**My Girlfriend Likes Me To Expose Her**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 1**

I’m Jake and I have this amazing girlfriend that I love with all my heart. The thing is, although she won’t admit it, she likes me to lift her skirt or open her top so that anyone in front of us can see her tits or pussy. No, I’m not joking, she really does like me doing it to her.

Let me tell you a bit about her, she’s called Layla and is quite small and slim with small tits (30AA), big nipples, blonde hair, no pubic hair and a clit that sticks out between her lips all the time.

It all started about the tenth time that we went out. I took her to a nice pub in the country where we had a meal then a few drinks. The pub and the restaurant part were busy so we went to stand in the bar for the drinks after the meal. Layla was wearing a lightweight, flared miniskirt and when we went to the bar we discovered a couple of my mates were there.

Layla was stood in front of me leaning back on me as we talked and my hand was round her and caressing her stomach.

After a while I noticed that both my mates kept looking down to her thighs. I didn’t think anything of it because Layla has nice legs, she wasn’t wearing tights and I just assumed that they were admiring her tanned legs.

After about an hour we decided to leave and head for home but I had to go and empty my bladder before we left. One of my mates said that he had to pee as well so he followed me to the toilets. Whilst we were there my mate told me that Layla had a nice pussy. When I questioned him as to how he knew that he told me that my caressing of Layla’s stomach had slowly pulled up the front of her skirt revealing her see-through G-string and the front of her slit through it.

He thanked me for the show and found it difficult to believe me when I told him that I hadn’t realised what my hand was doing.

Anyway, we went back to the other 2 and Layla and I left.

In the car I immediately apologised to Layla telling her that I hadn’t realised what my caressing was doing to her skirt.

“You mean that your mates could see my G-string and my slit through it?”

“Yes, sorry, it was all my fault.”

“That explains why they kept looking down.”

“I guess so, but I thought that they were just looking at your nice legs.”

“Well there’s nothing that I can do about it now, but I’ll be all embarrassed when I see them again.”

“Sorry love.”

We said no more about it but she turned and kissed me very passionately. Not wanting to miss an opportunity like that we started making out right there in the car park and she was soon riding my cock with a passion that was greater than I’d experienced with her before.

I didn’t think too much about the incident for a couple of days until we went out again. This time to deliberately meet some mates of both of us. Layla was wearing a similar skirt and in the pub she stood in front of me and leant back on me again. After a while she found my right hand and put it on her stomach,

Instinctively I started caressing her stomach but this time I was aware what my hand was doing and helped her skirt ride up. All the time I was watching our friends to see if they noticed what was happening to Layla’s skirt.

It was one of the girls that noticed first, well she was looking in the right direction and her eyes suddenly went wide open, but she didn’t say anything. I assumed that Layla’s skirt was high enough to display her G-string but I didn’t want her to display any more so I just held my hand still.

A few minutes later I saw one of the guys looking and smiling, Then he looked up to my face, I winked, he smiled again then looked down to Layla’s pussy again.

It was about then that I realised that Layla was standing with her feet about shoulder width apart. I got an immediate boner that pressed against Layla’s butt. Shortly after that Layla said that we had to leave and we had another passionate lovemaking session in my car before I even started the engine.

The same thing happened another couple of times then one night we were in a pub on our own and we were leaning back against a wall, again Layla positioned herself in front of me and leant back on me. By then I was convinced that, although she denied it, she was setting herself up to be exposed and I sure as hell was going to help her if it meant another passionate lovemaking session.

As we stood there, me with my hand on her stomach slowly edging her skirt up, I couldn’t help noticing the number of people who were looking at us. Their eyes stared at her pussy then looked up to our eyes. I could see Layla’s face and it kept going red confirming to me that Layla knew exactly what was going on. I whispered in her ear,

“You know that your pussy is on show don’t you Layla?”

“No it’s not, my skirt is long enough to cover it.”

I let it go for a while, then when some people were stood directly in front of us I slid my hand down to her pussy to confirm what I suspected, that her pussy was dripping. What I hadn’t expected was to find that she didn’t have any knickers of any sort on. My fingers came up to our faces wetter than if I’d just washed my hands.

Layla opened her mouth, reached forwards and sucked her fingers.

“You little minx, you’re doing this on purpose, you like having your pussy on display.”

“No I’m not, it’s you who’s pulling my skirt up.” Layla replied as she slid one hand behind her and squeezed my cock through my jeans.

We didn’t make it back to my car which was parked down the street. I pulled her into an alley and fucked her up against a wall.

When we finally made it to my car I said,

“Layla, you deliberately came out without any knickers on and wearing a skirt like that knowing that it would ride up when I, no you, put my hand on your stomach didn’t you?”

“I did not, I thought that I’d give you a nice surprise if you put your hand under my skirt after we left the pub, and how was I to know that my skirt would ride up?”

“Layla, you can admit that you are an exhibitionist, I don’t mind, in fact I rather like the idea of having a girlfriend who is an exhibitionist.”

“Well you haven’t got one, it’s embarrassing to know that someone other than you has seen my pussy.”

“Yes dear.” I replied. I wasn’t going to argue, in fact I loved the game that she was playing and I was going to go along with it.

From then on I encouraged Layla to wear short skirts and loose fitting tops. She had never worn a bra when she was with me, her little tits just don’t need any support. Every time that we were together I’d lift her skirt to see if she was wearing any knickers and she rarely was.

If we had to stand anywhere Layla always stood in front of me leaning back and if I didn’t put my hand on her stomach she would grab my hand and put it there.

If we managed to get a seat Layla would sit with her knees slightly apart and put one of my hands on her bare thighs, silently daring me to slide it up her leg and pull her legs apart until her pussy was on display. She only ever said anything if I let my fingers rub her always bare pussy, and that was only after my fingers had got her all aroused.

If we were sat at a table with my mates present Layla would lean forwards so that her top would hang low allowing my mates to see down her top and her small tits and big nipples.

Of course Layla never admitted that she was doing anything deliberately naughty and if anyone said anything her reply was always,

“Oops, I didn’t realise, sorry.”

But minutes later she was doing the same thing again.

One day at the pub with our friends I decided to try something and whilst she was stood leaning back on me I slid my hands down the outside of her thighs to the hem of her skirt. Then I slowly slid my hands back up taking her skirt with me.

Layla never said a word until her bald, knickerless pussy had been on display for at least 5 seconds. The she said,

“You naughty boy, you’ll embarrass all these people.” not “You’re embarrassing me.”

Later that night, after another urgent lovemaking session, I asked her about her wording that she’d used and she just said,

“Oh, I was confused, I meant that I was embarrassed.”

I could have said that I didn’t believe her but I didn’t.

I had also noted that after every occurrence of Layla being displayed our lovemaking was much more intense. It was like her being seen was a huge aphrodisiac for her, not that I was complaining. Quite the reverse, I started taking every opportunity to display her and to help her with what she was still denying.

Our relationship looked like we were in for the long haul and Layla started taking me clothes shopping. Now normally I would have rejected the offer but I wanted some say in the clothes that she bought. I’m pretty sure that she was playing a game of ‘well that’s what you wanted me to buy’ whenever she asked me which of two skirts or dresses that I liked. There was always one long one and one short one.

A couple of times I chose the long one and watched her face go all glum until I changed my mind then her face would light up.

Over the months I noticed that her older skirts and dresses were getting shorter and shorter, It was like she was shortening them all each week. When I mentioned it to her she just said that she must be growing. Of course I never complained when I got a flash of her pussy, or better still, someone else got a flash. It was never deliberate, well that’s what I thought at first but I started to wonder.

At first I would tell her to be careful, that she might accidentally flash someone but she always replied saying that she wouldn’t because she was always careful, but I knew that she knew that that wasn’t true.

We started playing badminton and squash once a week and Layla wore a flared, silky, white tennis skirt. It too started getting shorter and shorter. Me, or the people around us occasionally got a flash of her G-string right from the first time that we went, but as her skirt got shorter and she stopped wearing knickers, we got to see her bare butt and pussy a lot more. Layla’s sports skirt only stopped getting shorter when it only just covered her butt and pussy when she stood perfectly still. Impossible when you are playing badminton or squash.

Two guys about our age started booking the same time slots as us each week and we were forever seeing them and they got to see Layla’s butt and pussy quite a lot. We started talking to them and we started playing games of doubles which gave the guys more opportunities to see her butt and pussy as the her skirt bounced about.

One time in the changing rooms afterwards one of guys commented on how cute her skirt looked.

“You mean how cute her butt and pussy looks when her skirt bounces up.” I replied.

“Well yes but I wasn’t going to actually say that.”

“She’ll deny it but she’s an exhibitionist, she loves to put herself on display.”

A couple of weeks later our booking for the second session somehow got changed and we had an hours gap between the 2 sessions. Somehow the bookings for the 2 guys got changed as well and they too had an hour spare. I suspected that one of the guys had fixed it especially as he’d already told us the he knew a couple of people in the leisure centre’s reception where the bookings were taken.

Anyway, the 2 guys invited us to have a drink with them in the leisure centre bar while we waited. Layla and I hadn’t been to the bar before and we discovered that along the walls were bench seats, then little round tables, then chairs. Layla went and sat on the bench seat between 2 tables and I sat beside her. When the 2 guys came from the bar with our drinks they sat on chairs in front of Layla.

Layla shuffled down on the seat until her butt was on the edge of the seat. Layla pulled her skirt down so that, from her eyes, her pussy was covered, but from the eyes of the 2 guys her pussy was on display.

All 3 guys realised what Layla was doing and I decided to help Layla display herself even if she though she would deny that she was showing anything. What I did was put my hand on her bare thigh then slowly put pressure on it pulling her uncrossed knees apart.

Layla let me do it and soon her knees were about half a metre apart. I watched the eyes of the 2 guys as they went from whoever was talking, to Layla’s pussy and back. I just knew that Layla’s pussy would be dripping and that the guys would be able to see her juices seeping out of her hole. What’s more, Layla would know but she carried on talking like she had some tracksuit bottoms on.

After about 30 minutes Layla’s body suddenly jerked and shook, then she sat back on the seat and pulled her knees together. I knew that she’d just had an orgasm and by the looks of the guy’s faces they knew too, but Layla just started talking as if nothing had happened.

Minutes later she leant forwards and her top sagged down in the front. Again I knew that Layla was deliberately letting the guys see down her top to her perky little tits. We’d already seen that her nipples were hard and making little tents in her top when it was flat against her chest and I knew that the 2 guys would be able to see them.

The 2 guys enjoyed that view until it was time for us to go and play badminton. Layla wanting to play doubles.

As you know, when playing doubles occasionally people collide and one or both of them end up on the floor. Layla started to get more accident prone and at least once per game she ended up on the floor flat on her back. Because her skirt was so short and the fact that it was flared and made of such lightweight material, her skirt usually ended up around her waist. Each time that Layla went down she never rushed to get up giving anyone looking a good few seconds look at her often spread pussy.

When she accepted the waiting hand to help her get up she never mentions her exposure and just continues playing as if nothing had happened.

Strangely enough, our bookings had that hour gap between them from then on and so did the 2 guys. Layla got her weekly showing session with those 2 guys in the bar and none of us ever mentioned her displays or the orgasms that she often had.

What was mentioned by Layla was that I was always horny and jumping on her in the car park even before we got to the car. Of course neither of us mentioned the reason.

Layla’s exhibitionism reached a peak when we went on holiday. It was our first holiday with just each other and I was really looking forward to it, 2 weeks somewhere hot and Layla probably getting me to expose her in every way that she could think of and tons of sex, sun and sand. I was expecting each exposure to be either my fault or an accident with her pleading ignorance but I just knew that she wanted to expose her pussy to every male in the resort.

We went to a Mediterranean resort that is very popular with teenagers and the early twenties. The place was heaving with young people speaking English and German.

All throughout the holiday Layla’s tactics changed from ‘no one can see anything’ to ‘no one would want to look at little old me’. Both statements never being true but the last thing that I was going to do was argue about it.

Her exhibitionism started as soon as we got to our room where she stripped naked then opened the curtains and blinds, and opened the balcony doors. Then she started unpacking our clothes walking around the room as she did so.

