2 men openly staring at me (well my pussy), While I was dreaming I must have started playing with my nipples because my right hand was still rolling my right nipple.

I didn’t care as I had a noisy orgasm then slowed down my pedalling to a slow fuck.

Looking around, I saw Ella close to cumming on the exercise bike and the other woman using one of the leg spreaders. She looked to be relaxing a bit and enjoying having a little audience.

I kept on with the slow pedalling until Ella had cum, then got up and went over to her.

When Ella asked what I was going to do next I remembered the time when Ryan had got me to lift my legs then put them under my armpits and I wondered if I’d be able to do that there in the gym.

“Can you help me with something please Ella?”

When I explained what, Ella asked what I wanted her to do. I got on the mat and lifted me legs high and spread them a bit. As I tried to get my feet to touch the floor either side of my head I asked Ella to help. By that time one of the men had come over and was looking down at my wet pussy.

“What exactly are you trying to do?” the man asked.

I explained and he followed with,

“Try moving your feet further apart; then lift your arms up. It doesn’t matter that your toes don’t touch the floor.”

He was right, I managed to get both arms up and one at a time I managed to force my legs under my armpits. I sort of relaxed; as much as anyone in that position could, and looked at my pussy, wet and spread; then looked up at Ella and the man; or should I say men because the one man had been joined by 2 more.

“Your turn Ella,” I said, “I’m sure that one of these guys will help you.”

Ella did, and 2 men did help her. I watched and laughed a little as Ella kept complaining that parts of her were hurting. Eventually, both Ella and I were stuck like that. It was okay for a few minutes, but after all the men and the woman came and had a good look at our pussies; I wanted to be free.

“Would one of you kind gentlemen help me get free please?” I asked.

One man (one of the latest to arrive), with a mischievous grin on his face, came over to me and said,

“Of course luv, but it will cost you.”

“Cost me what?” I asked.

“Well I’ve heard that you’re great at spotting people at the weight lifting bench. I’ll free you if you spot me; deal?”

He needn’t have tried to blackmail me into doing it; all he had to do was go to the bench and started lifting and I would have rushed to offer my services. I didn’t tell him that, instead I said,

“Errr, okay then, but remember the gym’s no touching rule.”

“That’s no me touching you, but it doesn’t mention you touching me; and it only refers to touching with hands.”

I looked at him with face that wanted to say,

“Don’t you dare touch me, but when you do touch me you’d better be good.”

The man held my legs as I gently manoeuvred my arms over my legs. When my arms were free I lay back and relaxed. After about a minute I said,

“You can let go of my ankles now.”

I lowered my legs to the mat and relaxed while the man went over to the bench, adjusted the weights and lay there waiting. When I got up I went over to him and moved the weight stands down a few inches then went round to his head, spread my legs and shuffled so that my inner thighs were each side of his head and my open pussy was only a couple of inches above his face.

The inevitable happened when I leaned forward to hold the bar and I felt his tongue touch my clit. I was frozen to the spot but my eyes watched his shorts changing shape.

Oh, it felt sooo good; and I knew that I wouldn’t last long so I stood up straight. I wanted to savour this for as long as I could and if I kept my pussy on his face then I would explode in seconds.

The man lifted the bar again and I leaned forward to put my hands under the bar. As soon as I was forward I felt his tongue on my clit again.

I heard myself moan and I’m sure that I’d just drenched his face. Another moan, the bar came down and I stood up straight.

“Manage another one?” the man asked.

“Oh yes!” I quickly said.

The bar went up, I leaned forward, my clit got the same treatment and I moaned again, this time a little louder.

This time though, the bar stayed up and my clit got tortured to the point of no return. I started shaking as the muscle spasms took control of me. I grabbed the weights bar and pulled it down onto the stands. I needed something to lean on.

As my high receded I opened my eyes and saw a wet patch at the top of the tent in the man’s shorts. When I could I said,

“Sorry about that; that shouldn’t have happened.” I lied.

“Hey, don’t worry about it; I’m not complaining.” The man said.

I backed-off from the man and turned to look at Ella. I was half expecting her to still be trapped with her legs behind her shoulders but she’d obviously got someone to release her because she was fucking herself on the ‘flat on your back cycle’.

