**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 24 – Ryan puts me in more embarrassing situations**

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**My Clit Ring**

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I mean the little ring that my clit goes through, not the piercing through my clit hood.

About a year ago it stopped vibrating and after a while Ryan decided that it would have to come off. Now I don’t know if you remember how Ryan put it on my clit but it involved getting my clit VERY cold and then Ryan forcing the little ring over my very shrunk clit.

To get it off Ryan decided that he’d have to stretch my clit and gently ease it off. When it came to the appointed time Ryan teased me right up to just before cumming 3 times before he said that he was going for it. His theory was that I’d be so desperate to cum that a bit of pain would be lost in the pleasure. As for lubrication, I suggested some butter but Ryan said that I’d be producing more than enough.

He was right, my pussy was oozing and as he pulled on the ring I started cumming and never felt a thing.

Fast forward until we got back from holiday (see ‘We hate clothes’ parts 7a, 7b and 7c where one of the twins writes all about that holiday); in the pile of post waiting for us was the ring. We were both quite excited. The next morning Ryan decided that it was going to be put back where it belongs. As he teased my clit up to the point of cumming he told me that he was going to try a different way of putting it on.

It still involved ice and just as I was about to cum he slapped the ice cubes on for a couple of minutes while the fingers on his other hand were fucking me. When he thought I was ready he slid the little ring over a pair of slim tweezers and gripped the end of my clit. It was so cold that I hardly felt a thing.

Then Ryan pulled on the tweezers, stretching my clit so much that the ring slid off the end of the tweezers and over my clit. Still stretching my clit, Ryan used another pair of tweezers to push the ring as far down as it would go.

As soon as he was happy, Ryan dropped the tweezers and used his mouth to warm me up; and to make me cum.

In the same package as my ring was a note saying that the manufacturer had upgraded it and that each charge would now last 2 days and each random vibration would now last double the time.

Jenny and Tom thought I had gone crazy when I went out of our room wearing the charging knickers. When I showed them why Jenny said that she was jealous and couldn’t wait until her and Tom got jobs and could afford things like that.

Since that day I’ve had a bit of a smile on my face all the time. It’s great to have mini-orgasms at almost any unexpected time but I was embarrassed one time on the second day back at work when I was giving a presentation to my boss (Tim) and a client and I shuddered, clenched my teeth and closed my eyes for about 20 seconds when I was stood right in front of them. Tim asked me if I was okay. I wanted to say that I’d just cum but I didn’t have the courage.

Sometimes those random zaps take me over the edge and I have a full blown orgasm where ever I happen to be. Fortunately, so far, I’ve always been on my own when that has happened but I’m sure that it’s going to be really embarrassing sooner or later.

Another thing that the ring has brought back is the need for me to go to the rest room more often to clean myself up. My pussy is constantly leaking and because I never wear knickers the insides of my thighs are wet quite often.

**The gym**

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Even though I’d had some amazing fun on holiday in Spain, I’d still missed my visits to the gym. That first week back I took 2 flex afternoons and went there on my own. Each time I’d worn a remote vibe set on low all morning so that I could have fun without being embarrassed or feeling humiliated. With that and my clit ring I was quite happy and quite horny by the time I’d got to the gym.

I felt super horny as I started displaying my pussy with the clit ring on, and the men seemed to stare for even longer. I had a couple of orgasms just watching those men stare at me; and that was before I got on the dildo exercise cycle.

The second afternoon was the best; Kieran was in the workout room when I got there and he watched me all the time. We exchanged hellos and he complemented me on my all-over tan. The twins arrived after I’d been there for about half an hour and we talked while stretching and exercising and in between one of us cumming.

It didn’t take long for Kate to spot my clit ring. At first she just said that I looked different. I was stood on both feet and she said that my clit was sticking out more than normal.

I didn’t say anything; instead I lifted my right leg up so that my right foot was way above my head.

“What the fuck is that?” Jude said as they both got down on their knees to get a better look.

As I stood there I told them all about it and they both said that they were jealous and that they wanted one.

As we got back into our synchronised routine of exposing our pussies the twins made life even more pleasurable for me because each time one of them started to cum they’d both quietly say ‘treadmill’ over and over.

When we left the room Kieran followed us and asked me if I’d give him my opinion on the changes that he’d made to his ‘obstacle challenge’ as he called it.

Jude and Kate looked at me and Jude asked me what Kieran was on about. Kiran’s response was to invite them to join us and give him their opinion as well.

When we walked into the big room Kate said that it was very different to when she’d first looked in there. It was setup very much like it had been when I’d last been there.

“It’s really only setup for 2 girls to go round at a time,” Kieran said, “so how about you 2 having ago and Tanya and I can assess how it goes and look for places that I can improve it. The only problem is that I can’t tell you 2 apart; can you Tanya?”

“Yeah, it’s easy.” I said. I walked up to Kate, put my hand on her pussy and then eased her legs apart.

“See!” I said, letting Kieran look closely at her pussy. “Kate has a little mole right there.”

Kieran continued to stare for a few seconds then said,

“Yeah, but that’s not easy to see most of the time.” Kieran said.

“You can have a close-up look anytime that you want Kieran.” Kate replied.

“There is an easier way to tell us apart.” Jude said, pointing to her nipples. “I’ve got the rings and Kate’s got the barbells.”

After a few seconds of staring Kieran said,

“Oh yes; right; rings for Jude and barbells for Kate. I’ll try to remember that. You don’t swap them at all do you?”

“Maybe!” Jude said.

After a few more seconds during which Kieran was still staring at Kate’s and Jude’s rock hard nipples, I decided to break the spell by saying,

“Right, shall we get started? Kieran, do you mind if I join in and compete against Kate and Jude where I can. I need the exercise.”

“Yeah, sure.” Kieran replied as he led us over to where he said the start was.

“Right, I think that everything is obvious but if you get stuck I’ll be right there to explain it. Okay, the race is between Kate and Jude. When I say ‘go’ you need to walk in the crab position until the first white line; then walk on your hands until the next white line. ……. Okay, GO.”

All 3 of us got down and started walking on our hands and feet, pussies thrust up as high as we could, Kieran following and looking at each of our pussies in turn. When we got to the first white line it was up onto our hands and keep going. I was leading with Kate and Jude, neck and neck.

I got to Kieran first and got up onto my feet and watched the twins finish. I was pleased to see that both of them were walking on their hands with their legs spread wide. As they crossed the line Kieran said,

“Right, 20 Jumping Jacks ladies.”

As I did mine I watched 4 little tits wobble on the twins chests. Kieran was watching them as well.