“Some one might see you.” I stupidly said.

That was when I heard ‘no one would want to look at little old me’ for the first of dozens of times that holiday. Of course she was totally wrong because within minutes guys from the hotel opposite were gathering on their balconies and looking over to watch her walking around the room totally naked.

The 2 hotels were about 10 metres apart and there was a busy, narrow road between them so it was only if the guys in the opposite hotel really shouted that we’d be able to hear them.

Throughout our holiday Layla never wore anything when we were in our room, stripping naked as soon as she was through the door, often saying,

“Phew it’s hot in here.”

A couple of times during the holiday some guys did shout over to Layla and she heard them. She looked over to them, went out onto the balcony still naked, and looked around to see if she could see anything that the guys would be shouting about, then she came back in and said,

“There must be a girl on another balcony that they’re shouting to, no one would want to look at little old me.”

I smiled and said nothing.

Back to that first day, I soon discovered that Layla had been out shopping for clothes on her own before the holiday. As we got ready to go out to get the feel of the place Layla put on a dress that I hadn’t seen before and it was slightly see-through. In the light of the hotel room I could easily see her nipples, areolae, butt and slit.

“Nice dress.” I said, Do you think that it’s suitable for here during the day?”

“Yes, why not, it covers my pussy, besides, on the way here I saw girls walking around in just thong bottoms.”

I just smiled and took her hand to lead her out.

I have to say that I was a little surprised that no one said anything about what they could see but Layla was walking around as if she was dressed like nun and wasn’t complaining, so neither was I. Actually, a couple of young men did say something, both telling her that they liked her dress. Even in the little supermarket that we went in for some essential supplies no one said anything. I was starting to think that girls being just about naked was an every day occurrence there.

Our room was on the second floor and sometimes Layla wanted to use the lift and sometimes she wanted to walk up the stairs. It didn’t take me long to work out that we used the lift if there were guys waiting to use it and we went up the stairs if it looked like were were going to be followed by some young men. Of course I said nothing.

As soon as we got back to our room that first day Layla took her dress off then threw open the balcony curtains and doors and jumped on me. She rode my boner until we both orgasmed in full view of anyone in the hotel opposite who may have been looking. I didn’t even bother looking.

It was soon time to go for dinner and Layla got out her dress for the evening then went into the bathroom. I looked at the dress and saw that it was another new one and just as short and just as see-through as the one she’d worn that afternoon. I opened the wardrobe that she’d taken over and looked through all the other dresses that were hanging there, Nearly every one was very short and see-through to one extent or another. Some were totally see-through.

Then I looked in the drawers that she taken over. The only underwear or bikinis that I could see were underwear G-strings with see-through, tops and bottoms, all of them string tied.

“Wow, she really is an exhibitionist, this is going to be one hell of a holiday.” I thought. “I hope that she doesn’t get arrested.”

What I’d seen and deducted made me hard and I went into the bathroom and fucked her in the shower, not telling her what I had discovered knowing that she would pretend that there was nothing wrong with her clothes and that no one would even look at her anyway.

We’d booked half-board so dinner was in the hotel’s restaurant which was self-service. As we walked into the restaurant I noticed a couple of guys looking at her but that was it. I steered Layla to a table near a couple of tables with just guys sat at them and as we got close to it I saw some of the guys staring at her, one guy even saying something to another guy who had his back to us. He immediately turned and stared at Layla.

As I said it was self-service so after leaving her bag on the table we went to get some food and again all the guy’s eyes were on Layla. After that first trip to the food tables I kept asking Layla to go and get something for me and each time she happily got up and slowly walked passed the guy’s tables.

By the last time she was coming back the last time I could see on her face that she was very aroused and I swear that I could see her juices on her slit shining as the light caught her pussy.

When we left the restaurant Layla wanted to go back to our room before we went out for the evening and as soon as the door was open she was on me wanted to be fucked.

After that experience, each evening I led her to an area of the restaurant where groups of guys were and she never once complained when I asked her to go to the food tables to get me something.

When we finally went out that evening we wandered around the bars occasionally stopping for a drink and Layla did her usual thing of laying back on my front and I did my usual thing of helping her dress to rise up and display her pussy.

The lighting in and out of the bars wasn’t very good, and most of the young people wandering around were ‘happy’, so very few people noticed Layla’s exposure.

We stopped at the many billboards to see what activities were available and talked about which days we would do what. It was looking like we would only get half of the days on the beaches which disappointed me as I was hoping to get Layla naked on the beaches and to fuck her in the sea,

Back in our room Layla got naked, put all the lights on, opened the balcony doors and pushed me down onto the bed. I quickly realised that Layla likes to ride me cock when there is a chance that she is being watched and that was the perfect place for us to fuck and be visible from the balconies of the rooms in the hotel opposite. That was how most of our fucking in that room happened.

I suggested that we sleep with the balcony doors open and the lights on and Layla slid down the bed and gave me a blowjob her raised butt facing the hotel opposite, before we went to sleep. I wondered if she wanted to sleep on the bed where people could see her.

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The air was fresh and it was sunny when I woke up. I couldn’t see Layla until I looked out onto the balcony. She was stood at the railings looking all around.

“Someone will see you.” I said.

“No they won’t, it’s too early and besides I’ve got nothing that they’d want to look at.”

 I went outside and pressed my naked body against her naked back and replied,

“Well that’s certainly a matter of opinion, if I were in one of those rooms over there I’d be wanting a pair of binoculars so that I can see every detail of your beautiful body.”

Layla pushed her butt back onto my rapidly growing cock then spread her legs. I didn’t need a written invite to bend my knees, aim my cock and thrust up into her pussy.

As we fucked I looked over to the hotel on the opposite side of the road and saw people on 4 balconies looking over to us, all looking like they were still partying from the night before. I wondered if any of them had seen Layla naked on the bed.

As we continued to fuck I whispered to Layla to look over the road and when she did her movements got more urgent and it wasn’t long before she was cumming. I kept thrusting until she came again as I pumped my sperm deep inside her.

We collapsed onto the chairs that were out there and Layla put her feet up on the bar railings and spread her legs, exposing her spread and wet pussy to the sun and the people in the hotel opposite. As we sat there recovering and watching the people watching us, I could see my sperm mixed with her juices, leaking out of her and dripping through that lattice of the seat and onto the brown tiles below her.

After a while Layla surprised me a bit by saying,

“Will you decide what I am going to wear each day?”

I was silent as I remembered the clothes that I’d seen in her wardrobe. I knew that she had only one dress with her that could be described as ‘legal, or ‘decent’ back in England, and that was the one that she travelled in so that one would be out of the selection. I smiled as I realised that whatever I selected for her, her tits, butt and slit would be visible to one degree or another.

“She’s asking me to expose her.” I thought then I told her that I would, but for her not to complain if she wasn’t happy with my choice.

After our bathroom routing which included me watching Layla shave her pussy each day then her shaving all around my genitals, it was time for breakfast. Layla opened the wardrobe doors and said,

“Right, what do you want me to wear?”

“Nothing.” I replied.

“You want me to go down to breakfast totally naked Jake?”

“You’d like to wouldn’t you Layla?”

The expression on her face told me otherwise but I knew that going totally naked was out of the question.

“Of course not, not that anyone would even notice me.” Layla replied.

“Oh they would, but let’s have a look.”

I browsed through the hanging clothes then went to the drawers.

“What are these?” I asked pulling out a couple of very fine, see-through large rectangles of material.

“Sarongs.” Layla replied.

“Show me.”

Layla then gave me a demonstration of the different ways that a girl can wear a large rectangle of material. After she had finished I asked her to tie it on her one of the previous ways that she had shown me. Basically she held the material up to her armpits behind her then took the 2 top corners, crossed them over her tits and tied them behind her head.

The way that the material lay on her body there was only one layer of material over her tits but many layers between her tits. With the material being so see-through I could see all her tits and nipples.

The material hung in front of her pussy but it was obvious that it would take very little for it to open up putting her pussy on display.

“If you want me to wear this I’ll have to hold it together at the front a lot of the time.” Layla said.

“Okay,” I replied, “let’s go down to breakfast with you like that and we’ll see how it goes.”

“Okay, you put some clothes on Jake and let’s go.”

I did and we were soon walking down the corridor and then the stairs. Although Layla had told me that she’d have to hold the front of her sarong together I didn’t see her doing that because I was walking along side her. Even when we were going down the stairs and some young men were walking up I didn’t see her hand move to her stomach.

The breakfast room was quiet but there were some young men sat at one end of the room so I steered Layla that way, going passed the guys tables.

I set off to get some food and Layla followed, but quite a bit behind me. I turned to check that she was following me and confirmed that she wasn’t holding the material together, I could see her pussy as she walked. I glanced to the guys and saw that some of them were looking at Layla’s pussy as well.

We got some food and returned to the table with both of our hands holding either a glass or a plate. We put them down then Layla said,

“I’ll go and get the coffees.”

Two minutes later Layla was walking back right passed the staring young men, Somehow, Layla had managed to get the material to open so wide that it formed an inverted ‘V’ from below her tits to the outside of her hips. She was virtually naked from her tits down, and her tits were covered with just one layer of the thin, see-through material.

I stared at her pussy as she put the cups down then said something about sugar, and off she went back to the coffee machine again. As I watched her butt through the thin material I suddenly thought,

“Neither of us take sugar in our coffee.”

This time when she came back her hands were at her sides and if anything, pushing the sarong even wider apart. I couldn’t wait for breakfast to be over and to be back in our room. As we ate I decided that Layla would be wearing one of those rectangles of material when we came down for breakfast every day, hoping that some of the male hotel guests would be there to enjoy the sight.

As expected, the sarong was off even before the room door was closed and by the time I’d walked to the bed Layla had opened the balcony doors and was reaching for the belt on my shorts.

That same performance was repeated every morning that we were there.

When we were ready to go out for the day Layla again asked what she should wear. Since she’s been out topless the day before there was no way that either of us would want her to have her tits covered so I checked out the skirts that she’d brought with her. Again I found items that I’d never seen before, and was pleased to see that many of them could be worn as belts. As I pulled one little colourful number out I saw signs of home stitching and I just knew that Layla had shortened it.

Like most of the clothes that Layla buys these days, the material is thin and the design of the skirts is very much ‘A’ shaped, and this little colourful skirt was no exception. I gave it to her and asked her to put it on.

I was sat on the bed as she pulled it up. Then I asked her to do a slow 360. As she turned and I looked from either her front or her back I could easily see the front of her slit and her little clit sticking out. Then I stood up and asked her to do it again. This time I couldn’t see any of her pussy or butt.

“What tops have you brought Layla” I asked and watched her face go from happy to glum. She wanted her tits to be exposed.

Layla got out a selection and held each one up. They were all slightly, or totally see-through. I chose a crop top that was made of fishnet material with all the holes about one centimetre in diameter.

Layla’s face was beaming again as each nipple and areola pushed through one of the hundreds of holes in the top.

As I watched Layla get our things together I decided that if we’d been in one of the cities back in England people would think that she was a slut or a whore, yet in this holiday resort she just looked like one of the thousands of other young girls there, looking for a good time.

That day we had decided to go to a beach, the biggest one that we knew about that offered activities and sand dunes to walk in. The only problem was that it was 2 bus rides away. When we got to the bus station we discovered that there were lots of buses on the 2 routes and that lots of people were going to the same place as us.

I bought the tickets and we joined the queue just behind a group of young men. It didn’t take them long to spot Layla’s nipples poking through the holes in her top and I watched them go hard when the guys looked at her. More people joined the queue behind us and when the bus doors opened everyone got on.

Unfortunately, Layla and I didn’t manage to get a seat and we had to stand in the aisle. I knew that each journey was only about 20 minutes so I wasn’t bothered. Neither was I bothered when I looked down to the people sat either side of where Layla was standing. On one side was 2 of the young men from earlier and on the other side was a slightly older man with a girl.

I was just thinking of a way to get Layla to stand sideways when the bus started moving causing Layla to grab for one of the hand holds above, then turn sideways to get better balance.

I smiled knowing what the men either side of her would see if the turned their heads.