I looked round the room and saw that the other woman that had come in was fucking herself on the exercise cycle. Thinking that it didn’t take her long to relax I went to the changing room, had a shower and a drink then went back to the workout room. By that time Ella was up on her feet with that ‘just fucked’ glow on her face.

“How about a sauna? I asked.

Ella nodded and walked out of the room leaving just one naked woman for the guys to look at.

As we walked we got to a door that was boarded up the last time that I’d been there.

“Hey, have you seen in the new room?” Ella asked.

“No, what’s in there?” I replied.

“You’ll never believe it; it’s like a mini school gym with a boxing ring in the middle.”

“You’re kidding. Is Darren planning on starting a boxing club as well? I wonder if girls will be able to join for free if they box naked?” I joked.

We opened the door and I was surprised. Ella was right about the mini school gym bit; there was half of the kit that had been in our school gym. Mats, benches, wall bars down one side, pommel horse, trampoline, ropes hanging from way up somewhere; and 2 things that our school never had; 2 pole dancing poles.

“I can show you a nice trick with those ropes Ella; that’s if you’re interested; can you climb ropes Ella?”

“Yeah, of course I can. I used to enjoy my PE lessons.”

“Right,” I said, “you climb as far up that big rope as you can; I’m just going to the changing room to take off my clit hood jewellery; I don’t want to have a nasty accident.”

While I was in the changing room removing my clit hood jewellery I changed the chains attached to my nipples. Instead of the 2 short chains I attached 1 long chain that attaches each end to a nipple. When I say long I don’t mean that the chain sags down to my belly button; it’s only 10 inches long so there isn’t much sag at all.

When I got back to Ella she was at the top of the rope swinging herself about.

“Hey Tanya, this rope feels good pressing on my pussy.” Ella said.

“Yeah, I know, take a deep breath and push your pussy against the rope then slowly slide down.”

After Ella slid down a couple of feet her eyes and mouth opened wide and she said,

“Aaaaarrrrggghhh, oooooooooh; fucking hell.”

“I bet that they didn’t teach you that in school.” I said.

Ella didn’t say another word as she slowly slid down the rope. About half way down she stopped and started shaking. I could see her muscles tense as she gripped the rope and rode through her little storm.

Storm abated, Ella lowered herself to the ground having a couple of little aftershocks on the way.

“Fucking hell Tanya; that was amazing; I never would have thought of trying that. Where did you find out about that little trick?”

“Kids playground in a park; long story, and no, there weren’t any kids around at the time.” I said.

“Whatever;” Ella replied, “I’m doing that again, and again. Oh, I see that you’ve changed your nipple chains. Is that one so that Ryan can lead you around the house by your tits?”

“Funny; no, he just thought that it would be a change for me. The only thing is that it’s easier to catch on things than the 2 little ones. I have to be careful; I don’t want my nipples ripping off.”

“Ouch!”

We both smiled at each other then off up the ropes we went. We both made the rope make us cum a couple of times before moving on round the room. One time that I climbed the rope I wished that there had been some blokes there to watch us. Then I thought about asking Darren to organise a sort of girl’s obstacle course race round the gym. It could be a sort of ‘make yourself cum on each obstacle before moving on to the next one’ race. I was sure that they’d get a big audience, especially if Darren put a notice up.

We got to the 2 dancing poles and I said,

“Well, I guess that it is a form of exercise; I must learn some time.”

Ella put her arm round one of the poles, swung round and said,

“Me too; imagine hanging there with your legs wide open and dozens of men looking at you.”

“Stop it,” I replied, “you’ll make me cum – again.”

At the boxing ring we climbed up and in and Ella said,

“Imaging being able to unwind after a crap day by thumping the hell out of someone in here.”

“I was thinking more of wrestling with some hunk and forcing him to eat me out.” I said.

“Nice.” Ella interjected.

“But I could never do that;” I continued, “I’m way too small. I’d get crushed within seconds.”

“Not if it was 2 women against one man.” Ella said.

“Two naked women against one man…… There’s an idea.”

We both laughed then climbed down and continued to the sauna. Just as we got there I said,

“Sorry, forgot something, I’ll be back in less than a minute.”

I turned and quickly walked to the changing room, rubbing my nipples between finger and thumb as I walked. I did what I had to do and quickly walked back to the sauna. Ella was waiting outside and we went in to find no one else there.