We all finished about the same time and Kieran said,

“Do the splits 5 times and after each one jump up in the air, hands as high as you can.”

We all dropped down, legs parallel to the floor then jumped up. Just as I got down the second time the little ring zapped me. I was so horny that it was a proper orgasm and I just stayed down, legs spread wide as I shook and moaned. Meanwhile the twins were jumping up in the air and getting down again.

“You okay Tanya?” Jude asked.

“Yeah she is,” Kate said, “she’s just cum; haven’t you Tanya?”

I nodded my head while Kate and Jude got on with their 5. They were just finishing as I got back to my feet and said to Kieran,

“You will be having volunteers with their hands on the floor to check that we get right down won’t you?”

“Of course!” Kieran replied.

Next it was under the big net. I passed on that one as there was only room for the 2 of them.

Then it was the climbing ropes. Unfortunately there are only 2 of them and as the race was between Kate and Jude, I stood back to watch. Both of them were struggling and could only manage to get about ¾ of the way up. As they climbed I shouted to them,

“When you’re ready to come down make sure that the ropes tight against your pussy. If you lean back you’ll find it easier and more fun.”

“What!” Kate said, but when she got as far as she could I shouted to remind her to lean back and slide down slowly.”

She did, in fact both of them did and within a couple of seconds Kieran and I could hear the ‘ooows’ and ‘aarrggghs’ and ‘oh fucks’. Then they both stopped and in stereo we could hear,

“I’m cuuuuummming.”

They both had the sense to make themselves cum one more time before getting to the bottom where Jude said,

“Fucking hell, I never would have thought of that. Can I have another go?”

Kieran said not and reminded them that it was a race. Both looked a little dejected until they saw the next ‘obstacle’.

It’s a bar that swings out from the side of the room at something like 18 inches above their heads. Standing underneath of the bar are 2 big traffic cones with a pole sticking up from the middle. On the top of each pole is a big dildo; the tip being about at the bottom of the twin’s rib cages. On the floor next to the cones were 2 tubes of KY Gel. When I saw them I laughed and said to Kieran,

“You won’t need those; if a girl’s entered this challenge she’ll have more than enough natural lubrication.”

Kieran looked a bit embarrassed then explained that the twins had to jump up, grab the bar, pull themselves up and then lower themselves onto the dildos. The task was complete when they were fully impaled.

Both girls jumped up, grabbed the bar and started to pull themselves up. I don’t know how Kieran measured the right length of the pole in the middle of the cone but both girls had to strain to get high enough to have their pussies over the dildo. Kieran and I watched as they moved their butts around to line-up the dildo with their holes. Then they lowered themselves, the dildo slowly disappearing.

“Well done girls,” Kieran said, “now you have to pull yourselves back up and off the dildo then lower yourself onto it again.”

“I don’t think that I can.” Jude said.

“Come on, you can do it.” I shouted.

A bit more of each dildo became visible but it was obvious that they were struggling.

“Help me please!” Kate said.

Kieran immediately moved in and stood in front of Kate, put his arms round her, grabbed her butt and lifted her up and off the dildo. As he held her, Kate let go of the bar and her tits slid down his face until her feet were on the ground.

“Err Guys,” Jude said, “do you think you could help me as well please?”

I stepped forward but Kieran beat me to it and lifted Jude down the same way as he had Kate.

Challenge over, and both failed, I told Kieran that he’d better have a couple of strong guys waiting there just in case the same thing happened again. I added that I’d hate to think what would happen if a girl had her whole weight pressing down on one of those dildos.

“Hmm, yes, you’re right Tanya; I never thought of that.” Kieran said.

“Well you wouldn’t would you, you’re a man; but don’t take this challenge out, just have some guys there waiting to help. I think that the girls and the guys will like that.”

Both Kate and Jude giggled.

“Right, what’s next?” Jude asked.

“Okay,” Kieran said as he walked us over to 2 dildos screwed to the floor. “I got this idea from in the workout room and developed it to give you more exercise. What you have to do is stand with your feet either side of one of these then squat down impaling yourself as you go. When you’ve got right down you need to spring up and do a jumping jack. You need to do that 5 times. Oh, and just in case you were thinking of not going down all the way, someone will have their hand at the base to check.”

“That sounds fun.” Kate said, “Who’s going to check us now?”

Kieran looked at me so I said,

“Don’t look at me, I can’t reach both of them at the same time; you’ll have to do it Kieran.”

“Ooow goody!” Jude said.

All 3 got into the required position, Kieran flat on his back with arms stretched as far as he could, which was just far enough for him to get his thumb round each dildo.

“Go!” I shouted and down the twins went. Both of them going far enough for Kieran’s thumb and fingers to touch their pussies.

Up they went then down again. As they went through that 5 times they both started lingering while they were down on the dildos. It really looked like they were trying to rub their pussies on Kieran’s hands. That was sort of confirmed when they finished the 5 and Kieran got up, both his hands were quite wet and shiny.

“That was easy for you,” Kieran said, “I think that I’ll have to get some small dumbbells for you to lift during the real thing.”

“That was quite real for me.” Jude said.

“Ah, yes, well,” Kieran replied, “shall we go on to the next challenge?”

I didn’t understand the next challenge at first, there were 2 ten-pin bowling pins stood on the floor; that’s all.

“Okay girls,” Kieran said, “the whole idea of a gym is for people to exercise their muscles. This challenge exercises muscles that don’t normally get exercise. This challenge requires you each to move one of those pins from where they are to the white line up there, and back again. It sounds easy doesn’t it, but you can’t use your hands and you can’t touch the pin with your feet.”

I twigged before the twins did and a big grin appeared on my face. Then the twins got it.

“You mean we have to pick it up with our pussies?” Jude asked.

“That sounds fun.” Kate added.

“That’s right Jude – isn’t it? Okay, get ready girls.”

I knew that this obstacle would take a while; all 3 pussies in that room were extremely wet so those pins would be sliding out quite often. Also, I knew that neither girl had been doing kegel exercises. I left them to it and went back to one of the climbing ropes; I wanted to cum.

As I was climbing up the rope I could hear the odd thud and cuss as the pins slid out. I kept climbing then slid down making myself cum 3 times.

Both girls had not quite finished when I got back and as I stood there laughing Kate said,

“Okay smarty pants, you try it; let’s see if you can do any better.”

I wasn’t going to miss a chance like that and when Kate crossed the line and let the pin slide out again I went over and stood the pin up. Squatting down and impaling myself on the pin, I then stood up and started waddling along.

“Bloody hell Kate,” I said; “you’re really gushing today.”

It was hard work and my pussy muscles were starting to hurt but I managed to make it there and back with the pin only sliding out once.