The younger man discovered the view before the older man did and for the rest of the journey 4 male eyes were glued to Layla’s butt and pussy from a very close vantage point.

I looked at Layla and we smiled at each other then I saw her eyes look down her front. I smiled again as her eyes came back up with her face a little red.

“She knows.” I thought and wondered what she would do about what she was showing to the 2 men.

What Layla did do was to spread her legs a bit more and turn to face the other side of the bus twice before the bus got to its destination.

When we got off the bus Layla held my hand tightly as we joined the queue for the next bus which was the same one that most of the people on the first bus appeared to want to go on as well.

As we stood queueing I asked Layla if she was okay because she was still gripping my hand.

“Yes, just a bit horny.”

“Is that because you were showing your pussy to those men on that first bus?”

“I wasn’t.”

“So it wasn’t those men looking at your pussy that made your nipples so hard?”

“They couldn’t see my pussy so it must have been the air blowing through the bus.”

“Okay then.” I replied as I smiled at her flushed face. I knew that she was telling porkies and she knew that I knew, but just wouldn’t admit it.

We didn’t have to wait long for the second journey but we still had to stand in the aisle. Again Layla was between 2 men, both of them around our age. As soon as the bus started to move Layla stood the same as the last time and I watched the 2 men, waiting for them to notice what they could see.

I was disappointed, and I’m sure that Layla was too, that only 1 of the men noticed and stared at Layla’s pussy for the rest of the journey. I noticed that Layla didn’t turn around so that the man that was looking at her pussy all of the journey.

The bus stopped where we could see the sea and everyone got off. The passengers split into 2 groups, one group we didn’t know where they were going but the other group headed towards the sea. We followed them.

The beach was magnificent, very long with white, fine sand, and beach type activities going on at the end where were. We could see 3 beach bars spread along the whole beach. As we walked along the water’s edge we saw that there were no naked people there, but there were topless women so I pulled on the tie holding Layla’s crop top on pleased that she always ties her clothes with a single bow, like she’s inviting people to pull on one of the ends. Layla’s top slowly descended until Layla caught it and put it in her bag.

As we continued walking Layla put her arm round me and I put my arm around her. After a minute or so Layla said,

“I love you, you know that don’t you Jake?”

“And I love you too Layla.” I replied pulling her closer to me so that I could feel her bare breast against my chest.

“Jake.”

“What?”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Everything.”

I didn’t respond to that. I guessed what she was talking about but she would never admit to it.

The beach population started to change and we soon saw naked people. We’d never really seen naked people, other than each other before but there, and not just laying down. These people were walking about. I looked at Layla’s head and saw it turning as we passed naked men with their cocks swinging.

Then I heard Layla gasp.

“What?” I asked.

“Look at that man, he’s huge.”

I looked in the direction that Layla was as saw what she was referring to, and yes, the man did have a huge cock, nearly down to his knees, and it certainly wasn’t pencil thin.

“How would you like that inside you?” I asked.

“If you had one like that I’d still be a virgin.”

I laughed and then said,

“Well have to get you a dildo that big and see if we can get it inside you.”

“Stop it Jake, you’re making me all wet.”

I laughed again and wondered if she had had any dry time since we got off the plane.

We walked a bit further then decided to setup up in a not so crowded area near one of the beach bars. After I’d put our bag down I reached for Layla’s skirt and pulled it down leaving her totally naked standing up.

“Hey, are you trying to embarrass me?”

I looked at her with that ‘yeah right’ look and Layla smiled and said, you get ‘em off buster.”

I dropped my shorts, feeling slightly inadequate after seeing that man earlier.

Layla started spreading our towels and I watched as she got onto her hands and knees to smooth things and to get out of the bag what she needed. I wondered if she realised what a great view of her pussy she was showing to the people behind her.

Next it was the sunblock. Layla handed me the bottle and I said,

“On your stomach girl and spread those arms and legs as wide as you can.”

And she did, obviously not caring who was looking up her legs.

I left her butt to the last for her back and then took advantage of her spread pussy to rub the sunblock all over her pussy. She moaned and shuddered a bit as I flicked her clit and fingered her hole. I was sure that she was going to cum but I chickened out before she vocally let everyone know that she was cumming.

Layla didn’t look too happy that I had stopped and I slapped her butt. Before telling her to turn over. She did and lay spread eagle without even being told to.

I paid particular attention to her little tits and hard nipples, sure that she would love it if someone was watching us, especially as her moaning was almost loud enough to wake the dead. When I moved to the area of her pussy I concentrated on staying away from her slit for as long as I could. Even when I was putting the lotion on her inner thighs Layla was moaning.

Layla’s little clit was sticking out between her lips and when I couldn’t resist any longer I flicked it getting a loud gasp in response.

“Hey, don’t do that, someone will see you.”

I so wanted to say,

“Isn’t that what you want?”

But instead I flicked her clit again.

“Do that one more time and I’ll cum.” Layla said, so I did, and she did cum.

Layla was obviously trying to suppress her bodily reactions but if anyone looked at her for more than 2 seconds they would have seen that she was having an orgasm.

I looked around and saw one man smiling then looked back to Layla who was starting to return to normal.

“Bastard.” Layla said when she was able.

“Come on Layla, you know that you enjoyed that.”

“No I didn’t, well okay, yes I did but.”

“But you want me to do it again.”

“NO, well not right now. Right now I need to get some sunblock on some idiot called Jake.”

I smiled and lay on my stomach.

Layla got to her knees and started spreading the lotion on my back. I couldn’t help noticing that her knees were spread and she was leaning forward to do the work on me and I wondered if she was deliberately sticking her butt out for people to see.

I guess that Layla’s daily moisturising application had taught her how to cover a large area quickly because my back, arms and legs was done in seconds then she told me to turn over. I did, slightly worried that her doing my front would cause me to get a boner.

Again she worked quickly but slowed when she started around my genitals.

“You’re going to get me hard if you don’t get on with that quickly.” I said.

“Oh, so it’s okay for you to make me cum on a public beach in front of hundreds of people but it’s not okay for me to make you cum, is that it?”

“Yes, that’s because my sexual organs are on the outside and yours are on the inside. A woman can cum and no one will be able to tell, but a man. ……..”

“Okay, good point, will you make me cum again please?”

“I think that it might be a little too obvious if I coat you with sunblock every 5 minutes.”

“You’d make me cum every 5 minutes Jake?”

“If I could, yes. You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“That’s 288 times a day, I’m pretty sure that that would kill me.”

“But what a way to go.”

Layla gave my cock one last, slippery wank then let go of me and lay back down. I noticed that she lay with her legs quite far apart but I didn’t say anything.

I got out our sunglasses and we put them on. I could now see who was looking at Layla without them knowing, and Layla could do the same. What’s more, I was sure that she was. Her head kept turning a little when a reasonable looking naked man walked by, but to be fair, I was watching the reasonable looking naked women as well.

After a while we both turned onto our stomachs and I noted that Layla again spread her legs wide. Soon, half the beach would know that Layla likes people looking at her pussy, not that I was complaining.

Shortly after turning over I kept hearing little moans from Layla. At first I thought that I was imagining it but after the third time I knew that it wasn’t my imagination. I got up to my knees but said nothing. Looking down at Layla I saw that her right hand was underneath her body. Looking down and between her still spread wide legs I saw her fingers working on her pussy.

I smiled to myself, said nothing, and watched as Layla rubbed one out for herself.

When she had returned to normal I said,

“286 still to go then.”

“What?”

“286 orgasms to be able to say that you’ve had one every 5 minutes in a day”

“I wish, more like 4 or 5.”

“Plenty of time yet lover.”

Layla turned onto her back and rested on her elbows her legs still wide apart. I was looking at all her juices on her pussy when she said,

“Hey, look at that.”

I managed to drag my eyes away and turned and saw a Parasail high in the sky with a boat pulling it.

“That looks fun.” Layla said.

“It does.” Then after a few seconds I continued, “do you fancy a go?”

“I do, but can we afford it?”

“Only one way to find out, come on, put something on and we’ll pack-up and go and see. We can always come back here later.”

Layla put just her skirt on, me my shorts and we set off walking back along the beach. When we got near to the end a sign had appeared advertising Banana rides and the Parasailing.

“Yes, we can afford that, lets do it.”

We found a man handing out leaflets about the parasailing and I noted that they were offering videos of you up in the air. It added that there would be 3 videos on a memory stick, one of you up in the air, the second of you taking off from the boat and the third of you landing back on the boat.

I talked to the man some more and discovered that we could go up together so I told him that we wanted a go.

We sat on the sand to wait for the current session to finish and the boat to return to the beach. As we sat there I saw that Layla was sat with her knees bent and I just knew that anyone walking along passed us would be able to see her pussy. I guessed that she knew that and was hoping to be seen.

The boat finally came back to the beach and we waded out then climbed onboard. I was sure that the 2 guys on the boat got a look at Layla’s pussy as she climbed up, especially with her very short skirt. I put our bag down and we sat where one of the men told us, on a bench at the side of the boat. Layla sat with her knees apart and I knew that she was showing her pussy to the man.

As the boat headed out to sea we got talked through what would happen and then he gave us a couple of safety instruction. Then it was time to get ready. As we stood up to put the harness’ on, unplanned, I said,

“Can my girlfriend do it naked?”

There was a couple of seconds silence then both Layla and the man smiled, the man saying,

“Yes, of course she can. I see that you’ve opted for the videos, they will show that she is naked, is that okay?”

“That’s okay, they will be great to show our mates back in England.”

I was responding without thinking but as Layla dropped her skirt. It was then that I decided that I’d get my phone out of the hotel safe and fill the memory card with photos and videos of Layla. I would make sure that Layla was naked in all of them.

We got the harness’ on, the man taking his time putting the one on Layla, especially the parts that went between her legs. The boat stopped, we were told where to stand at the back of the boat, then the man hooked us up and setup the camera on a sort of selfie stick. He backed away and picked up a video camera and told us to just let it happen.

The boat started moving and shortly afterwards I felt the parachute opening behind us and tugging on us. The man gave us the thumbs-up and we started getting lifted up in the air. As we settled into the harness’ I looked at the camera on the selfie stick and realised that there was every chance that it would capture all of Layla’s body, including her pussy because the harness’ held our knees wide open.

It was amazing up there, the peace and quiet, the view, the wind rushing passed our bodies. I wondered what Layla’s pussy was feeling like.

All too soon I realised that we were getting lower and the boat was getting closer.

It was a gentle landing then the man put his camera down and came and hauled the parachute in before unhooking Layla and me. We went to the main passenger area and while we were taking the harness’ off I realised that the driver of the boat had picked up the video camera and was recording us taking the harness’ off. He only stopped recording after he had recorded a full frontal view of Layla who stood there with her feet well apart and looking directly into the camera.

The boat headed back to the shore and we jumped off and waded ashore. We hung around for a few minutes while one of the men collected the memory cards and gave them to me.

After I’d put them in our bag I held Layla’s hand and we started walking back along the beach.

It was only when I saw the first naked person that I realised that Layla was still totally naked. We’d walked right in front of all the prudish people with Layla naked and she hadn’t said a word.

“Layla, you’re still naked?”

“Yes I am aren’t I? It feels nice.”

“But we’ve just walked passed all the prudes.”

Layla stopped walking and turned to look where we had just come from.

“Jake, how could you let me do that, it’s so embarrassing, I’m surprised someone didn’t call the police.”

“If you’d had a big bush they might have thought that you were a young woman and called the police.”

“Jake, you are naughty man.”

“But you love me.”

“I do,”

“So you’ll forgive me Layla?”

“Only if you walk me along there naked again.”

Layla squeezed my hand and we looked for somewhere to spread our towels.

“You do realise that you will be naked on those videos Layla, anyone who sees them will be able to see your pussy in glorious detail?”

“Who are you thinking of showing them to Jake?”

“I was thinking of maybe having a party at home one night when my parents were out, inviting all my mates and your mates. I’m sure that they’ll love to see all our holiday photos and videos.”

“You’d do that?”

“Do you want me to do that Layla?”

“I don’t know, everyone would see my little tits and pussy.”