Sitting at opposite ends of a short bench with both of us putting one foot up on the bench and the other on the floor so that our spread pussies were lit up by one of the many spotlights; Ella suddenly said,

“Tanya, I see that you’ve got your chain dangling from your clit again but what the hell have you done to your pussy? I don’t remember it being so open like that.”

“I wanted to experience what that Liz girl has.” I replied.

“Yeah but that Liz’s pussy is only open a bit. Yours is open wide enough to drive a bus in.”

I told Ella that I talked to Ryan about wanting my pussy to look like Liz’s and he got an idea. He went off to the local DIY store and came back with a length of 1.5 inch diameter black plastic pipe He then cut a 2 inch length off it and sanded the edges.

It was quite easy to get it into my pussy and, providing that I don’t squeeze it out, I can keep it there for as long as I like. It feels a bit draughty and definitely more exposing. Ryan spent ages looking inside me and taking photographs.

Ella was amazed and asked if I could get Ryan to cut a length for her.

We talked girly talk for a few minutes then the door opened and a man came in and sat at the other end of the room. Neither Ella nor I moved our legs; in fact, without realising it we’d both moved a hand to our pussies; not to cover them, but to idly play with our clits.

Ella and I continued talking and it wasn’t long before the man admitted defeat and left with a tent in the front of his shorts.

After a shower Ella decided to go back to the workout room and I decided to go for a swim then relax on a sun lounger.

My pussy felt funny as soon as I got in the water. I’ve had a hose pipe running into it but this was different. I don’t really know how to describe it. I wanted to squeeze but I couldn’t do that because I wanted to keep the ring in.

Anyway, I sort of got used to it and swam a few lengths. After that I got out and lay on one of the sun loungers with my feet either side; my gaping pussy there for anyone and everyone to see inside me.

It was so relaxing just lying there in the warmth and I guess that I must have fallen asleep because I was suddenly aware of 2 heads at the foot of the sun lounger; both staring into my hole. What’s more, my right index finger was gently rubbing my clit. My immediate urge was to lift my feet and clamp my legs together but I was still horny as hell and I wanted the guys to see inside me.

The 2 guys hadn’t realised that I was awake and looking at them and when I said,

“Hi guys!” they quickly pulled back and looked up to my face.

“Oh, err I’m sorry;” one of them said, “I didn’t mean to stare, it’s just that, err, that I’ve never seen one like that before.”

“That’s okay; I don’t mind you looking just as long as you observe the gym’s rules.”

“Err, right, thank you; is it normally like that?”

“What do you mean?” I teased.

“Err, open like that.”

“Are you saying that all pussies don’t open that wide?”

“Err, well no, I mean yes, what I’m trying to say is that I’ve never seen one that is that open all the time. Yes I’ve seen one open that wide when my hand was in it but not all the time.”

“Well mine isn’t like that all the time, you should see it when my boyfriend has his hands inside me or when he puts an inflatable ball in it and blows it up.”

“Bloody hell, does your boyfriend really do that to you?”

“Of course he does; and a lot more too; but it’s only like that now because I’ve got this plastic tube inside me.”

“What?!”

“Yeah, look.” I said and I squeezed the bit of plastic pipe out.

“Fucking hell; that’s unbelievable.”

I picked up the piece of pipe and gently pushed it back in me, all the time gently pulling on my clit hood chain.

“So how often do you put that thing in?”

“Today is the first time that I’ve been out in public with it in. I quite like it, I wonder if it will catch on? Maybe my boyfriend could sell them.”

“I’ll be his first customer;” one of the guys said, “my girlfriend will love it.”

I pulled on the chain a little more and felt my clit move a bit and go a bit harder. With my other hand’s index finger I circled the end of my clit.

“Hey girl,” one of the guys said, “I saw that little ring on your clit earlier, but how the hell did you get it on? It looks very tight; does it hurt?”

“If you call keeping me turned-on all the time hurting, then yes, it does hurt.”

I continued to explain how Ryan had put the ring on. As if on cue, as I was explaining that it was a little vibrator as well, it gave me a little zap. I gasped then said,

“I’m going to have to cum soon, I can’t hold out much longer.”

In stereo the guys said,

“Go for it girl.”