“I’ll show you a few exercises that can help you with those pins, and other things that you may just want in there sometime.” I replied.

Kieran looked a bit puzzled then said,

“Well that’s it girls, what do you think?”

The girls summed it up quite well when Kate said,

“Can we do it again please.”

“So I can put your names down as contestants then?” Kieran asked.

“Of course!” All 3 of us said.

“Good, thank you girls.”

“What about the wresting Kieran?” I asked.

“It’s coming along.”

“What’s that about wrestling?” Jude asked.

“I’ve been thinking about organising some amateur wrestling fun in the ring.” Kieran said.

“Can we have a go please? We do that at home on our bed sometimes, and sometimes in the lounge when Max has some of his mates over. They like watching us, especially when we stop struggling and start exercising our tongues a bit.” Kate said.

I knew what Kate meant, but Kieran obviously didn’t and he got that puzzled look on his face again.

The twins didn’t wait to be asked and they climbed into the ring and started trying to get each other on the floor. From where I was stood I couldn’t tell who was who but it wasn’t long before they were rolling on the floor. They were soon in the 69 position and after a short pause each mouth attacked the other’s pussy.

Kieran and I just stood there watching them eat each other out. It was only when one of them shouted that she was cumming that I realised that my right hand was on my pussy and my index finger was rubbing my clit. Poor Kieran must have been in a real state. His shorts definitely had a big tent in them.

As things in the ring calmed down, Kieran said,

“Actually girls, I meant a one girl against one man.”

Both twins just stared a Kieran as he continued,

“The aim of the bout is for one to pin the other’s shoulders to the mat. There are strict rules saying no hair pulling and no trying to hurt the other person. I’m guessing that competing against a naked girl and her finding it easy to distract him, will even things out. Tanya and I have already had a session and to be fair, I was whooped by her. She was way too quick for me and I just couldn’t concentrate.”

Jude jumped in,

“Okay, I’ll take you on Kieran.”

Kieran’s face lit up. I wanted to say that whenever any man took on a naked girl in this gym it would quickly end up with the girl’s pussy on the man’s face and quite probably, a big wet patch on the man’s shorts.

I wasn’t wrong; Jude quickly got Kiran on the floor, her knees on his shoulders and her arms holding his legs down. Her face was VERY close to the front of his shorts. She was probably dreaming about what was outlined in front of her.

Kieran didn’t waste the opportunity either and Jude quickly started cumming.

A couple of minutes later Kate was in the ring lifting Jude up and telling her that it was her turn.

Meanwhile my right hand was still busy and I came about the same time as Kate did.

After that Kate and Kieran got out of the ring and Kieran said,

“Well, what do you think girls?”

“Go live with it Kieran, put the sheet up, get the volunteers and get started.” I said.

“That was fun,” Kate said, “I want to do it again with all the guys in here watching me; and can I pick the guy that I wrestle with?”

“Me too.” Jude said.

“Well I don’t know about that, but okay I’ll get the sheet up. Keep looking at the notice board girls.”

The 3 of us left and headed for the sauna; the twins talking about which guy they wanted to get into the ring with.

The rest of the afternoon was good; 4 more orgasms before deciding that I’d better head for home.

**The Party**

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Ryan got an invite to a party from one of the new bosses in his office. I hadn’t met the guy so I was going a bit blind. At least I’d know some of the other people that Ryan works with; maybe Karen and Emma would be there I thought.

Ryan wanted to make an impression so he went in smart casuals and I wore just one of my nicer dresses and heels. I felt good as Ryan introduced me to his new boss.

“Ah yes,” Owen said; “I’ve heard so much about you and seen quite a few photographs. They don’t do you justice.”

Boy was I embarrassed. The guy had obviously seen photos of me naked and people must have told him about some of the things that Ryan had got me to do.

“Hey Tanya,” Owen said, “Don’t be embarrassed; you sound and look like an amazing girl, Ryan’s a lucky guy.”

Someone else arrived and Owen moved over to them.

“I need a drink.” I said, and we went looking for the booze. We found it; and Karen.

Karen and I talked while Ryan circulated. After a while things went quite quiet and Karen and I hit the bottle.

Shortly after that Owen called everyone into the lounge and told us that he was going to liven things up by getting everyone to take off one item of clothing. He added that shoes and socks didn’t count.

I turned to Karen and said,

“Oh shit, I’ve only got this dress on.”

“And I’ve only got this top and skirt on.” Karen added.

After a few seconds of silence everyone started talking at once then items of clothing started getting thrown to the side of the room.

“I’ll support you as much as I can girl.” Karen said as she dropped her skirt to the floor leaving her bottomless.

I finished my drink and unzipped my dress. I looked round for Ryan for support but he was nowhere to be seen so I shrugged my shoulders shaking my dress of my shoulders and it fell to the ground.

“Whoa there!” A man nearby said, “Look at this; the stories are true; Tanya’s buck naked.”

I turned my head towards him and gave him a filthy look. Then Karen said,

“I see that you’ve got your little clit ring back. Ryan told me that he’d put it back on you; I can see your little clit poking out.”

Just then Ryan appeared and put his arm round me.

“You look gorgeous TT; I’m so proud of you. Come and show Owen.”

Bloody hell, my boyfriend wanted to show my naked body to his new boss. I think that I blushed again.

“Wow Tanya!” Owen said, looking me up and down; “you truly are amazing. I love the jewellery. You look so young.”

Just then my little clit ring zapped me and I had to grit my teeth for a few seconds then I managed to say,

“Why thank you Owen. I know that I don’t look it but I’m actually only a few months younger than Ryan.

“Oh, you carry it well young lady;” Owen continued, “would you mind posing for a selfie with me?”

“Yeah sure, why not;” I replied. By that time the booze was making me quite happy and any embarrassment was just history.

“Yeah, go for it girl,” Ryan said; “maybe some others would like selfies with you as well.”

“Err yes, okay then.” I replied, not really expecting anyone to want a photograph with me in it; even if I was naked.

How wrong could I be? Ryan led me round the house asking everyone if they wanted a selfie with me in it and just about everyone did; even the couple of guys who didn’t have their phones with them. Ryan lent them his phone and then sent the photo to their phones so that they could pick them up later.

As we went round I realised that I was the only one there that was fully naked. Okay, Karen was bottomless and a couple of girls were topless, but I was totally naked. It was a good job that I’d had a few drinks.

When we’d final got round everyone I was feeling a little tired, and drunk, so Ryan asked Owen if I could lay down for a while. He said that I could and pointed us to one of the bedrooms. Ryan turned the light off, leaving me on the bed. Within seconds I was fast asleep.