“We could show the photos and videos then you could strip and show them the real thing.”

“Jake, you’d do that to me?”

“I think that you’d like me to do that to you Layla.”

“No I wouldn’t.”

“Are you sure Layla?”

Layla didn’t answer me but I knew her well enough to know that she really wanted to be exposed like that, she was gripping my hand like a vice and I could see the veins on her arm pulsing a lot faster than normal.

**My Girlfriend Likes Me To Expose Her**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 2**

We were having trouble finding somewhere to spread our towels and before we knew it we were at the end of the beach and walking up onto a rocky area. We stopped to decide what to do and I suggested that we head into the dunes and walk back through the dunes parallel to the sea, Layla was happy with that and we set off.

Minutes later we came across the first naked couple fucking. It was the first time that either of us had seen other people fucking and we stopped for a few seconds to watch them before moving on.

“We could do that.” I said.

“What? Fuck here in the dunes. There’s people wandering around, they’ll see us.”

“Isn’t that what you want Layla, people seeing us fuck? You were happy to fuck on the balcony with those people in the hotel opposite watching, and in our room with the light on, there could have been dozens of people watching us.”

“I don’t know, here seems so much more open and there’s all these men walking about.”

“So what, other people are doing it, look over there, there’s another couple at it and they’ve got an audience.”

I stopped walking and turned to Layla. I kissed her then put my hand on her pussy.

“I think that you want to do it Layla, your pussy says that you do.”

“Well I guess that I do then, it’s just so public.”

“And on the balcony isn’t public, all those people across the road were strangers.”

“But I might get sand in my pussy and that could be painful.”

“I’d suck it out, but we could do it like that couple.”

“I like riding you Jake.”

I said no more, and neither did Layla. I kissed her again, a long, tongue wresting kiss. After a few seconds I pulled her down to the sand on top of me. When I broke the kiss Layla had that naughty look on her face. I grinned back and Layla started unfastening my shorts.

Layla pulled my shorts off then knelt either side of my hips. She looked around then lowered herself onto my cock and bottomed out.

“There’s 2 men coming our way.” Layla said as she started going up and down on me.

“Are they watching us?”

“Yes, and there’s another one coming this way as well.”

“That’s because they want to see a gorgeous girl fucking her boyfriend.”

“I don’t know why, it isn’t like my tits are bouncing up and down.”

“But you still have tits, nice little tits with big, chewy nipples, look at them, they could drill through a wall. And you’ve got a really cute pussy that they all want to see. Spin yourself round and ride me reverse cowboy.”

Layla did then got back into the rhythm of riding me.

By then there were 4 middle-aged men stood a couple of metres from my feet, all watching Layla’s naked body going up and down on my cock.

Layla leaned back and put her hands on the sand at the sides of my chest. This gave me the chance to play with her tits. It also revealed more of her pussy to the men which I was sure pleased her. It certainly made her ride me with more vigour. I could also feel her pussy muscles trying to squeeze my cock.

Layla orgasmed but she kept riding me, her body jerking and shaking as she went up and down. I tried to think about anything but what we were doing, I wanted to last as long as I could hopefully for Layla to cum again and maybe for a third time. I thought about the noises of pleasure that Layla was making and wondered if she was attracting more attention.

I looked around and saw that she was, a naked couple about our age had joined the audience. The girl was standing leaning back on the guy like Layla does with me. One of the guy’s hands was on one of her tits and the other was rubbing her bald pussy.

To their left a middle-aged man was wanking his average sized cock and to his left a middle-aged woman with huge tits had one hand on them and another on her bald pussy.

“Wow,” I thought, “Layla’s screams of pleasure really are attracting a lot of voyeurs. I think that we’ve accidentally found the local sex show stage, I’ve got to bring Layla back here again..”

Just then Layla orgasmed again.

“Jeez, how does this girl keep doing this for so long?” I thought, “Come to think about it, how do I keep lifting my butt to meet her thrusts in sync with her downward thrusts for so long? We’ve both going to be knackered after this. I wonder what the weather is like back home? Will the guys at the leisure centre be missing Layla’s displays.”

Layla orgasmed yet again and I regretted thinking about Layla showing herself at the leisure centre because I couldn’t hold it any longer and started filling her pussy with my cum.

Layla stopped going up and down and her arms bent at her elbows. Her back was now flat on my chest, her knees either side of my hips, and her lower legs bent back alongside my chest.

Her body jerked and she groaned.

We lay there for what seemed like hours. My cock started going soft and eventually slid out of her but Layla didn’t move. I wondered if she was too knackered or if she was enjoying those people looking at her well used, still spread, pussy with my cum and her juices seeping out of her and onto my soft cock.

I started to get a little worried that Layla wasn’t okay but she suddenly pushed up on her arms then sat up straight on my stomach.

“Fuck, that was earth shattering.” Layla said then looked around and screamed.

“Fuck, what are you lot looking at?”

I watched as Layla’s audience turned and walked away. Layla swung her lower legs round and got to her feet leaving me looking up between her spread legs. He pussy looked red, wet and swollen.

“Are you okay Layla?”

“Never been better.”

“You look a bit red and sore.”

“I am but it was worth it.”

Layla stepped off me and put her hand out to help me up.

“Shall we go for a swim?” I asked.

“I am feeling a bit sweaty.” Layla replied.

I put my shorts in our bag and we walked off the dunes, found a space near the water’s edge, dropped the bag and walked, hand in hand, into the sea.

After a short swim we went to where the water was waist deep and I told Layla to float on her back then I took her feet and pulled them either side of me leaving her pussy just in front of my waist.

“So Layla, what do you think of the idea of coming back to this beach again?” I asked.

“Only if we can go for a walk in the dunes.” Layla replied.

“I think that I can arrange that, but what about the other things that we were planning on doing this holiday?”

“Hmm, we might just have to forget some of those but we don’t want to come here every day, it might get boring.”

“No chance, the only thing that will be boring is my cock into your hole.”

Layla smiled and I touched her clit causing her body to jerk a little. I liked the response so I started rubbing her clit and she started moaning.

“You’re going to make me cum if you keep doing that Jake.”

“That’s the idea you sexy little exhibitionist nymphomaniac.”

“I am not, well maybe a bit.”

My fingers kept working and Layla orgasmed again.

I supported her back as she lost control of her body for a while then I said,

“Only about 270 to go.”

“I haven’t cum 16 times today, have I?”

“Probably not, but who’s counting?”

I pushed Layla’s legs down, pulled her to me and we kissed for ages before we walked back to the shore.

“Do you fancy a drink Layla?” I asked.

“Sure, a snack would nice as well but where can we get those?”

“The beach bar, I smelt food cooking when we walked passed earlier.”

“Okay, should I put my skirt and top on?”

“Hell no.” I replied pulling up my shorts.

“Are you sure Jake?”

“No, but there’s only one way to find out, you don’t mind going there totally naked do you Layla?”

“I guess not.” Layla replied but I just knew that she thought that it was a great idea.

We walked the short distance to the nearest bar and I saw that most of the girls were topless and some wearing only G-strings or thongs. There was a table near the front of the bar just getting free so I told Layla to go and grab it whilst I went to the bar and ordered a couple of drinks and a couple of sandwiches before going to join Layla.

She was sat looking out to sea with the table to her left. I put the beers down then said,

“Sit like you do in the leisure centre bar Layla.”

“You want me to flash everyone in front of the bar?”

“They’re all looking out to sea like you are. There’s something intoxicating about looking out to sea when you can hear the waves crashing.”

“There is, okay, for you Jake.”

“No, for you Layla.”

Layla blushed a little then shuffled down in the chair and spread her legs wide.

After a while I said,

“You know that I was serious about showing the holiday snaps to all our friends don’t you Layla?”

“Yes I do.”

“Does it bother you?”

“Bother no, making me nervous, yes, worried, a little. Some of them might think that I’m a slut and never talk to me again.”

“I doubt that, but if they do they’re not real friends.”

“What about your friends, what will they think?”

“They’ll be incredibly jealous of me and their lust for you will double.”

“They lust after me, really?”

“Yeah, even before you started flashing your bare pussy at them.”

“I do not.”

I just gave Layla that knowing look, then said,

“That friend of yours, Jenny, isn’t she an art student?”

“Yes, why?”

“I think that we should ask her to find out if the college needs any life models.”

“You mean naked models, for the students to draw?”

“That’s it, you’ll make an amazing nude model Layla.”

“Are you serious Jake?”

“Totally, I can just visualise you laying on a table with you legs open with a dozen or so students drawing your pussy.”

Layla was silent, obviously thinking about it, but before either of us could say anything a young girl in a black skirt and white blouse brought our sandwiches. I watched her eyes as she put the plates on the table, nearly missing with one of them because her eyes were staring at Layla’s spread pussy.

“Enjoy.” The girl said and I thought,

“Oh I will, the sandwich will probably be good as well.”

Nothing more was said about the nude modelling but I wasn’t going to forget it, I could tell that Layla wanted to do it and I was going to do my best to make it happen.

As we ate I saw about half a dozen people walk passed in front of us and all but one stared at Layla’s pussy for a few seconds before it would have hurt their neck to look any longer.

Just before we left there I asked Layla to remind me to get my phone out of the hotel safe then I told her what I’d been thinking about earlier, that I was going to take photos and videos of her naked everywhere that we go, to show at the parties for our friends.

“You were serious about that Jake, I thought that maybe you were just saying that to get me aroused.”

“And did it?”

“Yes, a little.”

“In that case we are definitely doing it, we’ll have hundreds of photos and videos to show them.”

“What am I turning into Jake?”

“You’re not changing into anything Layla, it’s just that the real you is surfacing. Hell, we’re only young once so we’ve got to make the most of it, live out all out secret fantasies.

“Shall we just go and lay in the sun for a while, I’m still tired after our little bit of fun.”

“Our marathon fucking with an audience Layla, you really excelled yourself, it’s going to be difficult to beat that.”

“But we’ll give it a go Jake.”

“Every day.”

We did go and find a spot to layout in the sun, quite close to the water’s edge and Layla lay with her legs wide open. I think that we must have dozed off because when I next looked out to sea I saw 3 men stood near Layla’s feet, all were looking down at her. Unfortunately they were speaking a language that I didn’t understand so I just lay there looking at them. After a couple of minutes they walked away.

I decided that we should start our way back to the hotel and called out Layla’s name.

“What, what time is it?”

“I have no idea but I think that we should head back.”

We got up and packed our bag. Layla was just about to put her skirt on when I stopped her. She smiled when I said,

“Leave it off till we leave the beach, give those prudes something nice to look at again.”

And she did, only putting her skirt on as we left the beach. Even though it was see-through I noticed that Layla rolled the waistband of the skirt making more of her slit and butt on display.

We had to wait for about 10 minutes for the bus and Layla leaned back and sat on a big rock. I was stood in front of her between her legs and I could see all of her pussy. I also noticed a man walking round us in a big circle and looking at Layla’s pussy. When I told her about him I noticed a little run of her juices escape her vagina and drip onto the rock.

There were nowhere near the number of people getting on the bus but Layla still held me back so that we were the last to get on. The driver didn’t even look at the topless Layla when he checked our tickets and I followed Layla down the aisle to the back of the bus.

As we slowly walked I looked at every passenger in an aisle seat to see how many of them got an eyeful of Layla’s slit. I smiled as the count went up to 5.

The bus is one of those where you get on at the front and off at the back and you have to go up 3 steps to get in and down 3 to get off. Layla headed straight for the seat just behind the exit door and perched herself on the front edge of the seat and lay back with long sigh.

“I’m knackered.” Layla said as she let her knees drift apart letting her pussy get some air.

Layla stayed like that for the whole journey, even when people were getting off before our stop. All those people had to do was glance to their right and they would have got an eyeful. It wasn’t the older people who looked, I guess that they were more concerned about going down the 3 steps without falling, it was the younger, males that looked. Watching them looking at my girlfriend’s pussy was getting me aroused again.

We were the last to get off at our stop and I was pleased with the number of people who had seen Layla’s pussy and judging by the smile on her face, she was too.