So I did; slowly masturbating right in front of 2 guys that I had never seen before that afternoon. The only thing was that it was a bit unusual because my hole was wide open. I was going to have to experiment with Ryan later that day.

By the time I’d cum the 2 guys had been joined by 2 more; all of them staring straight at my gaping wide pussy as I brought myself off.

When I was able, I opened my eyes and said,

“Thank you guys.”

Then I closed my eyes and dozed off again leaving the guys to continue staring at my gaping pussy with my juices dribbling out.

I don’t know how long I was asleep, probably only a couple of minutes, but I had this amazing dream. I was walking through a busy shopping centre, totally naked and no one was taking a blind bit of notice of me. I wasn’t at all embarrassed; in fact I’d decided to never get dressed again and had been totally naked for 3 weeks and had gone to work without any clothes on and no one had thought that anything was different or unusual. After work each day I’d gone home on the bus and used a seat that was reserved for me. It had my Sybian on it and I’d ridden it as everyone watched it make me cum twice before I got to my stop.

Once at home Tom, Ryan’s brother who lives with us, had brought a constant supply of his university mate round to watch me ride my Sybian and exercise cycle in our back garden. Ryan had also invited all our neighbours to watch me and then to gang bang me on our back lawn on which I was tied, spread eagle, to 4 stakes in the lawn.

My dream then changed to me being the Fairy on the top of a Christmas tree. The thing was I was naked but covered in glitter and holding a wand. The top of the tree had a dildo on it and I was standing on 2 branches and pushing myself up and down on the dildo. If that wasn’t crazy enough, the tree was in the middle of a shopping centre with thousands of people watching me.

I woke up with a sudden jerk and realised that I was playing with my clit again. Ryan tells me that I frequently play with my clit when I’m asleep. He’s told me that he often wakes up and pulls the quilt off me and just watches me gently masturbating in my sleep. I wonder if all girls do that; or is it just me?

Anyway, when I looked round I saw Abby lying on the next sun lounger. She too had her feet either side of the sun lounger and was enjoying the attention that we were getting.

“Oh hi Abby; on your own?” I asked.

“Yes, Piper’s not feeling well and she insisted that I come here on my own. I’ve never seen you here at this time of the day.”

I explained about work then she asked me about my gaping hole. I told her the same that I’d told Ella and she too asked me if Ryan could make one for her and one for Piper. She thought that it would be great for her to finish her act at the club with her pussy spread and forced open by the tube.

We talked about everything and nothing for a while then I told her that I had a dilemma. I wanted to go to the workout room again but I didn’t know if I should have the pipe in me, or the vibrator or nothing.

“Hmmm,” Abby said, “if you have something inside you then you won’t be able to fuck yourself on one of the bikes; but that pipe makes you look awesome; and you say that you have a little vibrator with you. Wow. You do have a problem. I guess that it boils down to what your main objective is; flash and tease or fuck yourself.

Or maybe you can have all 3. How about you go in there like that and spend 15 minutes teasing; then you go and take the spreader out, put your vibe in and really flaunt your pussy for another 15 minutes, Then finally, with nothing inside you, you get yourself on one of those bikes and really go for it. How about setting a target of another 10 orgasms before you go home?”

“Wow Abby; you’ve really thought about this haven’t you?”

“Well, I don’t have a difficult decision to make. Besides, I have an ulterior motive. If you got for my plan, can I borrow your plastic tube? I really fancy teasing the men with my insides.”

I had to laugh, but I agreed to Abby’s plan and off we set to the workout room.

When we got there we found going on for a dozen people, all but 3 were men, and they were dividing their attention between the 3 naked women. On was on the exercise cycle, another on a leg spreader and the third was doing some floor exercises.

I went straight to a vacant leg spreader that was facing into the room and opened my legs wide. I felt a little rush of air inside me and a little rush of my juices meeting it.

It didn’t take long for the guys in there to realize what was different with my pussy and they were positively straining to have a look. I felt sorry for the other 3 girls in there, and Abby, that I’d upstaged. I also felt super horny knowing that all those guys were almost pushing and shoving to get a look at MY pussy.

I kept opening and closing my legs and getting wetter and wetter. I didn’t look but I suspected that my juices were leaking out through the tube.