When I woke up the light was still off but Ryan was between my legs using his tongue on my pussy. I just opened my legs a bit more and enjoyed it.

A few minutes later I started to cum as Ryan kept going. After I’d cum again I sighed and relaxed. Ryan got up and I was expecting the light to come on but I heard, then saw the door opening; then close.

“Where’s he going?” I thought.

After he hadn’t returned after a few minutes I got up and went to the bathroom to freshen up. When I came out I went back to the party and found Ryan.

“Where did you go?” I asked.

“Nowhere love, I’ve been here talking to Karen for ages haven’t I Karen?”

“He sure has!”

I was confused; was Ryan messing with my mind, was it a case of accidental cunnilingus, did someone accidentally get the wrong vagina, had I just been mouth raped; or what? It wouldn’t be the first time that Ryan had messed with my mind. I decided to keep quiet for a while; maybe Ryan would come clean later.

I was feeling better after my nap and it was a good job because the party went on for quite a while. We had a great time dancing and talking and I just about forgot that I was naked. I even tried to leave without my dress but Owen shouted after us and I went back for it.

**My Boy Dildo**

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Ryan did what I’d been half expecting, he took me to a sports centre in a city about 15 miles away with me dressed as a boy. Before we left home Ryan had got me to take all my nipple jewellery and my clit hood chain off. I left the barbell and stirrup in my clit hood because they’d be covered by the boy dildo.

I’d remembered the teenage boy’s way of doing things and we walked into the men’s changing rooms with me feeling quite a bit nervous.

That boy dildo was just as uncomfortable as it had been the previous times that I’d worn it. Wearing those shorts gave me a great insight into why men walk the way they do. They have my sympathy.

Anyway, the thing that was different to the last time that I’d been in a men’s changing room was that this time Ryan told me to turn and face the men in there. There I was; naked, facing 2 naked guys in the shower. It was then that I realised that heterosexual men don’t look at other naked men. Neither of them looked at me other than a quick glance, and then I decided that I’d better not stare at them.

It was so different to being naked in a girl’s changing room where most of the women in there will talk to one another regardless of their state of dress.

Ryan had switched the vibe on just before we’d got out of the car and my arousal factor was going up as I got dressed ready to play squash. As we walked to the court I looked down at my chest and saw that the tight T-shirt had 2 prominent bulges in the front.

How the hell do men run around with those ‘things’ dangling between their legs? Mine are soft and spongy but they still kept making their presence known. I wondered if running around with them dangling made them get aroused but Ryan was running around as much as I was and he showed no signs of getting hard.

After about 10 minutes the vibrators got the better of me and I lost a point as I stopped to cum; Ryan just grinning at me.

After about 20 minutes Ryan stopped and took his shirt off. As he did so he looked at my chest and nodded. He wanted me to take my top off as well, so I did. I looked down at my chest and saw that my nipples were as hard as they felt.

We never finished the game because I came again, just as a man was walking passed the glass end of the court. He gave me a strange look as he kept walking.

It was a topless walk back to an empty men’s changing room where we changed into swimming shorts and went looking for the pool. I felt quite naughty walking around the leisure centre topless but having cum twice since I’d got there, I didn’t really care.

We messed around in the pool for a while and it was difficult for me keep my hands of Ryan but that would have looked more weird than it actually was. Having said that, no one gave me any strange looks, probably because there were teenage boys there with tits a lot bigger than mine.

When it came time for us to get out Ryan walked me all round the pool on the way to the changing rooms. Another orgasm was building so I didn’t care if anyone had looked at me or said anything.

There were quite a few teenage boys and men getting showered and changed and just before we went it Ryan told me to get my shorts off as soon as we got to our locker. When I had, Ryan indicated to me to turn round so that I was facing all those men. The strange thing was that none of them took any notice of me; even when we walked to the showers with our towels over our shoulders. How Ryan didn’t get a hard-on I will never know but he didn’t.

My pussy was on fire and that vibrator inside me was giving me serious problems. I didn’t want to cum in the showers with all those men around me but I couldn’t help it.

I gritted my teeth and just stood there under the shower with my back to everyone. I couldn’t help it as a long groan came out of my mouth and the man next to me turned and looked at my face.

“Are you alright son?” He asked.

I couldn’t answer but Ryan did,

“Yeah, he’s okay, he’s just cumming.”

“Yeah right.” The man said as he turned his face away from us.

We finished showering and went and got dressed, me remembering not to groom myself as I normally would.

As soon as we got back to the car I climbed in the back, got those stupid shorts off, pulled the dildo out and begged Ryan to fuck me.

He did.

**The twins**

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While I was at the gym one afternoon, and the twins were there, Jude asked me if they could come round one day before they went back to school. They wanted to ride my Sybian and exercise bike without worrying about anyone else wanting to have a go. That was okay by me, and I was sure that Ryan wouldn’t object. I told them that Jenny and Tom wouldn’t be there because they’d gone off to visit a friend for a few days and where we keep a spare key. I told them to go round anytime that they liked, but to be sensible; that I didn’t want to get home and find them fucked to death by those machines.

Kate laughed and asked if they could lift my bike off the frame and take it for a ride.

“Only if you put some clothes on first.” I said.

Anyway, a few days later Ryan and I arrived home and could hear moans and cries of pleasure coming from the garage. Ryan had forgotten that I told him that twins could come round and he rushed into the garage expecting to find intruders. Both Kate and Jude were in the middle of intense orgasms and didn’t see him barge in. After Ryan had absorbed what he’s seen he backed out and left them to it.

Forty-five minutes later 2 naked, very sweaty and tired girls walked in and were surprised to see us there. Ryan sent them upstairs to have a shower.

When they came back down Kate said that they hadn’t had the time to take the bikes (they wanted to use Ryan’s bike as well) and asked if they could come back another day.

I got them a drink and while we all relaxed Kate told us that their brother’s mates had gone round the day after they’d got back from holiday and wanted them to put on a show for them. Of course they obliged but Jude had told them that they’d decided that after school started again they were going to start charging money for the shows; that they had a few expensive things that they wanted to buy.

Jude told them that they were going to produce a price list for the services that they’d provide.

“So you’re going to prostitute yourselves?” Ryan asked.

“Well, we hadn’t thought about it like that,” Jude said, “but I guess that you’re right. We just want some money to buy a Sybian and a few ‘toys’. Nothing wrong with that is there?”

Ryan laughed and then asked them to let him have a copy of their price list.

Kate came straight back with,

“Oh no, we wouldn’t charge you, you can fuck us anytime that you like.”