We were quickly on the second bus which was crowded. We had to stand in the aisle and Layla again stood facing the man sat beside her. It was a young guy and I was sure that he enjoyed the view. He kept looking over to me as if he wanted my approval, so the third time that he looked at me I gave a little nod. I don’t think that his eyes left Layla’s slit until we got off the bus.

As we walked back into the hotel we were surprised by a naked, screaming teenage girl running through reception. They weren’t fear screams, more playful. She was followed by a young man with a big, plastic, water pistol.

Layla and I just stood as the girl ran around some chairs then headed back out the way she came.

“Well it is an adults only hotel.” Layla said, “Maybe we should go and checkout the pool.”

I’d seen the pool from the dining room the previous night and didn’t think that it was anything special but as soon as we got there we saw about a dozen young people messing about in the water and a few more sat around the pool talking. All the girls were topless like Layla and half the girls were bottomless as well.

“Wow,” Layla said, “this is cool, fancy a swim lover?”

With that her skirt dropped to the floor, she stepped out of her flip-flops and dived in, just as naked as some of the other girls there.

“Come on Jake.” Layla shouted when she surfaced.

By the time I’d put our bag on one of the loungers and caught up with her she was already talking to a young man. It turned out that his name was Derek from Wales and he had invited Layla and me to go on a pub crawl with them that night.

“You don’t waste any time do you Derek?” I said.

“No point Jake, ‘just fucking do it’ is my motto, the worst that can happen is that I get told to fuck off.

“Sounds good to me.” I replied. “Hey Layla will you come up to my room for a fucking session?”

“Now that does sound good to me Jake, you can make 20, or whatever today.”

“You’ve been fucked 20 times today Layla?” Derek asked looking a little surprised.

“No, no.” Layla replied, “it’s just a little joke between us.”

“Twenty two times actually.” I joked and Layla thumped my arm then said,

“You should be so lucky.”

“Oh but I am. So where does this pub crawl start Derek?”

“The Irish bar, 10 p.m.”

“We might just see you there Derek.” I replied.

“Gotta go,” Derek said, “I’m working on that blonde for tonight.”

With that Derek was gone leaving Layla and me standing waist deep in the pool.

We didn’t stay there long but we did talk to another couple, the girl being naked and bald where Layla is bald. They too said that they might be going on the pub crawl.

When we had got dried I told Layla that I had to go to the reception to get my phone and I left but Layla followed me wearing just the towel round her shoulders. When the middle-aged guy on reception saw Layla and said nothing she took the towel off and threw it onto our bag. Layla was then totally naked in the hotels reception.

What’s more, the girl being dealt with by the receptionist guy was taking her time and as we were waiting a bus pulled up outside and a whole load of young people got off and came in. Layla did nothing to hide her nudity, in fact she turned to face them letting them get a good look at her.

A few ‘Hi’s were exchanged then a girl started talking to Layla.

“So it’s alright to wander around the hotel without any clothes on?” I heard the other girl ask Layla.

“Sure, and outside as well.” Layla replied, “I’m surprised that you didn’t see a few naked girls from the bus as you got here. There’ll be loads of us out there crawling around the pubs and clubs like this later.”

“Wow,” the girl replied and turned to the guy beside her, “we’ve hit the jackpot here Ronnie.”

“So I see Mandy, so I see.”

I looked at Ronnie and saw that his eyes were glued to Layla’s slit. I smiled then heard,

“How can I help you sir.”

I stepped forward and asked for my phone out of the safe, When I got it I took Layla’s hand and led her to the stairs. Just before I stepped onto the first step I turned and saw lots of eyes looking at Layla’s butt as she walked.

“I like this hotel.” Layla said as we were walking along the corridor, her still as naked as the day she was born. “Good choice Jake.”

“Yes, I’m really glad that I chose you that night.”

Layla giggled a bit then when I opened the door she went straight to the balcony doors, opened them then went and stood at the railings.

I emptied our bag and took the towels out to the balcony and hung them over the railings being careful not to block anyone’s view of Layla. I looked over to the other hotel and did see a few people looking in our direction.

I went and got my phone and took a few photos, the usual type that people take from their hotel rooms except that Layla was totally naked and appeared to be posing without a care in the world.

Layla sat on one of the chairs and put her feet up on the railings. As she spread her legs I ran my hand from her shoulder down over a nipple and down to her pussy. Flicking her clit I told her that I was going for a lay down and I left her saying,

“Are you going to rub one out for the guys over there?”

Collapsing on the bed I just heard Layla moaning before I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up it was starting to go dark and time to go down for dinner. I was happy that I’d got my phone back so that I could check the time. Layla was singing in the bathroom so I got up, dropped my shorts and went to join her.

“Someone’s happy.” I said.

“Happy with you lover, this place is awesome, can we stay here for ever?”

“I wish, but WE picked this resort and this holiday. I thought that this place had the potential to make you happy and so far it appears to be doing so.”

“It certainly is, do you want to fuck me Jake?”

“You’re after number 26 or 27 are you? No, I’ll just make you as horny as hell then leave you to think about it as we eat dinner.”

“Do you think that I’ll have to wear something in the dining room, I didn’t see any naked girls there last night.”

“Probably, it’s probably a hygiene thing.”

“Oh, oh, keep doing that Jake.”

“Did you rub one out for the guys over the road then?”

“Two actually, they kept shouting for more so I kept going.”

“Good girl. Had you just about finished when I came in?”

“Yes, do you want me to help you Jake?”

Five minutes later 2 clean people, one a very frustrated, horny girl were towelling each other then going to put some clothes on.

For Layla I chose another of her lightweight, floaty, see-through skirts and rolled the waistband so that I could see the front of her slit, and a net tank top that let her nipples peep through the holes in the net. I also chose a pair of heels for her knowing that they would make her legs look even better as she stood and walked.

As we approached the dining room hand in hand. I saw a sign that I didn’t remember seeing there before. It read,

‘Clothing must be worn in the Dining Room.’

“Yeah, probably a hygiene thing.” I said.

The meal went much the same as the previous evening with a similar number of guys commenting on Layla’s visible assets. We said hello to Derek and the blonde girl, Siobhan who looked to be wearing a tight top that showed she wasn’t wearing a bra, and a skirt that looked very short but it was hard to tell as she was sat down.

Mandy and Ronnie that we’d sort of met in reception were also there and Mandy didn’t look to be wearing much either. We waved at them and I wondered if Mandy would go out for the evening naked. I was certainly going to try to get Layla to.

We ordered a bottle of wine with the self-service meal and the waiter who brought it had a good look at Layla’s tits when he was waiting for me to decide if the wine was okay. I took my time knowing that Layla would be enjoying his attention and hopefully raising her arousal level.

As soon as we were round the corner from the dining room Layla was pulling her top off and dropping her skirt which I had to pick up. She was almost running back to our room and when we got there she said,

“Fuck me please Jake.”

“No, but you can rub out number 37 if you like and I can video you doing it.”

“That’s not as good as you fucking me.”

“Well I’m not going to fuck you until after we’ve been out.”

“Bastard.” Layla said as she fell back on the bed and her right hand got busy.

The light in there wasn’t as good as the sunlight but I still managed to get an acceptable quality recording of the whole jilling session.

“Right, are we going on this pub crawl?” Layla asked when her arousal had died down.

“Do you want to go out like that?”

“Yes, why not? But hang on I’ve got something to stuff in your pocket first.”

Layla went to one of the drawers, pulled out a G-string and gave it to me. I held it up and looked at it. It looked like a band-aid would cover more but I had an idea.

“Have you got any scissors in your make-up bag?” I asked.

Thirty seconds later I was cutting the mesh material out of the triangle made by the strings.

“There” I said, “that’s better.”

“You want me to wear that, it’s indecent.”

“You want to go out like that, some people would say that nudity is indecent.”

“Well they’re the stupid ones, come on, let’s go.”

A couple of minutes later we walked out of the hotel, me wearing shorts, a T-shirt and sandals, and Layla wearing just a pair of heels, not even holding a bag.

As I suspected no one said anything other than a few complimentary comments and when we got to the Irish pub I saw that Siobhan and Mandy where there with their partners and that all they were wearing was heels. There was also some other girls and boys there which I hadn’t met yet and from where I was standing I could see 2 other naked girls and 1 just wearing a thong. I wondered if Layla would be unhappy that she wasn’t the only one naked.

The pub crawl went much the same as pub crawls back home, the main differences being the heat and the lack of clothes which did attract some attention but none of the guys tried anything probably because the naked girls were with a load of guys.

By about half way through the night Layla was almost begging me to take he down an alley and fuck her but I was going to make her wait. I love the ‘wanting’ look on her face.

Towards the end of the evening a couple of the girls were complaining that their feet were hurting and some bright spark suggested that the guys carry the girls on their shoulders. All of a sudden I was happy the Layla doesn’t weigh much as there were lots of giggling and screaming girls climbing onto guys shoulders.

For the rest of the evening, and going back to the hotel, I carried Layla around on my shoulders. The only thing that I was worried about was did Layla think she was missing out on people seeing her pussy, even though her juices were soaking the back of my T-shirt.

The night ended with me fucking Layla from behind, out on the balcony with her looking at the people on the balconies of the hotel opposite. Some who showed their appreciation for the show that we were putting on..

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After starting the orgasm count again (not that either of us knew the real total from the previous day), we went for breakfast with Layla just wear one of her rectangles of see-through material and making sure that it opened wide enough to reveal both her hips and everything between.

Those triangles became Layla’s breakfast clothes every day.

That day we had booked to go on a ‘Party Boat Cruise’ and a coach was to collect us at 9 a.m.

Again Layla asked me what she should wear and I chose a see-through top that was so short that it left some under boob on display, not that Layla has much of a rack but we both like her tits and she is more than happy for anyone to see them

Again another ultra short, see-through skirt but this one was figure hugging. It rode up above her pubic bone as she walked and when she climbed up onto the coach she didn’t pull it back down, much to the delight of the future sailors already on the coach.

As I walked down the aisle behind Layla I saw all the male eyes looking at her.

“Hey,” one guy shouted, “I think that she’s that girl from the on the balcony opposite but I can’t really tell because she’s got some clothes on.”

“Hi, I’m Layla, I hope that I don’t offend you.”

“No chance of that.” I thought as Layla resisted the offers of the laps to sit on.

We took a seat near the back behind a seat with 2 guys on it. Because of the cramped space Layla couldn’t display her pussy but her bald pubes and tits were on show through the short, see-through top.

No sooner than the coach started moving the 2 guys in the seat in front of us got up on their knees, turned and introduced themselves as Matt and Ethan, Matt adding,

“It is you isn’t it, the couple that fuck like rabbits on the balcony and in your room. I’m not totally sure because you’ve got your clothes on.”

“Probably, Layla’s an exhibitionist and a nymphomaniac who hates wearing clothes.” I replied, “I’m surprised that you didn’t see her going round the bars last night totally naked.”

“Bloody hell mate we missed out there.” Ethan said.

“Hey,” Layla said, “it wasn’t just me there was half a dozen of us.”

“We go to the wrong bars Matt.” Ethan said.

The conversation got less interesting and before we knew it the coach was pulling up in a harbour car park along side half a dozen other coaches. Dozens of young people were getting off and heading for a big 18th century galleon type boat.

“I hope that that thing has an engine.” I thought. “There’s no wind so it will take hours to get out of the harbour.”

Anyway, everyone went up the gang plank and to the big open deck at the front. I say open deck but there were quite a few raised areas that people had already climbed onto and some were dancing to the not so loud music.

I led Layla to the side of the boat and sat on the side with Layla between my legs leaning back on me like she often does. With no glass or bottle in my hands both of them went round her, my right one to her bare stomach and my left one higher, just below where the bottom of her tits were showing below her top. Instinctively my hands started moving and as the ship got underway I had the front of her skirt over her pubes and her top pushed up over her nipples.

The music volume increased and I started seeing people with bottles of booze in their hands and more people dancing. I started to feel Layla moving to the music a little so I eased my hold on her and her movement got bigger. She twerked me for a while then she stood up straight, turned around to face me and was dancing for me with a big grin on her face.