I don’t know how accurate my guess at 15 minutes was but I got off the machine and slowly walked out to go to the changing room. I’d squat down and squeezed the tube out before Abby got there; I was rinsing it when she walked in.

“Abby,” I said, “could you wait a while before showing the guys your insides? Judging by the reaction that I got they’ll be swarming all over you as soon as they see your pussy.”

“Of course I can, after all, you’re the one who has made this possible. I’m sure that I can wait a bit longer.”

By then my pussy had just about closed so I got the little vibe out of my bag and pushed it up my hole.

“So how do you switch it on and off?” Abby asked.

I got the remote control out of my bag and gave it to Abby. She made me gasp and jump a little as she immediately turned it to full blast.

“Sorry!” Abby said.

Abby gave me the control back and I switched the vibe to half power, showed Abby what I’d set it to then put the control back in to my bag.

“You won’t last long with it set like that.” Abby said.

I smiled and said,

“I hope not.”

I left Abby inserting her fingers into her pussy to stretch it so that she could get the tube in.

Back in the workout room some of the guys were actually getting some exercise, and some were watching the naked girls. One of which was actually lifting some weights. I went straight to the mats and started doing some exercises.

I was in the crab position when the first orgasm hit me. I collapsed down with my lower legs bent below me. One of the guys watching me came over to me and after I calmed down, he put out a hand and offered to help me get up.

Three more orgasms hit me quite quickly; fortunately I was on my back at the time so there was no chance of injury. I couldn’t say that for the fifth one.

After the first 4 I seemed to get used to the vibe and decided to do a handstand. That was a mistake as no sooner than I was up and had spread my legs the fifth orgasm hit me. My arms just buckled and down I went. I was lucky as I went over and landed on my front; but my butt as sticking up. As I calmed down I had this naughty thought of someone stepping forward and spanking my bare butt.

Next I decided to do some sit-ups. I lay on the mat, opened my legs and looked at my little audience.

“Could 2 of you hold my ankles down please?”

Three moved forward, the first 2 going down on their knees either side of my feet. The third stood between them looking down at my pussy.

I put my hands behind my head and started the sit-ups. I’d only done 15 when the next orgasm hit me. I lay back, shaking and moaning a little. I vaguely remember one of the guys asking,

“Are you okay luv?”

As I started to calm down I could feel my pussy twitching and leaking my juices.

“Err yes,” I said, “thank you.”

And I continued with the sit-ups. As I sat up I noticed that my feet were a lot further apart than I remembered them being when I started the sit-up. I didn’t know if it was me that was pushing my feet further apart or the guys who were doing it.

Going along with what I was subconsciously doing, or what the guys were doing, I slowly pushed my feet further and further apart. After doing about 10 more sit-ups my feet were about as far as they would go.

Ten more sit-ups and I was cumming again. I’m sure that I squirted a little that time. As I was calming down I had an idea. I said,

“Thanks for the help guys; I was wondering if you could help me with something else? I need to be able to do the splits properly and my coach has shown me a way of practicing, but it needs 2 people to help me and I was wondering if you guys would take it in turns to help me.”

I heard 3 or 4 guys agreeing then I pointed at 2 of them and as I lay back on the floor I asked 1 guy to come round to my head and to kneel either side of my head; I told him that I needed him there to stop me sliding up the mat.

I then told the other guy to kneel between my legs and to reach out and hold each ankle. To do that he had lower his head quite close to my pussy and I could feel his breath on my spread pussy.

“Right,” I said, “now push my legs so that they are in one long line and at 90 degrees either side of my body.”

I ‘oh’d and ‘ow’d’ as I pretended that it was hurting, and fought to resist getting my legs straight. As I did so I looked up at the man kneeling either side of my head. I’d picked him because he was wearing proper running shorts; baggy ones. As I looked up I could see right up them and couldn’t see any sign of underwear. Instead I could see his balls and the base of his hard shaft.

That sight, and the vibe, took me over the top again and I started cumming.

That orgasm over, I asked for 2 more guys to have a go. I picked another guy in proper running shots to kneel at my head. This time when I looked up his shorts I could see his balls and his cock just dangling there.

What was up with this guy? Was he gay? If so what the hell was he doing there? If not, how could he possibly not have a hard-on with all these naked girls around him?