“Careful what you’re offering.” I replied, “he might just take you up on that.”

“Anytime!” Jude replied, tweaking her nipples as she said it.

Two days later we got home to find both mine and Ryan’s bikes missing from the garage. A couple of hours later two very tired and satisfied girls returned and asked if they could have a shower.

**The Human Sexuality Class and the Television programme**

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

Ryan really dropped me in it this time. He ‘volunteered’ me for another art model session at the local college (well that’s what he told me it was). We had the usual argument with me saying that I didn’t want to do it and that we didn’t need the money; but as usual, Ryan won.

I knew that I’d need to be a bit aroused to be able to go through with it and I put one of my remote controlled vibes in my pussy before I went to work; my logic being that if it gently purred away inside me all day then I’d be sufficiently aroused when I got to the college to not be too embarrassed.

What I hadn’t planned on was being very busy all day and the batteries going flat mid-morning. I was so busy that when the vibe stopped buzzing I thought that I’d just go out at lunch time and get some new ones. The problem was, Tim (my boss) had got some lunch brought in for the meetings with a big client and we had a working lunch.

It was only when I finally got back to my desk at 4 p.m. that I remembered what Ryan had lumbered me with. Sex was the last thing on my mind at that time and I got quite concerned knowing that I just had to go through with it.

Before leaving work I went to the rest room to freshen up a bit and remove the vibe; and then on the way to the bus stop I stopped at a shop to get some more batteries. I think that I did that because I was so nervous and worried; I wasn’t thinking straight because we had a big box of batteries at home.

During the bus ride there I was squeezing my legs together trying to get a bit aroused but the dread of having to strip-off and stand there whilst a load of students ogled at my body far outweighed what little arousal I managed to get

by repeatedly squeezing my legs together.

I was almost shaking as I walked into the college and the classroom.

I was expecting to see a load of students to be there with Dan (the art teacher) and Fred (haven’t a clue what he teaches) but I wasn’t expecting there to be about 6 other men, a load of cameras and a few big lights on stands.

I just stood there wondering what the fuck was going on and Dan had to say hello twice before I came back to reality and spoke to Dan.

“Hi Tanya,” Dan said, “Welcome back and thank you so much for volunteering to help us out again. I hope that Ryan was right when he said that you wouldn’t mind the television camera crew being here to record the session for a television documentary about human sexuality.”

“What? I, I, I guess not.” I replied, not really knowing what was going on, or realising what I was saying. I thing I was subconsciously knowing that Ryan wouldn’t put me in any danger. Dan didn’t really give me much time to think about it as he ushered me over to meet the film crew’s director.

After the introductions, Anthony (the director) said,

“Tanya, Fred has told me how your last session went and I’d like to follow the same format if that’s alright with you. The camera crew will be moving around all the time and I might stop things occasionally, just to get you into a better position for a better recording; just try to ignore the crew; pretend that they’re not here. Okay?”

“No not really.” I was thinking, but when my mouth opened I actually said,

“Yeah sure, just put me in any position that you want.”

What was wrong with me, why do I end-up doing these things? I just wanted to get it over with so I said,

“Okay, can we get started please?”

“Of course,” Anthony said, “but one slight difference please, can you strip off now instead of waiting until we get to the inspection part? It’ll make better television.”

I felt my jaw drop for a second and then a heavy feeling in my stomach as I looked round and saw about 25 pairs of eyes all staring at me.

“Oh fuck!” I thought as my hands moved up to the top button on my blouse.

I knew that it was a mistake looking at all those people but for some stupid reason I looked straight into the eyes of all those people. My hands were shaking as I slowly un-buttoned my blouse, pushed it back on my shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Why had I decided to wear the long chain that goes from nipple to nipple that morning?

As I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor I remembered my clit hood chain and I remember feeling my face flush up.

I heard a few whispers as I was picking up my clothes and putting them on a nearby chair, but I couldn’t work out what they were saying. I turned and stood there, totally naked in front of going on for 30 people, at least two thirds of them men. I was glad when Fred said his bit to the class about questions first and a young man asked me why I wasn’t wearing any underwear. Another young man broke the tension in the room by saying that I hadn’t got anything worth putting in a bra.

That got a few laughs, me a little bit as well and I answered with,

“Yes, he’s right; I’m lucky enough not to have big breasts that need supporting all the time and besides, you look as if your man boobs are bigger than mine; do you wear a bra?”

That got a bigger laugh and the young man looked nearly as embarrassed as I had been. Yes, the conversation and laughs had loosened me up a bit and I was starting to relax.

The questions went on, all of them similar to the ones the previous time that I’d fallen for Ryan’s trick to get me in that situation.

One difference was that when I got asked how long I’d been naked for in one run, I found myself telling them about our last holiday in Spain with Ryan’s Aunt, Uncle and Cousin (see ‘We hate clothes’ parts 7a, 7b and 7c where one of the twins tell you all about that holiday).

I managed to NOT tell them about the Virgin Mary floating through the village, nor the orgy at that rich kid’s parent’s villa; but I did start telling them about our ‘dance’ routine, but missed out the bit about the finale.

Of course the ‘dance’ routine subject brought up the subject of how we’d got started with it and I found myself telling them all about the gym; well not everything about the gym; and not about why most of the girls go there.

I was starting to relax quite well, and even feeling a little aroused, so when someone asked to see some of the ‘dance’ routine, and most of the people there supported him, I stood up and got into some of the poses. That ended when I was walking on my hands with legs spread wide and I slipped and collapsed onto one of the cameras. The poor man didn’t know what to do when my pussy ended-up on his chest not far from his face.

When I stood back up I realised that my arousal was increasing and that my pussy felt quite wet.

The questions started to do the opposite to my pussy, and it dried up. After a long silence, Fred looked at Anthony then said that the lesson would move on to the physical part.

My arousal was killing most of my embarrassment but I still blushed a little as Fred told me to get on the table. I climbed up and sat with my lower legs hanging over the front edge of the table. Instinctively, I’d spread my knees so that everyone could have a good look.

As I got comfortable Fred appeared with a big triangular pillow so that I could lay back but still see the people in the room.

The format of the evening changed a bit from the previous time as Fred asked for volunteers to come to the front and point-out different parts on my anatomy. Of course it was the young men who were first to volunteer and before long I had a geeky looking youth touching the different parts of my pussy and speaking the names of them. He actually managed to get all of them right but just as Fred was thanking him he touched my clit again and said,

“I’m a bit confused by these 2 rings, how come you’ve got 2 of them?”

“Tanya, would you like to answer that?” Fred said.