I watched as she lifted her top off and gave it to me. Still dancing she slowly did a 360 to see what was going on behind her. We could see other topless girls dancing. Layla kicked her flip flops off and to my feet then she backed a way from me a little. I looked left and right and saw other guys propping up the side of the boat, most drinking and some looking at Layla and other dancing girls, some now wearing just thong or G-string bottoms.

I guessed that Layla was determined to be the first naked girl there because I watched as she peeled her skirt down until gravity took over. There were a few cheers as the rest of her bare body came into view.

Layla danced in front of me for a while then went and climbed onto one of the raised areas. People were now able to look up her legs and see all of her pussy as she danced with her legs about shoulder width apart, and she wasn’t trying to hide her pussy as she danced around the raised area stopping moving for a while when she was in front of some guys.

When we were well out of the harbour the music died and a man’s voice came over the speakers. I looked at Layla and she was just stood, with her legs well apart, above a couple of guys who were just looking up.

The speaker announced that we were out of the noise restriction area, that there was free booze being served at the back of the boat and that in 15 minutes some party games would start. Then the music started again.

I looked at Layla and gave her the ‘want a drink’ sign with my hand. She nodded so off I went.

It must have taken all of that 20 minutes to get some drinks but when I got back the naked Layla was still up there dancing along with 2 more naked girls and 4 in just thongs or G-strings.

Matt from on the bus appeared next to me and said,

“She really is an exhibitionist isn’t she?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re a lucky bastard Jake.”

“I know.”

“Is she likely to start up that other thing that you mentioned, a nymphomaniac.”

I knew what he was hoping for so I replied,

“No, she may be an exhibitionist and a nymphomaniac and she often looks like a slut but she isn’t a slut. When it comes to fucking she’s a one man girl. She’ll tease a lot and drive men crazy but it’s me that she comes back to when she wants to be fucked.”

“As I said Jake, you’re a lucky bastard.”

Shortly after that I saw some men start clearing the deck just in front of the raised area where Layla was. I worked my way round to the back of the raised area, climbed on and sat by Layla’s feet. When I looked up it was like I was looking up her skirt and seeing her slightly spread pussy except there was no skirt, no nothing covering her naked body. We watched as a man with a microphone went into the cleared area and announced that it was party games time.

Layla and I had heard about the games on party boats and were expecting silly and drinking game, possibly with a bit of sex simulation, and that’s what we got, but it was a laugh as girls and boys got up and made fools of themselves.

Then the MC announced that it was time to get serious. Layla looked down to me with a puzzled look on her face and I just shrugged my shoulders.

“Right girls and boys, I want 3 girls and 3 boys, not partners, to come here and show us all your favourite sex position.”

There was lots of cheering but only 2 guys and 1 girl (just wearing a thong) put their hands up. The MC called all 3 over then said,

“Well if you’re not going to volunteer I’ll just have to pick the other 3 and shame you into coming over. Right, the guy with shitty brown shorts over there (he pointed to the victim) get your ass over here or I’ll get the girls to throw you over the side.”

What choice did he have? He slowly walked over looking down at the deck all the way.

“Right, 2 girls, you, the blonde who couldn’t find any clothes when she got out of some strange man’s bed this morning. Yes you. Come on.”

A naked blond girl walked over with a grin on her face.

“Right, last girl, I know, you the short blonde up there with little tits and a guys hand on your pussy, get his hand out of your cunt and get down here.”

It was then that I realised that my right hand had slid up Layla’s left leg and was indeed idly toying with her clit.

“He means you Layla.” I said.

Layla looked down at the smiling me then started to climb down and walk over to the MC. When she turned to face the audience I could see that lustful expression on her face.

The MC then paired them up, Layla ended up with a tall, muscular guy and she looked even smaller against him.

“Right girls and boys, for starters I want each couple to get into the girl’s favourite position for giving your man a blowjob.”

I got my phone out and started videoing.

Layla and her hunk talked for a minute or so then the guy got on the deck and it looked like they were going into a 69 with Layla on top but as soon as she was just about there the guy put his arms round her waist, held her tight, then got to his feet.

Layla’s front was held against his front, Layla upside down with her face right in front of his shorts and her pussy right in front of his mouth.

Not content with being like that Layla spread her legs wide and the guy started pretending to be licking her pussy. I looked at the other 2 couples and thought,

“No contest.”

Both girls were on their knees in front of their man.

“Well I don’t think that there’s much of a contest here.” The MC said, “Okay girls and boys, now can you get into the boy’s favourite position to eat a girl’s pussy.”

I pressed ‘record video’ on my phone.

More words between Layla and her partner then Layla got on her back and raised her legs up high, spread them wide then pulled them back until her knees were by her shoulders. The guy then knelt either side of her face and leant forward, his face right above her spread pussy. Again the guy pretended to lick Layla’s pussy.

I looked at the other 2 couples and saw the girls on their backs with their legs spread wide and the guys knelt between their legs.

“At least 2 of the guys are getting a great view.” I thought.

“Well,” the MC said, “another easy winner. Now girls and boys, I want you to get in your favourite position to fuck.”

Again more words between Layla and the guy then the guy got on his back on the deck. Layla wasn’t happy with which way his feet were pointing and she got him to shuffle round until his feet were nearest to the audience. Layla then put her feet either side of his waist and bent her knees so the her spread pussy was over his crotch.

“Reverse cowboy.” I thought but Layla wasn’t finished. She lay back and supported herself with her hand beside his shoulders.

This left Layla’s spread pussy on display for all to see. But Layla still wasn’t done, I saw her mouth move like she was talking then the guys hands came round her body and grabbed her tits.

All the guys in the audience started cheering as the guy fondled Layla’s tits and rolled and pulled on her nipples.

I could see that Layla’s pussy was leaking something rotten and I zoomed in on it hoping that the camera would capture how wet she was.

Layla started lifting her pelvis up and down getting more cheers and I could see her pussy muscles clenching then releasing over and over.

“Jeez,” I thought, “she’s loving every second of this.”

The MC came over and told the boys and girls to get up and I suddenly realised that I hadn’t even glanced at the other 2 couples.

“What the hell, maybe the camera caught them.” I thought.

Layla and her partner were again pronounced as the winners and they were each giver a bottle of what I later discovered was cheap champagne. She came back to me with a huge grin on her face.

“Enjoy that did you?”

“Oh yes, but I need you to fuck me. I need to cum.”

“I may be able to arrange the latter but the former will be a lot more difficult.” I replied.

I opened the bottle and we started drinking. The bottle was just about empty when the MC got on the sound system again and announced that the ship would soon be dropping anchor then there would be more drinks and food, and more games on the beach.

We looked and saw a little beach with high cliffs round it. We stayed, sat as we were on the edge of the raised area with out feet hanging over the edge and laying back on our elbows, watching the crew launch a little motorised dinghy then load supplies into it, and the party goers starting to jump overboard and swim ashore.

Matt and Ethan came over to use and congratulated Layla, Ethan saying that he wished that he’s been Layla’s partner. I noticed that both of them were looking between Layla’s legs which had been spread a bit since she sat down and I also noticed that Layla saw them looking and she opened her legs a bit wider. They must have been able to see her juices leaking out.

Anyway, champagne finished and most of the party goers already overboard Layla and I decided that it was our turn to go overboard. I went to our bag and got out the waterproof phone pouch that I was happy that I’d remembered, put my phone in it and we jumped off the boat holding hands.

“That’ll sober me up.” Layla said when she surfaced.

“Yes,” I thought, “but it won’t take much to get you ‘happy’ again.

**My Girlfriend Likes Me To Expose Her**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 3**

On the beach the MC was trying to organise more silly games whilst the rest of the crew were setting up tables with food and drink on them. Layla and I decided to just sit, watch and laugh at the half drunk people as they joined in what they thought was fun.

“I’ve just counted 13 naked girls Jake.” Layla said.

“Are you getting jealous because you’re not the only one naked Layla?”

“No, there’s enough guys here to see all of us not just me.”

“Well a lot of those guys saw every detail of your pussy back on the boat didn’t they?”

“Hmm, yes they did.”

“And you liked that didn’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“Layla.”

“Okay, I liked it and it made me all tingly and wet, especially when I riding that guy, whatever his name was.”

“Were you remembering yesterday in the sand dunes?”

“Yes.”

“Shall we go back there tomorrow and do a repeat performance?”

“Or two if we go early enough.”

“Jeez Layla, talk about girls gone wild, you’re going to find life back in England so boring.”

“I know, but we’ll have lots of memories and we can start planning our next holiday.”

“We could also start looking for a place that we could move in together.”

“I was hoping that you’d say something like that.”

“Then you can be naked all the time in our own place.”

“Hmm, and we can make love a dozen times a day.”

“I’m assuming that you’ll stay naked when my mates come round to watch the footy, it will be great having a naked girl getting our beers.”

“I don’t know about that Jake.”

“Come on Layla, you know that you want to, you can admit it to me, besides it isn’t like they won’t have seen you naked before.”

“You still want to have those holiday movie parties?”

“Yes, but I’ve been thinking about that, maybe we could have one big one in the function room of the Black Bull, it doesn’t cost much to hire the room and the guests could buy their own drinks.”

“That sounds like a good idea, would you still want me to make a grand, naked entrance?”

“Of course, it will be the main event. You can get on a table in the middle of the room and masturbate for everyone.”

“What, you never mentioned that before, you’d really want me to do that, in front of everyone we know? I don’t know that I could do that, it’s scary, not to mention the embarrassment.”

“Layla you get off on embarrassment, it turns you on, besides it wouldn’t be everyone, we won’t invite our parents but your brothers would be okay, I’m sure that they’d love to see their little sister naked. Because the function room is so big we could also invite all your old school mates, well the ones that haven’t moved out of town.”

“Jeez Jake, it sounds like you want the whole city to see me naked.”

“I do, and you do too Layla.”

Layla didn’t answer that one, but I knew that she did.

“We could post some of the best videos on xHamster or the likes, then the whole world can see you naked.”

“Bloody hell Jake, what are you trying to turn me in to?”

“Your true self Layla, that’s what YOU want as well.”

Again Layla didn’t answer so I got up and got my phone out. Layla posed for me and I got some great photos of her, some with her legs spread wide and me zooming in on her pussy. I got her to pose in the shallow water as well, all sorts of poses, some innocent and some very gynaecological. Layla was loving every pose.

So were some of the other guys that were there, a few, Ethan and Matt included, came over to watch us. I even got some of the guys to hold Layla up I the air with some of the guy’s hands on her tits and them holding her legs spread wide open. Her pussy was telling us all that she was loving every minute of it.

Eventually it came time to go back to the boat. Just about everyone swam back, but the little dingy had to go and collect 3 or 4, including 1 naked girl, because they had had way too much pop to be able to swim.

Layla didn’t fancy dancing to the loud music so we stood / sat at the side of the boat. I was the one sat on the relatively low part of the side and Layla stood between my legs with her back to me like she often does.

Because I was a bit lower than when I stand my hands could easily reach her pussy as well as her tits and my right hand started playing with her clit.

Layla spread her legs, closed her eyes and didn’t try to stop me from bringing her off in front of all those people. Admittedly most weren’t looking, but some were. When my fingers were busy I whispered, no, almost shouted to be heard, that some guys and the odd girl were watching us. Seconds later I felt her pussy get a lot wetter.

Probably about half way back I watched some of the crew clear the games area then the MC announced that it was games time again. Layla and I moved over to the raised area again so that we could get a better look. We both like watching drunk or half drunk people making a fool of themselves and we weren’t disappointed. I did note that just about all the girls that took part were naked and wondered if there had been an epidemic of girls wanting to get naked.

“One last game,” the MC announced, “but this one is only for the girls. Can I have some girl volunteers please?”

“Go on Layla.” I said, “it could be fun.”

Layla climbed down and joined the other 6 or 7 girls that had stepped forwards. The MC gave then each what looked like an empty beer bottle then got them to line-up along the side of the boat.

“Right girls, put the bottle on the deck in front of you then, when I say go, I want you to get the bottle to the other side of the ship but here’s the catch, you can’t use your hands, arms, or your mouth, except for standing the bottle back up when it falls over.”