Anyway, I ‘oh’d and ‘ow’d’ again and kept telling the guy between my legs to keep pushing; all the time looking up at the cock.

After a couple of minutes of the cock not getting hard I decided to do something different. As I was thanking the guys and getting up I saw another guy wearing proper running shorts. They looked to be made of some sort of nylon and were really baggy.

I didn’t want to miss the possible opportunity of seeing another cock so I went over to him and asked him and the guy stood next to him if they could help me.

After they’d looked me up and down and agreed to help me, I took them over to the mat and explained what I wanted.

I was in luck; no underwear and baggy shorts that I could see right up. What’s more he must have pulled them round a bit because I could see his hard cock. It was big, but not as big as Ryan’s.

That, combined with the other man’s face right in front of my dripping pussy; and the vibrator, meant that my next orgasm was rapidly approaching. As it hit me I started shaking. The man pushing my legs let go of me as I continued to stare at that cock.

After I don’t know how long, I was spent and needed a rest. I thanked the guys and took one last look at that cock then sat up and just sat there for ages.

I started thinking about what to do next when I had another idea. I stood up and asked a man near me if he could help me. When he agreed I told him what I wanted him to do.

I told him that I needed to be able to do the splits and that some of the other men had been helping me prepare for an attempt but that I needed someone to check that I could actually do it.

“But how can I help?” the man asked.

“Well, I need someone to put a hand on the floor and to tell me how close I get to the ground.”

“Err sure, but I don’t see how a hand will help.”

“Trust me, it will.”

I stood on the mat with my feet about 6 inches apart then invited the man to put his hand between my feet. He knelt down in front of me with his face inches from my pussy; then he put his hand on the mat, but palm down.

“No, palm up please.”

I started to slide my feet apart and easily managed to get the gap between my pussy and the hand down to about 6 inches.

“I don’t know if I can get any lower.” I said.

“Oh I’m sure that you can; just push a bit harder.” The man said.

The vibrator finally got the better of me and I started cumming. What’s more, my feet suddenly slid further apart and down I went. I landed with my pussy right on the palm of the man’s hand. He took the opportunity to slide a finger into me which just prolonged my orgasm.

As my body continued to spasm I fell backwards onto the mat; the man’s finger sliding out of me.

As the waves receded I looked at the man who was still on his knees between my legs.

“Thank you for helping me.” I said to him.

“You’re so welcome; and I told you that you could do it.”

I smiled as we both got to our feet.

There were 2 more things that I wanted to do on the mats before taking the vibe out and fucking myself on one of the cycles. When I was on the beach in Playa d'en Bossa, Ryan had got me to do the standing splits. I wanted to do that right there with all those guys watching; so I did. I held my right foot first then lifted my right leg right up. I managed to shuffle my left foot round a bit so that more of the guys could see my very spread pussy.

After about 30 seconds I did the same with my other leg.

The second thing that I wanted to try right there was a different version of the standing splits that I’d never done before. This time I bent at the waist keeping my legs straight, then I pushed my left leg back and up. Turning slightly I managed to get it straight up, but I wasn’t finished. I bent my left knee and pointed my left foot to my right shoulder. I then put both my arms back and moved them around until I found my ankle. Grabbing that and pulling it a bit spread my pussy about as far as it could go. Whilst balancing on one foot I shuffled around in a full 360 degrees. Anyone who cared to look would have seen my dripping, swollen and spread pussy.

That thought, and the vibe in my pussy brought on one more orgasm; I was getting tired but I still managed to keep my balance until the waves subsided then I let go of my foot and collapsed onto the mat.

I sat there, legs akimbo and leaning back on my elbows for a good 5 minutes before deciding what to do next.

Not being able to think of anything else to do on the mats; and getting a little tired, I decided to go and remove the vibe. As I walked out of the workout room I saw Abby on a leg spreader with a whole bunch of guys stood round her.

Vibe safely in my bag I got some tissues and cleaned myself up before going back to the workout room.

The ‘flat on your back cycle’ was being used by Ella but the exercise cycle was free so I went and stood by it for a minute, mentally preparing myself for a long slow fuck.

Climbing on and impaling myself I slowly started to pedal. It didn’t take long to get a slow rhythm going and I just slowly pedalled and pedalled; totally oblivious to the rest of the world.