I explained the difference between a clit hood ring and an actual clit ring, and got a couple gasps from the girls when I explained how Ryan had put the actual clit ring on me (Ryan had only put that clit ring back on me about a week before. He’d had to take it off me a few months earlier and return it to the manufacturer when it had stopped charging).

By that time, the inevitable was getting close to happening and just as the second young man touched my clit I exploded into a wonderful orgasm. As I calmed down I looked out and saw one of the cameras.

“Oh shit,” I thought, “will that go out on national television?”

I hoped not.

It was then that Fred told the students about ‘treadmill’.

Fred was avoiding saying the actual word as he told everyone about the sort of hypnotisation but just as he sounded as if he was going to get through it without saying ‘that’ word someone asked him what the word was.

As he told them I started cumming again. Of course, most of the audience said the word and I had one after another after another orgasm. I was really up there, back arched, shaking about and moaning and swearing.

I was wet with sweat as I started to relax.

It was then that one of the young men reminded me that I’d said that I often carry a vibrator around with me in my bag. When I confirmed that I had, he asked me if I had one with me that night. Saying that I had, he asked me if I could show him.

I got him to pass me my bag and got the little remote vibe out. He looked puzzled so I explained that it was a remote controlled one and that it is usually pushed right inside me. He held his hand out saying,

“Can I hold it please?”

I passed it to him and within a second he was pushing it inside my pussy (my legs were still wide open).

I looked even more surprised as he picked up the control and switched it on. I gasped as he grinned, knowing that he had control over my body.

I gasped some more as he turned it up to full power and passed the control to one of his mates.

Just about all the students took it in turn to play with the control and look at me as they did so and the vibe kept going slow then fast. I must have had 7 or 8 orgasms as that control went round the room. It was only as I calmed down that I saw Fred holding the control and a camera man stood between my legs.

“Oh fuck,” I thought as I remembered the TV crew.

“I thought that I’d better retrieve that before you passed out.” Fred said as he held out the control for me to take.

“Thank you.” I said as I switched the vibe completely off and put the control back into my bag.

Fred turned to face the students and told them that the lesson was ended and thanked them for their participation. Then he told them a few other things about future lessons before turning to me and asking everyone to thank me for volunteering to help.

Fred then went and got a towel for me saying that he’d come prepared this time. I said to myself,

“If I’d been properly prepared I wouldn’t have been there.”

As I was getting dressed Anthony came over to me and asked me to sign some sort of permission form. Then he asked me how long it had taken for me to get ‘programmed’ (as he called it) to orgasm every time that someone said ‘treadmill’. Of course the inevitable happened and I orgasmed right in front of him. He was still there when I got back to normal and he apologised, but he didn’t sound too convincing.

I told him that it took about 6 months, to which he replied,

“And worth every second.”

I wasn’t so sure; yes, the orgasms are great but I’ve had them in some really embarrassing situations and sometimes they’re VERY difficult to hide.

Half of me wanted to ask Anthony what the TV programme was called and when it would be aired and the other half just didn’t. Whilst I was deciding, Anthony made the decision for me by walking away; and Dan moved in and gave me an envelope with my money in it.

As I left I was met by one of the girls that had been in the lesson. She wanted to know all about the gym and where it was but had been afraid to ask during the lesson.

When I got home Ryan joined me in the shower and after long fuck he got me to tell him all about my evening. He wasn’t too happy that I didn’t know what the programme was called or when it would be aired but I just told him that he could watch me cum anytime that he wanted. He said that he might video me cumming and post it on some porn sites.

I laughed and said,

“You mean that you haven’t done that already.”

**The Miley Cyrus dress**

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Do you remember that plastic dress that Miley Cyrus wore at the 2015 MTV Awards, the totally see-through one with big smarties stuck on it in strategic places? Well Ryan’s gone and got one like it for me. It’s not quite the same; in the photo that I’ve seen the dress looks quite stiff whereas the one Ryan’s bought me is very flexible, almost soft against my skin; but just as see-through.

I don’t know about Miley’s dress but the giant smarties on mine are moveable; which I don’t know if that is a good thing or a bad thing. I can see Ryan moving them or even removing them leaving my pussy or tiny tits on display.

I kept telling Ryan that I couldn’t possibly wear it in public but he kept insisting that I could, and in the end I did. I finally agreed to wear it to a nightclub; a new one in a city about 25 miles away. My assumption being that it would be night time when we were travelling, and that the light in the nightclub wouldn’t be too good.

Ryan asked me to remove my nipple and clit hood chains before I put the dress on.

When I tried to get into the car I realised that I had to remove the big smartie that was covering my butt because it would have been uncomfortable sitting on it. The journey there was okay and the walk from the carpark was short, and dark. It helped that Jenny (yes, Jenny and Tom came with us), was wearing a VERY short neon pink tutu skirt and the lace top that she got in Spain, the one that leaves her nipples poking through the lace holes. As she never wears knickers anymore, anyone who got low down would be able to see her pussy and butt.

The nightclub was great, and dark, and after a couple of drinks I almost forgot that my dress was totally see-through. I got a few ‘smart’ comments from a couple of guys and quite a lot of stares but apart from that we had a great time.

When Jenny and I were dancing on our own we were forever getting hit on, but that didn’t bother us.

As the night went on Ryan kept moving the big smarties and I had to keep moving them back so that my ‘bits’ were covered; but having said that I’m sure that anyone looking at me from an angle would have been able to see what they wanted. I was glad that the alcohol and my little clit ring were stopping me from getting embarrassed.

Things started to go wrong when we left the nightclub to come home. When we got back to the carpark we found that it was all locked-up. There was a phone number to ring but no one answered it. We had 2 choices; the first was to find some public transport home then go back for the car later that day; or the option that we chose which was to find a hotel for the rest of the night.

Fortunately, the doorman at the club gave us the name of a reasonable hotel and got us a taxi to take us there (the other side of the centre of the city). The hotel night receptionist must have been blind or gay because he didn’t take any notice of what Jenny and I were wearing.

The real problem started when we left the hotel around mid-day. Ryan and Tom said that the taxi ride was short so we’d be able to walk it in no time. What they weren’t taking into consideration was that it was mid-day in the centre of a city. It was a Saturday and the streets were as busy as you’d expect.

Well, it didn’t take long for people to start looking at me. A couple of teenage girls walked passed us and one said,

“Fucking hell; did you see that?”

Ryan and Tom loved it and they kept pinching my big smarties; most of the time I may as well have been totally naked. What’s more, I was sober and the battery in my little clit ring had gone flat so I was embarrassed; and not at all aroused.

I don’t know if Ryan didn’t take us the most direct route of if he genuinely didn’t know the way but that walk must have taken nearly an hour. I was sooo happy to finally get into our car.