These was a couple of seconds silence until people started realising that the girls had only one way to get the bottle over to the other side. The guys started cheering, and as it registered with all the girls, most, like Layla started smiling. Two girls who were wearing only thong bikini bottoms pulled them off and threw them to the side of the boat.

All girls spread out a little and stood over their bottles with their feet apart.

When the MC thought that all the girls were ready he shouted “GO” and all 8 girls squat and impaled themselves on their bottles.

The cheering from the guys got so loud that I thought it was louder than the music had been.

Every girl was struggling to keep the bottles in their pussies and everyone realised that there were a lot of wet pussies on that boat.

Layla was really struggling, she could get no more than a metre before the bottle hit the deck. It took well over 4 minutes for the first girl to get there and she was given a bottle of champagne, but I was sure that most of the guys watching were thinking, like me, that they’d rather fuck a wet pussy than a dry pussy.

That game caused so much enthusiasm from the crowd that the MC decided to do it again. Some of the girls walked away, some, like Layla, stayed to have another go, and 3 different girls came forwards to have a go.

Again the noise from the crowd was unbelievable as the girls struggled. This time Layla was closer to me and I managed to get a video of her struggling.

A different girl won this time and Layla walked back to me still carrying the bottle that was covered with her juices. I took it off her and put the neck into my mouth and sucked.

“You taste as nice as ever.” I said when I took it out.

“You can taste the real thing as soon as we get back to the hotel.” Layla replied.

The music started again, but this time with a lot less decibels. I looked where the boat was heading and saw that we were approaching the harbour. When the boat docked people started disembarking and heading for their coaches and I saw that some of the girls hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on so when Layla went into the bag to get her skirt I stopped her and said,

“No, stay like that Layla.”

Layla looked up at me, smiled and let go of her skirt. I picked up the bag, got my phone out and videoed Layla disembarking and walking to the coach. It was mainly her butt that got videoed except when she turned round and tried to get me to stop videoing.

I even videoed her getting onto the coach and because of the 3 high steps I captured her still wet pussy between her legs.

As we were walking down the aisle near the back of the coach. Layla tripped on something and an arm came out to catch her then pulled her onto the lap of the arm’s attached body. It was Matt with Ethan sat next to him.

Laying on her back across the laps of the 2 guys Layla looked up and said.

“You guys will do anything to get your hands on my body, well go on, do what you want to me.”

Matt looked up at me and I nodded my head, sat on the seat the other side of the aisle and lifted Layla’s feet onto my lap. I got my phone our and videoed Matt and Ethan groping her tits and pussy.

Layla hadn’t cum for ages and she lasted long enough for the coach to be speeding along the main road back to our resort before she let everyone around us know that she was cumming.

Matt was getting Layla close to cumming again as the coach pulled up outside our hotel and we had to quickly get off and went into the hotel.

Back in our room Layla opened the balcony doors and stood at the railings taking some deep breathes. I saw her waving and went and looked and saw Matt an Ethan on their balcony opposite.

I took Layla into the bedroom and put her in the position that she went into when the MC on the boat had told the girls to get in to the boy’s favourite position to eat her pussy and did just that until she’d orgasmed then I fucked her properly until I came deep inside her.

I turned my head to look out and saw Matt and Ethan still looking over at us. I lay beside her as her legs came down and before I knew it I was asleep.

I woke as it was starting to get dark so I woke Layla and we went into the shower.

I dressed Layla in yet another see-through skirt and top and we went to eat before another night in a few bars but on our own.

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The following day we got the buses to the same beach but earlier in the day. Layla was a bit disappointed that she didn’t have to stand and have a man’s face right in front of her pussy but she made up for it by wanting 2 trips into the dunes to put on a similar show for the wandering voyeurs, one in the morning and the second in the afternoon.

In between the shows we wandered around, going down paths and dirt roads passing people going the other way and vans delivering to the beach bars. We even walked through the car parks, both of is naked apart from our flip-flops. We also went to one of the beach bars but I put my shorts on because we didn’t see any naked men in the bar.

All in all we had a great day and Layla was happy that she’d been seen naked by so many people and been watched fucking by quite a few as well.

Back at the hotel we had a late dinner then a nap because that night we were going to a nightclub. I asked Layla if she had any plans for what she was going to wear and she told me that she was planning on wearing one of her see-through tops and as a surprise for me, she’d brought a yellow ballet tu-tu and cut off the built-in knickers.

“I love the tu-tu idea but I think we can do better than one of your tops.” I said.

I left Layla to sleep for a little longer and went to the local shops where I bought a couple of lipsticks of very different colours. When we were getting ready I used the lipsticks to draw circles round her tits.

“There you go Layla, that will do for a top.”

And that’s how she went, heels and a tu-tu and nothing else. If you were stood close to Layla you couldn’t tell that she was naked below the tu-tu but if you were more than 2 or 3 metres away you could see her bare butt or pussy. Layla said that it felt like she was just wearing a belt.

We walked to the bus pick-up point, the club being well out in the countryside, and found other girls wearing next to nothing waiting for the bus. Although none of the other girls had their pussies uncovered like Layla.”

Layla found that it was impossible to sit on the bus seats with the tu-tu on so he took it off and sat naked, putting the tu-tu back on when she stood to get off the bus.

The club looked huge and judging by the decibels of music coming from inside it was a good job that it was in the middle of nowhere. I presented our tickets and we were in.

There must have been over a thousand young people there. It was quite dark but had lots of strobe and ultraviolet lighting which highlighted the girls who wore white bras or knickers even under their outer clothing. Of course Layla didn’t have that problem, in fact she was a little disappointed by the lack of light to highlight that she only wearing a ‘belt’.

It was difficult to move around and half the time you were lucky to get your own space to dance but we managed to get some drinks, that were expensive, from the long bars that had dozens of serving staff.

We soon realised that the club was more like a Rave with the place offering very little other than dancing and a great atmosphere, but having said that there was a Foam area and a small Swimming Pool that people were stripping off and cooling down in. There were so many people in it that you couldn’t really swim in it and I wondered how may people peed in it rather than searching for the toilets.

The Foam area was fun with people disappearing into the foam and there were lots of groping going on under the foam. I wasn’t too pleased being in it as I suspected that most of the groping was by young men rather than girls. I spent quite a while at the edge of the foam while Layla went in and spent ages in it. Each time she came out she had a smile on her face and I assumed that she’d got groped quite a bit.

When Layla went to the club just wearing the tu-tu I half expected it to somehow get ripped off her never to be seen again but it didn’t happen, even in the Foam.

Another area that Layla enjoyed was the pedestal dancing. There were a number of these around the place for anyone, but only girls, got up there and danced with everyone around being able to look up their legs and see what they were, or weren’t, wearing. I noticed that Layla danced with her feet wider apart and did a lot more pelvis thrusts when she was up there than when she was on the ground.

Eventually the place started winding down and we headed back to the bus discovering that dawn was starting to break. Layla again took the tu-tu off to sit down, not caring that the other passengers saw that she was naked as the walked down the aisle. She couldn’t be bothered to put it back on when we got off the bus and she walked back to the hotel in just her heels.

Layla was tired, but not tired enough to throw the balcony doors open, try to get some energy from the fresh, glorious morning, before asking me to spoon her on the bed, my hard cock finding its goal, before we both went to sleep.

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I was still spooning Layla when I woke up and my morning woody was threatening to enter her so I helped it on its way and enjoyed the warm, wet, velvety, tight glove until she woke up and almost demanded that I finish what I started before she went to sleep.

It was way too late for us to go to breakfast in the hotel so we did our bathroom routine then got dressed the way we did every day for breakfast, and went to a cafe down the road, Layla’s sarong floating behind her as we walked and her doing nothing to hold it together to cover her pussy.

Back at the hotel we decided to spend the rest of the day at the hotel pool where we met some of the other hotel guests. We got a couple of sun loungers as spent quite a bit of time getting our tan’s a deeper shade of brown, Layla’s tan being all-over.

Layla kept saying,

“I don’t want to have white inner thighs.”

That being her excuse for keeping her legs apart.

I almost made her cum when I was rubbing the sunblock on her but I decided to stop just before she got there, resulting in me being called a cruel bastard.

“Layla’s spread sunbathing got the attention of the other guests there and a few came over to introduce themselves to us and I noticed that when the girls came over they sat or stood beside us, but when it was guys they always stood at the foot of the loungers which I’m sure pleased Layla as well as the guys.

One guy that we talked to told us about a bar at the other side of the resort that he said was always lively and aimed at young people having fun. He told us that they had a mechanical bull and often had drinking competitions and different audience anticipation entertainment. When I asked what sort of audience anticipation he told us that that night’s entertainment was a wet T-shirt competition and that the previous night’s was a couple of male strippers that managed to strip a few girls during their act.

Well Layla wanted to know exactly where the bar was and she went to the hotel reception, totally naked, and asked for a map of the resort and to mark on it the bar in question, which the man did.

Back at the lounger Layla put the map in our bag then asked if we could go there that night. What could I say?

There were 3 or 4 other girls there that were naked, including that Mandy. Apparently her and her guy, Ronnie didn’t much like going to beaches so were spending most of their holiday daytime at the pool. Layla suggested a trip on a party boat describing what she had got up to when we went, even the bottle carrying which got Ronnie very interested. They said that they’d book a trip on the boat that evening.

We didn’t spend all day on the loungers, there were impromptu games in the pool which Layla told me had resulted in her getting groped in her pussy a couple of times and I admitted that I had groped a couple of girls as well. It’s difficult not to when you have you lift a naked girl in a swimming pool or get something from them that they try to hide between their legs.

I’d remembered to take my phone with us and I got some great photos of Layla sunbathing and messing about in the pool. Including her on the shoulders of a couple of guys chicken fighting.

Anyway, we stayed at the pool until the sun started to go down then went back up to our room where I sat on the balcony with Layla sat leaning back on me with my cock deep inside her.

As she slowly raised and lowered herself she waved at a few people in the hotel opposite, including Matt and Ethan who watched her for a while but they left before Layla vocally let them all know that she was cumming.

When we got ready for dinner then going out, I decided to dress Layla in just a dress and her wedge sandals, the dress being made of string, very much like a man’s string vest with the same sized holes all over it, all big enough for Layla to put her little finger, or her nipples, through. This dress is loose fitting and longer than the rest that she brought but makes up for it by being so see-though.

Layla walked proud into the dining room getting quite a few people looking at her and deliberately going to the food tabled more times than needed.

The walk to the bar that we’d heard about was a hike and Layla kept asking,

“Are we there yet?”

As soon as we did get there we saw a girl with large breasts bouncing up and down on the mechanical bull. She was only wearing a skirt that had bunched up around her waist, and white knickers, so you can imagine the show that she was putting on.

“I want to do that.” Layla announced as we entered the place which was already quite busy.

“Let’s get a drink first, then weigh things up.”

We got the drinks, wandered around a bit and bumped into Matt and Ethan.

“Come to look at some more tits and pussies have you guys?” I asked.

“Yep?”

“Mine weren’t enough for you the other day?” Layla asked.

“A guy can never get enough pussy.” Matt replied. “Even after we’d got our hands on your Layla.”

“Well you might get to see mine again later,” Layla said, “I hear that there’s a wet T-shirt competition later.”

“Yes,” Ethan said, “you need to register at the bar Layla.”

“I will. I’m going to have a go on that bull thing as well.”

“That dress may make it difficult for you.” Ethan said.

“Why, you can see everything through it.” Layla replied.

“Yes but a girl always looks better totally naked.” Matt added.

“In that case I’ll just have to take it off before I get on. Sorry guy’s but you won’t see my tits bouncing about like that last girl.”

“Doesn’t matter Layla, tits are tits,” Ethan said, “I love them all especially the ones with big nipples like yours Layla, look at them, I could hang a coat on those.”

“No need for me to tweak them then is there?” I said.

“You can if you want, all of you can.”

Two hands reached out and tweaked Layla’s nipples but I held back, I could do that anytime that I wanted.

“So where do you go to get on the waiting list for the bull?” Layla asked.

“That guy at the controls and with a microphone in his hand.”

“Have you two had a go?” I asked.