I pedalled through 3 orgasms before finally deciding that I was too tired to do any more. I just sat there, still impaled, for a good 5 minutes trying to muster up the strength to dismount and go and have a shower.

The shower refreshed me and as I soaked and relaxed I remembered Darren. I got dried but not dressed, and went to see Darren with a memory stick from my bag.

Darren showed me to the PC that ran the cameras and I started searching for that days videos. Thankfully, the system was very straight forward and I was soon copying them to the memory stick.

While that was happening I asked Darren about the boxing ring and he told me that he was hoping to get some girl wrestling matches organised.

“Wow,” I relied, “that kinda sounds like fun but I’m way too small for that sort of thing.”

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that Tanya;” Darren said, “there’s more to wrestling than weight and size you know.”

He also told me that he was trying to organise a wresting trainer to come in and coach any girls that were interested. He told me that he’d be emailing all girl members to let them have the details as soon as he got them.

I also mentioned the idea of an obstacle course round the different equipment and the possibility of races amongst the girls.

“Way ahead of you there girl; I’ve got my accountant working on that idea.”

I didn’t tell him that my idea was for each girl to make herself cum at each obstacle before moving on to the next one.

Full memory stick in hand I said goodbye to Darren headed for the door. I got right outside before I remembered that I’d come straight from work and had some clothes there. What’s more, I had to wear them because I had to go home on the bus.

I felt a bit daft going back in and telling Darren what I’d forgotten.

When I told Ryan about the reaction that I’d got when I revealed the tube, he was so pleased; and readily agreed to make half a dozen for some of the other girls there. Judging by his hard-on he too was looking forward to seeing inside some of the other girls.

I also told Ryan about the silly dreams that I’d had by the pool. He told me that he could probably organise the Christmas tree part of the dream; not in a shopping centre but somewhere where my performance would be more appreciated. I told him not to, but knowing Ryan…… I just hoped that he’d get me all sexed up beforehand so that I wouldn’t feel guilty about exposing myself.

**Body Paint**

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

Ryan bought some waterproof body paint one day and the following Saturday morning he painted some running shorts on me, complete with waist band, trim and white stripes. He used tape so that he could get straight lines. I have to say that they did look good but my crack was clearly visible, even after I’d removed my clit hood jewellery. I’d assumed that he’d take me somewhere where we’d be alone but he had other ideas. After checking that the paint would survive me sitting down he told me that we were going into town.

“You’re insane!” I said, “There’s no way that I’d get away with that. You’d have to get a lawyer to bail be out of jail.”

We argued for a while, and for once I had a victory; a little one. Instead of going into town I finally agreed to go for a walk with him – that afternoon.

I wanted to wear a long top but Ryan insisted on one that left a wide band of flesh round my stomach showing.

As I stood in front of the mirror contemplating what I had agreed to do I had to admit that they did look like those seamless boy shorts that a lot of girls wear these days. Maybe it wouldn’t be that bad. I even started getting aroused thinking about it.

My arousal level wasn’t that high when the dreaded time arrived and we set off with me gripping Ryan’s hand like a vice. We walked down the street and towards the park without seeing anyone. We turned a corner and on the other side of the street we saw Naomi and Doug and as we waved and shouted hello to them Doug shouted that he liked my shorts.

That did a little for my confidence, but it got a bigger boost when we turned another corner right into a group of about 10 youths. I got a couple of whistles and comments, but none of them seemed to realise that my shorts were just paint.

We walked all around the park and as no one took any notice of me my confidence level rose. So did my arousal factor; the breeze blowing across my pussy felt good and it was slowly turning me on.

Thankfully Ryan had had enough of walking and we headed home with me wondering if we really could get away with me wearing painted shorts in town.

**Jogging**

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Now that the weather is improving I’ve started jogging again. I try to get up an hour early twice a week to go for a run. If I can get up without waking Ryan I can get out to run, but if Ryan wakes up he drags me back into bed for a fuck.

I still wear that little tennis skirt and it feels good having the air rushing passed my pussy.

Thankfully I’m out too early for most people so I haven’t had any little embarrassing moments – yet.

**Videos**

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Ryan’s going through this phase at the moment where he wants to video us having sex and me on my exercise bike and Sybian. I’m surprised that he hasn’t asked Darren at the gym if he could video me there. Maybe he’s happy with the videos that I brought back the day that I went there straight from work.

