**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.