“Yes,” Ethan replied, “but the bastard set it going crazy just as soon as we got on, we were off in seconds. I guess that he prefers girls on it, he can have more fun and create more of a spectacle with them.”

“I bet that he can.” I thought then took Layla over to put her name on the list.

When he saw us he looked Layla up and down and said,

“Do you fancy a ride with your legs spread wide honey?”

“Yes, but on the bull please.”

The guy took Layla’s name and told her how many people were in front of her in the queue then we went and found a table near the bull so that we could watch the fun.

Ethan was right about the controller having a preference for the girls, we saw 2 other guys have a go and only last seconds but when a girl got on he took it slower and kept dipping the head or butt of the bull so that the girl had to lean well forward showing everyone her butt, or lean well back showing everyone her pubic area and stomach. Okay the girls had a hand holding onto the rope but there was quite a lot of knickers or skin on display.

The lighting on the bull was bright but the rest of the bar was not so bright meaning that Layla wasn’t that visible to all the other customers. That is until it was her turn on the bull.

Layla gave me a kiss and told me to get my phone out then walked over to the controller man. She was then directed to the bull and another man who was giving the riders a leg up. She walked over the big inflated cushions to the bull and the man interlaced his fingers and held his hands down for her to use as a step.

Layla hiked up the bottom of her dress then went to lift her leg up but the dress just fell back to its normal place as she started to lift her leg. She hiked up the dress again and the same thing happened. I heard some bloke shout,

“Take it off.”

When Layla hiked up her dress again her hands continued up taking the dress right up over her head and off leaving her totally naked.

Cheers erupted from around the room as my latest video kept getting bigger in size.

Layla threw her dress towards the controller and lifted a leg and put the foot in the man’s hands. Up she went and swung the other leg over the bull and sat on the bull. The man lifted the rope just in front of Layla’s pussy and indicated that she should hold on using it.

When she was ready Layla put her spare arm out ready to balance herself then the bull slowly started going round. I guessed that the controller wanted everyone to get a good look at her before he started the bull shaking and tipping.

To be fair to the controller he made the bull do just about every thing that it could do with Layla facing all parts of the bar. The only thing that he didn’t do is get it to shake violently or spin very fast which meant that Layla was able to hang on and stay on the thing.

Then the controller surprised everyone by telling Layla to turn round on the bull and hold on with the rope behind her. Layla gave the inside of her pussy a good airing, and a lot of people and look at her spread pussy, as she manoeuvred around.

The controller had obviously practised with girls sat like that because he angled the bull so that everyone in the bar, and my phones camera, got a few seconds look at her spread pussy.

I just knew that Layla would be loving every second and possibly be close to cumming.

After the controller was satisfied that he had exposed Layla as much as he could he started more violent moves and inevitably Layla went flying off and landed spread eagle on the inflated cushions.

Layla lay there long enough for me to wonder if she was okay but at the same time I was thinking that she was milking her exposure time in the bright lights.

Finally Layla pulled her legs together, got to her feet and walked over to the controller to retrieve her dress and put it on. When she got back to me I could see that she was highly aroused and as I hugged her I whispered,

“You really are an exhibitionist.”

Layla didn’t reply but she did squeeze me a bit harder for a couple of seconds before letting go and sitting down. She took a drink from her beer bottle then said,

“Did you get all that?”

“Yep, your exhibitionist coming out party is going to have a lot to watch.”

“You’re really going to have that party Jake?”

“I am, and you are going to love every second of it Layla.”

Layla went over to the bar and put her name down for the wet T-shirt competition then we watched other people on the bull until it became time for Layla to go and get ready for the wet T-shirt competition. We’d talked about it and Layla didn’t expect to win because of her small tits but she was hoping that she’s get the chance to flaunt her naked body in front of everyone in the bar.

I moved close to the little stage where I assumed the girls would perform and found Matt and Ethan standing very close to the stage.

“Hoping to get a good look at the girls guys?” I asked.

“Yes, is Layla entering?” Ethan asked

“She is and she’s hoping that she can get naked for you again.”

“You’ve got a good one there Jake.” Ethan said.

“I know mate, I know.”

Matt added,

“Layla was virtually naked in that dress anyway.”

It seemed like hours before the MC finally announced that the competition was about to start. He called number 1 out onto the stage and out she came, the thin T-shirt already showing exactly where her nipples were and the hem of it just covering her knickers.

The guy with the bucket of water tipped it all down her front making it show the exact contours of her tits, nipples and knickers. We could also see the different coolers of her nipples and areolae. She danced to the music cupping and fondling her tits and sometimes lifting the sides of the T-shirt to reveal her wet knickers. I was disappointed as her now wet knickers revealed that she had a dark landing strip.

Numbers 2 and 3 were very much the same except that number 3 had huge breasts with no bra to support them and they bounced about, looking quite painful, as she danced to the music.

Number 4 was Layla. She was full of energy as she danced over to the man to wet her T-shirt, her bullet nipples already tenting the material much more that the previous girls nipples had. Being short, Layla’s T-shirt went well below her pussy but that wasn’t going spoil her fun. As she danced she first ripped the top of the T-shirt so much that it left most of her right tit expose, then she lifted the hem, firstly with her back to the audience, then her front. Each time revealing her lack of knickers.

Layla told me later that all the girls had been told not to expose their bare tits or bare pussies until the second round but that wasn’t going to stop Layla doing it.

When her time was up Layla held the hem of her T-shirt with both hands and did a curtsey, pulling the material up to expose her pussy again as she did so.

Number 5 was a bottle blonde which became obvious when she revealed her wet thong, although she was quite beautiful and put a lot of energy in to her dancing.

Then there was a break where I stopped my phone recording the video and Matt got 3 more beers whilst Ethan and I discussed the merits of each girl.

Round 2, I was told later, was where the girls could rip their T-shirts and knickers off if they so desired. The only restriction that they were given was that they couldn’t let any member of the audience touch them. Well girls 1 through 3 did rip their T-shirts off as they danced but girl 3 took her knickers off as well, but she disappointed everyone when she revealed that she was wearing a G-string underneath.

Layla was again number 4 and she came bouncing out, full of energy again, and within seconds of the music starting she’d ripped the whole T-shirt off revealing her to be totally naked.

Unsurprisingly, the cheers were deafening, but Layla still had a few minutes before her time was up and she spent it by seductively playing with her nipples, slapping her butt when she turned her back to the audience and spread her legs. She lightly ran a finger along her slit then dropped to her spread knees facing the audience. She picked a part of the stage where Matt, Ethan and I weren’t and I wondered if that was to let other guys have a good look at her.

Then Layla surprised even me by properly masturbating for everyone to watch. I so wanted to fuck her right there and then but I stayed back, videoing her display. I’ve never known Layla to fake an orgasm and she has told me that she never would, so I believe that it was a genuine orgasm that she had just as her song was ending.

The music stopped but the cheering didn’t, and the MC didn’t intervene until Layla got to her feet thanking her for her amazing display (his words).

As Layla walked off number 5 walked on. As I mentioned, she was a bottle blonde, quite beautiful with average sized tits which she soon revealed. She put as much enthusiasm into her performance as her first stint, literally ripping her thong off revealing a dark landing strip and large lips. She must have been watching Layla’s performance because she did just about everything that Layla did, except have an orgasm.

Again, very loud cheering and applause.

All the girls were called back onto the stage for the winner to be announced, and as Layla suspected, a girl with bigger tits won, number 5. But I just knew that Layla would be happy with her performance, winning wasn’t her goal, that was for her naked body to be seen by as many people as possible performing a sexual act, and she certainly achieved that.

I was so proud of her as I stopped recording, and when she came back to me, her dress in her hand, I again hugged her and told her that I loved her.

Layla was happy and tired so we left the bar and started walking back, it was the early hours and the only people about were people leaving the bars. Layla hadn’t bothered putting her dress back on and was more comfortable carrying her sandals.

We got about half way before she asked me to carry her so I squat in front of her, put her over my shoulder and with that arm between her legs I reached for her arm and held her on my shoulders like that. Her other arm and leg dangling down my back.

Somehow while getting comfortable she managed to spread her legs a bit and with my spare arm and hand I could just reach over her butt and to her pussy.

As we walked along I diddled her pussy, managing to bring her to another orgasm as we walked.

The guy on the hotel reception didn’t bat an eye as I walking into the hotel with her still over my shoulder, her pussy being on the man’s side so he must have got a good look at it.

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The rest of our days there were relatively quiet, if you call going to the beach and putting on sex shows in the dunes or Layla getting naked on pub crawls quiet. There was one notable exception, one evening after dinner, a funfair had come to town and we went to see what’s what.

There were a couple of attractions there that are worth mentioning, both of them involving elastic. The first was a sort of catapult that sent a ball shaped cage high into the air then it bounced up and down until it settled and was captured and lowered to the ground.

We both went on this but just as were were about to get in the cage I asked the guy running the show if Layla could ride naked. His eyes lit up and he nodded. The cage had a video camera installed and we bought the recording.

The other attraction that we went on was a bungee jump from a platform lifted up by a crane. I’d seen these in England and had fancied a go but not really had the opportunity.

We both had a go, Layla wanting me to go first which I did. As the harness was getting transferred to Layla I again asked if Layla could ride naked and again the young man agreed. No video to buy this time but I made one of my own.

Altogether we put on 9 sex shows in the dunes and none of them showed any sign of Layla loosing any enthusiasm for them. As soon as we got started on one of them a young English couple stopped to watch us. They looked okay so I asked them of they would video us using my phone and they agreed. I kept looking over to them to make sure that they didn’t do a runner and after Layla couldn’t cum any more without having a rest I got the phone back and had another holiday video to show at Layla’s exhibitionist coming out party.

We were both very sad when it all came to an end of our holiday and we had to get on the coach to go back to the airport.

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**Epilogue**

When we got home it was back to our separate homes prompting us to make urgent plans to find a place of our owns and 4 weeks later we moved into an apartment where Layla could be her real self.

Layla signed up to be a Life Model at the local college and has been posing for them twice a week since. Her friend Jenny is one of the students that sketches her but had told no one.

One thing that she hadn’t bargained for, but soon got over, was that one of her younger brothers was an Art student at that college. She only put 2 and 2 together when she walked into the room, dropped her robe and looked around to see the reaction on the faces of the students who were about to sketch her. She later collared him and got him to swear to keep quiet about it and she never thought another thing about him being there, even when some of the poses had her legs wide open which aroused her causing her pussy to be quite wet.

Another thing that Layla didn’t realise when she signed the contract was that she had agreed for some of the sketches to be pinned to the Art departments Notice Board as an example of the students work, and for her name to be written at the bottom of each sketch. Layla told me that when she first saw them she was a bit shocked that her name was on them, but she soon got over the shock and became proud to have her name on them and for them to be on the Notice Board.

It took a couple of months to organise it, inviting around 50 people and sourcing the equipment, but the evening at the Black Bull was finally arranged. I had to ‘persuade’ some of the people to come because the description of ‘Holiday Photographs Viewing’ doesn’t sound very inviting.

As the people arrived I kept thanking them for coming and telling them that I hoped it wouldn’t be too boring for them but we’d had a totally awesome time and we hoped that some of that happiness would rub off on them.

Layla and I sat at one side of the room when the show started, Layla being modestly dressed in a summer dress that her mother had bought her a couple of years back.

The show started with a photo of Layla naked on the balcony of our hotel room. I was really happy that I’d setup my phone at the front of the room to record the expressions on all our friends faces because some of them were priceless.

Then the quiet talk between some of our guests started then the silence as everyone watched the show to the end with a few gasps along the way.

Layla and I went and stood at the front in the middle and I announced that we hoped that everyone had enjoyed the show and asked if there any questions.

There were none, me suspecting that some of the people there were too shocked, a few indifferent and most of the males there wishing that they’d been on the holiday instead of me.

Then Layla took hold of my hand and said,

“I guess that some of you are wondering how I could do all those things, well it was exhilarating, exciting and such a turn-on, and I got a great all-over tan. Well Jake here has managed to get me to be my real self, to come out of the closet so to speak, you see, I’m proud to announce that,

“I AM AN EXHIBITIONIST.”