I swore that I’d never wear that dress again.

**Pussy fingering in public**

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Another thing that Ryan’s started doing is to finger me in public. He’s been getting me to wear skirts that either have pockets (which he’s unpicked the stitching), or that have a side zip that he keeps unzipping. He then stands behind me and slides a hand round and into my skirt to get at my pussy.

He’s made me cum twice while we’ve been standing in crowded bars.

Sometimes after he’s got me all worked-up he’ll get me to sit somewhere and get me to finish the job that he started. Three times now he’s got me to make myself cum while we’ve been sat in a restaurant.

**The Comedy Club**

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One day Ryan told me about a big pub in the city that hosted Comedy Club nights. That sounded fun so one night we went along. There were 4 comedians on, all of them quite good. We were having a great time laughing and drinking; until the last comedian came on.

He wasn’t just a comedian; he was a hypnotist as well.

He cracked a few jokes then toned it down so that we were all quite calm. The next thing that I knew was that my glass was empty even though Ryan had just got us some more. I looked round and everyone’s glass was empty. Somehow we’d all finished our drinks without realising it.

Then the comedian said that hypnotism was easy and that he’d just proved it by getting us all to finish our drinks in one go. Boy, the guy was good.

After a few more jokes he asked for 2 young ladies to join him on the little stage. One young blonde immediately jumped up but I just sat there. I could guess where it was going and I didn’t want to be part of it. I just wanted to watch for a change.

After a bit of cajoling, Ryan stood up. The comedian asked Ryan if he was a girl but Ryan ignored him and pulled me to my feet.

“Here,” Ryan said as he marched me to the stage. ”Here’s your other volunteer.”

The comedian looked pleased and relieved. I didn’t catch what he said but it was something about something not working with a young man.

Anyway, the blonde and I were stood next to each other on the stage as another couple of jokes came out of his mouth. I even laughed at them and realised that they were to make the blonde and me relax.

The comedian turned to us and told us to relax, then told us not to worry that he wasn’t going to get us to take our clothes off or to give him a blowjob.

Shortly after that I was hearing him thanking us for being part of his act.

I was confused; I looked down and did a quick check; yes I still had my clothes on and no, I didn’t feel like I’d just been fucked. In fact I felt quite normal, perhaps even a little disappointed. It was only as we were on the bus going home that Ryan told me what had happened.

Apparently, after he’d told us that we wouldn’t be getting naked, he said a few words and we were gone. We had got naked, he’d got us to undress each other and when everyone had seen that I hadn’t got any underwear on he’d cracked a joke about not being able to get us to put each other’s underwear on.

Ryan said that the blonde looked cute but that her tits were way too big for him.

We then had to go and take some drinks orders, get the drinks and take them back to the appropriate table. Then the comedian got us to give lap dances to a couple of guys out of the audience. Next it was giving a kiss to 10 different guys in the audience. Ryan told me that most of the guys had groped us which could have explained why my pussy was wetter than normal.

Back on the stage we were told that we were getting excited and that we just had to let it happen. Apparently we’d both rubbed our pussies and made ourselves cum.

Finally, the comedian had sent us out into the audience to select a guy and bring him back onto the stage. For whatever reason I hadn’t picked Ryan, instead I’d picked someone else. It wasn’t the comedian that got the blowjob, it was the 2 guys and we had to do it with our backs to the audience, legs spread wide, and bent at the waist. Ryan said that I was giving a great show.

When he told us to get dressed he’d cracked another joke about my lack of underwear and short skirt and he’d got the blonde to stuff her knickers in her bra instead of putting them on.

As I said, I couldn’t remember a thing about it and I wondered if the blonde couldn’t as well. I also wondered about her knickers being in her bra.

After Ryan had told me all that I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Ryan distracted me by giving me a long kiss and playing with my clit.

We fucked hard when we got home.

**The photographic modelling session**

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This was yet another occasion where Ryan conned me into getting naked for a group of men.

One Sunday morning we went for a car ride on the pretext of getting some milk, and Ryan took me to this old, semi derelict factory where we were met by 8 men all carrying small cases. When I asked Ryan what was going on he told me that he’d volunteered me to be a model for the camera club men that were there. He told me that they’d been put in touch with him through the art teacher, Dan; that they were looking for a model with all my characteristics.

I assumed that they meant my tiny tits.

I was pissed and really wanted to hit Ryan but before I had the chance to say anything, one of the men knocked on the car window and asked if I was Tanya.

“Yes!” I snapped back then realised that it wasn’t his fault. I promised to get my revenge on Ryan later.

The man then told us that the old factory gate was unlocked and that they wanted me to pose all over the place.

“Come on then,” I said, “let’s get started.”

I was still a bit annoyed but what could I do? I just wanted to get it over with.

As soon as we got inside the doors I turned to face the men and said,

“I suppose that you want me to be naked?”

Not waiting for an answer I pulled my top over my head and dropped my skirt. Ryan was the only one who said anything and that was a soft “Wow.”

Four of the men didn’t see me strip; they’d already wandered off, apparently looking for things for me to pose on. When 1 of the 4 got back to us and saw my chains he said,

“Oh, I wasn’t expecting those, do you think that you could remove the chains please? The other bits are okay; in fact they’ll draw people’s attention to your errr breasts and errr, yes, you know.”

“Bloody hell;” I wanted to say; “it’s a pussy. Haven’t you seen one before?”

But I didn’t; I just glared at him and started to unscrew the barbells. Ryan offered to help but I brushed his had away saying that I could manage.

Over the next couple of hours they got me to pose on ladders, boxes, strange looking machines and on the floor. Thankfully they’d brought a blanket and a towel, a white towel that I used to wipe the dirty, oily marks that I’d got off the machines off me.

During the first hour or so they got me to spread my legs wider and wider until they were wide apart for every pose. By that time I’d calmed down and was starting to get aroused. The battery on my little clit had gone flat the previous day and I hadn’t got round to charging it so that hadn’t helped me.

My pussy started getting wetter and when I realised that it would be showing on the photographs and I started to get more aroused.

On one of the old machines that they got me to climb on there was a handle (well that’s what it looked like to me) sticking up and one of the men just stood there looking at it until I realised what he wanted.

I squat down and impaled myself on it.

All of a sudden all the men were talking and the camera flashes were going at a ridiculous rate.

From then on they asked me to pose on, or against anything that would fit in my pussy. I think that it was the fourth steel bar that I was fucking myself on, I started to cum; and it was a noisy one.

As I was calming down I heard one of the men say,

“That was awesome; I’ll get a fortune for those.”