We’ve had a couple of arguments about his desire to upload them to some web site or other. So far I seem to be winning, but knowing Ryan……

**Ryan’s brother Tom**

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Tom gave us quite a surprise a few weeks ago; he came home with a girl. We’d talked to Tom about girls a few times and he’d always said that he was looking for the right one. He always made me blush when he said that he was looking for a girl like me; so sweet.

Anyway, her name’s Jenny and she is lovely. Ryan and I were messing around on the sofa when Tom walked in and announced that he’d brought a friend with him. Ryan still had his trousers on, but, as usual, I was totally naked.

After introductions I apologised for my state of dress but Jenny said that it wasn’t a problem and that Tom had told her all about Ryan and I. I blushed knowing what Tom knew about me and had seen nearly all the things that Ryan and I get up to.

Tom asked if it was okay for Jenny to stay the night then they disappeared to Tom’s room. During that evening and half the night there were sounds coming from that room that told us exactly what they were doing. Ryan kept saying,

“That’s my brother!”

The next morning Tom and Jenny came down to the kitchen with Jenny wearing just a short tank top and a thong; a see through thong that revealed that she was fully shaved. She wasn’t wearing a bra either as the nipples on her ‘B’s were sticking out as much as mine do.

The following evening Tom came home alone and we got him talking. He told us that he thought that he’d finally found the right girl. Again he embarrassed me by saying that Jenny was a lot like me. She’d been in one of his tutor groups and he’d noticed her at the start of the uni year but he wanted to know a lot more about her before he made a move.

He’d obviously found out what he wanted to know because she’d just spent the night in his bed; the pair of then fucking like rabbits.

Jenny started staying over 3 or 4 nights a week and on the first weekend we got to know her quite well. The second morning that she was at our house she came down wearing just a thong. Ryan had a grin on his face. A couple of mornings later she was eating breakfast as naked as I was.

That first weekend Ryan took Tom to the pub so that Jenny and I could get better acquainted. I got us a glass of wine and we sat on the sofa to talk. As usual I hadn’t got dressed that day but Tom and Jenny had gone to the shops and she was still wearing the dress that she’s gone out in.

After a couple of sips of wine Jenny asked if I minded if she took her dress off, She said that she felt very over-dressed. The dress came off quickly, revealing that she wore nothing underneath.

Jenny talked for ages, telling me tons about herself. And yes, Tom was right, she does seem to be a lot like me. Obviously not the physical attributes; as I said, her tits are a ‘B’ whereas mine are an ‘A’ minus. She has a dislike of underwear and hated having to wear a thong those first couple of nights. She doesn’t own a bra and only has one pair of jeans that she hardly ever wears.

Although she doesn’t have any piercings she and Tom had discussed the idea and she was just waiting for the right time.

I asked her what Tom had told her about my ‘toys’. She told me that Tom had tried to tell her but he wasn’t very clear and she ended up a little confused.

We were getting on so well that I took her out to the garage. When we went out of the back door Jenny hesitated, asking about the neighbours. I told her not to work because I frequently was naked all over the back garden.

When Jenny stepped into the garage she was dumbfounded. She just stood there in amazement as I started to explain how the Sybian and the bike worked.

After I had finished talking, Jenny asked me if it would be okay for her to use them some day.

“Of course, anytime that you like,” I said; “but beware of what the Sybian is stood on; and the stands that I need to get on and off it.”

I then told her about my ‘accident’ and that I’d nearly got Sybianned to death,

Jenny laughed and said,

“But what a way to go! How about having a go now please?”

I laughed and said,

“Let’s finish the wine first.” I said.

We finished the bottle and when Ryan and Tom got home they found us in the garage; Jenny in the throes of multiple orgasms on the Sybian; and me having my second orgasm as I pedalled away on the bike.

Ryan and Tom grinned, went and got a beer each and then sat and watched us.

Afterwards, Jenny and I shared a shower then didn’t share our brother.

Tom’s asked us if we’d mind if Jenny moved in at the start of the next term. Seeing how happy he is, and knowing how much student accommodation is, and both of us liking Jenny; we quickly agreed.

That night after Ryan fucked me I asked him if he thought that Jenny would like to join the gym.