I should have got mad when I realised what he’d said but instead I just thought,

“Fuck; that was good.”

The posing and fucking myself on machine parts went on for about another hour before one of the man called a halt. I was disappointed because I wanted more, but it was not to be.

By that time I’d completely forgiven Ryan and I ran to him and jumped up on to him putting my arms round his neck. I stayed kissing him and standing next to him while the men packed-up then one of them gave Ryan an envelope. The man looked like he expected us to leave as well but Ryan told him that he’d close the gate when we left.

As soon as they were out of the building I ripped Ryan’s clothes off and we fucked all over the place until we were both exhausted.

Ryan drove home with me still naked next to him.

**The Sybian competition**

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Karen and Emma have bought a Sybian, and one day at work, Ryan and Karen got this idea about getting their Sybian and mine in the same place and having a competition. Their idea was to have 2 challenges; one to see who could stay on a Sybian, on full power, for the longest without cumming; and the other to see how many times each of us could cum in 30 minutes; again with the Sybian on full power.

There were 2 problems to overcome; one was where to have this challenge and the other, where would we get some more girls to enter the competition.

The first problem was overcome when Ryan talked to Darren at the gym and got him to let us rent a room. The second problem was overcome by me talking to some of the girls at the gym.

The room that Darren rented us was the ‘school gym’ as it’s getting to be known. It’s the room where Kieran has setup the obstacle course challenge. As for the competitors it only took me half an hour to get the list up to 8 names: -

Karen

Emma

Isla

Ella

Kate and Jude – the twins

Jenny

Tanya - me

So, one Sunday morning we all arrived at the gym, carried both the Sybians in and set them up in the boxing ring.

We’d previously agreed to put all the names in a hat and pull them out one by one to decide the cumming order. We also agreed that we should do the orgasm denial challenge first. Ryan agreed to do the timings and the girls who weren’t on a Sybian would have to all agree when an orgasm happened and to count them for the seconds part of the challenge.

With all the girls there Ryan wrote the names down and put them in a bag. We all took it in turns to pull a name out.

The first 2 girls climbed into the ring and Ryan got the stop watch app on his phone ready. The results were: -

**Orgasm self-denial**

Ella 19 minutes 35 seconds

Emma 31 minutes 5 seconds

I suspect that Karen torments Emma a lot so I was expecting a good time.

Jenny 17 minutes dead

Jude 19 minutes 45 seconds

Karen 23 minutes 8 seconds

Isla 18 minutes 17 seconds

Isla did well to survive that long. Her face went bright red, then purple and when she finally exploded I was convinced that she was going to pass out.

Kate 19 minutes 50 seconds

Tanya 10 minutes 16 seconds

I blame my poor time on my little clit ring and Ryan, both of which had been tormenting me before we got there.

Whilst Jenny and Jude were performing a couple of guys came in and started watching what was going on. Word mush have got round because more and more men joined the first 2 voyeurs. I wondered if there was anyone left in the workout room.

It was only on the way home that Ryan reminded me about all the cameras. They must have seen us on the big screens and come to investigate.

**Orgasm count**

30 minutes with the other competitors counting.

Everyone agreed not to mention ‘that’ word when I was competing.

Ella 6

Emma 7

Jenny 4

Jenny bailed out after her fourth.

Jude 8

Karen 5

Isla 4

Isla bailed out after her fourth too. She stood up saying that she just couldn’t take anymore.

Kate 8

Tanya 12

Some of the audience there clapping as the count rose and Ryan’s always telling me that it’s easy to make me cum.

We all went to the sauna then the pool afterwards.

**The cultural exchange**

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The company that I work for is doing quite well. It’s doing a rapidly increasing amount of business with Chinese companies and we’re seeing a lot more of them coming into our office for meetings.

At a staff meeting a couple of weeks ago the manager told us that our company was developing a cultural exchange visit whereby 4 members of our department would spend a month in China living with a Chinese family and 4 Chinese customers would then spend a month living with the families of those who went to China. Our manager asked that anyone who was interested to contact him later.

An hour later I was called into my manager’s office and asked what I thought of the idea. When I said that I had mixed feelings he said that Mr Chang (one of our biggest clients) had specifically asked that I take part. He said that Mr Chang had said that I had a lot of qualities that Chinese girls could learn from. When I asked what that meant Tim said the he didn’t know but that I should seriously consider applying.

When I mentioned it to Ryan that night his initial reaction was that he didn’t want me to go; that he’d miss me and miss the fucking and other fun. I jokingly told him that he should invite the twins round to look after him.

We continued talking about the exchange, what it might be like and what it might do for my career. We also talked about what it would be like for a Chinese person to come and live with us for a month. I had visions of a fully clothed man or woman trying to live with 2 couples who spent most of the time at home naked, fucking or the girls driving themselves to unbelievable highs on the Sybian.

By the time we’d fucked and were just going to sleep, Ryan said that I should go to China.

I thought about it a lot the next morning, especially as it was the main subject of conversation in the office. That afternoon I went to see my manager and told him that I was up for it.

By the end of the week 2 of the men and another woman (Grace who is about 2 years older than me) had also applied. Those who weren’t going teased us something rotten, especially Grace and I. One of the guys kept telling us stories about how the Chinese treat their female children, that they were a liability and basically second-class citizens, even to the point where they were treated like slaves.

Of course we didn’t believe them but Ryan told me that it used to be true, that some women even drowned new born girls; but that thing had changed over the last couple of decades and he brought up web sites about hugely successfully Chinese women.

One month later, the 4 of us were heading to the airport, not knowing exactly where we were going, whether we’d be relatively close together or what.

Before I’d left home Ryan had got me to leave my nipple and clit hood chains and stirrups on the dresser, but he let me leave my barbells and little clit ring on, even though I knew that the battery would be flat before I got to China. We’d discussed the subject of underwear thinking that maybe it was unacceptable for women not to wear any in China but we’d both agreed that I wouldn’t take any, not even the clit ring charging knickers.

I joked with him saying that I would go crazy with sex deprivation while I was there; to which Ryan said that I always had my fingers and that maybe I’d find some suitable object to give me relief whilst I was there. Ryan had a change of heart and he’d put one on my remote vibrators and controls into my handbag saying that he hoped that I’d be able to get some batteries for it.

I told him that he was lucky; that the twins would take care of his needs.

At Beijing airport we were met by a man who explained that we were splitting up and all flying to other parts of China. I was given a ticket to a place that I’d never heard of and was told that I’d be met at that airport.

It was a strange feeling not having a clue where I was going or what life would be like for the next month.

I’ll tell you all about it in the next part of my life’s story.